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The Morning Star.

Volume XLVII.

DOVER, N. H., FEBRUARY 7, 1872.

Number 6

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

ISSUED BY THE
FREEWILL BAPTIST PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT

Office, 39 Washington St., Dover, N. H.

L. B. BURLINGAME, Publisher.

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

Terms: \$3.00 per year; or if paid strictly in advance, \$2.50.

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

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

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

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

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

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

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

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

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

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

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1872.

No Cross, No Crown.

No cross, no crown!
No cloud to shadow o'er our pathway here
No sunlight everlasting for us there;
No sadness for our spirits now to bear,
No joy to come!

No cross, no crown!
No "armor" on to meet the conflict here,
No "palms of victory" to greet us there;
No mourning here, no songs of joy to share,
No triumph around the Throne.

No cross, no crown!
For every sorrow that our hearts now bear,
For every thorn that wounds, for every care,
There is a bliss laid up—a wondrous share,
In that bright home.

No cross, no crown!
The heart that bears the heaviest weight of woe
Hereafter will the brightest pleasure know,
Where rest and joy, and peace eternal flow,
Through Christ, the Son.

No cross, no crown!
The shining crown awaiting us, when we
Shall stand before our Father's throne,
Our cross laid down,
To give His own.

No cross, no crown!
The way is rough, but we are not alone;
For he who once the same dark path has gone,
Goes now with us; and He will not disown
The weakest one.

Missionary Correspondence.

MIDNAPUR, INDIA, Nov. 28, 1871.

My last was written on the day of my arrival in Calcutta. I spent four very busy days there in all sorts of business for the mission. On the Sabbath it was my good fortune to meet Gooljah Shah at the Collingah chapel. Several months ago I wrote you of his having sailed for England. He has just returned home, having enjoyed his visit much amongst the English churches. What a different man this is from the prodigy of theism, Keshub Chunder Sen, who made such a stir over there last year! Our good brother Gooljah Shah is one of the humblest of men, and one of the worthiest in the native Christian community of India. In Calcutta he has long been pastor of the native Baptist church worshipping in South Collingah Street, and at Simla he has for several years ministered to a native congregation gathered by his own diligent efforts from the multitude of Government servants. I am told that he supports himself entirely by his work in the Government office, and receives no remuneration from the people to whom he preaches. This is very generous on his part, but hardly the best thing for the people, who certainly should be taught to support the means of grace which they enjoy. Some of our native churches are coming up nobly in this matter of self-support, and I hope the day is not far in the future when the missionary societies will be relieved of the care of many of these churches, and thus enabled to carry on more aggressive and pioneer work in these pagan lands. You know that in previous letters I have repeatedly spoken of this, and occasionally sent you what seemed to be tokens for good in this direction. I hold that these native churches should be independent, so far as any money-connection with the Board is concerned, and that it is the duty of every foreign missionary to aim at this desirable result in his labors here. It is no use now to say over again what everybody admits, that the native Christians received too much

help in the early days of Indian missions. Aged and experienced missionaries perceive the mistake and are now nobly doing their utmost to correct it. Wheeler's "Ten years on the Euphrates" tells the story for India and other pagan lands, as well as for Turkey. But, thank God, the tide is fast setting in the right direction. These Indian Christians shall yet do more than provide for themselves; they shall send the gospel, which has blessed them, to others sitting in darkness. Notwithstanding many and serious discouragements, I firmly believe in the glorious future that awaits my dear India. Visions of it cheer me when faint, and hearten me when well-nigh disheartened. I read the sure promises of God's Word, and the cloud, born of trial and tempest, lifts, and there pours forth such a flood of heavenly light on my soul, that I wonder at my little faith, and grieve over my foolishness.

Gooljah Shah was a classmate of our departed brother Mahes. Both studied together, now more than thirty years ago, in the Italy school, Calcutta, under the Rev. George Pearce. The former a Mussulman and the latter a Hindu, both received the gospel, and became earnest and successful preachers of it to their benighted countrymen. While one works on in faith, the other mingles with the redeemed host around the throne of God in heaven.

I was much pleased with Gooljah Shah's first address to his people upon returning from England. Besides his own regular congregation, there were several brethren present from the native Independent church, and four white persons. He selected for his text the words recorded in Luke 8: 35, "Sitting at the feet of Jesus." He remarked in opening his address, that, during the few days since his return to Calcutta, he had often been asked about his reception in England. The Hindu and Mussulman Christians wished to know how he had been treated by the English Christians. He could give them no adequate idea of the perfect kindness, urbanity and love which greeted him on every hand. Indeed, he had wondered how a foreigner could be so heartily welcomed and so affectionately treated by those who were of another race and tongue, and so different in every respect from himself and his countrymen. The only answer he could find to all his self-questionings, and the only reason for the uniform kind treatment he everywhere received, was this: These English brethren were sitting at Jesus' feet, and having received much of His spirit, had learned to love all men, even the Hindus and Mussulmans. The speaker proceeded to point out how to sit at Jesus' feet, and what are the signs and what the fruits of so doing. The spirit of the discourse throughout pleased me much. I was particularly pleased with the simple Bengali used by our brother, for now-a-days some are given to "great swelling words of vanity."

Mr. Dall, the American Unitarian who has been in Calcutta for years without, so far as I know, making a single convert from either of the prevailing religions of India, has at last joined the Brahmin Samaj, and proclaimed himself a "Brahmin Christian." What next under the sun? The natives are making all the capital possible out of this singular event. We are told that, so far from making Christians of the Hindus, our foreigners are becoming Brahminists. But Mr. Dall will move nobody in this new direction, so we take no alarm at his joining the Samaj, or "Church of God," as Keshub Babu calls it. In a letter that is going the rounds of the papers, addressed to a brother Brahmin, Mr. Dall says some strange things:—

"There is nothing so broad as Theism. It is a mighty cry without a creed. It is liberty without license. Doubly bound, it is doubly free. It must love and worship sincerely. It may think and work wisely. It repudiates nothing that is true. It renounces no good thing till it finds a better."

"Let us not deny Jesus, the Prince of Prophets," as our Keshub loves to call him, except where we find Jesus untrue. I have not denied Jesus in becoming a Brahminist; I can never renounce him, except to go to a better lawgiver, to a purer and diviner martyr and Saviour and brother. (Whom can the man mean?) Do I accept the word of Jesus as final? And without appeal? No. He himself forbids it, so that I should deny him if I did. No word of Jesus becomes law to me, till confirmed by another witness,—the spirit within me. 'I am due' he says, 'and my Father, far greater than I, is your other witness.' I believe Jesus when he says, 'I am a man who has told you the truth, which I have heard of God.' And this is Theism."

We have heard of "poetic license," and of "liberal readings," but the above translation is free enough for a "new departure." Mr. Dall's version must be older than the Peshito-Syriac MS., if indeed it does not antedate the original Greek text itself.

The course of Mr. Dall serves to confirm my belief, that this Brahmin movement in India is not a sure step towards Christianity, as many sanguine but superficial observers have hoped and predicted. It has seemed to me that all this Brahmo Samaj party aims at, is a polite and respectable style of religion, lifted up and out of the grovelling and absurd ideas and practices of idol-worship, and affiliated to the philosophy and religion of enlightened nations. As I read the workings of this theistic movement among the Hindus, I fail to find

any sincere sorrow for sin, any deep desire for deliverance from its power, or any true self-sacrifice for the good of the community. Keshub Chunder Sen is no nearer Christ, as I understand him, than was the distinguished founder of the modern Brahminists, Ram Mohun Roy, half a century ago. In fact, I am not so sure about Keshub's subscribing to all his illustrious predecessor has said; e. g.,—Ram Mohun Roy declared his faith in Jesus Christ as "a being in whom dwelt all truth," and professed his entire confidence in his "veracity, candor, and perfection." In Ram Mohun Roy's second appeal, he calls Christ "the Saviour," "the Redeemer," "the spiritual Lord and King of Jews and Gentiles," "the final Judge of men," and "the First Born of every creature, whom God has anointed and exalted even above his angels." The founder of this young sect never said this of any other than Jesus. Surely he was rather a broad gauge theist.

Your thoughtful readers will perceive the bearing of what I have said about the Brahminists. I hope there are individuals amongst them who will discover that theism, with all its nice distinctions and fine theories, is after all not what the heart craves, nor pardon and peace-giving to the sinner, who has rebelled against a merciful God, and deserves eternal wrath. Some such will eventually come out boldly for Christ, I hope, but as matters stand, the drift of Brahminism in India to-day is towards a blatant and reckless infidelity. Still we thank God for using this sect to demolish idolatry. In this work we regard the Samaj as an auxiliary to Christian missions.

I can not tell you, Mr. Editor, how anxiously we are waiting for tidings from our friends since the news of the fearful Chicago fire reached us. The telegrams came weeks ago; the English papers too have come with illustrated news of the terrible scene, but not yet a letter or a newspaper from America. Even now how long it takes for news to come by the slow course of an ocean mail! But this painful suspense must soon be broken by good news or bad from our friends. The Lord's will be done.

Facts for the Thoughtful.

It was the saying of a distinguished literary man in the early part of the present century, that if the question were put, What is the most prominent feature in the present state of the Christian church? the answer must be, the honor done the Bible. If this was true then, it can not be otherwise now. The British and Foreign Bible Society, which had its origin at that period, has gradually enlarged its operations to immense proportions. Sixty-three million volumes of the word of God in two hundred languages is the summing up of its work. The last year its annual issues were nearly doubled, reaching to almost four millions. The average per week would be nearly 77,000, and 12,000 and more per day.

It was of great importance to the prevalence of truth that such an institution, with such resources, should have been in readiness to meet the wants of the contending armies in the late war in Europe. In that year, 480,000 vols. of the sacred Scriptures were put in circulation in France. During the siege of Paris, in three months 58,000 Bibles and portions of the Bible were called for in and about that city. The large number of prisoners taken by the Prussian armies were furnished with the divine word. They received it with great delight, and it proved a wonderful support in their sad condition. So it has been, that in that nation where the God of heaven has been ignored, his word discarded, the people in their sufferings were prepared, as they never could have been in any other way, to welcome the truth of God.

In Germany, the circulation the last year reached to more than one million, the supply of the soldiers and the prisoners amounting to more than 900,000 vols. Such as were sold, were sold at reduced prices. To the sick and the wounded, and to a large portion of the prisoners, the supply was gratuitous. The German soldiers, it was said, were impatient to buy, and seemed to think little of their gold in comparison with the word of God.

In Austria, in 1853, cases of Bibles inclosing 58,000, which had been sent to that country by the British and Foreign Bible Society, were sent out of the country under a guard of soldiers. Now, we are informed that there is no part of the Empire where the colporter may not go and find ready sale for the Book of God. The last year 106,000 vols. were put in circulation in that country.

Of Italy, we are told that the most important thing that can be said is, that Rome is open to the Bible. It should be the occasion of thanksgiving from all hearts that this city of the popes, which has for so many ages excluded the Scriptures, has been opened for their free dissemination. In one place, we are told, is the British and Foreign Bible Society with the sign, "Search the Scriptures;" and in another place, the sign of the American Bible Society. The word of God is carried from house to house and received with gladness. The Gospel is preached with great power to thousands; 31,000 vols. were furnished to the people of that country the last year, and 10,000 were published in Rome.

In Spain, the most thoroughly Roman Catholic country up to the year 1868, the

progress of the Bible work is such as to inspire confidence and hope. Four editions of the Bible have been published the last year in that country by the funds of the British and Foreign Bible Society, making in the aggregate 65,200 Bibles and in addition 140,000 portions of the Bible; 25 men have been employed as colporters, and the sales have been 82,000 vols.

The colporter system is relied upon in this and in many other countries for effective, penetrating work. But we can not pursue these developments of the work of the above named Society as they have been derived from their last report. We can not even name the countries to which its operations have been extended. The word of God through their agency has gone to every continent and to a vast number of the islands of the Sea. These islands have waited, oh, how long, for God's law, and are now in large numbers prepared to welcome it.

From the above facts it will be seen that the word of God is going forth on a scale surpassing all former experience. Nations are opening for it; light is spreading; prejudice is abating; and the hearts of men feel their need of God's revealed will. To this Book we are indebted for peace of conscience, for the happiness of our homes, for the wealth of our literature, for the excellence of our laws, for the stability of our government, and for everything which makes us great among the nations. Shall we not be among the number to aid in sending this word to every people? I. W.

Wine and Society.

The Advance tells some sad but needful truths when it says:

One who makes a careful study of the drinking customs of America, and the phenomena of intemperance in general, will soon discover that the tap-root of the evil tree of drunkenness is the fashion, old but not venerable, of regarding alcohol in some form as the established and proper symbol of hospitality and social good-fellowship. Subtract the social element from the drinking usages of our own country, leaving each person to use alcoholic beverages solely for the sake of stimulation, or not at all, and you remove a system of social pressure without which few men or women would contract drinking habits.

The young American usually learns to use wine and spirits, not because of any instinctive appetite for alcohol, not because of any pleasant taste, not because of any need for artificial stimulant, but simply because he finds himself in company where social drinking is fashionable, and he wishes to imitate, or fears to offend, his associates and superiors. An occasional glass, accepted under social pressure or ostentatiously quaffed as an evidence of budding manliness, speedily breaks down all early scruples, and engenders the alcoholic appetite. Therefore, no outside pressure is required to maintain the drinking habit. Afore has been kindled within; our young American has joined the ranks of the steady drinkers, and in his turn helps to perpetuate and extend the social custom which has entrapped himself.

Thus do drinking usages descend from generation to generation. Thus does drunkenness propagate itself.

But how can this spell be broken? How can this fountain of drunkenness be sealed—this social pressure be removed? How can alcohol be displaced from the position it has so long held, as the accepted emblem of hospitality and social cheer, and remanded to its proper place on the druggist's shelf? A practical answer to these questions is given by a vast and daily increasing number of thoughtful men and women, in this and in other countries, who, without ostentation, but with conscientious firmness, make it a rule of life never to offer or accept as a beverage anything that can intoxicate. Steadily and surely the Christian sentiment of America is coming to regard entire abstinence from alcoholic drinks as essential to purity of life. Fifty years ago the rum-decater was the usual ornament of New England sideboards; and friends, whether church-members or acknowledged worldlings, rarely met without drinking together some intoxicating beverage. To-day, with our better knowledge of what is demanded by Christian charity, hygiene and good morals, the wine-glass on the dinner-table in Christian homes is the rare exception and not the rule. The practice of habitually offering wine to guests, and encouraging its use in the family, has been tried at the bar of common sense and private conscience, and after a quarter of a century of agitation, has been abandoned in America by a great majority of thoughtful and conscientious people. The change in public sentiment in this regard has been wonderful. The situation is most encouraging; and we sincerely believe the reform should not and will not pause until, among all classes, it shall be considered not only unfashionable but disreputable to put the bottle to a neighbor's lips.

