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The Morning Star - volume 47 number 11 - March 13, 1872

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The Morning Star.

Volume XLVII.

DOVER, N. H., MARCH 13, 1872.

Number 11

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

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

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1872.

The Resurrection.

The resurrection, nature's holiest faith,
Is written over earth;
Nothing is old; the nearest unto death
Is nearest unto birth.

Upon her brow the snows of centuries
Melt off with every spring;
The deathless life of all things underlies
The death of every thing.

Year after year she preaches in the flowers;
They rise, and bloom, and die,
Not to show forth how frail a life is ours,
Through our mortality.

For, after life and after death, what then?
A little lifeless dust,
A leafless stalk—no more? The seed again
Holding that precious trust!

And round and round the tireless months, suc-
ceed;
Through golden lights of day,
Through silver lights of night, the seasons lead
The young earth on her way.

For earth renews her centuries like springs;
Her generations flower;
And every age unto the after brings
A growing sense of power.

O life! whose law is never death, but change,
How wide around us all,
Working the potent charm so sweet and strange,
The dew of blessing fall!

New every morning is the world-old sun,
New the old trodden ways,
And every morn, our joy anew begun,
Has its own gift of praise.

Thou angel of the other change unknown,
With such vague terrors rife,
Speak to us in thine own familiar tone,
And we shall call thee life!

English Correspondence.

DERBY, ENGLAND, Feb. 17, 1872.

The National Thanksgiving-day, eleven days hence, occupies public attention, but the tone of the national mind is not jubilant. The political horizon looks threatening. From the east comes the startling news of the assassination of the Gov. General of India; from the west come intimations that the difficulty which the Washington Treaty was supposed to remove forever will re-appear to remain yet longer a source of irritation to both England and America. At home the Gladstone ministry must run the risk of discomfiture in a long list of hostile motions, and especially in its determined support of the denominational system under the new Education act.

But the symptoms of political disquiet are hardly so great as the symptoms of religious disturbance and change. The ecclesiastical horizon is very troubled. The National Establishment has begun to "set its house in order." The words have an ominous sound. Has the decree really gone forth, "Thou shalt die and not live"? So indeed it might seem. Convocation assembles this year with the Royal License to proceed to business. The Fourth Report of the Ritual Commissioners suggests many things for consideration, and the clergy and bishops in Convocation have already begun to consider them. One proposal is the dropping of the Athanasian Creed from the services of the church. There is much dislike of the damnable clauses of the creed; there is some grave suspicion that the creed itself is a forgery; there is a general wish that it should not be obligatory to recite it on certain days in divine service; but so much is thought to be involved in preserving it that probably a very modest compromise, by which the recital of the creed shall be made optional, will be all that will be granted. Another proposal is to allow a shorter "Prayer-book service" for evening

worship than that at present enjoined. What is needed is the privilege of selecting from the formularies of devotion one or two prayers for a "mission," or an evangelistic service in the customary places of worship. Another and far more important proposal is a reform of Convocation itself by the admission of the laity into the Lower House. At present, "the Church" in our Anglican establishment is a clerical corporation. What "the Church" teaches, is what the clergy teach; there is no place for the voice of the laity except in Parliament, and Parliament has long since ceased to be linked to members of the English national Church. There is also another proposal, to give power to the laity in parishes to control in some measure the service and ritual of the parish-church. At a meeting at St. James Hall, London, a few days ago, all these questions were discussed. Broad churchmen and Low churchmen met on the same platform to say, "We don't want to be disestablished; we want to be reformed." Dean Stanley spoke of disestablishment as a barbarous word, and of the thing itself as a relapse into barbarism. His idea is that only uncivilized communities sever religion from government, and that throughout all civilized lands Christianity in some form is established by the State.

Hard things enough are sometimes said about America; but I am not aware that, constructively at least, you were before denied the rank of a civilized people. Yet such, according to the Dean's idea of barbarism, must be your condition. The Dean has been lecturing the Presbyterians in Scotland, and reading to them their religious history in a new light. In reply Dr. Rainy of Edinburgh has delivered a course of lectures, and is said to have done excellent service by his withering exposure of the superficial Erastianism which presumes, not only to describe, but to guide and control a nation whose spiritual forces it has not the power of comprehending.

But not only Convocation and the Church of England platform indicate coming strife, the House of Commons showed two nights ago much temper on an ecclesiastical question. The Bill to make it possible for dissenting ministers to officiate at funerals in parish grave-yards, occasioned a good deal of angry talk. Mr. Miall, irritated by the tone of one of the speakers, said some sharp and hard things about the clergy having it all their own way and lording it over dissenters, and a zeal for the Church was shown which few shadows a less calm and temperate discussion of the establishment question in the House of Commons when again Mr. Miall revives it. I suppose his new motion is not to be for applying the policy of disestablishment to the English Church, but for a Royal Communion to inquire into the origin, amount, and application of the property and revenues of the Church with a view to disestablishment and disendowment. It is expected the resolution will be opposed with greater vehemence than the resolution of last year.

Two celebrated Baptist ministers are about to retire from their pastorates. Not only Dr. Brock of London, whose portly presence and fine masculine qualities of character and thought Americans had an opportunity of observing when he visited the United States four or five years ago, but also the Rev. C. M. Birrell, Chairman of the Baptist Union last year, a man in all respects, save that of zealots, faithful service in the gospel, unlike Dr. Brock. Finest, taste, delicate and refined sensibility, a mind almost feminine in its love of aesthetic proprieties, a gentle and spiritual nature in which grace prevails over robustness and faultless accuracy supplies the place of strength, a modern cultured, scholarly character in which precision, not without a glow of fervor, serves instead of power set on fire by enthusiasm, such is apparently Mr. Birrell, who now retires through ill health from the pastorate at Liverpool, which he has filled for thirty-four years.

It is rather sad to think how few men of the coming time will have served one church for nearly forty or even twenty years. If making our pastorates short, and our ministers ever on the wing, is Americanizing our church institutions, I am afraid we are doing it very diligently in all our denominations. At a meeting of the East Lancashire Union of Baptist Churches, the Rev. C. Williams read a paper upon "Ministerial Settlements and Removals," in which he stated that "a three years' pastorate is regarded in some of our churches as a fitting term of service, and that to remain at a post for seven years excites surprise, while a bishopric held for twenty-five years makes a man a patriarch and one of the ancients." A life-long ministry that used to be the rule is now the exception, and no doubt with good reason. But the fickleness of churches and the instability of pastors do not reveal growth and development on the part of ministers, and certainly not discretion and wisdom on the part of the people.

THOMAS GOADBY.

Philanthropy is not religion, but there is no religion without philanthropy. He that is indifferent to the poor is no Christian, no matter what his creed or his professed experience. How to care for the poor is another question. It is to be done not merely by feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, but yet more by laws and educational and religious influences which enable them to provide for themselves.

New York Correspondence.

New York, March 8, 1872.

For some years past, the consistory of the Collegiate Reformed church in this city have been in the attitude of passive waiters on Providence in regard to the disposition to be made of their valuable property on William street, extending from Ann to Fulton, whereon stands the "Old North Dutch church." A satisfactory offer would have induced them to convert the old site into money to be appropriated to new city missions in other quarters, and to withdraw the present Sunday services in the old church into the adjoining new chapel where the daily noon prayer-meeting is held. Finally they resolved to offer the lease of the land at auction, and last week, after due notice, this was done. The highest bid was \$14,400, and this being unsatisfactory, the lots were withdrawn—to the great joy of the friends of the old church. My friend, Mr. Lanphier, the missionary of this parish, in particular, now thanks God and takes courage, seeing in the turn of affairs the guiding hand of Providence which makes it plain that the Lord will have a "temple" kept in this mammoth-quarter for himself.

He thinks that there is more in the old church than money can pay for or replace. To slight the power of venerable associations and of external fitness in things, over the imaginations of mankind, is fashionable. We think the world has outgrown all that; but this is one of the many delusions of our "scientific" age. In proof, take a fact that surprised myself, familiar as I have been with the daily noon prayer-meeting in its several habitations. Who would not suppose that a business-men's noon prayer-meeting would be better attended in the quiet, snug room where it is held, in the center of a business building, than in the over-large and solemn old church? Yet the fact is, Mr. L. says, that the attendance has been reduced by a very large percentage, since the new chapel was opened and the meeting removed from the church! I begin to believe that, if people are to go to church, they want to go to churches, and not to common halls; and that if we would have any inward reverence for divine things, it must not be smothered in its outward expression, much less repudiated. Human nature demands this fitness; and it is a mistake to suppose that even uncivilized human nature is indifferent to it.

It happened to me, weather-bound in this quarter, a few Sundays ago, to attend the service in the Old North Dutch church. I was agreeably surprised by the number and appearance of the congregation. The singing, by the people, led by Mr. Lanphier and the large organ, was pleasing and impressive. The sermon, by Mr. Julian, a theological student who at present supplies the place of a pastor, excelled in its kind—the Young American school of pulpit oratory, founded by Mr. Beecher. I learn that there are 130 communicants in the church, almost all converts of the last fifteen years; 200 pupils in the Sabbath-school; 125 average attendance; and a good attendance at the weekly evening prayer-meeting and praise-meeting—the latter a regular and very popular exercise. For a church without a pastor, down among the wholesale stores, where nobody is supposed to live, and where church-members never bring their letters, this is doing wonders. Five new converts and one by letter were added at the recent communion. The church serves to gather many local waifs who stray into the daily prayer-meeting and there find a Saviour, but who would wander thence again, solitary sheep without a shepherd were it not for "this fold." Most, of course, of the converts in the noon prayer-meeting, find their church homes elsewhere. But there are not less than fifty hopeful souls at this moment in this neighborhood who ought, Mr. L. thinks, to take the public vows of Christians, but who are too timid as yet to venture in. There is also a list of some hundred and fifty individuals who are here made subjects of specific prayer, in faith and hope for their conversion. There are within a quarter of a mile of this church at least a dozen large and respectable hotels, including the Astor House; the average population of which can not be much if any short of two thousand persons. The population of the ward has been for years past steadily on the increase.

Now, to tear down this ancient and venerable church, and clear the spot of all its hallowed and magnetic associations; to huddle the flock into a little hidden, lonely chapel which the stranger and wayfarer will hardly ever find; to silence the glad and solemn voice of the "church-going bell"—need I attempt to characterize, if I could, the fatuity of such a policy as this? The fact is, if close and careful observation such as Mr. Lanphier's in this quarter is not quite at fault, this time is coming when, instead of pulling down churches, new churches must be built here. Time was, when modest tradesmen were content to live with their families on the floors above their shops and stores, and almost every building in this quarter was so occupied. My own father's home was once in Hanover Square—now *passé* even for business. There are signs of reaction toward this simpler life, and there is a reason that I will presently show, why the lower end of the city may again become as populous as ever. A prosperous manufacturer I could name, has a handsome store on Broadway, very near the old church. He lets

his first floor, has his salesroom on his second floor, lives in elegant style with his family on his third floor (although he owns a villa on Staten Island) and carries on his manufacture on his third and fourth floors.

Like a fine old Knickerbocker gentleman, All of the olden time!

There is no sound reason for the universal exodus of families from this beautiful part of the island. In a majority of cases it is nothing but a fashion. Think of the Battery, and the superb sweep of Old State street, once the very throne of *ton*, now abandoned to living dirtiness or lifeless merchandise. A residence at this extreme of the island would afford a down-town merchant every social and aesthetic enjoyment of up-town life, even if society and churches here were never restored, without one-half the travel and loss of time which his up-town residence costs him. The only practical reason for universal emigration from this quarter, that ever existed, has ceased to exist. Thirty years ago, rents were lower elsewhere, down-town lots were thought too valuable for ought but business, and up-town property was cheap and lucrative investment. Now the relation is reversed. Values here came to a stand long since, while they have gone on rising everywhere else, until now this is the cheapest part of the city, all things considered (such parts as Wall street and Broadway excepted), and much of it might and doubtless will be rebuilt for dwellings.

The true policy, then, for the churches here is to hold on. The North Dutch church has a magnificent building lot on each side of it, which ought no doubt to be improved and made remunerative. The completion of the new Post Office will probably transform Ann street and make that corner of William street a profitable continuation of the handsome office building just erected adjoining it; while the Fulton street corner is one of the most valuable of locations for certain classes of business. By all means, let the Collegiate church celebrate this century year by dedicating the old church afresh and in perpetuity to the honor of God, and by renovating and reinforcing its evangelistic and pastoral work in this growing population. Let them put into this pulpit the best preacher they can get, put the pulpit and the pews alike into no second rate condition, and with Mr. Lanphier's pastoral aid, if spared to them, they may hope to out-do vastly the noble work of the old church in its prime. Overlooking and looking through and beyond Wall street from Broadway, stands the most beautiful and costly Protestant temple in the United States. I never approach without pausing to gaze upward with profound enjoyment at

TRINITY CHURCH.

To many it is a piteous sight, so much sacred treasure and magnificence stranded and left by changes of society, alone in the lifeless realm of commerce, miles from the human homes of which it was meant to be the center. I do not look upon it all together in that light. It is a grand though silent testimony, pointing into heaven; and the ceaseless twice daily worship, though little frequented, gains from very neglect, in its steadfast faith and persistence, a sublimity, a pathos, and a power too, as I verily believe, peculiar to its lonely condition. Those of us whose church-ideal is the farthest possible from that of Trinity corporation and Dr. Morgan Dix, might often do worse than to honor and cherish that absolute faith in God's prescriptions under all circumstances, which finds its cognate fault, if I may so speak, in the tendency to attribute mystical efficacy to offices and forms. Let us wait and see if that grand temple be not reserved in the Providence of God for something more than a monumental ministry. I have a faith that it has been left there for a future, and for a purpose to which it will prove to have been adapted, in gathering to God a population, the character of which we can not now guess.

TRINITY COLLEGE AND YALE UNIVERSITY.

Some discussion has been going on lately in Connecticut papers about a project for removing Trinity College from Hartford, and incorporating it with the University at New Haven, as a distinct and of course Episcopal college, but a member of the University group, under common auspices, somewhat like the several colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. The idea, as an idea, is of a plausible character, though as a practical proposition it may be preposterous. It would less affront the genius of Episcopacy, perhaps, to take the Congregational colleges under the wing of a great Episcopal corporation, than to be taken in, or taken up, in this manner. As a matter of fact, I can not hear of any other conceivable source of the discussion than the itemizing ingenuity of a New Haven paper. Neither of the corporations concerned has ever entertained the subject or thought of it, much less had any communication with the other in relation to it, formally or informally. Trinity College has lately had, as Yale had some years ago, a question of selling out its city property, for which an advantageous offer is pending, and rebuilding at a large profit in the suburban country. The price offered was \$650,000, partly cash down, with three years' continued possession while rebuilding elsewhere. From this occasion the New Haven paper referred to must have drawn out its ingenious thread of important debate—perhaps merely for the purpose of "aggra-

vating" Hartford in retaliation for state-house grievances. V.D.I.

Events of the Week.

THE COLD TERM.

The weather last week was perfectly savage. It howled, and bit, and pinched, and tore through the country like a mad man. It drove everybody into the house, and kept them there for a while, and Tuesday morning it even frightened the mercury in the thermometer down to 30 degrees below zero. But that was in Canada. Here in New Hampshire it ranged all the way from 5 to 21 below, and did about the same through New England and New York. Why should March come snapping at us in this fierce fashion? Not content with making landsmen shiver it poured out its rage on the sea, actually lashing it into fury. A vessel was driven ashore off Cape Cod during Tuesday night, and there in the darkness, with the icy sea breaking over them and the terrible wind howling vengeance at them, the crew of seven froze to death. If this is winter's farewell we must accept it, but, departing in this fashion, with how much confidence can we be expected to welcome its return next December?

AMERICAN COMMERCE.

The desire to revive American commerce is very deep, but the variety of means proposed is almost confusing. Sec. Boutwell's plan of giving tonnage subsidies and bounties is well received in some quarters, but at the same time it is bitterly opposed by such shipbuilders as Donald McKay, John Roach, the iron shipbuilder, and others. Others are clamoring for free ships, permission to purchase wherever they can be bought the cheapest, and liberty to admit foreign-built crafts to American register. There is as great a multitude of counselors in the matter as ever disgusted Solomon, and it is no wonder that ordinary congressmen are at their wit's end. Hale and Lynch, of Maine, are doing good service for the shipping interests, and from the variety of plans submitted it is hoped that at least one good one may be adopted.

THE FRENCH ARMS COMMITTEE.

The Senate elected by ballot its committee to investigate the charges made in Mr. Sumner's French Arms revolution, and it consists of Hamlin of Maine, Harlan of Iowa, Logan of Illinois, Sawyer of S. Carolina, Stevenson of Kentucky, Ames of Mississippi, and Carpenter of Wisconsin. Mr. Stevenson is a democrat. The efforts to put Senator Schurz on the Com. were unavailing, and contrary to general usage he is not allowed to aid in an investigation which he has greatly helped to institute. The fact tells its own story. The investigation has already begun, but there are such sure evidences of administrative honesty that the verdict is already foretold. It is pleasant to know that Mr. Sumner was mistaken, if he was.

THE TRIAL OF MAYOR HALL.

Mayor Hall made a great flourish with his pocket-handkerchief when first arrested for complicity with the Ring crimes, but finally composed himself very serenely on the "consciousness of innocence." And when finally brought into Court he flourished his handkerchief again, adjusted his eye-glasses, and "permitted" the trial to begin. But the Mayor is beginning to fear that it will take more than his white handkerchief to establish his innocence, and so his counsel are trying by every legal quibble known to the craft to hinder proceedings and delay the result. As it stands now, there is but little doubt in the public mind of the Mayor's guilt, but there are a good many fears that it will not be established in a legal sense.—The other great trial, that of Stokes, has been delayed twenty days, while the Judge finds out if certain objections to his rulings are valid.

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

The annual meeting of the Union Pacific Railroad Company was held in Boston, Wednesday. The president's report shows a total expenditure of \$3,600,566 86; total earnings, \$7,521,682 16; net earnings, \$3,921,115 30. The receipts were less than for 1870, but the expenses were correspondingly much less, so that the net earnings were increased \$953,253 03. Nearly 200,000 acres of land have been sold during the year, and half a million in all. The vote for directors represented 323,885 shares, and Horace F. Clark, as was expected, was elected a director in place of Thomas A. Scott, Augustus Schell in place of J. Edgar Thompson, and James H. Barker in place of Andrew Carnegie, these three gentlemen representing the Vanderbilt interest, which displaces the Pennsylvania Central. The management of this great property could not well be in more efficient hands than in those of the two parties now, in great probability, permanently allied.

APPEARANCE OF GARVEY.

Genuine surprise was caused at the trial of Mayor Hall, last Thursday, by the appearance on the witness-stand of Andrew J. Garvey, the man of all others who could testify to Hall's connection with the city swindlers but who was supposed to be beyond reach. Efforts were made by Hall's counsel to keep back his testimony, but without avail. He affirmed that the claims were dishonest ones; that \$50,000 were put into the account to pay Tweed's expenses with the Albany legislature; that \$126,000 were included to pay for plastering and

frescoing houses for Tweed & Co. in Conn. and other places; and that \$5,000 were included to meet Garvey's expenses during the fall campaign. Thus a complete system of robbery is proved. It is not yet known where Mr. Garvey has been, but he seems bent on telling all he knows, which would probably convict the Ring thieves.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 7, 1872.

THE JAPANESE EMBASSY.

The great incident of the week in Washington has been the advent of the Japanese embassy. They came, with a great retinue of servants and an astounding number of trunks, on Saturday last, in a driving snow-storm, having but recently emerged from the snow-drifts of the Rocky Mountains. They must have arrived at the conclusion that the climate of the United States is anything but agreeable. After resting at the Arlington, the most expensive and "aristocratic" hotel in the city—until Monday, they were presented to the President, with a good deal of ceremony, in the presence of the prominent officers of the Government. Tuesday evening, a public reception was given them at Masonic Hall, at the expense of the United States. The hall was handsomely and elaborately decorated for the occasion. Fifteen hundred invitations were issued to persons of consequence and their families, as well as to individuals of no particular consequence, who knew how to manage to secure them. Champagne flowed freely, but the crowd was very thirsty, and there was not enough of the liquid to go round. Many persons, who are very fond of champagne, but are not able to purchase it for themselves, make it a point to attend such gatherings, where they show both economy and wisdom, judging from their standpoint. On Wednesday, the Japanese visited the House of Representatives, by invitation. The scene there was very striking and interesting, and an immense crowd witnessed it. Congress is disposed to spend money freely for the entertainment of our Oriental visitors, in the belief that our interests will be greatly benefited by the increase of trade with Japan. What a pity that our legislators can not see a little further, and make laws to encourage the building of American vessels, so that all our commerce with Japan and the rest of the world may not be carried on by ships sailing under the British flag!

The Japanese are very short and slender, looking more like boys than men. They wear their hair short, or rather, they look as if they had no hair at all. They are exceedingly active in their movements, and seem highly pleased with their reception. They have donned the garb of Americans, and seem to think it very comfortable and convenient.

ACTION OF THE SENATE.

At last, a committee has been appointed to investigate the sale of arms to the French. I think it was a great mistake on the part of the Administration Senators not to appoint Schurz, Trumbull, or Tipton on the committee. The gentlemen composing it may be very honest and fair-minded, but everybody knows that the Republican members are violent partisans of the President. Mr. Hamlin denounced the resolution in terms which were, as Mr. Sumner says, unparliamentary. Mr. Schurz knows more about this matter than any other Senator, and yet he was not appointed. It strikes me that the Senate will be convinced of its mistake before long.

The Grant Republicans in that body need a leader. They have nobody now entitled to the name. Morton lacks insight into character, Conkling is too egotistical and disagreeable, Edmunds too technical, Carpenter too inexperienced, and Cameron too dishonest. Wise leadership in this business would have put Schurz at the head of the committee, after Mr. Sumner declined on account of ill-health.

It is no secret that Senator Sumner is by no means well. He works too hard. He is one of the most industrious men in the world. He labors all day and far into the night, and takes very little exercise. Such has been his practice for many years; but he can not keep it up much longer. He is now sixty-one years old, and can not endure the strain that he once could. The effects of the cowardly blows of Brooks are still felt, and may compel him to leave from all intellectual effort. Yesterday, he was unable to go to the Senate, and that means a good deal, for when Charles Sumner is absent from his post of duty, there is a good reason for it.

THE NEW YORK CUSTOM-HOUSE.

