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The Morning Star.

Volume XLVII.

DOVER, N. H., JANUARY 24, 1872.

Number 4

THE MORNING STAR.

A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER.
FOR THE FAMILY.
ISSUED BY THE
FREEWILL BAPTIST PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 24, 1872.

Per Pacem ad Lucem.

"O send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me."—Psalm 43:3.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be

A pleasant road;

I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me

Aught of its load;

I do not ask that flowers should always spring

Beneath my feet;

I know too well the poison and the sting

Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,

Lead me aright—

Thou' strength should falter, and though heart

Should bleed—

Through peace to light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed

Full radiance here;

Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread

Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand

My way to see;

Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand

And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day, but peace divine

Like quiet night;

Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine

Through peace to light.

—Adelaide A. Proctor.

English Correspondence.

DERBY, ENGLAND, Dec. 27, 1871:

The anticipations of my last letter have been verified. The Prince of Wales is recovering. The national Christmas festival is cheerful and glad. Peace has returned to Europe, prosperity blesses England, and the year shows gains rather than losses to the kingdom of God. Two things make the year memorable—the termination of the Franco-Prussian war on the Continent, and the beginning in England of the Education conflict. If a third must be added, it is the Washington Treaty.

By far the most important home question is the question the Education Act has raised in almost every town and village in the kingdom. There can be no final settlement on any other basis than the admission of the Bible and the exclusion of denominationalism.

Part of every child's elementary education must be a knowledge of Scripture history, and yet if the state or ratepayers support public schools, dogmatic religious teaching can not be admissible. Nonconformists will never assent to the principle that rates may be levied, the use of which shall be to assist in placing a large part of the education of the people in the hands of the clergy of the Established Church. The Conference of Nonconformists that was to be held a fortnight ago at Manchester, and was postponed because of the illness of the Prince of Wales, will be held on the last week in January. It is expected that a firm and decided position will be taken, and the resolution unanimously accepted to withhold all support from the Gladstone government, unless some alteration be made in the Education Act of last year. Nothing of gain to Liberalism could be expected from a return of the Conservatives to power. But the Liberal majority would prevent the Conservatives doing any serious mischief, and the keen and bracing air of the opposition benches would act like tonic on Mr. Gladstone and his friends, and in no very long time bring them round to the Nonconformist position. It is to be hoped matters will not be pushed to extremities, and that the government will yield to pressure. But no sign is shown at present that Mr. Forster will yield. On the contrary, at a recent interview between Mr. Forster and half a dozen Nonconformists, the quondam Quaker, and now zealous Church of England man, distinctly and

positively refused to make the slightest concession. The point of dispute is simple and narrow, and easily intelligible. As the law now stands, wherever the compulsory clause is carried out (and it is one defect of the law, that it makes compulsion permissive and dependent on the discretion of the School Board), the parent of any child may say, "If you compel me to send my child to school, you must pay the fees, and I must require that he go to a Roman Catholic school, or to a Church of England school." "Very well," the School Board may reply, "send him to such a school, and we will pay the fees out of the public rates." "I object to that on principle," says the Nonconformist. "Why should I be called on to help instruct a child in doctrines which I hold to be pernicious and false? or why should I expect others to contribute through the public rates to propagate the doctrines I hold to be true, if they hold them to be false? Religious teaching is not a matter for public rates at all." "But," it is rejoined, "it is the secular teaching in the denominational schools that is paid for out of the public rates, not the religious. A conscience clause protects the scholar against being forced to receive religious instruction. No scholar is compelled to be present when the religious teaching is given." "Precisely so," the Nonconformist replies, "and I object to be taxed to support a school in which the Catechism of the Church of England is taught, or the creed of the Roman Catholic Church, unless advantage is taken of a clumsy expedient whereby that teaching may be declined. The fee goes to support the school, and the school exists as a denominational propaganda. Furthermore, the school is chosen in the case in point, for its denominationalism, and for nothing else; and the management of the school is exclusively in the hands of a sect and a party, and the public have no control over it whatever. It is wrong in principle to support out of the public rates schools over which the public has no control. Nor is any weight to be assigned to the scruples of that parent who would rather his child grow up in ignorance, than receive instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, unless also religious teaching were combined with it, which home influence or Sunday school training could readily supply. The determined attitude of Nonconformists on this matter, coupled with the fact that John Bright will be in Parliament next year, assures us that the government must change their policy or their place.

Some personal items are of special interest. Professor Jowett, of Oxford, has been preaching in the chapel at Glasgow University, and has greatly shocked the Episcopalians of Scotland, who have no dealings with the Presbyterians and Congregationalists. The Dean of Westminster (Stanley) is expected to follow Professor Jowett's example very shortly after the opening of the New Year. Mr. Spurgeon has been in Rome: The little David of Baptists has been near enough the giant of Papacy to smite him in the forehead with sling and stone. With such boldness and power has he preached in the Eternal City that it is asked, "Is this man an actor or a servant of God?" So little of sincerity does Italy know, that all earnestness seems to it artificial. Not surely with graver force can Savonarola have thundered at Florence, or Luther have declaimed at Wittenberg, than Charles Haddon Spurgeon has recently discoursed at Rome. The great preacher will come back to his work in London with new zeal, and will doubtless be the fuller of apostolic fervor now that, like Paul, he has "seen Rome also." Cook, the excursionist, who is a General Baptist, strongly urges that General Baptists start a mission in Rome. It is far more likely that Mr. Spurgeon will undertake the task.

THOMAS GOADBY.

Chinese Correspondence.

TUNGCHOW TO CHEFOO AND TIENSIN.

My last letter to Tungchow in the midst of a terrible rain-storm. However, the water runs off so rapidly, that the muleteers announced their readiness to start the next day. The streets, washed by the falling rain and swept by the floods that poured through them the day before, were as clean as the sidewalk and doorsteps in the city of Brotherly love. The pavements are composed of old mill-stones laid in a row, or, in the main streets, in three rows, along the middle of the street. The space between and around them is filled with stones of various colors, among which were often to be seen pieces of beautiful white marble, polished by many feet.

We left this picturesque old city about noon, our cortege consisting of five mule litters, called by the natives *shen-ts*, and a pack load of trunks.

The *shen-ts* is a rude structure, carried by means of a couple of poles on the backs of two mules, one in front and the other in the rear. The poles are attached to a ponderous saddle, like the shafts of a carriage. The covering is arched, and though coarse, resembles the top of a sampan. Two cross-bars keep the poles in place, and a network of ropes, covered with old matting, hangs between them, forming a receptacle for light baggage. Upon this you sit. Ordinarily, and with mules that travel well together, the motion is easy and agreeable. But in going down hill or over rough places, you may find your *shen-ts* violently jerked from side

to side, up and down, and in every other possible direction.

We found the roads much more passable than we supposed they could be, so soon after the recent storm. In this part of the country are merely paths which, when they cross the hills or wind along a valley, serve the purpose of roads during the dry weather; but in the terrible storms that visit these regions, they change their character, and what was so recently a dry and dusty road becomes the bed of a mountain stream or of a deep roaring river. One of these streams, which we had crossed a few days before when it was only a road or two wide and about six inches deep, had not so quickly subsided. It was now fifty or sixty yards wide, and so deep that the mule litters could not cross. It was near night, and the inn at which we were to stop was some distance ahead. There were no boats and we were sorry to encounter delay. However, we were not long kept in suspense. The muleteers soon arranged with some countrymen, who are accustomed to make a penny out of such circumstances, and the litters were carried across on their shoulders. By the time the litters were adjusted upon the mules' backs, and the usual wrangling about cash was over, twilight was deepening.

An hour's travel brought us to the inn, where men running round with lanterns half revealed a strange mixture of men and mules, donkeys and mule litters, and the clatter of voices and braying of donkeys made it anything but an inviting place for one seeking rest and sleep. There was no room in the compound at this hour, and the *shen-ts*, with some of our party sleeping in them, were left in the middle of the street, exposed to a shower of rain that came on in the night. You enter the inn through a large doorway, with rooms on each side, and find yourself in an open court, with donkeys and mules on all sides, eating, braying or kicking, as appetite or fancy dictates.

On the inner side of the court were three rooms. The middle one contained a table, a chair and some stools. Here we spread out the bountiful supply of food which kind friends had provided, and took our supper with a good relish. The other two rooms are bedrooms, and provided with the bedstead of the North. It is called a *kong*, and consists of a brick and mortar structure, usually eight or ten feet square and nearly three feet high. The fire of the chimney from the cooking range passes through it, which heats it sufficiently for the hot weather; but in winter, fire is applied in addition, and more directly beneath the sleeper. Upon this *kong*, in a smoky, musty atmosphere, in close proximity to the kicking, braying, stamping donkeys, the remainder of our party, "half eaten up by mosquitoes," slept (?). We called the muleteers before daylight, and after a hasty breakfast started out with every prospect of rain. We got "a small sprinkling"—a sort of "Szechuan mist," for an hour or so, but it soon ceased, and the cloudy sky kindly shed us from the sun. Before reaching Chefoo there is a river, which is crossed in boats when too high to be forded, as it always is for sometime after heavy rains. There were here about fifty mules and donkeys waiting on both sides, to get ferried over. When our turn came, each *shen-ts* was carried upon men's shoulders right into the water, and placed across a boat. Each boat carried two *shen-ts* and was pushed by the men wading in water up to the waist.

The road from Tungchow to Chefoo lies along the sea-shore, never leaving it long, for many miles. It winds about among the hills, sometimes taking you over their tops. The scenery is interesting at every step, and often exceedingly beautiful. The valleys are rich and well cultivated; just now covered with valuable crops of grain, which have not been injured to any extent by the great rains.

We spent a few days at Chefoo. The hotel at the end of the long beach is beautifully situated, and the beach in front presents a fine promenade or gallop, while there can be no better place for sea-bathing or fishing. Chefoo is deservedly becoming more popular every year as a watering-place.

To Tiensin we took passage in the fine steamer *Shantung*. Capt. Hawes is kind and gentlemanly, and the servants attentive and obliging. All the way up the Peiho we saw evidences of the devastation caused by the floods. The villages and houses which have not been swept away are surrounded by water, and of course reached only by boats. Many whole villages have been destroyed, and nearly all, and, in some cases, all the inhabitants have perished. Those who have escaped are reduced to poverty. All their property is ruined or under water, and all means of a livelihood cut off. Starvation stares them in the face.

It may be said, to their credit, that the city authorities in Tiensin have been very active, sending boats into the country, in every direction, to save and bring off the perishing.

The foreign settlement at Tiensin is about three miles below the city. The steamers and gunboats, and in fact all the foreign shipping, "tie up" to the bund. There is a fine row of trees along the river bank, and several handsome buildings. Shall I tell you how I came by one important item of information? I saw a vacant lot with saddled ponies feeding upon it. Upon the corner were the ruins of a mud structure,

which had fallen under the influence of the late damp weather. I saw near by a stake, with a board nailed across it. This, thought I, contains a notice, that these valuable and commodious premises are for sale or to let. But taking a walk in that direction I soon read the following:—"Caution!!! No furious riding allowed on the British Settlement, persons so offending will be arrested. By order of the Municipal Council." "So there is a Municipal Council here," thought I, as I sauntered along the bund. If I had doubted it, yonder stood its representative, in the shape of a stalwart coolie, dressed up like a scarecrow policeman. There were certain stripes and trimmings that plainly denoted his office, and he must have a mate, as this was No. 2. Upon his head he wore a conical straw hat, from the apex of which hung a few greyish white silk shreds. Closer observation revealed that they had once been red, and faint traces of this hue could be seen beneath, where the sun's rays had not penetrated. The fact that the Municipal Council of Tiensin thought it necessary to give the above "caution" in German, beneath the English, shows that the offenders were not likely to be confined to the English-reading part of the "community." But what mean these barriers, placed across the bund? Are they to protect the place against the rebels or flood? Neither; they are another evidence of the existence and activity of the Municipal Council; and being placed at short intervals are sure to secure attention to the above rule, for our German friend could not get up steam before he would find himself unhorsed, and as likely as not, astride one of these crochety forked things. Tiensin would enjoy more prosperity if, some time when a little more flooded, they could get the foreign part-asphalt, and, hitching on that smart little "tag," tow the whole concern up stream three miles, to the large and busy native city.

Tientsin, China, Sept., 1871.

Scribner's Monthly.

MR. EDITOR:—Allow me to say a few words to my fellow-readers of the *Star* in commendation of Scribner's Monthly. It is not particularly my purpose to benefit the magazine, though I like to help on a good work,—but to assist any who may be interested in finding something good to read. In these days, when we read so much for recreation as well as for improvement, and when a large portion of our literature is trashy and immoral, and a considerable portion of skeptical tendency, the question, What shall we read? becomes of the highest importance.

I wish, however, to recommend *Scribner's*, not so much for its literary merit, though that is now of a high order, nor for its abundant, useful information so clearly and forcibly conveyed by its excellent illustrations, but for its high moral tone and its distinct and avowed support of the principles of the Christian religion. Its strong pleas in behalf of temperance and other social and domestic virtues, the wise words of its editor on the Sabbath-school and its work, and its able and conscientious treatment of the great and religious questions of the day, should gain for it the hearty support of those interested in the welfare of their country and the elevation of the race. The remarkable words of Mr. Scribner, in a letter to his partners, written from Switzerland just before his death, in which he expresses his desire that the great influence of their publishing business may be "consecrated to the service of our Saviour," are sufficient evidence of the intention of its founder; and the well-known character and ability of its publishers and editor are a guarantee that those intentions will be faithfully carried out.

G. W. S.

Happy Every Day.

Sidney Smith cut the following from a newspaper, and preserved it for himself:

When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves light as air—will do it at least for the twenty-four hours. And if you are young, depend upon it it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result. If you send one person, only one, happily through each day, that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year. And supposing you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,400 beings happy; at all events for a time.

"Is God Dead?"

In Mariposa, California, there lived a large-eyed, beautiful little prattler—Mary Cannon. One evening, when all was silent, she looked up anxiously into the face of the backslidden father—who had ceased to pray in his family—and said, "Pa, is God dead?" "No, my child. Why do you ask me such a question as that?" "Why, pa, you never talk to him as you used to do." These words haunted him till he was reclaimed. He related the incident to one recently traveling that circuit.

We may judge of men by their conversation toward God, but never by God's dispensations toward them.

Events of the Week.

TEMPERANCE IN MAINE.

The State of Maine held a temperance convention last Wednesday at Augusta. There was a good attendance, and measures were taken to secure effective legislation for the cause. Temperance finds a sturdy champion in Governor Perham, who not only gives his influence and example in favor of it, but gave both a practical turn at the recent convention by presiding at the meetings. There were several effective speeches made, but better than these was the sensible way in which the Convention talked about the matter, seeing that laws were of no effect unless they were enforced, and so providing for their enforcement so far as possible.

THE FRANKLIN STATUE.

A statue to Benj. Franklin, the printer-philosopher, was unveiled in Printing-House Square, N. Y., last Wednesday. There were speeches by Horace Greeley, Rev. Dr. Prime and others. In the evening the event was celebrated by a banquet at Delmonico's which was attended by the usual gastronomic and oratorical displays. The statue is a fitting recognition by present printers of the honor conferred upon the craft by the connection with it of this famous man. The occasion was improved by the friends of Horace Greeley, the philosophical printer of to-day, in gathering subscribed funds to the amount of \$7,000 for a statue to his memory. This seems odd, as nobody has thought of forgetting him yet.

A CHANCE FOR CRIMINALS.

It must be admitted that there is quite a sensational feature on the report just coming from New York concerning the legality of its Oyer and Terminer court. The statement is, that legislation of 1870, brought in to effect a law of 1846 which provides that the Supreme Court judge with two associates must preside at the sessions of the Oyer and Terminer court. Since but one judge has previously presided it is declared that the proceedings of that Court were illegal. If this position is sustained it will bring a good many murderers' out of prison who have been sentenced by it, and stay proceedings in the cases now before it. It is doubtful if New York allow such results to follow, and it will likely either find or make laws to prevent it.

A LIVELY DEBATE IN THE HOUSE.

The House had the liveliest debate of the session Tuesday on the proposition to fix the salary of the consul at Tientsin, China. Messrs. Dawes, Kelley, Brooks and Butler participated, and the debate was extremely discursive. General Butler paid his pointed respects to the civil service board, declaring that he knew better than any broken-down schoolmasters in Washington who were the fittest men in his district for political appointments. The debate also included a phase of the tariff question, and seemed to indicate more the desire of the members to make political capital than to legislate for reform of the consular service, which was ably advocated by Mr. Shellabarger. The friends of civil service reform can get no manner of encouragement from those proceedings in the House.

A NEW RAILROAD SCHEME.

A railroad bill has just been brought into Congress the importance of which, should it become a law, can be best indicated by stating its provisions. The road is to be an air line from the southern extremity of Lake Michigan to its eastern terminus near the city of New York. The length of the route is not to exceed 750 miles, and the company is authorized to construct three tracks,—two for freight and one for passengers,—to be laid of steel-headed rails, the whole to be completed within eight years. Permission is also given to double the passenger track over a part or the whole of its length. The company is authorized to issue first mortgage convertible bonds bearing seven per cent. interest, which are not to be sold less than par, and whose holders are to have the rights of stockholders in the corporation. The road is to be a public highway, not subject to interference from State legislatures, either in relation to its fares, charges, time, speed of trains, or other matters connected with its operations, and the United States courts have jurisdiction of all matters pertaining to the company. The act also requires that they shall run at least one train daily each way between New York and Chicago, in not more than eighteen hours, and carrying at least six tons of mail matter. The company are permitted to charge three cents per mile for fare, and one-half cent per mile additional for palace and sleeping cars, two cents per mile for products of the soil, forest or mines, and not more than three cents per mile for other freight which can be loaded. Branches may be built to Cleveland, Toledo, or any city within fifty miles of the main line.