Of all the devices for exerting social pressure in favor of the formation of drinking habits, none is more cruelly ingenious than that of offering wine and liquors at the hands of ladies on New Year's day to masculine callers. If the women of each household where this is done were to conspire to debauch the morals of their own and their neighbors' husbands, brothers and sons, they could not invent a more effective plan. The custom, we are glad to know, is falling into deserved disrepute among

the really refined, and a monopoly of it will soon be enjoyed by the dissipated and the vulgar rich. How it has been able to hold its place so long is surprising to one who has seen the ruin it has wrought. Not hundreds, but thousands of vanquished, helpless inebriates, can trace their downfall to a round of New Year calls in which they drank, drank, and drank again—not because they wanted the wine, but because it was proffered by the hand of woman. Here is a field in which woman is supreme. She can banish alcohol forever from the holiday festivities, if she will, and thus do more than a thousand suffrage conventions, to elevate womanhood, purify manhood, and bless our common humanity. "Lead us not into temptation."

The Beauty of Winter.

It is not hard to guess what poetic observer it is who discourses of Winter in the *Christian Union*, as follows:

Winter scenery has charms of its own, that yield to no other season. On a clear day, the landscape has a depth of coloring such as no other time of the year affords. An indescribably soft and tender atmosphere rests upon the earth, through which glows the deep purple and blue of the distant hills. The whiteness of the snow gives to the scene a celestial purity, a suggestion of heavenly things.

There is abundant beauty, too, of the milder kind. What is more delicate and exquisite than the tracery of the bare tree-tops relieved against the sky? And every snow-storm works a myriad miracles of dainty architecture. It clothes the black spruces with a hundred feathery plumes. It hides every unsightly object with a soft, white mantle. Under its touch in a single hour the whole earth is transformed, and masquerades in every variety of beautiful and grotesque apparel. Then, as by the quick changes of a magician, comes a sudden shower or thaw, and again a frost, and the sun rises upon a world clothed in diamonds.

But the deepest charm which nature has in winter is that which night brings forth. The earth is not more unlike in summer and winter than are the heavens. Compare the mellow glory with which the harvest moon floods the earth, with the cold bright light of the far-off moon of winter. And the winter stars,—what sight that is given to man so moves him to rejoice and reverence and adore?

It seems to us that in the severity and sternness of winter, the moods which Nature suggests are higher and more heroic than the milder seasons inspire. When the earth abounds with every fruitful thing, when the warm air wraps us and the wind breathes gently upon us, the sense of these things brings great delight. But, when the blood quickens to resist the cold, and bound in frost and snow, the earth seems under the power of some mightier influence than those which minister to the physical man, then we seem to come closer into the presence of the Infinite One. Let one stand in the forest at night, when the ground is white about his feet, and look up through the net-work of the great branches to the stars blazing from their infinite distance, and listen to the mysterious voices of the wind, and he may well feel himself within the courts of God.

Nothing Remains at Rest.

It is a fallacy to suppose there is any such thing as rest to matter. There is not a particle in the universe which is not on the move, nor a drop of fluid on the globe that is perfectly quiescent, nor a fiber in the vegetable kingdom in a state of inactivity. In animal bodies, from monads to the complicated organism of man, every part and parcel, even in the solids, are incessantly moving among themselves, and their component elements never cease to act in accordance with that universal law till death stops the machinery. Even then a new series of movements commences at that culminating point. Chemical dissolution of organic structures is but a liberation of molecules, the aggregation of which was necessary for a corporeal beginning and subsequent growth; and they then disperse to enter into new relations and new forms, and thus one never-ending circle of activity characterizes the material universe.

Death is a dissolution of the union that existed for a limited period of what is called life with organized matter. How that union commenced is as much of a Divine mystery as their separation. They are distinct in nature and character, although one can not manifest itself without the brain and nerves of the other.

Astronomy reveals the astounding intelligence that there are no fixed or stationary bodies in the unsurveyed regions of celestial space. Even the fixed stars, as they were once considered, permanent landmarks in the heavens, are coursing with undefined rapidity in the train of countless globes of shining glory, on a circuit too distant to be followed even by human imagination in the boundless realms only known to that God who controls the mighty whole.

Everything, therefore, is moving. When motion ceases there will be a wreck of worlds and a crash of an entire universe. Life is motion; in-ertia, to our finite minds, is death. Nature, however, neither modifies nor repels a law, and consequently those now in force will operate with unerring certainty through the endless cycles of eternity.

Events of the Week.

A RAILROAD BLOCKADE.

Worse than Indians, worse than white robbers, worse than buffaloes, worse than anything else in the shape of obstructions, are the immense snow-drifts that have piled down upon the Union Pacific Railroad, stopping trains and keeping passengers sixteen days upon the journey from San Francisco to Omaha. Three whole trains came into Cheyenne together one day last week; the cars loaded down with snow and the engines actually tried out with pushing and crowding through the drifts. Snow-sheds have been of little avail, and in spite of the exertions of struggling superintendents, the road could not be kept clear more than three hours at a time. But there has been no suffering to speak of, the eating-houses have reaped a rich harvest, and the excitement and novelty of the situation have kept travelers in good spirits. Besides, the R. R. officials have contributed largely to the comfort of passengers, and are using the utmost efforts to get the road clear as soon as possible. But that can hardly be done until the heavy storms are over, which this winter, have been unusually numerous.

THE THRUST AT SECRETARY BOUTWELL.

Certain parties in Congress have been very busy lately in throwing dirt at Sec. Boutwell. They try to show that, in placing the loan of the U. S. bonds, he has acted the part of a speculator, but proving himself, rather inept at the business, and so filling neither his own pockets nor the measure of confidence that has been placed in him by the Government. An investigation is showing that the dirt was thrown out of pure love of handling dirt, and that the Secretary has not deserved any such soiling. In his function for transacting business for the Government they call him a Syndic,—probably to bother us who are not familiar with technical terms,—and all this recent talk about the "Syndicate" is only the Congressional way of saying that he has not done honestly nor well in exercising that function. But it seems to be safe to say that the Secretary has discharged the duties of his office faithfully and, creditably, and that the investigation of his course leaves it plain that he is neither a rascal nor a mismanager.

A MAGNIFICENT FAILURE.

Last October, two brothers, named Brock, came from somewhere to Boston and opened a Commercial Agency. They went into business on a grand scale, employed scores of clerks, opened an office to do their own printing, connected themselves with the wires of the Franklin telegraph Company, borrowed lots of money and got credit for the rest, piled up great debts, and last week they went from Boston to somewhere, leaving their debts unpaid and their army of clerks penniless in a strange city. An investigation of their affairs shows that the Agency has been conducted on the most reckless principles; that the clerks have been unpaid for a long time, leaving them in debt for board, &c.; that multitudes have been duped; and that there is just nothing to pay the bills. The citizens of Boston are petitioned to help the clerks pay their board-bills and get home, which will doubtless meet a favorable response. It comes near to being the most magnificent failure on record, with this inconvenience to the two Brocks, that they are about as badly off as their cheated creditors. Boston goes home to dinner with a long face, muttering, "We mustn't trust these smart looking fellows with good recommendations, hereafter."

RELIGIOUS CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

A convention of those anxious to get a religious amendment to the U. S. Constitution was held in Cincinnati last Wednesday and Thursday. It was also attended by several who oppose such an amendment, notably by Mr. Abbot of the Toledo *Index*, and the result was an inharmonious session. A paper by Prof. Lewis, of Union Theo. Sem., N. Y., was read, on the impossibility of State neutrality in morals and religion, and was well received. Mr. Abbot protested, against the proposed amendment, because it would establish an aristocracy of religion and tend to ruin the country. He was replied to by Rev. A. D. Mayo, who entertained different opinions. Resolutions were presented, recognizing the necessity of inserting an explicit acknowledgment of God and the Bible in fundamental law, and stating that the proposed religious amendment is directly opposed to the union of the Church and State. We are not yet informed whether the resolutions were adopted or not.

STOKES IN COURT.

Act first in the approaching force was the sickness of Graham when Stokes was arraigned for trial. Act the second was the desperate effort to quash the indictment when brought up again on Monday of last week. The remaining acts will probably follow in due order. The reasons urged for quashing was irregularity in the proceedings, the Coroner's jury being charged with partiality, and Fisk being represented as the center of a band of assassins, who went about with heavy revolvers and in whose presence the courageous Mr. Graham could not feel safe for a minute. It was even asserted that the probing and not the shooting killed the victim; and the sagacious Graham would not be surprised if it should be shown that Fisk killed himself in the act of drawing his revolver to shoot Mr. Stokes—a la Vallandigham. But the motion to quash was not sustained, and the trial began again on Monday.

Selections.

As Thou Wilt.

BY L. F. P.

Help me to feel this prayer of thine,
Dear Father, which I pray;
Do with me as thou wilt, and guide,
My footsteps lest they stray.

Thine hand doth guide, thine eye doth watch
O'er life's unceasing track;
From every wrong, forbidden way,
Oh, lead me safely back.

Oh, let me place my hand in thine,
And on thy strength rely;
For we are weak indeed who trust
Our own ability.

Far, far above our ways are thine,
Who know'st our every need,
Willing our footsteps err should be
To go where thou dost lead.

Oh, help us all to feel this prayer,
Dear Father, which we pray,
And gently, gently lead us through
Life's ever changing way.

Lynn, Mass.

Heart-Keeping.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." As good "house-keeping" is essential to domestic comfort, so good heart-keeping is essential to healthful and happy piety.

The Word of God represents the human heart as a dwelling. The unconverted heart is a habitation of the Evil One, with his brood of unholiness and sinful tastes and passions. When Jesus Christ first enters this dwelling-place of the Evil One, he finds it fearfully filthy and out of order. The first work of the Divine Spirit is to cleanse the house. Every room must be entered and purified. Into the stately and sumptuous drawing-room where pride held court, the lowly Saviour enters and expels the occupant. From the walls of sensuality's chambers many wanton pictures have to be taken down. The deserted and cobwebbed closet of conscience is entered by the key of truth, and is thrown open to the daylight.

Memory is another apartment of the mind which the Holy Spirit renews for a higher and holier use. Ranged on its shelves he finds the stores which were brought in through the five doorways of the senses. Much of this accumulation is but rubbish. Christ does not destroy this faculty; he simply makes it henceforth a granary of truth. A sanctified memory is the soul's store-room. We play the man with whom this is but an empty barrel or a confused lumber-room, headed up with accumulated things, so hopelessly mingled that his owner can never lay hands on what he needs at the moment. With a devout believer the memory is a cabinet of curiosities of God's love. In no apartment does Jesus abide oftener than in this; here the alabaster box of gratitude is broken, and the room is filled with the sweet odor of the ointment.

There is also a chamber of taste, from whose window the lover of beauty looks out on magnificent landscapes; and at midnight up into the star-studded vaults of heaven. There is a lofty watch-tower where holy vigilance keeps guard to espy the approaches of the enemy. Woe unto the Christian when the sentinel falls asleep on the tower! Over the doorway to this turret the Spirit has written, "Watch unto prayer!" "Blessed is he whom his Lord when he cometh shall find watching." From this tower faith often looks out through the spy-glass of the promises, and catches bright glimpses of the celestial city which lies at the end of the way.

For happiness such as these
My willing soul will bear
All that in darkest hours it sees
Of toil and pain and care."

We must not overlook one room in a converted heart, though it be ever so small or ever so secluded. It is the secret "closet" where faith holds sweet fellowship with God. It is fragrant with the presence of Jesus. Here stands the mercy-seat. To this inner sanctum faith keeps a golden key inscribed, "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; pray without ceasing." Over the door she reads the inviting words: "Enter into this closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." On the walls are inscriptions written in moments of devout intercourse with God, when the meditations of him were like the droppings of the honeycomb.

This is faith's stronghold; here she weapons herself for the daily conflict. Silence in that closet of prayer bespeaks death throughout all the house. When that door is suffered to rest on its hinges and that chamber is deserted, then the heart-house is soon retaken by Satan, and evil spirits come in and dwell there.

To keep this house with all diligence is the primal duty of every one who bears the name of Christ. How to keep Jesus in the inner heart, and how to glorify Jesus in the outer life, is the twofold secret of spiritual success and of final salvation.—Rev. T. L. Cuyler.

Conversion of a Brahmin.

North of the place where I lived in India lies the district in which is situated the great temple of Jagannatha, the so-called "Lord of the world." A few years since a Brahmin lived there. He may be still living. I have not heard of his death. His forefathers worshipped at that shrine, and so did he. A Christian treatise falls into his hand. He begins to read it. His haughty features contract into an indignant scowl. "What does it say that Jagannatha, the god of my ancestors, worshipped in this land from time immemorial, is no god? What other foolish and blasphemous thing will it say?" He reads on. There are arguments there. They are arrows shot by a skillful archer. They stick fast. He can not pluck them out. He tries to escape from the truth that has begun to seize upon his soul; but it follows him, like his shadow, by day, it haunts his dreams by night. He is constrained to examine further. He gets a New Testament. This, like a millstone round his neck, sinks him still deeper in doubts and distresses. A question now rises palpably before him: Is Jagannatha or Jesus the true object of worship? The agony of doubt grows more intense. He can not endure it. He proceeds to settle the question after a fashion of his own. He procures a ramrod from a Sepoy, and sharpens its point. At twilight he steals up toward Jagannatha's frowning pile. He skulks along like a culprit, under the shadow of its lofty walls. He enters the inner shrine, and stands in the dismal recess behind the huge image. What is his thought? It is this: If I can summon courage to plunge this whetted iron into Jagannatha's middle, I shall ascertain whether there be a god inside of him or not. What a struggle takes place in that man's heart! He fights within himself a battle

such as no gladiator ever fought on the sands of a Roman amphitheater. He stands alone. No mortal foe confronts him. His warfare enters into a higher and more terrible sphere. "Perhaps Jagannatha is indeed God," My mother taught me so. My father was wise and learned, and he told me so. My forefathers all believed so. The whole of this great country regards this temple as its sanctuary, and this image as its deity. If he is a god he will trample me under his feet or transfix me with his thunderbolt." The Brahmin's knees smite together. His lips quiver. His teeth chatter. The ramrod trembles in his bloodied grasp. He is about to give up his experiment.

