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The Morning Star

Volume XLVII.

DOVER, N. H., APRIL 3, 1872.

Number 14

THE MORNING STAR

A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER
FOR THE FAMILY.

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

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1872.

The Answer.

Darling child, you ask me why,
While I sing, I still must sigh—
What can grief me so?
Fair spring was mine, but it would not stay;
Bright youth was mine, and I dreamed it away;
True love came to me one golden day—
Smiling, I let it go.

The morning air was sweet and cool;
I had no thirst when my cup brimmed full—
Careless, I put it by.
Laden boughs were over my head—
Clusters golden, purple and red;
Summer's glories all round me spread;
Yet nothing held my eyes.

But when the sun sank to his rest,
Crimson glories curtained the west—
What bitter thirst was mine!
I seek in vain through hours of night
What came to me with the morning light;
Long, long weeping has blinded my sight—
I mourn my lost sunshine.

My heart is withered and cold and dead;
Snows of winter are on my head;
I travel my weary way.
Fair and sweet were my spring-time flowers;
Rich and full were my summer hours;
Laden with gold my autumn bowers—
I have nothing left to-day!

—Harper's Magazine.

Hampton Court Palace.

Come with me, and take a glance at this far-famed place. It is about fourteen miles from St. Paul's Cathedral, which is regarded as the central point of London. We can go either by carriage, steam-boat, or railroad; and will choose the last, and shall reach there in about three quarters of an hour. We cross the river to Waterloo Station, from which trains run many times a day. As the distance is short, and we wish to be economical, we will take a return ticket for a third class car, and thus the journey there and back will only cost us twenty-four cents each. On the way I will give you a few particulars respecting the palace.

It is situated near the bank of the river Thames, which is, here, a narrow, quiet and shady river, with osiers growing on its banks, wherries floating on its surface, and swans and other water fowl swimming in its bosom. Quite a contrast to the scene at London Bridge, where the same river is crowded with steam-boats, barges, and ships. The palace was built in 1515-1526, by the celebrated Wolsey, a very remarkable man, who, graduating at Oxford University when he was fourteen years old, afterwards became tutor, then a parish priest, and from this, chaplain to the King, bishop, archbishop, abbot, cardinal, legate of the Pope, and Lord Chancellor of England, and held a number of these offices at the same time. Being immensely rich, he built this palace for himself and spent enormous sums on it, and then, as a stroke of shrewd policy, presented it to the King, who was so pleased by this act, that he gave him large presents in return.

For many years this place was a favorite residence of the sovereigns of England, some of whom were born here. The last sovereign who resided there was George II, and since his time, suites of apartments have been granted during life to members of noble families, to whom a residence was supposed to be a consideration of value, thus utilizing its numerous rooms for the benefit of those who have position, but not much property. But the State apartments were reserved, and in 1838, these, with the grounds, were thrown open to the public five days in the week, from 10 till 6. No fees are charged, the necessary attendants and other officers being paid out of the

national funds. These state apartments contain numerous objects of interest, but they are noted especially as picture galleries. The whole number of pictures is about one thousand, the work of two hundred and seventy-five different painters of various countries and ages. Hence the connoisseur may here luxuriate in light and shade, in coloring and expression, and in all the other things that go to make up the painter's art; and the uninitiated may please the eye, and learn something of the painter's power. The public have not been slack in availing themselves of the advantages afforded them at this palace; 115,971 persons visited it in 1839; and the number was less in that the first year, than in any year since then; the average number of visitors per year, in the ten years closing with 1868, was 240,763. The largest number of visitors in any one day was on May 21, 1866, when 27,121 persons passed through the state apartments. This was Whit Monday that year, and a great holiday with Londoners.

But we have reached our destination. A short walk from the railway brings us to the palace, and we can examine it at our leisure. Whether we look at it from the Thames, or from either of its other sides, we must be impressed with the fact that it is a massive and handsome pile of buildings. It consists of three quadrangles, one of the open squares being one hundred and sixty-seven by one hundred and sixty-two feet; another one hundred and thirty-four feet square. We enter at the western front, and passing through several arches of exquisite workmanship, and through several courts, we come to the Great Hall.

This is one hundred and six feet long, forty feet wide, and sixty feet high. The roof is elaborately carved and richly decorated, and the windows contain numerous pictures in stained glass. That at the west end of the hall has in the center a full length portrait of Henry VIII., and the compartments on each side represent the arms and mottoes of his six queens. Each of these queens has also a whole window, either on the south or north side of the Hall, to delineate their armorial pedigrees, initials, badges, and mottoes. The alternate windows on these sides contain the heraldic badges of Henry VIII., and other windows in the room contain the arms of Cardinal Wolsey and others. But you say, "What does an American care about such things?" Well, however you may settle that question, you must admit that the sun shining through these brilliant colors in stained glass, has a very splendid appearance, and makes the hall look gorgeous.

But what are the walls? They are covered with " arras tapestry." Eight of the compartments contain as many different scenes in the life of Abraham. The figures are all full size, and the pictures are very fine. Under the minstrel's gallery, is a tapestry in six divisions, shewing the progress of a sinner from innocence to vice, and his deliverance therefrom by the mercy of God. A screen near the door is covered with tapestries shewing the seven deadly sins; and in the withdrawing room are other tapestries, which depict scenes from the ancient history of Greece and Rome. But we must pass to the State Apartments.

Visitors are not allowed to roam at liberty; but while they are allowed to stay in each room just as long as they please, they can pass only in one direction, in the regular order of the rooms. We pass up by the King's Grand Staircase. The walls and ceiling of this were painted by Verrio; and are crowded with allegories. It has a very magnificent appearance. We first enter the Guard Chamber, a room sixty feet long, thirty-seven wide, and thirty high, in which are arms sufficient for the equipment of a thousand men, arranged in various figures on the walls, the lower panels of the walls containing numerous pictures. From this room we pass through the King's first presence chamber, to audience chambers, drawing rooms, bedrooms, dressing rooms, closets, chapels, galleries, &c., till we reach the end of the series. The rooms are twenty-eight in number, but it would be tedious were I to give their several names, and a list of the pictures and decorations of each room. It will be enough for me to say that here are to be found portraits of the principal men and women who find a place in English history; and of numerous celebrated foreigners; scenes of various incidents in English history; a large number of Scripture incidents; heathen and Roman Catholic mythology, and many fancy sketches. In addition to the moderns, there is not a celebrated painter of ancient times whose works are not to be found here. Among them I may name, Michael Angelo, Claude, Correggio, Poussin, Rubens, and Vandyke. Of the painters whose works are found here, twenty-nine were born in the fifteenth century, the earliest of them being Giovanni Bellini, 1422; Andrea Mantegna, 1431; and Leonardo da Vinci, 1445. The views from the windows of some of these rooms are very fine, especially that from the Queen's Bedroom. But we must leave the interior that we may see more fully the outside attractions.

The gardens are laid out very beautifully, and are rich in flowers. Here also are large orange trees, on which you may see at the same time; blossoms, green fruit, and ripe oranges. Queen Mary's Bower is a long avenue lined with trees on either side, the branches and roots of which interlace each other; the latter of which appear

above ground, and form part of the pavement. It is said to have been a favorite resort of the queen whose name it bears. She was the wife of William III. and reigned in her own right, conjointly with him.

Near this Bower, is the Vinery, containing what is supposed to be the largest grape vine in the world. It is a black grape vine, and was planted in 1768. The stem is thirty inches in circumference, and the average yield of this single vine is twelve hundred pounds of grapes per year. In very fruitful seasons, more than two thousand bunches of grapes may be seen at once on this vine, most of them weighing as much as a pound.

The Labyrinth is another source of attraction. It covers only a quarter of an acre; but its walks are half a mile long. These are hedged on either side with green hedges six or seven feet high; and those who have not the clue to them, will by taking the wrong turns, find it a long way to the center.

The Labyrinth and the Vinery are exceptions to the general rule of this establishment. To enter either of these a fee of two cents is charged; but elsewhere in the grounds and palace, no attendant is allowed to take any fee or present of any kind.

W. H.

The Diamond and Mountain.

Of all the projects of modern engineers, the most wonderful, in our judgment, is the lately completed tunnel through the heart of Mont Cenis. To bore through an Alp for a distance of more than seven and a half English miles was a labor far exceeding the fabled exploits of Hercules. Hannibal and Napoleon rendered themselves famous by crossing the Alps, but what shall be said of the genius which has forced a passage through them? One great achievement was the invention of the perforating machinery, for it required to be powerful enough to make its way through rocks harder than granite; iron and steel were ineffectual in this case. A thousand years might have been spent in vain attempts to bore and blast the rock with ordinary means; but the difficulty was overcome, the tooth which could eat the mountain was discovered. For the ordinary iron bars, commonly used in boring rocks, Mr. Leschot substituted rotatory tools acting like an angular conical head, in which the steel teeth are replaced by diamonds. Black diamonds set in a ring, bite into the rocks and open the way for the powder. Hardness does the work. The diamonds, of course, are small, but they are hard, and therefore as they will not yield, the mountain is compelled to give way before them. Resolution wins the battle. The hard is beaten by the harder. The rock stirred not till something firmer than rock compelled it, and then it succumbed to the victor.

To the earnest Christian nothing is impossible, God being his helper. If his work be difficult, he only becomes the more resolute. With a diviner ardor, and more concentrated mind, enterprises are accomplished that before baffled every effort. The more severe the self-denial, the more intense must be our love to Christ: the more obdurate the hearts of men, the greater our zeal for their salvation. "There is nothing so hard," said Bernard, "but it may be cut by a harder." May our faith and love be the diamonds with which rocks shall be pierced, and a highway made through the mountains and hills for the Lord our God.—*Spurgeon.*

Kaulbach as an Artist.

It is Kaulbach's matchless power of drawing which has made his fame. I do not, however, agree with the disparagements of his colors so ripe in England, and indeed, in Germany—that is, not so far as his frescoes are concerned. Admitting that they are conventional, they show a keen perception of the relation of colors to open and luminous spaces, and the effect is generally very good. The great rainbow path which, in the Berlin frescoes, connects the divinities with the world of heroes and poets shines with a true celestial radiance, and Homer, steered by the sybil to the shore of sages and poets, is portrayed with great feeling as to the harmony of colors. Kaulbach has sometimes been said to be more French than German; but it seems to me quite a misjudgment. How any one can think so who has examined his Goethe drawings, or his illustrations of Reinecke Fuchs. I can not imagine. In these there are all the play of the German imagination, and all the peculiarities of German humor. But if any one would know how deeply Teutonic is Kaulbach's genius, let him pass an evening in Auerbach's Keller at Leipzig where the artist has told on the walls the old legend of Faust, Mephistopheles and Gretchen, in a way which Goethe had vainly aspired to do in the kindred art. In these exquisite cellar frescoes it has been impossible to obtain either the light or the distance necessary for the true fresco effect; but in the strong, deep delineations the old legendary spot seems to be haunted again by the characters which emerged from the darkness only once before—when Goethe sat there with his fellow-students around him.—*Harper's Magazine.*

When Christians grow cold and neglectful of their own duties they grow censorious toward each other. As love declines, the critical temper increases. All along the eaves of a cold church hang the sharp, piercing icicles of criticism and censoriousness.

Events of the Week.

MR. SUMNER AND THE FRENCH ARMS COM.

The Committee to investigate the sale of arms to France have as yet proved nothing. The main feature of interest in the investigation has been Mr. Sumner's order to appear before the Com. and his testimony there under protest. His evidence was on the whole rather tedious, being accompanied by much irrelevant and argumentative matter and of no essential importance to the real subject of investigation. The primal source of his information that there had been anything wrong in the sales of arms he refused to disclose, but did state that the letters and dispatches embraced in the preamble to his resolution were furnished by the Marquis de Chamburn. Mr. Sumner said that he had never called, upon the Secretary of War or of the Treasury for an explanation of the suspicious circumstances, not deeming that within the province of his duty as a Senator. After the direct examination had been concluded Mr. Carpenter returned with a few questions which he called abstracts, upon which he said he desired Mr. Sumner's opinion as an expert. Mr. Carpenter's real object was evidently to annoy Mr. Sumner, to impress upon him the power of the committee, and also to rebuke him indirectly for his assumption in disputing the right of the committee to examine him or to conduct the investigation. The success was only partial, however, and after a little while spent in this manner the attempt was abandoned and Mr. Sumner retired. Before he went, Mr. Carpenter moved that his two protests which were, he said, in the highest degree disrespectful—Mr. Hamlin adding, "Yes, and insulting"—to the committee, be returned to him and not permitted to appear upon the records. This affair has seemed unfortunate from the start, and it is continually growing more so.

