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The Morning Star

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

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1872.

In Weakness.

"Thou art, O Lord, when brave and strong,
We draw the nearest Thee;
Thou art when earth's charms prolong,
Thy face we see."
Oh, when our treacherous heart has erred
And sweetly been forgiven,
Thou art its depths with music stirred
Like that in heaven.
And when the idols have been torn
From out its holy place,
And we are but in silence mourn
Nor mercy trace;
Thou art the glory from above
His darkness all dispels,
Till beaming cherubs crowned with love,
The light reveals.
When Jesus stays our tottering hand
And others for us reap,
While we in weakness only stand
To watch and weep;
Thou art He takes us to His heart
In all our helplessness,
And doth His wondrous love impart,
—And joy and peace.
Thrice blest through suffering thus to come
So very near our Lord;
Oh, what must be our blissful home
He hath prepared.

—Presbyterian.

English Correspondence.

DERBY, ENGLAND, JAN. 22, 1872.

Yesterday was a day of thanksgiving for the restoration to health of the Prince of Wales. A form of prayer prepared by the Archbishop of Canterbury was used in the churches of the National Establishment; Nonconformists gave form and expression themselves to their devout feeling of gratitude. The Prince is going on so well that no more bulletins will be issued, and all anxiety about his recovery has ceased. It is too early yet to speculate as to the influence of this serious illness upon the character of the Prince. But it seems scarcely possible that it will leave him as it found him; and it is a nation's prayer that it may lead him to take a more serious view of life and of the high service that he may possibly do, and that his rank and position make it his duty to attempt; for God who has spared his life, and the people whose monarch he expects to be. The sympathy of the nation, by which the Queen has been so deeply touched, must show the Prince what great things England hopes for in him. To be worthy of the interest and anxiety manifested in his behalf must henceforth surely be his desire and aim. Dean Stanley thinks a heart of stone would be moved by the sympathy of the whole community during those terrible days of anxiety and suspense when death was hourly expected; and much more must the frank and generous nature of the Prince be affected.

The week of prayer has been generally observed, and with much interest and advantage. The one public service which the Evangelical alliance does for us in England is to bring about this annual reunion of Christians. Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, Congregationalists, both Baptists and Pseudo-Baptists, have freely and readily united in one common supplication before the throne of the heavenly grace. It always seems to me, on such occasions, a pity that more of this manifestation of Christian union is not found in England. But the Episcopalians find it difficult to forget the exclusive preeminence which his national status gives him; the Presbyterian is Scotch in sympathy and tradition; the Methodist is out of his element when out-

side the circle of the institutions and service upon which the imprimatur of John Wesley is marked; and Congregationalists are perhaps too much devoted to the prosperity and success of the separate independent realm comprised in each distinct and sovereign congregation. The alliance however breaks into this isolation once a year, and affords us a glimpse of what might be if a spirit of union and co-operation were largely given to Christian churches. (The service which the alliance does out of England is very considerable, not only in this but in other directions. The Emperor of Germany has just written to the Secretary of the Bible Society, acknowledging with much gratitude the efficient help of the society during the war in distributing Bibles among the German warriors, and affording them facilities for obtaining the direct consolation of religion in the hour of suffering. There is an efficient branch of the Evangelical alliance in Germany, and the late king of Prussia and Chevalier Bunsen were in sympathy with its operations.)

The recent visit of Dean Stanley to Scotland, his preaching in a Presbyterian church, his lectures on Scottish church history, together with Jowett's preaching at Glasgow, have excited much attention both in England and Scotland. It would be well if Episcopalians and Presbyterians were induced thereby to unite and co-operate in peace and amity in that land of fervid minds. But alas! Episcopalians in Scotland deeply regret the fratricidalization of the Westminster Dean and the Oxford Professor with Presbyterians, and regard it as an attack upon their exclusive position as the representative of the National English Church in the north, and they fear only a repetition of the mischief caused by the Glasgow scandal when an English bishop held a service in a Presbyterian kirk. On the other hand, the Presbyterians do not fail to see that at present the reciprocity of this fraternization is one-sided. The Dean would not invite Dr. Lees of Greyfriars, Edinburgh, or Dr. Macleod of the Barony church, Glasgow, or any other Presbyterian magnate to preach in Westminster Abbey; or if he did give such invitation, it could not be carried out without infringement of ecclesiastical law and exposure to ecclesiastical penalty and censure. The Dean's lectures are remarkable for their calm and thoughtful spirit, their kindly catholic tone, and their thorough grasp of the subject. They show, as much as his lectures on the Eastern Church, how readily he can place himself amid the associations and traditions of a communion not his own, and make himself thoroughly at home among strangers and aliens. But another feature, too, will not escape notice. The Dean closed his lectures with a dissertation on the value and importance of a national church. "It was a miserable intolerance," he said, "when the Established Church in ancient times strove to prevent the growth of Nonconforming communities that satisfied peculiar wants which, from its very nature, it could not supply. It would be an act of still more inexcusable barbarism in our enlightened day if the succeeding churches were in their turn to insist on a new Act of Uniformity, and by destroying the established church extinguish aspirations which they did not profess to satisfy, because they denied their usefulness and deprecated their existence." These are vague, plausible words, but what do they mean? Dean Stanley in Scotland is a Nonconformist, for the established church of Scotland is Presbyterian. Dr. Macleod, one of the Queen's chaplains, is a Nonconformist when he comes into England, because the established church on this side the Tweed is Episcopalian. Does the Dean mean that it would be "barbarism" for Episcopalians to seek to disestablish Presbyterianism in Scotland, and for Presbyterians to seek to disestablish Episcopalianism in England? Probably this is all he means; yet there seems a sort of side thrust at the Dissenters of England, and a charge of "inexcusable barbarism" against them because they seek the disestablishment of our National Church. The Dean is so wedded to the idea of a national ecclesiastical establishment, under which princely incomes and a life of learned leisure are possible, that, no matter what the form of faith imposed, the broad-thoughted leader of what is called "the smugest thing in the Church of England" would hardly find it needful for conscience's sake to relinquish his position and revenues. The first article of the creed seems to be a National Church establishment, even if, as he suggests, it is to Nonconforming churches that the mission is assigned "in times to come, as in times past to keep alive in the heart that peculiar fire of devotion and love which in Established Churches is somewhat apt to die out in the light of reason and the breath of inquiry." An Established Church, to enable men who are professed successors of the apostles to follow "the light of reason," and to have their spiritual life and love withered by "the breath of inquiry,"—such is the grotesque ideal church of the able and accomplished Dean of Westminster!

The London Baptist Association has held its annual meeting at Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle. It reports a net increase of 7 churches and 1405 members; 117 churches, with 24,476 members, are now incorporated in the Association. The task of building every year a new chapel in some destitute and important locality of the great

metropolis is energetically continued, and the often-occurring difficulties in the way are bravely surmounted. The Rev. D. Kattner, the successor of the late Rev. Dr. Cox of Hackney, is President for the year, and the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, Vice-President. At the morning meeting, Dr. Brock, who with Dr. Landels and Mr. Spurgeon took a prominent part in forming the Association six years ago, announced his determination to resign the pastorate at Bloomsbury in September next. There was a deep feeling of regard and personal attachment shown towards the worthy Doctor, and fervent prayer was offered for the Divine guidance in his behalf. It is not yet publicly and authoritatively stated whether the Doctor will seek a smaller and less onerous sphere of duty, or altogether retire from pastoral service in the Church. Possibly his own mind may not be made up in the matter, and the only thing he now sees clearly is, that he should not continue at Bloomsbury more than another year. It is the defect of the Congregational system, as we know it, that it admits not of co-pastorates with any advantage or success. The personal element is so distinctly manifest, and so largely cultured that caracoles and assistant ministries and joint-pastorates are almost unknown and impossible among us. The old man must altogether disappear from the scene, and the young man be in undisputed and sole possession of the pulpit, or there is but little probability of general quietness, satisfaction and peace. The article which appeared in the *Westminster Review* about Baptists, and which has received far more attention than it deserved, has called forth replies from various quarters. Dr. Angus has a letter in the current number of the *Review* correcting some misstatements, and the *Sword and Trowel* deals with the matter after its own trenchant and outspoken fashion. The article always seemed to me so obviously false and unfair in some of its charges, and so remarkably weak and foolish in others, that it scarcely merited notice, much less grave and serious reply.

THOMAS GOADBY.

New York Correspondence.

THE FULTON STREET PRAYER-MEETING.

The old lecture room in the Consistory building, where the Fulton street meeting was accommodated for its first fourteen years, was a trial of faith and patience. In a low, crowded, ill-ventilated room on the second floor, open to a noisy business street on each side, there was little to suggest the times that come involuntarily to mind in the new chapel:—

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

The central area or court of the new building, from the second floor to the roof, forms a lofty, sky-lighted and sky-ventilated chapel, secluded from all external sights and sounds. It seats closely three hundred persons, and is ordinarily occupied by half that number. Who are they? I was about to answer by asking, Who are they that crowd the side-walks of Broadway? The Fulton street prayer-meeting has a certain character in common with New York itself. New York is not a city, in such a sense as any other city. It has no individual character. It is no community. It is only a place; a market place; provided with stores, wharves, hotels and other conveniences for buying and selling,—that is all. Or, call it an organ, shaped and actuated by the great currents of trade, its huge ventricles gorged and disgorging every moment with a rushing volume of life, passion and power, in which men and things are hurled along like specks in turbid water. Other great cities may be glands, secreting each a characteristic quality; or alimentary gatherers, digesters, feeders; or aerating and vitalizing organs; or laboring members; or sensoriums of intellect. New York is nothing but a great muscle of circulation, or world heart.

Viewed from what it is and does in itself, apart from what is done through it; viewed for what abides, instead of that which comes and goes; the Fulton street prayer-meeting is, frankly, a mean object. Not mean in comparison with other prayer-meetings, but in comparison with its fame and power. It disappoints the expectation of the intelligent but not specially instructed observer. The current report of the Spirit's mighty works, in such a commonplace assembly, seems incredible. It is a Nazareth of not only quite ordinary Christians; not excluding, rather sucking in and even detaining pitiful specimens of spiritual falseness and folly.

It would be useless to ignore the fact that, from some cause as this, the Fulton street prayer-meeting lacks the confidence of some good men. An excellent clergyman was prevailed on but the other day to visit the meeting for the first time, and—if he knows himself—the last. A subtle odor of humbug that transpired in the newspaper reports, was here unmistakable; he smelt it distinctly. My friend is a fine critic. He is not the Reverend George B. Bacon; but that mighty dead-fly hunter before the Lord has no asuter or more intolerant nose for cant, stuff, nonsense, self-exploitation, delusion and quackery than the nose that curled upward over the ex-

ercises in Fulton street on the other day referred to.

Certainly, brethren with these fine long noses and ears, are not only much to be dreaded but much to be pitied, in our unsifted conventicles. Ventilation in this world is bad at the best, and our music is but discordant. The moment our senses grow a little finer than ordinary, they become instruments of torture. I am not thinking of the critical brethren. Our divine Lord possessed spiritual senses to which theirs are gross and torpid. Once, with those senses strung to preternatural tension by the transfiguration, the unbelief of his disciples wrung from him the cry, "How long shall I be with you! how long shall I suffer you!" It is a mercy that our senses accommodate themselves to circumstances. Even critical brethren have senses accommodated to their particular habitat, as Fulton street people and revival people are "inured" to theirs. Exchange their places, and while the one sort might be stifled by the unaccustomed warmth and the luxuriant exhalations, the others would turn blue and benumbed in the frosty clearness of the atmosphere.

The scum of human impurity that comes to the top from every spiritual ferment, is apt to hide the real substance from those on the outside. I shall not extenuate it; perhaps I shall seem rather to make too much of it. But in skimming the Fulton street meeting let me not be supposed to take off the meeting itself. The exorcismes are taken off, that they may be discriminated as such, and that the genuine and even divine substance may be the better appreciated.

We go back, then, to the question, Who are they? and answer it from several sides. In the first place, they are the people who are willing to spare the most valuable business hour of the day to a devotional meeting. But then a man may have no business, and there are such cases here. People who can get none often come here in their distress. I could point out to you here and there a pious idler, who makes no precious sacrifice of time to come here every day. Some pick up a part of their living by attending here to take notes for the press. But for the most of loungers and gossipers, a prayer-meeting is a dull weapon to kill time with. You may be sure that a large majority of these people, whether citizens or strangers, have made feeling sacrifices of interest and convenience, for the higher gain they get and give in the moon prayer-meeting. There are a few, and only a few women among them; a few, and only a few children; many young men; a large majority in the vigor and prime of life, and apparently men of business, though not of large business. Socially and intellectually, the assembly is of no class; especially not of the classes wise, mighty, noble, after the flesh.