Then, creeping up over the low flats of this man's soul, comes the slow but sure flood-tide of a resistless thought. "That crucified One! His is a wondrous story. Did he suffer for me? Did he weep and bleed and die? Was it for me? Why does my heart so throb when I think of it? In all our Shastras there is no such touching story as that. It knocks at the door of my heart. Does he demand discipleship as the condition of participation in his love and salvation? If I deny him, have I sold the true God and Redeemer?"

There is a pause. Upon the horizon of that dark and doubtful soul there arises the disk of the Sun of Righteousness, with its calm, sweet, warm light. The tempest is hushed. The moment of resolution has come. His fingers contract upon the ramrod. The muscles of his arm swell. With flashing eye, compressed lip, dilated nostril and planted foot, he draws back the weapon, and dashes it with one dire stroke into old wooden Jagannatha. Jagannatha takes it quietly. Oh, glory be to God on high! The spell of Satan is broken. The victory is won. Jesus is God, and Jagannatha is a lie. He trends idolatry under his feet. He embraces Christ with all his soul. There, in that recess behind the idol, the man is converted. There he makes the covenant that shall never be broken. He goes forth. He seeks the missionaries. He is baptized. He develops in the nurture of the Christian Church. He is ordained, and becomes himself a missionary, and no Hindoo in all the district can meet him in argument.—Independent.

What Satan Hates.

Satan has no great dislike to an easy-going Christian anywhere, but he hates an earnest one everywhere. He is quite willing to have Christians in Wall Street, or on 'Change, or in publishing houses, or anywhere, provided they will fall down and worship him, by saying, "Business is business, and religion is religion. I never mix them."

He delights to have them known as Christians in "corners" that they have helped to make, and in stock-watering operations, and in publishing sensational—which means sensational—and all such like things.

A good, pious name, in any nefarious thing, puts a different face upon it, especially if the gains of it go in generous streams to charitable and church objects.

But there is anything that Satan hates with a spite greater than his worst, it is a Christian in the business world who is a Christian, indeed, in whom there is no guile, a Christian who mixes up his religion with everything, carries it out in his counting-room, in his publishing house; in all his transactions with everybody, nails his colors to his flag-staff, and never pulls them down. Such a Christian is the detestation of the prince of this world.

He has no particular dislike to religious meetings, large or small, if they go to suit him. A fashionable Sunday party in the house of God with melodramatic music in both ends of the house, and a fine show of silks and jewelry and lace, he fancies amazingly.

A sleepy, formal prayer-meeting where a few dull gentlemen monopolize the business of the hour, and women's voices are never heard, except in the singing, and not in the hearing of being disturbed, is quite to his liking.

There is one thing, however, the devil hates with a perfect hatred. That is, a salvation-meeting of any kind, at any time, at any place.

When Christians are disturbed in any of their nests, whether of theology, or of life, by having the way of salvation from sin practically presented as an experimental reality at hand for them; or when sinners are moved by the truth and demonstration of the Spirit, and such practical steps are set before them as will help them to decide and come out from the world on the Lord's side, Satan takes umbrage and stirs up opposition in the church and stops it if he can.

There is another thing Satan hates. He seems well pleased with modest Christians who hold their tongues, or talk moralities, abstractions, and religious gossip, but he hates a happy Christian, who can not but speak the things he has seen and heard, and who tells with delight what great things the Lord has done for him.

Most of all, he hates the voice of women in the worship of God, in prayer and speaking. He gives them the largest swing in his own domain. They may lead it over the world of fashion, and do as much talking in his service, in mixed assemblies, and teaching on the stage, in the interest of extravagance and sensuality, as they please, the more the better. But for a woman to speak in mixed meetings of Christians,—oh, horrible! it is too masculine, too unchristian to be thought of.

The sum of the whole matter, conversely stated, is just this: What Satan hates, God loves.—Christian at Work.

Forget Him.

My devoted and faithful friend bade me adieu to dwell in another land. My heart yearned after him, and was sad when I thought of his absence. Day and night his form was before me; when I laid me down, and when I awoke, my thoughts ran after him, and I seemed to live where he lived. I again and again felt our communion was renewed, for I knew he tenderly loved me and reciprocated the joys and feelings of my heart; we were united with an undying love.

So with the Christian's love for Jesus; his heart goes out after him, who is his dearest and most faithful friend. Though this friend dwells in a far-off land, the Christian knows his love and affection are returned; he knows the communion of Jesus with his friends is sweeter than any bond of human love.

So intimate is this love to the child of grace that the very name of Jesus sounds sweet. In sorrow it soothes him, in fear it calms him; when broken in spirits it heals his sorrows; when his heart is troubled and anxious it gives joy; when the soul longs and waits for some solid good, the name of Jesus feeds and satisfies him; when weary and worn it gives comfort and rest.—The Christian knows that Jesus lives to bless him with his pardon, to help him in time of need; to give him daily supplies of grace; to direct and lead him in all his journey

through life; to wipe away all tears from his eyes; to calm every trouble and impart every needful blessing; to supply every daily want. He knows that Jesus lives to enable him to come off a conqueror, and more than a conqueror, through the purchase of his own precious blood. He knows that he has prepared mansions, eternal mansions—a house not made with hands—for all who love his name.

Jesus is the Christian refuge; a shade in a weary land; a rock of defense; a high tower; a shield; a hiding place in every wild and tempest, and in all the storms of life. How, then, can we ever forget him?

Abuse of Sermon-Reading.

A few years ago an excellent writer was reading in his pulpit the words, "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall." When he spoke of the heavens he made a sweeping gesture, as if he would brush the skies away, with his left hand; but he kept a sharp lookout for his papers; he kept his right hand fixed upon them, and seemed to feel that what he had written must be held fast whatever became of the heavens. Since the preceding sentences were penned, a fine scholar was reading in the pulpit an exhortation to instant repentance. But he must turn over the leaves of his manuscript, and while he was saying, "My heart's desire is to see—" he turned over two leaves instead of one, lost his place—what was he desiring to see?—"you instantly," he added. But the critical instant had already fled, and then, finding the right page, he subjoined, "begin a new course of life." Did any man ever change his course under the influence of such a broken sentence?

While the president of a New England college was preaching on the text, "Take heed how ye hear," he read in a fixed manner the following sentence: "If a man should knock at your window in the night, and cry, 'Fire, fire, the building is on fire; be quick, no time to be lost, would you say 'What a voice that man has, I do not like his tones, he does not make graceful gestures?' This was the monotonous question. The honest answer must have been, 'Yes; if a man should really come to my window at dead of night, and hold the President's paper in his hand, and read the President's identical words, 'Fire, fire,' with no other tones and gestures than those which the president employed, we should either repeat the president's words, or, if we were man, we should say that the man was in sport, if not insane." It is easy to say that each of these faults is an abuse of the reading method, and may be avoided. This is true. It is not so much the actual fault as the tendency to it, which we now consider.—Prof. Park.

The All-Seeing.

Popular astronomy has made us familiar with the fact that the ray of light sent forth from each star in the firmament, does not reach our eye at the same instant, but after an interval longer or shorter according to the distance of the star; and that, as a consequence of this, we do not see the star as it actually is, but as it was at the moment when the ray of light was transmitted. Thus we see the moon as it was a second and a quarter before; the sun as it was about eight minutes before; Jupiter as it was fifty-two minutes previously; the principal star in the constellation of the Centaur as it was three years ago; Vega as it was twelve years ago; Arcturus as it was twenty-six years ago; the Pole star as it was forty-eight years ago; Capella as it was seventy-one years ago; and so on to a star of the twelfth magnitude, which appears to us as it looked four thousand years ago. Any one of these stars may have been extinguished during the interval, and yet we continue to see it shining still.

It follows from these wonderful facts that an observer gifted with the necessary optical and other powers, might place himself at distances in the starry firmament so graduated as to recall all the past history of the world, and see it actually going on before his eyes. From a star of the twelfth magnitude he would see the earth as it appeared in the time of Abraham, and in Vega, as it existed twelve years ago. Passing swiftly from one to the other, the whole history of the world from the time of Abraham to the present day would glance in rapid succession before him. Indeed, it is conceivable that the transition might be made so swiftly, that the whole wonderful panorama would pass before him in an instant of time.

Thus we see how the universe still retains the pictures of the past, which spread out farther and farther into space by the vibration of light, and might be made visible to eyes endowed with the necessary powers and placed at the proper points of observation. By means of these actual steps and set before them as will help them to decide and come out from the world on the Lord's side, Satan takes umbrage and stirs up opposition in the church and stops it if he can.

There is another thing Satan hates. He seems well pleased with modest Christians who hold their tongues, or talk moralities, abstractions, and religious gossip, but he hates a happy Christian, who can not but speak the things he has seen and heard, and who tells with delight what great things the Lord has done for him.

Lonely Workers.

Many Christians have to endure the solitude of unnoticed labor. They are serving God in a way which is exceedingly useful, but not at all noticeable. How very sweet to many workers are those little corners of the newspapers and magazines which describe their labors and successes; yet some who are doing what God will think a great deal more of at the last, never saw their names printed. You remember loved brother is plodding away in a little corner village; nobody knows anything about him; but he is bringing souls to God. Unknown to fame, the angels are acquainted with him, and a few precious ones whom he has led to Jesus, know him well. Perhaps your sister has a little class in the Sunday school; there is nothing striking in her or in her class; nobody thinks of her as a very remarkable worker; she is a flower that blooms almost unseen, but she is none the less fragrant. There is a Bible-woman; she is mentioned in the report as making so many visits; but nobody discovers all that she is doing for the poor and needy, and how many are saved in the Lord through her instrumentalities. Hundreds of God's dear servants are serving him without the encouragement of man's approving eye, yet they are not alone—the Father is with them.

Never mind where you work; care more about how you work. Never mind who sees, if God approves. If he smiles, 'tis content. We can not be always sure when we are most useful. It is not the acreage you sow; it is the multiplication which God gives to the seed, which will make up the harvest. You have less to do with being successful than with being faithful. You are not alone, for God, the eternal One, who guides the marches of the stars, is with you.—Spurgeon.

"Taste and See."

A blind girl had been in the habit of reading her Bible by means of raised letters, such as are prepared for the use of the blind; but after a while by working in a factory, the tips of her fingers became so calloused that she could no more by her hands read the precious promises. She cut off the tips of her fingers that her touch might be more sensitive; but still she failed with her hands to read the raised letters. In her sorrow she took the Bible and said, "Farewell, my dear Bible! You have been the joy of my heart! Then she pressed the open page to her lips and kissed it, and as she did so she felt with her mouth the letters. "The Gospel according to St. Mark." "Thank God!" she said, "I can not read the Bible with my fingers, I can read it with my lips."

Oh! in that last hour when the world goes away from our grasp, press this precious Gospel to our lips that in that dying kiss we may taste the sweetness of the promise, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."—Talmage.

Bible Enumeration.

Rev. C. S. Robinson, D. D., describes in *The Christian Weekly* the Eastern method of enumeration, which may aid those who have been perplexed in their Biblical readings. He says:

We had for a dragoman a most intelligent and faithful Egyptian from Alexandria. He spoke our language with much fluency, but continually produced wrong impressions. Especially was this noticeable in the particular of stating distances, sums, indeed numbers of any sort. We were accustomed to consider him a mere oriental brag, a professional exaggerator. But one time I became so interested in his account of the efforts made by the British government to obtain possession of the ancient Samaritan Bible at Shechem, and withal so shocked by his absurd statement of the price they had offered for it in gold, that I pressed him most narrowly. To my exceeding delight and surprise, I found that the man meant to be correct, and was not far out of the way as a matter of fact. Subsequent tests of the same sort often repeated, led me at last to discover that his mind had been trained in Arabic, as it seems the Hebrews were trained in their language, to put the smaller sums in enumeration before the larger. This is just the reverse of our habit. We put thousands before hundreds, and hundreds before units. So if a literal rendering of one of those vast numbers be made into English, it will appear positively preposterous.

In the first book of Samuel, we are told (in our version) that for the impiety of looking into the ark, the Lord smote in the little town of Beth-shemesh, "of the people fifty thousand and threescore and ten men." 1-Sam 6:19. Now, one can not help thinking that there was no town in all those borders so large as this assumes. Fifty thousand men besides women and children, would populate one of our larger modern cities.

The difficulty disappears when you recall the idiom I have mentioned. The verse reads, "seventy, fifties, and a thousand," that is, not 70 and 50,000 as it is translated, but 79, two 50s, and 1,000, or 1,170 men in all.

How Charles IX. Died.

Charles IX., of France, was led to commit many enormous crimes by his artful and designing mother, that terrible woman, Catherine de Medici. The massacre of St. Bartholomew will forever blacken his name, although he remonstrated for a long time against the measure, and was perhaps less responsible for it than his advisers. Would you know how the king that permitted the massacre of St. Bartholomew died? His unnatural mother, having filled France with terror and blood to gratify her lust for power, and finding her ambition yet unquenched, undoubtedly desired his removal, and is supposed to have been accessory to his death. He had reproached her as the author of the crimes that blackened his reign, and his conscience had been a rack of torture since the dreadful eve on which the bell of St. Germain tolled as the signal for the massacre of Protestant France. According to report, a book was left in his way with poisoned leaves. He wet his fingers in turning the leaves, and thus conveyed the poison to his system. He died in the most poignant corporal and mental sufferings. His agony was so extreme that he sweated drops of blood. Looking back from his bed of death on the dreadful scenes of St. Bartholomew's Eve, he frantically exclaimed: "Ah! nurse, my good nurse, what blood, what murders! Oh! what bad counsels I followed! Lord God pardon me, have mercy on me!" His frightful exit was accounted by the Huguenots as a direct retribution from God.

Calm in a Storm.

In a gale off the coast a vessel was driven ashore. Her anchors were gone, and she refused to obey the helm. A few moments more, and she would strike. In the midst of the general consternation that prevailed one man remained calm. He had done so that man could do to prepare for the worst that death was inevitable, and now that death was apparently near, he was quietly awaiting the event. A friend of his demanded the reason of his calmness in the midst of danger so imminent; "Do you know that the anchor is gone, and we are drifting upon the rocks?" His reply was, "Certainly I do, but I have an anchor to the soul."

Blessed are those who are thus anchored within the veil, and who find in the hope set before them, upon which they have laid hold, through storm or calm, a stay, a trust, a refuge ever sure.

Growth in Grace.