AN EDITORIAL WAR.

Some of the New York Editors are having a war. The *Nation* sharply rebuked the *Times* for attacking the New York Insurance commissioner and for making charges that the *Times* knew were untrue. This latter paper replied that the Editor of the *Nation*, Mr. Godkin, had thrown the first stone in writing editorials for the *Times* under an assumed name. Thereupon Mr. Godkin sent forth a sharp rejoinder, denying any blamable conduct in the matter, and printing it in the *Tribune* which was only too glad to be the medium of an attack upon the *Times*. These were the opening shots, and now the fiercest epithets are flying back and forth between them. New York journalists have lately excelled in calling each other liars and blackguards, but now it is a mere race for the leadership, and no abuse of a rival is too severe to be indulged. There are some very unpleasant features about it, especially as they are worn by journals that have hitherto stood at the head of the profession.

TROUBLE WITH SPAIN AGAIN.

Having come to look with suspicion on every despatch, from whatever quarter, that indicates the possibility of a rupture with Spain, we are not surprised at the news that now comes to us from Washington. A little while ago the change of ministers was the carefully developed text of certain correspondents. Admiral Polo arrives, and we discover that he has been all along friendly to us, and that there is no reason whatever to anticipate trouble on that score. Then the case of Dr. Howard comes up. He has been transported, or is to be transported, to a penal colony for a term of eight years. We are told that he is an American citizen and that it is our duty to interfere. Then comes the story that Secretary Fish has written a sharp letter to the Spanish government on the subject. Again everything promises well for the long-desired quarrel, when it appears the Sec'y of State does not know that Howard is an American citizen, nor is he sure that the convicted man was not properly convicted; inferentially, he has written no sharp dispatch. Isn't it about time for the eager warriors to be discouraged at the failure of all their nice-laid plans?

MEXICO.

Late Mexican dispatches state that the rebels have lately suffered defeats. The government infantry, which was captured by the revolutionists in the battle of Matapulgas and afterwards embodied in the revolutionary army, rejoined the Juarist forces under Rochoa, inflicting terrible slaughter on the revolutionists, 800 of the latter having been killed and wounded. General Termino, who was in command of the rebels during the battle, arrived at Saltillo in a bad condition. He quarreled with Martinez about a month ago, owing to the former having appointed a young lawyer as the governor of the state of San Luis Potosi, and since that time these two commanders have ceased all cooperation. The revolutionists are generally demoralized, and it is expected they will evacuate Camargo and the whole border very soon. The revolution north of Sierra Madre appears to be waning. A forced loan at Monterey being mercilessly executed, several foreign mercantile houses have been closed and the merchants imprisoned. J. Ulrich, United States consul, is also imprisoned.

FRANCE.

The *Constitutionnel* again asserts that negotiations are proceeding between French and Germany looking to speedy liberation of the French territory from the presence of German troops, and that Emperor William's government is favorably inclined towards

some arrangement by which this result can be attained. The German government is said to be willing to order the evacuation of that portion of France now occupied by its troops, upon the immediate payment of 500,000,000 francs of the war indemnity and the remaining two and a half milliards of francs in yearly instalments. It is said that if the negotiations for the withdrawal of the German troops from French territory prove successful, the national assembly will be dissolved.

Mission Field.

JAPAN.

The arrival of the Japanese embassy in our country intensifies the interest already felt in their hitherto secluded empire. Mr. Gulick, American missionary, writes in the March No. of the *Miss. Her.*, an exceedingly interesting account of the changes going on in Japan with a rapidity, which—as one on the ground expressed it—is enough to take one's breath away. It is only four short years since the daimios, under the rule of the Tycoon, wielded almost sovereign power in their several provinces. Now, since the overthrow of the latter by the Meido, they are laid aside, their titles changed, and their immense revenues reduced to one tenth their former amount. The military class, numbering nearly a million, supported by the government and privileged to wear two swords, are being supplanted by thoroughly organized troops dressed in European costume, some of them armed with needle guns and recruited mostly from the farming class.

Mr. Gulick speaks of the Yetas, a class of outcasts numbering nearly half a million, found throughout Japan. Their name signifies unclean. They follow the occupation of leather dressers and buriers of dead animals. They were not permitted to enter a house, to sit or cook at the same fire with other persons out of their class. This treatment compelled them to live in villages by themselves. A short time since they petitioned the present government for relief from their disabilities. The government granted their prayer, issuing an edict declaring their equality with other classes of society, setting their right to enter any avocation and to live in the towns and villages with others, and has even gone so far as to appoint one of their prominent men to a governmental office. The Mikado—late spiritual Emperor, Son of Heaven, lineal descendant of the gods—had his feet measured for a boot a few days since by a Yeta and held a conversation with this humble subject, who, but the day before, would not have been permitted to sit and warm himself at the same fire with the poorest hod-carrier in the land. Just as the Japanese embassy was about to sail for the United States, a missionary writes, "A report has just reached us that a majority of the constitutional council of the Empire now in session at Yedo, have voted in favor of religious toleration. To human appearance, this nation could hardly present a more hopeful aspect than it now does. The people are eager to learn all that civilized nations have to teach them. They are learning English so fast that one of the missionaries at Yokohama, who has been ten years on the ground, told me that he thought that within twenty years men could go all through the Empire and preach the gospel to the listening masses in the English language! This is not to be expected, but all the signs of the times here seem to show that this nation is ready to be born in a day; and that that day may dawn any month. Send on the men. Don't let any turn aside to other fields who wish to come to Japan."

CHINA.

Only about seven years since, the Methodists commenced a mission 40 miles southward of Fochow, in the Fooching district, where there was not a single Christian. A late report states that the mission has now 418 members, 274 probationers, 14 native preachers, 10 unordained preachers, and 50 unordained preachers on trial. At a late meeting, the plan of self-support was adopted by the churches when one of the missionaries said, "All who cordially accept this plan, and are determined in the fear of God to do all you can toward making it successful, rise to your feet." Instantly the whole audience arose, stood a few minutes, and then knelt in prayer earnestly supplicating God to enable all who had given this public pledge to fulfill it faithfully.

WESTERN INDIA.

Mr. Harding, writing from Bombay, Dec. 5, describes a very interesting meeting that had just been held in that India city by Rev. Wm. Taylor, an Evangelist from America, who for a year past had been preaching in various places in Northern India with good success. He says: "We are often reminded these days of like precious seasons witnessed years ago at home. There is the same solemn stillness in the great assembly, the same eager, earnest look of the hearer, as the truth goes like an arrow to his heart, and there are tears of penitence too, such as many have thought we never could witness among this unimpassioned race. For several days it was a time of earnest heart-searching and deep penitence. . . . We have never before seen anything like this in Bombay, and no one can doubt that it is the Holy Spirit's work. We can not yet tell what will be the result of this awakening. It is possible that the Lord is about to do great things for us."

SOUTHERN INDIA.

Mr. Capron, of the Madura mission, writes in the March No. of the *Miss. Her.* of a tour he had just made in a region occupied extensively by the wealthiest class of merchants in southern India. These men do business in Madras, Calcutta, Colombo, Rangoon, Penang, etc., and their bills pass in cities a thousand miles apart. One might suppose their common sense would save them from some of the superstitions in which they were brought up but there are none so befooled by idolatry as these merchants. They are now spending upon a single temple in Madura as much money as the Am. Board expends in a year upon all its missions to the heathen.

MADAGASCAR.

The Sabbath in this recently heathen island is now scrupulously observed wherever the influence of Christianity has traveled. There is no noise of labor in the capital, no buying or selling of goods or provisions; even the gayer for the use of the family is brought from the springs on Saturday enough to last till Monday morning. There are nine large chapels in the city, several of which are provided with bells, where the people, dressed in white, assemble morning and afternoon for worship.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The people of these islands, since they renounced idolatry, have erected 120 church edifices. All but three of the churches have native pastors. They sustain schools, a college, a Theological Seminary, and Female Academies. One fourth of these native preachers are foreign missionaries. Last year every church contributed for missions, and some of them gave an average of five or six dollars per member.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MAR. 28, 1872.

INVESTIGATIONS.

The work of investigation still continues, and nobody can tell what is to be investigated next. While the Senate was wrangling over the proposition of Mr. Sumner to inquire into the sale of arms to the French, the House of Representatives authorized one of its committees to examine into the subject. This examination is now over, although the report of the committee has not yet been presented. The Senate has two investigations now on hand: one, into the sale of arms, and the other, into the frauds committed in the New York Custom-house. The House has three: the first, into the administration of the government of the District of Columbia, the second, into the official conduct of the Secretary of the Navy, and the third, into the alleged use of stone of an inferior quality in laying the foundation of the new building for the Department of State.

These inquiries have proved pretty conclusively to my mind three things: first, that the War Department, in selling arms, did not exercise due care and diligence to find out where they were going, although the officers of the Department had a suspicion that they were bound for France; second, that gross abuses, calling loudly for correction, exist in the custom-house at New York; and, third, that the government of the District of Columbia is in the hands of incompetent men, who have multiplied offices unnecessarily, and filled them with thieves. Thus far, no evidence has been adduced, going to show corruption among the high officials of the Navy Department, or among those charged with the duty of supervising the erection of the State Department building. I must confess that my own faith in the honesty of politicians—which was never very strong—has been considerably weakened by recent developments.

On Tuesday last, Mr. Sumner appeared before the committee elected by the Senate to investigate the sale of arms, in obedience to a summons. He declined to testify, on the ground that the committee was not appointed in accordance with parliamentary law and usage, and that a Senator should not be compelled to give evidence concerning his acts in the Senate chamber. On Wednesday, he appeared again before the committee, having received a subpoena, and testified under protest. He said he was perfectly willing that all his public career should be inquired into, and that there was not an act, letter, or conversation at any time that he would save from investigation. The examination did not reveal any improper conduct of Mr. Sumner in relation to the subject of investigation, but showed rather that he was actuated by what he deemed a sense of duty. Nobody, who knows him, would venture to insinuate that he was governed by unworthy motives in moving the investigation. Suppose that he is hostile to Grant. He is no less hostile to every form of corruption and deceit.

THE PUBLIC BUSINESS.

The Senate is trying to make up for lost time. Senator Sherman has given up the idea that his tariff-bill can pass this session, and the Senate has concluded to fall in with the humor of the House, and put tea and coffee on the free list. Advocates of free coal and salt will make a desperate effort to have these articles included in the list, but I am afraid, in vain. This repeal of the duty on tea and coffee is a victory for the high protectionists. The Congressmen from Pennsylvania are delighted with their success, and are confident that the iron and coal interests of their State are safe now. They are probably right, and it is extremely doubtful if anything more of importance is done this session to lighten the burden of taxation that rests upon the people. If Congress adjourns without passing some well considered bill, reducing both the internal taxation and the duties upon imports, it will fail to do its duty. The people at large care less for President-making than for reducing the prices of the necessities of life, by dispensing with unreasonable taxes and useless office holders.

A good deal has been said about the recent disposition of Congress to grant further subsidies to railroads, and a great many persons have congratulated themselves that the public domain will now be reserved for actual settlers; but I do not have much confidence in this sudden conversion. If some rich company should apply for a few million acres, I think it could get them, at least, after the Presidential election. A poor corporation doesn't stand much chance. Even now, there is a prospect of a railroad company getting a grant of a portion of a reservation in this city, originally set apart for the purpose of a public park, on which to build a depot, and this under the very nose of the Capital! The parties interested are the presidents of two of the most prominent railroads in the country.

POLITICAL.

Faithful Democrats, who love the name, have been very much frightened because of the reports that the managers of the party do not intend to call a convention, to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President. Their alarm is groundless. The leaders now declare that a convention will be held and candidates selected. But they are more inclined than ever to ratify the nominations of the Reform Republicans, provided the gentlemen selected are not particularly obnoxious to the Democracy. A good deal has been said about Sumner's chances of getting the nomination at Cincinnati, and many more favor him now than formerly. The better opinion seems to be, however, that Judge Davis will be selected. Democrats might be willing to vote for him, but fancy a follower of Buchanan and Breckinridge casting his ballot for Charles Sumner. It is too great a strain on the imagination, and I will stop!

PRESCOTT.

All writers do best who depict that which they have seen with their own eyes, instead of their "mind's eye." It is very easy to detect the difference. There is a glow, a naturalness, a fidelity to life in the first, that is never to be found in the last. And yet how many, stepping past their own legitimate points of observation, and looking only through the fog of imagination, give us dim, distorted, crude caricatures of life and human beings, the counterpart of which never has and never will exist. This is especially the fault of beginners, whose misdirected aim it is to startle and astonish.

Communications.

A Missionary's Journal.—No. 4.