Senator Buckingham's committee, to investigate into the condition of the New York Custom-house, is still in session in this city. Some interesting developments are made daily, but no evidence has been elicited to show that any member of President Grant's official household is connected with the system of extortion and robbery in vogue in that institution. It is rumored that good Senator Buckingham himself is surprised at the depths of rascality discovered since the investigation commenced. The prospect is that the committee will remain in session a good while longer.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Great interest is felt by all the politicians here in regard to the election to be held in New Hampshire next Tuesday. It will be considered as an indication of the effect of the recent contest in the Senate. The Reform Republicans—and there are many of that name already, who have hitherto acted with the Republican party—are confident that the Administration will meet with a defeat, and if the truth must be told, they hope that it will. The Democrats are exceedingly hopeful. They also indulge in pleasing anticipations in regard to the result of the Presidential contest. The conviction is gaining ground among them that Davis and Parker will be the candidates of the Democratic as well as of the reform Republican party. The principal Democrats in the Senate and House admit that there is a strong likelihood that such may be the case. Their present policy seems to be to keep quiet, and not say much on one side or the other. One thing they do admit very freely and that is, unless the enemies of the Administration unite against Grant, he will surely be elected. They will not repeat their folly of 1868, when they nominated the very men, who, above all others, stood the best chance for defeat. Their motto now is, "Anybody or anything to beat Grant." They do not object to Davis, and Parker is one of their idols. They might go further, and fire much worse.

All this, of course, is but the humble opinion of

PRISCOTT.

True self-denial is harsh at the beginning, easy in the middle, and most sweet in the end.

Communications.

Was Aunt Hannah Right?

The prayer-meeting was progressing about as usual Thursday evening, when Mr. Enfield arose and said he was afraid his life was too worldly. He had been thinking the matter over since the commencement of the year, and had determined that his future life should copy more closely the perfect pattern.

These simple, earnest words caused a thrill of joy to run from heart to heart, that burst forth in the old hymn:

"Bless the Lord, O my soul."

For this brother had been a source of grief to many a heart, not only because he had neglected the house of God, but because his business was transacted upon entirely worldly principles and in opposition to the higher teachings of the Bible. His family also were trained servants to selfishness, ambition and pride, apparently to his great satisfaction. In fact, although a professed Christian and a member of the church his life had been a truly worldly one.

Mrs. Swan was at the same meeting—the first one she had attended in three months. A troubled look rested on her face, as she listened to one exhortation after another. When she reached home after the close of the meeting, she found only Aunt Hannah in the cosy sitting room; and, throwing herself into an easy chair, with the air of a person entirely discouraged, she sat deeply buried in thought. Aunt Hannah looked over the top of her glasses, with one of those keen, penetrating glances, indicative of a person versed in reading faces, then laying aside her knitting and removing her glasses, she straightened herself in her chair and assumed something of the air of a judge about to try an important case.

"Well, Mary, you look sad. Can I help you any?"

"Aunt Hannah, I am entirely discouraged. I don't know but I had better request that my name be removed from the church book. While listening to the remarks this evening, I noticed that several spoke of living above the world, as though they were breathing a heavenly air all the time. Now, I can't do it. Here I am in the midst of my family, with worldly cares enough to absorb every bit of the energies of soul, mind and body. How can I be thinking of God and heaven, when I am washing dishes, with one eye on my work and the other on baby. There are sometimes many days in succession, when it really seems as though I could not find five minutes to spend alone in secret prayer; and my communion with God consists only of lifting my heart in pleading for help, while my hands never cease their ministries.

"I have tried to do something as a member of the church, but I believe it is of no use. A short time ago, I agreed to distribute some tracts; and there they lie on the shelf. Mrs. C. said very meaningfully that she distributed every one of hers, the next day after receiving them; and that she preferred to give some of her time to the Lord and not all of it to the world. But it has required the exercise of my utmost energies to keep the children clothed decently for school and do my other necessary work. The care of baby prevents my going to meeting much, and in fact I am entangled in a perfect network of worldly cares. Now, what would you advise me to do?"

"You think, then," said Aunt Hannah, "that you love the things of this world better than your Maker?"

Mary looked surprised. "Oh, no, I don't, Aunt! Ever since little Bennie died, and I yielded my rebellious will to his, after that fearful struggle, I think I can conscientiously say, that I have loved God, better than my family, or any earthly thing."

"Oh, then," said Aunt Hannah, "it must be that in your relations to your family, your neighbors and your friends, you act upon principles that are satisfied if they meet the general requirements of public opinion, without stopping to ask whether those principles are built upon the rock or on the sands, whether they are in the interest of God or mammon."

Mary looked perplexed. She couldn't think what her aunt was aiming at.

"No, Aunt Hannah; I can't admit that. It is my earnest endeavor to teach my children to despise shams, and seek for goodness because it is good, not for its appearance only; and in my relations with my neighbors and friends, though I am conscious of much imperfection, I do try to live and act Christian principles."

"Mary," said Aunt Hannah, "what do you understand from the teachings of Christ, to be the true essence of Christian character?"

"I don't know," said Mary, hesitating, "unless it is loving God with all the heart, and our neighbor as ourselves."

"I think no reader of the Bible will question that," said Aunt Hannah. "Now, let us look at, your desperate case. You think the first and most important requirement is—loving God with all the heart. Now, what is meant by all the heart? We are told in immediate connection to love our neighbor as ourselves, so it can't mean that we are not to love anybody else; for there are two, our neighbor and ourselves, whom we are expected to love. I think we may safely say, that Christ's meaning is, that God is to have the first and best place in our hearts and his commandments are to be the rule of our lives. This you say is true in your case. You believe you love God best."

"The other requirement of which you speak is, loving our neighbor as ourselves. The meaning of which, I think we both understand to be, treating our neighbors and friends as we would like to have them treat us under like circumstances. This principle is the one, you say, you are aiming to embody in your daily life. You say your

worldly cares absorb all your energies, meaning by that, the performance of duties necessary for the comfort and happiness of your husband and children. Really, I don't know how your energies can be absorbed in a better work. Surely, God requires no higher offering from you than the spiritual, intellectual and moral training of those children. I think I fail to comprehend the desperate character of your case."

"Oh, Aunt Hannah, it can't be that this is all! It is very different from the impression I have always received from my Christian teachers and friends. My idea is something like this. These duties to which we have both referred as worldly cares are important and ought to be performed in a Christian spirit; but that they are a part of our Christian work, or that God accepts them as a part of our service to him, I never have believed. On the contrary, I think the idea of most Christians is, that these things tend to draw our thoughts away from heavenly things; and the less time we bestow upon them, and the more upon religious duties, such as attending meetings, distributing tracts, &c., the better God is pleased."

"Do you find this distinction made in the Bible, Mary?"

"I don't think of any passage to the point; but Jesus said, 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.' And I am sure I have always heard this referred to, as meaning speaking in meeting, and religious duties such as I spoke of a moment ago."

"Now, let me ask you, Mary, which is the heavier cross, to arise in meeting and say a few words, or to arise in the morning, with the determination, by God's help, to keep that irritable temper of yours in check all day and then to do it, speaking gentle words when bitter ones keep striving to gain the mastery?"

"Oh, Aunt, with my nature there is no comparison between the two. The performance of the latter requires a fearful struggle sometimes, such as could never take place in connection with the former. With a person possessing a different nature, the opposite might be the case."

"But, it is your case we are considering now, Mary. That word, 'worldly,' seems to be a great stumbling-block with you. And I think the trouble is, that you make a mistake in separating your duties into two classes, worldly and religious. Nothing can be your duty unless it is something God wants you to do, and if it is what he wants you to do and you do it with a right spirit, whether it be going to church, or repairing your children's clothing, I believe it to be equally acceptable in His sight. You spoke a few minutes ago, of not being able to think of heavenly things and your work at the same time. Tell me, when are you the better pleased with your children, when they go to school and learn their lessons faithfully and strive to obey the rules, though they may not think of mother once, from the time they leave your door until they enter it again; or, when they sit listlessly in their seats at school, thinking, 'How I love my mother! How I wish I could be doing something for her, instead of spending my time here, over these dull books?'"

"The first would be the real obedience," said Mary, "and the latter disobedience; for I feel that my children honor me most, when they are most faithful in the performance of their duties. It is the faithfulness that I value."

"And just so," said Aunt Hannah, "I believe that God is never better pleased with us, than when we consecrate life's commonest duties by a faithful and conscientious performance of them."

"Oh, Aunt Hannah, if what you say is really true, it will lift from my heart the heaviest burden that has rested on it for ten years. You know that before I was married, I used to spend more than half my evenings and many of my days, either at the church, or in connection with church work; and since I have had family cares and been obliged to almost entirely neglect such duties, I have carried with me, much of the time, a feeling of self-condemnation, which has been aggravated by such remarks as Mrs. C. made in regard to the tracts."

"Mary, I know Mrs. C. well. She divides her duties just as you have been accustomed to do; and I don't believe the idea has ever occurred to her that the sharp stinging words, spoken to her children at home, far more than overbalance her prayers for them at the meetings. She works much of the time in a state of excitement, which makes her irritable, in order to get through, so as to have time to attend to her religious duties."

"I believe I do begin to see as you do, Aunt. Oh, what an inspiration it will give to my every-day life, to feel all the while, that the work I am doing is just what God wants me to do! It will be so much easier to struggle with life's little perplexities, if I can only feel that, in overcoming I am laying up treasure in heaven."

"But don't you underrate the value of religious meetings?"

"I think not, Mary. Let me illustrate. Suppose you are going to California. You can't get there without partaking of nourishment by the way. Sometimes you take refreshment at a R. R. restaurant, stopping but a few minutes; sometimes you need more rest and stop at a hotel over night, and take two or three meals; and sometimes for sufficient reasons, you partake of food from your lunch basket."

"So the Christian, on his journey through this world must partake of the 'bread of life' by the way, or he will famish. Sometimes an evening meeting, or a chapter from the Bible furnishes the way-side refreshment. Then the attendance upon a series of religious services gives the soul unusual rest and stimulus; and again, while the hands continue their ministries, as you said awhile ago, the 'soul sends up its earnest petition for help and goes on its way refreshed."

"But would it not be absurd to call these hours for refreshment, the principal part of the journey? They seem to me to be only incidentally parts of it, while the real journey is the life lived and the work done. We should say the person was a poor adviser, who should tell an inexperienced traveler, that the more time he spent in places of refreshment, the surer he would be to reach Cal.; so I say that person, be he minister or layman, does injury to the cause he represents, who gives to any beginner in the Christian life such teaching as shall send him on his way, feeling that his Christian life is to consist mainly of religious exercises outside of his daily duties."

"Oh, Aunt Hannah, I am so glad you happened to be here this week. I believe you are right, and what you have said to-night will have an influence upon my whole life."

STANLEY.

A Missionary Journal.

BY E. C. B. H.

Nov. 7, 1871. Left home, accompanied by brethren Madhu Dass and Purna Chandra, at 3 A. M., for Salbani, 14 miles north from Midnapore. Reached S. at 9:30 A. M., and, after some little trouble, succeeded in getting a house in the bazaar for 12 cents a day. It is an oblong building of mud, with thatched roof; about 30 feet long by 12 wide; walls about 10 feet high. It has no ceiling, the rough bamboo rafters and straw thatching being all in sight. There are several small fire-places; which are simply holes dug in the earthen floor, the earth taken out of the hole being placed, in the form of mud, on three sides of the hole in a circular form, the side next the cook being left open to admit wood and air.

With no better fire-place than this, native cooks will get up a first-rate dinner, in a surprisingly short time; that is, if they happen to be in a pleasant mood; if not, then "the wood is green," or some other frivolous excuse is made for the delay in giving four a dinner.

After so long a stage at such unusual hours, we all needed food and rest. After refreshing ourselves, our bookstand was opened on one of the little verandas, of which we have two on two sides of our house. The books, of which we have an excellent variety, soon attracted attention, and a few persons gathered about them. They heard well for a time, but declined to purchase. In the evening a large crowd listened for a long time in the bazaar with apparently much interest. The attack was from the other side this time. My gun was carried by one of our company with the hope of shooting a supper. This was observed by a respectable Hindu who said, "You are going about the country teaching the people the true knowledge of God, and yet you do not hesitate to take life, and for that purpose you carry a gun with you."

This objection is based on the Hindu idea that Brahma (God) is in everything that has life. Indeed, that he is the only life, so that whatever lives is Brahma, or a part of Him. The Hindu disputant forgets that his own shasters represent Brahma as indivisible and indestructible, hence this objection against Christianity, because it does not forbid the taking of life for purposes of food and in self-defense, as in combat with wild animals. Our objector was informed that he must cease to eat and drink, to be consistent, if he condemned the taking of life; for the very water he drinks teems with living creatures, the rice he eats has one kind of life, and that he destroys, in the process of cooking, before he can eat it.

He was asked if God were so ignorant and inconsistent as to make it sinful to take life in any way, and yet so to make man that he must needs commit sin to live.

Our hearers were then informed that their champion's argument was founded on an error, viz: that Brahma is in everything. This error was exposed by showing that where God is in His essential presence sin and death can not come; that if God were in man he would not sin, and would be indestructible. Much time was spent as usual, in answering objections; but we were able occasionally to introduce the gospel.

WEDNESDAY, 8TH. Went out early this morning to some of the neighboring villages in quest of hearers. Left Madhu in one small village, and Purna and self went farther to a larger one close by. Went at once to the house of the chief man of the village and found a number of people assembled on business. The father of the chief is an invalid, has been ailing for thirty years more or less. After a little conversation on the nature of his disease, and the apparent hopelessness of his case, it was easy to turn to the great question, salvation from the disease of sin. Our hearers were surprisingly ignorant of Christianity for people living so near to Midnapore, and still nearer to one of our lines of operation in the cold season. They introduced, with the utmost simplicity and earnestness, some of the old-fashioned arguments in favor of Hinduism; arguments which are seldom heard save in districts somewhat remote from the seat of missionary operations.

One man pressed upon us with great zeal the idea that God works through instrumentalities and illustrated his argument by reference to "The Great Queen" (Victoria) in far off England, and her many officials in India. She rules India through her numerous agents of different grades, some high and some low. We applied this to God and the long train of Hindu deities, incarnations, &c. "These latter are only the agents of the Great Invisible; through them we serve Him, just as we honor the Queen by obeying her official representatives." We admitted that God works by instruments, but were of course, obliged to deny, and disprove our opponent's illustration and its application to idolatry.

We thought it best to meet him on his

own ground (Prov. 26: 5) and prove that, according to his own argument, the Hindu incarnations and minor deities are not God's instruments. This was easily done, and as readily illustrated by his own figure.

"If the Judge of Midnapore, the highest Gov. official in the place, should himself violate the law he is sent to administer he would lose his office and himself be punished according to that law; so, admitting, for the sake of argument, that your incarnations were originally from God, sent to be his representatives, if they violate his pure and holy law themselves they will lose their office and suffer the penalty of violated law."

"But according to your own shasters every one of them have violated, not one only, but many of God's laws, so if they ever had any divine authority they have lost it." Again, it was shown that he who is sent of God will prove it by his godly walk. It was then easy to introduce Jesus as the only one who had ever given unmistakable evidence of having been sent of God as man's redeemer. In him God reveals himself and works out a marvelous plan for man's salvation.

One man was disposed to be captious, and it was with difficulty we could keep him quiet enough to obtain a hearing from others.

We returned to the village where we had left Madhu, to find him deeply engaged with another captious fellow. Purna gave him such a clear and succinct view of salvation by substitution that he was completely silenced, and declared himself satisfied with what he had heard.

THURSDAY, 9TH. Took another direction this morning and went a long way before finding any work. At length we came upon a village where were little groups of people at work in their gooryards. By a little pleasant chit-chat and a kind invitation there and there a small crowd was soon collected. Madhu and self left Purna with these and went on some distance further through rice fields and jungle to another village. Here the head man of the village and a number of his people were assembled taking and giving accounts. They received us kindly until they learned our errand, when the landholder put himself in array against us. He proved to be a hard-hearted, ignorant bigot and withal a very conceited person, and I fear our labor was lost upon him. He insisted very strongly on two points, viz:

1st. That Ram Chandra (an ancient Hindu king and great warrior) was God incarnate.

2nd. That the bare mention of Ram's name would remove any amount of sin.

A very easy way of getting rid of sin, forsooth. A short stanza was quoted to the effect that "Things susceptible of proof are complete," &c., the intelligent will accept only what is proven. He was requested to produce his evidence for statement number one; and we reminded him that wherever, in whomsoever God is, his presence asserts itself by Godlike qualities. Of course he was non-plussed. He made a feeble attempt to recover himself by referring us to the marvelous feats in war accomplished by his favorite Ram. He was informed that Ram never performed such feats in war as are now-a-days frequently performed by great generals; so that on his principle these must all be recognized as incarnations and so be worshipped. This proved too much. Then he was told that feats of valor could be performed by devils also, which he was constrained to admit; then the difficulty would be to prove whether Ram were a god, a great man, or a devil, since all are capable of great deeds. The proof of his second proposition was then demanded. He quoted from the shasters, but it was shown, in reply, that these were unworthy of belief, and, therefore, the evidence could not be admitted. He then said that they had heard it from their infancy; but he was reminded that hear-say evidence is always rejected in every court of justice, and could scarcely be accepted in this case. We then attempted to sustain the negative of his propositions, but he became, so very captious that our effort could scarcely be called a success. Several attempts were made to introduce the Gospel, but the name and works of Jesus were not acceptable to our hearers, so we left them, anything but pleased with our morning's work.

Infant Salvation.

We notice in an article in the *Star* of Feb. 7, headed as above, this sentence: "Adam, by transgression, separated himself from God, and a separation from God is spiritual death. By the original sin of Adam, his posterity were brought into like condition as himself."

Can the writer believe that Adam had a power, even beyond that of the Infinite One, to make all his posterity sinners, and consign them to eternal death, and that, too, without any act of their own? This seems to be his idea, for he says further on, "Original sin being atoned for, it follows that none but actual transgressors are punished." The inference seems plain that, without the atonement, the whole race would have been punished for the sin of Adam committed before they ever were born, and with which it had nothing whatever to do. On what possible ground, scriptural or otherwise, could a just being punish the innocent for the sins of the guilty? What possible justice can there be in punishing a child born to-day, for a sin committed six thousand years ago? And are we to understand that the atonement was made to save innocent beings from being punished by a just God? For he says of infants, "they do not sin"; and if they "do not sin," they can not be sinners; for as no one can be a thief until he steals, so no one can be a sinner until he sins. Then are we to understand that we have an atonement for beings who are not sinners? Did not "Christ come into the world to save sinners?"

If the atonement was made to save in-

fanis from "original sin," and if that "original sin" was spiritual death, will not all who die in infancy be saved by a different process from that of others; thereby giving us two kinds of salvation; one through repentance and faith, and one without it? And according to this writer, both classes are sinners. And if infants are sinners, and would have been lost without the atonement, and were saved unconditionally, why not save all sinners unconditionally? Why save one class unconditionally, and require faith of another class? Does a satisfactory answer to Dr. Whately necessitate any such difficulties? Why not say at once, infants are not saved in any sense spoken of in the text? Salvation means in Scripture to rescue men from the punishment due their sins; and as infants never sinned, they are not exposed to punishment, hence need no salvation from it. The Bible does not address itself to infants, but to sinners, and hence has but the condition of salvation, faith in Christ. "Christ came into this world to save sinners," and no one else. And sinners are transgressors of the law, for "sin is a transgression of the law, and none can be sinners who have not transgressed the law. Hence we should say the text applies only to those who can sin, and can believe. As God is the creator of infants, he is under obligation to secure their happiness, unless they become rebels against his government, and thus forfeit that protection.

A. D.

An Old Man's Reminiscence.

The following facts may be of interest to some of our readers in their intercourse with skeptics:

1. A man once said to me, "There is no evidence that there is a God; the world is governed by the laws of nature." I replied, "Who made those laws? It requires mind to make laws, and power to enforce them." He said no more.

2. A man called on me, whose only object appeared to be, to offer what he thought unanswerable objections to the Bible. All were as easily answered as the last which was, that we are told to buy wine and milk without money and without price; saying with a scoff, "Pretty stuff! I am a poor, worthless creature; I can't buy at all." I said, "I will tell you how you can buy, and without money and without price. You say you are a worthless creature; there is, you know, no price put upon what is worthless; now, give yourself and you will buy without money and without price." He left.

3. After considerable conversation with a man who preached final restoration, I obtained his promise that he would preach his doctrine no more if I could convince him that the word eternal was ever used in speaking of the punishment of the wicked, for he denied that any other word meant duration without end. I showed him Matt. 25: 46, in Greek, which reads, "These shall go away into *aiōnistos* punishment, but the righteous into life *aiōnistos*." The same word is also used in the 41st verse. I omit much that was said. Suffice it to say he stopped preaching.

4. I once entered a store where I met a number of skeptics, among them an old judge, who, with a loud, harsh voice accosted me thus: "Why can't you preach without preaching hell fire? I can't endure everlasting fire." I replied, "The Lord has a right to make as many hells as he wishes; he did not make hell for you, he made it for the devil, and he has done all he can to persuade you not to go there, but if you love the devil so much more than you do the Lord that you will go there, who will pity you?" With a much milder voice, he said, "When will you preach on that subject?" I said, "Any time when you will come to hear me." "Well," said he, "make an appointment and I will come." He did so, and we disputed no more on that subject.

OCTOGENARIAN.

S. S. Department.

The Horse-shed Class.

We have heard of many kinds of classes in our Sunday-schools, but only a few days ago did we hear of the class named above. Upon inquiry, however, we discover that a similar class exists in almost every country place.

The horse-shed class meets at the same hour with the other classes. As is indicated by its title, its place of meeting is under the shed erected for the shelter of the farm-ers' horses. This place is not very comfortable, usually. It is a shelter, though, from heat in summer, and from cold in winter. The only seats are such as the wagons or sleighs afford, and yet in this really uninviting place large classes of men assemble week after week, at the hour for Sunday-school at almost all country churches.

Perhaps the reader is impressed with the idea that the martyr spirit is among these men. We do not usually find persons so anxious to meet for Bible study that they will accept such inhospitable accommodation as these sheds. But what think you of the fact that this place is chosen when the church edifice, with comfortable seats and good shelter, is not half filled? The classes in these country schools are never very numerous or large. There is plenty of room in the house, and yet with amazing self-sacrifice and regularity the shed exercises go on.

Very generally, country schools meet just after the morning sermon. Men, women and children are present at the preaching. The sermon ended, the benediction is pronounced, a few men with the most of the women and children arrange themselves for school work, while the remainder of the men go out to the shed. Doubtless it would be an encouragement to the classes in the church, did all these persons remain inside to sing, pray, study, etc. But out they go to the horse-shed.

The exercises of this class are very odd, considering the day and circumstances of their assembling. They never sing, nor pray. They have no lesson papers, nor even a Bible. They have no orderly opening, nor any order of exercise. They have no teacher, nor leader of any sort by official appointment. They keep no records,

but all is done in the most free and easy style.

The time of the session is usually filled up with smoking, chewing tobacco, examining the points of any new horse under the shed, inspecting repairs or improvements which have been made in any vehicle on the premises, discussing the season, the crops, the price of hay, butter, horses, cattle, land, etc., with incidental attention to politics, to jokes, to yarns, to other people's business, and to all such momentous and appropriate things. All religious conversation is prohibited in the horse-shed class.