GROW in grace; because this is the only way to be certain that you have any grace at all. If we aim not at growth in grace, we have never been converted to goodness. He that is satisfied with his attainments has attained nothing. He that sees so little of the promises of the inward, transforming, elevating influences of grace, as to think that he has attained all he can desire, has never understood the first elements of the Christian life. No! We are begotten to a life which aspires after perfection; we have desires awakened, which nothing but complete holiness will satisfy. He who says he is content with his progress has never set out to heaven.—Robert Hall.

A zealous soul without meekness is like a ship in a storm, in danger of wrecks. A meek soul without zeal is like a ship in a calm, that moves not so fast as it ought.—Mason.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1872.

GEORGE T. DAY, Editor.

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Speaking Tenderly.

We wrote last week of the need of using comforting and cheering words when dealing with discouraged and delinquent disciples. We add a few things this week with reference to the method of dealing with those who have never welcomed the grace of the gospel.

Sin is sin, and sinners are sinners. It is not worth the while to ignore or disguise that fact, or try to soften it down, or smooth it over, or strip it of its meaning. It will not avail. The Bible and human experience unite in setting human sin forth as something real, significant, terrible. The disregard of God, the resistance to his known will, the defiance of his authority, the living to ourselves when we know that we are called to live for the welfare of others, the devotion of time and energy to the gratification of the lower nature when the higher demands our chief attention,—all this is something more and worse than a mere mistake or a partial failure. It is a sin, which stains and strikes through the character. And it exhibits a moral depravity which is a reproach to human nature, a dark, deep blot on the individual soul, and a proof that a divine power is needed for the renewal of the heart and a radical rectification of the life. That is never to be forgotten, as we look out upon the world around us, as we recall the saving work wrought in and for our own hearts, and as we deal with those whom we are charged to bring if possible to the right way. There is little danger that our sense of sin will be too deep, or the protest of our hearts against it too strong, or our anxiety to see others put it behind them too intense. Christ's cross borrows its chief meaning from the fact that there is so great need of having sin put away; and only they really serve the gospel and are effective in the work of saving men who are wounded by the presence of sin, and who long for its overthrow with the whole strength of their souls. So much is true, needful, vital.

But in seeking to win men to Christ and a truer life, a stern, severe, accusing style of speech is neither needful, becoming nor truly effective. Even God, who is perfect purity, and against whom the transgressions are chiefly committed, does not forget to plead with sympathy and set forth a pitying compassion. We who have been in the same condition, who have stood out against light and love, and who are still very far from completeness, may well put patience into our pleas even when we put fidelity into our reproofs. One who has himself only lately gone to God with his confession of waywardness and found welcome and peace, is hardly doing his legitimate work when he flings the red-hot thunderbolts of denunciation at all those whose lips are not yet open to own their straying and to pledge their future fidelity. It is better to testify with the grateful conviction of the healed man,—"Whereas I was blind, now I see," to call on those about us with the Samaritan woman's surprised and reverent trust,—"Come, see a man that told me all things that ever I did; is not this the Christ?" to repeat the generous plea of Moses to his relative,—"Come thou with us, and we will do thee good, for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel." Addressing the hearts about us in that spirit, we shall be likely to find something besides deaf ears and defiant will.

A sanctified heart was giving an animated account of a sermon to which he had just listened, on the subject of future punishment, and complimenting the preacher's masterly power in treating his theme and demolishing his opponents. "And did he preach tenderly?" was the quiet, but eager question of an elderly listener, whose many years of Christian fidelity had ripened his religious character almost into acknowledged sainthood, and whose anxiety for his Lord's honor had become the one great passion of his heart. It was a fitting question, and one that may well be employed as a test of the speech in which men deal with the unsaved souls about them. The harshness of the avenger and the complacency of the Pharisee are alike out of place when men are urged to reconciliation with God.

Mr. Eggleston, in his Hoosier Schoolmaster, makes one of his strong, audacious but really earnest characters, who is accused to the sense of his great religious needs, express himself thus:

I went to a revival at Chitty. First night there was a man spoke about Jesus Christ in such a way that I wanted to follow him everywhere. But I didn't feel it. Next night I come back with my mind made up.

up that I'd try Jesus Christ, and see if he'd have me. But laws! they was a big man that night that preached hell. Not that I didn't believe they's a hell. They's plenty not a thousand miles away as deserves it, and I don't know as I'm too good for it myself. But he pitched it at us, and stuck it in our faces in such a way that I got mad. You see my dander was up. And when my dander's up, I wouldn't gin up for the devil himself. The preacher was so insultin' in his way of doin' it. He seemed to be kind of glad that we was to be damned, and he preached somethin' like some folks swears. It didn't sound a bit like the Christ the little man preached about the night afore.

Now, after making due allowance for the depravity of the heart, and the dislike to a confession of sin against God and that punishment is deserved, there is some justice in this way of putting the case. Such preaching as is here described is not wholly a thing of the fancy. It is sometimes actually heard in pulpits, in the conference room, and in private talk. And it is more likely to repel, as it did repel Bud Means, than to bring the soul to Christ and salvation. However clearly we may recognize the guilt of a sinner, we are not to forget that he is human, that he has rights, that he may well look for a generous courtesy and appreciation instead of a pharisaic sternness from Christ's professed disciples, and that we are really less concerned with the question,—What does he deserve at the hands of God? than with the other question,—What does he need to induce him to go and give himself to the Lord his Saviour?

It may be said that Christ was sometimes stern and severe; that he strongly rebuked even the people of his own city; and that his condemnation of the scribes and Pharisees outruns in terrible severity all mere human censure. Perhaps so. But he knew what was in men as we do not; he spoke out of the fullness of a divine rectitude and authority which no mere mortal carries; and what was an exceptional feature in his public address may be very far from what should be the habitual characteristic of ours. And we may perhaps mistake the spirit in which these reproofs were uttered. An infidel was once quoting these rebukes of the scribes and Pharisees to Dr. Channing, as an evidence that Christ was heated, impatient, furious and vindictive personage, and far inferior to many men and women among us who would be ashamed to indulge such a fiery temper and use such unbecoming words. "Let me read those words if you please," replied Dr. C.; and he put into them the disappointed grief and the almost despairing pity which his heart daily bore as a burden. The infidel looked up astounded. "Oh," said he at length, "if Christ really uttered them in that tone, I have no complaint to make;" and he went away more thoughtful and wiser. It will be well for us and for our work if, even when faithfully dealing with the incarnate sin that confronts us every day, we carry the spirit that teaches us how to speak tenderly.

Judges and Public Virtue.

A bench of judges who would not be bought and could not be scared, would be a sight worth going a long way to see. The Judiciary of a country, a state or a city, does an immense amount of work, either in the way of building up or tearing down the moral safeguards of the public. An upright judge is the constant terror of the dangerous classes and the despair of great villains. A venal or corrupt judge silently acts as a permit to the lawless and a pledge of safety to magnificent criminals. It is had enough for legislators to sell their votes; it is far worse for the magistrate to prostitute his powers. Law and public sentiment generally provide for arraignment and disciplining crime; but if the judge lacks fidelity the greatest wrongs go unwhipped, and the discharged prisoner goes back to society with a fresh purpose to revenge himself for his accusation, and with a new faith that he shall escape discipline. One Jefferys on the bench will undo the redeeming work of a score of Baxters in the pulpit.

The New York judges have no little responsibility for the huge frauds and gigantic rascalities which have lately been unearthed in that city. But for the fact that the courts could not be relied on to screen the offenders in one way or another, Tweed would never have ventured to steal half a score of fortunes from the public funds, and Fisk would never have dared to play openly with the stock of the Erie railroad as a gambler with his loaded dice, making a financial autocrat of himself by making ruined victims of others by the hundred. It is because the New York judges have such a reputation for their acts have fashioned for them, that McFarland walks gaily out of the court-room waving his bloody hand in triumph, and Stokes talks glibly and confidently of his speedy acquittal. Because of this, good men who pray for reform lose half their faith, and brave men who strive for it find their courage waver. The tremendous fight now raging between the honest men and the official thieves of that city will have no proper end till the courts are made to represent integrity, and can be trusted to frame their decisions in the interest of justice.

The *Nation*, for whose plain, strong, sensible and incisive words we have so often had occasion to be grateful, is doing good service in dealing with this subject. It closes a recent article, full of vigor and directness, with a paragraph which we are glad to reproduce. It says:

A cheap judge is about as dangerous an article as a cheap gun; you can rely on a cheap gun's going off, but you can never tell at which end; and you may rely on a cheap judge's deciding cases, but whether the rogues or honest men will profit by his decisions, nobody knows. We shall yet see a general consensus, or a near approach to it, about the foundations of society and government; but there can be no more valuable aid in crossing the troubled sea called the "transition period" than a pure judiciary. We do not need to be told, as we probably shall be, that as men go, an absolutely pure judiciary is not to be looked for, just

as we are told that no civil service reform will make all government officers honest. We know all this very well, brethren. We are as much depressed as you by the scarcity of perfectly holy men; all we ask is that you do not give way to despair, but go on trying to find them, and get them to take office; and in the mean time, knowing the weakness of human nature, that you remove from the path of such unworthy instruments as you employ all removable temptations.

The Original Documents.

There is a remark by Edward Everett Hale, to the effect that the most of the interest of history is in the original documents. For instance, there is the "Life of Geo. Washington." The book only helps to lift him still higher into that region of heroes where the last generations have usually placed him. The most of us sit down here on the level plain of our everyday lives, struggling with our own evil natures and painfully conscious of the failings of others, each day only making it plainer that life is a fight, and that if we attain to any virtuous condition, it must be through thorny ways and with many scars; and we look away up through the tiresome distance to where we have enthroned our country's Father, with the wreath of the gods upon his brow and that (to us) discouraging look of unapproachable excellence on his face, and we are almost ready to believe with the historians, that "he never smiled during the seven years of the revolution," that he was a paragon of superlative excellence, and that we may as well try to be Jupiters and done with it, as to be George Washingtons.

Now there are some letters that George Washington himself wrote, written too in the very midst of his great career, which, allowing positions to be variable, lift us up a long way towards him, or bring him a long way towards us. In one, he orders for his camp tables a dozen red table-cloths of his Quartermaster, and in another he complains that only two-thirds of them have reached him. In still another he complains of the lack of respectability that is indicated by his tin and pewter dinner service, and orders some queen's ware to be forwarded at once. Yet another gives explicit orders for a quantity of cocked hats, with special directions that they should be cocked about half way between the style of the dandy volunteers and the rough-and-ready artillerymen. Even at so famous a period of his life as the Braddock expedition, there are evidences that he spent considerable time in looking up a German servant-girl to do housework for his mother.

Who shall say that these incidents do not appeal more strongly to our sympathy and affection than even the mysterious charm that was thought to shield him from Indian bullets? At least, they draw us out towards him as a man and a brother much more strongly than do the ridiculous photographs which represent him in half regimentals embracing Lincoln in the sky, and conducting him into glory. It is in these original documents that we get at the stuff of which the man was made. They do not make him less a hero in fact, but they witness to his human nature, bringing him down to our dusty ways and hilly roads, where we can clasp his hand and be lifted to the shining heights on which he stands.

These letters teach a valuable lesson. We must study virtue in the abstract. It seems cold, then, and distant, like the frozen Alps on whose summits we can not walk. Let us look at it as it appears in the daily lives of good men. It seems genial then, and near, like low meadows where we can walk in the sunshine and gather flowers. The first method puts it away off, and the very thought of attaining it makes us tired and discouraged. The second brings it within easy distance, and we bound to embrace it as though we already felt its animation. We are not sure but the story of George Washington's prayer in the forest would produce a much better effect on one just beginning to learn about the narrow way, if coupled with the other fact, that he swore at Trenton.

It seems to be reasonable that we should guard against setting too hard lessons. You may go into your study with a sweet apple and a man who has never learned to distinguish that taste. Place the man two feet from you in a chair, and the apple two feet from each of you on the table, and after a month of close explanation on your part, the man would know just as little what was meant by a sweet apple as he did at the beginning. Try it, and see. But give him the apple to taste, and he knows your meaning at once. It is just about as impossible, by mere abstract reasoning and contemplation, to get a practical idea of the sweets of a virtuous life. It would be like the efforts of the Hindu sages, who sit on their mats by the day, with legs crossed and eyes fixed on the floor, in devout meditation, only to reach the conclusion that God is a white elephant and that man grew spontaneously from the soil.

We have all done our part towards defying General Washington, and for a long time have felt our necks ache while looking up to the high place where we had enshrined him. It is a relief to find that he used to have a taste for red table-cloths; that he was particular about the cock of his hat, and that he revolted against taking his dinner from pewter plates. These may be trivial in themselves, but somehow we discover in them a link that bound him to his fellow-men. Just now, that authentic order concerning the make of his hats brings us into closer sympathy with and appreciation of him, than anything else we think of. The father of his country, the commander-in-chief of the American army, the first president of the United States, the best American by common consent that any of us ever knew of,—he was a man and the son of a woman.

are, are just the same which the rest of us experience. It is on no higher to which the rest of us can not attain. We may indeed feel sometimes like uncovering and bowing down before such a one, but immediately there comes the voice, "Stand up; I myself also am a man," and in the hand that is reached out to us we feel the rush of warm blood that is driven by a human heart. Verily, a good part of the inspiration of life comes from learning our fellow-men.

Current Topics.

—OUR NAVY. The *N. Y. Tribune* comes to us daily with its visage contracted into an unseemly wrinkle by sneering at the Administration. It has just sent one of its reporters to consult the "Ancient Mariner" at the Washington Navy Yard, with the seeming aim to get a fresh item of adverse testimony. It finds it. That functionary reports that our Monitors are rotting at the wharves,—which is curious, since they are mostly of iron,—and that a majority of them could not now be sold for old iron,—which one might naturally infer, if they are "rotting at the wharves." He also states that, in case of a war with Spain, that power could blow us out of the water before breakfast, which prospect has so alarmed Admiral Porter that he has transferred his trust from Monitors to torpedoes. And this statement seems to be made to give the *Tribune* an opportunity of bemoaning the expense of constructing a torpedo fleet. Our Navy may be a bit rusty, especially as it is largely of iron, and as it would naturally be in times of peace; but it isn't quite reasonable that it is in so wretched a condition as the reporter indicates. The renomination of Grant will never be prevented by such tactics as these.