In the second place, a large proportion of the daily attendance consists of strangers passing through the city, or sojourning for a few days on business. Of the voices heard in the meetings, nearly one half may be new voices, from strangers or young converts. Ministers and pious laymen from the country, or from distant cities and countries, pious seamen, city missionaries, frontier missionaries, and foreign missionaries, are among the surest and best elements of every meeting.

In its ecclesiastical aspect, the meeting seems, to one somewhat acquainted with its habitual attendants, to be composed mainly of Presbyterians, Methodists and Baptists. Probably the Reformed and Congregational churches are represented in full proportion to their local numbers, and Episcopalians are frequently heard from. City pastors in general seldom visit the meeting, except by request as leaders. The resident ministers who frequent the meeting are apparently, with a few exceptions, clerical unfortunates—at least from that point of view whence it seems better for sheep to be without a shepherd than for a shepherd to be without sheep. Clerical Bohemians, restless, roving impracticables or adventurers; of imperfect position or throat; "queer" cases, and men who seem to lack elsewhere the consideration they like; idling in here, and accumulating in the corners each side of the platform, and seem to have the meeting on their shoulders. Certain ones invariably plant themselves squarely in front of the leader, facing the assembly, as if on exhibition—no accounting for tastes. No accounting, too, for the chairs that invite this vulgar show, while a third part of the benches are vacant. From these chief seats and corners sometimes issue good things, by way of persons who naturally slip into them by the adjoining Ann street door; oftener, windy rhetorical efforts, and cold bits of sermon. Two characters might be described, each excessively dirty and ill-conditioned, each stately in diction and delivery, each inevitable and invulnerable.

The one with the patriarchal crown and front of flowing gray, whom I take for a peripatetic electioneer, sometimes vouchsafes a professional suggestion to other speakers, illustrated, or introduces some grave consideration of foreign politics and potentates, for the prayers of the meeting. The other—whose bodily infirmities exact a certain delicacy—is a verbal artist with a whimsical reminiscence of Dr. Samuel H. Cox in his majestic elocution, often dedicated to a long quotation from Young or some other of the old-fashioned serious poets. Among the great guns are aimed at heaven, and roll up their thundering broad-

sides in a sort of apocalyptic prayer. But the benediction is perhaps the sweetest morsel to your clerical Bohemian. Our Coxological friend was sure to snatch it, whenever thrown out to "some clergyman present." But at length, a spirited clergyman, resenting this assumption on the part of one without recognized position, amended the defective blessing by instantly repeating its proper authority. Since that delicate hint, I believe the apostolical office has been tacitly demitted.

And yet I dare not think evil of these queer attachments, of which I have given barely a specimen. Exceptional and singularly out of place as they are, they seem to stick as naturally as barnacles to a noble ship's bottom. Heaven forbid our uncharitableness! We don't always know what we are talking about. Since noting down these observations, I have heard one of our very best men pouring warm acknowledgments into as hollow-sounding a brazen vessel as I ever heard in Fulton street for his edifying remarks.

I have given instances enough (out of many) to account for much prejudice, and to illustrate the griefs and mortifications inseparable from a free meeting, where everybody who thinks himself a Christian, and perhaps a gifted one, must be recognized as at home and at par. I promised to come to those invasions of harmony which violate the distinct rule, and are distinctly dead with. The Fulton street prayer-meeting has just two laws that keep it and must be kept by it—short speeches and no controversy. These, in fact, simply apply to the meeting the Grand Intercessor's first rule of prayer: "Enter into thy closet and shut the door." Granted the spirit of prayer from himself, still somebody must shut a "closet," and somebody must "shut thy door." The door of the Fulton street closet turns on these two hinges: the five-minute rule, shutting it against partiality and monopoly; the no-controversy rule, shutting it against contention. The five-minute rule enables the actual spirit of the meeting to be expressed and satisfied in the exercises; and this, so far, is union. The no-controversy rule cherishes the actual spirit of the meeting, such as it is, and protects it from distracting innovation; and this also is union. Both rules work together, the one to exercise and the other to conserve the actual average of spiritual attainment; the one insuring that the meeting shall move forward as fast as it can move homogeneously, and the other insuring that it shall not move any faster than it can move as a body, taking along the weak and tender-footed as well as the strong, and keeping back the rash and eager portion as well as the timid and cautious. The history of the movement shows that under this method Christian progress has been substantial as well as safe. In important respects the meeting has been and is progressive; becoming at once more positive and more comprehensive, yet not less harmonious.

New York, Feb. 10.

Events of the Week.

A PHILOSOPHER'S BIRTHDAY.

Horace Greeley celebrated his sixty-first birthday by a reception of no mean character. It was on Saturday, the 3 inst., and the most distinguished literary circle of the country was gathered to do him honor.

There were clergymen, editors and poets, reformers, scientists and statesmen, both male and female, and all were happy. The philosophical and literary agriculturist had laid aside his white hat and traditional overcoat for the occasion, and his face is said to have glowed with unusual brightness while receiving the congratulations of so many distinguished friends. Mr. Greeley has done good service in a good many directions. His career is a constant rebuke to idle inefficiency, as it is an abiding incentive to a wider and higher sphere. He ought to have a multitude of imitators among the rising generations.

THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE'S WORK.

The committee of investigation in New York is still eliciting interesting testimony. It seems that the seizure of smuggled goods in that city has lately been a mere private enterprise, the detectives taking the goods for their own use. Col. Whitley of the secret service is held up as especially guilty of such transactions. Quantities of cigars, baskets of wine, cases of perfumery, diamonds, &c., has this gay officer appropriated to his own use, now and then treating his clerks to liberal supplies. So that the committee seems to be investigating to some purpose. Let us hope that when New York is as nearly cleansed as possible, its attention may be directed to other quarters whose guardians smoke stolen cigars.

THE ASSISTANT SEC. OF STATE.

It will be remembered that sometime ago Mr. Charles Hale, of Mass., was appointed to be Mr. Bancroft Davis's successor as Assistant Sec. of State. But his appointment provoked serious charges against him by one Danahy, which delayed his confirmation during an investigation of charges. It is now shown that the statements of Danahy were made out of pure malice, seeking revenge for deserved treatment once received at Mr. Hale's official hands. He had previously been shown up as an adventurer and falsifier during Mr. Douglass's career, and these later disclosures take nobody by surprise. Mr. Hale's confirmation now seems certain.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 8, 1872.
CONGRESSIONAL.

The stream of talk flows unceasingly on. Its sources are Amnesty and Civil Rights. It empties into the great sea of gab, which has been growing larger and larger ever since the foundation of the government. Of course, everything that is said has reference to the approaching Presidential campaign. The chances of the passage of the Amnesty bill are diminishing every day. Senator Robertson, of South Carolina, who has charge of the measure, is not a good manager, and his smarter opponents in the Senate are continually getting the better of him. He is an excellent man privately, and does his duty in the Senate Chamber as well as he knows how. Still, it is unfortunate that this important bill is in his hands. Trumbull or Schurz would have done better. It is a fact that Senators put men at the head of important committees for some other reason than that they are best fitted for the positions. Witness Cameron, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs; Hylan, of that on Indian Affairs; Stewart, on the Pacific Railroad; and Cole, on Appropriations. Sumner, Schurz, Morrill of Vermont, and Patterson are kept in the background. The fact is suggestive, too suggestive.

Sumner is gradually pruning his Civil Rights bill of its most objectionable features, and it will, undoubtedly, pass during the session, in some form. It is quite a common impression that he is a very earnest, honest man, who shows great zeal in endeavoring to put a bill through Congress, but who does not possess much parliamentary knowledge or skill. The truth is exactly the reverse, as regards his ability to wield parliamentary weapons. He has remarkable success with bills that he introduces, so remarkable, indeed, that brother-senators often invoke his efforts in behalf of their own pet measures. He has been in the Senate so long that he knows exactly how to take advantage of every rule, precedent, or circumstance, that can be made to do him service. His openness disarms suspicion. Moreover, he has a way of getting the country interested in his efforts, and in a degree, of securing Senators by the power of public opinion. In this way, his favorite measure in behalf of what he calls "Civil Rights," will become a law.

SOCIAL.

In my last letter, I spoke of society in Washington. I will speak a little more about it.—It is interesting to compare the fashionable parties and ceremonies of the present time with those of a past age. The comparison is sometimes flattering, and sometimes the reverse. Washington to-day differs very much from the Washington of Jefferson's time. Referring to the time of Jefferson's inauguration, on the fourth of March, 1801, John Cotton Smith, a member of Congress from Connecticut, afterwards wrote: "One wing of the Capitol only had been erected, which, with the President's House, a mile distant from it, both constructed with white sandstone, were shining objects in distant contrast with the scene around them. Instead of recognizing the avenues and streets portrayed on the plan of the city, not one was visible, unless we except a road, with two buildings on each side of it, called the New Jersey Avenue. The Pennsylvania (Avenue) leading, as laid down on paper, from the Capitol to the Presidential Mansion, was then nearly the whole distance a deep morass, covered with alder bushes, which were cut through the width of the intended avenue during the then ensuing winter. Between the President's House and Georgetown, a block of houses had been erected, which then bore, and may still bear the name of the 'Six Buildings.' There were, also, two other blocks, consisting of two or three dwelling-houses, in different directions, and now and then an isolated wooden habitation; the intervening spaces, and, indeed, the surface of the city generally, being covered with shrub oak bushes on the higher grounds, and, on the marshy soil, either trees or some sort of shrubbery."

It might naturally be supposed that, in such a rough, crude city, if it could be called, society would be uncouth and uncultivated, also. See what Sir Augustus Foster, who was Secretary of the British Legation, during a portion of Jefferson's administration, says on this subject:—"Most of the members of Congress it is true, keep to their lodgings, but still there are a sufficient number of them who are sociable, or whose families come to the city for a season, and there is no want of handsome ladies for the balls, especially at Georgetown; indeed, I never saw prettier girls anywhere. As there are but few of them, however, in proportion to the great number of men who frequent the places of amusement in the Federal city, it is one of the most marrying places of the whole continent—a truth which was beginning to be found out, and became, by and by, the cause of vast numbers flocking thither all round from the four points of the compass. But with the march of intellect so much vaunted in the present century, the literary education of these ladies is far from being worthy of the age of knowledge, and conversation is apt to flag, though a seat by the ladies is very much coveted. Dancing and music served to eke out the time, but one got to be heartily sick of hearing the same song everywhere, even when it was 'Just like love is yonder rose.' . . . Others I have known to contract an aversion to water, and, as a substitute, cover their faces and bosoms with hair-powder, in order to render skin pure and delicate. This was peculiarly the case with some Virginians, who came to the balls at Washington, and who, in consequence, were hardly less unfavorable than negroes. . . . Cards were a great resource of an evening, and gaming was all the fashion, at brag, especially, for the men who frequented society were chiefly from Virginia or the Western States, and were very fond of this, the most gambling of all games, as being one of countenance as well as of cards."

DICTATORIAL.

The dictatorial spirit displayed by the English press, relative to the proposed conduct of the United States before the tribunal at Geneva, is generally taken here, I think, for what it is worth. It occasions some surprise, but not much excitement. It is characteristically British. The feeling here among prominent politicians is that Great Britain will not repudiate the treaty. As soon as Mr. Gladstone learns that all the attempts made by English officials and newspapers, to dictate to our Government the course that it shall pursue in regard to the claims of the United States under the treaty, are futile, he will cause them to cease.

—Prescott.

Salmon are now exported to England from this country in great quantities.

Communications.

Church Extension.

For a score of years, the success of our Zion in the West has been a subject of great solicitude to the few who have been willing to sacrifice the advantages of older states for homes in the new. The sacrifice, in many cases, has proved a noble one, although it has not perhaps been always accompanied with that earnest longing for the salvation of souls, and for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, that we might desire. But no sooner have many of our good brethren made homes in the West, than they have received, as it were, a new injunction to work for the Master.

There are some Christians, we know, that manifest but little anxiety for the interests of Zion until they see the cause languishing;—when the church has grown cold, the meetings have become thinly attended, and there seems to be a general decline of interest, then they arise, buckle on their shield, and, with much faith move forward with all confidence that they are going to be victors. Some of these good folks have been found in the West, and by what means they have gone thither, or whether God has so directed them, we would not say; but, at all events, their labors have contributed mightily to the destruction of sin and to the prosperity of Zion. They have gone as if sent by Heaven, and under the support of no other "church extension fund" except what God in his pleasure has seen fit to give them. Their increased zeal in the work we can attribute to no other cause than that the field is so great, and the work so important, that they can not resist the demand and be loyal to God's government.