ARRAIGNMENT OF STOKES.

The point of the *Sun's* report, alluded to above, was rather blunted the day following its appearance by the arraignment of Stokes before the Oyer and Terminer court. His bravado spirit seemed partially to desert him as he was brought into court, and he listened to the charge of wilful murder in silence with bowed head. His trial is set down for Wednesday the 24th. There was an imposing array of talent on the side of the prisoner—John Graham, Elbridge T. Gerry, the Bartletts and John McKeon. Graham has already won great notoriety for his part in the defense of Sickles, McFarland and others who have escaped from the clutches of the law. Elbridge T. Gerry is

a young man to whose zeal and untiring keenness in working up the details of the case the defense of McFarland in a large measure owed its success. The Bartletts are well known and successful criminal lawyers, and John McKeon has been district attorney and criminal judge in the times when it was evidence of ability to hold these positions in New York. There will be a desperate attempt to clear the prisoner, and it is feared that District-Attorney Garvin will prove an unequal match against the defense, but it doesn't yet appear that he will associate any more astute lawyer with him.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 18, 1872.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

The principal topics connected with public affairs, which have been talked of in Washington during the past week, are the New York Custom-house Investigation, the Amnesty Bill, and the Civil Rights Bill. In regard to the first, the conviction gains ground that the Custom-house has been used as a huge political machine in the interest not only of Republicans against Democrats, but of one faction of the Republican party against another faction of the same party. The investigation has brought to light great abuses, which sadly need reformation. It has shown that some military officers, high in General Grant's estimation and intimately in his confidence, are peculiarly interested in the management of the customs business in New York, and in the continuance of the present system in vogue there, which has given rise to the greater part of the corruption recently revealed. There is no evidence showing that General Grant had any interest in the business, which brought so great profits to his friends, and the general belief is that he was entirely ignorant of the fact that his name and influence were used to further the ends of any parties, whose names have become conspicuous in consequence of this investigation. Of course, no one denies that, in his appointments, he regarded the wishes of Murphy, the Collector, and of Senator Conkling, in opposition to the preferences of Senator Fenton and Horace Greeley, and never forgot that he was a candidate for reappointment; but that was the extent of his offense, if offense it can be considered by politicians. Now that these abuses have become known, he expresses his determination that they shall not be repeated so far as it lies in his power to prevent the repetition, and, for one, believe in his sincerity. His taking part in the fight between the Conkling and Fenton wings of the party was a mistake, inasmuch as it was simply a battle for the spoils of office; but it was partly owing to his ignorance of politics, and he is getting wiser in this branch of knowledge every day. Such a mistake is not likely to be made again. In the recent ridiculous contest between the two factions of the Republican Party in New Orleans—the Warmoths and the Carters—General Grant refrained from interfering in behalf of either side, and thus showed his good sense, and won the approval of the best Republican statesmen and politicians in Congress. The New York frauds, whether committed by Tweed and his followers or Murphy and his followers, are teaching a lesson that will not soon be lost on Congress, the President, and the people.

The prospect of passing a bill granting amnesty to all who took part in the rebellion is not so good as it was a month ago. There is a disposition to make exceptions, especially in the House, and Mr. Sumner's persistency, in demanding that his bill giving further rights or privileges to the colored people be tacked upon it, endangers the passage of the measure in the Senate. The Amnesty Bill requires a two-thirds vote in its favor, while the Civil Rights Bill—Mr. Sumner's—is called—only requires a majority to become a law. The fact is, Mr. Sumner is not heartily in favor of amnesty, while he is very much in favor of giving the colored people equal privileges in hotels, theaters, schools, churches, railroad cars, and everything else, with the whites. A great many Republicans, both in the Senate and House, oppose Mr. Sumner's bill, and that is the principal reason why he is so anxious to have it become a law as part of the act granting universal amnesty. He knows that the great majority in Congress is in favor of amnesty in some form, either with or without exceptions, and he hopes that the majority, in order to secure amnesty, will vote for his bill.

In my opinion, he is mistaken. The Amnesty Bill will pass, but the Civil Rights Bill will not. Last Monday, he made an earnest speech in favor of his favorite measure, which was listened to by an immense audience. The colored people were out in full force, and when he came into the Senate Chamber, a few moments before the Senate was called to order, he was greeted by hearty applause from his dusky brothers and sisters, who, during his speech, showed their approbation by a plentiful display of eyes and teeth.

THE TARIFF.

The House of Representatives desires free coal and salt. The Finance Committee of the Senate has introduced a bill reducing the duties on coal, salt and tea, while it increases the duty on coffee from five to ten cents a pound. The indications are that this bill will become a law, in a modified form, and that we shall not have free coal, salt or sugar for some years to come. The Senate Committee are in favor of a general revision of the tariff, but not of any material reduction of the duties on articles which are in the most general use. They still stick to the idea, now almost obsolete, that tea and coffee are luxuries, instead of necessities of life.

EMERSON.

Washingtonians had a new sensation last Tuesday evening, in the form of a lecture by Ralph Waldo Emerson. His subject was "Homes," and he gave many interesting and striking thoughts, such as Emerson alone could utter. He looks old, and pale, and thin, and his voice is not strong; but he has looked and talked so for years at least. He is now sixty-nine years old. A few days before, he gave a familiar lecture on books to the law-students of Harvard University in this city. His hearers were colored youths, and men of intelligence and culture, who listened to him as to an oracle, which, indeed he is.

THE WHARTON TRIAL.

As this famous case draws to an end, the opinion becomes more general that the accused will not be convicted. Here in Washington, where she is well known, very few can be found who express a positive opinion that she is guilty. Almost all are in doubt. The jury will be, also, and will give Mrs. Wharton the benefit of the doubt.

PRESSCOTT.

Communications.

A Biblical School.

A Frenchman once said, "Nothing but liberty will satisfy the Frenchman; he does not know what liberty is, but he will have it." Some thirty or more years ago, we became profoundly convinced that, whatever else they did or did not know, they should understand the Bible and the best modes of presenting it to the people. The Biblical school arose to meet the demand; and, considering the circumstances, especially the circumstance of its penury, it has done well.

But it is scarcely in existence when it is thrown into the shade by other institutions of learning. We are all the time saying, we must have a place where young men can prepare for the ministry, then proceed to found a college, a seminary, or an academy,—institutions which do no more to fit a man to preach the gospel, than to practice medicine, or law, or be a member of Congress;—everything is general, and nothing is specific; in the nature of the case it must be so. At best, literary institutions can only prepare men to enter upon the specific study of a profession. But, strange to say, many of our people think those who have studied at the academy or college are prepared to enter the ministry. What is worse, many of the young men themselves imbibe the same notion.

We do not doubt that men have succeeded in the practice of medicine, law, in politics, in arms, and in every trade and profession, who received no specific training before they began work. Nor yet do we affirm that any amount of specific training can atone for the lack of experience. All we contend for is the best possible previous training for the profession of the ministry, and the experience can be secured afterward. But to thrust the young man into the ministry without this specific training is a disastrous policy. We have done it, with the following results:—1. The best young men that we, or any people, ever raised up, are resting in untimely graves. The work to be done, the terrible pressure arising from ignorance of methods, manner and matter broke them down,—slew them. 2. Many others, of equal ability but less conscience, went on their way slaughtering churches instead of themselves,—the greater pity. 3. Many leave the ministry in disgust, and turn to other pursuits. 4. Some few succeeded.

We think the time has at length arrived when something definite must be done. The Education Society should at once proceed to raise a sum of not less than one hundred thousand dollars, to pay the salaries of men, both east and west, who shall teach young men the knowledge of the Bible, and the best modes of preaching it.

It should be distinctly stated,—so distinctly, that no one could ever be mistaken,—that this fund is, and ever shall be, the property of the denomination; that it is not to be, when raised, or at any future time, the property, or under the control of any college, or other institution of learning; that the Education Society shall say, these two things shall be taught, who shall teach them, and where the place of instruction shall be.

So long as Bates College was able to furnish buildings and pay professors, there should have been no serious objections to the arrangement; but if she can not do this, the denomination must. So long as Bates and Hillsdale provide buildings, we that are careless should thank them, and be content; but should our fortune improve, nothing could be better or more desirable than a home of our own. And we should so behave ourselves that we can honorably depart whenever we choose.

NOROMBEA.

Important Acknowledgment.

Gov. Washburn, of Mass., said, in his recent message to the legislature: "I have no hesitancy in saying that, in my judgment, the prohibitory law repealed four years ago, was the best and most effective we have ever had for the suppression of the liquor traffic. I would like to see it restored in all its power and integrity to our statute books, and rigidly enforced over every foot of soil in the Commonwealth. Let this be done, and crime and pauperism will be reduced fifty per cent., a great burden of taxation would be removed from all classes of citizens, a new impetus would be given to every branch of legitimate industry, a heavy weight would be lifted from the hearts and hands of our laboring people, and a most important step taken toward their permanent elevation and improvement."

Here is an admission by the chief magistrate of the great Commonwealth of Mass., just triumphantly elected by a great party embracing in its ranks much of the moral and Christian influence of the state; and yet when this governor was nominated, the convention never even referred to this great evil in the state, which the governor so truthfully describes. Here is an evil that the governor admits causes one half of the crime and pauperism in the state. And there was in the state, in 1868, of paupers, partially relieved and fully supported, 28,000, besides some 25,000 vagrants, who are aided largely by public and private charity. And the state had in confinement during the year, 14,361 criminals. Here we have a pauper and criminal population of over 67,000, and the governor says, one half of these were made so by the rum and beer shops of Mass.; and according to the report of the Board of state charities, four-fifths, or 52,000 of them, became so through intemperance.

The report of the Mass. state alliance gives the total expense of rum, crime and

pauperism during that year as amounting to the enormous sum of \$3,000,000. And the books of the secretary of state show that, during the same year, when they had free rum, that the valuation of the state did not increase so much by nearly \$33,000,000 as during the previous year when prohibition was pretty strictly enforced. So that the governor may well say,—"A heavy weight would be lifted from the hearts and hands of our laboring people." And all this is not something that the governor has found out since the assembling of that convention. These facts have long been before the men who composed that convention, and yet they were entirely ignored by the convention, notwithstanding they were repeatedly admonished to recognize and act upon them. What other interest of the state is of more importance than that of suppressing the dram shops? The governor says he would like to see the old law restored and enforced. The party that elected him can restore it and place its execution in his hands; and they will do so if they honestly desire its enforcement. But the same party that elected him is now deluging the state with intemperance, pauperism and crime through their "beer law."

But these evils are not confined to Mass. About the same state of things exists throughout the country. Recently in N. H., the same party met in state convention and made their nominations, put forth their platform of principles, but said not a solitary word about this greatest of all questions, even in a pecuniary point of view. Nothing in the country so taxes the people, or so paralyzes all the industrial interests of the country, or engenders so much of pauperism, crime, vice and immorality as the system of intemperance; and yet, while the laws against almost every other crime known to civil government are rigidly enforced, the laws in relation to the sale of intoxicating liquors are openly, knowingly and persistently violated. The people are loaded with taxes, the poor-houses filled with inmates, the prisons filled with criminals, our villages and cities reeking with vice, thousands of our young men and even boys ruined, and more than one hundred thousand sent to untimely graves and a fearful eternity annually, and but comparatively little is being done to stay its terrible progress in the land. Is it not time that the entire church awoke to this monstrous evil that is being wrought in this land? Missionary and Bible societies are organized to evangelize the heathen in foreign lands, and hundreds of thousands of our own precious youth are annually made worse than the heathen by this mighty Moloch of intemperance. It is time that Christian men took up this subject in terrible earnestness, and made their mighty influence felt in every relation of life;—time that they made this a matter of paramount importance wherever they are called to act or exert an influence. What is to become of our children, with the land all dotted over with three or four times the number of grog shops that it has of churches? Every dram shop in the land is an open gate to perdition; a thoroughfare to hell; a recruiting office to fill the ranks of the enemies to God and religion; and every grog shop endangers the happiness, prosperity, usefulness, life and final salvation of our children, and of ourselves even. Self-protection calls for an unceasing and exterminating war upon them all. Christianity, and grog shops should never live in peace together.

A. D.

Money and the Ministry.

I have often felt uncomfortable when the amount of a minister's salary is annexed to a notice of his ordination, or his call, or his removal to a new field. It has a very mercenary look. And, as men judge others by themselves, and mankind are extensively lovers of greed, it tends to give the impression, that ministers are governed by mercenary motives. That some may be is quite probable. It would be marvelous if there were none such. Doubtless, many are not as disinterested as they ought to be. They are but men. But that evangelical ministers, as a body, are supremely influenced by pecuniary considerations, in their choice of the profession, or of their location, should not be admitted or intimated without proof.

But I submit, that the constant mention of a minister's salary in close connection with the notice of his ordination or change of place, especially if in this latter case there is an increase of salary, is adapted to exhibit the ministry in an unfavorable light before the world as to their leading motives, and to do them injustice. I have at hand no suitable data for a fair exhibition of the various modes of self-denial which many of Christ's ministers have resorted to in order to sustain themselves with their slender salary, nor the amount which they joyfully deduct from such slender salary to aid the cause of benevolence. But to some extent may a parishioner may or might know how it is with his own minister. And if all who know should testify, it might appear, as I trust it will appear in the great day, that multitudes of these servants of Christ are unsurpassed by an equal number of men in any walk of life, for a just economy or for beneficence.

Some missionaries, I believe, have not only given their earnest personal services, but also a patrimonial inheritance to the cause they loved. My impression is, that Adoniram Judson gave a large amount in this manner. And he that reads the excerpts of missionary reports, published by the officers to whom those reports are sent, as required, may judge whether many a Home Missionary has not well-nigh literally forsaken all of an earthly nature for Christ, living as a vast majority of his patrons would not consent to live, for the sake of doing good. A nobler company of men and women this earth can scarcely produce than may be gathered from the Home Mis-

sionaries of our country, toiling amidst embarrassments and privations unknown doubtless and unappreciated by many professed disciples in the high places of competence and privilege. The evangelical ministry of New England need neither eulogy nor defense. But if we're to be wished that Christian editors would forbear to publish items which, from their juxtaposition, may countenance an erroneous impression touching their disinterestedness. For neither the church, nor the world can afford to think unjustly of good ministers of Jesus Christ.

WELD.

Government of the Young.

It is our firm conviction that nothing is more important for a child than that it should be taught obedience, the submission of its will to rightful authority. This we think should be secured with as little corporal punishment as possible, but at all events secured. But we also believe that many teachers and many parents, in governing by law alone, make a serious mistake.

Absolute authority must be the main reliance in early childhood; but as the child becomes a reasonable and reasoning creature, the method of government should change, and advice and argument should be the forces employed;—in other words, children should be governed as intelligent moral beings, and not as brutes. Aside from the more elevating influence of such government, there are other weighty reasons for its employment. "Laws were made for rogues," says the proverb, and thereby asserts the important truth, that good society is formed, not of men governed by authority and restrained by fear of the penalties of the law, but of those whose conduct is controlled by a proper regard for the good opinions of their fellows and by their own developed sense of right and wrong,—their love for God and for their fellow-men.

But, if this disposition be necessary to good citizens, should not the training of children and youth be such as to prepare them for submission to other authority besides that which is personal and absolute? Surely, parents and teachers should not rely too much upon their own commands, but should aim to develop in children the principles necessary to self-government. The time must soon come when the child will be away from the sight and care of these watchful ones, and free from their authority; and if he has not been taught to consider carefully the nature and tendency of acts, and to choose for himself accordingly, he knows not what to do. Often only too happy in freedom from restraint, he cares not what he does.

Does not this explain the common and too true statement, that the children most strictly governed at home are the wildest and worst when not under the parent's eye? Have not such parents depended too much upon unexplained commands, and too little upon persuasion and reason? Does not an abiding respect for authority depend upon the conviction that its mandates are reasonable? Do not teachers who say,—"Come now, and let us reason together," frequently find that, where once obedience came slowly and grudgingly, now it is ready and prompt?

It is sadly true that not all can thus be influenced; but there is nothing the young like better than to be reasoned with and to know the reasons of things; and we certainly think that a system which gives strength of character and leads to a feeling of direct responsibility should be employed, at least with those about to enter the sphere of independent activity.

G. W. S.

Jesus Only.

Jesus said to Peter, "Come." Through darkness and storm, hearing the voice of the Master, he felt that he could safely go. Jesus, our Master, says, "Be not afraid," to those who would see him. Even "through the waters" it is his own right hand that cheers and upholds his chosen ones. A friend said to me lately,—

"I felt when I was deciding whether I would choose Christ to be mine, as if I was leaving every thing behind me. But I just held out my hands to him. I wanted to

Venture on him, venture wholly, Let no other trust intrude."

The sweet rest and peace that filled my soul recompensed me richly, fully. I found all things in him.—Strength to my fainting heart; has come from him in every time of need. He "whom not having seen," I love, bade me "labor and suffer for his sake," and his promised strength has never failed. I know it never will.

This confidence will always be justified.

GRACE.

Hints for the New Year.