—IS THE TREATY TO FAIL? There are reports from London, which are doubtless premature, to the effect that the Treaty of Washington is to prove a failure. The dispatches state that even if the Geneva Conference approve the findings of the Commission, no English Parliament will vote the money to pay the claims, and therefore the whole matter would come to naught. There is evidently a party in England who would object to any fair solution of our difficulties, just as there was recently among us a man with a few followers who raised the cry of "Canada or war!" But with them as with us, it is hard to believe that any influential body of citizens will echo the cry of failure, unless it be to condemn it. Both countries have set too high an example of peaceful arbitration, for either to willingly incur the discredit of annulling its effects. England's final vote will doubtless be more favorable than this random talk.

—THE EPIDEMIC OF ROYALTY. The fever that prostrated the Prince of Wales seems to have seized the English people in an unheard-of manner. Their disease assumes the type of "Divine rights of Kings," and it is running through the island with astonishing rapidity. It was to be expected, according to mental laws, that considerable sympathy would be awakened for the unfortunate patient, but that it should have produced such a run of this ancient malady was hardly to be looked for. The *N. Y. Tribune* brings us the report of a sermon recently preached by Charles Kingsley, in which he not only welcomes the symptoms, but affirms that they are a good sign of the healthfulness of the body politic. Newspapers throughout the kingdom are showing signs that the delirium has also attacked them, and they talk of the "instincts of royalty and traditional reverence" with the earnestness of a hundred years ago. How much it will really strengthen the royal household as against Sir Charles Dilke and his followers remains to be seen; but the indications now are that the Prince could not have done a better thing for traditional interests than to be sick. Great parties and banquets, with numerous public demonstrations, are preparing in celebration of his recovery, by means of which it will be sought to give the crown new splendor in the eyes of defected Englishmen.

—THE CHANNEL PASSAGE. The interested portion of the English town of Dover met in council last week to still further discuss the Channel-passage project. The main spring of the movement was Mr. Abernethy, who submitted a plan and an argument looking to an easy passage of that very uneasy Channel. His seems to be the ferry-boat scheme, by means of which, and certain mechanical contrivances, travelers are to be taken from shore to shore without a pang of sea-sickness. What the mechanical contrivances are, whether they may consist in laying aside the stomach during the voyage, or in certain double pivot arrangements by which every unpleasant motion of the boats would be neutralized, does not appear. But he enlisted considerable favor in support of his project, to the extent that numerous hitherto-longing eyes now contemplate with a merry twinkle the near prospect of a journey which their owners have never yet dared to attempt. But while ambitious engineers are submitting their plans and their arguments, it is the opinion of the majority of those who have braved the passage, that greater efforts to realize the most possible comfort from present means of transit would be the surer way to success.

—PRISON REFORM. A meeting in favor of prison discipline and reform was held in Boston last week, which was attended by several prominent and influential persons. Governor Washburn presided, and speeches were made by Dr. Wines, J. W. Chandler and others. The questions, "What can be done to keep men and women from entering the paths of crime? and, What can be done to reform them?" were discussed.

done to improve the condition of those already imprisoned? and, How shall they be saved after being released? were sincerely and ably discussed. The good results flowing from the national congress at the west last summer were alluded to, and the hope expressed that these would be augmented by the doings of the international congress to meet in London next July. These are as grave questions as can easily be raised, and the work proposed is as important as almost any that can be undertaken. How to deal with crime and criminals is just beginning to receive a share of the attention that it deserves, and may it never lack real and successful champions.

—MASS. WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION. This organization held a two days' session in Boston last week. There was a fair attendance and commendable interest in the business of the meetings, which was mainly confined to a consideration of practical matters. There was a slight wrangle among the members over certain political questions, but it was no worse than can be seen almost any gathering of male reformers;—and, come to think, the men made the chief trouble in this case. Resolutions were adopted demanding suffrage for women as a right, and because its exercise is essential to the progress and well-being of society; approving, so far as it goes, Gov. Washburn's recommendation of privilege to vote on the beer question, but claiming that the privilege be unlimited; censuring the two leading political parties of the state for pursuing a course inconsistent with their talk in Conventions; and calling upon the legislature to submit an amendment to the state constitution abolishing political distinctions on account of sex. Thus the wheel keeps rolling, and it gains momentum at every turn. The ladies are pretty sure to ride into the haven of success at no distant day. All aboard, Gentlemen! You will seem very ridiculous to yourselves in five years from now for having opposed such a movement as this. So the reformer thinks.

THE REFORM SCHOOL OF MAINE. Together with the compliments of the Superintendent, we have received the annual report of the condition of this institution. It is made to the Governor and Council in accordance with a resolve approved Feb. 25, 1871. The report contains no evidence of the truth of the discreditable charges against the institution at that date, but on the contrary everything seems to be in a thriving condition. Improvements upon the house have been made outside and in; the boys are looking healthy and vigorous, being generally docile and addressing themselves cheerfully to their tasks. There is indeed a statement, which seems to have the air of a complaint, that the present number of inmates is smaller than usual, because several in the school have behaved themselves well enough to be sent away and those out of it have not behaved themselves badly enough to get in. But this strikes us as a very cheerful item of testimony, as it also doubtless does the Governor and Council. The report indicates that the school is not yet a money-making concern, which is also another evidence that it is a strictly charitable and reformatory institution. It is a pleasure to record the evidences of faithful management on the part of its officers, and to add the hope that it may yearly give fresh significance to the adjective that is prefixed to its name.

Denominational News and Notes.

The Theological School.—No. 2.

The facts and statements in the preceding article are believed to be a sufficient justification of the Education Society in the present use of its funds, and to have refuted the grave charge of misappropriation. Let us now turn to the consideration of the other question,—the proposition to have a union or partnership school. That a union might be formed that would be equitable to both the Society and Bates College is possible, but the proposed one seems objectionable. If we knew just how "the legal union of the two schools" is to be effected, and just what authority, rights and privileges it is proposed to secure to each partner, our objections might be somewhat modified. But, looking at the subject in the light in which we understand it to be presented, the plan is not in the highest degree judicious for either the Society or the College.

The work of supplying the denomination with an educated and efficient ministry, so far as human instrumentalities with the divine blessing can do it, is emphatically a denominational work. Our missionary work, both Home and Foreign, is denominational; but the training of our future ministry is still more so. If the denomination, as such, is not to direct the education of the young men in their special preparation for ministering at our altars, we enter upon a process—that, at no distant day, looks to a yielding of all our other denominational work. The Education Society was established and funds were given for the accomplishment of this important work, and the denomination looks to the officers of the Society, who have accepted this trust, for a faithful performance of their work. The Society may gratefully allow a friend to assist, and pay for doing the work, especially under its own approval, and by the very men it would have employed. But how can it, in justice to itself, its benefactors and an expectant denomination, turn over this work generally, and such means as it may have for doing it, to that friend, reserving to itself little or no authority to direct, change or check the progress of that work, even when it might desire to do so? The genuine friendship of Bates College is not called in question; but we all know that it was brought into existence and still lives and acts for another end, primarily, than that for which the Education Society was organized. And being true to its primary work, theological education will be likely to suffer in its hands, in the long run.

It is not to be denied that the Education Society is not called in question; but we all know that it was brought into existence and still lives and acts for another end, primarily, than that for which the Education Society was organized. And being true to its primary work, theological education will be likely to suffer in its hands, in the long run.

run, rather than the College itself. This will be the natural and legitimate result, and perhaps rightfully, if either must suffer. The College is not a Freewill Baptist institution by the terms of its charter, and ought not to be. Its officers and professors are not all Freewill Baptists, and ought not to be. It is not responsible to the Freewill Baptist denomination, and, as a college, it ought not to be. But the Society and its officers, the school and its professors, are to give us our ministry, under God, ought to be directly and fully responsible to the denomination. We therefore can not accept the proposition, as it takes from the denomination the education of its own ministry and commits it to the hands of a close corporation, established expressly for doing other work, and a part of whose members are not Freewill Baptists.

But we are told that the proposed union "would be honorable, magnanimous, Christian, for the Society." This assurance might allay all fears, were it not still apparent that it is proposed to relieve the Society from all the care of the school, from all responsibility in its management, and from all voice in the appropriation of the funds. We have heard of silent partners in a firm, but never knew one quite as silent as the Education Society is asked to be in this.

The writer of the other series of articles says: "We hope that the Education Society, instead of burying its daughter alive, will consent to give her in marriage to the son of Bates College." The expression of this hope suggests two important questions; one grammatical and the other legal. Is the writer sure that he is correct in designating the sex of the children? If so, what will be the rights of the woman after this marriage?

He also says: "The chief difficulty in the way is the question of control." And then he adds,—"It is a discreditable truth." To which party it is most discreditable? To the one that asks for equal authority; or to the one that insists upon exclusive control? If it is wrong for the friends on one side to insist on equality, is it right for the other to insist on exclusion? Whatever may be the opinion of individuals, it is hardly probable that the Boards of Trustees and Overseers, after a careful consideration of the whole question, would claim more than they would be willing to yield.

It is said that "the Education Society should give prompt and hearty approval to the proposition; for it can not make a better financial movement." Perhaps not. But, important as money is, other phases of this project ought to be considered quite as carefully as the "financial movement."

The school has never been without the free offer and use of rooms for its occupancy, though it has never had anything equal to what it now enjoys. But Parsonsfield, Whitestown and New Hampton would gladly have retained it; and the influence of the school at Lewiston is probably regarded as worth more to the College than the rent of Nichols Hall, so that compensation is received for the home it furnishes. "J. A. H." says: "Bates gives site, buildings, and \$50,000, and asks of the Society no increase to its present funds." What assurance can he give that an increase will not be asked, and coupled with a statement, as the present proposition is, that if it is withheld, we may "expect Bates to abandon its effort?" If time has proved the other offer unwise, who can predict the consequences of compliance with this proposition?

Stockholders in railroads have had to "prefer" their shares, then double their subscription, and lose all at last. Parents have been induced to make over their property to a beloved child, in order to secure the promise of support and attention in old age, and have been finally compelled to receive support from other hands. No proper motive is ascribed to those who would have the Society relinquish the control of its funds, as they may honestly see in the proposition "a better financial movement." But the uncertainty of all things future, and the liability of possessions in the best of hands, to take to themselves wings and fly away, admonish us that no Society, any more than a person, entrusted with a specific work, and furnished with means in part for its performance, can relieve itself from responsibility by turning over that work and those means to others, however honorable they may be, or however sacred their promise. Because the Society should take a liberal view of the designs of the donors, it is not at liberty to put out of its hands and beyond its control either the work it was set to do or the means of doing it.

This very question, or substantially the same, was before the Society at Hillsdale, Mich., only four months ago, when all parts of the denomination were represented. It was brought, too, by the very friends now interested in its adoption, and it was there unanimously decided in the negative. Resolutions were introduced into the General Conference, looking to a division of the Society's funds, and the argument of western men was this: "No matter how the proposition to appropriate the use of the funds to Bates College may be decided here; on the return of the New England delegates, the question will be re-opened, and local influences will prevail, and the Society will exist only in name, and painful recollections." It does seem as if a question of honor would forbid the reopening of this question so soon, and the decision then and there pronounced ought to be respected, at least for six months.

The conclusions above stated are drawn from premises in the interest of the Education Society alone; but similar conclusions are reached when we contemplate the interests of Bates College. The College is expected, and ought, to have the patronage of the denomination; but it must have more; and, beyond a certain point, the greater this denominationalism the less will be its hold on the sympathy and confidence of the outside public. Bowdoin boasts of its un denominationalism; and Bates, if it

ness, gives the comforts of home and wages from \$2.5 to \$4.00 per month. Satisfaction guaranteed in EVERY case. Full instructions enable any one to carry on the business, send money part of the country on receipt of our dollar mail. Will REFUND \$4.00 if not REPRODUCED.

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Poetry.

"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by,"

BY MARY E. B. TUCKER.

An eastern sun shone brightly down on tower
and turret proud,
When from the city's noise and dust came forth
an eager crowd;
Reflective, and thoughtful youth, and man-
hood proud and strong,
And womanhood, and childhood fair, were mingled
in that throng.

With eager steps they press around a leader
young and fair,
From whose pure lips, like pearls unstrung, fell
words of wisdom rare,
Entranced and spellbound by those words, the
multitude surged on,
To where a sightless beggar sat upon a wayside
stone.

His quick ear caught unusual sounds, his lips
the question framed,
"Who cometh?" and the passers by the youthful
teacher named,
"The Wondrous Man of Nazareth," 'tis Jesus
passing by."

Then quick from heart to lip leaped up that
strongly yearning cry,
"Have mercy, Lord!" A sharp rebuke came
from the throng around,
But ah! the Master's pitying ear had caught that
plaintive sound;

"Bring forth the man," with joyful thrill that
call the suppliant heard,
And came with flushed, expectant face, obedient
to the word.

"What wilt thou?" and in faith sincere he
craved the boon of sight;
That instant on his dazzled orbs there burst a
flood of light—
The city spires, the distant hills, the sky serenely
blue.

The waving trees, and bright green fields, all
met his wondering view.

Thus when beside life's crowded path we see
some erring one,
"Wildered and lost in sin's dark maze, grope
blindly and alone,
Oh, let us pause for Jesus' sake, to tell them of
his love,
Till on their darkened vision bursts a radiance
from above.

Maxfield, Me.

Father is Coming.

The clock is on the stroke of six,
The father's work is done;
Sweep up the hearth and mend the fire,
And put the kettle on;
The wild night wind is blowing cold,
'Tis dreary crossing o'er the world.

He's crossing o'er the world apace,
He's stronger than the storm;
He does not feel the cold, not he,
His heart, it is so warm;
For father's heart is stout and true,
As ever human bosom knew.

He makes all toil, all hardship light;
Would all men were the same;
So ready to be pleased, so kind,
So very slow to blame;
Folk's need he unkind, austere,
For love hath reader will not fear.

Nay, do not close the shutters, child,
For far along the lane,
The little window looks, and he
can see it shining plain;
I've heard him say he loves to mark
The cheerful firelight through the dark.

And we'll do all that father likes,
His wishes are so few;
Would they were more; that every hour
Some wish of his I knew;
I'm sure it makes a happy day,
When I can please him any way.

I know he's coming by this sign,
That father's almost wild;
See how he laughs and crows and stares,
Heaven bless the merry child!
He's father's self in face and limb,
And father's heart is strong in him.

Hark! hark! I hear his footsteps now,
He's through the garden gate;
Run, little Bess, and open the door
And do not let him wait;
Shout, baby, shout, and clap thy hands,
For father on the threshold stands.

—Mary Howitt.

The Family Circle.

A Remarkable History.