It is thus that our frontier preachers have labored, "forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, they have pressed toward the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Many of them, who have faced the prairie winds and been too often exposed to the cold storms of winter, have been out in early life and in the beauty of manhood; and, to-day, while their dust is resting beneath the prairie sod, their triumphant spirits are calmly mingling with the noble ones above. To such heroic spirits, with a Christian patriotism scarcely less than that of the martyrs of old, is due to a great extent the success of Free-will Baptists in the West. God has given them grace to work, and while their physical strength lasted, they went willingly, sacrificing time, money and life for Christ's sake. While ministers of other denominations have looked for a support from a "Church Extension Fund,"—money raised by contributions for the purpose,—these have preached amidst positive disadvantages, looking only to Jesus for support, and as the author and finisher of their work. As a result, they have now in many localities, in Wisconsin, Illinois and Iowa, elegant church buildings which are fair expressions of their enterprise and church interest.

At the present time some of our ministers are laboring on the frontier, quite as earnestly as those of other days have done. They are preaching upon meager salaries, or no salary at all. Many of them are doing a good work, holding protracted meetings, and organizing churches when practicable. They have, of course, things to contend with that those of other denominations (which have in store their "special fund") have not. God is blessing them in their noble work. Most of them are living on farms or homesteads, and with their own hands are laboring for a support. They have been instrumental in the conversion of many souls. They occupy the "country places," as they have not the means to support them in the large towns. We are glad that we have these faithful laborers; thank God for them. But had we a hundred more in Nebraska, the field would be occupied only in part.

Prominent among the interests claiming our attention on the frontier, is the erection, as soon as possible, of suitable houses of worship, at the several principal points that are soon to become first class cities. What ever may be the position or prospect of the locality, and wherever we may labor for the conversion of the world and for church building, we are, of course, engaged in a noble mission; and the work in villages and rural districts must and will be sooner or later cared for. But there is nothing that will contribute more to the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, in a new field, than success in church building in those more central points. Let Free-will Baptists open up an interest, erect a church, &c., in each of two or three important places which we might mention in Nebraska and Kansas, and the work, properly managed, would result in more real good than several times the amount of money spent in fields less attractive. After taking a position in those important towns, we could then far more easily, and by far less labor, enter places less important. And there is no reason why we should not occupy those large towns. It does not require much money. Six or eight hundred dollars, contributed by brethren or friends outside, would give us a position in almost any one of those large towns in the state of Nebraska. Lots, at present, are comparatively low, where in a few years they will be beyond the reach of ordinary capitalists. Indeed, almost any town will now donate a lot for a church building. If houses of worship could be erected this year, at Lincoln and Fort Kearney, even at an expense of not more than eight hundred dollars each, we would stand a good chance to be quite as efficient in this state, and would become in a few years quite as strong numerically as any other denomination. The importance of occupying those prominent points will be better realized by those who are familiar with the expectations of the

people, and have circulated in the society of our country and towns. Can there not be something done to start an interest in those places where there is so much pending? Upon those, indeed, depend in a great degree the success of Free-will Baptists in Nebraska.

Of course we might go on shunning those leading towns, and opening our interests in our district school-houses, little villages, at railroad stations, &c., and so accomplish a great deal for the Master, as our ministers have done in the past; but should we be satisfied with this? Is it in harmony with the plan of Him who taught "that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem?" As a people, what is our duty in reference to the frontier? It seems to me that, by some combination, in some way, there should be more concentration of effort in this new and beautiful country west of the Missouri. For there is no place where so much may be accomplished with so little means. In ten years from this, it will require a great deal more talent, time and money to make a start here than now.

L. C. CHASE.

Knots.

How annoying they are just where one doesn't want them. The attempt to remove them wastes time, irritates the temper and injures the fabric.

But the lesson I learned from a knot is a good one. What is it? Well, I was in great haste to finish arranging my room. Mischief was busy as usual; helping here, hindering there, and making herself very officious generally. I looked for an article of clothing that I was just ready to put away. Where could it be? It was there on the chair a minute ago. One look at Mischief solved the mystery.

Now those who are accustomed to untying children's knots, know that I had quite a task to accomplish, before the garment that was tied on strong enough to "make it stay," as Mischief said, was released from the dear neck; and it was then, while untying knot after knot, that the lesson above referred to was learned.

Now, that a feeling of irritation and impatience was caused by this unnecessary delay in my work, I do not deny; neither the fact, that it rose so high as to be in imminent danger of being coined into sharp and reproving words. But the words were not said; for the tightly closed lips, or the will that shut them, kept them back; and in the silence an inner voice was heard speaking to the soul and saying,—"How often do you try the infinite patience by the knots and tangles in your life-thread? Through all these years, you have been trying to weave a fabric fair and beautiful, such a one as shall clothe your soul in loveliness and adorn it with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit! Now, to how many days' work can you point, in which the life-thread has been kept free from knots? How the infinite patience has hovered over you, as you have looked with sad eyes and sorrowful heart at these imperfect places in the fabric; and when, with a humbled and more trusting spirit, you have tried to untie the knots and leave the fabric in better condition, did you never seem to see your Saviour's eyes looking reprovingly at the wasted time, the injured thread and the half-mended place, where there might have been a smooth, nicely woven figure on the delicate fabric?"

You may be sure Little Mischief escaped without any reproof that time.

What a pity it is about these knots! Mary has been told she must go immediately home from school. She stops to play in a schoolmate's yard. There is one knot. Then she walks slowly home, her little brain busily at work planning a falsehood to excuse her delay. Oh! what a sad tangle her life-thread is in by the time she reaches home and has told her improbable story! And when the dear mother looks straight into her eyes and sees through them the falsehood that is trying to put on such an honest look, how hard the untying is! Then, even if by confession and repentance the thread is at last untangled, it is so kinked and stretched that all efforts at mending leave but a poor, loose, uneven place in what might have been a beautifully wrought figure.

A young man is clerk in a store. His life-thread has been running very smoothly in and out, until the piece that shall be woven promises to be one of rare beauty. Already the words "honesty" and "truth" are legible; and his friends watch the progress of his life-work with high hopes. Look closely. Is that a knot? Surely, it is. It is the same old story. An evil associate. Money wanted. A little taken, just for once. Unexpected circumstances make it inconvenient to replace it. A little more taken to get through a tight place. Success in concealment and new temptations cause a deeper plunge. Then the discovery comes; and friends stand aghast when, instead of the finely woven figure, his last year's life-work is held up to the public gaze all knotted and tangled with sin and shame. Shut up in his cell, these knots stand out in such contrast with his previous life, that each one grows bright to his mind's eye; and, clustering together, they appear to form the word, "Disgrace," which seems a brand upon his forehead, shutting him forever from the society of the pure and good.

But these knots are especially unseemly and out of place when the life-work of the Christian is entangled with them. A young man comes into a village. He has professed religion, but has made very uncertain progress. In moving from place to place, he has been subjected to many temptations and has sometimes yielded. Still, his purpose is to associate himself with Christians and the Sabbath-school. How is he received? Well, at first, by nearly all whom he meets. But Mrs. Grundy comes in more direct contact with him than the rest.—For there is a Mrs. Grundy

in the Christian Church, just as busy as in other society. Everybody must believe just as she does, have his toes on just the same mark, and be of just such a spiritual stature, measured by her tape-line.—Mrs. Grundy soon ascertains that he is not quite orthodox in some of his views. He entertains opinions in regard to many of the questions of the day, such as no member of the Meadville society ever heard of. And she says to worthy Bro. E., in a solemn tone,—"I have heard him say myself that he does not believe there is anything in this world, that gives true enjoyment, to which the Christian has not a better right than anybody else; just as though the Bible did not teach that we are to come out from the world and be separate from it. And he even went so far as to say, that he has not a bit of sympathy with the long-faced religion that makes a person repulsive to everybody else." Then, with an impressive gesture,—"Now, Bro. E., isn't that making fun of religious things, and do not you think our young people ought to be warned?"

Bro. E. had the highest respect for Mr. and Mrs. Grundy; and he had never been known to move one hair's breadth in the direction of anything new, until it had first been sanctioned by them and their followers; so he meekly said, "I am afraid this young fellow's new notions will do harm unless our people are warned against him."

Now, this was just what Mrs. Grundy wanted. She was now fully armed and equipped to canvass the parish. And that the warning was thoroughly given, no one could doubt who saw the shrugged shoulders, the side glances and the keep-aloo-f-from-me expression which met young Somers when he next went to the social circle of the church. He felt ill at ease, he knew not why. The atmosphere seemed changed. He did not breathe easily in it; and after going a few times, he determined to go where he could find more congenial society. After a while he was missing from the Sabbath-school, then from church; and Mrs. Grundy and her friends drew a long breath of relief that they had been delivered from such doubtful influence.

Now, is that what Jesus meant by saying, "Feed my lambs?" Wasn't that religious society that "brother's keeper," until every possible effort had been made to reform him, if in error, and to bear with him, if only needless and thoughtless, and especially, if conscious, that in his own opinions, he only differed from them in unimportant matters? Think you, the pattern set by Mrs. G., in her warning visit through the parish, was after the pattern shown in the Sermon on the Mount? Or, rather, was her life-thread all knotted, and the pattern very unlike the perfect one?

If you had asked her what pattern she was weaving into her life-work that day, she would have said it was a fountain that would send forth sweet water for the cleansing of the parish. But in the eyes of God it was a fountain sending forth bitter water; and every warning that was given formed a knot in the pattern closely resembling a serpent's head, through which the bitter water flowed, leaving a taste of its bitterness in every household.

Reader, strive earnestly to keep your life-thread free from knots; so that, when your work is finished, the pattern may be fit for examination by the great Master, and all your effort will be richly rewarded by his "Well done."

STANLEY.

Is it a Rare Thing?

In the *Star* of Jan. 8, "S. C. K." speaking of the church where he has the charge, says it has been a custom to admit pious children to membership in this church; also, that he esteemed some children in that place as very hopeful converts. This is stated in such a way as to convey the impression that this was a rare occurrence, and might be of doubtful propriety.

I do not see why it should not be a common thing to meet with pious children; and if they give evidence of a change of heart, I do not see why they should not be received to church fellowship upon the strength of such evidence, as older people are. What is the aim and hope of pious parents and the great army of Sabbath-school workers, if this desirable result can not be attained at an early age, while the mind is in a normal state, unbiassed by prejudices and skepticism? I think the youngest minds are as susceptible to divine impressions as many older and bewildered understandings, and that we should labor for greater results in this direction.

It seems right that we should do this, because it is a subject of divine promise. Who but the blessed Saviour said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven?" And did he not raise his eyes heavenward at one time and exclaim, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." Does not this encourage efforts for their salvation without regard to their tender age?

The word of God is the simple message of redeeming love, spoken in the simplest language, perfectly intelligible to the youngest, and is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. Let it be brought before youthful minds as designed for and belonging to them, with the evidence of sincerity and earnestness, and we may as reasonably look for a blessing to attend the truth in the experience of children as adults.

The church in this place has derived great benefit from receiving children and youth to its membership, and has yet to regret the practice of doing so. From forty to fifty per cent. of this church now are young people, many of them having been received when mere children; and I am happy to say that the consistency of their walk will compare favorably with that of an equal number of any age.

A few years since, during a revival in this place, which nearly doubled the membership of the church, a number of youth were included among them, and with the rest, a child of but eight years of age gave evidence of conversion, was baptized in an opening cut through the ice in the river, united with the church, and was thought by many to have been the direct means, under God, of bringing an impenitent father and mother to Christ,—and is now, as we have good reason to believe, a saint in glory. Six years later, another powerful awakening occurred here, commencing as heretofore in the Sabbath-school, and whole classes of children and youth gave their hearts to God. More than two-thirds of the sixty-one that were received into the church as the result of this revival, were under twenty-five years of age, several of them under twelve, and three under ten; and the youngest ones have ever since been a pattern of zeal and devotedness to many of the older members of the church.

Now we are in the midst of another gracious outpouring of the influences of the Holy Spirit, and this time it commenced among the children. Six or seven, between the ages of nine and fourteen, started to serve the Lord, and gradually it extended to those of riper years, and promises to be a work of lasting benefit to the church. These results have been attained under the ordinary means of grace, no special effort having been made in this direction; only they have been taught to believe that the gospel was designed for their belief and salvation.

I mention this as an encouragement to those who have doubts as to the hopes of conversions among children, or the propriety of receiving them to full membership in the church. We have never yet suffered by doing it, and have reason to believe that it has promoted a growth of grace in many hearts that would otherwise have been lost to the church, and perhaps have been left or driven even to walk in the broad road that leads to ruin.

H. F. SMITH.

Waterbury, Vt.

The Love of Money.

BY JOSEPH FULLERTON.

"For the love of money is the root of all evil." 1 Tim. 6:10.