BY E. C. R. H.

GARRETT, Nov. 17th. Had an attentive hearing in the village this morning. The chief speaker on the other side was a Brahmin, who, I am told, has made some proposals about becoming a Christian. He, like most others, seems to think it a very light matter; simply accepting the Christian Scriptures and reforming the outward life, is his idea of becoming one of us. He hears much, admits everything, and then turns round and asks how he is to be supported if he gives up his position as a Brahmin. He proposes a school here under our auspices with himself as teacher, a church, and a resident missionary; all very good and, with the consent and aid of our Board, might, doubtless, be accomplished, but all this would not make him a Christian. He has not committed himself by saying anything to me on the subject; if he is really an inquirer and has serious thoughts, he probably will.

At 10:45, A. M., we were on the market ground. We made a large and attractive display of books at our stand, but a few only were sold. We spoke by turns, with short intermission, for about four hours to different congregations; one company would gather about us and listen for a time and then pass on, thus making way for another which would soon assemble. By the time market broke up we were pretty thoroughly tired, and did not attempt any further labors in the evening.

SATURDAY, 18th. Visited another village this morning, but found very few people at home. Six or eight gathered about us, and among them a conceited young upstart, who proved to be the owner of the land in that vicinity. He at once assumed the offensive and attacked us wildly. His manner was that of a wild and incoherent declaimer; and when pressed to state a point and discuss it calmly he advanced this remarkable proposition, "That religion which is of God needs not that men should travel from place to place to teach it."

We found it utterly useless to talk with him, so gave it up, which when he perceived, he opened a personal attack upon Christians generally and Madhu Dass in particular. He said that Madhu was a fine Christian to be going round the country professing to be a converted guru. He was prepared to prove that he was no such thing, that he was formerly a man of low caste, a teacher of a Santal school. We of course, told him that he was mistaken. Then he accused us all of lying. We informed him that the party to whom he referred was another person of the same name, and from the same district, who had been a teacher of a Santal school before he became a Christian, that that person is now living at Bandarmani. All this clear evidence did not satisfy our opponent. After abusing us soundly for a time I asked him if he had any more to say. He said he had not.

I then called the bystanders to witness that the Babu had had the first opportunity to speak and he had improved it, until, as he himself declared he had nothing more to say. I told them that the field was fairly mine now, and as I had listened so patiently to him, he must now be silent while I talked. I would not suffer him to speak a word. I had the attention of the people while I reviewed a few things the former speaker had said, and then briefly discussed, without interruption, the following propositions:

1st. The true religion is for all people. None are too low, or poor, or vile to receive its benefits, if only they are willing to accept its conditions.

2d. Those who do accept it will be elevated and purified by it.

3rd. This will result in the destruction of self-love, and lead its possessor to seek, by all possible means, the good of his fellow creatures.

It was shown that Christianity alone has these three characteristics, and therefore it alone is the true religion. Our bombastic friend was, in conclusion, mildly but faithfully rebuked for his impertinence in giving a stranger—an honest man—the lie, and branding him as a deceiver.

In the evening we strolled into the different lanes of the village, seeking new preaching stands. We hit upon a very good one in front of the dwelling of one of the richest men in the place, who sustains a temple and numerous idolatrous rites connected with it.

Here we found a number of Brahmins and others assembled, apparently willing away their time in gossip. We proposed to preach, and our proposal was at once accepted. Madhu commenced, but evidently felt out of his element, having a class of intelligent men before him, for whom he felt he was scarcely a match. He managed to state with sufficient clearness the object of our visit, and left the field to others. It was clear that some in the company had their bristles all up and were quite prepared for a sharp fight; so the next speaker aimed to disarm them at the outset, by stating that though we were teachers of religion, despised Christians, they must not suppose that we were there to deny and disprove all their religious ideas. In most fundamentals all religious systems agreed, or at least their, the Mussulman's and our own did; and it might be profitable to devote an hour to finding out, by friendly discussion, first, how far we are agreed; second, in what we disagree.

The proposition was accepted at once, every "bristle" was in place immediately and the speaker was urged to take the initiative and they would listen. This was just what we hoped for. It was clearly shown,

1. That they all agree that there is one

God without a second. 2. In their views of the character of the Great Supreme. 3. That man is God's creature. 4. That he has sinned against God, who made him. 5. That on account of that sin he has become impure and guilty. 6. That unless he be pardoned and, by some means, cleansed he can not be saved.

It was then shown that the chief point of difference was the means by which pardon and cleansing were to be obtained.

The attention of our hearers only needed to be called to the fact that with all their religious rites and observances these had not and ever could be obtained. Hinduism does not propose to secure such blessings. All it proposes to do is to avert the punishment due to sin. Here, too, the true God-appointed means were presented, Christ was preached, and his gospel pressed upon their careful consideration. The opportunity was, all things considered, a very favorable one.

Rum Taxes.—No. 3.

LOSS OF TIME.

All of our population have to be supported by somebody, and if they do not support themselves some one else must support them. And if any of them are simply consumers, and not producers, then the amount produced is that much less, and of course that much higher. If the producers have to support the idlers, it must be just so much harder for each producer than it would be if there were no idlers and all producers. Now we have a large class who are consumers and non-producers, on account of intemperance; and who would be producers were it not for intemperance. In this number we may enumerate the following classes of persons:

| | |
|---|---------|
| Manufacturers of Intoxicating Liquors of all kinds, | 40,000 |
| Dealers in Liquors, | 150,000 |
| Drunkards, | 600,000 |
| Paupers, | 250,000 |
| Criminals, | 160,000 |
| Insane and Idiots, | 25,000 |
| Police, | 25,000 |

Total of all Classes, 1,150,000

There may not be 500,000 drunkards who spend all of their time in intemperance, but there are hundreds of thousands of men who spend a large portion of time in their intemperate habits, and the time spent by all who drink would amount to the entire loss of the time of 500,000. And we think that a large number of the police force, as named above, could be at once dismissed if the traffic and use of intoxicating liquors were abandoned.

Take, for example, the city of Vineland, in New Jersey, a city of 11,000 inhabitants; the expenses of the police are a mere trifle, and there was but one indictable offense committed in 1868. The expense of the poor was but \$100 during the year; and they have no grog-shops. As grog-shops increase, crime and policemen increase.

Then it is estimated that 70,000 men die annually from intemperance; and if we only reckon that they shorten their lives by drink five years, it will amount to an annual loss of \$50,000 years; and these added to 1,150,000 make 1,500,000 years of labor annually lost, which is equivalent to that amount of men doing nothing. If we reckon on labor worth \$300 a year, it will amount to \$450,000,000.

According to the census, returns we have but 10,000,000 producers in the country; so that we have an amount equal to fifteen per cent. of all the producers in the country, who are producing nothing to add to the wealth of the country; and yet these men are all consumers, living upon the labor and industry of the producing classes. If these non-producers, these idlers, this class, thrown out of all honest employment by intemperance, could be set at work, as producers, it would add 15 per cent. to the amount of products of the country, and would of course diminish the cost of those products 15 per cent. Here there is a rum tax of 15 per cent. laid upon the cost of every article used in the country.

Suppose either political party should propose to create 1,500,000 new offices in the government, and give each office-holder a living;—would not the other party make that a question at issue in the political campaign? and would not the party adopting it be overwhelmingly defeated? But don't the people and country suffer just as much as they would if the support given to the idlers were given to office-holders? Would not the politicians talk about the "great burdens imposed upon the people"? But do not the people suffer just as much as they would, were these burdens imposed by a party, and is it not the duty of political parties to relieve the people of this burden, just as much as it would be were they imposed by one party, instead of being allowed and winked at by both parties. Let us recapitulate the several items of cost of intemperance:

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------|
| Cost of Liquors, | \$900,000,000 |
| Incidental Expenses, | 250,000,000 |
| Loss of Labor, | 450,000,000 |
| Total cost of Intemperance, | \$1,618,000,000 |

It may be thought that we put in every possible item and even exaggerated the items; but we shall print other large items not reckoned in the account. There are at least 100,000,000 pounds of sugar used up in the breweries and grog-shops, for which we may add \$15,000,000 more to this account. Then we may reckon a loss of bad debts, not collectable on account of intemperance, of at least one half per cent. on the trade of the country, which is somewhat over \$10,000,000,000 which would give \$50,000,000 annually. And then every man who employs a gang of men will lose more or less from the intemperance of his men. Messrs. Ames & Sons state that "each man's production, in their agricultural factory, was fourteen per cent. greater in 1867, when the prohibitory law was enforced, than in 1868 under license." Then, during three years, from 1865 to 1868, we had imposed upon distilled liquors in the country

\$2 per gallon, and must have had manufactured annually during that time 75,000,000 gallons, which would have given us \$450,000,000 of revenue. Of this vast amount that should have gone to pay the national debt, we collected in all, during the three years, less than \$62,000,000 and lost \$388,000,000. Had this capital been invested in any other business it would have paid much more revenue than this business paid. Then add to this a class of 50,000 mechanics, who are engaged in making distilleries, breweries and grog-shops at \$500 per year, which is very low, and we have \$25,000,000. Many other items might be added to this already large bill.

Thus it is seen that we have not made this bill as large as we might have done. But a liquor bill, for the people of this country to pay annually, of \$1,618,000,000 is sufficiently large to startle every thinking man who cares for himself, his children or his country. Compare this vast sum with some of the products of the country; take the live stock of the country:

| | |
|-------------------|------------|
| Horses and mules, | 7,250,000 |
| Neat stock, | 21,500,000 |
| Sheep, | 38,000,000 |
| Swine, | 23,250,000 |
| Total live stock, | 90,000,000 |

The whole is only valued at \$1,530,000,000 which is \$88,800,000 less than our grog bill for one year. What would we think to have all our live stock destroyed by some epidemic every year? Would we not think it a matter of sufficient consequence to legislate upon?

Our national debt is about \$2,400,000,000, and our expenses for intemperance would pay the whole debt in one year and a half. The entire expenses of the war have been estimated at Washington, including all that the general government has paid, what the states and towns and cities have paid, the destruction of property in the south, the losses to business on the sea and land, the diversion of business, from its regular channels into the channels of war, at \$9,000,000,000. The amount of the rum bill, with interest annually, is \$9,000,000,000 every five years; and the loss of life, from intemperance annually, will be nearly, if not quite, as large as the loss from war.

If the continuance of the war in its destruction of life and property was a question of such mighty magnitude between the political parties, why is not an equal loss to the country in another form? Will not the people open their eyes to this great question?

Now compare this rum bill with our agricultural products:

| | |
|--------------|-----------------|
| Corn, | \$450,000,000 |
| Wheat, | 375,000,000 |
| Oats, | 137,500,000 |
| Barley, | 30,000,000 |
| Eye, | 27,500,000 |
| Buckwheat, | 20,000,000 |
| Potatoes, | 90,000,000 |
| Hay, | 250,000,000 |
| Total value, | \$1,380,000,000 |

Here we have an amount of \$238,800,000 less than the grog bill. Would the preservation of their crops be a question of sufficient magnitude for political parties to make it an issue in a political campaign? Let this rum bill be invested in these products and we have double the amount produced, and consequently these articles will be procured at half of their value to the laboring man. Is not this the real "labor reform"?

We have now in active operation in the United States about 50,000 miles of railroad, at a cost of construction of about \$1,800,000,000. So that our annual grog bill would very nearly double our railway communications in a year. Would not the doubling of our railroad facilities be a question of sufficient importance to make it a political issue? The annual destruction of all the railroads in the country would not damage the country as much as intemperance does.

The annual increased valuation in the United States is estimated at \$546,000,000, add to this the amount expended for intemperance and we have an increase of \$2,264,800,000.

Compare the cost of intemperance with the national debt for a series of years; put this debt at interest for ten years and we have \$4,000,000,000; but put the rum bill at interest for ten years and we have \$20,000,000,000, which is about two-thirds of the entire personal and real estate of the country. And in fifteen years the annual rum bill and interest would amount to the entire value of all the wealth of this great country. Do we need to apologise for pressing this financial aspect of the temperance question upon the consideration of the voters of the country?

Now let us give some statistics showing the effect of intemperance upon the increase of property in Mass. From 1840 to 1860, they had prohibition enforced or not at the action of the citizens; and the increased valuation of the state annually was \$30,000,000; from 1860 to 1865 the prohibitory law was the same; but an account of the war it fell off to \$18,000,000. But from 1865 to 1867 they had the state police, and the law was pretty generally enforced, and the valuation went up to \$87,000,000 annually. If we reckon \$30,000,000 as the fair estimate annually after the war as it was before, then we have an increase of \$57,000,000. Now, during 1868 under the license law the valuation fell off over \$30,000,000. What, then, is the great financial question in Mass; and is it not the same in the whole country? From 1865 to 1867 personal property in Mass. increased nine and one half per cent.; during 1868 it only increased two and two-thirds per cent. In Boston during the two first years it was seven per cent. and during the last with only one half per cent. it was only one and one-third per cent. How can statesmen and business men shut their eyes to these startling facts? And we might fill pages with just such statistics from the most reliable sources.