In 1858, Mr. Thomas Sheehan, of Dunkirk, N. Y., foreman in the blacksmith department of the Erie Railroad shops at that place, patented a submarine grapple, which, though an ingenious invention, proved to be one for which there was little demand. This was his first invention, and the cost of its completion, together with one year's struggle to manufacture and introduce it, completely exhausted Mr. Sheehan's means and reduced him to the extreme poverty. He was in fact in pretty nearly the same condition as Follissy the Potter, at the moment of his greatest distress. A wife and eight children, Sheehan's family were reduced to the verge of destitution, and Mrs. Sheehan became unconsciously bitter.

Just at this crisis, Mr. S. D. Cowell, general freight agent of the Erie Railroad at Dunkirk, chanced to meet Mr. Sheehan in the streets of that town, and accosted him with:

"Well, Thomas, how are the grapples? I hear they have used you up."

"Yes," was the answer, "the grapples have done my business; I wish I had never seen them."

"Throw 'em away," advised Mr. Cowell. "Have you any now finished?"

"I have one almost done," said Thomas. "Finish that; I will pay you forty dollars for it, and have it used for picking up coal at the dock. The money will help you in your present emergency, and you can go back to your old place in the shop, and earn a good living for your family."

"I will," said Thomas. Back to his humble home went the inventor, with new hope in his breast, and set himself to finish the grapple with all due speed. But upon what slender threads do the fortunes of men hang! A tap, the only one of his inventor had of the size required,

suddenly snapped asunder, and as it was essential to the progress of the work, he must have a new one or he could not go on.

In this strait he applied to his wife to lend him twenty-five cents to buy the necessary steel to forge the tap. But she, having no faith in the grapple, refused for two very good reasons—first, that she believed the money would be thrown away if she gave it to her husband; and second, that she had not the money to give him even if so disposed. The refusal was seasoned with some very hot word-spice, that made it very unpalatable to Thomas. But he bethought him of a merchant who, in brighter days, had seen the color of his money, and who, perhaps, would now give him credit for the small modicum of steel he required for the tap.

To this merchant he hied, and somewhat reluctant to prefer his request, began beating about the bush; and finally straying into politics, hot words passed between them, and our friend feeling his manliness would suffer too keenly by asking credit for his steel, came away without it. With no definite purpose he went home, pondering how he should surmount this now no trifling obstacle of the broken tap. He found his wife making lye for soft soap, but her acidity in no way neutralized by the alkaline reaction. Despondent and discouraged, he sat down in no very enviable mood, when he chanced to spy a piece of iron lying near the tub at which his spouse was working. Meditating how he could make that piece of iron hard enough for a tap, he was led to a rather rude experiment, the results of which have in the end made him a richer man than he ever dreamed of being.

It so happened that from a distant relative, a Roman Catholic priest in Ireland, our friend had inherited quite a library of works on chemistry, some of them rare and valuable. He had read some of these books to very good purpose. "There is surely carbon in that lye," thought he. "If I only could get that into this iron in the proper proportion I should have steel, and from that my tap, and so finish my grapple."

With little faith or hope that he should succeed, he took some of the lye, and adding, without any particular reason for so doing, some salt-peter and common salt, made a paste with this solution and a hard grudge saucerful of the little remaining flour there was in the house. He then forged the tap, and, enveloping it in the paste, put the whole into a luted iron box and exposed it to heat for two hours in a blacksmith's fire. To his joy and surprise, when he took it out, it was hard enough to cut cast steel. The grapple was finished, and \$40 flowed into the family treasury of Thomas Sheehan. He went back to his old work, disgusted with patents, and resolved never to have anything to do with one again. But the remembrance of the tap, hardened in so unique a manner, stimulated him. Having a great deal of case-hardening to do, he thought one day he would repeat the experiment upon a large scale, which he did with perfect success.

For twelve months he went on to experiment, purchasing the materials with his own money, and working in secret by night, and at odd hours. At the end of twelve months he reconsidered his sentence of condemnation on patents, and applied for one on his process, which was granted September 4, 1860, the claim being for a combination of damaged flour, potash lye, or lye from hard wood ashes, niter, common salt, and sulphate of zinc, for case-hardening iron. In 1867 he patented an improvement on the above named process. In 1868 he took out another patent for an entirely new process, which consists in the use of raw limestone, charcoal, black oxide of manganese, sal soda, common salt, and pulverized resin, combined for converting iron into steel, which is now widely used, and from which he has reaped quite a fortune.

No less than twenty-three of the leading railways in America now use this process, under license from the patentee, for hardening the links, guides, pins, and nuts of locomotives, effecting, we are told, no less a saving than from five to six hundred dollars annually on each locomotive, in obviating the lost motion consequent upon the wear of links, guides and pins. The inventor has already received for licenses under his patent of 1868, \$29,650, and has just sold the remainder of his patent in America for \$45,000.—*Scientific American*.

School and Recess.

Although the country boy feels a little joy when school breaks up (as he does when anything breaks up, or any change takes place) since he is released from the discipline and restraint of it, yet the school is his opening into the world, his romance: its opportunities for enjoyment are numberless. He does not exactly know what he is set at books for; he takes spelling rather as an exercise for his lungs, standing up and shouting out the words with recklessness of consequences; he grapples doggedly with rhymetic and geography as something that must be cleared out of his way before recess, but not at all with the zest he would dig a woodchuck out of his hole. But recess! Was ever any enjoyment so keen as that with which a boy rushes out of the school-house door for the ten minutes of recess? He is like to burst with animal spirits; he runs like a deer; he can nearly fly, and he throws himself into play with entire self-forgetfulness, and an energy that would overturn the world if his strength were proportioned to it. For ten minutes the world is absolutely his; the weights are taken off, restraints are loosed, and he is his own master, for that brief time—as he never again will be if he lives to be as old as the King of Thule, and nobody knows how old he was. And there is the nooning, a solid hour, in which vast projects can be carried out which have been

slyly matured during the school hours; expeditions are undertaken, wars are begun between the Indians on one side and the settlers on the other, the military company is drilled (without uniforms or arms), or games are carried on which involve miles of running and an expenditure of wind sufficient to spell the spelling-book through at the highest pitch.

Friendships are formed, too, which are fervent if not enduring, and enmities contracted which are frequently "taken out" on the spot, after a rough fashion boys have of settling as they go along; cases of long credit, either in words or trade, are not frequent with boys; boots on jack-knives must be paid on the nail; and it is considered much more honorable to out with a personal grievance at once, even if the explanation is made with the fists, than to pretend fair and then take a snaking revenge on some concealed opportunity. The country boy at the district school is introduced into a wider world than he knew at home in many ways. Some big boy brings to school a copy of the Arabian Nights, a dog-eared copy, with cover, title-page and the last leaves missing, which is passed around, and slyly read under the desk, and perhaps comes to the little boy whose parents disapprove of novel-reading, and have no work of fiction in the house except a pious fraud called "Six Months in a Convent," and the latest comic almanac. The boy's eyes dilate as he steals some of the treasures out of the wondrous pages, and he longs to lose himself in the land of enchantment open before him. He tells at home that he has seen the most wonderful book that ever was, and a big boy has promised to lend it to him. "Is it a true book, John," asks the grandmother? "Because if it isn't true, it is the worst thing that a boy can read." (This happened years ago.) John can not answer as to the truth of the book, and so does not bring it home; but he borrows it nevertheless, and conceals it in the barn, and lying in the hay-mow is lost in its enchantments many an odd hour when he is supposed to be doing chores. There were no chores in the Arabian Nights; the boy there had but to rub the ring and summon a genius, who would feed the calves and pick up chips and bring in wood in a minute. It was through this embelazoned portal that the boy walked into the world of books, which he soon found was larger than his own, and filled with people he longed to know.—*Work and Play*.

Gertie's Party.

Gertie was ten years old, and thought she was old enough to have a party. "Every other girl did," she said, and she tired mamma with teasing about it. At last Mrs. Clay put on her thinking-cap, and sat so long that Gertie recited the multiplication-table backward at least twice. "You may have your party, Gertie," her mamma said at last, "or rather you may come to one that I will have for you next Wednesday afternoon, and invite any ten little girls that you would like to have come also, only you are not to ask a question until then about it."

Wednesday came and so did Gertie, and her friend Mabel Seal and nine other little girls, all dressed as nicely as careful mamma's thought best; and last of all, came Mrs. Clay also. "For it is my party, you know," she said. "And I want to tell you a story to begin with." Nobody objected to that, of course, and a good many white handkerchiefs crept up to the faces as they heard of a poor little home in their city that the fire had stolen into a few nights before and eaten up everything, even to the few clothes they had, and scorched a poor little baby's face and hands before its mamma could get it out.

"And I thought," said Mrs. Clay, "I would make some clothes for the poor baby to-day, and if any of you wanted to help me you could."

In a few minutes the little brass thimbles Mrs. Clay provided were fitted on, and tapping against needles that were running up sleeves, making cord, or hemming.

What a busy two hours that was before tea, and then by eight o'clock they could hardly believe that a little dress, two aprons and a baby's gown were really finished, and their work too. For by this time Mrs. Clay was one of them, she had told so many pleasant stories.

"Better than a dancing party, ever so much," they all said.

"Come next Saturday afternoon and I will tell you about the baby," said Mrs. Clay.

They came, and when they found the baby there, and bright in the new dress and apron, in spite of the burned face, they adopted it at once, and Gertie's party grew into the "Busy Bees" who make honey for some poor baby every Wednesday. By honey, I mean clothes for the body, and comfort for the heart, and they are learning what the dear Saviour meant when He said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

—*Child's World*.

Papa Kent's Chairs.

Hattie Kent's father kept a store. He had no little girl except Hattie, and he loved her very dearly.

The house and store were in the same building, so little Hattie could easily run in to see her father when she was tired of playing with her dolls.

Sometimes, indeed, she brought one of her dolls with her. She would have brought the whole family—it was a pretty large one—but her father said, "Only one at a time, I love you. I don't want people to think I keep a doll shop."

One day, when Hattie had stayed in the store as long as she wanted to, she said,—"Well, Mr. Papa Kent, I must be a-going. I'm going up in the attic, to play keep house."

So she slipped her little shawl over her

head, picked up her doll, Clarissa, and started off, saying, "Good-by, sir. Come and see me when you can."

"Yes," said papa, "I shall be very happy to do so. Good-day, ma'am." Hattie liked to play in the attic; there was no one to disturb her, and she could "scatter" her things about as much as she chose.

She kept her playthings up there, all but her dolls. They had a baby-house all to themselves, in Hattie's own little room. She was a very careful and attentive mother, and liked to have her children near her, especially nights.

Besides her playthings, there were a great many things in that attic. Old bureaus and chairs, broken tables, an old cradle, and boxes without number.

Hattie thought it fine fun to rummage around among these old things, and she was continually finding some new delight.

This morning, she brought up all her dolls and put them in the old cradle while she made ready to begin her housekeeping.

As she was moving some of the things about, she happened to spy a small keg in a dark corner under the eaves.

She instantly pulled it out for examination. It proved to be a keg of red paint. Hattie knew it was because she smelled of it.

And besides, she put her fingers into it, and then wiped them on her apron. Yes, it was certainly red paint. "And here's some brushes, too!" she exclaimed, making another dive under the eaves.

"There now!" said she, in a tone of great satisfaction. "Now I know what I'll do. I'll paint. That'll be ever so much better than playing house."

Then she began looking about for something to paint.

"The cradle's red already," said she, "and so are those tables." But there's the chairs. Oh, I'll paint the chairs, because there's so many of 'em. I shouldn't wonder if my papa would be real glad to have them all painted up nice."

With this bright idea, she jumped up, and began to pull out the chairs. There were six of them, tall and old-fashioned. They used to belong to Hattie's great-grandmother.

"I guess the children would like to see me paint," said she when all was ready. So she took the dolls out of the cradle, and seated them all around on the floor, where they could behold and admire the sight.

"Now, children," said she, "I want you to look and learn, so you'll know how to paint your own chairs and things. You just dip your brush 'way down into the paint, this way, and then brush the chair all over. Do you see?"

When Hattie was painting the fifth chair, her mother came softly up the stairs, to see what she was about, as it was almost dinner-time.

Hattie was so busy, painting and talking to her dolls, that she did not hear her mother's step.

"Of all this world!" thought the lady. "What will her father say?"

She went softly down stairs, and told papa, who had just come in to dinner, that he had better go and see what was going on in the attic.

He crept up carefully, and saw the five bright red chairs, and Hattie just beginning on the last one.

"Ahem!" coughed papa.

Hattie turned round and saw him. "O papa!" she exclaimed, "don't they look beautiful? Aren't you glad?"

She looked so pleased that he concluded not to scold; so he said he thought they looked very gay indeed. Then he carried her down to dinner. But the next time she went up there, the paint and brushes had disappeared. She never saw them again.—*Youth's Companion*.

The Listeners.

Two city boys lost their way in the woods, and late at night took shelter in a solitary inn.

At midnight they awoke, and sitting up in bed, heard some one talking in the next room.

"Oh, dear, this innkeeper is a cannibal!" they whispered softly to each other.

"What shall we do?"

After a moment's thought, they got out of bed, and sprang out of the window, hoping to escape that way. But one of them hurt his foot so badly in jumping, that he could go no farther; and besides, the great door of the yard was locked.

So they crept into the pig-sty with the little pigs, and lay there trembling till morning.

In the morning came the innkeeper. He opened the sty door, sharpened a knife, and called out,—

"Now, you little rascals, out with you; your last hour is come."

The boys put their ears to the wall, and distinctly heard a voice say,—

"Wife, get the big kettle ready to-morrow, for I mean to kill our two young rogues out of the town."

The poor boys shuddered.

Both boys set up a cry of horror, and begged on their knees to be spared.

The man was surprised to find them in the pig-sty, and asked them why they thought him a murderer.

The boys sobbed out,—

"Because we heard you say in the night that you would kill us this morning."

Then the innkeeper laughed, and said,—

"Oh, you foolish, silly boys! I never meant you at all. I was talking of my little pig, whom in joke I always call my little rogues out of the town, because I bought them in the town. But so it always is with listeners, as the rhyme goes,—

"Put your ear to door or wall,
You will hear no good at all."

—*From the German*.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.—*Sidney*.

Literary Review.

GOD WITH US; or, The Person and Work of Christ, with an examination of "The Vicarious Sacrifice" of Dr. Bushnell. By Alvah Hovey, D. D., President of Newton Theological Institution. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 1872. 12mo. pp. 275.