1. Put your worldly affairs into such a state, that your death, if sudden, may not occasion perplexity, injustice, or dissension. If you have too much business, reduce it. If you have not made a will, make it.
2. Settle all difficulties,—if you have any, with your fellow-men, forthwith.
3. If you are a Christian, renew your consecration, and take a higher stand.
4. If you are impenitent, make your peace with God the very first thing. You may die this year, and if you die impenitent, you perish without remedy.

HOW TO INCREASE LOVE TO JESUS.

1. Think more of him.
2. Sing hymns to him.
3. Pray often, directly to him.
4. Behold him in all events, great and small.
5. Do things expressly to please him.
6. Ask the Holy Spirit to reveal him to you, and fire your heart with his love.
7. Make the best use of all divine influence received.

8. Fervently give thanks for all sweet affections toward Jesus.

T.

Rev. N. J. Robinson.

Rev. N. J. Robinson died at Minneapolis, Minn., Sept. 20, 1871, aged 61 years. The subject of this notice was born in Frederickton, N. B., Aug. 7, 1810. When quite young his parents moved with him to Meorimichi, where they remained until he was about 10 years of age. In 1820, they moved to Sebec, Me., where he received his first deep religious impressions. But he did not give his heart to the Lord until five years after, during a religious revival in the place. In Dec., 1825, he united with the F. Baptist church in Sebec. From the day of his professing religion, he was a very zealous, active worker for Christ; frequently accompanying and laboring with ministers in protracted efforts; at which times his labors seemed blessed of the Lord. In 1831, he commenced holding meetings by his own appointment, having for some time felt very deeply impressed on the subject of the gospel ministry. He received license from the Sebec Q. M.

After a few months' labor in this direction in his own Q. M., in the fall of 1831 he went to Lower Canada, where he labored and preached until March, 1833. During this time the Lord crowned his labor with the conversion of many souls. After coming home in March, he labored in the Sebec Q. M. until the June term, when he was publicly set apart to the work of the Ministry by the following council, chosen by the Q. M.: Revs. N. Harvey, F. Bartlett and A. Burnham. From this time he preached within the limits of the Prospect Q. M., and along the sea-shore, until Jan. 7, 1834, when he went again to Canada, preaching most of the time in Barstap, Hatley, Ascot, Brompton, Melbourne and Durham, until Aug., 1835, when he came home on a visit. He went back to Canada in Oct., and remained until Jan., 1836, when he returned home. In Oct., 1837, he was married to Miss Clara Moore, of Corinna, and settled in Corinna as pastor of the church in that place.

In June, 1840, he moved to Montville, Me., spending a part of his time with the church at that place, the remainder in mission work. In April, 1841, he moved to Lincolnville, devoting a part of his time to this church and traveling the rest. He labored about six years in this part of Maine as an evangelist and pastor. He then moved to Corinna, where he lived about ten years. During these years, on account of poor health and pecuniary needs, he was not able to do as much in the ministry as in past years.

Bro. Robinson was not an educated man, yet he lived so near the Lord that he was a power for good in the circle in which he moved. So telling were his appeals to the unconverted, that they seemed unable to withstand the spirit with which he spoke, and scores were brought to Christ through his instrumentality. On one occasion, while pleading with sinners to come to Christ, his soul filled with the Spirit and in tones not to be withstood, he commanded them in the name of his Master to yield to God, and some 12 or 15 came immediately forward for prayers. It is not too much to say, that but few men have been more successful in winning souls to Christ than Bro. Robinson.

As a Christian minister our dear brother was always firm in the doctrines of the Christian religion. He early espoused the anti-slavery cause, strongly defended it, and lived to rejoice over the downfall of the system of slavery. The last 12 or 14 years of his life were spent in Minn. But most of this time, especially the last years of his life, he was able to preach but little, yet his interest remained good, his counsel was judicious, and his warnings faithful. He is sadly missed at the Quarterly gatherings and other meetings where his presence was a source of joy.

His disease (consumption) was of such a nature that he had been long waiting for his change. Some two years previous to his decease, he made arrangements for his funeral, selected the text,—2 Tim. 4: 7, and chose Bro. W. Hayden to preach. His death was such as follows a life like his, truly triumphant. He leaves a wife and six children to mourn their loss.

JAMES ELLIOT.

Rev. John Clark.

Rev. John Clark died in Prospect, Waldo Co., Me., August 8th, 1871, aged 78 years. He was born in Newcastle, of poor parentage; his education was very limited. He married and moved to Monroe, in early manhood, and in 1824, when a great revival was enjoyed through that section, he was converted, and became a faithful servant of Christ as he had before been of Satan. He was baptized by Eld. Simon Emery, and united with the 1st F. Baptist church in Monroe. From thence he moved to Prospect and united with the F. Baptists in that place. He was licensed in 1832, and ordained as an evangelist to preach the gospel in 1838. He labored hard through the week to support a large family, and traveled to his appointment and preached on the Sabbath. He preached what he believed, very plainly and pointedly, that sinners must be converted in order to be saved. He preached the gospel about 40 years, and traveled in that time about forty thousand miles, at least one half the distance and time on foot. He baptized 125 persons, attended 100 funerals, and joined in marriage 64 couples. He preached till within a few days of the time of his death. His sickness was short, and he died with a glorious hope of a blessed immortality beyond the grave.

WM. FORD.

Look upon every day as the whole of life, not merely as a section; and enjoy the present, without wing, through haste, to spring on to another section now lying before you.

S. S. Department.

Sunday-school Quackery.

Every art has its empirical stage. In the art of healing there was a time when physicians knew nothing of the construction of the human body, or of the laws of health. They saw, or thought they saw, that certain roots and certain mixtures were beneficial. Of course their errors were countless, and their superstitions without number. Gradually dissection, chemistry, electricity, microscopy, botany, and comparative physiology brought reason into use, and that which was quackery before became a noble art—the noblest of arts.

Our Sunday-school teaching has hardly gone in any considerable degree beyond the region of the merest empiricism. There have been improvements, but they have been made on empirical principles; that is to say, they have been accepted in a haphazard manner as immediate and temporary remedies for discovered defects. There has been no science of Sunday-school teaching, and there must always be a scientific basis for every true art. Until we have a philosophical foundation carefully sought and adjusted, we can not build with certainty. For our popular conventions it may answer to teach only the methods, but the Sunday-school worker who will be at all thorough must seek to find the principles upon which these methods are founded. Empiric may know sufficiently well that acetate of potash is a valuable remedy in gout. But the true physician will know the philosophy of its action, and by knowing this will understand its true use and its limitation.

The trouble with us is the lack of any careful thought in the matter. The Sunday-school public has been over-run with empirics. The empirical method is fixed upon us. Even our ablest workers are, many of them, given to this shallow mode of thinking. In truth, ability has not been, until lately, very abundant among Sunday-school men. It has been customary to think that a very low order of talent was eminently suited to teaching children. Rev. Nabal Shallow, who got through his studies by the skin of his teeth, having failed to meet the intellectual wants of his congregation in Scratchard Valley, and having found no congregation with less intellectual ability, it was gravely voted that Brother Shallow would do exceedingly well for children. Good for nothing else, it was presumed that no one was made in vain, and he must be good for the children. Poor little fools, they were just the people for him! And under this mistaken notion, that an idiot could teach idiots, and a shallow brain teach children, Rev. Nabal Shallow, a most amiable man withal, was duly recommended for an appointment as Sunday-school missionary. And as he would work cheap, and combine the labors of a colporter with those of a missionary, he was employed. We are not saying that there have not been able men among Sunday-school missionaries. We do not forget Faxon, McCullough, and half-a-dozen others we could name. But the Sunday-school work has indeed suffered immeasurably from the low order of intelligence of many Sunday-school missionaries; and the societies that have been afflicted with the false economy that doled out a pittance to a cheap man, are, in a large degree, responsible.—S. S. Teacher.

EARLY RELIGIOUS TEACHINGS. A group of children were talking in the street. It seemed that a young companion had just died, and they were revolving the solemn matter with childish wonder. One of them said, "I don't like to see anybody dead." Perhaps that little boy had been encouraged to shudder at the King of Terrors rather than to cherish the noble and holy thoughts suggested by Death. Such at least is often the case.

Why should not children be very early instructed concerning that mysterious change, which, sooner or later, all must meet? It may be that while parents and grandparents remain, their little one of but a few years is called to stem those dark and bitter waves which part us from the unseen land.

There are many avenues of approach to most solemn truths, some of which are far more judicious than others for young minds; they would only tire and fright the tender sensibilities, and perhaps cause a sad aversion for the lesson they intended to teach. But leaving these, how many are to be found, both easy and pleasant?

A child is admiring a brilliant sunset. But while he gazes westward the gold and crimson hues grow faint, and soon disappear. How fit the occasion to teach him that this life's light shall fade. But the sun rises again in the morning; and they who "sleep in Jesus," shall rise from the dead in the glory of immortality.

The boy plants a little garden. After a few weeks he beholds some bright and fragrant flowers where he deposited only dull and colorless seeds. Let him learn to see in flower and sun "a type of resurrection."

It is evening, and the star of night comes forth. Mother, tell your child of the infant of Bethlehem, whose sign was a star in the East. But utter that story with a voice of earnestness and a heart of prayer, for you announce a matter whose importance concerns the eternal welfare of your darling.

Children are early prone to transgression. They are quick to understand the difference between right and wrong, yet often choose the latter. They are, then, sinners; and how dangerous to postpone care for their souls' salvation! Too often are their forms adorned with vain solicitude, while their hearts are uncultured. But all the while that enemy who so woeily fares while men sleep is watching those hearts with greedy eyes. He is aiming to pervert even their lovely docility to his own cruel purposes and to supplant every excellence and virtue. And he will succeed unless checked and thwarted while there is hope.

Rejoice that there is also an Eye of Love which looks on the young, and a voice Divine saying, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not!"—S. S. Workman.

I WILL IF YOU WILL. Two young ladies, in their visits among the absentees of their Sunday-school class, had to call at a shoemaker's. It was Monday afternoon, and a sad scene presented itself. The man had just returned from the public house, where he had been drinking with his companions ever since the Saturday night. His money was now all gone, his head aching, and conscience tormenting him. The young ladies kindly remonstrated with him, and at last he said that he knew he was doing wrong. One of the ladies then advised him to sign the temperance pledge. He replied, "I will if you will."

Now neither of the Sunday-school teachers expected to have this said to them. They were in the habit of taking a little

wine occasionally. They, however, reflected that if this poor drunkard should be rescued, by God's blessing, through their example, it would more than repay them for the loss of the wine. One of them said, "I will sign, Mr. —, for your sake." "And I will too," said the other. A pledge paper was procured, and the names duly entered.

Ten years after, the writer had occasion to pass a Sunday in the place. A faint anxious to ascertain if the shoemaker continued firm to the pledge, and wended my way to the door of the once miserable dwelling. What a change! The room was well furnished, and everything bore the marks of comfort. The father had been with three of his children to the house of God. His children also not only regularly attended the Sunday-school, but also a week-day school, for which the father was well able to pay. Before I left, I read an appropriate psalm of thanksgiving to God for His mercies, and we then knelt around the family altar. When we parted, tears of gratitude prevented many words being spoken, but I felt thankful that a whole family, who were once apparently on the way to ruin, were now with their faces Zion-ward.

A MOTHER'S PRAYERS. The Rev. Gardiner Spring Plimley, of Metuchen, told a story of the happiness of meeting Jesus on the way in the almost miraculous conversion of a young man. A pious mother of the church died about fifteen years ago, whose dying words were that heaven would not be heaven to her unless she found her son there. He had been a member of the Sunday-school, and when he went out into the world, was surrounded by the great hurry and confusion of business life, and for a time seemed to be the last man that could be converted. An earnest pastor succeeded in getting him to go to the Sunday-school. The pastor on that occasion referred to the fact that there were many who had gone to heaven, many pious mothers who had, while on earth, prayed long and earnestly for the conversion of a wayward son. He went home, and was asked, Was there anything interesting in the service? He said there was not. Next morning he went to his work, and on his way was made a child of God. When he reached his place of business, one of the first things he said to his father-in-law was, "Oh! how happy you look, Charley." "Why not?" he replied, "I have met Jesus on the way." The prayers of a pious mother had saved him.

A PLAIN TRUTH. Rev. J. H. Vincent, of the Sunday-School Journal, tells a little plain truth in this paragraph:

Most of the articles we have sent lately on Sunday-school defects and failures seem entirely to overlook the work of reform that has been silently and steadily going forward for the past ten years or more. They come to their "sowing" with great boldness, not yet knowing that the words they now write (words they never thought of writing ten years ago) are really fruits of the reform that was progressing through the years of their slumber. We are glad to have the help of these brethren in the Sunday-school on the higher platform of today. They ought to have been here long before. It is not our fault that they have not earlier understood the magnitude of this divine movement. But will they not excuse us if we exhibit no surprise at their graphic descriptions of the inefficiency, failure, etc., etc., of the Sunday-school? And if we do not give them credit for having inaugurated a grand reform, they may attribute our hesitation to the fact that their words have come too late; and that their allusions to "Sunday-school men," Sunday-school leaders," etc., betray a sad ignorance of the theory upon which the truly representative Sunday-school men of America have been operating for several years.

I DON'T KNOW. "If I am asked," says M. Arago, "what produces the tail of a comet, I would reply, I don't know." A lady of the French Court once asked Marianne, "What are the belts of Jupiter?" "I don't know," replied the Secretary of the Academy of Sciences. "Then," said the lady, "is Saturn the only planet surrounded with a ring?" "I don't know," again said Marianne. The lady, growing impatient, demanded, with a certain degree of rudeness, "What purpose then does it serve, sir, to be an academician?" "It serves the purpose, madam, to reply—I do not know."

Every honest teacher, who despises the conceit-knowledge without the reality, will often have occasion for the answer, I do not know. On one occasion, when a lady gave this answer, a student flippantly exclaimed, "Why, Professor, when I came to the University, I thought you would tell us all we do not know." "I am sorry, my young friend," said I, "that you labored under so great a mistake. I can engage to tell you only what I know, which is very little; but if I should undertake to tell all that you do not know, I am afraid the story would be a very long one."

TO MEMORIZE, AND SOMETHING MORE. A writer in the S. S. Times—with which paper, by the way, the S. S. Workman has been united, a combination which may be expected to prove an advantage to the readers of either paper—contents against the notion that Sunday-school instruction should be confined to storing truth in the memory. Within our observation it has seemed to us that teachers were going into the opposite extreme. But there is undoubtedly truth in this statement:

Facts and truths, so long as they lie merely in the memory, are almost valueless. The pupil needs to be trained in the use of facts and truths which have been stored in his memory.

Facts and truths thus become knowledge. More than this, it should not be forgotten that facts and truths, as a rule, can not long be retained, even in the memory, unless the understanding and the reason are occupied upon their proof and their application—thus drawing out the principles and laws which underlie all facts and truths. In a word, the understanding and the reason must act backward upon the material hoarded in the memory, or no practical effects of any real consequence can follow.

It is said of Rev. Mr. Cowan, a pastor in Germantown, Penn., that soon after he entered upon his charge, he asked for a collection in his congregation for the Sunday-school. The collection was made and amounted to eighteen dollars! The next Sunday he got up and said, "I have an apology to make to the congregation. The collection for the Sunday-school last Sunday amounted to eighteen dollars. Had I been better acquainted among you I would have omitted this collection, and would have asked this Sunday-school to take one up for the church." After that he got money when he asked for it.

Selections.

Failure.

The Lord, who fashioned my hands for working,
Set me a task, and it is no more;
I've tried and tried since the early morning,
And now to westward sinketh the sun!

Noble the task that was kindly given
The one so little and weak as I;
Somehow my strength could never grasp it,
Never, as days and years went by.

Others around me, cheerfully toiling,
Showed me their work as they passed away;
Filled were their hands to overflowing,
Proud were their hearts and glad and gay.

Laden with harvest spoils they entered
In at the golden gate of their rest;
Laid their sheaves at the feet of the Master,
Found their places among the blest.

Happy be they who strove to help me,
Falling over in spite of my need;
Fain would their love have borne me with them,
But I was unready and sore afraid.

Now I know my task will never be finished,
And when the Master calls my name,
The Voice will find me still at my labor,
Weeping beside it in weary shame.

With empty hands I shall rise to meet him,
And when he looks for the fruit of years,
Nothing have I to lay before him,
But broken efforts and bitter tears.

Yet when he calls I fain would hasten—
Mine eyes are dim, and their light is gone;
And I am as weary as though I carried
A burden of beautiful work well done.

I will fold my empty hands on my bosom,
Meekly thus in the shape of his cross;
And the Lord who made them so frail and feeble
Maybe will pity their strife and loss.

—The Month.

The Trial of your Faith.

I found in the market a horse which suited me exactly. She was strong, broad in the chest, a handsome neck and head, a good traveler on the road, though nothing on the race course, and whenever I drove her required a bare rein and an idle whip. She pulled rather too strongly for my wife, and I should hardly care to trust my children with her; though Harry thinks he can drive anything I can. She had but one fault—she switched her tail.

"Take care of that horse," said a friend I took out with me on a trial trip, "she switches her tail."

"What of that?" said I. "It does bother me with the lines a little, I admit, but it's nothing serious."

"It is not that," said he. "If a horse switches her tail, look out for her heels. It's like the loss of a head with a young girl; it means an obstinate will and an ugly temper."

So, as I am no adept in horses, I rode over to my friend, Mr. Clift, who is dealing in them all the time, to ask his judgment about Katie.

"What do you think of her?" said I. "I like her very much. But she switches her tail, and they tell me that is a bad sign. I don't want a horse that is going to put her feet through my dashboard some fine morning."