Money is the root of all evil. It is the love of it that generates wrong doing. There is a difficulty in the expression, that the love of it is the root of all evil. It is not true literally and directly, in fact. It is not the root of ambition, intemperance, profanity, much of idolatry, many forms of lust, hatred of God and goodness.

Mr. Barnes says it had passed into a popular saying that, "All sorts of evil grow out of the love of money." Dr. Clarke says, it would be better to translate the original so as to read all of these evils, that is, the evils named in the preceding verse. These are, "temptation, a snare, and many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in perdition."

Solomon says, "Money answereth all things." With it the necessary things of life can usually be obtained. With it one can be very useful in helping on the interests of humanity and extending the cause of religion in the world.

Money then may be highly estimated; indeed it may be loved for its use to ourselves and the blessings it may confer on others, in the benevolent use of it. There is a luxury, an untold luxury in doing good to our fellow beings who are in indigence and distress, and destitute of the means of saving grace. It is blessed to give. And the highest authority commands us to "freely give."

It is the inordinate love of money that is condemned. That is a passion that debases the mind, contracts its powers, destroys a sense of right, and the fine and tender feelings of the soul. It is the root of terrible evils and aggravating sins.

Let us look at this more definitely, and we shall see that the love of money is the cause of a vast amount of evil. The love of it, if they succeed in acquiring wealth, become vain as it describes what in some sense is, a bright circle around them, and the train of admirers or dependants it draws after them. It is the grand spring of pride and self-sufficiency to those who have nothing better to value themselves upon. It is a magnet which attracts parasites. It becomes an efficient tool with which ambition works, and sometimes helps on nefarious designs. It is an engine of political corruption, as by money in many cases the freedom of the elective franchise and the purity of the ballot box are destroyed. The love of money is the means of domestic oppression, as "he that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house." It is one cause of slavery. It sometimes prevents the administration of the law and the ends of public justice, as the officers to execute the law are bribed. It transforms some who profess to be ministers of the gospel into hunters after eminent places and great salaries. It is one cause of deception, downright lying and dishonesty. It causes theft, murder and war. It leads to a neglect of the claims of the gospel in its liberal support and the extension of Christ's kingdom on earth.

"Men of God, flee these things." Love not the world; love not money.

"Follow after righteousness, faith, godliness, love, patience, meekness." Money may be obtained, but if the heart is upon it, and bowels of mercy are shut up, there will be poverty at last, "shame and everlasting contempt."

"PEARLS BEFORE SWINE." What does the nightingale care if the toad does despise her singing! She still sings on and leaves the toad to his dark shadows. So with human nightingales. What care the good and true and beautiful for the sneers of the human toads who grovel in the lowest of earth's pleasures!

An honest man is believed without an oath, for his reputation swears for him.

Our Educational Interests.

By a communication in a recent issue of the *Star*, from the pen of "O. B. C." we learn that something must be done, and soon, or our educational interests must greatly suffer, and, perhaps, be a magnificent failure. In the last No. of the *Star*, it is suggested by the Faculty of Bates College that there be a convention of the friends of education in N. E., to be held the last of April, to consider the necessities of the College and Theological school, and devise means to lift the load that now threatens their prosperity if not their very life.

When Bates College assumed the responsibility of furnishing a building and instruction for the Theological school, the trustees knew they were assuming a very heavy load, but they were willing to bear a heavy burden that the school might have a permanent home. But unforeseen misfortunes, over which they had no control, have deprived them of large and generous donations which they then believed to be sure, and render it impossible at present to carry the heavy burden with the limited endowment of the College. And now the question comes,—What shall be done? But no one can answer. It is a hopeful sign that so many are asking the question.

This is the great question which the proposed convention is to meet and answer. And then there we trust it will be answered. Then there we trust prosperity of the College and Theological school will be provided for. If not, their fate may be sealed for many long years. There will doubtless be many plans, and much discussion. It is hoped that there will be. One desire will animate every heart, i. e., that the best plan may be adopted. Some will advocate the plan hinted at by "J. A. H." in the *Star*; while others, unwilling that the Education Society should again be burdened with providing for the Theological school, will think there is some better way. If there be, let them point it out, and we shall all rejoice to accept it, and leave the Education Society at liberty to give all its strength to beneficiaries preparing for the ministry. The Society may not be willing to rescind its former action and provide for two professors in the Theological department; but will it not be better to do so than to endanger the life of both, or at least help to bear this unexpected burden until the College can increase its funds? It is not the question, whether it was wise on the part of the college, to transfer the Theological school to Bates, but what is best now. The College is founded, the school has been sent there; and now what shall be done to secure their prosperity? This is the question we must meet, and let us meet it like Christian men, trusting that He who has hitherto helped us, will not leave us in this trying hour. If the trustees of Bates were unwise in assuming such a burden before the funds were actually secured, is it Christian kindness to hold them to the fulfillment of a contract that will crush them? Let all the friends of education be there. Let us come in the spirit of Jesus, seeking only what will best secure his favor and promote the general good.

S. S. Department.

The Teachers' Meeting.

Probably no argument is needed in behalf of a teachers' meeting. All analogies favor it. A farmers' club is a very common affair. Why should it not be? Why should it not be more common? Why should not every neighborhood of ten or twenty tillers of the soil get together steadily to compare work, methods, results? There are ten reasons for Sunday-school teachers to every one for farmers, philosophers, and students in special branches, why they should come together steadily, for conference, study and prayer. The State convention is a teachers' meeting, but it is both too infrequent and too broad for the purpose now in mind. The county or other local union is a teachers' meeting, but neither can it serve this purpose any better. The teachers of a given school must meet by themselves regularly, frequently, for prayerful deliberation over the work in their particular field.

It is not difficult to sketch such a picture of a teachers' meeting as shall make it its own best commendation. It is at the superintendent's or pastor's house. It is being of a winter evening, the large room is well warmed and lighted, but nothing can be warmer than the grasp or brighter than the face with which each comer is greeted. The teachers learn to go early to such a meeting as this, and tardiness is a thing unknown. Often the first arrivals are full fifteen minutes before the time appointed, but these minutes are by no means wasted, for they afford an opportunity for a little social intercourse, which is an excellent preparation for the more formal exercises that are to follow.

These more formal exercises are begun with devotion. The leader, he be pastor, superintendent, or teacher, in his turn conducts the service, calling others to his aid if need be. The hymn that is sung, the word or two of Scripture that is read, the thought that is uttered, the prayer that is offered, do not altogether occupy more than ten minutes, each minute being made to tell. Ten minutes next following are devoted to experimental matters—question and answer, statement and explanation, hearing on the teacher's work. One teacher desires advice as to a case of discipline; another has had a cheering case of conversion; another has had a victory over a stubborn scholar; another has hit on a new and easy way of arresting attention; and so on, not all at one meeting, perhaps not more than one at any meeting, but still in course of time the relation of many experiences being secured which all who hear can profit by.

Then comes the lesson—for of course in this school, this well-ordered school (and we know it is well-ordered because it sustains a teachers' meeting) the lesson is uniform for all the classes, and the study of it forms the central feature of each teachers' meeting. The meeting having commenced promptly at 7.30; it is now 7.50. Before 8.30, at which time devotion is to be briefly resumed, there are 40 minutes, all of which can be devoted to the lesson. The time, as will be seen, must be used economically. None can be wasted in discussions. None in long-winded disquisitions, either by the

pastor who is truly learned, or by the brother who thinks himself to be. None over trivial points. The leader has previously worked hours on the lesson. It is all mapped out before him. His perspective is accurately adjusted to his eye. He sees what is important and what is not. The difficulties, the obscurities, the practical thoughts, all these he comprehends, and, treating no two lessons alike, he is ready for this without the loss of a moment. Each teacher before him has a Bible, note-book and pencil. Remembering that the time is short, this evening we will suppose that the leader first goes rapidly over the text, giving a running exposition. Then he calls for difficulties. They are mentioned, one by this teacher, and another by that, and explained. When obscurities (so far as is possible) have been removed, the practical lessons are drawn out—the points, which are to be pressed home, to prick the hearts, if the Spirit shall attend and bless the effort, of those who are to receive the word. Then illustrations are called for, and are numerous suggested. The lesson is not gone into in detail. This is left to be done in the class, each teacher with his own scholars. Here the object is to get the lesson in hand, to secure agreement in idea, to take a common aim, to prepare to strike together. The forty minutes rapidly pass away. Fifteen more are spent in prayers, not one prayer, long and tedious, but several, short and specific. And then, after having been continued an hour and a quarter, the meeting is closed. It will be strange if such a meeting is not followed by a short season of social intercourse, as well as preceded by it.

It is plain to see that the features of such a meeting as this are four-fold: social, experimental, intellectual, and devotional. They may never be mingled in the same proportion, but they are essential elements in that preparation without which no teacher can hope to go to his work from Sabbath to Sabbath. There must be a bond between him and his fellow workers. He needs the benefit of their experience. He can not know too much about the lesson. And then, united prayers have the promise that they shall prevail.—S. S. Teacher.

PREPARING A LESSON. To the question, "How to prepare a Bible Lesson," the following answers were given at a recent Sunday-school Convention. They are brief, but illustrate well the different methods by which a variety of teachers endeavor to achieve the same great result, a wise and forcible presentation of God's Word.

1. Realize that all true spiritual light comes from God, and pray for the Spirit's help. 2. Read carefully the passage itself without helps, to get out of it what you can. What is thus gotten is your own, awakens you, and will awaken others. 3. Then consult commentaries—a good, brief, suggestive one, if possible; and thus get the light of other minds to aid your own. 4. Spend what time is possible in searching for, and laying up illustrations and apt anecdotes, to illuminate and fix the truth in the mind.

Study every word, slowly and carefully, endeavoring to grasp the idea of the passage. If anything is likely to be beyond the reach of the scholars, consider carefully how to make it clear to them by illustration, etc. Use commentaries, if anything seems obscure.

After prayer, read the Scripture, then study it with the help of commentaries, and then talk it over alone in your room, just as though you had your class before you. Drill yourself first.

1. Ascertain what the passage is designed to teach. 2. Arrange the thoughts according to their importance. 3. Seek for illustrations of the various points. 4. Obtain whatever light you can from commentaries and others. 5. Pray that your own mind may be properly impressed with it, that you may speak with the spirit and the understanding.

1. Get a thorough knowledge of the scope of the whole lesson and context. 2. Compare all parallel passages. 3. Study all allusions to places, people, and manners or customs. 4. After thorough thinking of the whole subject alone, ascertain what commentators say about it.

1. Give yourself anew to God, and ask divine illumination. 2. Seek the mind of God on the passage. 3. Study the lesson with all helps you can command from human sources. 4. Remember the peculiar mental habits and modes of the class that you may follow the law of adaptation. 5. Get full of the subject—brimful, running over. 1. Commit the lesson to memory. 2. Pray for light. 3. Note thoughts upon the same. 4. Collect and arrange best thoughts. 5. Consult authorities. 6. Arrange as follows: Persons, Places, Dates, Doings, Duties, etc.

Study the lesson faithfully from the Bible, and then apply to commentators after you have exhausted your own powers. This gives your fresh biblical thoughts for your scholars.

DRIFTED BACKWARD. The *Christian Advocate* hath a parable and an interpretation in this wise:

It was a source of much trouble once, to some fish, to see a number of lobsters swimming backward instead of forward. They therefore called a meeting, and it was determined to open a class for their instruction, which was done, and a number of lobsters came; for the fish very gravely argued that if they commenced with the young ones, as they grew up they would learn to swim right. At first they did very well, but afterward, when they returned home, and saw their fathers and mothers swimming in the old way, they soon forgot their lessons. So many a child, well taught at Sabbath school, is drifted backward by a bad home influence.

DO NOT LOSE SEVEN YEARS OF PRAYING. I have seen many a teacher almost discouraged and ready to faint. I remember one a little while ago. "I am in an extremity," she said; "I have been pleading for my class now seven years, and there are none of them converted to God." "Extremity, did you say?" I asked. "Yes." "Thank God, then, for that! Your extremity is God's opportunity." I do not think I would lose seven years of praying. Have faith. It was only the next Sabbath that she came to me with a bursting heart, exclaiming, "How strange! how strange! For the first time in seven years one of my little girls asked me to-day, 'O teacher, teacher, what must I do to be saved?'" Oh, how often you have seen the same thing in your own experience, fellow-teacher, when you have been in an extremity, and felt that you could not let God go—that Jacob-like, you must hold on—and the answer came.—Ralph Wells.

I find it a very hard thing to undergo misfortune; but to be content with a competent measure of fortune, and to avoid greatness, I think a very easy matter.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1872.

GEORGE T. DAY, Editor.

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

A Special Premium.

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

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

Church Choirs and Singing.