A. DEERING.

Rev. Hilton Brackett.

Rev. Hilton Brackett died in Charleston, Vt., Jan. 8, 1872, aged 74 years and 22 days. He was born in So. Wheelock, Vt. His father died when Hilton was very young, leaving a large family in quite limited circumstances. His early life was like that of many young men, growing up without home influences and healthy home discipline,—of an active temperament and more than average natural abilities, he all the more readily fell into bad habits and unsteady disposition.

At the age of 35, he was married to Olive Fletcher, and came to Charleston to make a home. His brightening prospects were at the end of three years darkened by the death of his wife. This union, though short, proved of great, and we trust, of eternal advantage to him, for by her faithful conversations and prayers, he was persuaded to give himself to Jesus, and she was permitted, a few days before she died, to see him kneel at her bedside and engage in prayer.

Burying his wife, he went to Lyndon, and at the end of three years was married to Ruth Fletcher,—a sister of his first wife,—and then returned to his farm here. From that time to his death, he remained a citizen of this town.

He entered into the service of Christ with a whole-heartedness, characteristic of him in whatever he undertook. His neighbors and friends urged him to hold meetings, and ere he was aware of it he was a leader by general consent. At length he was persuaded to consent to be licensed to preach. I find his first license, from the Wheelock Q. M., to bear date Jan. 26, 1844, and his ordination took place two years later, July 12th.

Conscious of his limited education, and always underrating his abilities, he felt that to take ordination papers would disgrace the ministry and himself; that it would be consenting to take a position and responsibilities for which he was not qualified.

Sister Brackett informs me that her influence also was against his consecrating himself to the public ministry. Said she to the writer, "I knew he could not be an orator, in his advanced life, limited education and a family and farm on his hands, and I was too proud to consent that he should be less." How many there are who refuse to make the people sit down because there are but "five loaves and two small fishes," or will not cast in their two mites because they have no more, but let thousands go starving to their homes and lose the blessed approval of their Lord.

At length, fearing that he would, in his despair, take his life, she was brought to say, "Anything, Lord." When he returned from the woods, whither this terrible temptation had driven him, she saw in his countenance that the hour of victory had come. Together husband and wife retired and consecrated themselves anew to the work of their Lord and Master, and they have unitedly worked in the vineyard as they found opportunity.

Those best acquainted with the years of his ministry, think he has honored his calling within his limited sphere.

Upon a pleasant Sabbath morning, a few weeks before he died, feeling unusually well, he ventured to visit the stone church once more. Every countenance expressed surprise and joy when they saw him enter leaning upon his son, and the scene when he arose to address them, leaning heavily upon the desk, surpasses description. All eyes were bathed in tears, while he spoke of his desire to see them once more, of his interest in them, of his home over the river, and how narrow the stream now looked to him.

Father Brackett has not been free from pain for five years, which, for the last year, has been excruciating much of the time. At my first call upon him, less than a year since, he said, had it been told him how much he would suffer, he could not have believed it, and, said he, "still less I could have believed that I should have been made so happy through this suffering." He has been a millionaire in Christian enjoyment during this last year, and continued so to the last.

The day of his burial was pleasant and mild, and the stone church was crowded with sincere mourners. A very appropriate funeral sermon was preached by his intimate friend, Rev. T. P. Moulton. Text 1 Chron. 29: 28. "And he died in a good old age, full of days, riches and honor."

COM.

Enter thy Closet.

"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet; and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly." Matt. 6: 6. Self-love is often the spring that moves to action, when its presence and power is little suspected, so deceitful is the human heart. Seldom does the general, the statesman, the scholar, act each his respective part in life's drama, with an eye single to duty and the public good, untrammelled by intense desire for the world's applause. Self is ever an idol to the "natural man," and hence his desire for homage from the multitude.

But the Christian, who, at the very outset of his experience, must renounce self, and seek no longer his own honor and glory, but the glory of Him who has redeemed him, and who looks not at the "outward appearance," but to the heart,—the Christian who has taken upon himself the name, and should be Christ-like,—why should he do ought to be "seen of men"? Are not the accounts of his soul to be settled between himself and God alone? Will the great judge who searches every corner, knows every motive, and therefore justly weighs every action of the human heart, be biased in his eternal decisions by the chance praise or censure of short-sighted fellow mortals? Why, then, pray "standing in synagogues, or corners of the streets?"

Nay, rather hear him who as an exam-

ple to us, is himself "meek and lowly of heart," saying, "enter into thy closet"—no, go abroad to attract observation, and gratify an ostentatious pride, which would render the distance between thee and him thou wouldst supplicate ten times greater than before, but, leaving the outer world behind, with all its deceitful show, its vexatious cares and trifling vanities, thoughtless alike of its smiles or frowns, "enter into thy closet; and when thou hast shut the door"—not leave it ajar that the passer-by may notice thee and commend thy devotion, and thy heart be polluted by thought of his praise; but when thou hast fully shut the door from all outward observation—shut the door of thy heart from all vain imaginations and every sinful desire, then "pray to thy Father which is in secret," in solemn awe contemplate the holy attributes of the God-head, lay thine all on the altar, looking to Jesus through the Spirit, as thy High priest and advocate with the Father, and meekly confessing thy own vile deserts, ask in his name what thou wilt, for thyself and thine own needs, or for the friend whom thou hast brought with thee, in spirit, to Jesus for healing, get near enough to touch the hem of his garment, and let his shadow fall upon thee, and "Thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."—shall grant thy request. "This is the confidence that we have in Him, that if we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us; and if we know that he hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions desired of him." 1 John 5: 14, 15.

S. S. C.

Prohibitory Liquor Laws.

The drift of public sentiment is towards applying legislation to the evils of liquor selling by enacting prohibitory laws. The first of the kind that was framed was by the Legislature of Maine in 1851, and being the first, it is a marvel that it was so perfect. It has undergone some changes in that State since, but its main features are preserved and some of them made more stringent. A number of other States have enacted similar laws. It is, however, now quite a subject of discussion as to what the Prohibitory laws shall be. But there is no doubt while attention is being largely turned to the matter, that after a time, perhaps before long, laws will be enacted every way adapted to the exigencies of the case, and will be a powerful aid in staying the progress of liquor-selling, drunkenness and crime.

A case or two of the progress of prohibitory legislation in the West will be given.

The State of Ohio has adopted a law that holds persons selling liquor to habitual drunkards, responsible in damages to the wives and children of such parties. This is just, and must have a powerful effect for good. The State of Illinois has taken up this principle and carried it further and made it more thorough-going and complete. It enacts that no person shall sell intoxicating liquors without a license, and no one shall have a license without giving a bond, in the sum of three thousand dollars, to pay all damages that may be inflicted on person, or property, or means of support in consequence of those licensed selling or giving away intoxicating drinks. It is provided also that any one who sells or gives liquor and causes intoxication, shall pay a reasonable sum for taking care of the one intoxicated, and 2 dollars per day for the lost time of the one intoxicated. The leaser of the building where such liquors are sold shares the liability. It seems that such laws indicate progress in the right direction. The law of Illinois is to go into effect July 1.

S. S. Department.

Earnest Workers.

Very often it is the case that they who have the most work to do in the week are the most regular in their attendance upon the Sunday-school, and work in it with the most zeal. One would imagine that after a week's hard work the exhausted mind and fatigued body of the worker would require and receive rest on the Sabbath, and that those who spend the week in "sing their own pleasure" would be willing to work for the Lord on his holy day; but if we seek an illustration of the reality of religion, we may find it in the fact that the Christian is never too weary to work for his Master.

I once knew two ladies who kept a boarding school in a country town. Their daily duties, including those of school-hours, the preparing of lessons, and of fancy work for the pupils, occupied fully eight hours of each day. The school was a large one, and the teachers were earnest and conscientious in the performance of their duties, so much so that aching, throbbing heads and weary minds were their daily portion. Yet every Sabbath-day saw them in their places in the Sunday-school, one hour in the morning and two in the afternoon. They had large classes, and were always well prepared, devoting the half-holiday of Saturday to that purpose. Nor did their self-imposed duties end with the Sabbath. Absent or sick pupils were visited in the little leisure of the week, and were led to feel that their teachers took a personal interest in their well-being; that each one was the subject of care and thoughtful consideration.

Where circumstances will permit, I am sure the teacher will find it a pleasure as well as a duty to visit the members of the class at their homes, and to make him or herself acquainted with the every-day life and surroundings of each scholar. Such visits throw light on many a dark corner in the mental and spiritual condition of children, and enable the teacher to apply instruction more wisely. How often have we heard the remark, "It is easy for our teachers to say, Do this, or Do that, but if they saw how it was at home, they would know how impossible it is to act as they advise, and, of course, we can't explain it to them." In such cases, the visiting system enables the teacher to judge of the pupils' temptations, helps, or hindrances, and prepare the way for the judicious training of character. Parents, also, are pleased to see that their children are the objects of so much attention, and good is often done to the older members of families by such visits.

I heard lately of a case which shows that the old adage, "Where there's a will, there's a way," is still a true one. A lady, whose time during the week is closely occupied, and who lives in a distant part of Brooklyn, comes regularly, every Sunday, to teach both morning and afternoon at a mission Sunday-school at New York. She has a large class, and between her and her pupils there is a warm affection. They know that, whenever health allows, she will be at her post, and they make it a point of honor, as well as love, to be there to meet her. No location is so bad as to prevent her making her appearance promptly. Through all the snow of last winter, she was as regular as the returning Sabbath, and on that very wet Sunday, a few weeks ago, when the streets were deserted and churches nearly empty, she was sitting in the midst of her class at New York. She has as though no such thing as a torrent of rain had ever been known to thin the ranks of Sunday-school workers. Well might the superintendent call this lady his "right hand." A few such in every school would keep it in full activity, and steady progress would be the result. Scholars do not like to crowd into a strange class, and teachers should never be the occasion of their doing so.—*Christian at Work.*

Too Much Illustration. We are glad to see a tendency of Sunday-school instruction, which we think in danger of influencing our teachers too much, thus checked by wise words from the *National Sunday-school Teacher*:

"That illustrative teaching is growing in popular favor is evident by the growing use in our public and Sabbath-schools; and by the way, the uniform testimony of history attests this truth, that wherever teaching is rescued from a selfish aristocracy to a broad, humanitarian institution, just so far does the study of life and nature go and grow together. In the grand old Hebrew economy this was especially seen; every parent being a divinely commissioned teacher, and ordered to present, not the simply abstract rule of right and wrong, but its practical working in the past history of their fathers. And Hebrew teaching abounds in illustrations, comparisons, parables, so that the books of which they are composed are, and have ever been, the delight, the consolation, the enlightenment of even the humblest minds, until no other words can compare with them for the hold they possess upon the Christ-loving heart of the world over. What would have been the effect, if, instead of the pathetic history of Joseph, we had only the cold philosophy of his wonderful life? Had King David merely sung of abstractions, instead of comparing the Lord to a loving and careful shepherd, would a multitude of humble souls have taken to themselves the infinite consolation of those words? And what cold-blooded soul would have omitted the glowing comparisons of Isaiah?

"Blessed indeed was it for Judea that to the 'land which sat in the shadow of death light sprung up,' when the greater Teacher came who taught 'not as the scribes'—because 'the common people heard him gladly.'"

An analysis of the parables, illustrations, and comparisons of our Saviour is a work of surpassing interest, for by reason of their wonderful presentation of actual every-day life, we may view the daily life of the Jewish people, and by the lessons they teach, obtain a view of what man has been by nature, and may be by grace. The parables, illustrations, and comparisons of our Saviour are one hundred in number, and as we desire to know the proper character, limit, and aim of true object and illustrative teaching, we can surely find instruction in examining the highest model and most perfect example.

Regarding the character of these utterances, we find that of these one hundred illustrations, only six were concerned with visible objects:—The Well in Samaria; The Little Child; The Feeding of the multitude; The Fig-tree; The Washing of Feet, and the Supper. As a narrator, we find that Jesus related sixteen stories. Of direct comparisons there are thirty-five, and of indirect, forty-three. We find, then, that Jesus appealed less to eye-gate than to ear-gate—the fewness of the visible objects used by him being very suggestive. It would truly appear that there is manifest danger in too frequently appealing to the eye. It may well be queried if the visible Levitical service did not more often materialize than spiritualize those who were often led astray by the very frequency of the exhibitions.