"Let me try her," said Mr. Clift. "Which he got in beside me and took the reins. The first thing he did was to take the whip out of the socket—her own or mine, I don't know—then he assured me it has not been out for months, and I have never used it since—and gave the horse a sharp cut across the back, at the same time drawing a sharp rein on her. Poor Katie was utterly perplexed. She gave a very natural jump, tried to start forward, could not, and asked as plain as a horse could ask, 'What do you want of me, to go, or to stand still? Just tell me and I'll do it.' But Mr. Clift did not tell her. He did not strike her again, but he urged her forward with his voice, while he held her close with the rein. Katie shook her head, pranced up and down, and switched her tail about as though she were in a swarm of horse-flies; but that was all.

"What are you trying to do, Mr. Clift?" said I.

"Trying to get her out of temper," said he; "to see what temper she is of. Switching the tail is a bad sign, but not a settler. Your horse is quick and nervous, but not ugly; she is quick-tempered, but not bad-tempered. I think she'll do for you."

And so I bought her, very much to my satisfaction over since.

I have wondered a good deal since what Katie thought—if horses do think—of the treatment she received that morning from Mr. Clift. I think it must have perplexed her quite as much as some mysterious providences perplex us. And it seems to me that the explanation to this is some like what it would have been to Katie. It seems to me that pretty often we are put on our paces to show what we can do; that pretty often the blow is brought upon our back, not to punish us, but to try our temper.

When I see a man whose temper has been the marvel of his neighbors, beggared by some great disaster; when I see a woman who has lived in ease and affluence, compelled to go out of her freestone front to live in a cottage, and to part from her servants, to do her own work with the help, perhaps, of one; when I see a man of honored reputation, smarting under some unjust and unfounded suspicion, the result of a malicious slander; when I see a clergyman driven away from his parish by the machinations of an unprincipled opposition; when I see a strong man stricken down in the midst of his strength to be for months and perhaps for years a helpless invalid, dependent upon others; when I myself stand perplexed before some problem of life, commanded by apparently conflicting duties, anxious to know my Father's will, but unable to understand or to interpret his providence—I think of that ride with Mr. Clift, and wonder whether He who orders all of life has not let fall the unexpected blow, or placed his child in the perplexity, for the very purpose of trying what his motive is, and so I understand what Paul meant when he declared what I may quote in a paraphrase, 'We glory even in tribulations, for we know that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope. And such a hope, so wrought, never fails, and so never lets us suffer shame.' No one knows his own character or how sure is his hope, till it has been tried in the school of tribulation, and built upon a foundation of actual experience of patient endurance under difficulty.

I had written thus far when I stopped and read it over to my wife. She is a severe critic, happily for me, and what passes her criticism I am not much afraid for afterwards.

"I do not altogether like your doctrine," said she.

"Why not?" said I.

"You and Mr. Clift," said she, "did not know what Katie's character was. You had to try her. God does not have to try us. Does he not know, can he not read, the heart?"

"It is true," I said; "and in so far as the simile fully, I confess. We tried Katie to find out what was in her. God tries us to

show us what we are. He knows, but we do not. No man ever knows himself till he has been tried. He never knows how resolute his will, till he has been made to yield; how strong his pride, till it has been humbled; how hot his temper, till it has been provoked. We learn what we are, not only by self-examinations—not by going into our closet and taking an inventory of our feelings—but more by going out into life and seeing here what we can do and what endure."

"Is not that also a self-examination?" said my wife.

"Yes," said I, "it is. And that kind of self-examination I thoroughly believe in. But I tell you what it is, Mary, when a man prays 'Examine me, O Lord, and prove me; try my reins and my heart,' he offers a prayer, the full meaning of which he rarely realizes. If he did, he would often hesitate to use it."—*Christian Weekly*.

"Unanimous Calls."

Ever since the time when Paul fought the heathen vice of lying with such words as these: "Wherefore putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbor," there have been found Christians who have laid themselves open to this rebuke. And not only individual Christians, but whole churches need a word or two on this point; for it is by no means an unusual thing for them in this age, to have at least the appearance of intentional deceit. I refer to their manner of giving a minister a "call."

The old way of settling a minister for life has been gradually changed into settling him until his church is tired of him. To be sure, there are instances where ministers have a "louder call," and go off to better quarters; but the cases are far more numerous where the minister is half-crowded out of his place, because of the dissatisfaction of some of his people.

Ministerial changes are frequent. The average length of a pastorate in this Western State is not far from five years. There must be frequent calls; which would be well enough, only they are too apt to be unanimous. This is the way it is often done.

After a minister has preached two or three Sundays, and thus consciously or unconsciously exhibited himself, the church have a meeting to consider the propriety of giving him a call. Now it is notorious that, in some cases, not one half of the voting members are present; in rare cases, less than one-fourth have assembled and decided the question. Of course, some can't come; sickness and old age are good excuses. But some are indifferent; they prefer to have no responsibility resting on them, one way or the other. Pretending to be satisfied with what will satisfy others, they cover up a kind of cowardice; and perhaps they intend to be able to say, after a year or two, "Well, I didn't vote for him."

There are yet a few who are openly opposed to the candidate. Sometimes they stay away, with a resolve to vote a nucleus for future dissatisfaction; sometimes they go and vote. But being outnumbered, a motion is made by some well-meaning Christian to make it unanimous. Done, and the call is sent.

This call often happens that a minister is led to think that the people are united on him, when the case is far different. This is getting to be so common that one wonders why it has not been exposed before. A call in this age, with the word unanimous left out, would often contain far more truth than what it is.

There is a strange tenderness about Jack's heart, that he had scarcely ever felt before, and as he looked down the street, he saw that the little fellow walked slowly along, forgetting to roll his hoop, and then a strange mistiness crept over his eyes.

At the few kind words of that little boy set Jack to thinking, and made him feel his sinfulness as he had never felt it before. They brought him to repentance, and made him a changed man.

It was not long before people on every side were looking at him with astonishment.

"What on earth is the matter with Jack Ranney?"

"Ah! little reader, a bright star will shine in that little boy's crown in the kingdom of heaven, for his words were blessed to the saving of the precious soul of the worst man in the village. Jack Ranney was a Christian. Good Words.

A missionary, journeying from Rangoon to Prome in 1870, makes these interesting records of the springing up of the good seed after it had long lain buried.

One old blind man, who was baptized years ago by Rev. Mr. Kincaid, learning of his arrival, walked with his wife and others three miles to visit him. We enjoyed with them a delightful season of Christian converse and prayer. He told us the story of his conversion. A tract given him by some one belonging to the suite of Major Burney, political agent in 1835, was the means of light to his soul. On the reading of that tract, with no other human teacher, having never yet seen a missionary, he became convinced of the folly of idolatry, and abandoned it; although he was not baptized till years afterwards.

Known to this old man were several others like-minded with himself, who called themselves his disciples. Of these, two visited us, one of whom, after spending the whole day, told us of another still, whom they regarded as a teacher. We requested to see him, and our visitor promised to inform him, and our way home, of our arrival, and where we might be found.

Not more than an hour after he left, a man appeared at the house, about thirty-five years of age, who we at once knew, from his own account, must be the man referred to by our visitor. He gave us a cordial greeting as fellow-disciples of Jesus Christ.

Of the manner of his conversion, he said that he saw a boy passing in the street with a book in his hand. He asked to see it, then begged for it. At first the boy refused, but was finally persuaded to let him have it. It proved to be a bound volume of our tracts. He read it with the deepest interest. "That book," said he, "gave me all the knowledge I have of Christianity."

From his conversation and his whole bearing, we doubted not the sincerity of his conversion, although he has not yet been baptized. We had great happiness in giving him a copy of the New Testament.

German Catholic Reforms.

The reformers, known as Old Catholics in Germany, insist on the following reforms in the Catholic church:

1. Each community shall have the right to choose his own priest; and priests are no longer to be named by the bishops.

2. Priests must be sufficiently paid by the community to enable them to live respectably.

3. Compulsory celibacy must cease. Priests shall be allowed to marry, as in early times of Christianity.

4. The chapters shall be dissolved.

5. Masses and the services of the church must be spoken and read in German, or in the common language of the province.

6. There shall be no separate payments for masses at burials, baptisms, etc. The priest's salary shall be sufficient to enable him to live without additional charging fees.

7. Inequality between the burials of rich and of poor must cease. There shall be no pomp or extra ceremony. One priest only shall officiate on such occasions.

8. Auricular confessions must cease.

9. Pilgrimages, processions, and begging missions must cease.

10. The worship of pictures, statues and images must cease.

11. The traffic in relics must be discontinued, and be proceeded against by the State.

When all this is accomplished, it will no longer be the Roman Catholic church, but a new creature. Such a regeneration is not to be expected.

Bereans.

The Chicago Advance tells the following suggestive incident:

"Berean" Christians are not as numerous as they should be; those who, when they hear a discourse from the pulpit, 'Search the Scriptures daily, whether these things are so,' even when it is an apostle who has preached. Indeed, testing sermons by the Bible has so far gone out of fashion, that in many churches, hardly a Bible is now to be found in all the pews! We were not a little pleased, therefore, the other evening, at the exercises of a certain 'conference meeting' in one of our city churches. A popular preacher from a distance, on the preceding Sunday, had delivered certain novel views to a crowded audience, and the sentiments uttered had been favorably received by a few. But the 'Bereans' had been at work with their Bibles, during the three intervening days, and the prayer-meeting might have brought out the result. One of the brethren opened a battery of heavy artillery on the preacher's position from the Word of God; several others unnumbered similar guns, and brought them to bear; and soon a cannonade along the whole line swept away the last vestige of the alleged erroneous impression of the popular sermonizer. The truth was vindicated, Christian liberty had asserted itself; the Scriptures had been elevated to their former rank, above the dicta of human authority and human applause, and the church meeting had proved a happy balance to the pulpit. We commend alms the Berean example.

How to Find Peace.

Our real misery is that we do not know either ourselves or God. Of ourselves we have good thoughts; of Him had thoughts. Christ's life and death mean this; they bring proof that there is no hope for man in himself—every hope for him in God his Saviour. God, however, as He is the true God, can only deal with realities. He occupies Himself with what he really is. We must, therefore, come to Him as we really are. Come to Him pretending to be what you are not, and there can be no true peace. For God will not deal with you on the ground of pretenses. Come to Him as you really are; God will go with you to the very bottom of your misery, and because He is God, He will meet you every need. Trust Him, and you have peace. Doubt Him and trust yourself, and you can have no peace, though every ordinance in the world may have been observed by you. "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in Himself. He that believeth not God hath made him a liar, because he believeth not the witness which God gave of His Son. And this is the witness, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son."—*John*.

Rest.

There is hardly one of that large number whom necessity compels to toil on through all the round of wearisome months but would be glad to heed it. They are ready to believe that all the dreariness of life would be gone, that all the longings of the soul would be met, that all the burdens of existence would drop off, could they have only joined their fortunate neighbors in that grand begonia of the summer which has had rest for its aim and end. And we are not prepared to say that there are no grains of good sense in all this supposed wisdom. The soul that is confined to the same narrow round, the same sights and sounds and companionships, from the year's beginning to its end, can hardly expect to expand, as under other conditions it might. We believe in change.

But true as this is, it is not also true that there is a weariness which cessation from toils or change of scene can never cure. It is not the tired body, nor the overtaxed brain, only, that needs rest. 'There is a spirit in man.' The heart has its burdens. There is an inner and a deeper want which fight to the hills or resort to the noisy crowd can never supply. Few are aware how often this is—non-physical and non-mental overwork—which ails them. Neither solitude nor society can effect a cure. It comes back with them from the longest journey. It makes days of leisure and of labor alike unsatisfying. Do we need to remind such that there is a kind of rest which is not only possible, but complete? Do we need to say that no Christian believer ought to be, or can be, altogether a stranger to it? It is that which the soul finds in God; that of which the heart has the fullest experience when, in the exercise of a child's faith, it rests itself upon Christ.—*Cong*.

What We Have in Christ.

God gives power apart from man. He gives a new life, and life in His Son. In virtue of Him, it can't fail. It is eternal life—in Christ. God was perfectly manifested in the Son, when He came down from heaven to give life. But this is not enough.

What about my sins? Where are my sins? To have life without the question of sin being settled will not do. Christ had them on the cross. Christ came from heaven to put my sin away, and He did it away, and can say, 'At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you.' Christ's life is in me—eternal life; and this life is in the Son. I have His life, not His Godhead, of course. As surely as I have partaken of the life and nature of the first Adam, so have I life in the second Adam. If any man be in Christ, there is a new creation. The divine nature is there. It is in a poor 'earthen vessel, it is true; but the nature is divine, and I should be showing it out in my life and character. The more I know of God, the more I shall exhibit what He is. The more I look at Him, the more I shall be like Him.—*Presbyterian*.

Christianity in the Heart.

The outworking of Christianity in the heart where the love of Christ is in the soul, can scarcely be measured. It includes all good morals. It includes all refinement, all taste, all social life, and all secular life; so that if you trace Christianity from its source outward, there is no end to it. It runs as far as the race. It includes whatever human thought, or human feelings, rightly develops. Everything belongs to it. But the central spirit is not philanthropy, nor good morals. The central feeling of true Christian life is love to God, and, springing from it, and invigorated by it, unfeigned love to men—sympathy with them—brotherhood. It breathes and inspires continuous activity.

Going to Church.

Prepare your toilet for church with extreme care. Wear your very gayest. It is more important to do so at church than at operas and balls, because there are more poor people at the former than at the latter, people less accustomed to seeing splendid garments, and who will appreciate such a display.

By all means anoint your head with oil. Did not the ancients do so? Any grease is better than none; if very rancid and pungent, so much the better: it will make some weak woman sick, and perhaps she will faint, and that will injure to the glory of the clergyman, and the reporter will put in the papers that he preached so entrancingly that a lady fainted, etc.

Use perfumes. Some people like them, some do not. The former will be gratified, the latter will have something by which to remember the service.

N. B.—Gentlemen should always smoke after dressing, just before going to church. The reason is obvious.

Shoes that 'creak' are the things to wear. They announce your coming, like a chamberlain at a grand reception. The pastor then knows that his congregation is increasing.

Take the seat at the end of a pew, and fasten the door. When it becomes necessary for another to enter, you will rise, fumble at the latch of the pew, drop your cane—(always carry a cane to church)—pick it up, 'gather up your hat, keep things in interesting suspense, accommodate a group in the aisle, and generally increase the delightful excitement of the occasion. Always insist on keeping the end of the pew next the door. Why should that selfish man who wants to lounge against the end of the pew have his selfishness gratified? You must teach him self-denial.

Next to a cane, the most necessary thing to carry to church is a watch. It must be a gold watch, with a long chain. You must wear it in the job of your pantaloons, so that you will have greater opportunity of display in pulling it out. It must be a hunting watch, which shall 'click' when you shut it. You must hold it in several positions conspicuously, so as to see it. Also put on your glasses for that purpose. All this will remind the congregation that 'time dies,' and the preacher will have the comfort of seeing that if you don't pray, you at least watch. This politeness is due the pastor.

When the ushers come on with the plate or basket for the collection, do not touch it, do not pass it. Let him stretch over to push it down the pew. Is it not a holy thing, containing the offering of the people? Why should your profane touch be on it? But if you touch it, do it devoutly, and upset it; it will spill the contents. The usher has probably been sleeping through the sermon—it will wake him up. It makes a lively little incident.

Never enter until the service has begun. As it approaches a conclusion, begin to put on your overshoes. You can put on your overcoat during the doxology or benediction. There's nothing like being ready.—*Phrenologist Journal*.

How All May Preach.

All can not preach from the pulpit, or deliver long and eloquent orations; but there is a kind of preaching that is permitted to all men; and sometimes this kind is most effectual. Offices of kindness to the bodies and souls of those around us; words of encouragement to the weak, of instruction to the ignorant, of consolation to the troubled, of brotherly kindness to all, spoken by the fireside, the wayside, or bedside; or hearty devotion to the services of religion in our families and our closets, as well as in the sanctuary; in a word, all tokens of earnest, active, self-denying love to our fellow-beings, springing from our love to God, will form a most impressive sermon, a most convincing proof to the world around us, that we have been with Jesus. All Christians are called on in this way to preach the Gospel. Woe to them if they neglect the call, and blessed are they who fulfill this ministry, and in their humble sphere prove themselves to be workers together with God.—*The Christian*.

Value of Soul-Labor.

If souls were given us without any effort, anxiety, or prayer, it would be our loss to have it so, because the anxieties which throw within a 'compassionate spirit exercise his graces; they produce grateful love to God; they try his faith in the power of God to save others; they drive him to the mercy-seat; they strengthen his patience and perseverance, and every grace within the man is educated and increased by his travail for souls. As labor is now a blessing, so also is soul-travail; men are fashioned more fully into the likeness of Christ, thereby, and the whole church is by the same emotion quickened into energy. The fire of our own spiritual life is fanned by the same breath which our prayers invite to come from the four winds to breathe upon the slain.—*Spurgeon*.

Life a Sermon.

Our every life is a sermon. Our birth is the text from which we start. Youth is the introduction to the discourse. During our manhood, we lay down a few propositions and prove them. Some of the passages are dull, and some are brightly. They are mere inferences and applications. At seventy years we say 'fiftieth and lastly.' The doxology is sung. The benediction is pronounced. The book is closed. It is getting cold. Frost on the window-pane. Audience gone. Shut up the church. Sexton goes home with the key on his shoulder.

You Are Wanted.