Some day, we hope that part of our public worship which is especially adapted to unite the whole congregation—we mean the singing,—may be the act of the people rather than that of a quartette or a mere handful of professional singers perched in an organ loft or otherwise shut away from the great body of worshippers. The expression of the Psalmist, "Let the people praise thee, O God, let all the people praise thee," ought to suggest something more than a prayer reaching out after a distant and misty millennium, and something more than an example of poetic license or Eastern hyperbole. Singing ought to be an integral part of public and private education. Christians should interest themselves in it as a duty to be done, and as a means of serving the cause of religion. It ought to be deemed important to have a church that can properly praise as well as one that can effectually pray. Vocal prayer is generally limited by its own nature to a single voice; whereas vocal praise calls for the united employment of the tongues and lips of the multitude. The general interest felt in congregational singing is a cheering symptom, and is prophetic of something valuable. But there is no such thing as having good or even properly endurable congregational singing without effort, painstaking practice, systematic drill, and a general willingness to subordinate mere artistic excellence and effect to the truly religious object. So long as the singing is left to take care of itself, it will be lawless and offensive to all true taste; so long as we look to our church choirs to yield us nearly the same sort of gratification that is sought at the hands of the concert or opera troupe, our sanctuary singing will fail of its true object, and weigh down the devout souls whom it should lift nearer to heaven.

As things are, there is still a demand for choirs. Indeed, when congregational singing is adopted, there will yet be need of them. It is fitting to use in public worship more or less such music as the average or the superior congregation can not execute. Anthems, Sentences, Select Pieces for special occasions will still be called for, and these can be properly rendered only by the trained choir. And such a choir does perhaps its highest work in sustaining and leading the voices of the congregation where "all the people" join in the praise. What the leader is to the choir, that should the choir be to the congregation. It is a service that exalts the function of the few trained singers, instead of putting dishonor upon their work. If they were to put religion before art, and devotion before the gratification of taste, they would thus estimate it. And until this is done, there is very little acceptable praise rendered through the sanctuary hymns, however sweet may be the concord of sounds, or however much regard may be paid to rhythm and melody and dynamics, to andante and staccato, to pianissimo and fortissimo. One burst of rapt adoration from a soul that tells its reverent love to God even through a cracked and quivering voice, is more to the infinite ear and heart than all the faultless harmonies of the Hallelujah Chorus, when it starts only from the throats of an ambitious and exacting choir, intent merely on extorting the admiration of the human hearers.

A true choir is to be honored and prized. Its members render real and valuable service. They must spend time and money, work patiently and hard, have undeserved criticism and give unappreciated service. They must be in their places promptly at rehearsals, and fill their seats even on stormy Sundays. They usually get only a small compensation for their work when nominally paid; when their effort is freely given they are worthy of a double honor. Without their cooperation the sanctuary service would suffer far more than it suffers now. Many a patient and almost unrecognized singer is helping to translate the highest truths of the gospel so that the meaning is clear, not less than is the wealthy parishioner who gives a thousand dollars to missions, or the preacher himself whose pictures of Christian fidelity shame the lives of his hearers and stir a nobler ambition in their souls. If, as Milton says, "They also serve who only stand and wait," surely they serve in high ways who send Christian thankfulness speeding to heaven in a chariot of harmonies. And such choirs are entitled to generous criticism and charitable judgments, even when they exhibit

the weaknesses and imperfections which prove them to be still human.

But choirs, as we find them, are sometimes hard things to deal with. Their sensibility is something noticeable. They stand in the public thought,—and perhaps not without some reason,—as the symbol of quarrelsomeness. They are not free from ambition, envy, jealousy, and the spirit of defiance and dictation. In their own realm they insist on a liberty that is pretty nearly license. They sometimes attempt to rule the society; they threaten the deacons; they are impatient at the suggestions of the minister. They seem more intent on maintaining what they call their own rights as singers, than on serving the great end of their calling as worshippers. They seek to monopolize the praise; they spitefully criticize the voices that venture to join in the hymns from the pews; they sneer, and not very sweetly, at the music of the prayer-meeting whose heartiness they seldom try to help. Such a choir probably bears very little acceptable praise to the upper sanctuary, and it is by no means certain that the service which they seem to make necessary, is one that adds any great power to the godliness in whose interest they profess to be using their gifts of song.

Choristers are now and then a serious perplexity. When, having no religious character, as is too often the case, their work is purely professional and rests only on a business basis, they now and then plague and try the best part of a church even more than they profit the treasury or add to the real value of the worship. The religious ends should never in such cases be subordinated to the secular. No church should consent to employ or retain a chorister who exhibits a spirit or adopts a line of policy that is at war with the highest ends of church life, or that becomes a grief and offense to the truest and best souls. And when a chorister can not or will not work in harmony with a church that is intent on having its music serve truly religious rather than mere artistic ends, it is time for his withdrawal on his own motion, or for him to receive a courteous but effectual dismissal. For it is the imperative duty of a church so to express its praise that it shall build up godliness and unify and exalt the pious hearts within itself. It is alike bound to regulate the services at the front and in the rear of the sanctuary. It has no right to allow the orchestra to antagonize with the pulpit, to let the choir undo the work of the preacher, and consent that the hymn destroy the moral effect of the sermon.

Some day, as we have said, we hope to see our congregations, as a whole, singing with spirit, understanding, devoutness and harmony, and the choir and organ nobly helping them. But even now, while waiting for that better thing, we believe choristers and choirs should so behave, and churches so manage, that all things relating to public praise may be "done decently and in order."

May Women Preach?

Rev. T. L. Cuyler has found himself ranged with the supporters of the Woman's Rights movement. He is there too against his intention and will. He has protested against that movement. He has more than once put himself in open opposition to it. He calls it unscriptural. He insists that it is calculated to rob woman of her moral delicacy, and weaken her in the social and domestic sphere where Providence has set her as a queen. In the triumph of that movement he seems to see all sorts of calamities. The home is to suffer. The church is to lose its sanctity. The state is to be afflicted with a chronic anarchy. Election days are to become more turbulent and terrible than they now are. The caucus is to incarnate fiercer passions and bring out sadder speech. The political campaign is to be doubly soiled with dirt-throwing and more terribly dashed with billingsgate. In short, Mr. Cuyler has foreseen nearly all the disasters attendant upon the triumph of the movement which haunt the vision of Dr. Todd and make lurid the prophecies of Mr. Greeley. And yet, after all, he is publicly arraigned as one of these innovating reformers, and charged with compromising the dignified and conservative Presbyterian church by his disorganizing theories and scandalous practice. It is rather odd and somewhat hard to be thus classed with the most radical of radicals when one has gloried in conservatism and lifted up his voice to warn men against stepping aside from the old paths.

The offense was simply this. Mr. Cuyler invited an excellent, lady-like, and talented female preacher, belonging to the Society of Friends, to speak in his pulpit and to his congregation. The invitation was accepted, and Miss Smiley opened her lips and uttered her message. Whereupon more or less of the ministers associated with him in the Presbytery were aggrieved, entered a formal complaint against him for un-Presbyterian conduct, had him indicted, summoned and arraigned for trial before the Presbytery. The charges were read, the case set forth, a week was allowed for preparation, and two days of last week were occupied in a grave and earnest examination and trial.

The question was variously and warmly argued, and by not a few able and earnest men. A resolution of censure was drawn and urged; a proposal to exonerate Dr. Cuyler was promptly voted down; grave and reverend men quoted St. Paul against the offender; while others sought to terrify him and compass their ends by holding up before him the vision of Mrs. Woodhull, and to warn him against the commitment of himself to such revolutionary and unchristian dogmas as he was, perhaps unconsciously, proceeding to endorse. It was not pleaded that Miss Smiley did not preach a good sermon, that her doctrines were unsound, that her reasoning was fallacious, that her appeals lacked fervor, that her manners were not becoming, that she failed

to instruct, or quicken or satisfy her audience. No fault of this kind is laid to her charge. The offense consisted in inviting a woman to speak in the name of her Master, in the place where Christian teaching is usually given, and on the day set apart to the special work of proclaiming the gospel. For this he was tried, and only after a long and earnest discussion did he succeed in escaping a formal censure. In the resolution finally adopted, neither the Bible nor the Book of Discipline was directly quoted for his discomfiture; but he was set studying a "deliverance" of the General Assembly on the subject of woman's preaching, which dates back to the year 1832, and told to heed the lesson taught; while the hope was expressed that he might profit by the discipline. And then the court adjourned.

The case is suggestive. It shows a growing liberality in sentiment, and an increasing respect for the individual conscience. Mr. Cuyler escapes censure; some of his brethren openly defend him and endorse the policy of asking competent and good women to preach; those who complain and demur hesitate to punish for such an offense; the Christian public calls for a generous charity, and the general public takes sides with the pastor and the Quakeress. Miss Smiley will doubtless go on calmly with her preaching; Mr. Cuyler will nod and smile his encouragement; the expositors will learn to interpret Paul so as to make him favor the liberty of prophesying; and society will insist that whatever needful work a woman proves herself able to do well, and remain a true woman, she is thereby commissioned to do. All of which seems to us in perfect harmony with the liberty wherewith Christ makes his people free.

The English Tempest.

The excited state of the English mind, over the case which the United States has presented to the court of arbitration now in session at Geneva, is a disagreeable surprise to us on this side of the sea. We would use no satirical or unfraternal words over a grave matter like this, which threatens the harmony of two great Powers. But, so far as we now understand the facts, this last tempest of indignation finds as little to justify it as did the earlier storm which broke out on the delivery of Mr. Sumner's speech on the same question that is now freshly called up.

It is certainly a tempest that is now raging in England. It may be superficial, short-lived, a thing chiefly of words from the throat, stirred more by policy than by conviction, and sure to spend its forces to little practical purpose. But it is a tempest, felt over the whole realm. The press testifies to its presence, the mercantile houses take note of it, the Queen's speech bears witness to it, the Parliamentary leaders are powerfully swayed by it.

What is the matter now? Well, it is said that the bill presented by the United States, for damages inflicted during our late war by the Alabama and other privateers, and for whose ravages upon our commerce England is carelessly responsible, is extravagantly large, and includes items that cover only constructive or indirect losses. And the making out and presentation of such a bill, it is said, is an offense so grievous that England would be justified in withdrawing from the court-room in dignified and protesting disgust,—the very court-room where she has solemnly agreed to have whole case in dispute argued and passed upon; and to accept and abide the decision. And it is the clamor over this bill, the indignant outcry against the nation that presents it, the noisy demand that it be at once taken back and cut down, and the indirect threat to withdraw from the trial if this is not done,—it is this that constitutes the tempest which howls over the land from the English chapel to the Tweed, and makes the political sky dark with ominous portents.

We should deprecate even a diplomatic quarrel with England over this question now. It would be a shame to both nations and a disaster to two continents. And we have too much faith in the justice, the honor, the discretion and the magnanimity of both peoples to anticipate this. The sober second thought must prevail over the first outburst of surliness and bluster. But we can not appreciate this recent eruption of bad blood and these volleys of hard words. We do not like to think of them as the quarrel of an unsatisfied conscience stirred up by accusing facts which it was hoped had been buried out of sight; nor as an attempt to put down by clamor what can not be resisted by argument; nor as an effort to prejudice the case in the court of European opinion; nor as an experiment to see if America can not be scared into a concession which there is little hope of inducing through her sense of duty. We choose to believe that England really believes that justice, honor and a true self-respect require her to repeat the spasm of indignant and protesting indulgence in which she has more than once indulged herself before now, and under provocations not very different from these.

But we have not been very favorably impressed by these spasms heretofore; we see yet very little that makes this last flurry needful or becoming. If this bill made by the United States is so obviously exorbitant and absurd, England, through her able counsel, surely ought to be able to show it up in all its deformity before the court of arbitration, and have it promptly disallowed. If it is thus exorbitant and absurd, the presentation of it will reit against the United States quite as much as the exposure of it will injure to the credit of England. She will pay nothing, and we shall receive nothing, beyond what the court adjudges as legitimate damages. To withdraw will be to impeach the justice or the competency of the tribunal which she has accepted, or to confess the weakness of

her cause, as well as to repudiate her bargain. Calmness will do her credit; bad temper will soil her reputation.

And so we can see as yet no sufficient reason for the quiet protest in the Queen's speech, for the bitter sneer of Disraeli, for the almost blustering words of Gladstone, or for the red-faced passion with which the English people generally blurt out their intemperate rhetoric. We look for the continuance and growth of a manly friendship between the two peoples; but we wish that ebullitions of temper like this did not put it so often or so seriously in peril.

Current Topics.