How CAN WE KEEP OUR OLDER SCHOLARS? The *S. S. Workman* discusses this question:

It is one which is not as easy to answer as it might seem. We have often heard it introduced in the question-box of an Institute, and dismissed in a moment with some such answer as, "Why, by keeping them interested, to be sure." In some instances—the sage who has given the answer seems to think the matter is thus settled beyond controversy.

"Keeping them interested" is good as far as it goes; but the work of interesting a growing boy or girl is more of a science than most people are disposed to consider it. The teacher who succeeds in holding the attention of a boy eleven years old, may entirely fail to engage the interest of the same boy at fifteen. It often happens that, while the boy has grown four years in mind and body, the teacher who has given the answer seems to think the matter is thus settled beyond controversy.

We can not, in our Sunday-schools, compel the attendance of our scholars, as in week-day schools. We may grieve over the loss of our scholars; but, if we severely insist that they shall, and must come back, and that they are bad and wicked children if they do not, they are apt to stand outside and laugh at us. It is our duty to try and master the art and science of teaching them, and of holding their attention, so as to compel them to come; not by any rude or merely legal process of compulsion, but by the exercise of the same kind of love "that sweetly forced us in" to the gospel feast.

And if we would teach these boys and girls anything calculated to give us a hold on them, we must know it in order to teach it. We must not only know it for ourselves, but be able to impart it to them. The empty teacher who goes before a class of this kind of scholars with an unprepared lesson, will soon be found out and exposed by them. We can hardly blame them for it, either.

The facilities of these young people are wide-awake. We must be as wide-awake as they are, and we must leave no means untried to keep and hold them. After teaching and training them for several years, it is a pity to let them slip off just at the time when they most need faithful instruction.

Selections.

"Into thy Hands, My God."

Into thy hands, my God, I gladly fall,
Resigning there my life, my will, my all;
Do as thou wilt, O Lord, for I am thine;
Whatever thy blest will is also mine.

Into thy hands, my God, for there, at length,
Through my poor weakness shall I find thy strength;
Thy grace shall triumph over all my sin,
And Christ's dear blood shall make me pure within.

Into thy hands, my God—these hands of love,
Which sweetly reach and drew me from above,
Those hands which countlessly daily mercies give,
Those hands by which I every moment live.

Into thy hands, my God—my Father's hands;
Near them a living Saviour pleading stands.
Oh, love! He pleads for me—how can I fear
With such a Father, such a Saviour near?

In thy dear hands, my God, there let me rest;
Send pain or sickness if thou seest best;
Do as thou wilt, O Lord, for I am thine;
For perfect love casts fear and sadness out.

Safe in thy hands, my God, a little child,
I look to thee through Jesus reconciled;
I dare, for his dear sake to call thee mine;
For this sweet bliss I would all else resign.

Into thy hands, my God, I cast my will;
Bid every murmuring, restless thought be still;
My only wish, while on the narrow road,
Tranquil to lie in thy dear hands, my God.

—Sabbath at Home.

The World to the Church.

Last week saw the close of an extraordinary political campaign. For months two great parties in New Hampshire have been putting forth gigantic efforts in preparation for the decisive day. The entire preparation of battle had been carefully marked out by men who represented the wisdom, the foresight, the best strategic skill of the respective parties. The State was divided into departments, and men were appointed to the command of these with a wise reference not only to their abilities, but to their peculiar adaptation to local necessities. The people were then plied with every appliance which can effect the human reason and will. The journals of each party, day by day, or week by week, poured out upon their readers columns of argument of well-considered and inflammatory appeal. Congressional reports and speeches, innumerable numbers were scattered throughout every part of the State. Pictorial placards, party catch words, political pasquinades of every kind, from city walls and country fences, were made to speak to every passer by. Immense meetings were held in every city and village. Distinguished orators, male and female, from every part of the broad country, gave their wit and eloquence, to arouse the enthusiasm of the listening thousands. Bands of music, street processions were used to good effect to fan to intense glow the popular interest.

So thorough and far-reaching was this party work that it is safe to say there was no district unvisited; there was no man who was not addressed. Indeed it is said, and no doubt truthfully, that the name of every voter of the State was registered at headquarters, and that his party antecedents and intentions were indicated there with astonishing accuracy. The more one thinks of it the more marvelous seems the energy and thoroughness of this work, the vastness of this pecuniary expenditure, the greatness and height of this popular enthusiasm.

We are told that only in this way could the grand result have been reached. Without doubt this is so. But in reviewing it all we have been led to think of something else. Those words of the Master in respect to "the children of the world being wiser than the children of light," come again and again to our ears. The church must needs applaud the consummate wisdom, tact, activity, sacrifice, zeal and devotion which this political contest has evoked. It must admire these as the efficient means by which so great success has been achieved. Why should the church be so slow to imitate the world in these things? Conceive the church entering into a great spiritual campaign, in this or any other State, with the same wisdom in plan, the same thoroughness of work, the same consecration of spirit, the same intensity of enthusiasm which this political campaign in New Hampshire has called out! Take that State for the next month—cover it over with religious truth in Bibles, in tracts, in journals; fill every public hall with men, women and children, and speak to them in plain language God's plainest truths; visit men in their offices and homes, talk with them in the streets until not one soul can be found which has not been addressed,—do all this with a fervor, earnestness and personal consecration such as have been employed for another end, and let the church under lead and follow the work with its prayers to God, with its watchful sympathies and hopes,—can one doubt the result? Would not a mighty number be added to the church of such as shall be saved? That is our conviction, or rather, that is our faith. Some may say this is altogether mechanical. It is no more mechanical than was the great pentecostal work, the prayer and supplication in the upper room, the fire of Heaven's inspiration upon the disciples, the gathering multitude, Peter's impassioned speech, the conversion and baptism of the three thousand.

Others may say this would be religious excitement. Strange, is it not? That political enthusiasm is never feared, that it is always sought after, that the press, public meetings, bands and processions, religious appeals, influences of all kinds are originated and used to create party interest and excitement as the indispensable means of success, and yet a religious interest, a wide-spread anxiety and inquiry in communities in respect to the soul's momentous relations to God and eternity are to be deprecated and feared, and the measures for effecting these to be left unused. We believe that the church has been fairly cowed out of all reason and out of all good Scripture, too, by this senseless cry which the world has raised against its zeal and enthusiasm, and its plans and plans for reaching masses of men, as a religious excitement and fanaticism. And yet all the time the world, in its superior wisdom, is laying hold of these very things as the most effective means for accomplishing its purpose. If a reform is to be carried in New York, the press and public meetings are put to work to interest the public in the reform, to create an enthusiasm for it, to establish a public opinion in its behalf. If a political party is to be recovered from defeat, measures are created to break the slumber of the public, to challenge its old interests and hopes, to lift it into the passion and excitement of life. In this "the children of the world are wiser than the children of light." We are not to be understood as claiming that such human measures as the world employs in themselves or by themselves can effect any spiritual success. But we do believe that God's Spirit, the Creator of all spiritual success, works in and through

men, in and through human speech, human feeling, human inspirations and sympathies. That Spirit of God, we believe, is calling the church to "largest activity," to devotedness, to earnest, energetic, thorough and always prayerful employment of every measure and instrumentality which has power to break the sleep of men and rouse them into the inquiry, the conviction, the interest, the excitement of life.—Watchman and Reflector.

Short Cuts to the Ministry.

The question of going by "a short cut" into the ministry, instead of taking a course of liberal and preparatory training, has not often been discussed with more sound sense and practical wisdom than by the Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D., in the *Congregationalist*. We give an extract:

I begin with confessing that my hopes are not sanguine of any great good to be done by men who have a call to the ministry, but no call to make any preparation for it. The good which a lay preacher may do depends very much upon his being a layman, and not a clergyman. I have no jealousy of lawyers, merchants, farmers, or mechanics, who preach the gospel out of their own experience as often as they can, and to all who will hear them, and who meanwhile depend on some secular employment for support. Would that all the Lord's people were prophets! But, ordinarily, such a man entering into the ministry as his one constant work in the world, becoming a professional preacher instead of a lay preacher—loses much of his power. The very persons who admired him as a zealous and fluent layman, lose their admiration for him when he begins to preach as one set apart to the ministry of the word, and arrive before long at the conclusion that instead of preaching better than ministers trained to their work, he does not preach so well.

Acknowledging the full value of a college course as a preparation for theological studies, I do not by any means admit that the only way to the ministry is through college. I use the word "college" in the American sense, and not in the sense in which English Congregationalists talk about their colleges. The young man who can fit himself to enter college at the age of twenty, and yet prefers to take a short cut, will never be sorry but once, and that once will be at the latest) soon after his ordination, and will continue as long as he lives.

But if, because of his being too old, or for any other good reason, he must lose the invigorating and liberalizing culture of the four years' course at college, there are other ways in which he can obtain a good preparation for eminent usefulness in the work of preaching the gospel, whether as a pastor or as a missionary. Our public schools have been so much improved within the last five-and-twenty years, that any young man, who has had no extraordinary advantages, may in a little while prepare himself for the regular three years' course at Andover or in any other theological seminary. If he has studied faithfully and successfully what can be learned in any of our public high schools—if he has mastered any language besides his own—say French or German—so as to read it without difficulty, and has a respectable facility in speaking and writing English, having had at the same time some mathematical training (e. g., in Algebra and Geometry added to the Arithmetic)—a few months of special study in Mental and Moral Philosophy, and in the rudiments of the Greek language, will enable him to enter upon the regular course at any theological school. That course begins with the Hebrew grammar and the careful interpretation of the Greek Testament; and the man who has knowledge and culture enough to begin those studies may begin under many disadvantages—may feel very painfully how much more difficult the lessons are for him than for his more favorable class-mates—than for him compelled for a while to forego all other reading, and to use his utmost diligence to master those two lessons day by day; but if he is conscientiously persistent, he will soon find that though perhaps he does not learn all that some others learn, he is learning a great deal, and that every month of study is diminishing the inequality between him and them which was at first so discouraging. Few things have been more pleasant to me, in my brief experience as a teacher of theological students, than to see the progress of such a man. He began, perhaps, under painful embarrassment. He was oppressed, for a while, by the difficulty of keeping up in a class of college graduates—some of them eminent for scholarship in college. It has been delightful to see such a man becoming, after a while, by strenuous diligence, a proficient in the study of the original Scriptures, and perhaps outstripping in the race some of those who began so far in advance of him.

Every young man, then, who aspires to the ministry, ought to remember that the less he has had of general and liberal education, the more does he need the invigorating and liberalizing discipline of a full three years' course in some good theological seminary. Abbreviated courses—short cuts to the ministry—are for men already enriched with knowledge, and trained to think and speak. If a well-educated man, who has thoroughly studied some secular liberal profession, and has had a few years of practice, finds himself called to the ministry, two years, or one, or half a year, of special studies in theology, may suffice for him. But how a man's general ignorance, or the defectiveness of his education, can be a good reason for his not having the full benefit of a three years' training in theology, I do not understand.

The Best Legacy.

O ye fathers and mothers, who have sons and daughters growing up around you, do ye ever think of your responsibility in this regard,—your responsibility for keeping alive the home sentiment in the hearts of your children? Within the limits of your means, spend it thus, that the pilgrimage rests upon you for your children to squander in the future. And not only as regards amusements, but also comfort and refinement,—for children have a keen appreciation of these things,—this is much the best policy. Don't send your boy to school in ill fitting garments,—collar all awry and chafing his neck, buttons missing, and shoes down at the heel. Don't make a warehouse or clothes-press of his bed room. Don't feed

him on sour bread and tough meat and burnt coffee. Don't let noise and dissension and misrule spoil the hours he spends at home. Don't do any of those things if you can possibly avoid it; especially don't do them for the purpose of laying up money for his future use. The richest legacy you can leave him, is a life-long, inexhaustible and fragrant recollection of his home, when time and death have forever dissolved the enchantment. Give him that, and he will, in the strength of it, make his own way in the world; but let his recollections of home be repulsive, and the fortune you may leave him will be a poor compensation for the loss of that tenderness of heart, and purity of life, which not only a pleasant home, but the very memory of one, would have secured. Remember this, too, that while he will never feel grateful for your money when once you are under ground, he will go to your green grave and bless your very ashes, for that sanctuary of comfort and refinement, which you may, if you possess the means, transform your homes.—Chicago Pulpit.

Consecration.

Consecration implies that our bodily powers, mental faculties, influence, time, property, and talent of every kind, all are to be promoted the praise and glory of God.