Never before has there been so deep and widespread an interest in the study of Christ as now. The question which he himself asked on one occasion—"What think ye of Christ?" calls out an abundance of replies. The answers are very thoughtful, however varied and antagonistic. They come from the finest minds of Christendom. They show clearly that the great character has been earnestly studied in the light of the evangelical narratives, of science, of philosophy and of history. The *a priori* and the *a posteriori* methods are both resorted to. The logician and the poet have been alike interested in and busy with the great problem. Reverent discipleship and destructive criticism have wrought and are still working at the task.

This is a fact that has a cheering side. It indicates that men are discovering that there is no way of interpreting Christianity without determining the place, apprehending the character, studying the relations and recognizing the real offices of Christ. And they see clearly and confess frankly that Christianity can not be ignored by any man who would say any worthy word on the subject of religion or offer any adequate philosophy of life. True enough, much that is said of Christ as small wisdom and others doubtful profit. But this general call of the public attention to him will be of advantage. Many who are thus induced to look at him with steady gaze, will find his glory shining out upon the eye and feel the power of his spirit passing into the heart. Not many will be disposed to treat him lightly who see the look of the deepest and most thoughtful students fixed upon his face; not many will fail to find something of the majesty and authority which attach to his teaching who are kept listening to his words which are so full of spirit and life. It is much gained when the cry "Ecce Homo!" from the pontiffs in science and philosophy, turns the thought of the foremost nations to the Christ of God.

Dr. Hovey's work is largely one belonging to the province of apologetics and criticism. He is prompted to write by the novel theories of Christ and his work which spring up in various quarters. He holds to the old and prevalent orthodox view. He insists upon the Deity of Christ, as against the position of all classes of Unitarians who make such doubtful use of the word "divine." He protests against Beecher's theory, which allows nothing human in Christ save his bodily organism, and he will have a unity that embraces both what is essential to manhood and Godhood. He utterly rejects the theory of the statement urged by Bushnell, because it denies that the sacrifice made upon the cross has any Godward side. He urges both his opinions and his objections with real force; his criticisms are not wanting in logical and rhetorical severity, though he never forgets the Christian courtesy that is due to his opponents. He has given us a volume that contains a large amount of strong, clear, matured thought, on some of the most vital topics belonging to Christian theology, and which will be especially welcome to those who represent the conservatism of the theological world.

THE BIBLE IN SCIENCE. A series of popular scientific essays upon subjects connected with everyday life. By James R. Nichols, A. M., M. D., Editor of the Boston Journal of Chemistry. New York: Hurd and Nichols, 1872. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co. 12mo. pp. 283.

The title well describes this series of very pleasant and instructive papers, which have given a very attractive feature to the publication in which most of them have already appeared. They deal with common objects, in plain and forcible speech, possessing qualities that are popular in the best sense of that word, and they can hardly fail to induce habits of keen and fruitful observation in the young readers for whose benefit they are especially intended.

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF REV. EDWARD T. TAYLOR, for over forty years pastor of the Seamen's Bethel, Boston. By Rev. Gilbert Haven and Hon. Thomas Russell. Boston: B. B. Russell & Co. 1872. 12mo. pp. 124.

Biographers have rarely found a subject that offered so much that is fresh, unique, striking and effective as embodied in the character and sayings of Father Taylor. When we add that the remarkable man has found some biographers who possess not a few qualities that especially fit them for the work of presenting him just as he was, we have said enough to commend this book in very strong terms. Dr. Haven was a most appreciative, enthusiastic and intimate personal friend; Judge Russell was his son-in-law. One of them has not a little of Father Taylor's sparkle and effervescence, his pith and pungency, his fearless audacity and his poetic instinct; the other has the clear artistic eye and the habit of thorough mental analysis. Both loved and honored the man, and both feel the responsibility attaching to the work of setting him forth as a stimulant to the public thought and conscience. They have given us a live and quickening book. The aim is a right one,—that is, to give us the anecdotes and incidents that exhibit the man and his work, instead of treating us to a set and formal biography. These incidents are many. They are presented in a thoroughly life-like way. And the Father Taylor who was for so many years one of the marked phenomena of Boston,—winning the attention and stirring the interest of the most eminent visitors scarcely less than Daniel Webster, the great Elm and Faneuil Hall,—is here set forth in his unabridged, unspiced and characteristic personality. One will hardly wonder why the lovers lived long as a friend and father, or why men of the highest genius and culture courted his acquaintance, or why the people venerated him, or why his biography was called for, after this book has been read.—Sold by subscription. Mrs. Wood is agent for this city.

APPOET AND ALONE: A walk from sea to sea, by the southern route. Adventures and observations in southern California, New Mexico, Arizona, Texas, &c. By Stephen Powers. Illustrated by numerous engravings. Published only by subscription. Hartford, Conn.: Columbia Book Co. 1872. 12mo. pp. 327.

Mr. Powers proves himself not only a remarkable pedestrian, by tramping from eastern Texas to San Francisco, in spite of perils and hardships which would have broken down the purpose of most men, but which only added to the zest of his journey,—he has also shown that he is a keen observer, and an intelligent and interesting reporter. His narrative of his tramping and sojourns and doings is full of animation, interest and character, despite its sketchy style; and even its occasional exaggeration, its audacity and broad humor do not detract from its real merits. The binding of the book is neat, its gilt is rich, its typography need not be quarreled with, and some of its engravings have spirit and artistic excellence; but the paper is rather inferior, and some of the cuts are poor enough to offend ordinary people, and make a real engraver explode with contemptuous epithets.

PENS AND TYPES; or, Hints and Helps for those who write, print or read. By Benjamin Drew. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1872. 16mo. pp. 181.

A very good little manual, from the pen of a proof reader, whose practical acquaintance with the matters which he treats helps to render his statements accurate and his suggestions practical. Every employé in a printing office, every

beginner in authorship, every untaught man or woman who is entering upon any branch of editorial work, would find the mastery of it easy and valuable.

ALLEGORIES OF LIFE. By Mrs. J. S. Adams. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Square 16mo. pp. 95. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

A very happy attempt to impress moral truth by means of the allegory. The stories are very pleasant and taking in themselves, and they are well adapted to enforce the lessons in whose interest they are told. The children ought to like them, and we think they will.

THE EMIGRANT CHILDREN; or, Learning to follow Jesus. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Dover, N. H.: G. T. Day & Co. 16mo. pp. 276.

This reprint, from one of the issues of the London Religious Tract Society, deserves the honor that is put upon it. The experiences of Christoph and Leonore, a brother and sister belonging to a German family, who came to America at the invitation of an uncle, and who learned the highest lessons of life in the school of struggle and trial, are presented with a force and skill and life-like naturalness that make them take a strong hold upon the reader's heart. It is a book to life wherever it lays its hand.

SAINT PAUL IN ROME; or, The Teachings, Fellowship, and Dying Testimony of the great apostle in the City of the Caesars; being Sermons preached in Rome in the Spring of 1871. By J. R. Macduff, D. D., New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1872. 16mo. pp. 341. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

STELLAFONT ABBEY; or, Nothing New. By Emma Marshall and the Three Little Sisters, etc. Same Publishers, &c. 16mo. pp. 247.

Dr. Macduff never writes in a dull or uninteresting way. His treatment of religious themes is equally removed from cold naturalism and headlong fervor. He serves both brain and heart. In these discourses he has imparted a special vividness to the life of Paul at Rome, and brought out with rare effect the deeper and richer meaning and the fruitful suggestiveness of those parts of his writings which are inspired or colored by his experiences in the eternal city. It is not unworthy of a place on the same shelf with *Conscience* and *Howson's* great work, though having no such comprehensive aim as that. It is both valuable in itself and for the method of studying for pulpit address which it suggests.

Stellafont Abbey is an interesting story of English life, especially bringing out and applying the high lessons furnished by the story of two girls, who mingled the human and the heroic, in a true way, in their characters and lives.

The Quaterlies for Jan'y are generally excellent. They gain rather than lose in power and value. We would be glad to fill columns with characterization in detail, specific criticism and liberal extracts. But we are shut up to the necessity of dealing with them in very few words.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW always stirs a little American pride. Its papers absolutely command respect, and make disparagement and sneers impossible even to snobs and cynics. The last issue is no exception to this statement. Its second, third, fifth and sixth articles are almost models of their class. The third is admirable for its clear elucidation of some just and practical principles; the sixth gives us a brave, manly and fitting protest against audacity and charlatanism in political life, basing its discussions upon an obvious and well chosen text. The critical notices are able as usual. The following is the table of contents:

Poor-law Administration in New England; American Criticism; Oratory and Journalism; Thomas Watson the Poet; Harvard College; The Butler Canvass; Critical Notices. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

THE BIBLIOTHECA SACRA is not so full of critical and theological scholarship as sometimes, but it fully atones for the absence of this by its admirable dealing with vital and practical topics. It discusses:

The Physical Basis of our Spiritual Language; English Eloquence and Debate; Revelation and Inspiration; The Weekly Sabbath; The Organic and Visible Manifestation of Christ's Kingdom; and the Human Agency in its Advancement; The Three Fundamental Methods of Preaching; Notices of Recent Publications.

The first article is very instructive and suggestive; the second is worthy of the late Prof. Shepard; Prof. Barrows goes on in the third with his wonted ability, and Prof. Park is fully himself in his discussion of Preaching. This Quarterly is one of the American institutions. Andover: W. E. Draper.

News Summary.

CONGRESSIONAL.

On Monday, in the Senate, the amnesty bill was put over for another day. The appropriation bill was passed substantially as it came from the House. In the House, a bill to recognize the belligerency between Spain and Cuba was offered and referred. The diplomatic appropriation bill was reported and made the special order for Thursday. The final adjournment resolution was discussed at length, and finally referred to the committee on ways and means.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, bills were passed appropriating \$50,000 for the Japanese embassy and making good the post-office deficiency caused by McCarty's defection. A bill was reported providing for a commission on the French spoliation claims. The amnesty bill was discussed. In the House, bills were passed providing for a new government building in St. Louis, and looking to the prevention of smuggling. A bill was reported increasing the limitation of Supreme Court cases to \$5000. The Senate amendments to the appropriation bill were considered in committee of the whole. A report was made in favor of Boies in the Arkansas contested election case.

On Wednesday, in the Senate, a bill was passed declaring the meaning of the internal revenue act of July 19, 1870. The amnesty bill was debated but no action was taken. In the House, the bill increasing the limit of appealed cases to the Supreme Court was passed. There was a spirited discussion upon the matter of the syndicate, but the report concerning it was not acted upon.

On Thursday, in the Senate, the entire session was occupied in discussing the amnesty bill. No action upon it was taken. In the House, debate was resumed upon the report concerning the syndicate, which, after a final speech by Mr. Dawes, was adopted by a vote of 110 to 86. The Indian appropriation bill was considered in committee of the whole.

On Friday and Saturday, the Senate was not in session. In the House, the Indian appropriation bill was passed. The educational fund bill was debated with a good deal of spirit, and the subject over to Tuesday.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Tweed's case will not be tried till March.

During the past four weeks postal service has been ordered on 1288 miles of new railroad, which is unprecedented within so short a time.

Caleb Cushing states that, in his opinion the Geneva arbitration on the Alabama claims will result in a satisfactory settlement without any difficulty.

Mayor Medill of Chicago has vetoed the resolution by the council to permit the completion of half-finished frame buildings in the fire districts.

The Boston and Maine Railroad Company is building twenty passenger cars and one hundred freight cars, to be put upon the main road. The company has recently contracted for twelve new engines to be placed upon the extension.

The congressional committee to investigate the political troubles in Louisiana has begun its work. A general statement from one member of each faction will be received.

William Thompson, formerly adjutant under General Jackson, and once the wealthiest banker in New Orleans, was found on Sunday night in a small office on Broadway, New York, sick, destitute and nearly starved. He was taken to the hospital by the police. He is eighty years old.

A heavy frost has fallen in different parts of California. Ice a quarter of an inch thick, formed in Stockton and Los Angeles, Thursday night, somewhat injuring the young orange trees in the latter locality.

The steamer Hornet has been libeled at the suit of thirty persons who shipped upon her from New York with the understanding that they were engaged in the merchant service, but when at sea were compelled to enter in the service of the United States.

The will of James Fisk, Jr., was admitted to probate Thursday. The estate is sworn to as not exceeding one million of dollars.

During 1871, Governor Hoffman of New York granted 32 pardons from the State prison, 29 from the penitentiary, 23 commutations and 5 revocations of criminals.

Two loads of pickled, weighing 4000 pounds each, were taken from Lake Koshkonong, Wisconsin, in two weeks recently.

The public debt of the United States was reduced \$5,000,000 during the month of January.

A snow storm of great severity prevailed in the West and Northwest on Sunday. There were several deaths and great suffering from cold and exposure.

A sack has been discovered in the top of a pecan tree in Texas, containing a bow, arrows, an Indian spear, and a woman's scalp with beautiful long hair. The sack was lashed to a bough.

Seventy of the church edifices in New York city are Episcopalian, 35 Presbyterian, 40 Methodist, and 20 Roman Catholic.

Over 200,000 tons of coal are at Honduras, Pa., ready for summer shipment. The last mine at Bellevue has suspended work.

The House committee on foreign relations is unable to agree upon legislation to carry out the provisions of the Washington treaty.

A terrible railroad disaster has occurred near Rockford, Penn., nine persons being killed and many wounded.

The grand jury in New York on Saturday returned a dozen indictments against ring men, including Tweed and others to whom it is no novelty.

FOREIGN.

Eight thousand men have sailed from Cadiz for Cuba.

A new religious journal has been established in Rome which will oppose the dogma of infallibility. Père Hyacinthe is to be one of the contributors.

The trustees of the Peabody fund have let out 500 houses, with planted grounds attached, at Brixton, to small families in accordance with the directions of the late Mr. Peabody.

Queen Victoria will not open the approaching session of the British Parliament in person. Advice from Ajaccio says that many Bonapartists are arriving in Corsica, and a letter from Napoleon III. is soon expected.

The Hon. Peter John Lecky King, M. P. for East Surrey, in an address delivered at Southwick, said that the well-informed people of England were not uneasy about the American treaty.

The czar of Russia has appointed Baron von Offenberg, late consul-general at Bucharest, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of Russia to the United States. By the same imperial decree M. Catecazy is attached to the foreign office in St. Petersburg.

The terrible railroad disaster at Revere last summer had almost its parallel in Pennsylvania,

Thursday. By the breaking of a rail on the Lehigh Valley road, near Scranton, two passenger cars were thrown from the track, one striking upon the ice in Lehigh river, and the other lodging at the foot of an embankment forty feet high. The stores were overturned and the cars set on fire. Eight persons were killed and about twenty seriously injured.