—THE LAW'S DELAYS. Mrs. Laura D. Fair, the notorious California woman who shot her paramour while sitting beside his wife, because she felt that his better nature was gaining supremacy and blandishments were losing their power, is still unconvinced, and grows more confident of an acquittal. A new trial has been granted her by the court, and on grounds that seem especially frivolous and indicative of a disposition to override justice by means of the pettiest and most unworthy of legal technicalities. It is quite too evident that something besides a regard for law and the public good is operating upon the officers who are charged with the responsibility of the case. It shows that the legal discriminations are not all made in favor of men, and against what is called the weaker and unprotected sex.

Here is a woman, handsome, brilliant, fascinating; but who is also audacious, conscienceless, ready to smile upon and then victimize anybody who can flatter her vanity, fill her purse, gratify her love of display and her ambition for licentious conquests; who follows pledges with perfidy; who can caress and kill with equal art; who cares a little for the decalogue and public opinion as she does for her own womanly honor; who is an eminent lover like Cleopatra, favors upon men like a common courtesan, and sacrifices them like the queen of the combats—here is this woman coquetting with justice till it ceases to be justice, and trying with public sentiment till she changes its moral indignation into a sentimental and half admiring pity, and till it seems as though she is really likely to receive the martyr's meed instead of the execration and discipline of the deliberate murderers. It is much as Parton says: "Interesting women can now shoot men at their liking, and march off from the field with flying colors." While New York is rousing herself to gibbet magnificent crimes, we trust San Francisco is not going to take them down and canonize them. While Tweed is branded as a villain, we trust Mrs. Fair is not to be hailed as a heroine and a saint.

—TRAVELING SCHOLARSHIPS. It may be considered as among the important signs of the times that various foreign governments are moving in the direction of establishing scholarships to aid those who would perfect their education abroad. The fact as well as the principle of the Oxford traveling scholarship fund is known to many. It is to establish one similar to this that M. Jules Simon has lately made a motion in the French Assembly. The Belgian Chambers has just passed laws establishing such a fund, giving preference, by special articles, to those competitors who speak English, German and Italian. It might be better if no preferences were expressed, but with the principle itself little fault can be found. It will aid and encourage many who would not otherwise put themselves under such a burden, and a large share of the results will in time come back to benefit the state that provides for the aid. Why can not some of our own Colleges follow the example? Have we not some liberal friends of education who will give them the opportunity to do so?

—ANOTHER FALLEN MAN. What there is in their that should lure so many to its practice and then bind them to the habit, is still an open question for the philosophers. But such cases seem to be multiplying, nor does each additional one furnish any satisfactory data to solve the question. A young man in the Boston post-office has just been arrested for embezzling money letters, and completely disarms the transaction of his exciting character by coolly acknowledging his whole guilt. He was generally regarded as a moral and honest young man, but it seems that he has purloined about \$25,000 from letters passing through the office during the last two years, confessing that the mania was too strong upon him to be resisted. It is the old story of a proper exterior, but a weak will and a pliant conscience within. Pity must be mingled with the rebuke of such acts, and the unequivocal condemnation which they merit should at least be tempered with charity. And is the lesson of certain discovery which they teach never to be properly heeded?

—INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT. Book publishers are busily agitating the subject of procuring an international copyright law. At a meeting held in New York last month a committee was appointed to prepare a bill which should embody their views and wishes. This committee reported at an adjourned meeting last week, but their bill reads very much like a plea for protection. It seems to be a fact that in the manufacture of books, including stereotyped illustrations, &c., English houses can successfully compete with our own establishments, since they have an advantage in these advantages, the provisions of the bill are rather extreme. But in spite of a minority remonstrance it was accepted, and a committee appointed to advocate it before the Library Committee of Congress. The result can hardly leave American publishers in more unequal relations with foreign

houses than they are at present. A full adjustment of these relations can perhaps hardly be looked for at once, but such a condition can not be far in the future.

—A WORTHY CHARITY. The North End Mission fair, which has been in preparation for the last three months, was held in Boston last week. Many influential citizens had had a part in the enterprise, and by their efforts a great variety of ways and means to raise money was provided. While many of these means closely resembled in fact the pool-selling at races and the raffling in corner saloons it is believed that they partook nothing of their spirit, and that the worthiness of the object will justify the methods by which it is sought to promote it. No one in the least familiar with our large cities can doubt the existence of the wretchedness which these enterprises seek to relieve. This is notably the case with that portion of Boston which this Mission has taken under its care. To be sure, the season of the most pressing want would seem now to be over, but there will always be opportunity for charity, and the North End Mission will not be likely to let its money mold during the spring and summer.

—A TIMELY METAPHOR. Rev. Mr. Stebbins, Star King's successor in a San Francisco pastorate, said a fine and forcible thing at a public dinner the other day, in protesting against the mean and foolish prejudice and inhuman and brutal treatment accorded to the Chinese. The boldness of the man and the pungent vigor of his metaphor took the heart of the gathered company by storm. He said: "If any of your cheap politicians have won a penny by it in the passions of an hour, beware! Beware when you put that penny in your purse, lest the eagle on the reverse of your gold coin sticks its talons through and scratches the face of liberty."

—CONSTITUTIONAL RECOGNITION OF GOD. The Convention held recently in Cincinnati to urge a religious amendment to the U. S. Constitution, agreed upon the following form, which it is proposed shall constitute the amended preamble to that document:

We, the people of the United States, humbly acknowledging Almighty God as the source of all authority and power in civil government, the Lord Jesus Christ as the ruler among the nations, and His revealed will as of supreme authority, in order to constitute a Christian government, and in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the inalienable rights and blessings of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness to ourselves, our posterity, and all the inhabitants of the land, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

We greatly desire that this nation may be more devout and Christian than it is, in its theoretic faith, and especially in its public policy. But we have very little confidence in any such effort as this to Christianize it; and fear that such an amendment, if made now, would nurture more hypocrisy and intolerance than high principle and genuine godliness. We are more anxious for a high character than for an evangelical creed, and believe an effort for the first of these things more needful and promising than a petition for the latter. The *Christian Union* puts a part of the case very fairly and forcibly in the following paragraph:

The indirect effect of the Amendment would be great enough, no doubt. It would be cited in every case where religious zealots wished to make their convictions the standard of other people's actions. It would be used to force the Bible on unwilling readers in the schools. It would give the best possible justification to Catholics for making the State the organ of their religion, wherever they were strong enough. It would strengthen the enemies of Christianity; and reopen that wretched chapter of history, the mixing of Church and State, which now seems closing. But we shall not make ourselves miserable over these possible calamities, since there is not the slightest chance that the Amendment will ever be adopted.

FUJON ST. PRAYER MEETING. We call special attention to the account of the Fulton St. Prayer Meeting, given by our New York correspondent. His first letter, devoted to the same subject, which appeared two weeks ago, was especially interesting; that found in the present issue is still more so; and we venture to promise something not less attractive in the last portion of the story which will be given in our next. The writer speaks out of a long and intimate acquaintance with the men and matters of which he writes, as well as out of a genuine sympathy with all that is truest and best in that noted and unique religious institution. That he wields a practiced pen and sketches with a bold and faithful hand, will be seen at once. He is bent on picturing the meeting "as it is, and not as they print it." He will write regularly for our columns, and it is hardly necessary for us to commend his letters. They will speak for themselves.

ART IN BUSINESS. One does not usually look into a catalogue for beauty and magnificence. But the Catalogue of Flower and Vegetable Seeds, issued by Briggs & Brother, Rochester, N. Y., besides being wonderfully full in its lists and information, suggests a gallery of art in the richness, abundance and variety of its floral illustrations. The several colored plates are rarely and delicately beautiful, and the multitude of productions of their own extensive farms and grounds, are executed with unusual skill. The Catalogue is a large octavo pamphlet of 128 pages, well printed on heavy tinted paper; and its lists of bulbs and seeds, which they supply to customers who send them orders from all parts of the country, seem almost exhaustless. Their business is already immense and is constantly increasing. The enterprise which provides for the issue of such a Catalogue as this, which sends a copy of it for 25 cts., which furnishes it free to every person or

dering not less than one dollar's worth of seeds, and which offers a large Floral Chromo to customers on terms so exceptionally liberal, must have a past history full of instruction, and is likely to have a future abounding in significance. There is no need of making comparisons; but if a more magnificent, suggestive or cheaper Catalogue than this appears in any quarter, may it be our good fortune to see a copy. Meantime, we suggest that our readers, who grow vegetables or flowers, or who enjoy the beautiful, will do well to send 25 cts. to Rochester at once for a copy of this Catalogue. It will speak for itself, justifying all we have said, and tell far more than we have hinted at.

Denominational News and Notes.

Death of the Education Society.

[As the subject which was opened by the articles of "J. A. H." is one of vital interest to the denomination generally, and to our various educational interests that bear upon theological culture, we open our columns to different writers, occupying different standpoints, so that no important phase of the case may fall of a presentation. All possible light is needed, and a frank but courteous expression of convictions is essential to fairness, and is alone likely to bring in the relief and harmony that are so needful. Of course each writer speaks simply for himself, or for those whom he is authorized to represent, or for those who endorse his views. A second article is promised from the same source, as the following.—Ed.]

In three logical articles we have had the "generous" offer of Bates College, to take the funds of the Education Society, represented "as certainly as brilliant an exhibition of pure benevolence as ever flashed before the eyes of this denomination." We admit the flash, but fail to see the benevolence. It seems to others, as well as to the editor of the *Star*, that there is some question respecting the soundness of the reasoning and the justice of the conclusions. Respecting the reasoning, it may be said,—

1. It seems to be contradictory,—affirming, first, that the "money given for one school can not honorably be appropriated to another;" but it is finally concluded that it can be given to a second school, or used in a copartnership, or even given to a classical, local institution, which was not chartered for theological instruction, nor placed under the control of the denomination.

2. The elaborate argument proves too much. Contributors never thought of the oneness of the Biblical School, any more than of its locality, its teachers, its agents, and the motives urged; and if every idea in the minds of donors must continue to be realized, then Parsonsfield, Lowell, Whites-town and New Hampton must have their respective proportions of the fund, and the first teacher must receive a large share of the income. One, one hundred, or any other numerical term may be used to include all within itself, or as excluding all beyond. When bishops are required to have one wife, it is exclusive,—but one. But when a man is to provide for his own, surely he is not thus forbidden to do more. To suppose that contributions were made for one school, in the exclusive sense, is absurd. Suppose the funds should ever be adequate for two or more theological institutions, and the denomination should need and demand them; would any man presume that the intention of the donors absolutely required that the funds must be used as a unit,—that they can not honorably be appropriated to another?—Nobody asks for a division of the funds, but only that the Society shall disburse its own income so as most effectually to accomplish the original object, as stated by the articles now under consideration,—which articles affirm that "the Education Society was chartered for the purpose of promoting theological culture among the rising ministry of our church." All contributions for this general end must be employed according to the original intention of contributors; just as bequests, which fix the object and appoint the executor, must be fulfilled in both particulars. Foreign Mission funds, given to one Board, can not be appropriated to Home Missions, nor colleges, nor transferred to other Boards for management, without a liability to moral censure and legal injunction. The Education Society, having received funds in trust for theological culture, can neither ignore its responsibility nor divert its funds to a local purpose. None but a few personally interested in one institution ask for either. A large number have believed that, while the funds should remain intact and undivided in the hands of the Society, the income should be divided between different men appointed by the Society; and that the locality of these men should be such as to secure the greatest good of the whole denomination, regardless of the condition, wants or pleas of any locality or college. If it must go "as a unit," then it must go to one man, and who has a better right than the first Professor? If not, it must go where the denomination as a whole can derive the most benefit.

3. In the plea before us there is a false issue made, and even that is changed several times. How can the Education Society do the most for the theological culture of our whole denomination? Is the real question at issue? But the first question started relates to the impropriety of diverting the funds from the original purpose, as though some one desired such robbery. Then comes the question, whether the Society has a right to aid or support more than one school. The writer is found affirming that it has not such right, and subsequently proving that it has. Afterwards, he is found imperatively affirming that "we ought to bear no more demands for a division of the Society's funds," just as though somebody needed silencing upon that point; then he denies the claims of every institution but one; and he finally, mainly and pathetically argues that Bates College needs and deserves sympathy, and that it would be "magnanimous" for the Education Society to render the needed assistance. That this

Poetry.

Above all Price.

How dear does mother hold
Her bonny little one?
Just as dear as the jostling clovers
Hold the merry sun.

How hard would mother try
To please her pretty lass?
Just as hard as the pattering showers
Try to please the grass.

How fair does mother think
The darling at her breast?
Just as fair as the glad white sea-bird
Thinks the wave's white crest.

How long will mother's love
For her treasure last?
Just as long as her heart keeps beating,
Till her life be past.

How much will mother's love
Change, as years are told?
Just as much as the mountain changes,
Or the ocean old!

—Edgar Poe.

The Pathways of Christ.

The pathways of Thy land are little changed
Since Thou wert here;
The busy world through other ways has ranged,
And left these bare.