In the great battle between truth and falsehood, between sin and holiness, every human being bears his part; for or against. There is no neutral position in this war. To do nothing, is to be lost; and to be against the right, is to be lost. Idleness is a crime; indifference a fatality. There is much to do, and little time to do it in; for 'the night cometh when no man can work.' Work while the day lasts; work hard; work well; these should be the resolves of all the friends of a true Christianity, some of whom can do a great deal; all can do something.

A Reason for Hope.

Spurgeon delights in the story of the genuine conversion of a servant girl. When she was asked, on joining the church, 'Are you converted?' 'I hope so, sir.' 'What makes you think you are really a child of God?' 'Well, sir, there is a great change in me from what there used to be.' 'What is that change?' 'I don't know, sir; but there's a change in all things; but there is one thing, I always sweep under the mats, now.'

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 24, 1872.

GEORGE T. DAY, Editor.

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A Special Premium.

To every new subscriber for the *Morning Star* who shall remit \$2.50, and ten cents in addition to pay postage, &c., we will send a new and beautiful chromo entitled "The Wreathed Cross." This is one of the most elegant works of its kind that has been produced, and is worth the price of the paper. This offer holds good until Apr. 1, 1872.

N. B. It will be understood that no percentage is allowed in those cases where the Chromo is sent,—that the subscription and postage are to be paid in advance,—and that those who wish the Chromo will need to signify that wish in connection with their remittance.

The first edition of the Chromo Cross has been exhausted. As a consequence, we have on hand a large number of orders for it which we are unable to fill at present. These orders shall be promptly filled upon the receipt of the pictures from the publishers, which will be in about ten days.

How a Protest is Borne.

The departure of Mr. Hepworth from the Unitarian ranks makes a real sensation. Both the secular and religious press aid in giving it prominence. The reporters interview the man. The New York correspondents put him and his doings into their letters. His movements are discussed in the office and parlors. Letters full of congratulation or of censure pour in upon him. Harsh criticism and officious counsel have all at once become strangers, while not a few whose acquaintance was a thing of yesterday hail him out of the true fellowship of the heart. The Liberalism which he has praised for its true charity knits its forehead and passes by on the other side, while the Orthodoxy which he has condemned as pharisaic and acrid smiles on him till his heart surrenders and his eyes moisten with grateful tears.

Mr. Hepworth is a man of popular gifts and effective public address. Less scholarly, critical and profound than many other men in the body which he leaves, few of them excel him in the pulpit power which sways the masses and makes an immediate impression. His character has commanded unqualified respect and unquestioned confidence. He has preserved a devout and fervid spirit through all the years of his ministry in Boston and New York. He has been wont to plead for less pulpit propriety and more "real" of heart. He has urged the claims of piety as above those of sacred rhetoric, and protested against a mere bald rationalism as a burlesque upon the gospel of Christ, an impeachment of the pulpit which puts it in the place of a vital Christian message, and a crime against the hearers' souls. During the last four years, he has been seeking to induce the Unitarian body to plant itself on a definite Christian confession, and cast out the radical element that was putting denial in the place of assertion and furnishing recruits to the ranks of Free Religion.

He never disguised either his convictions or his aims. His exaltation of Christ took place most freely and frequently among the members of his own denomination. Into their ears he poured his griefs when "the left wing" gained a triumph, and to them he freely told his joy and hope when the Christ he revered and loved seemed winning fresh honor as the Divine Master whose words voiced the infinite and eternal and perfect thought of God. He has been so near the evangelical position that he has been constantly feeling and welcoming the special forces that inhere in the orthodox faith.

All this his brethren well knew. And knowing it, many of them freely confessed and half boasted over it. They seemed gratified and proud over the fact that such devoutness, fervor and zeal for a spiritual religion could manifest itself in the Unitarian circle. It was a part of their argument in proof of the adaptation of Unitarianism to natures that were full of earnestness and that put emphasis upon a deep Christian experience. Mr. Hepworth, it was said, showed that the liberal faith could develop a ministry that represented the flaming fire, no less than one that set forth philosophic breadth, and generous culture, and dignified manhood, and practical charity, and the philanthropic spirit. He was their apostle of fervor, and they honored him; the interpreter of their faith to the masses, and they pointed at him in reply to the critics who called them exclusive; their living testimony to the fact that Unitarianism could call men to salvation with even a Methodistunction, and they sent him to the pulpit which Dr. Osgood had vacated in New York, so that his voice might have the widest possible range and his words be taken up and echoed with the fullest power.

Such was Mr. Hepworth, and such were his relations to his denomination. It was not to be expected that he could openly declare his belief in the orthodox view of Christ, express his settled dissatisfaction with and utter distrust of the Unitarian faith and spirit, and go off from the circle in which he has so long and prominently moved and wrought, without leaving tried

and grieved and unhappy hearts behind him. Indeed, that some unbrotherly words should be flung after him, was a thing to be expected. Such a protest is more than some men have learned to bear patiently or speak of charitably. Unitarians are indeed quite forward in talking about the glory of mental freedom and courage, the supreme worth of charity, the hatefulness of intolerance, the sufficient authority of the truth even though it has only a single voice to speak it and a single arm to defend it, and the worthlessness and deceit of mere numbers. Yet they bewail and resent a defection in ways not less emphatic than others, and no orthodox zealot makes more of an accession in the form of a deserter from any other religious party than do some of these same critics of the popular temper. Human nature is quite human, wherever it is found.

But one hardly looked for such a general outcry from the Unitarian press and pulpit as has followed Mr. Hepworth's departure. True, he may not have proceeded in as modest, humble, reticent, and self-forgetful a way as some other men would have done. He may have presumed too much upon his ability to carry his society with him; he may have resented in too decided a tone the peculiar management of some leading men who took hold of his case; he may have shown some natural indignation over the hint that he was quite ready to demand a year's salary for a single Sunday's service. But this hardly led us to expect such a general opening of fire from the batteries as has signaled his start toward the orthodoxy which had conquered his intellect and opened the way of peace to his heart. That some small and envious and disappointed men should indulge spite, and summon accusation, and seek to smut his character, was a thing to be expected. But what shall be said of such language as the following, taken from the leading editorial in the *Liberal Christian*, over whose columns Dr. Bellows presides? A man would seem to be under the sway of a bad temper, or plagued with the consciousness of having a weak or desperate cause to defend, who thinks it needful to pelt an old friend and freely praised co-laborer with such verbal missiles as these:

We are not among those who regret Mr. Hepworth's desertion. With his popular gifts and his external attractions he has been steadily demoralizing the standard of the Unitarian ministry and preaching by a sensational, unscholarly style of self-exhibition, an appeal to a wishy-washy sentimentality and to vulgar prejudices, abusing a culture he did not possess, speaking lightly of theological science, any knowledge of which he honestly disclaimed, and using popular Orthodox phrases in a delusive and confusing way. There was a great boy acting in the pulpit which the modest and classic Lunt, the dignified and thoughtful Dewey, the decorous and scholarly Osgood had filled. Sober and religious Unitarians forebode no good of this comet which has now gone into disastrous eclipse. But happily for our cause, which he employed the last hours of his brief ministry in disparaging, he has left us. If not divine in his origin and life, it could not long survive the influence of many ministries like his. He and those like him have been its main discouragement for the few last years. But nobody knows better than this "rule or ruin" gentleman that the cause that has foolishly and blindly nursed him into a popular importance which his intelligence, acquisitions or dignity of character did not justify, and which his ministerial brethren have never conceded him, was never flourishing in its real and wide-spread influence as now. Only it refuses to attach importance to such ill-furnished and unbalanced men as he, and has now to thank him for drawing a new attention to its foundation truths. It owes him few other thanks. We regard Mr. Hepworth's secession, without a shadow of ill-will or exaggeration, as the greatest service the Unitarian body has ever received from him.

It is possible that he may find a more congenial home in some denomination that is not afflicted with refined taste, sensibility to inconsistency of statement, gross ignorance or self-seeking and egotistic displays.

Language like that will not harm Mr. Hepworth. Its chief effect will be seen in the recoil of the guns from which such bombs are fired. Wiser and manlier words than these do indeed follow him to his new theological position. Dr. J. F. Clarke, of Boston, speaks his good-bye with a calm gravity which has some suppressed sadness in it, but no word of vindictive satire. Dr. Bartol finds in the event a new occasion for the use of his optimistic philosophy. The voices that speak are many. The tones are nearly all emphatic. Some have a sonorous confidence that seems a little artificial; others betray a disappointment or a bitterness which will not be wholly concealed. Everything indicates that the event is a blow and a shock, though it is not likely to produce any immediate and important effect upon the body which he leaves.

For himself, we trust he has really taken into brain and heart the great vital truth which enables him to look up and say with the spirit of the once doubting but now convinced disciple, "My Lord and my God." May the welcome given him by his new fellow-believers be a wise one, and his future work show that his present step opens the way to a more quickening faith for himself and to a richer work for his Master and his fellow-men.

ENCOURAGING SYMPTOMS. In spite of all the sadness and fears that oppress the friends of temperance, there are some things that are adapted to cheer and awaken hope. Mr. Wilson is at work in Washington with not a few noble helpers, in an attempt to make the Congressional Temperance Society a real and growing and felt power at the capital. And he is greatly encouraged by the promise before him. A State Convention, just held in Maine, presided over by the Governor, and calling out many of the ablest and purest public men in the commonwealth, is a cheering token. Gov. Washburn's emphatic testimony, borne in his message, makes an impression. And elsewhere, the politicians that sneered yesterday plead and promise to-day. Faithful, united and resolute effort will bear fruit.

"As I Passed By."

This clause seems to us to contain the germ of Paul's ministry. It grew up and branched out into the great service that he rendered to the Church. It bore that fruit that has been feeding hungry souls all these centuries, but growing sweeter and better with age.

As Paul passed along the street he saw the inscription, "To the unknown God." Here was an opportunity. Here was an evidence of superstition as well as of sin. He would not have been true to himself if he had not improved the opportunity. It must be somebody else than Paul who would pass by that superstition and sin without seeking to enlighten and rebuke them. The ladder by which he was climbing up to the summit of the perfect faith and life in Christ would have been incomplete with that round left out. So he stopped right there to put it in. The God whom the Athenians were ignorantly worshipping, Him he declared unto them.

There is to-day scarcely any better ministry than this. With all its getting,—its temples, its membership, its missions, its powerful preachers, its wonderful resources both intellectual and material,—the Church has still no better way than Paul's method of preaching Christ as he went along. He kept open eyes and active sympathies. He saw in every sin a misfortune, a calamity, and there was his work until he had done his best to bring relief. But above all, he kept to the purpose that nothing should separate him from the love of God. That was, after all, the fountain from which he drank,—the source of his faith, and sympathy, and zeal.

A great proportion of those who are to-day wishing to be Christians—but are not, are waiting for just this wayside work. If we could realize how many of them are amazed at the "indifference" with which Christians seem to pass them by; if we could know the almost bitter feelings that spring up when they see us look on their sin without rebuking it; if we could know some of the contempt—is that too hard a word?—with which they hear us bemoan their wretchedness in prayer-meeting where, they have no special foes to fight, having previously waited in vain for a helping word on the street where the real contest is waged;—if we could know all these things we might see new significance in Paul's choosing his pulpit wherever he found an altar to sin.

Since human nature is made up in the way it is, we must not condemn it too strongly for some of the attentions it seems to claim. One thing, it does not like to beg,—although it does in too many instances. But it is the case with the greater part of those whom the Church is so often reminding of their sinfulness, that they wait for the Church to help them to be better. They say, "If I am in as much danger as you represent, show me how to escape it. If I am sinking as fast and as hopelessly as you say I am, catch hold of me lest I get below your reach."

Now, we would all like much better to hear from them the earnest cry, "What must I do to be saved?" But we know how it is ourselves. The world over, if a man proclaims that he is actuated by any charitable, loving and disinterested motive, we want to see him prove it. We can hardly help it. We are hardly to blame for it. And so there are thousands who, having got the impression yesterday that Christians consider them in an evil and dangerous way, see us pass them to-day as though we had forgotten all about it, and they perhaps sit and wonder and wonder if we really meant what we said. They want to feel the strength of our hands helping them along, and the sympathy of our voices cheering them towards the throne.

This means no less than faithful, everyday work, out-looks and in the house. And it especially means that the work should be done where the material is. If there was no satire, there may have been a rebuke in Paul's statement, that "God dwells not in temples made with hands." That was only to emphasize the force of his example, that of presenting Christ and his truth and salvation to the people as he passed along. We can all find multitudes of these needy wayfarers. The streets in the city, the roads in the country, our neighborhoods, the world, is full of them, and if not reaching out their hands, they are at least inwardly yearning for helping words. On their faces, in their lives, is written by the finger of vice and crime, "To the unknown God;" and out of the great uncertainty that envelops them, there comes the appeal to passing Christians to declare unto them the Saviour of sinners.

Current Topics.

SENATOR SUMNER AND EQUAL RIGHTS. Mr. Sumner has again reminded us of his long, faithful and effective advocacy of justice to the negro. His Civil Rights bill, which he has attached to the bill granting a general amnesty to the men who suffer from disabilities imposed as a punishment for their rebellion and as a shield to the public,—is one which commends itself to the approval of all right-minded men. The principle involved in it is precisely the same as that embodied in the 14th and 15th amendments to the constitution, and those amendments specifically authorized "appropriate legislation" in enforcement of the principle. And facts abundantly prove the need of this supplementary legislation. If those amendments were right and needful, then this bill is right and needful. It is meant to perform just what they promise. It involves no stretch of federal authority beyond what they authorize; it involves no interference with state prerogatives which they do not sanction. The same authority which secures the negro equal rights at the ballot box and in the court room all over the union, can secure them to him in the public conveyance, the hotel, the school and the church. Of course

no law can determine the social standing of the negro or of the white man, nor make either an object of esteem and love. And no law attempts this in any direct way. But it can forbid a discriminating injustice based on the color of the skin, and make the denial of equal rights on that ground a civil crime punishable by the magistrate. This is just what Mr. Sumner's bill proposes.

It seems especially just and fitting that this measure should be coupled with that which grants a general amnesty. The final act of clemency to the men who fought for the permanent enslavement of the negro may well be joined with the final act of justice which makes the negro the civil peer of his old oppressor. This coupling of the two measures may not be quite politically expedient. It may possibly prevent the passage of the amnesty bill at this session of Congress, and so cost the administration some sympathy in the south. But Mr. Sumner seems decided in his purpose to put the two things together in the Senate and before the country. We hope his policy may prove practicable as well as just.

The speech in which he argued the question and urged the measure was every way worthy of his record and his fame,—full of facts, precedents, quoted authorities, logic, moral majesty and stately eloquence. It recalled the historic days when he arraigned the great slave system in the exhibition of its false principles, as he now arraigned its relics in the exhibition of its petty spite and mean indignities. His argument is exhaustive and unanswerable; his manly and majestic plea for the weak and wronged exalts his statesmanship anew and puts fresh honor upon his massive manhood. Here are the fitting and forcible words which closed his main plea:

I make this appeal for the sake of the Senate, which will rejoice to be relieved from a painful discussion; for the sake of fellow-citizens whom I can not forget; and for the sake of the Republic now dishonored through a denial of justice. I make it in the name of the great Declaration, and also of that equality before the law which is the supreme rule of conduct, to the end especially that fellow-citizens may be vindicated in the "pursuit of happiness," according to the immortal promise, and that the angel Education may not be driven from their doors. There is beauty in art, in literature, in science, and in every triumph of intelligence, all of which I covet for my country; but there is a higher beauty still in relieving the poor, in elevating the downtrodden, and in being a savior to the oppressed. Humbly do I pray that the Republic may not lose this great prize or postpone its enjoyment.

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN. The interest taken by the broadest minded and most experienced educators in the question of training young women in the schools, is a cheering and hopeful sign. It is quite too important a matter to be left to egotistic empirics and superficial and noisy platform orators. And so the meeting held in Boston last week to consider the subject is significant. Pres't Elliot and Prof. Child of Harvard, Pres't White of Cornell, Drs. Hedge and Ellis, and Sup't Philbrick are men whose words are sure to command attention and deserve respect. And they came together, and, in the presence of a thoughtful and critical audience, discussed the following questions, as well as some others having a more direct bearing upon the industrial interests of the country:

1. Shall the highest education of women be attempted in men's colleges?
2. Shall endowed institutions for women be separately provided?
3. Shall there be endowed institutions for the high and equal training of both sexes, separate in some departments and united in others?
4. What changes, if any, are necessary to make the colleges already existing suitable for women?
5. Are there any departments of the universities to which they could now be admitted without impropriety, as the scientific, technical and agricultural, and even the schools of law, medicine and theology, supposing a suitable preparation for those schools could be obtained?

One of the most noticeable features in the utterances was their modest docility, and the absence of everything like dogmatic positiveness. There was no flippant or self-assured word uttered. These men were eager inquirers rather than confident teachers. They confessed to the magnitude and importance of the subject, and deprecated partial theories and hasty conclusions. Facts based on experience were called for. The general opinion seemed to be wholly favorable to the idea of giving the highest and broadest and most thorough training to women so far as they would accept it. But the obvious mental differences involved in sex and prospective functions suggested reasons for a special training somewhat different from that provided for young men. For the same reason, the co-education of the sexes throughout the entire course was adjudged a doubtful policy. It was suggested that they might properly recite together up to the average age of 14, then receive special training in separate institutions, and afterwards come together in the lecture room to get the final training for the professional work of life.