Have we the health and strength? Then shall we love the sanctuary, and in visitations of sympathy and benevolence minister to the afflicted. In an honest calling, not slothful in business, we shall labor, and while praying "the beauty of the Lord, our God, be upon us," we shall also pray "the work of our hands establish Thou it."

In our mind we bear the image of God; the intellect will be employed to know God to learn his will, that every mental attribute may be devoted to his service. In the government of thought, avoiding sinful, cultivating the good, the true, just, holy, lovely; with good intentions, purposes, "bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."

With quick perception we may discriminate and impress on others what is lovely and of good report. By our reflective powers, with diligent application we may bring out clearly, and enforce with energy what would escape the attention of others, and thus advance the knowledge of God among men. Our imagination may be vigorous, and we see vividly what is dim to others, and may present the beauty and holiness of piety. This power is to be employed in exhorting, not debasing men; to minister to piety, not irreligion; to promote the highest interests of men, and in so far honor God. Had the muse of Byron been consecrated to Christ, instead of ministering to the basest passions of men, he might in a more eminent manner than Charles Wesley, now lead the devotions of thousands, and be a praise in all the churches.

Our conversation indicating a heart imbued with the spirit of Christ, moved by His constraining love, will directly and indirectly promote religion, and minister grace to the hearers.

Our influence in a consistent profession of piety, and a conscientious attention to religious duties, in a spirit of piety pervading our hearts, shown in the common acts of life; in our intercourse with men; in every relation of life, will promote godliness in the earth.

Our time will be employed in cultivating mind and heart, and benefiting our race; we shall, like the sun, or the house-lamp, shine for others, and do them good. Our property, loaned to us from Heaven, will give us a moderate support (and happy is he that commendeth not himself in his allowance); then the poor, the Church, and a world lying in wickedness claim the remainder.

What a propriety in considering ourselves as stewards of the Lord, conducting your business on Christian principles, appropriating the income to benevolent objects heartily as unto the Lord. When the Church comes up to this high standard, when a proper sense of obligation is felt, then on the merchandise of Tyre, and on the bells of the horses shall be written, Holiness to the Lord.—*Zion's Herald*.

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 fiercest of his followers, of which he had such large experience in the course of his ministry. One possessing the moral greatness of 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 perfect than the even tenor of his way. Neither the hostility of adversaries nor the faithfulness 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 artless biographers have not recorded a single instance of any resentment he ever expressed against those who had injured him. At the last supper of the even tenor of his way. Neither the hostility of adversaries nor the faithfulness 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 artless biographers have not recorded a single instance of any resentment he ever expressed against those who had injured him. At the last supper of the even tenor of his way. Neither the hostility of adversaries nor the faithfulness 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 artless biographers have not recorded a single instance of any resentment he ever expressed against those who had injured him. 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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1872.

GEORGE T. DAY, Editor.

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

A Special Premium.

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

This Chromo has proved itself so popular a premium, that, desiring to put it into as many families as possible, we have decided to offer it as a premium to new subscribers till June 1, 1872.

It is almost needless to say that this premium is not offered to old subscribers any longer, nor to those who change the address of their paper to some other member of the same household.

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

Free Discussion in Rome.

One doesn't need to be many months old to remember when Protestantism was under ban in Rome. Its clergy were forbidden to preach in the city, and they were expelled if they attempted it; and he counted himself fortunate who was suffered to stand outside the city walls and proclaim Christ. Then came the great council which proclaimed the Pope infallible. And then came the fit rebuke of such folly in the shape of the Italian army, which only treated the venerable Pius like the harmless old man that he is, occupying its capital and publishing its laws, regardless of the Papal anathemas fulminating about its ears.

We had hardly got done wondering at that before something still more startling happened. A Protestant Bible had been publicly read in Rome! Then another. Then more. And before those were read through, it was distributed as a free book on the streets, and the American Bible Society had put out its sign opposite the Vatican. Protestant ministers preached in the shadow of St. Peter's—and that structure fell not! Then Spurgeon went over from London and preached Christ as the Redeemer of the world,—including Pius IX. and his loyal cardinals.

What else could follow but a discussion? And when free discussion is allowed, what further ground is there of fear? That brings truth out, just as the miner's sifting reveals the particles of gold. The question discussed was, whether or not St. Peter ever came to Rome. A trivial question enough it would seem, but one on which hangs the whole theory of the Papal succession. So much the more significant, therefore, is the fact that Catholics would consent to risk a popular verdict on it.

Picture to yourselves the spectacle! Gavazzi, the Italian Protestant missionary and almost martyr for twenty years; Scairelli, a young clergyman; and the Waldensian Ribetti, speaking alternately with three of the Pope's chosen champions, agitating a question that lay at the foundation of the Priestly office! If Peter was not once Bishop of Rome, how could any Pope be his successor? What would become of the Primacy?

For the question itself we care but little. It is rather the fact of the discussion that interests. Besides, it must at best be an open question at the end. When the voice at the close asked, "Who has gained the victory?" there was no reply, as there could not be. It was one of those cases, like our Miles Grant discussions, where, after all, the hearers must decide for themselves. This would necessarily detract from the decisive effects of discussing any question. It is only because the bonds of so many hundred years have been at last stricken off, and truth is allowed to have a free field and no favors in its fight with error, that we see promise in the recent discussion.

Its real significance can best be gathered from the words of those who heard it or were a part of it. Gavazzi writes in a private letter, "Let us thank our God for the splendid result. Our faithful attachment to his word has already produced its effects. All here agree that the necessity for the Romish clergy to descend to discuss with us such a point is of more importance than the breach of *Porta Pia*, through which civil liberty entered Rome. We have now the moral breach made in the walls of the Vatican, through which the religious liberty of public discussion has already made its triumphant entry."

The editors of the Italian newspapers seem absolutely startled at the rapid progress of religious as well as civil liberty. One of them, claiming to be independent and impartial, says:

It is truly a most remarkable fact, that in Pontifical Rome, Catholics and Evangelicals should be able peacefully to discuss such a theme. In the time of Arnoldo di Brescia, of Luther, of Galileo, Messrs. Gavazzi, Ribetti, and Scairelli could not have disputed tranquilly in a hall in the center of the city, under the auspices of a Consistorial Advocate and Roman Prince. They would, probably, like Savonarola,

have been burned alive; and their ashes thrown into the Tiber. We rejoice to see such subjects brought forward, and defended on both sides with only the courteous arms of eloquence and persuasion; and we are anxious to give our readers full information concerning an event without example in Rome, for the character and habits of Catholics have never yet tolerated free discussion."

This is weighty testimony. It shows a growing sense of the wrong that Papal oppression has been inflicting for the last thousand years, as well as a dignified and manly purpose to make the best of this new freedom. Where Paul risked his life to go and preach Christ; where Christians have been martyred, and their lips sealed by threats of fearful punishment; where those gloomy catacombs tell the extent to which persecution was carried;—there Christian ministers are allowed to state their case without hindrance, resting it on its only proper foundation, that of its essential merits.

Aside from the extravagant things that have been said about the discussion, it is intrinsically important. It has set up a new light in a new place. Its rays may flicker at first, and attempts be made to extinguish it; but too many have already drunk the cheer in its shining to allow it to go under any bushel. Catholicism will of course still exist in Rome. It will also retain its influence over the masses. It will observe its Saints' days and adore the Virgin Mary as heretofore. But it will no longer chain the conscience as it has done. It has now admitted a rival, one that champions free thought and the independent pursuit of truth, and it must yield something to it. We rather think that a new star has arisen there, and that Peace and good will are to be still further proclaimed.

Attractive Preaching.

All preaching should be attractive. The oral message from the ambassadors of Christ is the great instrumentality for propagating the gospel. "How shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard, and how shall they hear without a preacher?" But if the preacher does not command attention, he might as well not preach. He must, through the blessing of the Holy Spirit, convince the understanding and arouse the heart and conscience, or no saving result will be achieved.

It is not flowery speech, wit, sarcasm, eccentricity, catering to depraved tastes, that gives to preaching its essential attractiveness. Many by such means obtain a seeming popularity, which is not lasting or useful. There are ministers, sincere, good men, who fail in this great element of success. And it is our purpose to make some suggestions on the subject.

One thing essential to the proper attractiveness of a sermon is that it have a good subject. A sermon that has no distinctive subject is of little worth. A subject so general as to cover every thing is no better. It should have a definite subject, clearly set forth, established, illustrated and impressed upon the hearers. Of course it should be adapted to the needs of the audience, and be adapted to their present condition. Such a subject so presented can not fail to be attractive.

Again, preaching, to be attractive, must be the result of deep, earnest study. Here is a great lack with numbers,—they do not study their discourses. They depend on an easy flow of words, or general knowledge, or a rehash of old plans and sermons, often taken from others, or sheer indolence. No wonder they fail. The wonder is that so many listen to them, and with as much patience as they do. But it is a grievous wrong to impose such a burden on the gospel, and thereby tend to bring the most sacred trust ever committed to man into disrepute. The voice of God to all such is to go to work in the spirit of their high mission, or give up the work.

The primary defect in numerous instances, is that there has not been the previous training and culture. Good habits of study have not been acquired, nor any proper mental discipline and power of application. Young men enter the sacred office without adequate preparation, and so presumptuously. Not that any school routine is essential, but there must be the ability, disposition, and fact of hard study.

The present lack with us is not merely of numbers in the ministry or of those year by year entering the ministry. It is a lack of efficient, successful laborers. There is verily a fault here. We have two good colleges which have made liberal provision for aiding those preparing for the ministry. They furnish instruction, books, rooms, and a large part of the student's necessary expenses. We have a large number of preparatory schools furnishing all needful facilities for the same class. Yet three-fourths of our young men are licensed and ordained without pursuing a course of study in any of these schools. And the sad consequences are seen and felt by all careful observers. We impugn no one's motives; many do the best they can under their circumstances, and God blesses them abundantly; but with regard to many others there is a grievous wrong somewhere.

Twenty students are in the Theological course at Lewiston, and ten at Hillsdale, and about as many more preparing at these and other places. Is this enough for a denomination of seventy thousand members? The number should and may be doubled in one year. There is need of more faith and appreciation of the momentous work. The young men themselves have a vital responsibility in this matter. If God has summoned them and laid his hand on them, how important that they heed and obey, and that in a way to accomplish most for his cause. Churches, too, ministers' conferences, quarterly and yearly associations should feel that they can have no more vital subject before them than of inquiring who among them are having the call of God laid on them, counseling and encouraging such by earnest sympathy and aid. Some more systematic and general plan with this purpose in view

is much needed among us. If young men prepare to study and learn to study effectively, we may expect the benefits of such preparation on their whole ministerial work. A good subject well studied will be attractive so far as these requisites extend.

There are other elements essential to make preaching attractive, but the consideration of these must be deferred to another time.

Life-work Repudiated.

But few things are more pitiable to contemplate, than that of a man through a long life-time nobly fighting for a good, though perhaps an unpopular cause, and giving fair promise of transmitting his name to posterity along with earth's few great benefactors, yet at length, through inordinate ambition, personal disappointment, or private resentment, smiting his record, thereby blasting a name dearly earned, and a fame well-secured for all time to come.

We do not speak of such men as Aaron Burr and Andrew Johnson, whose great abilities and casual opportunities afforded a temporary hope of immortal distinction. They were plainly and unqualifiedly "bad men." Eternal justice could not have vindicated itself, at least in this world, without affording such men an opportunity to unmask their hypocrisy, revealing their own bad natures. Daniel Webster was not quite such a man. His strong religious nature would have made him a very high priest of humanity, had he followed Christ as well as as faithfully as he followed personal ambition, and political preferment. But after having boldly asserted the divine rights of man as man, and sent a word of hope to all the oppressed people of the world, to reach the ultimate goal of his ambition, he struck at liberty in her own temple, and soiled his great name for all time to come. A dark day that was fated "seventh of March," to the one "god-like" man of America.

A more recent and even sadder instance may be found in the case of Salmon P. Chase. How nobly, and with what seeming unselfishness, he fought the battles of freedom in its darkest hour. His clear, manly voice kept on ringing in the very front guard through all that dark night of slavery's remorseless grapple with holy freedom. And so truly wise, so seemingly unselfish, and so grounded in integrity of character was he, that we all could have joyfully followed his lead into the very jaws of death.

The hour of victory at length struck; but it was the hour of his defeat, and fall. He asked for his reward in presidential honors, forgot the men and the party who had honored him, and was tampering, to-day, the sacred emine dragging after him, with the very men and party that violently opposed and maligned him through the whole of his great life-work. A party that had the power, and dared to do it, would reverse all those great measures, among the first of whose champions Chase's own name is enrolled, that have redeemed a race, and crowned the Republic with fresh glory! It is strange, but true, and terribly sad and pitiable.