When the superintendent inside the church strikes the bell for closing his part of the school, the shed students at once adjourn. The younger members repair to the front of the church, to be on hand for the social duties which they owe those who tarried inside. The older men untie their horses, and get ready to load up for home. Thus Sunday-school closes, and these famous classes close their arduous labors.

We have known of people who were ungenerous enough to question the usefulness of these shed gatherings. It has even been insinuated that scandal and vulgarity were allowed in them. Then, too, it has been thought by some, that its members would be profited more by joining in the usual exercises of the school; by studying the Bible, instead of attending to these practical and important topics to which they now give attention. Other straitlaced people think the example of self-obliviousness set by the class is not good, but that it induces the larger children to think lightly of the school. Of the excellence of men who will so devotedly attend a class under circumstances so unalluring, we, however, are willing to allow the Sunday-school world to judge.

Before closing the account of this interesting class, we may mention a notable improvement as witnessed in one of our interior villages. The accommodating Postmaster, who lives near by, so soon as preaching closes him homeward, followed by the class. The well-worn office is opened, the mail is distributed, and thus prepared for a comfortable session, the class seats itself on counters, boxes, barrels and what-not, and so proceeds to work. How thoughtful and kind in this Postmaster. He should have a vote of thanks from the former Horse-shed Class.—*Examiner & Chronicle*.

THEORY AND PRACTICE. To devise a good plan is a very different matter from executing it. Rev. A. M. Wylie puts it thus in the *S. S. Times*:

We set up our theory of the model teacher. You contribute this, and I contribute that, and a third throws in another indispensable quality, and the model is made up, and now we are to have perfect success. But in practice it is the old experiment of perpetual motion. The reasoning is all logical, the principles are plain to a demonstration, but, somehow or other, the thing won't go—it may run for a season, but it will stop.

We have come to the conclusion, after some observation, that these be the days of much machinery. Our cellars, and our out-houses, and our store-rooms are filled with all sorts of new inventions, wonderful discoveries, and patent concerns for washing, for ironing, for heating, for cooking, for scrubbing, for sweeping, for gardening and farming, and what not purposes, and nine-tenths of them are only miserable mockeries—trials to the patience, and taps to the purse.

Actual practice sifts the whole thing down to brain, love and muscle, animated by a patient, determined purpose behind.

And so it is, exactly, in the various departments of church work. Method and machinery are going to do very little of themselves. They make up the splendid solar engine on a cloudy day. The beautiful organization is there, but heaven's heat, without which it can make not a solitary revolution, is wanting.

To the same general effect remarks Dr. Eggleston:

Without the right spirit, all the training in the world will not enable you to succeed. If you are indifferent to success you can not succeed. The true teacher is in earnest. He works with his soul full of the greatness of the work. Not fitfully, but steadily, in earnest. The true teacher is not repelled by wickedness. If you have the spirit that took Elizabeth Fry into Newgate, if you have the spirit that led Sarah Martin to a life of self-sacrifice, if you have the spirit of Christ, success must be yours. If not, failure.

Consider the example of our Lord. Consider your own indebtedness to him. Consider the greatness of the work. Consider your own responsibility. Consider your privilege. Consider the joy set before you. Devote yourself to no lower motive than love and gratitude to Christ, to the great work.

If you work from such motives, you will be patient. You will not be disheartened by the greatness of the labor, nor the smallness or absence of results, nor by the incoherence of pupils.

Work triumphantly. Work in assurance of success, and the very assurance will promote your success.

ILLUSTRATIONS. "Where shall I gather illustrations for my class?" On the source from which they are drawn depends, in a great measure, their value. Good bank-notes come from the banker, not from the counterfeiter. No one has any right to have counterfeiters, so no teacher has a right to use spurious illustrations. Convey the truth by the simplest illustrations possible, and with the least circumlocution. Instead of relying on encyclopedias, etc., go into the street with open eyes; pick up the dead, broken branch which lies at your feet, and convert it into an illustration of a faithless Christian life. Be wide awake, be discriminating; or, if the expression may be allowed, possess sanctified gumption. No teacher has a right to go to his class without an illustration to enforce the truth. The Saviour preached the gospel in the trees, in the fields, in the roads. Why not we? An illustration is to be used to gain attention, and to carry home truth. Employ such as are within the comprehension of the child. Let Greek mythology alone. Take God's illustrations, scattered on every hand, in the fields, the gardens, the lanes. Look at the flowers, the grass, all nature, and pray God to open your eyes. An excellent help is to have a Bible with a margin, in which to note down, as you find them, such illustrations as bear upon any particular passage. After a while you will have a book which money can not buy. Use always the best material you can find, and, if possible, that drawn from your own experience. Do not labor to find great things. Take the little things. Be plain, consistent, concise. If your lesson is about Zaccheus climbing into the sycamore tree, do not picture the sycamore of the Mississippi Valley, with its smooth trunk, but remember the Palestine sycamore. Never use an illustration simply for its own sake; ever keep in mind the great object, and let truth follow the way into the mind and heart which the illustration has opened.

Selections.

Sabbath Hymn.

Send down Thy rest, O God!
Our souls and tears to crown;
Too long the thorny path we've trod;
Thy rest, O God, send down!

A living faith impart
Our questioning to still;
With hope inspire each fainting heart,
And nerve each faltering will.

The spirit of Thy Son
On his disciples shed;
Until Thy will on earth is done,
Thy truth consummated.

Oh, come Thyself and make
Our willing souls Thine own,
And for Thy lowly temples, take
Emanuel, come down!

Then we shall live in Thee,
Thy love our souls unite,
And past and future into one
A presence, infinite!

—A. D. Robbins.

On Stealing Sheep.

I would rather do it than sell him; but that is not what I intended to write. The sheep I mean are Christ's. And the thieves—who are they? Hush, it will not do to call names. If it would be any relief to the feelings of any one, however, it might be said that no personal reference to the prince of this world is intended, that he will kidnap every straying soul whom he can take in his snares. He recognizes no code of honor, and never will learn what belongs to good manners. The only safe method of dealing with this adversary is to constantly guard against his wiles, and bravely resist all his encroachments on the rights of the human soul. This can be done best from within the fold of the good Shepherd.

There is one fold and one Shepherd. The unity of the fold is expressed through a diversity of organizations, known by various names, recognizing a common Saviour, and aiming at the same ultimate end, even while employing different instrumentalities, and adopting various modes of labor. In the days of polemical strife, faith in peculiar dogmas generally determined the church relations of those who professed to follow Christ. If a man believed in Calvinism, he joined a Calvinistic church. If he was an Arminian, he affiliated with a society reflecting his sentiments. In these latter days, such has been the increase of practical piety in all the churches, and so great stress is placed upon the essential truths of the Gospel, that denominational dogmas have lost their prominence, if not their importance, and now, in very many instances, have but very little influence in determining the question what church to join. The people are governed more by their social relations and affections—sometimes more than they ought to be by their own spiritual good. Especially is this true when they seek food for a vain spirit, rather than moral strength, and opportunities for the highest usefulness.

Since, then, the conflict concerning dogmas has ceased, why should not contention cease concerning the spoils of the war, and all agree, for the sake of peace, to let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind concerning the issues which were involved? When the church relations of families are settled, or even partially so, nothing is gained to the cause of Christ by another church, through either its pastor or its members, endeavoring to unsettle their minds. Their attention will thereby be detracted from the leading object which should furnish the chief motive for desiring communion with any branch of the church. How fearfully inconsistent we are, when we ask dying men bitten with fiery serpents to critically examine the wood of the pole, when they should be looking intently to the brazen serpent at its top! If those whom we are trying to save are really in earnest seeking the salvation of their souls, we may safely trust their spiritual intuitions to decide where they can obtain the most help. If they are not in earnest, but acting a kind of pious farce, then no church will be strengthened by their communion with it.

Some people have a passion for stealing lambs about half grown. Sheep are too heavy for them to handle, and not nearly so docile. It is granted that the lambs should have liberty; but it is better, provided it can be, consistently with liberty of conscience, for all the members of a family to commune in the same church. Whoever feels this to be true concerning the families of his own church, and at the same time lifts his little finger even to divide the families of other churches, is as dishonest as the lawyer whose bull gored the farmer's ox.

The methods used and the motives appealed to in making proselytes from other churches are apt to be as base as the end sought. For instance, how much humility of spirit and growth in grace will be promoted by an utterance like this: "If you want to be recognized by the best society, you must attend our church." As if all Christian churches do not furnish as good society as any person on earth deserves! And if your church socially ostracizes people because they are members of other denominations, what claim has it on the name of Christ? Such a church, if ever saved in the world, would require private apartments. A young person is serious upon the subject of religion. A zealous sister, greatly concerned for her soul's welfare, puts a book into his hands. Surely it will light his pathway to Christ, the only way of truth. He opens it only to discover that it is a treatise upon the mode of baptism, written from some denominational standpoint! If he has not great breadth of view, he will be strongly tempted to believe that Christianity is a mere question of the form of religious life, rather than a question of life itself. Such narrowness greatly disturbs the fraternal relation of the churches, and hinders Christian union. The times demand that the churches should present a solid front against the evils of the world, and the spiritual wickedness in high places. The great Head of the Church prayed for it, and all good men desire it; but the only solid basis for such united effort is in the exalting of Christ far above all that is sectarian, above all private opinions, and above all those peculiarities of faith and practice which are not so expressly enjoined in the Word that there is no room left for sincere people to differ concerning them.

And now since even thieves are said to have a code of honor, I conclude by proposing a code of honor for churches which rob one another. The golden rule will furnish a good foundation. Concerning doubtful disputations, let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. Hands off the ark of the human heart, when God by his Spirit is guiding it to the ways of righteousness. Let every Christian, while lawfully loving his own branch of the church more than any other, not unlawfully

love it more than he loves Christ and the souls for whom he died. United on these principles, we can dwell together in perfect harmony, labor together with one accord, fill all the churches we have, build more, and take the world for Christ. The world is the field. It is large enough, so that we need not do ought to conflict with each other's rights or duties.—Methodist.

The Wild Koord's Conversion.

With a gun thrown over his shoulder, a dagger at his side, and with his belt full of ammunition, a wild Koordish mountaineer named Gergis, made his appearance at the Nestorian Mission School. He was known to be one of the vilest of the Nestorians, but now he brought his eldest daughter, perhaps twelve or thirteen years of age, and begged that she might be taken into the school.

"I want to leave my girl here and I want you should teach her," said he to Miss Fisk, the missionary superintendent of the school.

"Oh, yes, I will," was the reply; "she may stay."

"I want you to teach her just as well as you can; make her a good teacher, so that she can earn money."

"Yes, I will do as well as I can by her. Is that all you want?"

"I should like to take the clothes she has on."

"Why, Deacon Gergis, are you her father? Is she your child? I never heard of such a thing. Take her clothes! Yes, you may if you wish to, but I have not any clothes for her."

He was ashamed, and holding up his tunic with both hands before his face, said, "I think I'll go."

Some time passed away, and the wild Koord again crossed the deep snows of the mountain passes, and presented himself at the school. It was just at a time when a religious awakening had set in, and many of the girls were weeping over sin. He ridiculed their anxiety, and when his daughter asked him to go alone with her to pray, he laughed at her, and said, "Do you think I too can pray?"

They went by themselves. The father repeated his form of ancient Syria; the child bowed down, pleaded for her own soul, and then for her perishing father.

As he heard her say, "Save my father going down to destruction," he raised his hand to strike her, but God alone kept him from it. They left the place of prayer, and he was not led to it again that day, even by his pleading daughter.

After this, other members of the Mission family talked to him, but he laughed at them, saying, "I am safe."

"I see you don't wish me to speak with you of your soul. I promise you that I will never do so again, if you do not wish me to; but I want you to make me one promise: when we stand at the bar of God, and you are found on the left hand, promise me, that you will tell the assembled universe that on this twenty-second day of February you were told of your danger. I leave you to pray for you."

With a full heart she turned away, when he burst into tears, and said, "My sister, I need this salvation. I will go and pray for myself."

Passing into the nearest room, in a low voice he lifted up his heart in prayer, and long after, as it was the Sabbath, he entered the place of solemn assembly, where Missionary Stoddard was preaching. His gun and dagger were gone, his turban had fallen over his face, his hands were raised to his eyes, and the big tears fell.

At the close of the service he entered the study of one of the missionaries, and cried in the bitterness of soul, "My sins! my sins! they are higher than Jelu mountains."

"Yes," said the missionary, "but if the first of hell should be put out, you would not be troubled, would you?"

Then the strong mountaineer was bowed to the floor, and exclaimed, "Sir, I would not carry this load of sin if there were no hell."

The missionary pointed him to Christ, and left him till the morning, when his soul was full of the love of Christ, and all he could say was, "My great sins and my great Saviour." Before noon he had left for his mountain home, saying, "I must tell my friends and neighbors of sin and of Christ."

Ever after as he entered the passes among the rocks, with Testament and hymn-book in his knapsack, he was sure to be found singing "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," and when he sat down by the fountain side, he was ever ready to burst forth in saying, "There is a fountain filled with blood." He warned all whom he met and pointed them to Christ.—Fidelia Fisk.

Newman Hall's Work.

Peter Bayne, in his letter to the *Watchman & Reflector*, gives this glimpse of the work done by Rev. Newman Hall, in London:

Surrey Chapel is situated in a densely peopled part of London, poor and—put it mildly—not distinguished for virtue. It would have been easy for a man of Mr. Hall's established popularity to remain in some rich suburb and become the minister of a wealthy congregation, but, very greatly to his credit, he has determined to procure a site for his new chapel as near the present site as possible, and to continue his ministrations among the penury-stricken and depraved. The Christianity preached and exhibited in the chapel is on the broadest possible evangelical platform. Mr. Hall admits to his pulpit any brother in Christ, be the denomination to which he belongs what it may. The prayer is partly liturgical, partly free. All are invited to partake of the Lord's Supper, who profess that they sit down to it in simple love to Christ. Fifteen Sunday schools, connected with the chapel, dispense instruction to 6,000 children, nearly 500 teachers being engaged in the work. There are six day schools with 700 children. Mission services are held every Sunday evening in seventeen large lodging-houses. A benevolent society relieves the sick at their own abodes, asking no question as to their religious denomination. A Bible nurse attends to the personal comforts of the sick, going from house to house making their rooms tidy, preparing suitable food and so on. Clothing societies, penny banks, almshouses, a school of industry, a temperance society, a tract society, not to mention auxiliaries to the great Bible and missionary associations, cluster around Surrey Chapel, and have as the mainspring of their activity Mr. Newman Hall. In these various operations a sum of nearly £3,000 is laid out, in addition to the maintenance of the ministry and the expenses of divine worship in the chapel itself. Mr. Hall's own life seems a record of unremitting and, one might have thought, impossible exertion. One hour he will be preaching, the next presiding at a commit-

tee meeting, the next reading Tennyson to working men. How brain, and muscle, and nerve stand in all is something of a mystery, when I meet Mr. Hall, a few days since, he looked more fresh and vigorous than I can remember to have seen him, and his conversation was as light, animated and hearty as ever.

The Cross of Loyalty.

We are continually seeking for causes without crosses, for ways that are only ways of pleasantness. Vain search! at least, in this world. In this life there is no such thing. What may be in the other life we know not. But there is none such here.

What seems a bed of roses, may even be a bed of thorns. Uneasy lies the head which wears a crown. And especially full of crosses are the ways which seem the most exempt. Ah! what way of toil, of self-sacrifice, of devotion, can compare in the multitude and sorrow of its crosses with the ways of idleness, pleasure and self-indulgence? So, turn whither you will, you shall find the Divine challenge of the cross.

You may just as well settle it in your minds to-day as a year hence, that so it must be, and otherwise it can not be, and instead of wasting time in a vain attempt to dodge the inevitable, turn squarely to meet that whose cross gives noblest challenge. Very different are the crosses which offer themselves to our accepting—not only in themselves, but in their power. Look at the cross of fashion. Many there are to help you bear it. And to what utter frivolity, baseness, emptiness, it brings you. No self-respect, no liberty, no growth, no manliness, no peace of God in it. Look at the cross of gain. See the anxious face, the keen, hungry eye, the nervous, twitching fingers, the grasping spirit that it involves; the cross of self-indulgence. Does not the career of the murdered man, who died in the Grand Central Hotel, in New York, sufficiently attest? Contrast these with the quality of the cross of duty; of such a cross as Howard and Clarkson, and Mrs. Fry, S. J. May, Garrison, John Brown, Abraham Lincoln, bore; contrast them with the quality, to sum it all in a word, of the cross of Christ. What a difference! And how many differences! The ignoble cross is lightest at the first, grows heavier day by day, intolerable and deadly at last. The noble cross, on the other hand, is first stiffens the back, strengthens the muscles, braces the whole soul. The ignoble one has seeming friends at first. They unmask and reveal themselves as foes at last, or desert and disappear, leaving their cheated victim in miserable loneliness. The noble one is taken, perhaps, amid troops of friends, and draws to itself others, the good and true, till at last its course, begun in loneliness and opposition, ends in triumph and everlasting love and honor. The one is an *ignis fatuus* leading to destruction; the other a star in the East, leading the wise to where the Lord of glory lies.—Frederic Frothingham.

Willing to Hear Him Pray.

I had been taking tea at the house of a highly intelligent Christian lady, in an interior city, and talking, among other and higher things, about her beautiful and commodious mansion, and the builder, by whom it had been most skillfully and economically re-arranged and almost rebuilt since its purchase. We soon went to the weekly prayer-meeting; and that, by the way, in a storm of wind and rain which might have furnished an excuse, if not a good reason, for the lady's staying at home. I had seen the builder referred to and was quite struck at finding him in the desk, to take his turn according to the custom in that church, in conducting the meeting. "Your friend, Mr.," I ventured to whisper to the lady. "Yes," she replied; "and I am as willing to hear him pray now as I was before he built his house together." The topic of the evening's prayer, I reproduced the remark as one I had "once heard." Whether its origin was understood beyond Mrs. — and myself, I do not know; but, I told her at the close, that, judging by the visible effect of the remark on the little assembly, she had made the speech of the evening. When shall the time come that the prayers and exhortations of all church members shall be no less acceptable to their brethren and sisters who have had intimate business and social relations with them, than to others? It would be a "good time," perhaps, the millennium.—Rev. Dr. Chickering.

Calmness of Jesus.

There are few traits in our great Exemplar which we may study to more advantage than the temper he manifested under the fickleness of his followers, of which he had such large experience in the course of his ministry. One possessing the moral greatness necessarily belonging to the rank claimed by our Lord, could not have been easily moved away from a lofty charity and justice by any minor provocations. Ordinary passions could never have inflamed his breast. All common causes of mental disturbance must have impinged on him only to subside at his feet. And so it was. Jesus never seemed wanting in a calm, interior recognition of his divine office. His moral repose could not have been more as we could wish. He knew men; and he was not at the mercy of men. He kept on the even tenor of his way. Neither the hostility of adversaries nor the faithlessness of friends, ever disturbed his moral equipoise. We have a striking illustration of this in the accounts which have been preserved of his private conversations with his disciples. His restless biographers have not recorded a single instance of any resentment he ever expressed against those who had injured him. At the last supper of which he partook with the twelve, just before his death, though fully apprised that he was to be betrayed by one of their number, instead of exhibiting any discomposure, he improves the time in giving them consolation fitted to prepare them for the events that were at hand. Still we should not have been so much impressed by this equanimity, but we not behold it united with other, equally observable. Jesus manifested an equal calmness in the face of the most vigorous expression of his sentiments whenever the occasion required it.—I. Nichols.

Speak for Christ.

Every word we speak for Christ is pouring oil on the fires of grace in our own heart, and will make them burn with an ardor otherwise unknown. The Christian will find that, while he has commended this course, he has a thousand questionings.

It is difficult, after he has done so, he will scarcely have an hour's trouble with himself. The truth seems to be: Christ is so kind and unexacting a master that he

will not let his servants fight two battles at once; if they will take the sword and I go into the enemy's camp, he will keep the citadel for them; if they will be about his business, he will set their hearts entirely at rest.—Dublin Tract.

Religion in Prussia.

A correspondent of the London *Daily News* mentions the following interesting fact in the religious life of Prussia:

It is not without interest to watch the religious movement among the Polish-speaking inhabitants of Prussia. They form four different groups,—the Poles of Upper Silesia, those of the Grand Duchy of Posen, those near Thorn on the banks of the Vistula, and those in the province of Eastern Prussia, who go by the special name of Masovians or Masurs. The three first-named groups are almost exclusively Catholics, the last-named are Protestants. Among the Catholics of Upper Silesia, who never have shown any sympathy with the Polish national movement, Old-Catholicism has taken root and is slowly spreading, while furious contests are raging between the old Catholics and the Polish party. In the Grand Duchy of Posen and in the province of Western Prussia, near Thorn, both seats of the Polish national agitation, an alliance has been concluded between the national agitators and the Infidelity party; and few Old Catholics are to be found there. The Poles of the Grand Duchy of Posen and Western Prussia are discussing in their newspapers the best means of gaining back the Masovians to the national cause. The idea seems to prevail with them that a religious agitation for the present will be more effective than a merely national one, and they wish to form a missionary society for the conversion of the Masovians to Catholicism. Preachers are to be sent among them, and Polish newspapers printed in German characters are to be published to insill hatred against Protestant Germany into their hearts. You see, Catholicism is giving blow for blow.

Human Nature.

My idea is that there is not a man on earth who is not frangible. It is said that every man has his price. Every man at any rate, has his place of breaking. There is a degree of temptation in the case of every man, which if it were brought to bear upon him, he could not withstand.

Take a hemlock log; five hundred pounds will not break it, but a thousand will. Take a pine log; a thousand pounds will not break it, but two thousand will. Take an oak log; two thousand pounds will not break it, but ten thousand will. Take an elm log; ten thousand pounds will not break it, but fifteen or twenty thousand will. You can put weight enough on any log to break it.

One man can not be tempted by lust, but he can be by pride. Another man can not be tempted by pride, but he can be by avarice. Another man can not be tempted by avarice, but he can be through his affections. Another man can not be tempted through his affections, but he can be through his benevolent sympathies. Another man can not be tempted through his benevolent sympathies, but he can be through his intellectual appetites and tastes. On one side or another, every man can be overcome by temptation. There is no man who can stand up under all circumstances without the grace of God.

Measured by any ideal standard, how poor a thing man is! This world may do for a training ground, a workshop, a school; but it is a poor world if you measure it by the higher conception of manhood. It is an ark that is carrying us over the flood. Our true life is not here. We shall not reach that life until we stand in Zion and before God.—Christian Union.

Enemies Made Friends.