But Pres't White was hardly ready to approve separate training at all. He had been examining the institutions where the two sexes have been educated together throughout their course, and the testimony furnished was adapted to allay fears, and predisposed him to recommend that Cornell University accept the \$250,000 which had been offered it on condition that it would provide for educating young women as it has provided for educating young men. He found the success attending the co-education of the sexes at Oberlin such as to silence criticism and almost annihilate objections. And wherever the plan has been fairly tried, he had found the strongest testimony in its favor.

Such discussions as this will do good, by lifting "the woman question" out of dirt into dignity, and aid in finding for it a true and practical solution at no distant day.

AN EDITORIAL CONFESSION. The "Christ" whose absence from the *Star* office was signalized by some pretty skillful story-telling and some rather large liberties, is back at his desk. Those somewhat impersonal offenders, "the young folks," have not yet been formally called to account, and have volunteered no apology. It is a case not easy to deal with. To pass it over silently seems like an invitation to other offenses of a similar sort. Severe discipline appears ungrateful, and if it were begun, there is some danger that it would fail for lack of pluck and sternness to carry it through. Threats and half-way measures are apt to work badly, and break down one's reputation for positiveness and managing power. To wait is to weaken the protest of their consciences, and lessen the moral value of any reproof or punishment. And, to tell the truth, such pleasant memories and thoughts spring up at every mention of the "Silver Wedding," that sternness is almost sure to give way to gratitude, in spite of everything. What is to be done? For is not our official dignity at stake, and our authority put in peril? And will not our silence be taken as proof that our skill is baffled, or our courage scared from the conflict?

There seems but one thing left us. And that is to confess frankly that we have, in this matter, been fairly managed and flanked, outgeneraled and outwitted, by the plotters and reporters. We meant the quietest gathering of a few friends as guests in our own parlor; we were carried, with our own consent somehow gained, too, to the church vestries, to find a numerous company who insisted on making guests of us. We meant that expensive "gift-making" should have no place in the programme; the beautiful and precious things spread out before us made us dumb with surprise and startled grateful tears. We meant it to be a season for the exchange of pleasant words which the quietest tone would bear across the narrow circle of gathered friends; we sat and listened to generous utterances and most Christian good wishes, some of which had traveled a thousand miles to bring their blessing. We meant that the experience should abide as a quiet possession among the few who had directly shared it; "the young folks" have told the story to the public with an exultation that clapped its hands over the skill that gave it liberty to traverse the continent and cross the sea. There's no use in denying it. We were beaten,—beaten in the very summer prime of life,—beaten at the very hour and on the very occasion which suggested mainly power and the large resources of experience,—beaten on our own ground and in our own castle,—beaten too by "the young folks," who thus openly pit their quick sagacity against our governing strength and our acknowledged dignity.

It may be supposed that it costs something to confess such a defeat as this. And it does cost. Our readers may yet learn something more than they know at present of "the young folks" who carry off this victory. The phrase is probably a new but modest substitute for the editorial "we," which, so far, there is a little hesitation in assuming, and a substitute also for the plain and frank "I," whose use would have taken the seeming poetry and zest out of the plot. The brain that is capable of this thing will be likely to make other and maturer products noticeable some day. If only it is to be whipped, it is really some relief to remember that it was done by a clever antagonist. It takes just a bit of the sting out of the confession.

And, since the case stands as it does, since one should make the best of what can't be helped, and try to look at the bright side of every experience, shall we add, that we really find a good many things that make this defeat more than endurable? We can bear being whipped in that way pretty well. Even the publicity, tough as it is in itself, is so bound up with what is now so sacredly pleasant and precious in the retrospect, that we can't scold over that. As to the occasion itself,—the sympathetic and friendly faces, the kind wishes, and the beautiful and substantial tokens of good will,—words are weak when one would tell of these. The golden silence is better than the silver speech. They are very choice things in themselves;—they are far more choice in view of what they symbolize, and of what they will long stand for in our thought.

We look over the gifts often. At first their beauty makes the eye kindle, then their voiceless eloquence moistens and makes it dim. We can hardly tell which of them touches the heart most deeply and gratefully.—This article stands for old friendships which have become a part of life itself; that speaks of new friendships that come like roses in the late summer, seeming richer and sweeter because we had not counted upon their coming.—This is full of a special meaning and value because it was the gift of an organized body; that speaks straight to the soul because it came from the heart of a tried and true personal friend.—This is very suggestive because it was brought by the hands that are pressed in the daily intercourse of present life; that speaks with a voice of rare impressiveness because it traversed the breadth of states that it might tell of the generous esteem which defies distance and bridges the years.—Here is something from the noble and faithful men with whom it has long been a sacred duty and a high privilege to labor in trying to promote the interests of the Printing Establishment, and through it serve the denomination and the world. Handle it carefully;—a testimonial from that quarter is no meaningless thing. It supports one's weakness and steadies one's faltering steps.—There is a thing of high use and exquisite beauty, at once a monument of generosity and good taste, from those associated as employees in the *Star* office; and you can hardly think how forcibly it speaks of their little daily courtesies and cheerful cooperation which bring sunshine into the sanctum, even on cloudy days, and lighten the heaviest loads of toil

and care. Even you can hear it speak, for it has a musical tongue; but while it may only suggest a single thought as it tells off the hours to others, it will sing the sacred Psalm of Life to us in a prolonged strain and with a whole chorus of sympathetic voices.—This is a choice gift from the Bible Class with whose interested and earnest members we have sat each Sunday for years, and as often as it is seen, it calls up the sacred experiences which have marked our common efforts to find and gather and use the life-giving fruits which hang on the boughs of Scripture, and which alone cure the deepest hunger of the heart.—Those are costly and precious tokens of a confidence and esteem,—too little deserved,—from the church and congregation with whom we have planned and prayed, worked and worshipped during the last five years, and which will never fail to remind us of the living waters of salvation that we have found springing up for the refreshment of the soul, and of the new wine of fellowship in which we have pledged fidelity to each other and fealty to the common Master.—And these varied and beautiful offerings of personal friendship,—every one of them has a heart-history which it will help to keep fresh, and a sacred meaning which, though hidden from others, will be given up in answer to our most casual glance. Because they are many, there is no danger that any one of these gifts will drop into forgetfulness, or cease to recall the occasion which it helped to hallow, or the generous kindness from which it sprang.

We have now taken our revenge, at least in part, over our confessed defeat. For haven't we ourselves told the last and longest story about the Silver Wedding, after all?

Denominational News and Notes.

Educational Convention.

The Faculty of Bates College, in both the Literary and Theological Departments, feeling the imperative demand of doing something effectual for sustaining and carrying forward the important work committed to the Institution, propose to the friends of education in our denomination, throughout New England, to meet in convention in the College Chapel in Lewiston, for the purpose of considering the condition and needs of the College, and to take measures to supply these needs and secure its highest usefulness.

It is desirable that there be a large attendance of the ministry and laity, as a promise of greater success in securing unity of feeling, cooperation and efficiency of action with regard to all our educational interests in New England. Delegates outside of New England who may be disposed to attend, shall be cordially received.

All approving this proposal, ministers and laymen, are requested to send their names to any of the undersigned, to be appended to a call for such Convention, making such suggestions as they please in reference to the same.

We suggest that the Convention, if held, be held on Tuesday evening the last day of April next, and close on Thursday evening, the second day of May.

That all F. Baptist ministers in New England be members of the convention.

That all F. Baptist churches in New England choose delegates from the laity,—that is, that every church be entitled to one delegate, every church of one hundred members to two delegates, and an additional delegate for every fifty members.

That the exercises for Tuesday evening be the organization of the Convention, an address from the President, and a report from the Treasurer of the college.

That efforts be made to secure half fare on the railroads.

That all delegates forward their names to a committee of arrangements at least two weeks before the time of holding the Convention, that they may be notified of places for entertainment.

That the proceedings of the Convention be reported for the papers.

That a full report be prepared, embracing the names of the delegates and officers, the same to be published in pamphlet form for distribution among our churches.

(Signed.)

O. B. CHENEY, JOHN FULLERTON, J. J. BUTLER, J. Y. STANTON, B. F. HAYES, R. C. STANLEY, T. L. ANGELL, ARTHUR GIVEN, A. L. HOUGHTON.

Lewiston, Jan. 18, 1872.

A SECOND TO THE CALL.

The action of the Faculty of Bates College, suggesting a New England Educational Convention, was taken on Friday evening, the 12th of January inst. On the following Monday evening, January 15th, a meeting of the friends of Education in Lewiston and Auburn was held in the vestry of the Main St. church. Rev. J. S. Burgess was called to the chair, and L. G. Jordan, Principal of the Latin School, was chosen Secretary. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dexter Waterman, who was providentially present. Remarks were made by Rev'ds Waterman, Burgess, Fernald, Libby, A. M. Jones, Esq., and others. The meeting then voted unanimously to concur with the Faculty in their action. A committee of arrangements was also appointed, consisting of one member from the Main St. church, one from the Court St., and one from the Pine St. Thus our friends may understand, that, if it shall be deemed advisable to call a convention, it will not only be cordially welcomed to Lewiston, but entertained to the best of our ability. With this second to our suggestions, what shall the response to them be?

O. B. C.

The first edition of the Chromo Cross has been exhausted. As a consequence, we have on hand a large number of orders for it which we are unable to fill at present. These orders shall be promptly filled upon the receipt of the pictures from the publishers, which will be in about ten days.

Poetry.

The Old Garret.

In the days that are gone, an old garret I knew,
Where often in sleep I have lain;
Where a small dormer window crouched 'squat
Like a toad.
And stared on the barn in the lane.
In the waxy dark roof a large knot have I
watched,
Till it turned to a tight-clinging bat;
And I've seen in the corner two stars blazing
out,
The twin gemmy eyes of a cat.
A fiddle-bow stood by a rusty-keyed flute;
A saddle bedstrid a beam,
And its stirrups down dangled in loopings of
brass,
And the bride-bit sent out a gleam.
A pile of old bottles dull littered a nook,
With a glare ghastly white from the shed;
And a spider had spun his gray wheel o'er a
book,
Whose pages with grime were o'erspread.
How oft have I lain with the rain on the roof
Smiling loud like the tread of a host;
Or the rumble and tumble of waves as they roll
Oh the loud sounding line of a coast.
Oh, the dreams that the tread of that rain called
to birth,
As I lay in the twilight asleep!
It was music that charmed me, but not of the
earth,
But of fairy-land solemn and deep.
Yes, the garret is crown of the dwelling, it lifts
its brow to the breeze of the sky!
It is bridled with fumes from the cloud as it
drifts,
And the moon-tints like pearls in its lie.
Beranger there lived with his faithful Lettie,
Where with her shawl she blinded the pane;
There Johnson and Rasseas paid off his debt,
And Goldsmith won bread with his brain.
It is nearer to heaven than after life knows;
A realm lifted over the din;
And the hopes that illumine its dusky domain
Are free from the clouding of sin;
For youth's hopes are pure, they are born in
the heart,
And know not life's soul-staining blight,
For hope when it perishes turns to a spear,
Which we grasp with revenged delight.
—Alfred B. Street.

A Mother's Morning Prayer.

Up to me sweet childhood looketh,
Heart and mind and soul awake;
Teach me of Thy ways, O Father!
For sweet childhood's sake.
In their young hearts, soft and tender,
Guide my hand good seed to sow,
That its blossoming may praise Thee
Where'er they go.
Give to me a cheerful spirit,
That my little folk may see
It is good and pleasant service
To be taught of Thee.
Father, order all my footsteps;
So direct my daily way,
That, in following me, the children
May not go astray.
Let Thy holy counsel lead me,
Let Thy light before me shine,
That they may not stumble over
Word or deed of mine.
—Hymns for Mothers and Children.

The Family Circle.

Telling Secrets.

"Come here, Bell, I want to tell you a secret," said a tall girl of fifteen to her friend during the noon-hour at school. "Go away, you little plagues," turning to two little girls standing near; "you're always standing round listening to what we big girls say."
"No such thing, Lib Marvin. Nobody wants to hear our old secrets. I guess we can have them of our own as well as you," spitefully replied little Katie Hallam.
"Well, little pitchers, we all know your falling, so just take your ears out of this quarter. Come, Bell."
"You are a hateful girl, Lib Marvin. I guess we can tell secrets as well as you. Come on, Alice, I have a splendid one." And away they went into a corner behind the door.
"Now, you tell me one, and I'll tell you one," said Katie, confidently.
"Let me think a minute—oh! yes. But first, Katie, you must cross your heart, and promise, on your sacred word and honor, you won't tell."
Katie went solemnly through the performance.
"There, now."
"Well, I heard mamma tell Mrs. Hopkins that Uncle Joe was going to marry Miss Kate Clark, but he got mad at her, and sent her for his letters, and she said she'd burnt them."
"Dear me!" said Katie, "I wonder what for! When I get to be a young lady, I'll keep my letters, and read them when I'm an old woman, like grandma."
"That's an awful secret, Katie; because mamma whispered low when she told it. Now, you tell me."
Katie turned her head to one side, to try and think of something awful, too.
"Well, I heard my mamma tell Mrs. Morton that Miss Fidelia Waite told her that Miss Kurtz said that my mamma was a vulgar woman, and you may imagine mamma was angry to be called a vulgar woman."
"Oh! oh! I should think so."
"But you must cross your heart, too, Alice," said Katie, suddenly thinking what she had forgotten.
"Now, we'll have to name our secrets, as Lib and Bell do. I heard them calling 'Target' and 'Bean Brummell' to one another, and then they laughed. That's the way we must do, or they won't know we've had any."
"Well, I'll call mine burnt letters; what will you call yours?"
"I'll think of it as I go along." And they started to where the big girls were gathered.
"I guess we have secrets, too, Miss Lib Marvin," said Katie, triumphantly.

The Lord Sent It.

There resided in my neighborhood a poor widow, whose means of support were exceedingly limited. Between nursing for rheumatism, and spinning and knitting, most of her lonely time was passed. I am ashamed to say, that on one or two occasions I joined some wild young chaps in playing off tricks upon her, such as making unusual noises about the house at night, smoking her almost to death by putting a board over the top of her low mud-built chimney, and such like doings, that we thought rare sport, but for which we deserved a little wholesome chastisement, if there had been any one authorized to administer it.
One night, soon after dark, it happened that I was returning home in company with a merry fellow, about my own age, and had to go by old Granny Bender's cottage. I had been in the town, and was bringing home a couple of 'baker's loaves,' of which some of our folks were fond, as city people are of getting now and then a good taste of country 'home made.'
"Tom," said I, as the old woman's cottage came in sight of a turn of the road, 'suppose we have a little fun with Granny Bender?'
"Agreed," was Tom's answer, for he was always ready for sport.
We had not fully decided upon what we would do when we came up to the cottage, and paused to settle our mode of annoyance. The only light within was the dim flickering of a few small sticks burning on the hearth. As we stood, near the window, listening to what was going on inside, we found that Granny was praying, and a little to our surprise, asked for food.
"As she expects to get food from heaven," said I, irreverently, "I suppose she will have to be accommodated."
And turning from the window, clambering up noiselessly to the top of her chimney—a feat of no great difficulty—I tumbled my two loaves down.
When I reached the window again, in order to see what effect this mode of supply would have upon Granny Bender, I found the good old creature on her knees, piously thanking God for having answered her prayers.
"That's cool," said I to Tom, "now isn't it?"
"I rather think it is," replied Tom.
"And is the old woman really such a fool as to think that the Lord answered her prayer, and sent her well-baked loaves of bread down the chimney?"
"No doubt of it."
"It won't do to let her labor under this mistake; no, never in the world," said I.
"Halloo, Granny!" and I threw open the window, and pushed my laughing face into the room.
She had risen from her knees, and was about putting a piece of bread into her mouth.
"Now Granny Bender!" said I, "it isn't possible that you believe that bread came from heaven! Why, you old sinner, you, I threw it down the chimney!"
By this time the old woman's countenance was turned fully toward me, and by the dim light of the feeble fire, I could see that there were tears of thankfulness upon her faded and withered face. The expression of that face did not in the least change, though there was a deep rebuke in the tones of her voice, as well as in the words she uttered, as she said—
"The Lord sent it, if the devil brought it!"
You may be sure that I vanished instantly, while Tom clapped his hands, and shouted.
"Good! good! too good! oh dear! but the old lady was too much for you that time!" with sundry other expressions of like tenor.
I tried to laugh with him as I went home, and did laugh, perhaps, as loud as he did, but somehow or other, the laugh didn't appear to do me any good.
After that I left Granny Bender alone.—*Phila. Saturday Courier.*

Bridal Gifts.