Are we to have repeated in Charles Sumner a similar defection and a similar infamy? It looks like that. Without repudiating a single principle of the party for which he has battled in many a dark hour, and in whose bosom he has been warmed and cherished, he seems about to turn his back upon it, in gratification of sheer personal resentment! That he had a provocation no one will deny,—though himself not quite free from blame. Few presidents ever did more foolish things than Gen. Grant in the San Domingo affair. Not a shadow of good reason has ever been assigned, why he should have made that a pet measure of his administration, or even a measure at all. His course, if not unconstitutional, was certainly super-constitutional. No one at all acquainted with the guarded language of that document, or with the extreme jealousy with which was watched every assumption of executive power at the time which gave it birth, can fail to see that it never contemplated the pressure of a measure through Congress by official and Executive prerogatives and powers on the part of a President, since it allows him expressly and only to "give information, and to recommend." It was not wise in the President to countenance, much less to demand the displacement of Sumner from the head of the committee on Foreign Affairs, at which post of responsibility he had served the country so ably and honorably. It was not unnatural that it should be construed into a personal affront. But it is enough to justify Mr. Sumner in his threatened abandonment of the party, all of whose leading principles and great measures have been in exact accord with those so nobly maintained by the Senator himself? If the party's support of Gen. Grant could be construed as an endorsement of his course against Sumner, there might be a show of justification in the latter's present attitude. But this is far from being the case. Both the party and the country sided with extraordinary unanimity in favor of Sumner's view respecting the annexation of San Domingo. And when he demanded an investigation into the conduct of the administration respecting the sale of arms to France, the party and the country with equal unanimity acquiesced. Nay, both the party and the country would have seconded with alacrity the demand, if it had not been prefaced by an offensive preamble, and the case wholly prejudged by the personal enemies of the President in the Senate.

Does the Senator suppose that on the strength of his great services in the past, and well-earned popularity, he can carry the party on an issue like this? Never was manifested greater short-sightedness and lack of wisdom. With the question fairly stated and intelligently understood, he would fail to carry a single school-district. Thank God, principles and measures are set above men, in this country. America is a bad

place for traitors to principles and sound policy, as well as to country. Will not statesmen and aspirants for statesmanship, note this and take warning?

Even Gen. Grant, in the San Domingo affair, was driving his bark straight on to the rocks where others stronger than he have foundered. But heeding wise counsels, he tacked in time, and is saved.

Sumner has but a brief day of grace left him, narrowed down to the short months between this and the Philadelphia Convention. Then, if not before, the die will be cast. Would that patriotism, statesmanship, honor, and the solicitude of hosts of admiring friends all over the country, might smother his resentments, save his hard-earned fame, and send his name, as it easily can be, down to an enviable immortality.

Current Topics.

—SERMONS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. The Boston Young Men's Christian Union is doing a great deal of orthodox work, for a society that claims to be unorthodox. It has kept open rooms on an important street during the winter; it has furnished lectures, readings, addresses, and various social entertainments, to all who would come in; it has kept a library and reading-room, and has held daily prayer-meetings, so we understand, to promote spiritual as well as mental and social welfare. It has also provided a course of "Sermons for Young People," which have been given by various clergymen during the winter. They have been well attended, and the results of them can not be other than beneficial. They attract those who are strangers or have no regular place of worship in the city, and so long as good men and true preach the sermons, we should not stop to quarrel with the society that provides them. The closing sermon was delivered the 24th of March by Mr. Murray, in Park St. church. It was full of his fresh and audacious statements, but that is just the kind that attracts the young and sends them away with the idea that they have really listened to inspiration. He arraigned the religious expression of the age for its imperfection, especially for its uncharitableness, claiming that bigotry is its bane. But it strikes us that a man may be quite as bigoted in denouncing bigotry as those are in whom it is condemned. He who condemns fanaticism may be the maddest of fanatics. We fear the young men to whom the sermons have been addressed have not thought of this as seriously as they should. They hear Christianity scolded for its narrowness, and they perhaps go out to scold it in turn, but forget the harshness of him who has just given them the key. But we trust that more good than evil is coming out of the work of the Young Men's Union, and for that let us be grateful.

—THE PROHIBITION CAMPAIGN. The Prohibitionists seem bent on conducting a campaign like other folks. Rev. John Russell, of Michigan, lately nominated to be the Vice-presidential candidate of the National Prohibition party, has just taken the field and is doing good service. He lately defined the position of his party in Boston, in a speech that was at once candid, manly and sensible. He claims that the temperance reform is a moral one, but that it also has a legal and political aspect. The national temperance party propose to push it in its legal and political sense. It is not meant to form a party on a single issue, but as successful parties always have a commanding issue, so in this case the commanding issue must be Prohibition. Mr. Russell has no particular quarrel to pick with the other political parties,—though he tells some truths about them, which are all the more damaging because they are true,—but he wishes rather to see the temperance campaign conducted in a fair and impartial manner. There must be moral measures, but the error should not be committed of attempting to carry legal and political measures by merely moral means. Mr. Russell certainly commends himself by his candor. And it is also a cause in which he can well afford to be earnest. How much support the people will give him, we must wait to know.

—SUICIDES OF CHILDREN. It is very strange. One trunk-mystery in New York is followed by a half dozen throughout the country. One father shoots his family in Maine this week; only to have the company of four or five other fathers who have done the same thing before the month is out. Only a little while ago we read of a lad who stole a small sum of money from his step-father and then killed himself rather than face the exposure. Of course we could reasonably expect other similar cases close at hand. And they came. Another boy who had committed a like fault put a pistol to his head and blew out his brains. These had an assignable cause, to be sure, but here comes the report of a little fellow, cheerful, light-hearted and happy, living in a good home, who also blew his brains out, seemingly because he had heard that the others did. We shall doubtless hear of other such cases before April is far along. Who can account for the contagion of crime? Why is one "style" of murder so closely imitated till it has become "out of date"? If a railroad bridge breaks in Maine, why should another follow it in New York, and that be followed by another in Tennessee? This contagion of accidents and crime, who will account for it? If its rules could be discovered and put in print, like the weather-reports of the signal corps, it might save us something.

—CORRUPT JUDGES. It is about time that we throw away the scales, that symbol of even justice, and adopt something else for the Judicial coat-of-arms. Investigations in New York are only proving what most people have long suspected, that the crime has lately covered some most shameful doings in that city. Barnard, the fool of

Erie, has sold his decisions as the auctioneer does his wares, and it is doubtful if Cardozo has done much better. Another judge just outside the city has been tried and fined for his free-booter fashion of conducting the office, and an aspiring Jerseyman, struck by the easy ways that his New York brethren had of making much money and wearing many diamonds, tried their methods and came to sudden grief. This is not only shameful; it is painful. What earthly hope is left the poor oppressed when judges become corrupt? Where shall we get our dues when the courts withhold them? Will not New York keep its hands at the heels of these rascals till they are driven from offices that they only hold to disgrace?

—THE REVIVAL IN KANSAS. One of the most remarkable revivals of modern times has just visited Lawrence, Leavenworth, and Kansas City. We gather from a pamphlet sent out from Lawrence that it was here that the most marvelous awakening occurred. Little children and adults were alike affected, and the classes most inaccessible to ordinary spiritual influences came forward confessing Christ. Printers, editors, lawyers, judges, and saloon-keepers mingled their voices in confession and praise. Religion and nothing else was the theme of the entire community, and the effect was very visible. The drinking at the saloons fell off more than fifty per cent., the afternoon sessions of the public schools of the city were discontinued for three days by order of the school board, and Judge Bassett adjourned the District Court for one week! All denominations united in the good work, and the press lent its friendly aid. Rev. Mr. Hammond informs the *N. Y. Evangelist* that at the date of his writing seven hundred and forty-six persons in Lawrence alone had signed a pledge to maintain a Christian walk, and that there was a like interest in the other places mentioned. That region has never before been visited by such a work of grace, and there are many earnest prayers that it may be genuine and lasting.

—STILL AT THEIR JOKES. It isn't long since we were regretting the rough behavior of a good many college students. Just now there comes the report of a case at Harvard, where two Sophomores met and insulted on the street two ladies, mother and daughter of a respectable family. The affair soon came to the ears of the Faculty, and the young men were expelled. They may laugh now, and call it a capital joke. But they have inflicted a deeper injury upon themselves than upon any one else. It is no simple matter this to throw away the opportunities of leisure and study, turning their backs upon privileges that may never return to them. If not already ashamed of it, they must certainly regret it and fail to receive from the momentary chuckle over their rude behavior any compensation for the punishment that is inflicted.

—MR. STOKES SMILES. It is said that Mr. Fisk's murderer smiled when informed that his case had been indefinitely postponed, and quietly remarked, "I told you so." Be that as it may, his Counsel have won their point, and go back to their offices to throw up their hats and dance over their victory. There is a chance that he may yet get his deserts, but this postponement is about as good as a disagreement by the jury. Deferring the case simply because certain forms were not duly observed, indicates no very eager desire to imperil Mr. Stokes's neck by a trial. The world has been better off, no doubt, since Mr. Fisk went out of it, but even that service is not great enough to merit for his murderer an easy pardon. We ourselves may not expect to be murdered. If we did, it might not be much satisfaction to know that our murderer would be hung. But certainly a fair trial is something that humanity can't help feeling an interest in, and therefore we ought to be reasonably assured that it will be secured.

—LOOKING ABROAD FOR TRUTH. We have all noticed how prone the free religionists are to compliment the heathen creeds, holding them before the eyes of Christians as good lesson books. This is all well so far as it goes, but it unfortunately stops a long way short of saving truth. The *Watchman and Reflector* referring to the habit, says:—"There are among us a few over-wise persons who rejoice to find good in any and everything but Christianity, and who labor hard to prove that Christ was a mere borrower of the wisdom of others, and that the Bible after all contains less of high morality than some other ancient writings. Thus, the East Indian sacred literature is cited as the fountain head of excellent instruction, and is quoted and referred to as an authority more to be regarded than our Scriptures. But there is a practical difficulty in all this which we never see discussed in the Radical Club: 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' Where is the purest and best civilization, social, intellectual, moral and religious advancement; in Bible lands or in India? among Christians or Brahmins? Whence flow the most beneficent results to the human race in every department of its wants; from the teachings of Buddha or the teachings of Christ? Where to-day would even our Radical Club choose to dwell; in Massachusetts or India? It is all very pretty to talk wisely of the Vedas, &c., but a little common sense pricks the bubble."

We presume the Radicals themselves admit the truth of all this, and would much prefer New England to India. But there is a certain feeling of smartness and independence and charity in embracing the old Vedas and rapping the Bible that rather pleases these modern truth seekers, and so they do it with the greatest complaisance. Are there no moments of misgivings with them?

—THE POPE AND ITALY. We are informed by a graphic correspondent that the partisans of the Pope are moving heaven and earth to prevent French recognition of Italy, and for that purpose issue a daily budget of calumnies against the new government, which they just now accuse of intriguing with foreign powers for the withdrawal of all the diplomatic agents accredited near the Holy See, with a view of completely isolating the Vatican. Doubtless, although Italy has taken no such action, contrary to the letter of the law of guarantees, the Vatican is doomed to become more and more isolated, owing to the rapid spread of civilizing ideas; and even to day, the Pope, "an infallible Pope to boot, has become a mere curiosity." People are only interested in visiting him because of the folly he has shown and still persists in showing. France may refuse to recognize Italy. But if she does, the new Kingdom will be likely to live, and the refusal could hardly be brought about by the Pope, either.

—THE FRENCH PATRIOTIC FUND. One of the most remarkable features of the condition of France since the weight of the invasion fell upon it is the manner in which the effort for a national voluntary subscription for the payment of the debt was received. At first, there was a grand enthusiasm, a blaze of patriotism which made every one exultant; but when the sums received in this manner were counted, it was discovered that they were very insignificant in comparison with the sum which it was necessary to raise. Enormous personal sacrifices have only arrived at mediocre results. Direct taxation of the most stringent character will, therefore, doubtless be resolved upon. The *Debats* of Paris says: "In some of the wards of this city the committees have stopped collecting, and announce that the sums already collected will be returned." This shows that the French are terribly in earnest about paying off their debt, and that they do not propose to take any half way means. By a direct tax of an almost crushing character, they will succeed in raising a vast sum at once—more than all the jewels and treasures voluntarily given could possibly realize.