The Rev. Dr. Hamlin said, at Plymouth church:

All the Protestant Armenians were annihilated in 1846; all their property was destroyed. Seven of them took refuge with the Turks. The Turks take idolatry. Hearing they were giving it up, they gave refuge to these seven men. Their persecutors dared not attack a Mussulman's house. I went out at midnight and visited among the people, but as soon as it was found I was there, I had to depart before daylight, there was so much excitement. Two thousand men, armed with swords, pikes, etc., were in the streets to attack me. My friend had provided a guard of eight stalwart Turks to take me through the crowd, and my Mussulman guard carried me safely through. That was the only way I could escape from them. As we passed along, I suppose some one accidentally spat upon the ground; then every man of them spat upon the ground to show their hate of me. Nine years after I went to visit that city, and some of those same persons, then native brothers, welcomed me with a hymn. I saw no expression of dislike from the people who before thought they were verily doing God service to take my life. The change is almost universal, and in places where at first the missionaries were stoned away.

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Pastoral Changes.

The approach of spring furnishes evidence that not a few of our pastors are soon to change their fields of labor. How large a proportion of these changes are really needful, or likely to prove good things both for the pastors and the churches, it is impossible to say. The tendency to short pastorates is gaining in strength and becoming more general. The older and the younger denominations alike feel its influence and furnish examples of it. Both in those bodies where the ecclesiastical system is such as to put in the element of foreign control, and in those where the two parties settle the question for themselves, the good-byes are frequent, and the new relation is formed almost before the old one has had time to establish itself.

Long pastorates are becoming the rare exceptions. The Methodist itinerancy hardly provides for more frequent changes than actually occur in households of faith where the arrangement to move a pastor at least once in three years would be scouted in the theory. The itinerancy proceeds in the one case according to a system; in the other it is left to the judgment, the preferences, or perhaps to the whims of the parish and the preacher. Even the Presbyterian and Congregationalist denominations, which have heretofore put such an emphasis upon the idea of stability, and had so many examples of long pastorates and life-settlements, making every pastor's settlement over a church wear a high significance by inaugurating it with a formal and solemn installation,—even these denominations do not at all escape the prevailing tendency. And the staid Episcopal church, where prelatical control over the rectors and parishes is very large according to the theory, sees her clergy flitting hither and thither as if they had taken the mantle of the Wandering Jew and could find no resting place. Our English correspondent reports that a similar state of things prevails among nearly all the denominations of Great Britain. So that almost the entire ecclesiastical world is marked by this perpetual flux.

This state of things is not perhaps wholly bad. Uniform life-settlements would not be desirable. When, for any cause, a church and a pastor can no longer work in harmony and hope, they do well to separate in the effort to do a better thing. A lifeless routine in a church, and especially when it is accepted as something that may not be disturbed because it is a sacred thing, is a grievous calamity. Running in ruts is a bad way to run. And where a change is the only apparent remedy for a sullen discontent, or a general stagnation of vital forces, or a hopeless stupor, or a self-complacent formalism, a breaking up of soul and methods, even if it comes by a spasm or an explosion, may be welcome, as opening the way out of a lifeless humdrum into a vital activity.

But these frequent changes in the pastorate inflict losses. They are not favorable to that religious stability which supplies the bone and sinew of the Christian organism. They tend to a superficial experience. They are not promotive of system and efficiency in Christian work. They are liable to reduce religion to a mere matter of taste and sentiment, of intellectual gratification and social sympathy. They hinder the preacher's self-improvement; they tempt him to eschew hard work in his study; they invite him to serve up what will be taking instead of what will instruct and solidify; they tend to make him a sensationalist rather than a teacher and trainer of souls. They tend also to make congregations fickle, exacting, notional, and let down the whole work of the pulpit and of religion to a lower and more worldly level.

There is one other thing that may as well be said here. Partly as a cause and partly as an effect of these frequent changes, there is a singular and unpromising demand now for young men in the pulpit, apparently for no other reason than because they are young. When a pastor is really old and almost fossilized in spirit, having no vivacity of thought or feeling, lacking vital sympathy with the young and ardent souls in his flock, blind to the fresh beauty of childhood and impatient over the exuberance of youth, terrified at innocent novelties, and answering every burst of merry laughter with a sigh as if Satan had newly broken loose in his parish,—when a pastor has thus run in to a sad and pitiable senility, it is not strange that there is a call for a young and live man who keeps a genuine heart in his

bosom. But there are not many such men in the pulpit. Pastors on the down-hill side of fifty very generally carry genial souls and quick sympathies. Their style of life tends to keep them appreciative and warm-hearted, as well as to make them wise counselors. Their strength does not crush out their vivacity. They keep sensibility while they win power.

And so this prevalent passion for young men in the pulpit is not a thing to be thoroughly glad over. So far as talent, and culture, and energy, and character, and earnestness, and fidelity appear in young pastors, it is a grateful thing that they are early welcomed to their arduous work with sympathy and encouragement and confidence, instead of being met with distrust, and compelled to work and wait a long time for a fair opportunity and an adequate reward. Every true-hearted aged minister rejoices in the generous and confiding welcome which greets the young and worthy laborer at the threshold of his toil. He would do nothing to hinder but everything to help the youthful servant on to success.

But this demand merely for young pastors has little wisdom to recommend it. It is an exceptional and strange thing. Age and experience are everywhere else looked upon as needed qualifications for responsible work. When a man's life is in danger, it is the old and tried physician that is sent for. When the title to an estate is in question, the case is put into the hands of some veteran of the bar. When a senator is to be sent to the Capitol to look after the interests of the imperiled nation, ripe statesmanship is ever in demand. A face well-nigh beardless and temples wholly innocent of gray hair are not strong recommendations for a President of a college. And so through the whole range of life, everywhere but in the pulpit, great trusts go naturally to those whose large experience and increasing years are supposed to have brought them real wisdom and eminent fitness. And surely, if the interests confided to any class of men are especially and exceptionally large, sacred and vital, the occupants of the pulpit and the pastorate would seem to stand above all others. Why should years be held as a disqualification here, when they furnish welcome certificates elsewhere? If there is to be a change of pastors, may there not often be a stronger reason for sending away the young man in order to fill his place with the wealth of experience and the solid wisdom of age, than for dismissing the majesty of years to make room for the untried youthfulness whose hands may prove far too weak for the burden that they are taking upon themselves?

Yielding Nothing.

The Irish bull, in which a man is spoken of as standing so straight that he leans over backwards, often comes to mind when one reads the editorials of the *Examiner* and *Chronicle* on the subject of Communion in Baptist churches. It is a strong paper. It throbs with life. It is thoroughly outspoken. It shirks nothing. Questions that plague other sheets because of their delicacy, are boldly grappled with here. It shrinks from no test. Its tone is ringing. Its verdicts are positive. Even when its logic is weak, its rhetoric is especially robust, as though it would hide its feeble reason by the emphasis with which it is stated.

If Dr. Bright is ever really puzzled with a moral problem, he never confesses it; he would fain make his readers believe that his solution is one of the simplest and easiest things. He talks through a column in a self-reliant way, now uttering a truism, now reciting a fact, now flinging a pointed question at the head of his inquisitive reader, now putting a bold assumption into a pithy sentence; and while one is wondering just what is to come of all this, he announces his conclusion in such a positive and triumphant way, in a brief and final paragraph, and retires with such a matter-of-course bow and a smile in which so much genuine bonhomie is crowded, that one is hardly in the mood to call him back and worry him with queries and criticisms. The mass of his readers even admire this *ex cathedra* and somewhat pontifical style, and find their faith exceedingly large in one who believes so profoundly and unquestioningly in himself.

These qualities come out freely when the *Examiner* deals with the question of communion. It has no compromises to make. Nothing wrings a concession from its columns. It finds a real Baptist church only among the strict communionists. It protests against toleration, on the plea of charity, as treachery to Christ and a coquetting with what is a deadly mischief. It flouts at liberal sentiments and flexible practice when the Lord's Supper is under consideration. It counts every man among the Baptists who is not content with the rigid theory rigidly applied, as lacking true courage or running off into dangerous heresy. It sneers at those who fail to see a "thus, saith the Lord" in favor of strict communion, and it puts special honor upon those who stand up squarely, at every risk, for an exclusive table. Wherever there is a symptom of discontent with the rule that insists upon immersion in all cases before the Supper, its cry of wonder or shame or contempt or ridicule is something noticeable, and recalls the rallying-shout which of old appealed to the pride and prejudice of men, "Every man to his tent, O Israel!" Now, as then, some are frightened by the cry, some are shamed, some are temporarily mastered through lack of personal independence, some are swept into the current and borne on in spite of muttered protests, and some really mistake the sonorous human call for a blast out of the true prophet's trumpet charged by the breath of the Lord. The masterful word out of the lips of one born and accustomed to command, carries force and silences many a

weak murmur. Standing so straight as to lean backwards carries the idea of a strong position as well as of an iron will. Bravely deciding to yield nothing often repels demands and goes half way to victory.

The latest manifesto of the *Examiner* is called out by the "Plea" that it took out of its secret place and set up before the public. It devotes two columns to that document which we described in the *Star* two weeks ago. Moderate and tame and conciliatory as that plea is, the *Examiner* opens all its guns upon it. It tries to persuade itself and others that no true Baptist could have written or signed it, especially when he had his five senses in active exercise. It has four reasons for the opinion that it was the work of a pseudo-Baptist, or of one whose memory was just then treacherous. It scents the worst heresy in it, and predicts the greatest mischiefs as the result of giving it any quarter. It calls upon all true and loyal Baptists to treat it with outspoken indignation or silent contempt. It goes on to define the true Baptist doctrine and polity. It turns to history for facts to justify its statements and emphasize its prophecies. Its assumptions amuse one. It begs every question in dispute. It announces instead of reasoning. It just takes for granted every point which close communionists are asked to prove, and which none of them has yet been able to prove. It assumes that Christ and the apostles rigidly enjoined immersion as a prerequisite to the Supper. It assumes that there can be no such thing as allowing a sprinkled Christian a place at the table without open and obvious disloyalty to Christ. It assumes that Baptists may fellowship other disciples in other ways, bid them God-speed in their work, and be grateful over their large and valuable service in behalf of the gospel; but that to extend such fellowship at the Lord's table is to become a partaker of other men's sins and betray the sacred and authoritative truth. It assumes that the only reason why Baptists are more numerous, influential and prosperous in America than in England, is found in their rigid adherence to close communion, and that to become tolerant here would be to "lose self-respect and the respect of other people," &c., &c., &c.

Well, the *Examiner* is plucky and unequivocal, and for this we like it. It is a strong paper. It circulates more widely than any other Baptist paper in America. It probably reflects the opinion and policy of the leading men in the denomination as no other paper does. Its tone has been gaining in positiveness and its demands have grown more uncompromising since the call for a more liberal policy has been heard from within the Baptist household. It shows that close communion is by no means to be surrendered without a strong resistance and even a vigorous aggressive fight. It wins a deserved respect by its bold frankness not less than by its ability and skill. But we are sure that it is doomed to a defeat, at some time not very distant, and in ways that it now laughs at. The assumptions that it makes to-day it will be very willing to forget on some not very far-off to-morrow. The arguments on which it now relies will be, not long hence, held up, and in the same circles too where they are now endorsed, as striking examples of special pleading. Its stiffness will change its name and be labeled "stubbornness." Its dictation will stand out as something wholly inconsistent with the doctrine of Christian equality. Its reading of history will give place to a very different version of facts. Its prophecies will fail of fulfillment. Its chain of iron logic will be melted in the crucible of love. The law of Christ will wear another aspect when presented by future interpreters. And yielding the *Examiner* to human arrangement to the divine order, the liberalized Baptist church will be almost sure to illustrate the motto, "She stoops to conquer."

Temperance Among Children.

There seems to be a revival of interest to promote temperance among the children. The spirit of fifteen and twenty years ago, that ran through the country taking form in such organizations as the Cadets of Temperance, Cold Water Bands, &c., is again moving in much the same way. Down in Maine the indefatigable Mr. Nye is carrying organization among the youth to a greater extent than ever before, enrolling thousands of them under the temperance banner, and then carefully teaching them the significance of the act, as well as faithfully watching their conduct and urging them to a true observance of their pledge. In Texas about fifteen thousand children have lately added their names to the teetotal pledge; and all the way from Athens in the beautiful land of Greece come reports of the cheering success that is meeting temperance workers along the *Ægean* sea.

This seems to be laying the axe to the root of the tree. It is needless to repeat the advantages of early instruction in this respect. Speaking of the religious training of the young the Koran says, "Every child is born into the religion of nature; its parents make it a Jew, or a Christian, or a Magian." Perhaps we should not say that every child is born with no particular craving for stimulating drink. There are the inherited tastes, that cry as wildly and as fiercely to be appeased as the thirsty tiger does for blood. Thousands begin life with this very appetite burning in the palate, and often the child at five is made wretched by its demands, as is the inebriate at thirty, who has created and nursed his desires by constant indulgence.

But these are exceptional cases. The majority are as really born to the temperance of nature as the whole are to its religion, of which, indeed, temperance is a part. Their normal desires are only for those drinks that are wholesome and safe. The taste is deformed, either by inheritance or education, that craves anything else. You rarely find a cannibal, except his appetite had been trained to blood ages be-

fore it found its abode in a human form. It is much the same with those concerning whom it is difficult to decide whether their first cry was for whiskey or for breath.

The majority are ready to be trained to temperance from the cradle. And this is what gives special interest to those efforts that are aiming to do the work. One man working five years now for prevention, can readily accomplish more than a National Temperance party could by and by working fifty years for a cure. An aroused appetite is almost equivalent to a lost soul. There is certainly something of a relation between the tongue and salvation. Stimulate one set of nerves in youth, and the soul is lost; leave those asleep and stimulate another set, and there are a good many more chances that the soul will be saved.

But the temperance workers find by no means an undisputed field. The zeal and faithfulness that they bring to the work are quite equalled by the same qualities in their opponents. It was only last week that a regular organization was discovered in New York city, whose business was to distribute the most obscene literature and pictures among the school-children, enjoining secrecy upon the recipients, and telling them where a plenty more of the same sort could be found. The devil knows the best methods. He bends the twig now so that the tree may lean over and drop its fruit into Tartarus by and by.

It always pleases us to see the evil spirit met on his own ground and by his own tactics. This is what Mr. Nye, and those like him, are trying to do in the temperance cause. They are bending the twig the other way; meaning to secure its fruit for God and humanity. We wish they had hosts more of sympathizers and earnest co-workers. The states could well afford to aid them in their work, for they would save it eventually in the diminished cost of legislation, support of reform schools, poor-houses, &c.

But the chief work isn't done when these young folks have signed the pledge. Those weekly meetings in the Hall are pleasant affairs. The exercises help to sustain the interest. As the summer comes, the tendency will be towards a diminution of these exercises. And this is where the chief danger lies. As children are susceptible to good influences, so they are to evil. The whole success of the winter's work may depend on the care with which it is pressed during the summer. Let the organizations be kept up, the interest kept alive, and the will sustained until the habit is fixed, and then these fifteen thousand young Texans, with their allies from Maine, may be added by and by to the great army that is to move triumphantly against the traffic in rum.

Behavior of Some Gentlemen.

There is a young lady in Ohio who thinks that medical students carry their brains in their boots. Cause: She went into a lecture on Medical Jurisprudence the other day, and the young men listened with their heads drawn down between their shoulders, their eyes shut, and their feet up on the benches before them, pointing toward the lecturer. If he spoke quietly and moderately, their feet dropped like one in a doze. If he became animated and inspired them with the sharp utterance of a stirring sentence, then their boots thumped themselves together, as though calling each other's attention; or else they got down and pounded themselves on the floor, as if the sole benefit of the sentence depended on arousing the feet to consciousness.

There is actually some reason for this mistaking the real contents of those medical boots. We can recall at least a dozen different lecture-rooms, where similar impressions might have been received. There is fresh in mind at this moment a lecturer on Moral Philosophy spending the morning hour in a logical effort to establish the immortality of the soul, but apparently the chief impression was made upon the muddy soles of some sixty or seventy boots that were elevated toward him.

The whole matter most fully illustrates the examples of behavior that are furnished by almost every college in the country. The students call themselves young gentlemen, no matter how old they may be nor how boorish they are. They profess to be fitting themselves for life, and the most striking illustrations that we get of their methods, is in their loud conduct and clownish behavior. Ostensibly they are storing their minds with useful knowledge; really, they are adorning the walls of their rooms with various stolen signs, while their secret corners and private closets are hung about with bell-pulls, door-knobs, and various other trophies of midnight marauding.

Let American students are not alone in disgracing themselves. It is only a little while since a London medical college became the scene of a violent mob, because some ladies presumed to enter one of the lecture-rooms and listen to the words of the lecturer. The *London News* adds its bit of gossip concerning the recent inauguration of a learned gentleman as Lord Rector in the University of Edinburgh. His address upon the occasion is received by the literary world as quite a model of artistic excellence. But the young gentlemen before whom it was delivered, received it with "loud groanings, shriekings, throwing of peas and the usual discharges of under-graduate artillery." Not even in their boots did they seem to have any brains.

It's a great pity that these are facts. Insolence and rowdiness are in order nowhere. Much less can their exhibition by those who are nominally to be the leaders in the next generation be viewed with composure. But it is said that the last half dozen generations have witnessed just such scenes, and that the present is not affected by them? The present is affected by them, and painfully, too. Go among our American colleges and in a majority of them will be seen the rigid hold that "custom" has upon the young men who compose the classes.

There is usually a majority of them who resist every other appeal to engage in some rude or barbaric act, but yield to the demand of "custom." There is indeed some young blood among them to be worked off; there are also some who as really enjoy disgracing themselves as vultures enjoy their putrid feasts. But the main influence comes from breathing that peculiar atmosphere that seems to hang loaded with the stale odors of custom over the most of our college precincts.

Measured by any accepted standard, these habits come far from making gentlemen. The duties of our civilization neither require nor demand them. It is rather shocked when it sees them exhibited by those who, it supposed, were remaining four years in the class-room that they might come out informed and refined by their advantages. Certainly it has a right to expect better things of them than that they should shoot peas at a first-class lecturer, or that they should seem to listen to him with their heels instead of with their ears.

STATESMANSHIP VS. PARTISANSHIP. Mr. Sumner's real nobility of nature will assert itself. If he let his prejudice against Gen. Grant and the administration have its way too freely in framing the preamble to his resolution of inquiry, if he uttered words that were needlessly bitter in the beginning of the debate, and if other and smaller men took encouragement from him to run off into the preliminary and doubtful work of President-making under the pretense of attending to proper Senatorial business, he showed in his last elaborate and magnificent speech, on the sale of arms to France, that he was altogether above the work of the petty politician and could not forget the real function of the Senator. His speech was worthy of his fame and his record. Many of his friends declare that he has seldom if ever displayed higher power in debate, and even his enemies sat spell-bound before him as he discussed the grave questions of international law and honor. Imperious, exacting, severe, and even terrible in his moral resentments as he unfortunately is, his grand and massive manhood and his consummate power as a parliamentary orator may well make Americans proud both of his character and career. We regret to learn that his taxing efforts have recently brought on decided symptoms of the serious nervous difficulty from which he has repeatedly suffered ever since he was struck down in the Senate Chamber. The latest reports however encourage us to hope that he may soon be able to fill his chair and resume his full Senatorial duties. That he may be spared to us many years, and continually add to the luster of his great fame, is the deepest wish of thousands of his fellow citizens scattered over all the states of the republic.

A NOBLE CONFESSION. Mr. Hepworth has been a good deal sneered at by his Unitarian critics for his lack of theological knowledge, and met some pretty harsh accusations as an ambitious seeker after notoriety. But he certainly apprehends the relation of his Master to the wants of the human soul, and has a rare power to exhibit it in words that go straight to the hearts of others, as they evidently came from his own. After speaking emphatically of his newly gained conviction touching the divinity of Christ, he thus brings it home as a power in personal experience:

I have tried to show you, dear friends, the influence of this dogma in personal religion, and in the civilization of the world. I have myself come at last to accept it as my own hope of salvation, and to preach it to you for the salvation of your souls. Jesus Christ is to me the literal incarnation of the love of God for an erring world. He can save me from myself. He can save me from my enemies. He can save me from misery here and hereafter. He is not only able to do this, but He is anxious to do it. He is more ready, far more ready, to be your friend, than you are to ask Him to be. He does not care to reside in a dogma, for that is not the fitting home for the dear Lord to live in, but He does want to take up His abode in your hearts. If you yield to His influence, the same change will come over your life which comes over the face of Nature every spring. The frost, the ice, the snow, the bitter winds give way, and the genial sun kisses the ground until the dear old earth begins her work. The tender shoot peeps out of the soil, the slender stalk grows apace, the leaves creep out upon the fruit-tree, and in good time the globe is teeming with plenty. All this comes to every life that is controlled by the influences of religion. No day is dark, but all days are fruitful. Beauty is ours, instead of ashes. The soul grows, ripens, and becomes glorified; and when the autumn comes, it stands in its October and November with its arms full of sheaves, and awaits the call to come up higher. This is my religion. And the author and finisher of my faith is Jesus Christ.

HILLSDALE COLLEGE. We learn from the President that the work of endowment is being steadily performed. Frequent additions are made towards the amount hoped to be raised within the county, Mrs. Corey of Hillsdale having lately arranged to add \$1000. Sister Reuwee, of Ohio, lately deceased, has left \$500 towards the endowment fund, and two brethren of Michigan, Linus Clark of Livingston Co. and Hon. Daniel Dumakin of Calhoun Co., have arranged to leave in the form of legacies \$3000 each for the same purpose. These are good examples; how many imitators have they?

NEBRASKA NORMAL SCHOOL. We have received the inaugural address of Rev. A. D. Williams on his formal acceptance of the trusts connected with the Principalship of the State Normal School at Peru, Nebraska. It is an earnest and forcible presentation of the sphere and work of the Normal School in the system of Public Education. "His ideal is a high one, his theory of the training to be given will command general approval, and the urgent appeal which he makes for a generous policy, and the co-operation of the officers of the state

government is one that deserves to be heeded. We learn that the prospects of the institution are cheering.

CROOKED WAYS. We are now and then called on to point out the ambiguities, or something worse, of those who seek their own selfish ends while pretending to serve the public, help needy humanity and exalt religion. Two such cases of recent occurrence seem to require such an exposure, seeing that the readers of the *Star* may have been improperly misled by them.

Not long since, we published a statement forwarded to us, of a remarkable cure of cancer through the use of "wild tea." A correspondent sends us a statement, that he has taken measures to have the matter investigated, and finds that parties in Pittsburgh are swindling the public by misrepresentations. The man who, it is said, was cured, says he was not aware that any statement of his was to be given to the public; he thinks he was really helped by the use of the mountain tea, or common wintergreen; but had no hand in inducing parties to buy the material at \$12 per quart, which is the price charged to inquirers, instead of giving them the information sought, &c., &c. We feared there was humbug and probable rascality at the bottom of the affair, which the evidence now before us satis fies us was the case.