Shall we bestow them? They are quite the fashion; and it is almost as much the fashion to deprecate the usage as a bad thing in itself. Hear one, a woman, on this topic. "The modern fashion of displaying at weddings the bridal gifts, has caused more evils, in divers ways, than its ostentatious originator ever dreamed of; indeed, ostentation is the least of these. Could that wide-spread table, groaning under its costly burden, speak and tell the private history of its precious things, the admiring crowd around it would soon be hushed by its humiliating confessions. It might even tell of sleepless nights; of days passed in contriving how to bring it off; of screwing and pinching; of cheating some creditor of his due, or poverty out of the contents of the household poor-box, and what is worse, the soul of that blessing which the God of the poor had ready for the cheerful giver," now turned into a purveyor of God's money! Or, of selfish ambition to excel in giving, and be foremost in the praises of spectators; of pride, envy, jealousy, petty strife, extravagance, penuriousness in secret, for hard-earned public commendation."
All this is very eloquent, but not very just. The custom is no doubt liable to abuse, as is every good thing that God has given us. We have attended many weddings among the rich and the poor, where the gifts were very numerous and costly, and where there were none at all; and have had an intimate personal acquaintance with many of the circles that brought their offerings on these occasions. We have yet to learn of the first one that gave beyond his means, or the one that was seriously inconvenienced, or of one whose bad blood was stirred by the sympathy and love of friends and kindred, shown to the

bride. There is probably as little danger of giving from wrong motives on these occasions as there is in bestowing our religious charities in church. If we were in the insurance business we would take risks on this kind of peril at very low rates. But shall we abolish missions, ragged schools, and soup houses, because some ostentatious Pharisee gives a thousand dollars for these objects, to see his name in print, and to help his chances at the next election? Shall we tighten our purse strings because Bullion, sitting in the next slip, puts a big roll of greenbacks on to the plate, to astonish the natives? We approve of soup houses, and missions, and shall keep giving, and leave Bullion and other ostentatious people to square their own accounts with their Maker. We approve the custom of bridal gifts, and shall continue to make them, where personal friends need them. There is a good deal of twaddle and more hypocrisy in the criticism made upon this custom. The real points in the indictment against the usage, are not those named in the communication we have quoted. These are only the apology for stinginess, which, in most cases, is the only objection to remembering the bride. The men and women who make the strongest objections to the custom, are those who have abundant means, and do not love to give to anything. They love accumulation, and give with as much reluctance to the poor as they do to brides. They have the same opinion of soup houses that they have of weddings; they are conspiracies to rob them of their hard-earned money. We do not expect anything but croaking and criticism, from such people. Their professed regard for the evils wrought by this custom is a convenient cloak for their own meanness, and should be estimated accordingly. Giving to the bride! When can there be a fitter occasion for giving? She is going out from the home of her youth to a new home, to make new friends and acquaintances. Should not the old ones show their tender regard, and give their keepsakes with their blessing? Should they not crown her queen of the festive hour, and bring offerings that will abide, when the orange blossoms have faded? Those gifts will be prized from their associations, rather than from their intrinsic value. So they be fitting and worthy of the giver, they will be cherished, not as trophies, but as the tokens of affection, carrying along the precious memories of girlhood into the cares and trials of her new life. A little sentiment still, if you please, O close-listed critics, on wedding occasions! Let a bride differ a little from a heifer that is sold for the shambles!

About Horses.

The other day, a boy asked me if I would play horse, and let him drive me.
"Oh," said I, "I am too old and clumsy for a horse."
"But," said the boy, "I don't drive old horses so hard."
"Good!" said I.
I liked that. That is the true principle. I wish every boy and every man in the nation had to obey it. I suppose a young horse likes to go. If I were a young horse, I should want to see how fast I could run; and I should want to snap my heels and stretch my legs. If my driver said, "Now, pony, go your best," I would take a long breath, and then show him what I could do; and I would make the road spin.
I have seen a colt swoop over a five-rail fence, just like a bird. That is the way I should like to do it. But an old horse does not feel so spry; and I know how an old horse feels. He feels young inside—just as young as ever; but his legs are stiff, and don't go as easily as they used to, and sometimes they ache. I have seen an old horse that forgot he was old, and he began to jump and frisk like a colt; and everybody laughed at him.
But if I were a horse, I would never run on a race-course. That is one thing they would have to understand. I don't believe in gambling, or betting for money, anyhow.—*Little Corporal.*

What Jesus Will Say.

Two young girls were walking leisurely home from school, one pleasant day in early autumn, when one thus addressed the other:—"Edith Willis, what will the girls say when they hear you have invited Maggie Kelley to your party?"
Edith was silent for a moment, and then raising her soft blue eyes to those of her companion, she replied, "Ella, when mamma told me to invite Maggie, I asked her the same question. She told me that it made no difference what the girls said, who thought Maggie quite beneath them because she was poor and her school-bills were paid by my papa; and she asked me if I would like to hear what Jesus would say. So she took her Bible and read to me these words:—"And the king shall answer and say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."
Ah! little readers, never ask what this or that one will say, when you are doing what is right; but what Jesus, your king, will say at the glorious resurrection morning that will soon dawn upon us.—*Child's World.*
"Thy Word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against Thee." It is the slipperiness of our hearts that causes so many slips in our lives. Conscience can not be urged or awed with forgotten truth; but keep it in the heart and it will keep both heart and life upright. "The law of his God is in his heart; none of his steps shall slide." Or, if they do, the word will recover the straying heart again. "Peter remembered the word of Jesus, and he went out and wept bitterly." We never lose our hearts till they have first lost the efficacious and powerful impressions of the Word.
Our reputation depends on our company.

Literary Review.

SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY. By Charles Hodge, D. Professor in the Theological Seminary, Princeton, N. J. Vol. II. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1872. octavo. pp. 732. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.
The second volume of Dr. Hodge's Theology is even more significant than the first. In that he dealt with theology proper; in this he reaches and deals with those great questions which have constituted the battle-ground of Christian controversialists for many centuries. Taking up the departments of the subject which are covered by Anthropology and Soteriology, he deals with the nature and original state of man, with sin, its nature and consequences; with the question of free agency, with the plan of salvation, with Christ's offices and atonement, and with all those vital questions which gather about these topics. Everybody knows that Dr. Hodge is the great champion of what is known as the Old School theology. He urges it here with learning and logic, frankness and force, persistence and pluck, sincerity and skill. We regard many of his views extreme, unscholarly, illogical, and at war with the deepest intuitions of the mind and the highest teachings of the gospel. But we confess to the great value of this work. To read it is to find a powerful mental tonic. It is to come in contact with one of the most marked minds and thorough theologians of the century. His discussions are wonderful for their vigor and comprehension. His reading has been wide and thorough, and the choice fruits of it appear on every page. The strongest meat is constantly offered, and the mind is never allowed to find mere pastime. It is a great and valuable work which he is sending out, the chief result of a long and laborious life of study, reflection, debate and practical instruction in the very highest field of thought. No theologian will consent to leave it unread, and a large number of clergymen will feel that it must somehow be got into their libraries.

THE HISTORY OF GREECE. By Professor Dr. Ernst Curtius. Translated by Adolphus William Ward, M. A., Professor of History in Owens College, Manchester. Vols. I and II. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1872. 12mo. pp. 500, 675. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.
This history is almost sure to be noted for its rich products in the form of historical literature. The finest and best trained minds, and the richest and best styles of literary expression are freely dedicated to the department of history. The ancient and the modern nations are alike the subjects of this new and higher method of study and portraiture, so that success in this field is now the strongest proof of judicial ability and literary skill. This new History of Greece will not fail to stand the severe test. Dr. Curtius has neither overestimated his own powers, nor missed his proper sphere and functions, nor chosen a needless or unimportant task. He fully understands his subject; he is able, painstaking in searching out and collecting material and skillful in arranging it; he evolves his theories from the facts rather than uses alleged facts to bolster up a preformed theory; and he has done not a little to make the wondrous life of the Grecian states and people stand out with new distinctness, and illustrate the principles which enter vitally into the life of all political communities. The work is almost sure to take its place at once among first class historical literature, and is meeting with marked and deserved favor both in Europe and America. These volumes, after setting forth what is especially significant and interesting in the physical characteristics of the country and the people, dealing with the prehistoric periods, the earliest civil life, the migrations and settlements,—take up the regular thread of the narrative and follow it to the beginning of the Peloponnesian War. The succeeding volumes will carry on the story, and the completion of the history is looked for at no distant day. It is a work of great interest and value just as it is, though the translator does not bring to his task a rhetorical skill equal to his intellectual and moral fidelity.

THE THEOLOGY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. A Handbook for Bible Students. By the Rev. J. Van Oosterzee, D. D., Professor of theology in the University of Utrecht. Translated from the Dutch, by Maurice J. Evans, B. A. New York: Dodd & Mead. 1872. 12mo. pp. 446. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co. \$1.75.
A COMPARATIVE HISTORY OF RELIGIONS: By James C. Moffatt, D. D., Professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton. Part I. Ancient Scriptures. Same Publishers, &c. 12mo. pp. 250. \$1.75.
These two volumes are important contributions to our higher religious literature. The first occupies ground where it has really no rival. The author seeks to bring out in definite and systematic form the real Christian faith of the first century as indicated in the New Testament. He deals thoroughly with the question of theological differences between the synoptical gospels and that of John, and examines the alleged discrepancies between the teaching of Paul and that of Peter. He notes the progress of doctrine, how strong individual qualities are consistent with a common faith, and points out the method in which seeming and surface discrepancies are resolvable into a deep and majestic harmony. The work is marked by the German thoroughness and philosophic habit of thought, and the style has not the highest and best simplicity; but we know of no other work that makes anything like so close an approach as this to a satisfactory and systematic presentation of the theology which appears in fragments in the New Testament. The author is one of Dr. Lange's prominent assistants in preparing his great Bible-works; his name on the title-page of any volume is a guarantee of scholarship and eminent ability, and he has done full justice to his powers as a devout and critical student of the Christian Scriptures in the work before us.
Prof. Moffatt's book is timely, and it proves that he has not mistaken his functions. There was never before a time when there was so much genuine interest felt in the study of the great religious systems of the world as now; never so ample facilities for interpreting them aright; never such employment of them to justify skepticism; never such wild and opposing inferences drawn from them; and never such need of learning the precise lessons which they have to teach. This volume is a real contribution to the results that need to be gained. It presents the ancient religions, not only in their contents, but in their real relations to a pure monotheism and the wants of the human soul. The author finds evidence that the great religious systems of Egypt, Hindustan, Persia, China, &c., are the result of a lapse from a purer faith which he calls Primitive Theism, and so he makes them testify, strongly and variously, for the religion taught in the Christian Scriptures. The work is fairly entered upon, and we suppose it is to be followed up in another volume which shall deal with the more recent schemes of faith which have made a mark in history or still hold sway over the minds of men. The work deserves and will not fail to get attention.

HALF TRUTHS AND THE TRUTH. Lectures on the origin and development of prevailing forms of unbelief, considered in relation to the nature and claims of the Christian system. By Rev. J. M. Manning, D. D., Lecturer at Andover Theological Seminary, &c. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1872. 12mo. pp. 393. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.
These Lectures of Dr. Manning have been

highly commended by all the audiences in whose hearing they have been delivered, and their appearance in this permanent and attractive form will be hailed with high satisfaction. After an introductory lecture, dealing with the various phases of popular infidelity, their origin and the method of treating them, the author devotes himself chiefly to Pantheism, tracing it from its development in the philosophy of Spinoza, down through the German transcendentalism of Kant and Hegel, and the destructive criticism of Strauss and Baur, till it comes out in the genius of Goethe, the iconoclasm of Carlyle, the literary subtlety of Emerson, and the absolute religion of Parker. If he be complained of at times for lacking breadth of view and a thorough appreciation of what he criticizes, nobody will accuse him of weakness, of obscurity, or of intentional unfairness. He has thoroughly studied his subject, squarely grappled with the real points, coupled candor with modesty, and put his thoughts into such plain and vigorous English that nobody need mistake his meaning, and nobody will be diverted from his thought by the mere drapery which it wears. It is a genuine, solid book, with a vital purpose behind it, and meant for immediate service in the living world where men and women deal with the highest thoughts and things that relate to their welfare.

PHYSIOLOGY OF THE SOUL AND INSTINCT, as distinguished from Materialism. With supplementary demonstrations of the divine communication of the narratives of the creation and the flood. By Martyn Paine, A. M., M. D., LL. D., Professor in the Medical Department of the University of New York, &c., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1872. Royal octavo. pp. 707.
We spoke of Dr. Paine's eminence as a physician, of his large, varied and accurate learning, of the eclectic cast of his mind and thought and style, and of the calmly vigorous way in which he manages his discussions, in our notice of his Institutes of Medicine. He has brought all those qualities to the discussion of the great fundamental questions dealt with in this new and massive volume. It is a mastery protest against materialism, and a calm but powerful argument in favor of the spiritual nature of the human soul, and its independence of and superiority to mere material organisms. The style lacks point, vividness, and so the work will not be widely read by the masses of the people. But for thinking minds, that are fond of scientific study, that love logic and enjoy a demonstration, it will serve high and important purposes. To such especially we commend it, assuring them that it will repay a careful reading in spite of its size and its occasional approach to literary heaviness.

The same publishers issue a volume entitled, **ROUND THE WORLD,** by a Boy. The boy proves to be the son of Samuel Smiles, author of "Self-Help," &c., who edits the book with a father's appreciation of what a young man of sixteen may do in the way of observing and making a pleasant and interesting record of observations, experiences and reflections. It is a very readable book, and supplies a good deal of just information respecting the lands that were visited, and the people that were met as young readers especially will be glad to obtain. It is a well printed and amply illustrated 12mo. volume of nearly 300 pages.

WILD MEN AND WILD BEASTS; OR, SCENES IN CAMP AND JUNGLE. By Lt. Col. Gordon Cumming. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1872. 12mo. pp. 372. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

THE WONDERS OF VEGETATION. From the French of Fulgence Marion. Edited, with numerous additions, by Sebaste de Vere, D. D., LL. D. With 61 illustrations. Same Publishers, &c. 1872. 12mo. pp. 233.
The first of these volumes is the second installment of the Library of Travel and Adventure, of which we have lately spoken in high terms. This narrative of Col. Cumming is one of the most interesting of its class, and has for itself high favor. Mr. Taylor has done well in giving it a place thus early in the series of books which he edits. The style in which the Publishers send out this new Library is excellent and attractive, as the plan itself is admirable.

The addition made to the Library of Wonders by the issue of this translation of Marion's work, enriched as it is by the service of the accomplished editor, is a real one. The facts and illustrations drawn from the vegetable kingdom are most admirably selected, arranged and presented. Instruction and entertainment are combined as only knowledge and genius can bring them together. Both these Libraries are sure of a wholesome and abiding popularity.

THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER. A Novel. By Edward Eggleston. New York: Orange Judd & Co. 12mo. pp. 284.
Mr. Eggleston has proved, long before now, that his pen is impelled by a vital and magnetic brain and guided by a skilful and artistic hand. He has always something to say, and is sure of a hearing. But he has given us nothing else so fresh, vivacious, keen and captivating as the Hoosier Schoolmaster. He conceives instead of copying, and in his unique execution he is a law unto himself. His character painting, in spite of frequent exaggeration, is very admirable; his humor is sometimes broad and obvious and then subtle and lurking, but always genuine, wholesome and irresistible; his ridicule of social and religious cant is merciless and extreme; and though the type of piety which he especially exalts in Bud Means smacks very strongly of the border and the prize-ring in its audacious speech and its rough heroism, yet its straightforward and practical earnestness lifts its very irreverence into the sublime. Few readers will fail to follow Ralph's fortunes with a real personal interest, or forget Jack Means, or cease to be haunted by Miranda, or relate a relevant sympathy to Hannah, or think of Dr. Snail without flinging a fresh malediction at cold-blooded and successful hypocrisy, or—but it is useless to specify. There is a whole gallery of portraits here, each of which will make his impression, get itself recognized and haunt the reader long after the book has been reluctantly closed. It is a taking story, and it really makes a strong plea for what is true, manly and Christian. *Heath and Howe* will deserve and win a wide welcome while Mr. Eggleston puts into such qualities as are held in solution by this story.

DAY UNTO DAY. Boston: Am. Unitarian Association. 1872. 32mo. pp. 373.

Among all the little manuals meant for the service of the heart, and which supply material for daily meditation throughout the year, in the form of a fitting verse or more of Scripture, a stanza or more of old poetry, and a golden thought from some wise and deep-hearted Christian author, we have seen nothing of its size that has more to be commended and less to call out hostile criticism than this beautiful and handy little book. We find no theology that need scare anybody, albeit many of the selections are from other than orthodox circles,—but, instead, most choice and precious and quickening thoughts for the mind and sacred nutriment for the devout heart.

THE SCRIPTURE MANUAL. Explaining Marcy's New Magic Lantern and Slide, including Magic Lantern Optics, Experiments, photographs and coloring slides, &c. By L. J. Marcy, Optician, 1840 Chestnut St., Phila. pp. 140.

Full of plain and practical information, and supplying the means of learning how to obtain and use the very best apparatus for picturing at will the most interesting objects in the world.

News Summary.

CONGRESSIONAL.

On Monday, in the Senate, the supplementary civil rights bill, as an amendment to the general amnesty bill, came up, and Mr. Sumner delivered a speech upon it. He was followed by Mr. Vickers, who made a long argument in favor of general amnesty bill unamended, and denounced Mr. Sumner's measure as unconstitutional. In the House, a resolution was adopted ordering a special committee to investigate the trouble in the Louisiana legislature. Two general amnesty bills were introduced and rejected, and a third—the same passed by the House during the last session—was passed by a vote of 170 to 31. It exempts members of Congress and officers of the army and navy who took part in the rebellion.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, a bill repealing the duties on salt and iron was reported but recommitted. The amnesty bill was taken up, but Mr. Sumner was not ready to proceed with his speech. In the House, a bill was passed freeing from duties all contributions from foreign countries for the relief of Chicago, and allowing drawback duties on all merchandise used in the reconstruction of the burned district. A good deal of time was spent in discussing shipbuilding and the pay of consuls.