The rocky path still climbs the glowing steep
Of Olivet;
Though rains of two millenniums wear it deep,
Men tread it yet.

Still to the gardens o'er the brook it leads,
Quiet and low;
Before his sheep the shepherd on it treads,
His voice they know.

The wild fig throws broad shadows o'er it still,
As once o'er Thee;
Peasants go home at evening up that hill
To Bethany.

And as when gazing Thou didst weep o'er them
From high to light,
The white robes of disconsolate Jerusalem
Burst on our sight.

These ways were strewn with garments once,
And palm,
Which we tread thus;
Here through Thy triumph on Thou passedst,
Calm.

On to Thy cross.

The waves have washed fresh sand upon the shore
Of Galilee;
But chiseled on the hillside evermore,
Thy paths we see.

Man has not changed them in that slumbering land,
Nor time effaced;
Where Thy feet trod to bless we still may stand;
All can be traced.

Yet we have traces of Thy footsteps far
Truer than these;
Where'er the poor and tried and suffering are,
Thy steps faith sees.

Nor with fond, sad regrets Thy steps we trace;
Thou art not dead!
Our path is onward till we see Thy face,
And hear Thy tread.

And now wherever meets Thy lowliest band
In praise and prayer,
There is Thy presence, there Thy holy land—
Thou, Thou art there!

The Family Circle.

The Preacher's Daughters.

Bub came in from the village, with bright eyes and flushed cheeks, and said: "Just guess who will be here pretty soon?"

I looked up at the clock—it was a quarter past ten then, and I said: "Oh, dear, I don't want to see anybody; here it is Saturday, and not near all our work done yet, and we were all away gyping yesterday, and everything is out of order!"

"Well, I wouldn't be glad to see the dearest folks in the world," said Ida, and her pretty red lips stuck out a good deal worse than usual.

"I'll go over to Cousin Hat's," said Lily.

"Shame on you all," said Bub; "but why don't you ask who it is?"

"Well, who is it?" said Ida; "let the worst come."

"Why, the preacher came in his carriage this time across the country, and brought both his daughters."

"Well, I'll not be glad to see them," replied Ida.

"Nor I," said I, compressing my lips and trying to look severe.

"I'll go to Hat's," said Lily, twirling her bonnet by the strings.

And there we all sat, I am ashamed to say, and growled like three old cats, until, at last, Ida said: "Now this is too bad; suppose we were all going visiting them, at good old Brother Newton's house, and his girls would talk this way when they heard we were coming, and we would get to hear about it. Oh, how miserable we would feel!"

"That's sensible talk," said Bub; "you know it's not the house, or the food, or the furniture, or fine clothes that makes the visit good; it is the heartiness and cordiality extended to one—the good, warm, loving welcome. Now we have room enough to entertain eighty persons in pretty good style—things good enough to eat at any time; and I believe nobody could come and find any of you appearing slovenly—you are always neat, with clean collars and smooth hair. Fact is, I don't see any women, let me go where I will, who look as well as you three do, and I don't say this to flatter you, either."

We cast glances at each other, and the sweet little bit of commendation coming from our brother, a boy of few words, made us all feel better.

"Well, I presume the women are alike the whole world over, after all," I said; "the key that opens one heart will unlock all; so let us do as we would that others should do unto us; let us make the best

of it, and see how kindly we'll treat them, and how happy we can make them after their long up-hill and down-hill ride across the country."

"Agreed," said Ida.

"And I guess I'll not go to Hat's," said Lily. "And I guess, because they're tired and strangers, we'd better kiss them—in a hearty, jolly manner."

Then we all grew chatty, and said we would try which could be the kindest.

The carriage soon came whizzing up the road from the village, and our dear old preacher assisted his daughters, two pretty girls, in lustrous alpacas, to alight. They came up the path, timidly walking behind their father. I met them before they came in, and when I was introduced I shook hands cordially and kissed them heartily, with a "How do you do, Maria; how do you do, Hannah?"

They laughed, and looked surprised, and pleased, and sweet. Ida and Lily, emboldened by my example, met them as though they were old cronies. We three were amused and delighted with each other, and charmed with the genial and pretty manners of the preacher's daughters. They were very womanly girls, nothing sham about them, just really lovable and gracious.

We laid aside all the surface-talk about the weather, and the country, and the general health, which is always chapter first in the making of new acquaintances. I said, "Now that you can not stay long, let us talk like old friends, and lay aside all ceremony, and see wherein we are similar,—compare notes and see what are our likes and dislikes." The wish was mutual. So we began to visit in earnest.

"This is such a pretty place," said Hannah; "the air seems so good and pure, and the view is so fine; but if I lived here, there is one room I would want for my own, and that is the up-stairs corner one facing the south and the west. One window looks down into a rustling young maple tree, and the other down into the tangles of yon multiflora; and the view in the distance is so beautiful! That is my room," said she, decidedly.

"It is called my room," said Bub, a tall young man; and the blush that overspread his face made him look really handsome. "I'd like to see you take it from me, too! If I'd come home from school something and see dresses hanging in my closet, and garters instead of my boots, and a knapsack of false hair lying on my table instead of Webster's Unabridged, you'd find them scattered among the limbs of the maple and the snarls of the gadding rose-bush, before you could say Jack Robinson."

And so the cross-fire of words went, backwards and forwards, interspersed with the jolliest of laughter.

I met Ida in the kitchen door with a basket of pippins, and she smiled as she whispered: "Oh, aren't they happy and free,—the preacher's daughters, of whom we were so afraid? This has taught us a good lesson, hasn't it?"

When Brother Newton had made some calls in the village, he returned with the carriage for his daughters; and finding them so perfectly at home and in the full tide of enjoyment, he said: "Well, now, girls, I am going to tell you."

They both jumped up, and blushed, and entreated him, saying: "Oh, now, father, don't! Come, now, don't tell, that's a good father!"

But he persisted; and Bub, divining what was to come, said: "You tell on your girls and I'll tell on ours."

We began to coax, but the two men would not be moved with entreaties. Their father said he could hardly coax them to come with him; they said: "Oh, they are such grand, fashionable people, that we won't know how to behave, or what to say and do, and we'll have to sit there as dumb and as prim as dolls, and we won't know how to be sociable and appear well and make them like us."

He told them just to be natural, that therein lay the great secret of being agreeable, and for them not to go to putting on airs and making pretenses; that there are no rules for politeness and good behavior. He said no arts could compare with nature, that every person of good sense admired simplicity, and it always found a response in every true heart, and that it elicited admiration from every one. Now that is all true.

The girls twisted about, and grew red as beets, and looked very uncomfortable and ashamed.

But our turn came next. I tried to hold my hand over Bub's mouth, and I ba-a-a-h'd and made long, loud noises, but he only pitched his voice a few octaves higher, and would tell the story.

He said it was no more than fair; and then he told how we dreaded to have the preacher's daughters come; that we could not behave well enough; that our house was not in the best of order, and we had not very much to eat, and our clothes were common, and we wouldn't know what to talk about; and the boy held us up in such a light that made us seem very superficial and flimsy, and almost unwomanly.

We all laughed at the similarity of the two pictures held up to us so truthfully by the men, and I am very sure we were all taught a good lesson.

Oh, the paltry, cowardly fear lest they do not quite come up to the line marked out by a class of people who should rank as "squeezed oranges," is little short of abasement!

Clear-seeing, generous people will not allow such ideas to find a place in their hearts, and it is not worth while to be friends with any other class, unless it be to lift them up and do them good.

"Will you ever come, again, Maria?" I said, as I saw her safely tucked in the carriage.

"I wish I could come back to-morrow," she said, "and begin where I leave off to-day."

She said this so sincerely that I felt my

eyes glisten when I kissed them good-bye, and watched the carriage roll out of sight.

Oh, this is such a nice way of visiting, to dodge all ceremony and preliminaries, to be perfectly natural, and meet each other, like women, face to face, understandingly, and with the full conviction that you are understood,—that you are all women of the same kind of material,—women subject to the same feelings, and aches, and pains, and sad hours of gloom, who have had the same experience in joy and grief, who have planned and managed and worried the same ways, traveled the same paths, and gone in sorrow to the same fountain to drink of the water that never faileth.

Women are alike all over the world; the white-browed poetess, who dwells in realms enchanted, is no truer a woman than the poor widow who toils at the washtub, and stifles the sighs that her fatherless children may not hear.—*Arthur's Magazine.*

A Lesson from a Bed-Quilt.

"I shall never forget," said a lady one day to me, "my first, and I think I may justly say, my last theft. When I was between seven and eight years old, I went to a day-school in the neighborhood; and nearly every morning, on my way there, I used to step in at Mrs. Bennett's to see her little girl, Lizzie, the dearest little thing that I ever knew, about three years old. One morning, I found Mrs. Bennett making a dress for Lizzie, of the most beautiful calico. I thought it the prettiest I had ever seen. I wished I had a piece of it to put in a patchwork quilt which I was making; but did not like to ask for any."

"Oh, how pretty it was! The longing grew intense. Mrs. Bennett's back was turned. I picked up a three-cornered piece from the floor, and hid it in my bosom."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"My children sleep under the quilt now, and it is an unfailing monitor."

"The Boys Laugh at Me."

Joseph Garwood is eight years old. He wears shoes; the other boys wear boots. Joseph came into his mother yesterday, in a very sad state of mind. His tears were rolling down his cheeks. His little fists had wiped them away for a while; but for every tear his little fist dried, there was left a streak of dirt from his hands.

"What is the matter with my boy?" asked mamma.

"I want a pair of boots!" sobbed Joe.

"A pair of boots! Why, my lad, you have good shoes; and such shoes are better far than boots."

"The boys laugh at me, and call me a baby, 'cause I don't have boots," said Joe. "Well, I think you are a baby," answered Mrs. Garwood. "A boy that is afraid of being laughed at is something of a baby; and a boy who cries because he is laughed at is a baby, sure enough; and a boy whose little hands are thrust up into his eyes, leaving black streaks on his face, is a very great and a very dirty baby." But before Mrs. Garwood could say another word, the "baby" had rushed to the basin, and washing his face and hands, started out of the house, yelling with all his might:—

"No, I'm not a baby! I'm a boy! Shoes or no shoes, boots or barefoot, I won't be a baby! I'm a boy!"—*Young Pilgrim.*

A Child's Reproof.

We found Willie Brent a very talkative little fellow. He had to say something about whatever he saw or heard.

He had been with him but a few days, when the menagerie came to town. Willie was almost beside himself with excitement. "O, papa, can I go to see the menagerie?" "No, papa, can I go to see the menagerie?" "No, papa, can I go to see the menagerie?"

It was Saturday, and we were to hear little else the next morning, but a recital of what Willie had seen and heard. But in this we were mistaken. Sabbath morning showed us Willie quietly preparing for Sabbath-school, without one word of the previous day's entertainment.

Thinking to please the little fellow, we asked, "Well, my son, did you have a pleasant time yesterday?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the respectful reply, "but I'll tell you all about it to-morrow. 'Tis the Sabbath to-day."

Almost conscience-stricken, we watched the boy through the day. Although ready to speak of the Sabbath-school, its lessons, books, etc., or any subject connected with the proper occupation of the day, yet no allusion was made to any week-day amusement or employment. We wondered and waited until Monday morning, which brought a multitude of questions and remarks, assuring us that Willie Brent was not wanting in interest respecting that Saturday's enjoyment; but that some deeper motive restrained his usually busy tongue until the proper time to speak of such things. Shall not this boy's conscientious observance of the Sabbath put to shame many professing Christians for allowing worldly conversation and employment to encroach upon holy time?—*Child at Home.*

Our Father.

Says the *Christian Press*, a good woman, searching out the children of want, one cold day last winter, tried to open a door in the third story of a wretched house, when she heard a little voice say, "Pull the string up high!" She looked up and saw a string, which being pulled, lifted a latch; and she opened the door upon two half-naked children, all alone. Very cold and pitiful they looked.

"Do you take care of yourselves, little ones?" asked the good woman.

"God takes care of us," said the oldest.

"And are you not very cold? No fire on a day like this?"

"Oh, when we are very cold we creep under the quilt, and I put my arms around Tommy, and Tommy puts his around me, and we say, 'Now I lay me'; then we get warm," said the little girl.

"And what have you to eat, pray?"

"When granny comes home she fetches us something. Granny says God has got enough. Granny calls us God's sparrows; and we say 'Our Father' and 'daily bread' every day. God is our Father."

Tears came in the good woman's eyes. She had a distrustful spirit herself; but these two little "sparrows," perched in that cold upper chamber, taught her a sweet lesson of faith and trust she will never forget.

No Grandma in It.

"O mamma! Uncle Ned has got an awful lonesome old house!"