The other case seems like a pitiable sample of plagiarism. From three different sources we learn that the poem published in the *Star* of Dec. 20, entitled "The Dying Wife and Mother," and credited to Mrs. J. Deering, was written by Miss Lucy Hutchins, in 1851, and was published in the *Star* during the following year. One of the stanzas is said to be found on her tombstone. That ought to be a mortification and a warning to the guilty parties. The poem,—if it is proper to give it that name,—was sent to us twice, with an earnest request for its insertion. We finally yielded to the supposed tenderness of bereaved sympathies, and against our own judgment of what was best. The lines embody real and tender sentiment, but as poetry the merit is very small. If one is to pilfer literary wares at all, it would seem natural to look for something of larger literary merit, as well as for something less closely bound up with the sympathies of bereaved hearts. Pretenses are very apt to be exposed, and crooked ways usually lead where it is not pleasant to go.

POLICE PREACHING. We have received the annual report of the Chief of Police of the city of Boston for the year 1871. The record of crime which it presents has a very sad side, and so preaches, as all iniquity does, most eloquently to the public, urging the work of prevention which is so much easier and better than the work of cure. But one is especially and gratefully struck with the humane and philanthropic spirit which runs through the document. Mr. Savage is evidently the right man in the right place. He makes his statistical tables kindling and eloquent; and when he discusses, as he does in the latter portion of the pamphlet, the security of life and property, intemperance, the social evil, the relation of life in the family to the public virtue and welfare, and ends with some admirable instruction and exhortation to the members of the police force of the city, one reads with equal surprise and gratitude, and gets some idea of the beneficent work assigned to the officers of government, and which is beginning to find recognition and acceptance. It shows that officers can be true men; that law can be animated with the spirit of the gospel; that discipline may incarnate benevolence; that the representatives of civil government and the teachers of religion may be alike the ministers of God, joining hands for the profit of society and the real welfare as well the discipline of the wrong-doer. We have read many sermons that had far less of real practical religion in them than this report of Mr. Savage. We thank him for the cheering document; we thank him still more for the good work he is doing in his high place of trust; we thank God for the high idea of municipal government which finds embodiment in the police department of the city of Boston. With men like Mr. Savage, and ideas like those urged in his report, government gives promise of becoming an effective instrument of righteousness and reform.

Denominational News and Notes.

THE ED. SOCIETY'S FUNDS AND BATES COLLEGE. We have received a communication from "E. K.," who was chairman of the Com. of conference appointed by the Ed. Society at its late meeting at Hillsdale, giving the reason which constrained that Com. to report, recommending the Society "to stick to the bargain made with Bates College."

That reason, he says, is found in the fact that the special representative of the College then present, was unyieldingly opposed to allowing the Ed. Soc'y to nominate the Theological Professors whom it was asked to support by its funds. He thinks that opposition was the rock on which we split, and that so long as the authorities of the College retain that attitude, the Society cannot, in consistency or honor, turn over the income of its funds to the College. It once offered to turn it over on the condition of having such power to nominate, but the College authorities preferred and proposed the present arrangement, which was accepted. He thinks the Com. appointed at Hillsdale took the only course which justice and good faith left open to them, and that the Society is likely to maintain its attitude, and wait for the College so to clear the way that "something may be done." We thus give the gist of the article, instead of inserting it entire, and trust that the true way of procedure may be found, recognized and followed.

ED.

education.

Poetry.

The Mother's Work.

Stay not for grand endeavor,
Worthy a martyr's mead,
While in vain the Master preaches
The trust, his lamb to feed.
It may be thy share of service
His purpose to complete,
If steadfastly Thou guidest
Those wayward little feet.

One little footstep passing
The path that Jesus trod;
One little spirit resting
In loving faith on God;
One little life more earnest,
More hopeful, and more pure,
And in an angel's record
Thy life-work shall endure.

—Selected.

A Short Catechism.

At sunset of a summer's day
All curled up in a funny heap,
Beneath the current bushes lay
A boy named Willy, half asleep.

But peeping through his sleepy eyes
He watched all things as if he dreamed,
And did not feel the least surprise
—However strange and queer they seemed.

And every creature going by
He halted with questions from the grass,
And laughed and called out sleepily,
"Unless you answer, you can't pass."

"O caterpillar! now tell me
Why you roll up so tight and round;
You are the drollest thing to see—
A hairy marble on the ground."

"I roll me up to save my bones
When I fall down; young man, if you
Could do the same, the stumps and stones
Would never bruise you black and blue."

"O spider! tell me why you hide
The ropes and ladders which you spin,
And keep them all locked up inside
Your little body slim and thin."

"I hide my ropes and ladders fine
Away from neighbor's thievish greed;
If you kept yours as I keep mine,
You'd always lose one when you need."

"Why do you buzz, so busy bee?
Why don't you make your honey still?
You move about so boisterously,
I'm sure you must much honey spill."

"I buzz and buzz, you silly boy,
Because I can work better so;
Just as you whistle for pure joy
When on the road to school you go."

"O robin, wicked robin! why
Did you my mamma's cherries eat?
You thought no mortal soul was nigh;
But I saw you from bill to feet."

"And I saw you, my fine young lad,
And waited till you'd left the tree;
I thought when you your bill had had,
There would be little left for me!"

"O big bullfrogs! why do you make
Such ugly noises every night?
Nobody can a half-nap take;
You make our baby cry with fright."

"O Willy! I suppose the noise
Is not a pleasant noise to hear;
But we've one hundred little boys—
Frog-boys so cunning and so dear."

And it is not an easy task
You may believe, to put in beds
A hundred little frogs who ask
All questions which pop in their heads."

—Our Young Folks.

The Family Circle.

The Minister's Wife.

BY MRS. V. G. RANNEY.

HOW HE FOUND HER.

"Did you ever hear how our minister found his wife?" said aunt Lucy, seating herself in the easy-chair, with her knitting-work in her fingers.

"I answered in the negative, as she knew I would, and she went on. "It was rather curious how that affair was brought about, but I shall always think the hand of Providence was in it. You have not been gone so long that you have forgotten Anna Hathaway, who lived with her grandmother in the little house on the corner?"

"Oh, no," I said, "I have not forgotten Anna Hathaway, the prettiest girl I have ever seen."

"Well, soon after you went away, her grandmother died and poor Anna was left quite alone; but not long after, her pretty face attracted the notice of a young gentleman from the city, who was here on some business, and he married her and carried her to his home. There was a good deal of talk at the time. Some said he was rich, and smart, and he would make a great lady of her, others feared that she had been deceived. However, they were married in a quiet way by our old minister, and her sweet face, with its setting of golden curls, disappeared from among us."

"She had inherited the little cottage from her grandmother, but her husband did not seem to regard it as of any value, telling her to dispose of it as she pleased; so she gave the use of it, with its scanty furniture, to colored Fanny, who was working very hard to support herself, and her little grand-daughter."

"We heard from her often, and always learned that her husband was prospering, and she was happy. When she had been married five or six years, she came to visit us. How beautiful, and how happy she was! She had two little children, beautiful like herself, and they seemed to carry sunshine and music wherever they moved. Ah! we could not look into the future. It was well we could not."

"I will not undertake to give you her history for the next five years. We do not know much of the details, only this,—there were bankruptcy, ruin, disgrace, and suicide, following fast one after the other, and poor Anna, widowed, heart-broken and destitute, came back to us, with little Edith, her only surviving child, to seek a refuge in the little cottage which had sheltered her in childhood."

"Ob, what a sad story!" I said, wiping away my tears, "and this too when I had expected a cheerful and amusing narrative of how the minister found his wife."

"Be patient, my dear," said aunt Lucy. "This is the beginning of my tale, and you shall hear it all in due time. But I have not yet told you the saddest part. We hoped, at first, that time would soften the grief of the desolate young widow, and restore her physical strength, but her wound was incurable and she faded away."

"And is she dead?" I cried. "I had already begun to form a plan for her benefit, and felt disappointed, as well as grieved."

"Oh, yes; she died two years ago, died before we had begun to believe her in danger. She lived alone with her little girl who was about seven years old. One morning, the poor child waked and tried to rouse her mother, and when she found her cold and still, she grew frightened and called the neighbors."

"And had she died alone in the night?"

"Yes; except the little one sleeping by her side, the angels found her alone, and gently led her from the darkness of night, into the glory of the eternal day. We found her with a smile on her pale, beautiful face, and we believed that her spirit had caught a gleam of the golden splendor even while it lingered in the tabernacle of clay."

"We buried her in the church-yard, under the oak where her grandmother was sleeping. It was a strange, sad funeral. We could not but weep at the bright light, and early death, of one so good and so fair; but except the little Edith, there was not one who felt the pang that rend the heart, when the tender ties of nature are broken."

"Mr. Lowe had been with us only a few months at that time, and we still called him our 'new minister.' We liked him pretty well,—indeed his sermons were excellent, and his deportment beyond reproach,—but we were not satisfied. He was past thirty, and not married, and for this we could hardly forgive him. When we hire a minister, we feel we have a right to a minister's wife also, so you see we considered ourselves defrauded. The circumstance caused a good deal of gossip at the tea-tables. Some affirmed that he had been so buried in his books, that he had never found time to think of such a thing; others shook their heads, and hinted that they had heard 'a story.'"

"The story had many versions. Sometimes it ran that the dear girl, whose equal he would never find again, had died, and left him desolate; again, it said that she had played him false, and her treachery had filled his heart with a cruel distrust, which would not suffer him to wed. What the truth was we did not know, and when some of the sisters approached him in a friendly way he gave them to understand that he did not wish to be questioned or interfered with."

"But I was telling you about poor Anna's funeral. Mr. Lowe performed the services, and he did talk beautifully to us on the brevity and uncertainty of life. He led little Edith to the grave. When they began to throw the earth back upon the coffin, she grew almost frantic in her grief, and he took her in his arms, and soothed her as a woman would, and carried her back to the house so tenderly that we said to each other, 'See what a tender, loving heart our minister has—He ought to have a family.'"

"As I said, he carried her back to the cottage. When he went in, black Fanny was there. She had grown up in that house, and felt herself at home."

"Dear me," she cried, taking the child from his arms, and covering her poor little face with kisses, 'dear me, what will ever be done with this dear little lamb?'

"I don't know," he said sadly; "I don't know indeed; but surely there are a great many people who will be glad to give her a home."

"I don't know about that," said Fanny, "most people don't care about children, that are not their own."

"But there are many persons," he replied, "who, having no children, will be happy to adopt her, and bring her up as their own."

"May be there is," said Fanny, with an incredulous smile, "but I think if she was a little poodle dog she would stand a better chance, a great deal better chance. People who take children want to get their money out of them, and they make slaves of them. Yes, sir, they make slaves of them. There are white slaves as well as black slaves. I've seen it, sir."

"Our minister was troubled. The thought that this sweet, helpless little creature might fall into cruel hands distressed him."

"The poor-master must look after her," said Mrs. Smith who had come in and was looking for her parasol. "Of course he must look after her. She is too small to earn her living, and she must not be left to starve in this Christian land."

"Umph," said Fanny, with a look of indignation.

"Mr. Lowe was speechless with astonishment. Was this the counsel that was likely to prevail? Was this the utmost stretch of Christian charity to send the little orphan to the poor-house? He would see that something better was done. Telling Fanny to take care of the child till she saw him again, he left the house. He had called, a few days before, on Mr. Walker, a rich farmer in a distant part of the parish. You know these country-parishes lie round rather loose, with boundaries very ill defined, and this place is eight miles from here. There are several churches between, but none of our order, so Mr. and Mrs. Walker come here—that is, when they go anywhere to church. Mr. Lowe had noticed their beautiful fields and orchards, their overflowing barns, and the great house, where everything was so clean and bright, and he had thought what a charming place it would be, if there were only some happy young faces peeping out of the window or some merry voices mingling with the songs of the birds. Now he thought that must be the very place for Edith."

"As he was strongly moved by the desolate condition of the poor child, he lost no time, but went immediately, and laid the case before Mr. and Mrs. Walker. They were not a little surprised at the proposal, but Mr. Walker favored it."

"What's the use, wife," he said, "in your working so hard? Take the little girl, and she can help you."

"As to that," she replied, "I need help bad enough, but children are only a bother. There'll be no end to making, and mending, and musing. I wonder if she has had the whooping-cough and measles?"

"I'll warrant she has," said the husband, "and the mumps, and the chicken-pox besides. You can bring her up according to your mind. You never had a hired girl that suited you, and I am sure you had better try this."

"Mr. Lowe did not like this talk. He saw there was no motive but selfishness, and he remembered Fanny's words about white slaves, but what could he do? She would certainly be better cared for here than at the poor-house, and he trusted that the cold heart of this woman who had never been a mother, would soften and expand when she saw the beautiful and helpless little creature cast upon her care."

"The arrangements were made, and the next day Mr. Lowe carried the child to her new home."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Walker, when she had taken off her hat, and looked her over. "She is a pale little thing. She doesn't look as if she would ever be any help, but Walker would have her. I'll keep her three months, and see if I can make anything of her; mind, I don't promise longer than that three months."

"The good man ventured to suggest that this was one of Christ's little ones, and that whatever was done for her, the Master would reckon as done to him, but the woman looked at him with wonder, and evidently did not understand him. She said, looking at Edith,

"It is no small job to bring up a child. Be sure I have never tried, but I have seen that they get, toiling and slaving, and little thanks they get, too."

"Mr. Lowe's rosy hopes of finding a tender mother for the little orphan were rapidly fading, and he felt very uneasy as he turned from the house, yet he did not despair. 'There must be a warm place somewhere in that woman's heart,' he said to himself, 'and this pretty little one will surely nestle herself into it.' This sublime faith in woman's nature comforted him."

"Mrs. Walker went to work to see what she could make of the child that had fallen into her hands. Her first idea was to make a machine that would sweep, wash dishes, milk, and churn, but she found the material too scanty. The little arms had not strength and the little hand let the dishes slip and break. The little head also was at fault, it could not comprehend nor remember the orders given, so the mistress was dissatisfied, and the child miserable."

"By and by the school began, and Mr. Walker said she must be sent to school, and his wife declared she did not care where she went, she was no help to her."

"The teacher, Miss Mary Lyons, soon noticed the pale, timid little creature, who came in the morning with traces of tears on her face, and though a stranger herself in the neighborhood, she was not long in learning that this was the child that Mr. Walker had taken. Miss Lyons had been an orphan from early childhood. Her heart moved with great tenderness towards all motherless little ones, and Edith's tear-stained cheeks were kissed with a warmth that made her eyes sparkle with delight. One morning her eyes were redder than usual, and when the teacher kissed her, she burst into such a violent fit of crying that the young lady was almost frightened."

"I've got to go away from you," she sobbed, when she grew calm enough to speak.

"Go away? Go where, child?" inquired Miss Lyons.

"Mrs. Walker says she can't keep me. I don't earn my board, and she is going to send for the man to carry me to the poor-house. Then there was a fresh burst of tears, and the little arms were thrown convulsively around the teacher's neck, who felt her heart swelling and throbbing with indignation and pity."

"They shall never carry you to the poor-house while I live," she said, "so dry your tears, darling, and get your books."

"That afternoon, Miss Lyons called on Mrs. Walker, and inquired if she really wished to part with little Edith."

"Of course I do," was the reply. "She can't earn the salt of her porridge, and she has broken half a dozen dishes, besides my china cream-pitcher. I didn't promise to keep her but three months, and now she must go."

"Then I will take her," said the young lady. "Please pick her satchel, if she has one, and she can go home with me."

"You take her! Pray what do you expect to do with her?" cried the astonished woman.

"I am going to adopt her as my sister, and if she does not earn anything these seven years, I am going to take care of her, if it please God to give me strength to work."

"Mrs. Walker laughed scornfully. 'A pretty job you will find, I reckon, but you are welcome to it,' and she left the room."

"In a few minutes she returned with a carpet-bag, and Edith was summoned from the kitchen, where she was trying to pare potatoes, and informed of the change in her destiny."

"As the young teacher walked home in the evening twilight, with her little charge clinging to her hand, she was not without care. She had found a beautiful flower by the wayside, and she had made it hers, but could she give it nurture and protection? Her only home was a room she had hired, in which, in order to save as much as possible out of her scanty wages, she boarded herself. Could she, friendless and poor as

she was, sustain the burden she had assumed? The question was a serious one, but she had faith, and she looked up to God, and asked for strength believing she would receive it. She felt stronger already. Here was something to love, something to work for, and live for. A new element of happiness or misery had entered into her life. The old dead weight of loneliness was lifted from her heart, and she felt the budding of new hopes and aspirations."

"Well, I must not make my story long by trying to tell you how happy these two were together. One Saturday afternoon, they had gone to a little grove not far from their home. Miss Lyons, wearing a wreath of red and white clover blossoms, which Edith had placed on her head, sat on a stone, pressing the child to her bosom, with the fondness of a young mother, her own dark hair and brunette face contrasting with the golden curls and lily whiteness of the little one. They made a pretty picture, I assure you, for the minister told me so himself."

"Ah!" I cried, "that was how the minister found his wife. I think I begin to see the end of your story."

Aunt Lucy laughed. "Yes," she said, "Mr. Lowe had grown uneasy about the child, and he went to Mr. Walker's to see how she fared, and there he heard the strange story that she had been adopted by the school-mistress. Resolving at once to see this wonderful girl, who felt competent not only to take care of herself, but to help the helpless, he went to her home, and not finding her, he followed the sound of voices to the little grove, and there he met his fate."

"Miss Lyons was startled by the sudden appearance of a stranger, but Edith sprang up, and ran to him, exclaiming, 'Dear Mr. Lowe, this is my new mamma.' She insisted on calling her mamma when they were alone, and now the word slipped from her tongue."

"He extended his hand to the blushing girl who rose to meet him, saying, 'Pardon me, Miss Lyons, if I intrude, for I am very anxious to see my little friend.'"

"Edith's friends are welcome," she replied.

Mr. Lowe had taken some credit to himself for the benevolent interest he had shown towards this little orphan. He got her a place, you know,—that was a good deal, he thought,—but he felt very humble in the presence of this brave little woman, who gave him a practical illustration of real faith and charity. He walked home with them, and willingly accepted an invitation to remain and take tea. The little room which they called home, was so bright with sunshine, and sweet with flowers, that he knew this girl held a patent from nature, by which she drew all things sweet and beautiful towards herself, and as they sat at the table, and she poured his tea, he had a vision of a home of his own, where that sweet face would always meet him, and where little Edith might have a father's protection, as well as a mother's love."

"And so, the end is, Mr. Lowe adopted them both. One morning, before we had time to discuss the propriety of the step, he walked into the church with his new wife and little Edith. There was a little flutter among some disappointed parties, but we generally agreed that she was pretty, and we believed she would be good, and we have not been disappointed. We will walk over to the parsonage whenever you would like to see this happy family."

Stone Lilies.

What do you suppose a stone lily is?

A lily cut out of stone? No; it is a flower that grows in the bottom of the sea, on a long stem, that shakes and waves about in the water. Strangest of all, the beautiful flower is alive, and actually eats.

Sometimes there are several on one branch, exactly as flowers grow on land. The root fastens to the rock, and several branches spring from one stem, each with its beautiful lily-shaped flower at the top.

These blossoms are really the body of the animal, and the beautiful, feathery petals, looking so innocent, waving about in the water, are really the creature's arms. And they wave about in the water, not to look pretty, but to catch something to eat.

Very funny would it look, if you could see one of them, to see a tiny atom of a fish, or other sea-animal, happen to touch this lonely flower. Instantly every feathery petal would close over the victim, and stuff it into his mouth.

For he has a mouth, a good big one, too, hidden among the petals. Think of a lily with a mouth! Then when that morsel was disposed of, in his roiny stomach, you would see him spread his arms again, looking as innocent as though nothing had happened.

There's another droll thing about these stone lilies. Having no fingers or forks to pick out the bones, they are obliged to swallow their food, bones and all. But they don't like bones in their stomach any better than you do, so when the meat is all digested, they just open their mouth and throw out what is left.

Such an arrangement might be convenient for some children I've seen, who don't seem to have time to eat like other people, but swallow their food whole, like the little stone lily.

If the water around him is too much disturbed, he folds his arms and looks exactly like a lily-bud that has never been opened. But all of the family are not alike. Some of them seem to get tired of sitting forever on a stem,—as I should think they would,—and in their old age start off on their travels.

One especially, that lives in the Mediterranean. He is a very lonely creature, with ten feather-like arms, each as long as your finger. He is purple, spotted with white. When he gets restless and uneasy, as I said, he just snaps himself away from his stem and swims off. He looks like a beau-

tiful star, floating about in the water. Though he is now free, he still lives at the bottom of the sea.

Men who study the creatures of the sea, and have arranged them into families, have given another name to this family, and I'll tell you what it is, though it isn't half so pretty as Stone Lily, and I don't believe you'll remember it a minute: It is *Crinoidae*. —*Christian Weekly*.

Literary Review.

THE TO-MORROW OF DEATH; or, The Future Life according to Science. By Louis Figuier, author of "Primitive Man," etc. Translated from the French by S. B. Crocker. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1872. 16mo. pp. 206. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

Christians are often reproached by men of science for their credulity, for giving themselves up to the control of imagination instead of insisting upon logical proofs, and for the tenacity with which they cling to theories that can never be established by evidence or fortified by sound and independent reasoning. It is true that the disciples of Christ are not all philosophers, and it is also true that many of them believe more than they can demonstrate, and hold opinions which the progress of knowledge may compel them to surrender or modify. But such books as this of M. Figuier show very plainly that credulity and presumption are not shut out from the domain of professedly scientific men. The theory of the future life which is here brought forward and urged is not wholly new, though the additions made by our author are not the least striking and surprising part of it. He is well versed in astronomy; he is somewhat familiar with zoology; he has more or less traversed the domain of psychology. He rejects the Christian scheme as unreasonable and unphilosophical. He professes to hold the teaching of science as something as sure as it is sublime. He does not accord with the materialistic tendencies of the age; he sympathizes with the bereaved thousands of France whose husbands and sons and brothers have lately perished by war. Hence he writes this book, to serve a more spiritual philosophy, and carry comfort and hope and confidence to the smitten and sorrowful and dying, by clearly unfolding the future life in the name of science, whose teachings he tells us are reasonable and sure. And what is his theory? In brief it is this:

At death, the souls of good men rise into the planetary ether above the atmosphere, take possession of etherealized bodies, grow in wisdom and goodness, rise steadily through several grades of existence, till at length they inhabit the sun as pure and perfect spirits; then they transmit, in the sun's rays, life-germs to the earth and planets, which first become vegetables, then animals of successive orders, and finally men,—thus completing the circle of existence around which the stream of life perpetually flows. On the other hand, the souls of infants and of bad men and women return to the earth again and inhabit other bodies, and so are kept on trying the experiment till they are sufficiently developed and improved to go up through the ethereal stages to the sun, and throw off the life-germs which by and by develop, according to the theory of Darwin, into perfect characters. And it is for this baseless theory that the author abandons the Bible as teaching without authority! The author is intelligent, he seems in earnest, he writes in an attractive style, and he evidently persuades himself that he has furnished a view that ought to find credence, rob death of terror, serve truth, and promote the highest virtue. The ingenious credulity of skepticism has not been more strikingly illustrated for many a day.