Baron von Offenberg has been officially announced as M. Catecazy's successor at Washington.

A barbarous attack has been made upon the Jews in Ismail, on the Roumanian frontier. Several were killed, many were wounded, and all who could fled from the place to save their lives.

Paragraphs.

The United States consumes one hundred and twenty million pounds of rice a year, over one half of which pays Uncle Sam a duty varying from 100 per cent. on the best to 400 on the poorest grades. We raise less than half the consumption.

Fifteen companies, with an aggregate capital exceeding \$2,000,000, are engaged in manufacturing fertilizers from the phosphate beds around Charleston, S. C., and the daily shipments, most of which are to England, amount to a thousand tons.

A western paper thinks the snail has a "right smart chance" for a toothache. He has one hundred and ten rows of teeth, with one hundred and ten teeth in each row, or twelve thousand two hundred and ten in all.

Senator Sumner, in his Washington home, a painting by Mr. Duncanson, a colored artist of Cincinnati. The subject is a scene from Lock Katrine, Scotland, made famous in Scott's Lady of the Lake, and the picture is said to possess decided merit.

The Canada census for 1871 shows the total population of the Dominion at 3,454,324, an average increase of about twelve and a half per cent. since 1861.

There is a young girl in Virginia who wears four bullets made into the form of a Maltese cross, which were extracted from the bodies of her father and brother who were killed in the siege of Richmond.

The oil of mirbane, a product of coal tar, is used as a perfume, and as an ingredient of the so-called almond soap, and as a flavoring extract for puddings, jellies, etc. It is sold, highly diluted, under the name of extract of bitter almond.

The Constitutionalist of Augusta, Ga., says that city is making very substantial and satisfactory progress. Several handsome public edifices are going up, and a great many dwellings are in course of construction. The demand for tenements is increasing, and rents are satisfactory. Augusta has no floating debt, and the interest on her bonded liabilities is punctually paid.

One pound of California silk recently reeled at San Francisco counts three strands to the thread, measuring one hundred and fifty thousand yards, or equal to eighty-five miles in length, making for the three strands, when separated, two hundred and fifty-five miles in length. Each of these three strands, contains six other strands reeled from the cocoons, producing altogether one hundred and thirty miles to the pound of raw silk.

The frost did a curious bit of work on a window on Michigan Avenue, Detroit. A tobacco-cannist's Indian, standing just in front of the window, and about two feet from it, was so completely photographed on the large pane, that scores of people stopped to look at the odd picture.

A Cincinnati Commercial correspondent thus describes the sport of reporting in the popular branch of Congress: "Over the Speaker's chair, or what he supposes to be the Speaker's chair, although no one appears to pay much attention to the man in it, is a place fenced off for the reporters. These miserable men are lying with their breast-bones on the edge of the crater looking over with firmly compressed lips and dilated eyes, trying to catch a word now and then. When they succeed in catching one they 'string it out' on a piece of paper, and lean over the grate for another. When caught, they string it with others, the whole process reminding one of fishing for trout, lacking only the absence of hook and line to make the picture complete."

Sixteen railways of England own 8400 locomotives.

The first Turco-European train over the railroad skirting the sea of Marmore, entered Stambul on the 10th inst., crossing the old seraglio grounds.

When Cremieux, the communist, was placed before the platoon which was to shoot him, he said: "Spare my head; shoot at my breast for my family want my body. Vive la Republique!" and he fell over. He left an unfinished tragedy in five acts.

Probably the oldest rose-bush in the world is one twined upon a side of the Hildesheim cathedral in Germany. The root is buried under the crypt, below the choir. The stem is a foot thick, and half a dozen branches neatly cover the eastern side of the church, bearing countless flowers in summer. Its age is unknown, but documents exist which prove a Bishop Hazilo, near a thousand years ago, protected it by a stone roof, which is still extant.

The story is told that a gentleman of Newbury, Eng., recently laid a heavy wager that at eight o'clock on a particular evening he would sit down to dinner in a well-woven, well-dyed, well-made suit of clothes, the wool of which formed the fleece on a sheep's back at five o'clock that same morning. Two sheep were shorn; the wool was washed, carded, spun, and woven; the cloth was dyed, finished, raised, sheared, dyed and dressed; the garments were made. At a quarter-past six he sat down to a dinner at the head of his guests in a complete damson-colored suit, thus winning his wager with one hour and three quarters to spare.

A subscription has been opened in Paris for the benefit of the widows and children of the unfortunate gendarmes who were so cruelly shot by the Communists in the Rue Haxo, after having been kept in prison over two months. The credit of opening this subscription belongs to M. de Villemessant. The Government, which compensated the President of the Republic so handsomely, seems to have done nothing for these unfortunate and innocent victims of the late contest in the streets of Paris.

The business of whaling, once so great and profitable, seems to be dying slowly, but not less surely. The New Bedford Standard tells us that the last year has been one of great disaster. There was the almost general loss of the Arctic fleet, and low prices were the rule. The number of vessels engaged in the enterprise has constantly decreased, nor is there any prospect of an increase. At New Bedford, over a dozen vessels are offered for sale, and several owners are about to retire from the business. The Arctic fleet sent out this spring will number 25 ships—23 American, 1 English, and 1 Hawaiian. The American right whaling fleet, the past season, consisted of only nine crafts; the catch, 3,520 barrels, was larger than for four years previously. In 1867 there has been a fair catch, but nothing like the great catches formerly obtained. During the last year one vessel was added to the fleet, and 22 lost to the business. 35 were wrecked. The number of the fleet at present are as follows: Ten yachts in the Indian Ocean, 26 in the Pacific 16 in the North Pacific, 6 in the South Atlantic, and 27 in the North Atlantic.

Rural and Domestic.

The Law of Storms.

In the fourth meteorological report by Professor J. P. Eddy, of Washington, D. C., we find the following instructive generalizations:

1. The rain and snow storms, and even the moderate rains and snows, travel from the west toward the east in the United States, during the months of November, December, January, February and March, which are the only months to which these generalizations apply.

2. The storms are accompanied with a depression of the barometer near the central line of the storm, and a rise of the barometer in the front and rear.

3. This central line of minimum pressure is generally of great length from north to south, and moves side-foremost toward the east.

4. This line is sometimes nearly straight, but generally curved, and most frequently with its convex side to the east.

5. The velocity of this line is such that it travels from the Mississippi to the Connecticut river in twenty-four hours, and from the Connecticut to St. Johns, Newfoundland, in nearly the same time, or about thirty-six miles an hour.

6. When the barometer falls suddenly in the western part of New England, it rises at the same time in the valley of the Mississippi, and also at St. Johns, Newfoundland.

7. In great storms, the wind for several hundred miles on both sides of the line of minimum pressure blows toward that line directly or obliquely.

8. The force of this wind is in proportion to the suddenness and greatness of the depression of the barometer.

9. In all great and sudden depressions of the barometer there is much rain or snow; and in all sudden great rains or snows there is a great depression of the barometer next the center of the storm, and rises beyond its borders.

10. Many storms are of great and unknown length from north to south, reaching beyond our observation on the Gulf of Mexico and on the northern lakes, while their east and west diameter is comparatively small. These storms, therefore, move side-foremost.

11. Most storms commence in the "far West," beyond our western observers, but some come, hence in the United States.

12. When a storm commences in the United States, the line of minimum pressure does not come from the "far West," but comes with the storm, and travels with it toward the eastward.

13. There is generally a fall of wind at the line of minimum pressure, and sometimes a calm.

14. When this line of minimum pressure passes an observer toward the east, the wind generally soon changes to the west, and the barometer begins to rise.

15. There is generally but little wind near the line of the maximum pressure, and on each side of that line the winds are irregular, but tend outward from that line.

16. The fluctuations of the barometer are generally greater in the eastern than in the western part of the United States.

17. The fluctuations of the barometer are generally greater in the northern than in the southern part of the United States.

18. In the northern parts of the United States the wind generally sets in from the west of east, and terminates from the north or west.

19. In the southern parts of the United States the wind generally sets in from the south or east and terminates from the south or west.

20. During the passage of storms, the wind generally changes from the eastward to the westward by the south, especially in the southern parts of the United States.

21. The northern part of the storm generally travels more rapidly toward the east than the southern part.

22. During the high barometer on the day preceding the storm, it is generally clear and mild in temperature, especially if very cold weather preceded.

23. The temperature generally falls suddenly on the passage of the center of great storms, so that sometimes, when a storm is in the middle of the United States, the lowest temperature of the month will be in the West, on the same day that the highest temperature is in the East.

Some of the storms, it is true, are contained entirely, for a time, within the bounds of any one State, and in that case the minimum barometer does not exhibit itself in a line of great length, extending from north and south, but is confined to a region near the center of the storm, and travels with that center toward the eastward.

From these experiments, it may be safely inferred, contrary to the general belief of scientific men, that vapor permeates the air from a high to a low point with extreme slowness, if, indeed, it permeates it at all; and meteorology, it will hereafter be known that vapor rises into the regions where clouds are forced only by being carried up by ascending currents of air containing it.

Training Seed.

A correspondent, Mr. B. A. Wadleigh, sends these sensible suggestions touching what is often a perplexing job.

Seeds, to train: easily should be handled and patted from calves; this makes them acquainted with man, and not afraid of him. They should be trained when two or three years old, but should not be worked hard until five or six years of age.

To yoke them the first time: Turn them in a yard, take a bow from the yoke, and go up to the off-end and pat it on the neck. If he is wild, he will run; now don't run after him, and halloo, but be easy, speak kindly to him, and he will soon let you catch him; then put the yoke on his neck, taking care that it does not frighten him. Let another man hold him, then get the other one, lead him along and yoke him too. If they are large and strong, put them before a yoke of trained cattle, and the oxen will hold them from running away. If they are kind and tame, they can easily be trained without the aid of trained cattle. Always be kind to them, and never whip them. First, teach them to go ahead on the road, then teach them to back, &c. When they are trained as well as the common oxen of the country, don't stop here; you can teach them far more. Teach them to start and stop simply by speaking to them, also to plow without a driver, and many other things.

Never work them too hard; give them a good, comfortable stable to lie in, and a sufficient quantity of suitable food to eat, and they will repay you by their labor and profits for the market.

How to Cook a Husband.

As Mrs. Glass said of the hare, you must first catch him. Having done so, the mode of cooking him so as to make a good dish of him is as follows: Many good husbands are spoiled in the cooking; so no women go about it as if their husbands were ladders, and "now them up," others keep them ponant in a hot water; while others freeze them y o u r l e a s e, some mother them in hatred, some in love, and some keep them in pickle all their lives.

These women always serve them up with long faces. Now it can not be supposed that husbands will be tender and good if managed in this way; but they are, on the contrary, very delicious when managed as follows: Get a large jar called the jar of carefulness (which all good wives have on hand), place your husband in it, and set him near the fire of conjugal love; let the fire be pretty hot, especially let it be clear; above all, let the heat be constant; cover him over with affection, kindness and subjection; garnish with modest, becoming familiarity, and the spice of pleasantry; and if you add kisses and other confectioneries, let them be accompanied with a sufficient portion of secrecy, mixed with prudence and moderation. We should advise all good wives to try this receipt, and realize how admirable a dish a husband is when properly cooked.

The Pulse.

The number of contractions of the heart, measured by the pulse in any of the arteries, is liable to considerable variation within the limits of health, depending on differences of age, state of digestion, and period of the day. As a general rule, the healthy human heart beats as follows, in the respective ages: At birth, about 100 times a minute; during the first year, about 120; second year, 110; third, 100; seventh, about 90; old age, about 80; during adult life, 70; in old age, 50 to 70. If the average of the adult male be set down as 70, that of the female will be about 80; in acute disease the pulse often runs up to 140 and over; in chronic affections of the brain and heart, and under the influence of digitalis and similar drugs, it may descend to 40, 30, and even 20 per minute. Muscular exertion raises the pulse; the sitting posture, which requires considerable muscular action, increases it about 5 beats per minute above that of the recumbent position; the difference between standing and sitting is about 10 per minute. We have a practical proof of this in the phenomena of ordinary fainting; when the heart fails in the sitting posture, the person faints and falls; the least amount of muscular action required in the latter position enables the heart to recover its power, and the person returns to consciousness; nature, in such cases, puts an individual in the horizontal position, which, in itself, is generally sufficient for his restoration. From this we learn, therefore, that when any one feels faint, let him at once lie down, instead of fanning, and slapping, and wetting him in a seated posture. The great difference resulting from posture is also seen in convalescence, in which an invalid, very comfortable when in bed, faints, may even die, on assuming the sitting position. In bleeding a person, it is customary to have him sit up, in order that the resulting faintness may be relieved by lying down; faintness thus produced, in a horizontal posture might not be easily recovered from. Mental excitement and the digestive process increase the frequency of the pulse; it is also somewhat more rapid in the morning than in the afternoon, during the day than during the night.

Wheat Growing.

There are two ways of cultivating this crop. The first consists in sowing after the corn crop, with no manure besides what was applied when the corn was planted;—plowing the ground in the spring as shallow as possible, and sowing from the first to the middle of May. The other method, I am sorry to say, is practiced by much the smaller number of farmers, and differs in this. The wheat ground is that, where corn was planted the previous year, and is plowed in the spring, the ground is plowed in the fall; and a good coat of manure applied at the time of plowing. So that the ground is all ready to sow as soon as the snow leaves the ground in the spring. And on this early sowing, depends the success of the wheat crop.

I feel sure of this, that I do hope farmers will make the experiment the coming spring to test it for themselves. Wheat likes a cool climate, like that of England, for example. Our climate is excessively hot and hot. If wheat is sown sufficiently early for the plant to become developed up to the ripening point before the hottest part of the season commences, the result is a heavy grain; I mean, that the grain has been properly plowed and manured. On the contrary, if the sowing is deferred till late, so that the hot weather sets in before the grain has arrived at the ripening point, the consequence is, probably, shriveled berry; and if the plowing and manuring have been slight, we may say with certainty, it will be so. Now let us contrast the two methods. First, shallow plowing in the spring, late sowing—result, shriveled berry; crop that half pays, and a poor catch of grain. Second method, Deep fall plowing, with some manure, at least applied at the time; early sowing, soon as the ground is dry enough to harrow, and certainly by the middle of April—result, plump berry, a crop that pays well for all labor expended, and a good catch of clover and other grasses.—Mr. Turner.

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