"Why, Joe," said his mother, "I thought it was a very pleasant, cheerful house."

"But you was mistaken, mamma. There is n't any grandma to that house, and so when the mamma's out shopping, there's nobody there to love little children. I think a house is awful that has n't any grandma in it, don't you?"

"Yes, darling, I do," said his mother; "and we would n't give our grandma away for all the big house, and fine furniture, and lovely pictures of Uncle Ned, would we?"

"I guess not," cried the loving little fellow; "it's just like having two mamma's to have a grandma."

Among all other virtues, humility, the lowest, is pre-eminent. It is the safest because it is always at anchor; and that man may be truly said to live the most content in his calling, that strives to live within the compass of it.

Literary Review.

A HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY, from Thales to the present time. By Dr. Friedrich Ueberweg, late Professor of Philosophy in the University of Königsberg. Translated from the fourth German edition, by Geo. S. Morris, A. M., Professor of Modern Languages in the University of Michigan. With additions, by Noah Porter, D. D., LL. D., President of Yale College. With a preface by the editors of the Philosophical and Theological Library. Vol. I.—History of the Ancient and Medieval Philosophy. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1872. octavo. pp. 487.

The undertaking which is exhibited in practical shape by the appearance of this imposing volume, is one in which the scholars and students of the country will feel no ordinary interest. It is one to which this Publishing House is especially fitted to enter upon with eminent promise. It has rare facilities, the assured cooperation of eminent scholars, a wide and varied experience on similar lines of effort, capital and enterprise which not many publishing firms can boast, and it has won a place in the confidence of the reading public that is worth more than any amount of mere money or brain. The plan contemplates the publication of a select and compact library of text and reference books upon all the main departments of Theology and Philosophy. "At least one condensed standard work will be brought out in each of these departments. Where such a work as is wanted exists in a foreign tongue, it will be translated for this library; where the general treatises are found dealing with different branches of the subject, a volume will be made up by selection and condensation; where an original work is likely to meet the want better than anything else, such a work will be prepared either by some English or American scholar whose special and eminent fitness for such a service is beyond question. The fact that Prof. H. B. Smith and P. Schaff are to edit the library gives the amplest assurance that nothing is to be hastily or partially done.

This first installment of the work fulfills the promise of the publishers and satisfies the expectation of the public. The History of Philosophy by Ueberweg is conceded the first position among works of its class. Its collection of authorities and citations is remarkable for its fullness, and the bibliographical apparatus which it furnishes is well high exhaustive. It is what it purports to be, a history. It sets forth the opinions and principles of the various schools of philosophy, and the views of leading individual thinkers, from Thales downward, with great impartiality, appreciation and clearness. It quotes their own language freely, and so secures an agreeable variety while it assures us of fairness. It is sufficiently full without being prolix, and by the use of two kinds of type the reader knows at once where the line is drawn between the general statements and the detailed information and critical notes. This volume brings the history down to the fifteenth century; it will be completed in another volume which is promised at no distant day.

To earnest students, to teachers in the higher departments of instruction, to those who have the charge of libraries for societies and institutions of learning, to all indeed who would have an adequate collection of works on these chief branches of human knowledge and thought in the smallest compass and at the lowest price, we especially commend this undertaking, and give our emphatic approval to this first volume which defines the project and illustrates the value of the fruit which it is to yield.

CRITICAL, DOCTRINAL AND HOMILETICAL COMMENTARY. Joshua, Judges and Ruth. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1872. octavo. pp. 502. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

Woe's great commentary goes steadily onward toward completion. Its plan, character and merits are so well and generally known that there is now little need of speaking of either in detail. The same fullness, thoroughness and fidelity, even in details, which struck everybody on the appearance of the first volume, are maintained in every successive installment. The expositions of the historical books, which are here bound up in a single volume, are marked by the same general characteristics as their predecessors, and the work performed by the American translators and editors shows a critical care and a sense of responsibility that are very grateful. The exposition of the book of Joshua is from the pen of F. R. Fay, of Prussia, and the work of translation is performed by Prof. G. B. Bliss of Lewisburg, Penn. The author of the comments on Judges and Ruth is Prof. Paulus Casel, of Berlin, and the translation owes itself to Prof. Steenstra, of Cambridge, Mass.—This commentary is indeed somewhat extensive and costly, but it is a perfect treasury of learning, research, critical scholarship, and homiletical and practical suggestion. What the great organ is to other expositions of music, this commentary is to other expositions of the Scriptures. Both are costly, and they require time and effort for their mastery, but they return a grand equivalent for the money and the toll which they exact.

LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF RELIGION; with a paper on Buddhist Nihilism, and a translation of the "Human Intellect." By Max Müller, M. A., author of "Lectures on the Science of Language," etc. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1872. 12mo. pp. 300. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

THE ELEMENTS OF INTELLECTUAL SCIENCE. A Manual for schools and colleges. Abridged from "The Human Intellect." By Noah Porter, D. D., LL. D., President of Yale College. Same Publishers, &c. 1871. 12mo. pp. 565.

Max Müller has proved himself one of the most critical and successful of scholars in a department of study which is measurably new, full of interest, and which promises to be fruitful in curious, striking and important results. His contributions to the science of language have helped to make Comparative Philology something really significant; his work in another though somewhat closely related field of inquiry is helping to give a definite and practical meaning to the term, Comparative Theology. The science is still in its infancy; and, like other sciences at the same stage of existence, it is in danger of suffering from the injudicious and dogmatic enthusiasm of its friends and devotees. But Prof. Müller is a calm, reverent, well-balanced as well as a brave and earnest student. His judgment is well poised, even if his imagination is strong, his fondness for theorizing something unusual, and his confidence in his early generalizations a little excessive. These Lectures are very suggestive. They only fairly open the subject, indicate the method of study whose adoption can alone assure a genuine success, aim to justify a resolute and confident attempt to learn what common truths and merits the various systems of religion may possess and the superiority of one over another, set forth the difficulties that beset the student who gives himself to this work, and hint in a very frank way at some of the results which may be looked for,—painful at first, perhaps to many minds, but profitable and likely to exalt Christianity in the intelligent confidence of thinking men.—The paper on Buddhist Nihilism is interesting; its spirit is very charitable, and there is something that seems a little like special pleading in it, as though Buddhism were the client, and the Professor, as advocate, were using his skillful logic and charming style of speech to gain as favorable a verdict as possible. The numerous brief extracts from the Dhammapadam constitute a fine collection of apophthegms every way creditable. The volume is a rare and choice thing.

Dr. Porter's work on the Human Intellect has

been generally recognized, both in this country and in England, as the best and most satisfactory treatise on intellectual philosophy, within a reasonable compass, that the century has produced. Vigor, clearness, impartiality, a thorough mastery of the subject and the ample literature it has called forth, and a perfectly manly treatment of previous writers on its theme,—these are qualities which stand out prominently on all the pages. In this volume, the larger work has been somewhat abridged, and the more elaborate discussions put into finer type, so as to adapt it better to the use of students as a textbook. Yet nothing essential has been omitted from the larger work, and this later form of it is likely to win a more general favor and exert a wider influence. The work is morally certain to be a standard one, and have the force of an authority for many years to come, no matter what other eminent names come into the list of mental philosophers.

THE LAND OF DESOLATION: being a personal narrative of observation and adventure in Greenland. By Isaac J. Hayes, M. D., author of "The Open Polar Sea," etc. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1872. 12mo. pp. 357.

Dr. Hayes has long since passed beyond the need of certificates to commend him to the confidence of the public as a skilled and plucky arctic explorer, or to set forth the literary attractions of his books wherein he tells the stories of his adventures among icebergs and Esquimaux. There is less science in this volume than in some that have preceded it, but there is more clear and vivid photographing of the scenery and life in the high latitudes, and more pleasant and genial entertainment for the ordinary reader. It is a very charming narrative, picturing the scenery and life of the higher latitudes with great vividness, and bringing out the varied experiences of the exploring party with a charming freshness and zest, a fidelity that often makes us seem to be sharers of their perils, and sets us smiling audibly over the humorous things that light up the pages as the spirited engravings ornament them.

SHAKESPEARE'S HISTORY OF KING HENRY THE EIGHTH. Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, A. M., formerly of the High School, Cambridge, Mass. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1872. Square 16mo. pp. 310.

These revised and annotated dramas of Shakespeare, edited by Mr. Rolfe, are every way admirable. Intended for use at home and in school, they answer of what might often be the more refined taste of this age; the text shows the results of large labor in criticism and collation; the notes are full of value and suggestiveness, and the form and style in which the volumes are brought out leave almost nothing to be desired. This last specimen is in no way inferior to its predecessors, and in some respects seems to be an improvement upon them in critical value. We trust the work of putting the great dramas of the great master into this shape may go on rapidly and meet the encouragement it deserves.

The same House issues another volume of the excellent edition of Miss Mulholland's works, which is so timely. It is *MISTRESS AND MAID* which now greets us with its clear pages, generous type and rich green mullin. It is a 12mo. of 327 pages, and not one of them is either dull or unattractive.

We have also PATTY, from the same source, a new installment of their library of select novels, which has reached its 372nd volume. Patty has plot and incident, character and skill.

THE LITTLE GIRL IN BLACK. By Margaret E. Wilmer. New York: National Temp. Soc. & Publication House, 1871. 16mo. pp. 211.

Albertine Clemann,—the daughter of foreign missionaries who died at their post while she was a child, leaving her in the care of an aunt more worldly than motherly, and in company with a younger cousin whose influence did not aid her in the highest way,—is the name of this little girl in black, who fought her battles, sometimes at fearful odds, in childhood and womanhood; but who, learning to trust and follow the Captain of her salvation, came to earthly victories which foretold her heavenly triumph. It is a pleasant, wholesome, fairly written story, teaching true lessons of life, and here and there setting forth the mischievous work of the intoxicating cup in an effective way.

THE MYSTERY OF ORCIVAL. Translated from the French of Emile Gaboriau. By George M. Towle. New York: Holt & Williams, 1871. octavo. pp. 168.

This is No. 4 of the "Leisure Hour Series" of volumes which these publishers are issuing, in stiff paper and excellent type. It is popular in subject and style, but, like all this House sends out, it stands on a high literary level.

THE SAINT PAUL'S MAGAZINE, perhaps the very best popular literary monthly issued in England, of handy size, and beautifully printed, begins a new volume with the Jan. issue, with new serials from the pens of Hawthorne and Jean Ingelow. It is supplied by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila., at \$5.00 per year.—THIS LIVING AGE was never more successful than now in skimming the cream from the broad surface of the best English periodicals, and serving it up in a very grateful way for the enjoyment and profit of intelligent Americans. It never wears out its welcome, and no rival can fill its place. It is always in order and safe to subscribe for that. Boston: Little & Gay.—GOOD HEALTH is like a sunny face and a cheery voice in the sick room;—or rather, it is a trustworthy and animated teacher, solving hard problems, and showing the value and the pleasantness of the ounce of prevention. It ought to have 50,000 paying and studious subscribers, and it would make every one of them richer. Boston: ALEXANDER MCQUEEN.—THE SECOND PART OF THE NATIONAL ENCYCLOPEDIA has reached us, justifying every favorable word which the previous installment called out. Whatever can be done in the way of putting the material looked for in an Encyclopedia, in 18,000 octavo pp., is to be done here. Issued in 18 semi-monthly parts, at 40 cts. each. New York: Francis & Taylor & Co.—THIS TARIFF OF ALEXANDER, if such a thing is possible, even more crowded than usual with varied and ample and practical information upon public affairs, the general and state governments, census returns, &c. Whole volumes are rolled down into this statistical penman. It is surprisingly cheap at 20 cts. New York: Tribune Assn.

We had well-nigh overlooked a collection of music sent by Ditson & Co., Boston & New York, for which we beg their pardon. Not that such a House, that is filling the air of the continent with such excellent and varied and ever-changing harmonies, really needs our testimonial; but they have earned it, and it is a pleasure to pass it over. We have: MINA'S MUSINGS, a Waltz, by C. E. Harrington; JEANETTE DOREE, by Sidney Smith; THE LONG WHITE BEAM, words by Jean Ingelow and music by S. A. Ward; BLANCA, a Ballad, by Luigi Goffredi; BEHIND THE SEA, a Ballad, by Virginia Gabriel; BENEATH OUR TRYING TREE, Song & Chorus, by A. B. Hoag; THERE'S A NEW MOUND IN THE CHURCHYARD, Song & Chorus.—There's no trash here.

THE MUSICAL VISITOR has greatly improved, and is excellent. Cincinnati: J. Church & Co.

THE SONG MESSENGER springs from the great fire, less like a phoenix from the ashes than like a lark out of the meadow dew. The flame and smoke have not taken the charming sweetness out of its throat. Chicago: Boot & Cady.