THE LAND OF THE VEDA: Being Personal Reminiscences of India; its People, Castes, Temples, and Palaces; its Religions, Mythology, principal Monuments, Palaces, and Museums; together with the incidents of the great Sepoy Rebellion, and its results to Christianity and civilization. With a map of India, and forty-two illustrations. Also, a Glossary of Indian terms used in this work and in Missionary Correspondence. By Rev. William Butler, D. D. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. 1872. octavo. pp. 520. Sold by J. P. Magee.

Dr. Butler has undertaken a large task in this volume, as his title-page abundantly shows. And though he may be open to criticism from men who are occupied with the philosophy of history and religion, on the ground that his study is incomplete and his views lack breadth and comprehensiveness, yet he has written a volume with evident care and painstaking, and supplied just such and about all the information that the average reader will care to possess on the subjects which are treated, and about all that average minds have the capacity to digest. He has made himself familiar with the sacred books of India; he has studied the social and civil institutions of the country in an intelligent and successful way; and he has pictured the land, the cities and the people with a skillful pen. His account of the Sepoy rebellion is, on the whole, the most satisfactory one which we have seen; and his views of the work done by the missionaries who have been and still are laboring in that country, are those of an intelligent, sympathetic and believing Christian. He mingles personal reminiscences and experiences with the more general narrative and the graver discussions, and so keeps the book animated and attractive throughout. He has used his large opportunities to gather information to good advantage, and he has so served it up in this really splendid volume as to lay the reading public under a large debt of obligation. The mechanical qualities of the book are such as would do honor to any House whose imprint it carried.

THREESCORE YEARS AND BEYOND; or, Experiences of a Life Ago. A Book for Old People, describing the labors, home life, and other experiences of a large number of aged representatives of men and women. Illustrated edition. By Rev. W. H. DePuy, D. D. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. 1872. octavo. pp. 572.

The compiler of this volume had a happy thought come to him when the plan of this book dawned upon his mind, and the purpose took shape to work out that plan for the special profit of the hoary-headed who still linger among us. The range of selection is wide; the narratives are plain, brief, pleasant and suggestive, the personal reminiscences are generally worthy of the distinction accorded them, and the general influence of the book is eminently wholesome and cheering. It is printed in large type, on clear white paper, so that reading may be as little burdensome and as much a pastime as possible to those whose eyes are beginning to grow dim. There ought to be a large demand for it, so that the grandfathers and grandmothers may find sunshine and added solace as they go on their way into the shadowy valley, and through it to the eternal splendors beyond.

FILLARS IN THE TEMPLE; or, Sketches of deceased laymen of the Methodist Episcopal church, distinguished as examples of piety and usefulness. Chronologically arranged. By Rev. W. C. Smith, of the New York Conference. With an introduction by C. O. North. Same Publishers. 1872. 16mo. pp. 363.

A series of pleasant biographies, nearly forty in number, not written with any great amount of critical skill, nor supplying any large amount of the juiciness of genius, and perhaps abounding too much in unqualified panegyric; but exhibiting many and Christian qualities to their deserved

place of honor, making the worthy dead speak worthily out of their graves, and furnishing a volume that will be especially grateful to a large number of personal friends and relatives of the good men whose mental photographs are attempted.

A MANUAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE: A Text-book for Schools and Colleges. By John S. Hart, LL. D., Professor of Rhetoric and of the English Language and Literature in the college of New Jersey. Phila.: Eldredge & Brother. 1872. 12mo. pp. 636.

Prof. Hart is a scholar, whose learning is large and accurate, who holds all his knowledge in such a form as to make it available for practical purposes, and who is very successful in putting his facts and thoughts into a plain, lucid, cultivated literary style. His books are always meant for direct use. He aims to teach rather than to kindle. He depends on facts rather than on inspiration. He is a utilitarian instead of an artist. He believes in classroom drill more than he does in unfolding philosophical schemes. His method of dealing with English literature is therefore just the opposite of Taine's, and his work stands at the other extreme from that of the analytic and brilliant Frenchman. It is very properly called a "Manual." It aims to classify the authors who have made important contributions to English literature, grouping the great body of them around several leading names that stood out prominent in the successive epochs, giving us a brief biography of each, cataloguing their productions, and supplying some judicious criticisms upon their qualities, works and style. Very few illustrative specimens are given. The volume is a labor of facts, carefully compiled, well arranged and adequately indexed. As a work of reference it is very valuable; as a volume for continuous reading it is almost as dry as a dictionary.

WILLARD'S PRACTICAL DAIRY HUSBANDRY: a complete treatise on Dairy Farms and Farming;—Dairy Stock and Stock Feeding;—Milk, its management and manufacture into butter and cheese,—History and mode of organization of butter and cheese factories,—Dairy utensils, &c., &c. By X. M. Willard, A. M. Illustrated. Third edition. New York: D. D. T. Moore. 1872. octavo. pp. 546. \$3.00. Sold by Subscription.

The author of this work is no mere theorist, but a man of practical mind, large and varied experience, an indefatigable collector of facts, and who has mastered all the details of all the departments of Dairy Husbandry, and spread them out in the clearest and most definite shape on these pages. His descriptions are lucid, and the numerous illustrations, representing dairy animals, plans and elevations of barns, buildings devoted to the manufacture of butter and cheese, implements and articles used, &c., &c., aid in making up an exhaustive and most valuable treatise, such as dairymen will especially prize, and such as the ordinary farmer and general reader will find eminently readable and instructive.

MISS ROBERTS'S FORTUNE. A Story for Girls. By Sophy Winthrop. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 16mo. pp. 428. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

FABRICS. A Story of To-day. Same Publishers, &c. 16mo. pp. 80.

FIFTY YEARS AGO. A Story of New England Life. By Clara A. Willard, author of "May Chester," etc. Same Publishers, &c. 12mo. pp. 323.

THE BABY'S THINGS. A Story in verse for Christmas Eve. By Edward Abbott. Same Publishers, &c. 16mo. pp. 63.

Mr. Randolph does himself full justice, as a publisher of the higher class of juvenile literature, in adding these volumes to his already long and choice list. Each has a character of its own, and whether judged by its literary or moral qualities, is sure of a favorable and emphatic verdict.

Miss Roberts's Fortune is a fresh and charming book, opening with the picture of a group of wide-awake girls at Rev. Osadiah Green's Family School, which is pictured in strong colors. Good sense, and appreciation both of the noble and the ludicrous sides of life, a clear insight into character, a rare skill in making it unfold itself in connection with ordinary incidents and simple sketches of conversation, a wholesome and quickening vivacity in the management of colloquies and the employment of descriptive narrative,—all these elements of interest distinguish the book from beginning to end. Pompos Rev. Mr. Green, his worn and repressed wife, the German Professor, Edward Saxton, and many other personages, as well as Helen Roberts herself, unite in making up a rare gallery of portraits, each of which lives in the memory and enforces some profitable lesson of life. It is a live, unbacked, breezy, stimulating and every way excellent book, putting shams into their proper place of contempt and exalting the truest and noblest ideas of life. Volumes like this will always find room and need not fear the lack of a welcome.

Fabrics is very excellent, though having less genius and zest than its companion. But it is a truly effective in setting forth the difference between the seeming and the real, and it puts due honor upon what is genuine in character and life even when it has nothing outwardly imposing, and it shows us how magnificent shams appear to a deserved discomfiture. Annie Forrester is a character which it is an honor to portray and a blessing to study.

Fifty Years Ago pictures the by-gone New England life pleasantly and not without skill, in both the country and the city, making the human live where the Winthrop family lived their earnest and busy life in a scene at once attractive and suggestive, and exhibiting, especially in Grace, a type of that true womanhood which is the glory of any household and one of the choicest products of the old Puritan culture. There is nothing high-wrought and sensational, but just those qualities of character are lifted into honor which we can not afford to strip of royalty, and which we can never see working out their results without respect and a certain sort of admiration.

The Baby's Things touches the fountains of sympathy and starts the tears. It pictures a bereaved mother on Christmas Eve, looking over the cherished dresses and toys of her dead child, sad but really making a luxury of her grief, but who, stirred and taught a diviner wisdom by a vision, takes out the cherished things and works them into shape, so that they may carry warmth and comfort and gladness and gratitude to the children of the poor that shiver around her in the winds of the opening winter. She thus learns how to make her Christmas thought a benediction to others and a source of healing to her own wounded heart. It has a lesson for every other day in the year as well as for the 25th of December, and for all who would find a heavenly cure for an earthly sorrow.

LIGHT ON THE PATHWAY OF HOLINESS. By Rev. L. D. McCabe, D. D. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. 1871. 16mo. pp. 114.—A plain statement of what, in the author's view, is wrought in and for the soul by regeneration and afterwards wrought in it by sanctification, why the one does not involve or guarantee the other, and what is the phase and act of faith that really brings the second and larger blessing. His theory is easily understood, but we doubt whether it measures or conforms to the actual facts. But it is worth reading.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL OLIO: containing original dialogues and single pieces for Sunday-school exhibitions and Sabbath evening concerts. By Mrs. L. H. Wood. Same Publishers. 12mo. pp. 84.

Literary Miscellany.

Munich and Its Name.

In the mind of the traveler through many lands there are certain cities set apart as unique. Such was Paris until she sank into the tremendous sea of cloud from which she is so slowly emerging; such was Chicago, which one coming from the prairie toward evening saw gleaming in the sunset, a fringe of light around the lake, and entered to move amidst the splendors of a dream. Who can compare any other spot to quaint Nuremberg, or to Moscow, with its domes of green and gold, looked down on from the Byzantine crown of the Kremlin? Or who can associate any other intellectual beauty with that of Venice, recumbent on her lagoon, where the place of sapphires for the old Edinburgh's lagoon, with her superb Arthur's Seat, where the genius of antiquity seems to sit watching through the ages, as the forces which piled up Castle Rock make way for the formations of history in which it is set. But among these cities specifically different from all others, none can be more truly named Munich. It is the city that a boy dreams of in some far-away rustic home, where he knows of cities only by picture-books. From the time when, from a great distance, he sees it stretched on its vast plain, to the time when the last of its treasures is explored, there is no let or pause in its enchantment. Dream delivers you to dream. True, there is perpetual surprise. Meeting the few quiet wayfarers on its dazzling streets, or the small occasional groups, often solitary individuals, gliding softly through its matchless galleries of art, one can not help asking, where is the population? Why is the world not here in this splendid city? Munich constantly suggests a magnificent coat too big for its wearer. As many as are the people you meet in the beautiful capital, so many are the explanations of its village-like quietness and its paucity of inhabitants. One will urge that it is because Murray, who has been threatened with a prosecution for the calumny, says Munich is unhealthy, whereas, the indignant citizen assures you, they only suffer from typhus. Another will tell you that the throng is all there, but is asleep. The truest interpretation, as it seems to me, is that Munich has not been brought into existence by any natural causes, or commercial advantages; it is the artificial production of aesthetic kings. It has arisen on a marsh, by the side of an unavailing mountain stream, amidst an unattractive country, apart from any natural highway between nations or sections.

But to say that Munich has been forced into existence is not to explain it. That can be done only by its own curious history. I must beg my reader to turn antiquarian for a while, at least enough to go back into the twelfth century. We are confronted at the first step into that moldy realm with a struggle between Germany and Rome, of which the present conflict in the same region is a lineal successor. Then it was the Bishop of Freising who claimed sway, dating from two centuries and a half back, for his see, over the best regions along the Isar, and especially for sundry villages which had been called into existence by being on the pathway between neighboring salt-works and more populous regions. The bishop, Otto by name, established depots for the salt, and levied heavy tolls upon it. In 1156 Barbarossa presented the Dukedom of Bavaria to Henry the Lion. Neither of these princes had much reverence for the temporal power of the Church. Henry the Lion destroyed Bishop Otto's castle, mint, and a bridge over the Isar, and otherwise gave him strong hints that he was not master in that region. Then Henry the Lion fixed on a certain spot to found a salt depot. There was no trace of a village; but a number of monks, flying from Hungary into the wilderness, came to this region, and were allowed to build them some shanties near this salt depot. The place then came to be popularly called "Beiden Monchen," or the place of the monks, whence Munchen and Munich. The name Munchen first occurs in an act of Barbarossa, dated A.D. 1153, by which he gives legality to the seizure of Henry the Lion from the Bishop of Freising. But now what has become of this "Mighty Freising," as it was then called, to whose cathedral all the villages of the Isar were more tributaries? I copy the best description I know from the gazetteer: "Freising, a town of Upper Bavaria, on the Isar, twenty miles north-northeast of Munich. Population in 1845, 5350. It has breweries and tobacco factories." Such is the result of the earliest historical struggle between the Germans and Church power on that very spot where Dr. Dollinger, with a descendant of Barbarossa at Berlin to back him, and a Bavarian Duke Lion at his side, is superintending the final crumbling away of papal authority in Germany. Truly there is an appropriateness in these Munich recollections calling themselves Old Catholics; they are veritable chips so to say, of the old block which impeded ecclesiastical supremacy seven hundred years ago.

Thus it is that Munich became the City of the Little Monk. Whether the Hungarian monks were smaller than others may be doubtful; but the city has aptly taken the figure of a diminutive monk as its symbol and device. And one can see him painted on sign or ceiling, or promenading as the pet of a masquerade, without the feeling of the girl in the play of "Cinderella," who sets a pumpkin beside the liveried footman, and says, "To think that that should have come out of this!" A coach-and-four coming out of a pumpkin is fairly paralleled by Munich beginning with a little monk. And the association is all the more important because the fact of this monastic settlement, which was its origin, has given a certain impress which Munich bears to this day.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Names and Titles.

Of all Adam's gifts, the one which is most conspicuously lacking in his descendants is that of assigned names to things. It is an art gone from us. All names that please are lost in an impenetrable antiquity; there is no such thing as a new name for the monstrous perpetrations of modern scientific nomenclature we decline to regard as names. How came flowers, animals, insects, men and women, mountains, peaks, islands, rivers, by the easy, expressive, distinct titles we know them by; so that, in fancy, at least, before we know the thing, we seem to know the group it belongs to? What figure would they all make if we had to name them now through the medium of a parliamentary commission? What should we call a rose, a violet, an apple, a lion, a tiger, an eagle, a snake, a spider, a butterfly? Could we even impart to the cabbage anything of the idea of bulk, roundness, and homely worth which its present sound suggests? Happily in these days we have only to name our babies, our books, and our streets; for we cheerfully leave science to work its will on the agencies of chemis-

try and electricity in conglomerations of syllables which the necessities of social life seldom call on us to pronounce.

We can not wholly escape the pains of incoherent classification, turning what is old and familiar into modern strangeness—the "Old Hundredth," for instance, into "Psalm 136;" but people need seldom use long words of any sort unless they like them, so there is not much to complain of. Besides, most people have that degree of pedantry in some pursuit or other that the use of a technical term flatters their self-respect. It is all very well to know the original etymology of "Virgin's Bower," but it comes in well also to recognize its cousin-german under the graceful distinction of "Jackmanii." We are many of us like the naturalist who refused to adapt his knowledge to the science of the day, and

"Smiled to hear the creatures he had known So long were now in class and order shown, Genus and species. Is it meet, said he, This creature's name should meet so sounding?"

'Tis but a fly, though first born of the spring—Bombylius major, do you call the thing? Well, go thy way, for I do feel it shame To stay a being with so proud a name."

When we say that the invention of our day finds its most universal exercise in naming babies, it must be allowed that an absolutely new name is next to an impossibility. We can not advise any exercise of ingenuity in this department, lest it should end in such eccentricities as we are all familiar with, but which it would be cruel to particularize. There is no greater injustice than the infliction of a whimsical or grotesque name on helpless infancy. Such caprice, to the argument in Bret Harte's celebrated idyl, "The playing of a pretty lute down on this yer baby." But we note a growing tendency to accumulate incoherent names; to overlay, so to say, the new-born treasure with the old novelties unearthed from chronicles and romance. Nor is the word 'overlay' merely figurative, for it is from the obituary of the *Times* we form our surmise; and it does strike us that there are collections of names, mouthfuls of consonants, that can not be strung together promiscuously without fatal consequences to the bearer. It is in the more cheerful marriage column that we find the triumphs of modern art. The happy bride has appended to her baptismal name, which nobody is supposed to know, a certain name baby sobriquet. Ma, or Minnie, or Ellie, or Emmie, or Ervie, or Edie follows in parenthesis, for the world's enlightenment. If we must have diminutives, commend us to the old style—Sally, Polly, Letty, Kitty—which need some practice in articulation sounds to pronounce; names with some sense and work in them.—*Saturday Review.*

Love Among the Shakers.

The day of confession came at last, and with it most unlooked for and terrible disclosures. To the horrified amazement of the assembled elders, and amid our choking tears, Sister Minerva went down "into the valley of humiliation." With a bitter struggle for composure, her dark eyes dilating, her beautiful face white and set, she confessed that the "beneficial poison of natural love" had crept with insidious but giant strides into her heart. What must have been her conviction of sin when, with the courage of despair, she admitted that Brother Ernest had absorbed all her thoughts for many months? She had borrowed his name, learned his language, talked to him; until, suddenly awakened and alarmed at the sympathy, congeniality, and admiration which she felt with and for him, she would have fled from the pleadings of her own heart, she had had strength left to do so. Then, deathly pale and panting heavily, she took from her bosom a packet of letters written to her by Brother Ernest. If they had been the price of innocent blood, Minerva could not have cast them down with more vehemence before the ministry.

With solemn emphasis the senior elders spoke. "Let repentance have its perfect work. Read the letters aloud. Whom are they from?"

Minerva had spoken so hurriedly and incoherently that her lover's name was not yet known. With quivering lips she was forced to repeat it. A beseeching look at young sister prayed to be spared the ordeal of reading the letters; but not an iota of the cross could the elders remove. She could only sadly whisper, "Nay, you must comply."

And the whole correspondence was read and the answers confessed, word by word, as well as the shining sister could remember. One letter, written in German, she begged to have burned without reading. The elders, of course, were ignorant of the language, and looked undecided.

I will burn it here, right before your eyes," entreated Minerva; and she took from a work-basket belonging to Eldress Philomet an old tinder-box and flint, a precious relic once belonging to Mother Ann. With feverish haste she struck fire, and the next moment Brother Ernest's words of love were converted into the white ashes of her sacrifice. Think what a sacrifice, when there were pages of rhapsody such as this: "My heart goes out to thee, my soul cries out to thee in yearning, passionate might! Life has become a dream! How can I think it a reality? I was once surrounded, in my fatherland, with beautiful, high-born women, who had no power over my heart, and I have yielded it wholly to thee, my enchantress—nay, my pure saint!"

"Oh, how vainly I strive against my passion! Love at its wildest was never so untamed as the love of my undisciplined heart; and yet it is pure, for I would not touch the hem of thy garment, nor raise mine eyes to meet the heavenly-pure brightness of thine, unbidden by thee!" Pages and pages like this, written by a Shaker brother to a Shaker sister, in Wisdom's Valley! Truly, the "natural affections" were a hydra-headed monster in that afflicted vale about those times.—*Galaxy.*

Wood-carving in the Alps.

Tourists passing through the Bavarian Alps invariably stop a short time at Partenkirchen, which is in the very heart of the Alps. As the place is noted for wood-carving, they naturally buy something to take with them—a glove-box, an ornament, a frame for photos, or a case for writing materials; in fact, they have the choice of hundreds of beautiful things. Before 1866, Oberammergau was the only place where wood-carving was carried on, and there it had no encouragement from Government. In 1866 there came an artist from Dusseldorf, one Michael Sachs, for the purpose of painting from nature. Seeing the poverty of the people, the idea struck him that there might be some artistic talent among them. He consequently, on his own responsibility, started a free drawing-school. On Sundays, a free kindergarten. Not only boys but married men came with delight, although, before, such things as pencils or papers were unknown to them.

After a very short trial Herr Sachs discovered an immense amount of talent. As soon as they could sketch a little on paper, he set them at wood-carving. In this new branch they advanced wonderfully, and a government commissioner happening to pass through Partenkirchen was astonished at the result of Herr Sachs's energy. He soon persuaded the Government to give other villagers in the neighborhood the same opportunity, and Herr Sachs was then appointed drawing-master for Partenkirchen, Garmisch, Mittenwald, and Oberammergau. In all these places carving is now carried on with great success; and the people have been rescued from the state of poverty into which they were falling. Seven hours a week are given to drawing—freehand drawing, mechanical drawing, and drawing from the round.

Talented pupils are taken gratis; and if they succeed in doing a work of high merit they get a scholarship of three hundred and fifty guilder, which enables them to study at the "Kunstgewerbeschule" in Munich. In Partenkirchen there are now near upon seventy pupils and workmen. But they nearly all carry on their work in the fields at the same time, the carving acting as a kind of recreation. Herr Sachs has assistant masters in all the schools, and a modeling master has been sent from Munich. King Ludwig, who visits Partenkirchen and its neighborhood nearly every summer, takes great interest in the schools, and has given them substantial assistance.

Old Maids and Bachelors.

The following tribute is from Dr. Aikman's life at home:

There are men and women who, like some flowers, bloom in exquisite beauty in a desert wild; they are like trees which you often see growing in luxuriant strength out of a crevice of a rock where there seems not earth enough to support a shrub. The words, "Old maid," "Old bachelor," have in them other sounds than that of half-reproach or scorn; they call up to many of your minds forms and faces that which are dearer in all this world. I know them to-day. The bloom of youth has possibly faded from their cheeks, but their fingers round form and face something dearer than that. She is unmarried, but the past has, for her, it may be, some chastened memories of an early love which keeps its vestal vigil sleeplessly over the grave where its hopes went out; and it is too true to the long-departed to permit another to take his place. Perhaps the years of maiden life were spent in self-denying toil, which was too engrossing to listen even to the call of love, and she grew old too soon in the care of mother or sister and brother.

Now in these later years she looks back calmly upon some half-cherished hopes, once attractive, of husband and child, which long ago she willingly gave up for present duty. So to-day, in her loneliness, who shall say that she is not beautiful and dear?

So is she to the wide circle which she blesses. To some she has been all that a mother could have been; and though no nearer name than "Aunt" or "Sister" has been hers, she has to-day a mother's claim and a mother's love. Disappointment has not soured but only chastened; the midday afternoon of her life is all full of kindly remembrance and gentle deeds. Though unwedded, hers has been no fruitless life.

It is almost a daily wonder to me why some women are married and not a less marvel why many that I see are not. But this I know, that many and many a household would be desolate indeed, and many and many a family circle would lose its brightest, ornament and its best power, were maiden sister or maiden aunt removed; and it may bless the Providence which has kept them from making glad some husband's home.