On Wednesday, in the Senate, a bill was reported for the appointment of a labor commission, the salaries to be \$16,400 in the aggregate. Mr. Sumner read resolutions and petitions of colored people, in support of his amendment to the amnesty bill for two hours, and then made a final appeal for its adoption. Mr. Frelinghuysen made an eloquent speech, announcing his intention to vote for the bill; and Mr. Carpenter promised an anti-civil-service reform speech Thursday. In the House, a bill was passed fixing the date of pensions to the time of the death or discharge of the soldier, and extending the time for applications to July 1, 1874. The legislative appropriation bill, amounting to \$17,000,000, was reported.

On Thursday, in the Senate, the judiciary committee reported adversely upon the memorial asking for a hearing before the Senate in support of woman suffrage. A bill was passed extending to officers above the rank of captain, the provisions of the bill providing artificial limbs to soldiers and sailors. Mr. Sumner accepted Mr. Frelinghuysen's amendments to his civil rights amendment, but no action was taken upon the amnesty bill. A bill to establish a mail steamship service between the United States and Australia was reported. Senator Carpenter made a long speech upon the resolution declaring the civil service reform now in operation unconstitutional, and he was replied to by Mr. Trumbull. Several other Senators took part in the debate, which was at times sharp and spirited. No action was taken upon the resolution. The Senate adjourned until Monday. In the House, officers to fill the family of Mr. Blaine, Mr. Dawes officiated as Speaker pro tem. The post-office and pension appropriation bills were reported and made special orders for next Wednesday and Thursday, respectively. The former appropriates \$22,225,750 and the latter \$30,480,000. Mr. Braxton was admitted to the contested seat from Virginia.

On Friday, in the House, the greater part of the time was occupied in the Arkansas contested election case. Mr. Edwards, the sitting member, was refused more time to take testimony, which practically gives the seat to Mr. Boles. A bill was passed to fund the debt of the city of Washington, and the House adjourned till Monday.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An Albany letter states that Tweed has notified his friends there, that he is not going to claim his seat in the Senate.

Published statistics show that 90,000 emigrants left Germany last year, and that nearly all came to the United States.

A state temperance convention was held in Augusta, Wednesday. Governor Perham presided and the convention was well attended.

Stokes's friends say that the Fisk and Mansfield letters will establish the connection of Fisk with a murderous assault upon Dorman B. Eaton.

A bill to establish negro testimony in the courts of Ohio, has been introduced in the legislature of that state.

United States District-Attorney Bates is charged by the grand jury at Salt Lake City with collusion with the Mormons to defeat the ends of justice.

Baron von Offenbergh, the present political agent and consul-general of Russia at Bucharest, is named as the successor of M. Cateacay as Russian minister to our government.

President White has purchased the library of the late ex-President Sparks, comprising about 6000 volumes, principally relating to early American history, for Cornell University.

The delegation of the New York Society of Friends, who visited the President Thursday, were informed that the administration will always be devoted to the interests of peace consistent with the national honor.

The annual meeting of the New Hampshire Printers and Editors' Association was held Wednesday at Concord. A number of distinguished guests participated in the banquet given in the evening in honor of Franklin's birthday.

The remains of a farmer named Benst, and his daughter, were found in the ruins of the old Mansfield House, burned a fortnight since at Bethel, N. H. A skeleton was also found in a cavity between old-fashioned fire-places. It is believed to be that of a Revolutionary war soldier, as an old British flint-lock musket and two rusty knives were found with it.

Captain Phelps of the United States steamer Saranac, ordered to Magdalena Bay to investigate the expulsion of American colonists, reported by Drake DeKay, states that after a full investigation he finds that there is no cause whatever for the charge, and that no acts of hostility were committed either by the Mexican authorities or citizens.

FOREIGN.

A revolt among the Hoolaks of Bombay has been suppressed by killing a hundred of them and making prisoners of many others.

The North German Gazette denies the statement, first published in the London Standard, that General von Moltke expressed his disapproval, in a military point of view, of the famous march to the sea of General Sherman's army.

The upper house of the Netherlands has ratified the treaty with England for the cession of the Dutch possessions in Guinea.

A London despatch says that the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company has signed a contract with Messrs. Biscioffsheim for laying a telegraph cable to New York direct.

Last Sunday was observed in all the churches of Great Britain as a day of Thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales.

A Port of Spain letter of the 4th instant states that President Grant released all political prisoners New Year's day.

During a violent thunder-storm at Manchester, England, Jan. 24, a church was struck by lightning, took fire, and was entirely destroyed.

The Prince of Wales is steadily recovering, and his condition is much improved. A series of state receptions will be given to him.

In Ghilford, Eng., on Tuesday the 16th, the roof of a schoolhouse fell in while the school was in session and many of the children were injured, some of them seriously.

A proposition has been submitted by a committee in the assembly, with a view to the total suppression of the international in France.

London advices state that a report is current that Earl Spencer, lord lieutenant of Ireland, is about to retire, and that Chester Fortescue, an Irish peer, is to be his successor.

The Japanese embassy now in San Francisco will visit all the foreign powers and arrange for a revision of the treaty. It is stated that it will first go to Washington, and then to London, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Vienna and Versailles.

The governors of the Spanish provinces have been instructed to suppress all organizations connected with the international, but not to interfere with the freedom of speech. The frigate Numancia, now on her way to Cuba, bears, it is said, important instructions of an official nature.

Paragraphs.

Although Georgia was settled half a century earlier than Ohio, the population of the latter to the square mile is more than three times as great as that of the former.

An old lady of Columbia, Alabama, seventy-three years old, recently gave birth to a healthy child. She is the mother of several children, the youngest before this one being thirty-two years old.

Horace Greely wrote: "Women now manage most of the public libraries in Massachusetts," and the compositor read it: "Women now worry most of their public babies by masturbation."

On the public road between Meriden and Hartford, in Connecticut, stands a low, dingy hovel, within which, over a rickety bar, concentrated death is dealt out in decoctions of benzine at the moderate price of five cents a glass. "Directly opposite is the town burying-ground, and the thirsty wayfarer smiles grimly as he reads, over the door of the saloon, the cheerful and appropriate inscription, "Key to the cemetery within."

Buffalo gives a good account of herself during the past year. Her receipts of grain, which were, in round numbers, 49,000,000 bushels in 1870, advanced to 75,000,000 while her shipments by canal increased from 29,000,000 to 45,000,000 bushels. The lumber trade was in the main larger, while the cattle trade showed a marked improvement. The manufacturing industry of the city made gratifying progress, and promises to be a leading source of prosperity.

Of late years the whalermen have been making a wholesale slaughter of the walrus in the Arctic regions for their oil and ivory. It is estimated that in 1870 upwards of 50,000 female walrus were killed, and they are now so shy that the natives on the Arctic shores, from Cape Thaddeus to the Anadyr Sea, who depend upon them almost wholly for food, clothing, boats and dwellings, are unable to supply the necessities of life. The Arctic walrus are nearly all females; who go into the Arctic in the summer months to bring forth and nurse their young.

The number of tin cans used in Baltimore is estimated at twenty millions per annum. Tin cans are made at shops where nothing else is done. Some packers (and nearly all the large ones) employ can makers for the accommodation of their own business. Can making has assumed the importance of a regular trade there, and the operators are now conducting an organized strike for higher wages.

The total number of deaths from small pox in London during the last year was 8,000. The average of 31 years preceding is 600. The medical journals call attention to the alarming increase of the disease. They warn the public to take all precautions, and appeal to the government to interpose rigid sanitary regulations, establish special hospitals, and carefully quarantine infected districts.

There is, since the 1st of May, a new volcano in the Philippine Islands. It burst out near the sea, in a valley of Camiguin, a small island north of Mindanao, about seven miles from the coast. The eruption of stones, sand and ashes, brought death to 80 or 90 persons engaged in manilla hemp culture, whose escape was cut off during their endeavors to save their property.

A curate writes to the London Standard: "We hear so much now to the discredit of royalty that I think we ought to make known what we hear good of it. I heard yesterday from some people in my parish, who have relations living near Sandringham, that the Prince of Wales is simply beloved by all who come in contact with him on his Norfolk estate; his affability and kindness and really good nature displayed in his dealings with his tenants and dependents is such as is not often met with even amongst those whose position is not so exalted as his is."

Sandringham, the country seat of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, is in Norfolk, one of the eastern counties of England, and at least 120 miles from the metropolis. The Prince bought the estate soon after his marriage, and it has continued to be his favorite resort ever since. It is a retired and beautiful locality, and the Prince's residence is fitted up with great splendor.

A recent number of Nature speaks of an interesting contribution to the relics of the supposed serpent worship in Scotland. In the vicinity of the shores of Loch Felly, near Oban, the form of a monstrous serpent, 200 feet in length, has been discovered. From the account which has been published, it would appear that the figure of the serpent was excavated in the rocks above the lake, and had become overgrown.

The London Nature says that the Society of the Friends of Science, in Posen (Poland), propose on February 19, 1873, to celebrate the 400th birthday of the eminent astronomer, Nicholas Copernicus, at his birth-place, in the village of Thorn. In addition to the festivities of the occasion, they intend to publish an accurate biography of their countryman, and to prepare a monumental album, as also to strike an appropriate medal. A prize of 500 thalers is offered for the best biography that can be prepared before January 1, 1873, to be based only upon authentic documents.

We are glad to learn that a scientific society in Paris having offered a prize for an invention to protect the cutters of mill-stones from the dust produced in the process, which causes distressing diseases of the lungs, a Commission have been making a series of experiments on the effects of ventilation, and the most satisfactory results are obtained. By means of a fire and a tall chimney, a current is produced in the dressing shop, having a rate of 10 feet per second, from the men, and it is found by this simple method all the dust is removed. There are many trades requiring the application of this system.

The following statement of the dimensions, cost, etc., of the two great tunnels of the world, is interesting: Mont-Cenis Tunnel—Length, 12,238 meters, or nearly 8 miles; width, 26 feet 8 inches; height, 30 feet; cost \$30,000,000; time occupied in construction, 9 years; number of men employed, about 2000. Hoosac Tunnel—Length, 20,061 feet, or about 3 3/4 miles; width 24 feet 21 feet high; cost about \$2,000,000; time of construction, when completed, nearly twenty years; number of workmen employed, about 700 at present, but much less during most of the time the work has been prosecuted.

Rural and Domestic.

Dairying in Vermont.

The last season was one of depression and almost despondence among our dairymen. Prices have been fairly remunerative, but not such as to afford the broad margin for profit realized in the past, and there are apprehensions in many minds that the end of the decline is not yet reached. As soon as it became apparent there must be a decline in dairy products, stimulated by a somewhat active demand for wool, and a slight advance in price, many of those who always sent a danger afar off, began early last spring to change their cows for sheep. Of course this did not materially affect the aggregate number of cows or their product this season, but it opened the way for a very considerable reduction this fall. The hay-crop was not short with us; indeed it is believed, notwithstanding the everlasting croaking of many, that we have more than an average crop, but the early prospect of an active demand upon us to make up the deficit elsewhere at high prices, and the apprehensions before alluded to, induced many dairymen to "shove" all but a few of their best cows. Veterans of the milk pail—cows that have, season after season, netted their owners from \$50 to \$75, and under other circumstances still had years of usefulness before them, have been sold for anything they would bring in the open market, in some cases that have come under our own observation as low as from \$12.50 to \$15.

Unlike many who always make haste to swell any downward current, we do not see any reason for despondency among our dairymen, but on the other hand we look upon their prospects as quite as good, if not better, than those of any other class of farmers in New England.

The production and sale of milk for city use is constantly on the increase, and the shipments from Vermont to New York and Boston during the past season for the first time, have been considerable, of course lessening by so much the quantity of the manufactured articles to be forced upon the market. When the warfare between those who make the milk and those who sell it, in our cities, which has been staged with much zeal for some time past, results, as it inevitably must, in securing to the producer his full share of the price which the consumer pays for his milk, then it may confidently be expected that a very much larger proportion of all the dairy products of New England will be sold in its natural state, and the market for the manufactured articles left open to those dairymen situated further from the great manufacturing and commercial centers.

During the past season, the subject of setting milk for butter-making in deep or shallow vessels has been much experimented upon and discussed. The results have, with hardly an exception, been favorable to the theory of setting in deep vessels. Mr. E. W. Stewart, a well-known writer and correspondent of agricultural papers, has, however, reached a different result, and controverts the theory. The conditions upon which success in this matter depends, are plenty of cold water and vessels so narrow that the milk may be cooled in one or two hours at the furthest, and without any considerable agitation by stirring or otherwise, which conditions were practically wanting in Mr. S.'s case. Notwithstanding the formidable appearance of his experiments and objections, we consider the question practically settled in favor of the deep setting.

The low prices and abundant supply of butter during the last season here, had at least one salutary effect upon the market, and buyers have discriminated much more closely between a good and only passable article. Heretofore, owing to the large demand and the *écart* with which every thing went off in the market, all grades have commanded very nearly the same prices, but we trust that the day of better things has dawned, and its influence is already seen in the improved appliances and products of those dairymen who have heretofore produced only an inferior quality of goods.

The season has been so unusually cool that many of our dairymen draw their milk from the cheese factories earlier than usual, and the cheese product is somewhat less than last year, though the quality is believed to have been uniformly good. Some few of our factories adopted the practice of skimming the night's milk in the morning and commencing the practice to others. The practice of making skimmed cheese has never obtained to any considerable extent in Vermont, and we do not apprehend that such will soon be the case.

The next "winter meeting" of our Dairymen's Association will be held in Rutland on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of the third week in January. We extend a cordial invitation to everybody interested—Western Rural.

Keeping a Thousand Hens.

With a flock of 1,000 fowls, at least six acres are requisite. Some have given this rule, an acre to each hundred. This area should be fenced in with boards or pickets, and houses erected large enough to accommodate one hundred fowls, for roosting, shelter from storms, and laying. It is not essential that these houses should be expensive, but they should face the south, and the fronts should be partially or entirely glazed. The glazing should be by sashes, which may be opened easily by hinges above, and may be left open through the summer, to permit a free circulation of air. The care of these houses should be entrusted to a capable person, as on their proper management the success of the poultry largely depends. In addition to the poultry house, there should be provided numbers of low sheds, beneath which the fowls may take shelter from the heat of the sun or from storms.

Care should be taken to prevent the ingress of vermin, skunks, weasels, etc., to the grounds, and one or more good dogs should be confined within the enclosure, care being taken to secure dogs which will not trouble the fowls, but which are good watch-dogs and vigilant. An abundance of pure water is also absolutely necessary; and unless a brook runs through, or a pond is located on the land, water should be brought by a rain or pumped by a wind-mill from a well. Fowls drink a great quantity of water, and it should be of as pure quality as can be obtained.

For all practical purposes, the common dunghill fowl is as good as any, as we have proved completely to our satisfaction. In selecting a stock, take, then, from one to two years old, bright-eyed, red-combed, clean-legged fowls, as large and well-formed as can be obtained. There is no need of a crower with the large flocks, the breeders being selected and kept separate from the others; for laying purposes, hens do better away from a cock than with one, and if a number of male birds are together, the fights and troubles will be incessant. The care of the poultry is not greater after they are placed in the park. The fowls selected for breeding purposes should be kept in flocks of twenty, in yards, separate from the others, and each of these small flocks should have a male bird. These birds should be the very best to be obtained, strong, well-formed, and hardy, and the cock should be two years old, healthy, strong, and courageous. We believe that a Brahma cock, such as we have described, crossed with the dunghill fowls, would

get better and more marketable chickens than would any other breed. This, however, is for poultryers to decide.—Massachusetts, Ploughman.

Farming as a Moral Force.

The good husbandman, says George William Curtis, learns by experience what science constantly discloses, that there is nothing useless or superfluous in nature. "The whole," as old George Herbert sang:

"The whole is either his cupboard of food
Or his cabinet of pleasure."

But while this is the magnificence of his workshop, see also the direct moral influence of his toil. The earth in which he works is just and honest. If the farmer sows wheat, the ground does not return to him sugar-cane. If he transplants carelessly the tree, like a neglected child with plant and die. If he plant potatoes and shrub hedges, the weeds will shrink dying and the potatoes will shrink growing. If he be stingy of manure, his fields will be equally stingy of crops. Thus the eternal sincerity of nature, giving him peas for peas, and beans for beans, fair crops for patient industry, and weeds for idleness, passes into his character, and he does not send his barrels of apples to market with all the large fruit on top, nor sell a horse with blind staggers to a man who pays for a sound animal. So the necessities and fatigues of a work that can be done only by daylight, call the farmer with the sun in summer and the morning star in winter, send him to bed early and teach him regularity. Then as by his ceaseless toil he counts out, in blows of his arm, and drops of his sweat, every hundred cents in every dollar he earns, every penny stands for so much time and muscle, and thus he learns economy. With economy come frugality and temperance, and so upon the farm grow the hardy virtues, like tough trees upon the rough mountain side.

Bleeding at the Nose.

Some two years ago, while going down Broadway, New York, blood commenced running from my nose quite freely. I stepped aside and applied my handkerchief, intending to repair to the nearest hotel, when a gentleman accosted me, saying: "Just put a piece of paper in your mouth and chew it rapidly, and it will stop your nose bleeding." Thanking him doubtfully, I did as he suggested, and the flow of blood ceased almost immediately. I have since the remedy tried since quite frequently and always with success. Doubtless almost any substance would answer the same purpose as paper, the stoppage of the flow of blood being caused, no doubt, by the rapid motion of the jaws, and the counter action of the muscles and arteries connecting the jaws and nose. Physicians say that placing a small roll of paper or muslin above the front teeth, under the upper lip, and pressing hard on the same, will arrest bleeding at the nose—checking the passage of the blood through the arteries leading through the nose.—Country Gentleman.

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