Yonder isolated man, whom the world wonders at for having never found a wife, who shall tell you all the secret history of the bygone time of hopes and loves that once were buoyant and fond, but which death, or more bitter disappointment dashed to the ground; of sorrow which the world has never known; of a fate accepted in utter despair, though with outward calm! Such there are. The expectation of wife, or home, has been given up as one of the dreams of youth, but only with groans and tears; now he walks among men somewhat alone, with some eccentricities, but with a warm heart and kindly eye. If he has no children of his own, he has enough of other's children who climb his knee or seize his hand as he walks. If he has no home, there is many a home made glad by his presence; if there is no one heart to which he may cling in appropriating love, there are many hearts that go out toward him, and many voices which invoke benedictions on his head.

Spoils of the Tiber.

One of the results of the new life arising in Rome as a consequence of the downfall of the temporal power, will be the realization of a scheme which has long been in contemplation, but which under the Papal government might, perhaps, never have gone beyond the limit of a wild and vague chimerical project—the plan of the exploration of the bed of the Tiber. The Italians, who now, for the first time since Constantine, feel as if the great city were indeed their own; have an almost boundless, yet not exaggerated, idea of the artistic, archaeological, and other treasures buried under the yellow sands which the river has accumulated on the spot for the last 2,000 years. Every revolution, they say, had to pay tribute to the river. It was the Tiber which received the statues of an unpopular Emperor, his armor, and even his diadem, and other insignia, even when the body itself was not flung into its waters. In more calamitous times, when Alaric, Genseric, Totila, or, in later ages, the Norman, the Swabian, the Austrian thundered at the gates, the inhabitants, hopeless for their lives, had no other means of baffling the invader's cupidity than by committing to the Tiber the spoils which must otherwise inevitably fall into the plunderer's hands. "The Tiber will have its own share," is a common saying among the Romans at the present day, and the universal receptacle of all that is lost has been further enriched by fires, inundations, wrecking of galleys, and other misadventures, and the material of ruined temples and palaces, of which the river afforded the most expeditious way of clearing the ground.

We may imagine what wonders would gladden our eyes if we could bid the ocean restore whatever it hides in its depths. But the Tiber flows over, if not as vast and rich, at least as interesting a variety of Old World relics, all lying undisturbed under fathoms of alluvial soil, which has buried them for ages, and only awaiting the enterprising generation which will have long forgotten the traditions of the light of day. The scheme of a thorough excavation of the bed of the Tiber, with the view to all the river to account and put in "liqui-

dated," compelling it to disgorge its ill-gotten gains has now been taken up by an Italian association, at the head of which is the well-known Signor Alessandro Castellani, but which relies on the co-operation of many artists, antiquaries, and all of whom have been strongly urging the speedy commencement of an undertaking which has already been too long delayed. It is not as a commercial or a financial speculation that the work is to be executed. Those who set about it expect no other return for their trouble and expense than the immense gain sure to accrue from it to art and history—to archaeological knowledge in all its branches.—*London Times.*

The Arctic Sun.

An original simile is becoming a great desideratum. So many speeches are made on any subject of general interest, that it must be difficult for speakers to find any such gems of speech wherewith to deck their statements. The present prostration and anticipated resurrection of France have given rise to many striking figures, but they are now become trite. M. Xavier Marmier, who has been elected by the French Academy in the room of M. de Pongerville, deceased, introduced one into his "Discours de Reception" which deserves some credit for originality as well as beauty. "There is," said he, "in the depths of the north a phenomenon which can not be seen without admiration, although it is renewed regularly every year. It appears in summer, when the hour of night approaches. The sun slopes gradually, slowly, towards the horizon. The shadow does not yet spread itself over the earth. Only, on the surface of the sky there is, as it were, a white gauze which slightly dims its brightness, and in the woods, on the fields, on the water, there is a great silence. Nature slumbers. Then, suddenly, behold the east clothes itself with purple, the luminous rays reappear, and movement springs to life again. It is the awakening, it is the dawn, it is the day which begins again, linked to the day which has come to an end. While recalling this spectacle, which I have so often contemplated in Sweden and Norway, I think that nations in their summer time have phases in which their vital force seems to become benumbed, when the sun of their glory seems to withdraw. But, patience! it will again be seen in all its splendor, that immortal sun which no ocean can extinguish, which no night can veil."

Picturesqueness of Labor.

Indeed, man himself is graceful in his unconscious and direct employments: the poise of a fisherman, for instance, the play of his arm, the cast of his line or net—these take the eye as do the stealthy movements of the hunter, the fine attitudes of the wood-chopper, the grasp of the sailor on the helm. A hay-stack and a boat are always picturesque objects, and so are the men who are at work to build or use them. So is yonder stake-net, glistening in the morning light—the innumerable meshes drooping in soft arches from the high stakes, and the line of floats stretching shoreward, like tiny stepping-stones; two or three rowing boats are gathered around it, with fishermen in red or blue shirts, while one sail-boat hovers near. And I have looked down on our beach in Spring at sunset and watched them drawing nets for the young herring, when the rough men looked as graceful as the nets they drew, and the horseman who directed might have been Redgauntlet on the Solway Sands.—*T. W. Higginson in Atlantic Monthly.*

Obituaries.

PARTICULAR NOTICE! Persons wishing obituaries published in the *Morning Star*, who do not patronize it, must accompany them with cash equal to the cost of a line, to insure an insertion. Brevity is specially important. Not more than a single square can well be afforded to any single obituary. Verses are inadmissible.

[CORRECTION.]

CHARLES W. SON of Dr. A. M. Pomeroy, died in Hancock, Feb. 7, aged 72 years. He bore his sufferings with great patience, never complaining, and we trust has gone to be with Christ. Funeral services by the writer.

Mrs. NANCY FULTON, wife of Rev. James Libby, died of pneumonia in West Haven, Me., Jan. 13, aged 72 years. The testimony of those who knew her best concurs in giving her a character of rare Christian excellence. Her Christian experience commenced in 1816 when she was baptized by Rev. Josiah Farwell, and united with the Free Baptist church in Lisbon, Me., of which town she was a native. She was married to Rev. James Libby, April 11, 1819, and moved to Danville where they resided twelve years; and thence they moved to W. Poland where they have since lived. She was the mother of nine children, six of whom survive her. Many of her early friends were pious, and she was in loneliness and hardship, as was the case with most of the wives of pioneer ministers; yet she shared the joys and privations of her husband with Christian fortitude, counting it all joy that she should fulfill his ministry in proclaiming to dying men the riches of Christ. In the language of one of her sons (himself a minister), "Her love for the cause of Christ was evinced in her readiness to do, as well as speak for Him."

In a word, she extended to all the lovers of Jesus the charity that suffereeth long and is kind. And now that the Master has called from labor to reward the companion who has walked by his side for more than half a century, her husband feels in his bereavement, that the arm on which he has leaned so long is still around and beneath him, and that he still hears the voice of the same promises which he has preached to others when death has torn from their embraces the dearest objects of their love, knowing that the Master has summoned only a little before him, and that "Beyond the river" she is waiting to receive him, when he shall have finished the work here given him to do. Funeral services were attended at the residence of the deceased, preached by Rev. D. B. Cheney, and then "the changed form once so dear" was laid away with others of that broken household band, to rest till the Victor overleaves his return, and bring up his redeemed ones from the corruption of the grave to be forever with the Lord. COM.

MR. JEREMIAH PATTAN died in Commerce, Mich., Feb. 3, aged 75 years and 9 months. Father P. had long been a follower of Christ and a many years a member of the church among the P. Baptists. At the time of his death he held a letter from the church of his former residence, The Bible was to him a very precious book. He was as well as his spiritual meat and drink. Naturally he possessed a very clear, strong mind. He was interesting in conversation and enjoyed Christian society. For six months or more previous to his death he was feeble, and confined to his bed, but he summoned only a little before him, and that "Beyond the river" she is waiting to receive him, when he shall have finished the work here given him to do. Funeral services were attended at the residence of the deceased, preached by Rev. D. B. Cheney, and then "the changed form once so dear" was laid away with others of that broken household band, to rest till the Victor overleaves his return, and bring up his redeemed ones from the corruption of the grave to be forever with the Lord. COM.

MISS MERITABLE L. SAWYER died in Lower Gilman, Feb. 17, aged 23 years. She professed religion in early life, and for more than forty years she had lived a devoted Christian life. She died in hope and rests in peace. Funeral services by the writer, assisted by Rev. Dr. Blake.

MARK H. HART died in Milton, Jan. 2, aged 64 years and 5 months. He was the oldest of four brothers, one of whom is Rev. Ephraim Hart, of Alton. At an early period in his life he experienced religion under the Methodists; but afterward lived in a backslidden state, until a few years ago when he again commenced a praying life. He was always a firm believer in Christianity. He was a strong adherent of the temperance cause and a true friend to the poor. He was frank to a fault, and his leading virtue was honesty. His last sickness was lingering and painful, but he seemed willing and even anxious to depart; and his friends that were with him in his last hours gained good evidence of his acceptance with Christ. He leaves a wife and five young children, also three children by a former wife. Funeral services attended by the writer, assisted by Rev. F. W. Haley. N. C. L.

BERTHY L., eldest daughter of H. R. and Susan Hayward, died in Tunbridge, Vt., Feb. 15, very suddenly. Also JOHNNY, eldest son of George and Helen Edson, died Feb. 18, both in the 4th year of their age. Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

ETNA D., son of H. H. and A. J. Pierce, died at Huntington, Vt., Oct. 11, 1871, aged 10 years, 10 months. Ezra was an uncommonly good boy; he professed great respect for religion, was quite constant in prayer and reading the Bible, loved the Sabbath school and religious worship. The attainments he made at school gave promise of his being a man of great intellectual power, but in a few days sickness and death cut off the promise of his father that he should soon be with Jesus, and was not afraid to die, and requested his parents not to mourn for him. D. S. F.

BRO. INGRAHAM CLARK, a worthy member of the W. Litchfield F. B. church, died Jan. 21, aged 88 years, 10 months. He left a widow and three children to mourn their loss. COM.

Academies, &c.

WEST VIRGINIA COLLEGE.
AT FLEMINGTON, TAYLOR CO., WEST VIRGINIA.
This institution offers to students important and peculiar advantages. For particular information, send for Circular.

REV. W. COLGROVE, A. M., President.

WHITESTOWN SEMINARY.
The summer term of this institution, will open March 25. Six complete courses of study for both sexes, in which students are prepared for college, for teaching and for business. Over fifty graduates annually.
The Boarding Hall has been refitted and furnished, and placed under the care of the principal. Terms moderate. Send for circular.
J. S. GARDINER, Principal.
Whitestown, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1872.

WEST LEBANON ACADEMY.

THE SPRING TERM of 11 weeks, will commence Tuesday, Feb. 6th, under the instruction of A. S. REXFORD, A. B., Principal.
Miss H. L. STUBBS, N. Y., Preceptress and Teacher of Instrumental Music.
Miss K. A. BAKER, Teacher of French and Drawing.
TUITION:
Primary Course, \$4.00
Common English, 4.50
Higher English, 5.00
Languages, 6.00
Pennmanship, (12 lessons) 1.50
Instrumental Music (20 lessons) 5.00
Use of Instrument, 2.00
An unusual opportunity will be given those desiring a complete course of music, either upon the Piano-forte or Organ, by a teacher of large experience. Basic secular or sacred music. Classes in Vocal Music, Pennmanship and Wax Work formed, if desired.
Special attention given to those preparing for College.

Good board may be obtained in private families at \$3.00 per week, or pleasant rooms furnished to those wishing to board themselves.
JOHN H. SHAPLEIGH, Sec.

GREEN MOUNTAIN SEMINARY.

WATERBURY CENTER, VT.
Faculty:
C. A. MOORE, A. B., Principal.
E. C. SMITH, Mrs. E. C. Smith, G. A. Stockwell, Miss Lizzie Maxwell, L. H. Butterfield.
Calendar:
Spring Term, opens Feb. 13, 1872.
Summer Term opens April 30, 1872.

Board may be obtained in private families at \$3.00 per week, or rooms may be obtained for self-boarding, at reasonable rates.
Complete course of study for both sexes. Special attention given to those desiring to take a thorough course in Music.
For further particulars, address the Principal. 2

PIKE SEMINARY.

THE WINTER TERM of Pike Seminary, N. Y., will commence Dec. 6, 1871, under a board of competent instruction.
Per order,
M. E. SHEPARD, Pres. Board of Trustees.

NORTH PARSONSFIELD SEMINARY.

The Spring Term will commence on Tuesday, Feb. 20, and continue eleven weeks.
Principal,
M. K. MABREY, Principal.
Terms: Primary, \$3.00
Common English, \$4.00
Higher English, \$5.00
Languages, \$6.00
Music, \$10.00
Board, \$3.00 per week. Rooms on reasonable terms.
Our speciality is qualification of teachers. Mr. Mabrey will give his whole time to the school. His experience in the school-room warrants us in saying that teachers will find this school second to none in the country.
M. E. SHEPARD, Sec.
N. Parsonsfeld, Jan. 15, 1872.

LAPHAM INSTITUTE.

THE SPRING TERM will commence on Monday, Jan. 29, 1872.
Complete course of study for both sexes.
G. H. RICKSBY, Prin.
North Scituate, R. I., Jan. 1, 1872.

RIDGEVILLE COLLEGE.

THE SPRING TERM will begin March 12, and continue 12 weeks. Tuition, \$5.00; Incidentals, \$1.00; Pennmanship, \$1.50 for twenty lessons; Instrumental Music, with use of instrument, \$11.00.
In clubs, \$2.00 or less, per week; in private families \$3.00. Rooms for self-boarding, can be had at reasonable rates.
Send for Circular.
WM. REED, Sec.
Ridgeville, Ind., Feb. 7, 1872.

NORTHWOOD SEMINARY.

THE SPRING TERM of this Institution will commence on WEDNESDAY, March 6, 1872, and continue twelve weeks under the continued charge of ALBERT SAVAGE, A. B.
All the usual facilities offered to those pursuing studies in any branch of an Academy or College. Charges moderate. For further information or Circulars address the Principal.
The Trustees take this opportunity of publicly acknowledging the recent gift of a Library and Chemical Apparatus—amounting in all to about \$500—by the Rev. R. Van Dine of Nottingham, N. H.
E. S. TARKER, Sec.
Northwood, N. H., Feb. 19, 1872.

LYNDON LITERARY INSTITUTION.

LYNDON CENTER, VT.
Faculty:
J. C. Hopkins, A. B., Principal, Latin and Greek.
A. S. Denison, F. H. D., Natural Science.
Miss Mary C. Bradford, Preceptress, Mathematics and Rhetoric.
Mrs. J. C. Hopkins, Music, Drawing and Painting.
Miss Ellen A. Perkins, Pennmanship.
Calendar:
Spring term, of 10 weeks, begins Feb. 20, 1872.
Summer term, of 10 weeks, begins May 7.
Fall Term begins Aug. 27.
TUITION, from \$1.00 to \$5.00 per term. French, Music and Pennmanship extra.
EXPENSES—Board, including room and washing, from \$2.50 to \$3.50 per week, in families. In club or school, at lower rates.
The Institution will afford to both sexes a complete course of study; and no pains will be spared by the Trustees to make the school eminently worthy the confidence and patronage of all friends to a thorough and liberal education.

The new Institution building is a fine brick and granite structure, of beautiful architecture, with ample accommodations; and is located on an eminence overlooking the villages of Lyndon Center and Lyndonville, and some of the finest landscape scenery of the valley of the Passumpsunk.
Lyndonville, Vt., 1871.
J. W. SANBORN, Sec. and Treas.
51

HILLSDALE COLLEGE.

FACULTY:
REV. DANIEL M. GRHAM, D. D., President.
A. HANCOCK, D. D., Prof. Bib. Theology.
SPENCER R. FOWLER, A. M., Prof. Algebra, Mathematics and Nat. Philosophy.
GEORGE MCILLAN, A. M., Prof. Ancient Languages.
HIRSH COLLIER, A. M., Prof. Nat. Science.
F. WAYLAND DUNN, A. M., Prof. of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres.
H. LAURA ROWE, A. M., Prin. Ladies Department.
ALEX. C. RIDGOU, Prin. Com. Department.
W. A. DRAKE, Instructor in Pennmanship.
GEO. B. GARDNER, Instructor in Drawing.
MELVILE W. CHASE, Instructor in Instrumental and Vocal Music.
JENNIE de la MONTAIGNE, Teacher of French.
CALENDAR, 1872.
March 20—Spring Term begins.
June 9—Commencement.
September 4—Fall Term begins.
December 4—Winter Term begins.
For College Catalogue apply to
L. F. REYNOLDS, Sec. & Treas.

AUSTIN ACADEMY.

Center Stratford, N. H.
The Fall Term of 10 weeks will commence Tuesday, August 29, under the instruction of C. McCLEAN, a graduate of Yale College.
Tuition and board as usual.
Rooms can be had for those who wish to board themselves.
GEO. C. PEABY, President.
WARREN FOSS, Sec'y.
Stratford Center, August 17, 1871.

MAINE CENTRAL INSTITUTE.

PITTSFIELD, ME.
Furnishes College, Preparatory, Normal, Academic and Ladies' Full course of study. Terms, 10 weeks.
Spring term commences Feb. 7, 1872.
Summer Term commences April 23, 1872.
GEORGE B. FILES, A. B., Preceptor.
MISS NEILLIE KNOWLTON, Preceptress.
MISS ARLOINE M. FILES, Associate.
E. EUGENE WADE, A. B., Prin. of Normal Dept.
MISS L. MARIA SIMONS, Associate.
MISS ADDIE SAWYER, Teacher of Drawing, Painting, Wax-work and Wood Carving.
MISS J. F. STERRE, Teacher of Music.
D. M. WAITT, Teacher of Writing and Book-keeping.
No deduction for less than half a term, except on account of sickness. Half terms commence at the beginning and middle of the term.
The price of board, in clubs, varies from \$1.60 to \$2.00 per week. Ladies' clubs as well as gentlemen's are formed.
Rooms and board in private families at reasonable rates.
Send for Catalogue to the Principal.
C. A. FARWELL, Secretary.

NEW HAMPTON INSTITUTE.

THE SPRING TERM begins Jan. 20, 1872, and continues ten weeks.
A. B. MESSEY, A. M., Principal.
J. N. Rand, A. M., Miss T. A. R. Dow,
W. E. C. Rich, A. B., Miss Alice I. Libby,
A. P. Shattuck, Miss L. D. Moore,
H. M. Willard, Miss E. L. Gordon.
EXPENSES. Board, including room and washing from \$2.75 to \$3.50 per week. Tuition, \$1.00. The price of board, in clubs, varies from \$1.60 to \$2.00 per week. Ladies' clubs as well as gentlemen's are formed.
Rooms and board in private families at reasonable rates.
Send for Catalogue to the Principal or to
E. C. LEWIS, Sec.

NICHOLS LUTIN SCHOOL.

SPRING TERM begins Monday, Jan. 1, 1872, and closes Friday, March 22.
SUMMER TERM begins Monday, April 1, and closes Monday, June 24.
Tuition \$25.00 a year.
L. G. JORDAN, A. B., Principal, with three Assistants.
The special work of this school is to fit students for College, and it is open for both sexes. The school being composed of only one department, a thoroughness in doing their work is secured from both teachers and pupils, which is not ordinarily found in schools where so many departments are conducted. The students are faithfully drilled in the Latin and Greek languages, also in English Grammar, Arithmetic, Ancient Geography, Ancient History, Algebra and Geometry. Special attention is given to reading, declamation, composition, Greek and Latin poetry. The location of the school is near the College and Theological School, affords advantages of association with students of a higher rank and culture. The public lectures of these institutions are invaluable.
A. M. JONES, Sec.
Lewiston, July 5, 1871.

The Register for 1872.

News Summary.

CONGRESSIONAL.

On Monday, in the Senate, bills were passed creating additional land districts in Nevada and Minnesota, and authorizing the purchase of land in Indiana for government buildings. Bills were reported for the election of government buildings in Utah, N. H., Raleigh, N. C., and Little Rock, Ark. The legislative appropriation bill was considered in committee of the whole. In the House, among the bills introduced was one for the sale of the naval hospital and grounds in Brooklyn. The deficiency appropriation bill was considered in committee of the whole.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, one of the members from Kansas offered a resolution to refer to an investigating committee the elections of Senators in that State in 1867 and 1871, which was debated, and failed. The committee to investigate the sales of arms to France was elected by ballot, as follows: Senators Hamlin, Carpenter, Sawyer, Logan, Ames, Harlan and Stevenson. The legislative appropriation bill was discussed. In the House, a supplemental appropriation bill was reported and recommended. A bill was reported granting to the Central Pacific Railroad one-half of the island of Yerba Buena in the Bay of San Francisco. The deficiency appropriation bill was considered in committee of the whole.

On Wednesday, in the Senate, a bill was passed for the appointment of certain officers to the quartermaster's and inspector-general's departments. The legislative appropriation bill was discussed and amended in committee of the whole and afterward reported to the Senate. In the House, the bill granting half of Goat Island to the Central Pacific Railroad was discussed at length, but went over. The deficiency appropriation bill was considered but not acted upon.

On Thursday, in the Senate, bills were passed for the erection of public buildings in Albany, St. Louis, Hartford and Little Rock. The commerce committee was directed to thoroughly investigate the subjects of immigration and the treatment of immigrants and the quarantine and health regulations in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. The legislative appropriation bill was debated. In the House, the Senate bill for the redemption of the temporary three percent loan certificates of the rate at \$3,000,000 a month was reported back adversely and failed. The deficiency appropriation bill including the amendment providing for the full payment of government workmen who have received wages for only eight hours labor a day was passed. The bill extending the time for the completion of the St. Croix and Lake Superior Railroad was reported back and taken up Monday, the 11th.

On Friday, in the Senate, the Secretary of the Interior was requested to furnish information relative to the occupation of Indian territory by unauthorized parties. A bill was reported to establish the pay of enlisted men in the army. States of Jonathan Trumbull and Roger Sherman were formally presented to the United States in the name of Connecticut and accepted. The legislative appropriation bill was considered. In the House a bill was passed for the payment of \$100 bounty to soldiers (or their heirs) who were mustered in prior to August 6, 1860; also a bill extending the pension provision of certain United States judges. The post-office appropriation bill was discussed in committee of the whole. Both branches of Congress adjourned until Monday.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Northern Pacific Railroad is opened to Red River for business. A dispatch from the superintendent of the Union Pacific Railroad says that there are now no obstructions anywhere on the road, and that all the trains are in motion.

Six river steamers lying at a wharf in Cincinnati, together with their cargoes, were burned Thursday morning. The loss will exceed \$200,000. Two or three lives were lost.

One man, a plasterer named Richard Barry, 20 years old, was killed and three others seriously injured by the inhalation of coal gas in a close room at 70 Cabot street, Boston, during the night of Wednesday.

The people of Cass county, Missouri, are excited over the issue of \$200,000 in fraudulent county bonds. The swindle was perpetrated by a ring led by Judges Stevenson and Forsythe. Stevenson and other have fled. Several arrests have been made, and one of the prisoners committed suicide yesterday.

At the trial of Mayor Hall in New York, Thursday, everybody except the prosecuting attorneys was startled by the appearance of Andrew J. Garvey, the plasterer, upon the witness stand. He testified to the identity of the warrant paid him for work on the county court-house, but a legal wrangle cut off his testimony for the day before he got much further. It is probable that he intends to turn State's evidence.

New York contains one quarter, at least, of all the Jews in the country.

San Francisco merchants sent 130 tons of teas eastward upon one train lately.

The fortune of Mr. A. T. Stewart, of New York, is estimated at between fifty and sixty millions.

Russia sends to this country for large amounts of machinery, and hundreds of locomotives are built for her railways in Philadelphia.

In the early history of Harvard College, corporal punishment was of daily occurrence.

John McPherson, county judge of Benton county, Ark., shot and killed O. M. Thompson, a merchant, March 1, in a personal encounter. McPherson was arrested.

There are apprehensions of a renewal of hostilities between the Indians and military authorities, and a defeat of the policy inaugurated by the government is feared. General Howard has gone to Arizona and New Mexico to do what he can to prevent the anticipated trouble.

FOREIGN.

The French cable company has determined to lay another cable to America.

The Spanish government has decided upon the appointment of Admiral Polo de Barnate to the ambassadorship at Washington.

Emperor William has pardoned all the French prisoners still held by the Germans for civil and military offenses.

It is reported that several changes in the diplomatic representation of France will shortly be made.

When Alex was received to Cuba none of the foreign consuls were invited to participate in the ceremonies, and in consequence there is considerable indignation among foreigners in Matanzas.

It is reported that a treaty has been concluded between Brazil and Paraguay, by the terms of which the former continues to exercise a protectorate over Paraguay for ten years, and the latter undertakes to pay expenses of the protectorate and cedes certain territory to Brazil.

The famous Tichborne case has come to an end, and the claimant is in Newgate for perjury. When the court opened Wednesday morning his counsel stated that they would withdraw the case in view of the action of the jury in saying that sufficient evidence had been taken whereon to base a verdict. The defense then secured the arrest of the claimant, and in default of bail in £50,000 he is now in custody. Brazil no longer rests under the stigma of slavery, and already shows other hopeful signs

of advancing civilization. The schoolmaster will be abroad next.

The Japanese visitors, who are in Boston, represent that Japan contains about the same population as that of the United States, viz: 39,000,000.

O'Connor, the young fellow who assaulted Queen Victoria, is not now considered insane but simply a fanatical Fenian.

France paid another installment of its war in six departments, with liberty to maintain therein as large a military force as she may deem best. The ex-prefect of the Eure has sued Casimir Perier for false imprisonment.

Paragraphs.

A dispatch from Laramie, 515 miles west of Omaha, communicates the pleasant intelligence, that the long blockade of the Union Pacific Railroad is raised at last, and that the line is open from end to end to the other. There can be no danger of any further serious detention of the trains by snow-drifts, though the freshets may derange their movements temporarily.

During 1871 the English Lifeboat Association saved 658 lives and 31 vessels.

More than six thousand pictures were recently discovered which have been hidden away in a Florentine palace's garret since the time of the Medici.

According to the census of 1870, the results of which are just published, the population of the Kingdom of Greece amounts to 1,457,894 inhabitants, of whom 754,175 were males and 703,719 females. Compared with that taken ten years ago this census shows an increase of population of 132,515 souls, and a yearly increase of 13,241, or one per cent. The population of Peloponnesus is 618,881, of northern Greece, 656,805; of the Ionian Isles, 226,515; of the Cyclades, 123,293; of Euboea and the remaining islands, 103,565. The total number of families in Greece is 327,800, living in 512,516 dwellings. Each family, therefore, has on the average 4.38-100 members. The largest city is Athens, which has 44,510 inhabitants. Then come Heropolis, on the island of Syria, with 20,276; Patras, with 19,641; Zante, with 17,316 and Corfu, with 15,432. Among the smaller towns we find Sparta, with a population of 2090.

The total number of Irish people in the United States is 1,355,770. Of these 528,896 are in the state of New York, and 235,750 in Pennsylvania.

A new poem by Mr. Robert Browning, of considerable length and importance, will shortly appear. It is in verse, and is modern both in subject and rhyming. The relations between the sexes are discussed in a dialogue between husband and wife. She questions; he expounds.

The number of persons who perished in the Chicago fire is estimated to have been 200,000. Over 100 bodies have been recovered, nearly all of which have been identified, and the work of clearing away the ruins is still far from completed.

Jackson county, Iowa, has two republican newspapers, two democrats; two citizens in the deaf and dumb asylum, two in the reform school, two in the penitentiary, and two in the house of representatives.

The lighting of Rochester, N. Y., with natural gas from the Bloomfield wells, is likely to prove a success.

In Essex county, Virginia, recently a gentleman's second wife's two sons married his third wife's two daughters; both couples were about the same age when married; all, both husbands and wives, have the man as their father, and yet they are not relatives.

The manufactures of Turkey are reported to be on the decline. The steel manufactures, for which Damascus was famous, no longer exist. The muslin looms of Samsat and Tirmova, which numbered two thousand in 1812, are now reduced to less than two hundred spinning, and Broussa and Chirakir, once famous for their velvets, do not produce one-tenth they did forty years ago.

There are 20,220 blind persons in the United States; 37 per cent. being born sightless, 49 per cent. made so by disease, and 15 per cent. by accident. There are 20 schools for the blind in operation, of which 19 are exclusively for the blind and the remainder for the blind and deaf together. These institutions have an endowment of \$3,500,000, with an aggregate of 2,108 pupils. Since the establishment of the first of these schools, about forty years ago, 6,476 pupils have been educated.

The summary of last year's railroad construction in this country shows that but seventeen miles were needed to amount to 7000. Great as the building was known to be within the knowledge of all who paid any attention to the subject, it is doubtful whether any one supposed that more was being done than in any former year. And yet 1869 built only 4094 miles, and 1870, 6145, or 388 less than the last. The increase was 12.1 per cent. in 1870, but 13 per cent. in 1871 and gives us 60,332 miles now in operation in this country.

Rear-Admiral Ryder, of the British navy, has recommended the substitution of mattresses stuffed with granulated cork for those now in use, not only on account of their great buoyancy but owing to their economy in first cost. A mattress of this kind, with eleven pounds of cork, will float an iron weight of sixty pounds. They are used in the Russian navy, and nearly the whole of a ship's company was recently saved by their instrumental utility after a collision.

The fact of "Herr Holtum, the Prussian brachycephalus" who is astonishing the British by catching a ball fired from a cannon, is said to be neither novel nor difficult. The fact is that about two ounces of powder are placed in the gun, then the ball is rammed home, then the balance of the charge is put in. When the gun is fired all the powder is ignited, and the flash, smoke and report are orthodox, but the ball receives propulsion only from the small quantity of powder behind it, and is thrown but a few feet. So accurately could the force be estimated that at an experiment in England in 1846, a 12-pound ball was thrown against a board fence so as to leave a slight dent in it without knocking it down.

Altogether the ground had grown cool after the fire, Chicago, whose principal hotels were all destroyed by the conflagration, had perfected plans and contracted for the erection of others to fill their places. Five magnificent caravansaries are already under way, and the journals of that city boast that within a year it will have more ample and elegant accommodations than it ever possessed before. All of these five hotels now in process of erection will be larger than those which were destroyed, while it is said that three of them will rival any hotels upon the continent in beauty of external appearance and convenience and elegance.

The will of the late Governor Grimes gives to his wife the homestead in Burlington, Iowa, and \$10,000 per annum; to each of the daughters of his three brothers and one sister and to each of the daughters of the families of Edward and John Neely, and to the daughter of B. F. Neely, of Lowell, Massachusetts, \$3000 each; to his nephew, John C. Walker, of the United States navy, \$50,000; to his adopted daughter, Mary Neely, \$50,000; to his nephew James F. Grimes, of the regular army, \$10,000—to be expended in the education of the children of his sister, Sarah C. Grimes, an annuity of \$1000 for life; to Mrs. B. Nichols, \$10,000.

Rural and Domestic.

Things not to Do in Winter.

Don't let cows out to water when the barnyard is covered with ice; they are liable to injure themselves by slipping, especially if heavy with calf.

Don't let your horse stand out in the cold after a drive, without throwing a blanket over him. The neglect of this precaution has caused many a cold and sickness, so that self-interest, if not humanity, should compel the duty.

Don't let your pump freeze, if you wish to save trouble. It is a difficult job to thaw them out, and in the meanwhile your family and cattle may be suffering from it. Don't let water stand in troughs a single night, lest it be frozen solid before morning.

Don't spend your evenings at the village grocery, spinning long yarns, talking gossip and politics, and getting scented with tobacco smoke. Better stay at home and read to your wife, but if you go out alone, let it be to the farmers' club or some place where you will not forfeit self-respect.

Don't let the children mull over their lessons without helping them now and then over the hard spots. A very little encouragement goes a wonderful way with young folks under difficulty.

Don't neglect the dumb animals, especially in extremely cold weather, at the barn, the sheep-house, the pig pen, or the hen coop. They need shelter and warmth and food and water. Who is to supply them but you, the owner? They need not be starved almost to death before your obligation begins. They should be made comfortable and happy, or you do not discharge your duty.

Don't allow a pipe or cigar in the barn or other out-building. To enforce this rule on others, you must obey it yourself. How is it with you, do you smoke in your barn? If so, you must not complain if your buildings burn down before winter is out.

Don't saunter about of cold mornings, with hands in pockets, and neck and ears bunched up with mufflers. Out with hands, off with scarf and stir round briskly at some useful job. There is plenty to do, if you only plan for it beforehand, and there is nothing like work to start the blood and make one jolly.

Kerosene not Explosive.

Kerosene is not explosive. A lighted taper may be thrust into it, or flame applied in any way, and it does not explode. On the contrary, it extinguishes flame, if experienced with it at the usual temperatures of our rooms. Kerosene accidents occur from two causes; first, imperfect manufacture of the article; second, adulteration. An imperfectly manufactured oil is that which results when the distillation has been carried on at too low a temperature, and a part of the naphtha remains in it. Adulterations are largely made by unprincipled dealers, who add twenty or thirty per cent. of naphtha after it leaves the manufacturer's hands. The light naphthas which have been spoken of as known in commerce under the names of benzine, benzoline, and gasoline, etc., are very volatile, inflammable, and dangerous. They, however, in themselves, are not explosive; neither are they, when placed in lamps, capable of furnishing any gas which is explosive. Accidents of this nature are due entirely to the facility with which vapor is produced from them at low temperatures. But the vapor by itself is not explosive; to render it so, it must be mixed with air. A lamp may be filled with bad kerosene, or with the vapor even, and in no possible way can it detonate, or explode, unless atmospheric air has somehow got mixed with the vapor. A lamp, therefore, full, or nearly full of the liquid is safe; and also one full of warm vapor is safe. Explosions generally occur when the lamp is first lighted without being filled, and also late in the evening, when the fluid is nearly exhausted. The reason of this will readily be seen. In using imperfect or adulterated kerosene, the space above the line of oil is always filled with vapor; and so long as it is warm, and rising freely, no air can reach it, and it is safe. At bedtime, when the family retire, the light is extinguished; the lamp cools, a portion of the vapor is condensed; this creates a partial vacuum in the space, which is instantly filled with air. The mixture is now more or less explosive; and when, upon the next evening, the lamp is lighted without replenishing with oil, as is often done, an explosion is liable to take place. Late in the evening, when the oil is nearly consumed, and the space above filled with vapor, the lamp can not explode so long as it remains at rest upon the table. But take it in hand, agitate it, carry it into a cool room, the vapor is cooled, air passes in, and the mixtures become explosive. A case of 1 mp explosion came to the writer's knowledge a few years since, which was occasioned by taking a lamp from the table to answer a ring at the door-bell. The cool outside air, which impinged upon the lamp in the hands of the lady, rapidly condensed the vapor, air passed in, and an explosion occurred, which resulted fatally. If the lamp had been full of fluid, this accident could not have occurred. Before carrying it to the door, flame might have been thrust into the lamp with safety; the vapor would have ignited, but no explosion could take place.

Fire-side Science.

The snake seemed to be fully aware of the deadly effects of its own bite, as it never attempted to follow its victim though it closely watched it from the bank, its head being thrust out two inches over the bank, its eyes fixed on the frog, whilst the forked tongue was thrust in and out of its mouth, showing the state of excitement that the reptile was in at the contemplation of the feast before it.

Little, however, did the reptile anticipate what was in store for it; for whilst gloating over his wretched victim, a half-grown pig belonging to one of the Chinese flock-of-leaves men, saw him, and rushed at him. The snake was completely taken by surprise, his head at the moment being about four inches below the surface of the bank, thus preventing him from seeing the enemy approaching from behind.

The pig, without a moment's hesitation, seized the snake near the tail, and commenced chumping him up as a savage would eat a string of macaroni. Again and again the reptile bit him, with great violence twice on the snout, once on the ear, and once on the fore-leg. The pig did not seem to care the least about it, not stopping for one moment until it had despatched the hideous reptile. It went off grunting its satisfaction at the unexpected and luxurious repast which fate had thrown in its way. I saw the same pig some days afterward, and it certainly did not then evince signs of speedy dissolution. On another occasion I saw a pig giving chase to a snake, which only made good its escape by reaching the branches of a small guava-tree.

An intimate friend of mine once informed me that he saw a whole family of fifteen cobras devoured by a couple of pigs when he was taking off the roof of a bungalow at Mungledye, and although the pigs were bitten in at least half a dozen places, it did not have the least effect upon them.

The Latest Creed.

The Boston organ of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals publishes its thirty-nine articles of faith as follows: We believe it to be our duty—

1. To beat the animals.
2. To overload.
3. To overdrive.
4. To underfeed.
5. To drive galled and disabled animals.
6. To yoke calves and sheep's legs.
7. To couple on railroad stock trains.
8. To overload horse-cars.
9. To neglect of shelter for animals.
10. To pluck live fowls.
11. To dog fights.
12. To vivisection without anaesthetics.
13. The use of tight-check reins.
14. Bleeding calves.
15. Clipping dogs' ears and tails.
16. Haggling cows.
17. To introduce.
18. Better roads and pavements.
19. Better method for slaughtering.
20. Better method for horse-shoeing.
21. Improved cattle cars.
22. Drinking fountains.
23. Better laws in every state.
24. Our prayer in Sabbath-schools and among children.
25. To induce.
26. Children to be humane.
27. Teachers to teach kindness to animals.
28. Clergymen to preach it.
29. Authors to write it.
30. Editors to keep it before the people.
31. Drivers and trainers of horses to try kind.
32. Owners of animals to feed regularly.
33. People to protect insectivorous birds.

32. Boys not to molest birds' nests.
33. Men to take better care of stock.
34. Everybody not to sell their old family horses to owners of tip-carts.
35. People of other states to form societies.
36. Men to give money to forward the cause.
37. Ladies to interest themselves in the work.
38. People to appreciate the intelligence and virtues of animals.
39. And, generally, to make men, women and children better, because more humane.

Profits of Poultry.

In well-kept poultry-yards the net returns of eggs and chickens will average about \$2 to each hen. With turkeys the profits will vary from \$3 to \$5 to each one. This seems to be the usual average, as determined by many reports of actual experiments. In a communication to the Farmers' Club, this city, a grower at Hammon-ton, N. J., gives the results of his poultry farm for 1871:

"I have twenty-nine hens, which have laid 4,294 eggs; and if my arithmetic is right, they averaged 150 and a fraction over. I raised sixty chickens, worth \$30. The eggs averaged twenty-five cents per dozen, making \$37.50 for eggs. Add \$30 for chickens, and you have \$117.25. The cost of keeping I am not sure, as the count has not been kept so exact; but about \$35. The hens are a mixture of several breeds, but none pure. The White Leghorn and Brahma predominate. The feed has been corn and wheat screenings, with some hop-chest and wheat middlings, pounded oyster-shells, etc."

Pigs and Venomous Serpents.

We give below an extract from the *Oriental Sporting Magazine*, in which the writer states that he was on two occasions a witness to pigs being severely bitten by cobras without being in the slightest degree affected.

The first time I witnessed the act was in Ceylon, 1856. I was returning one morning from snipe shooting, with a tolerably fair bag of birds, when my attention was arrested by a dozen semi-wild pigs belonging to my friend, most perseveringly engaged in endeavoring to turn over by their snouts the half-rotten stem of a palmyra palm, and curiosity to see if they would succeed in their endeavors, for I had never seen pigs work so unaimingly in concert before.

The second instance was on a small island, called Pullobin, situated in the narrow channel of the sea between Singapore and the mainland. I had gone over to Pullobin to endeavor to shoot a man-eating tiger which was creating great havoc amongst a few wretched Chinese convicts stationed on the island to split granite and ship it to Singapore for building purposes. In this instance, I had been out all the morning in an unsuccessful search for the man-eater, and on my return, feeling rather done up, I stretched myself at full length in the raised portico of the shooting hut, and was enjoying my pipe, when I noticed a large black cobra slowly gliding along the top of the bank within twenty feet of me.

In the side of the bank were several holes having much the appearance of the nests of our English snipe-martin, and they had evidently at some previous time been the nests of either kingfishers or some of the freshwater family. The cobra, having approached the very brink of the cutting, suspended his head and about two feet of his body over it, and commenced a diligent search in these holes for rats, birds, or any small prey which might be concealed within them. Suddenly a loud squeak from one of their occupants showed that the unwelcome intruder had been successful in his search; and on the snake withdrawing his head from the abandoned bird's nest, a large frog leaped vigorously out, but on reaching the ground seemed to be perfectly paralyzed with the venom of the bite, and in less than a minute died.

The snake seemed to be fully aware of the deadly effects of its own bite, as it never attempted to follow its victim though it closely watched it from the bank, its head being thrust out two inches over the bank, its eyes fixed on the frog, whilst the forked tongue was thrust in and out of its mouth, showing the state of excitement that the reptile was in at the contemplation of the feast before it.

Little, however, did the reptile anticipate what was in store for it; for whilst gloating over his wretched victim, a half-grown pig belonging to one of the Chinese flock-of-leaves men, saw him, and rushed at him. The snake was completely taken by surprise, his head at the moment being about four inches below the surface of the bank, thus preventing him from seeing the enemy approaching from behind.

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An intimate friend of mine once informed me that he saw a whole family of fifteen cobras devoured by a couple of pigs when he was taking off the roof of a bungalow at Mungledye, and although the pigs were bitten in at least half a dozen places, it did not have the least effect upon them.

It is indeed a valuable medicine, and if I should be afflicted again in the same way, I would give a dollar for a dose if I could not get it better.

Respectfully,
J. M. GILE,
233 Third St., South Boston.

SEVENTY-ONE YEARS OF AGE.

Mr. STEVENS:—Fourteen months I have been afflicted with Kidney Complaint. I have tried doctors, and many patent medicines, but found no relief. My friends persuaded me to try your VEGETINE, and it has made a new man of me. I can most cheerfully recommend it to the public as a sure cure for the Kidney Complaint.

ALVIN GRADY,
421 Broadway.

Mr. STEVENS:—I am seventy-one years of age; have suffered many years with Kidney Complaint, weakness in my back and stomach. I was induced by friends to try your VEGETINE, and I think it the best medicine for weakness of the kidneys I ever used. I have found no other remedy for this complaint, and I can heartily recommend it to all suffering from the above complaint.

Yours respectfully,
JOSIAH H. SHERMAN,
MRS. MURDOCK PARKER, 383 Athens St.

Mr. STEVENS:—I have taken several bottles of your VEGETINE, and I think it a valuable remedy for Dyspepsia, Kidney Complaint and general debility of the system.

I can heartily recommend it to all suffering from the above complaint.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. MURDOCK PARKER, 383 Athens St.

Disorders of the Kidneys, Bladder, &c., are always unpleasant, and at the same time become sources of increasing danger and distress, and can effect the human system. Most diseases of the Kidneys arise from impurities in the blood, causing humors which settle on these parts. VEGETINE excels any known remedy in the world for cleansing and purifying the blood, thereby causing a healthy action to all the organs of the body.

VEGETINE is sold by all Druggists. Sw 10

HAVE BEEN to SOUTH AMERICA, To all parts of the South and West, Suffering Pain beyond description. ONLY FIND RELIEF IN VEGETINE.

H. R. STEVENS, Esq.,
Dear Sir,—Probably no case of Kidney Complaint has ever come under your observation, where this painful disease had more thoroughly refused to yield to the influence of so many different remedies as my own.

I have suffered, more than I can describe, through my back, hips and limbs, together with great difficulty in passing the urine, which was very often and in small quantities. For twenty years I have been a great sufferer with this complaint. I have tried all the remedies recommended which came within my reach. I have resorted to South America, to all parts of the South and West, to see if a change of climate would help me. I have expended thousands of dollars to obtain relief, still my only relief is found in VEGETINE.

About a year ago, I was advised by friends to try the VEGETINE, they having taken it themselves, and been cured. Without much faith, I consented to try it; and I can truly say, that I received great benefit from the first bottle. I began to rest better at night, and was not obliged to urinate so often, with much less pain. After taking three or four bottles, I was obliged to get up but once or twice during the night; and the pain in my back and limbs was growing less from day to day. I have taken in all some twelve or fifteen bottles; and to-day I am able to attend to active business as my man. Who can appreciate the blessing of good health more than one who has suffered for twenty years as I have? Is it not my duty (now I have found relief) to make this fact known? The VEGETINE has done more for me than I ever dared hope or expect from any medicine; and believe me, dear Sir, I am happy at all times to speak in its favor.

I am, &c., very gratefully yours,
WYMAN D. OSBORN,
416 1/2 Third Street.

Another would give a dollar for a dose.

H. R. STEVENS, Esq.,
Dear Sir,—I have been badly afflicted with Kidney Complaint for ten years, having suffered great pain in my back, hips and side, with great difficulty in passing the urine, which was often and in very small quantities, frequently accompanied with blood and excruciating pain.

I have faithfully tried most of the popular remedies recommended for my complaint; I have been under the treatment of some of the most skillful physicians in Boston, all of whom pronounced my case incurable. This was my condition when I was advised by a friend to try the VEGETINE, and I could see the good effects from the first dose. I took it until that moment I kept on improving until I was cured, taking in all, I should think, about six bottles.

It is indeed a valuable medicine, and if I should be afflicted again in the same way, I would give a dollar for a dose if I could not get it better.

Respectfully,
J. M. GILE,
233 Third St., South Boston.

Made a New Man of Me.

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