A PROSPECTIVE DONATION. By a notice in the proper column it will be seen that plans are on foot to bring in a donation to our returned missionary, Rev. O. R. Bacheher. We need not urge the propriety of such a plan. Bro. Bacheher has given his best years to a service of love, and while he has already received a rich reward in the consciousness of doing good, yet an appreciative gift by his friends can not come amiss. Let us see how liberal the response will be.

HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS. We have received the thirteenth annual report of the Home for the Friendless, a charity institution at 911 Wabash Avenue, Chicago. The aim of the "Home" is to afford protection and employment or assistance to worthy destitute women and children, until other and permanent homes and means of support can be secured to them. The last year of its history has been an eventful one, and the aid it afforded during the weeks following the terrible fire has endeared it to many hearts. It has received 1,582 applicants, sent out 1,440, and provided permanent homes in the country for a large number. The Institution is no doubt doing a good work. It is another link in that great chain that has wound itself around so many friendless ones, binding them to a friend that is better than a brother.

Denominational News and Notes.

Bates College.

CORRECTION.

In last week's article under the above head, we followed copy in saying that Rev. Hosea Quimby was a teacher at Parsonsfield in 1828. It should have been New Hampton, for the school at Parsonsfield did not open till 1832.—Ed.

A Word of Explanation.

MR. EDITOR:—

In your editorial note, purporting to give the "gist" of my article as to our Ed. Society and Bates College, you represent me correctly as to "the rock on which we split." But the time when we split did not rock, was about two years ago, and not at Hillsdale last October. What my article says on this point, as having occurred at Hillsdale, is in these words: "The committee of Conference did not get the least intimation that the College had yielded, or would yield, its objection to the Ed. Society nominating the Theological Professors it was asked to support, by the income of its funds." E. K.

Foreign Mission.

THE PLAN. HOW IT WORKS.

The new apportionment plan for raising funds, has, so far, exceeded our expectation. With only two exceptions, all the churches heard from highly approve of it. Such expressions as, "I think the churches will cheerfully respond to their apportionment," and, "We like this plan much, it is just what is needed," come to us often. One letter received some weeks since is so good that we venture to publish it, omitting names:

BRO. L.—MICH., Jan. 30, 1872.

Your circular was received some time since, calling for \$19.00 from our Q. M. Last Sabbath, at our quarterly session, action was taken upon the matter, and as a result, I inclose an order for \$25.50. It is the first Foreign Mission collection, I believe, ever taken here. Buried within the dense forest, the outside world has, in a measure, been concealed from our view, and the perishing millions of India have beckoned in vain. "We need all that we can raise, and much more," was the conclusion in which nearly all concurred. And so it was customary on each quarterly occasion to take a collection for the benefit of the ministers present. The result of the last collection, under the old plan, was \$1.07, which was divided between two ministers,

505 (511) since.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1872.

GEORGE T. DAY, Editor.

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

A Special Premium.

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

This Chromo has proved itself so popular a premium, that, desiring to put it into as many families as possible, we have decided to offer it as a premium to new subscribers till June 1, 1872.

It is almost needless to say that this premium is not offered to old subscribers any longer, nor to those who change the address of their paper to some other member of the same household.

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

Free Discussion in Rome.

One doesn't need to be many months old to remember when Protestantism was under ban in Rome. Its clergy were forbidden to preach in the city, and they were expelled if they attempted it; and he counted himself fortunate who was suffered to stand outside the city walls and proclaim Christ. Then came the great council which proclaimed the Pope infallible. And then came the fit rebuke of such folly in the shape of the Italian army, which only treated the venerable Pius like the harmless old man that he is, occupying its capitol and publishing its laws, regardless of the Papal anathemas fulminating about its ears.

We had hardly got done wondering at that before something still more startling happened. A Protestant Bible had been publicly read in Rome! Then another. Then more. And before those were read through, it was distributed as a free book on the streets, and the American Bible Society had put out its sign opposite the Vatican. Protestant ministers preached in the shadow of St. Peter's—and that structure fell not! Then Spurgeon went over from London and preached Christ as the Redeemer of the world,—including Pius IX. and his loyal cardinals.

What else could follow but a discussion? And when free discussion is allowed, what further ground is there of fear? That brings truth out, just as the miner's sifting reveals the particles of gold. The question discussed was, whether or not St. Peter ever came to Rome. A trivial question enough it would seem, but one on which hangs the whole theory of the Papal succession. So much the more significant, therefore, is the fact that Catholics would consent to risk a popular verdict on it.

Picture to yourselves the spectacle! Gavazzi, the Italian Protestant missionary and almost martyr for twenty years; Scairelli, a young clergyman; and the Waldensian Ribetti, speaking alternately with three of the Pope's chosen champions, agitating a question that lay at the foundation of the Priestly office! If Peter was not once Bishop of Rome, how could any Pope be his successor? What would become of the Primacy?

For the question itself we care but little. It is rather the fact of this discussion that interests. Besides, it must at best be an open question at the end. When the voice at the close asked, "Who has gained the victory?" there was no reply, as there could not well be. It was one of those cases, like our Miles Grant discussions, where, after all, the hearers must decide for themselves. This would necessarily detract from the decisive effects of discussing any question. It is only because the bonds of so many hundred years have been at last stricken off, and truth is allowed to have a free field and no favors in its fight with error, that we see promise in the recent discussion.

Its real significance can best be gathered from the words of those who heard it or were a part of it. Gavazzi writes in a private letter, "Let us thank our God for the splendid result. Our faithful attachment to his word has already produced its effects. All here agree that the necessity for the Romish clergy to descend to discuss with us such a point is of more importance than the breach of *Porta Pia*, through which civil liberty entered Rome. We have now the moral breach made in the walls of the Vatican, through which the religious liberty of public discussion has already made its triumphant entry."

The editors of the Italian newspapers seem absolutely startled at the rapid progress of religious as well as civil liberty. One of them, claiming to be independent and impartial, says:

It is truly a most remarkable fact, that in Pontifical Rome, Catholics and Evangelicals should be able peacefully to discuss such a theme. In the time of Arnolfo di Brescia, of Luther, of Galileo, Messrs. Gavazzi, Ribetti, and Scairelli could not have disputed tranquilly in a hall in the center of the city, under the auspices of a Consistorial Advocate and Roman Prince. They would, probably, like Savonarola,

have been burned alive, and their ashes thrown into the Tiber. We rejoice to see such subjects brought forward, and defended on both sides with only the courteous arms of eloquence and persuasion; and we are anxious to give our readers full information concerning an event without example in Rome, for the character and habits of Catholics have never yet tolerated free discussion."

This is weighty testimony. It shows a growing sense of the wrong that Papal oppression has been inflicting for the last thousand years, as well as a dignified and manly purpose to make the best of this new freedom. Where Paul risked his life to go and preach Christ; where Christians have been martyred, and their lips sealed by threats of fearful punishment; where those gloomy catacombs tell the extent to which persecution was carried;—there Christian ministers are allowed to state their case without hindrance, resting it on its only proper foundation, that of its essential merits.

Aside from the extravagant things that have been said about the discussion, it is intrinsically important. It has set up a new light in a new place. Its rays may flicker at first, and attempts be made to extinguish it; but too many have already drunk the cheer in its shining to allow it to go under any bushel. Catholicism will of course still exist in Rome. It will also retain its influence over the masses. It will observe its Saints' days and adore the Virgin Mary as heretofore. But it will no longer chain the conscience as it has done. It has now admitted a rival, one that champions free thought and the independent pursuit of truth, and it must yield something to it. We rather think that a new star has arisen there, and that Peace and good will are to be still further proclaimed.

Attractive Preaching.

All preaching should be attractive. The oral message from the ambassadors of Christ is the great instrumentality for propagating the gospel. "How shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard, and how shall they hear without a preacher?" But if the preacher does not command attention, he might as well not preach. He must, through the blessing of the Holy Spirit, convince the understanding and arouse the heart and conscience, or no saving result will be achieved.

It is not flowery speech, wit, sarcasm, eccentricity, catering to depraved tastes, that gives to preaching its essential attractiveness. Many by such means obtain a seeming popularity, which is not lasting or useful. There are ministers, sincere, good men, who fail in this great element of success. And it is our purpose to make some suggestions on the subject.

One thing essential to the proper attractiveness of a sermon is that it have a good subject. A sermon that has no distinctive subject is of little worth. A subject so general as to cover every thing is no better. It should have a definite subject, clearly set forth, established, illustrated and impressed upon the hearers. Of course it should be adapted to the needs of the audience, and best adapted to their present condition. Such a subject so presented can not fail to be attractive.

Again, preaching, to be attractive, must be the result of deep, earnest study. Here is a great lack with numbers,—they do not study their discourses. They depend on an easy flow of words, or general knowledge, or a rehash of old plans and sermons, often taken from others, or sheer indolence. No wonder they fail. The wonder is that so many listen to them, and with as much patience as they do. But it is a grievous wrong to impose such a burden on the gospel, and thereby tend to bring the most sacred trust ever committed to man into disrepute. The voice of God to all such is to go to work in the spirit of their high mission, or give up the work.

The primary defect in numerous instances is that there has not been the previous training and culture. Good habits of study have not been acquired, nor any proper mental discipline and power of application. Young men enter the sacred office without adequate preparation, and so presumptuously. Not that any school routine is essential, but there must be the ability, disposition, and fact of hard study.

The present lack with us is not merely of numbers in the ministry or of those year by year entering the ministry. It is a lack of efficient, successful laborers. There is verily a fault here. We have two good colleges which have made liberal provision for aiding those preparing for the ministry. They furnish instruction, books, rooms, and a large part of the student's necessary expenses. We have a large number of preparatory schools furnishing all needed facilities for the same class. Yet three-fourths of our young men are licensed and ordained without pursuing a course of study in any of these schools. And the sad consequences are seen and felt by all careful observers. We impugn no one's motives; many do the best they can under their circumstances, and God blesses them abundantly; but with regard to many others there is a grievous wrong somewhere.

Twenty students are in the Theological course at Lewiston, and ten at Hillsdale, and about as many more preparing at these and other places. Is this enough for a denomination of seventy thousand members? The number should and may be doubled in one year. There is need of more faith and appreciation of the momentous work. The young men themselves have a vital responsibility in this matter. If God has summoned them and laid his hand on them, how important that they heed and obey, and that in a way to accomplish most for his cause. Churches, too, ministers' conferences, quarterly and yearly associations should feel that they can have no more vital subject before them than of inquiring who among them are having the call of God laid on them, counseling and encouraging such by earnest sympathy and aid. Some more systematic and general plan with this purpose in view

is much needed among us. If young men prepare to study and learn to study effectively, we may expect the benefits of such preparation on their whole ministerial work. A good subject well studied will be attractive so far as these requisites extend.

There are other elements essential to make preaching attractive, but the consideration of these must be deferred to another time.

Life-work Repudiated.

But few things are more pitiable to contemplate, than that of a man through a long life-time nobly fighting for a good, though perhaps an unpopular cause, and giving fair promise of transmitting his name to posterity along with earth's few great benefactors, yet at length, through inordinate ambition, personal disappointment, or private resentment, smiting his record, thereby blasting a name dearly earned, and a fame well-secured for all time to come.

We do not speak of such men as Aaron Burr and Andrew Johnson, whose great abilities and casual opportunities afforded a temporary hope of immortal distinction. They were plainly and unqualifiedly "bad men." Eternal justice could not have vindicated itself at least in this world, without affording such men an opportunity to unmask their hypocrisy, revealing their own bad natures. Daniel Webster was not quite such a man. His strong religious nature would have made him a very high priest of humanity, had he followed Christ as well as as faithfully as he followed personal ambition, and political preferment. But after having boldly asserted the divine rights of man as man, and sent a word of hope to all the oppressed people of the world, to reach the ultimate goal of his ambition, he struck at liberty in her own temple, and soiled his great name for all time to come. A dark day was that fated "seventh of March," to the one "god-like" man of America.

A more recent and even sadder instance may be found in the case of Salmon P. Chase. How nobly, and with what seeming unselfishness, he fought the battles of freedom in its darkest hour. His clear, manly voice kept on ringing in the very front guard through all that dark night of slavery's remorseless grapple with holy freedom. And so truly wise, so seemingly unselfish, and so grounded in integrity of character was he, that we all could have joyfully followed his lead into the very jaws of death.

The hour of victory at length struck; but it was the hour of his defeat, and fall. He asked for his reward in presidential honors, forgot the men and the party who had honored him, and was tampering, to-day, the sacred emine dragging after him, with the very men and party that violently opposed and maligned him through the whole of his great life-work. A party that had the power, and dared to do it, would reverse all those great measures, among the first of whose champions Chase's own name is enrolled, that have redeemed a race, and crowned the Republic with fresh glory! It is strange, but true, and terribly sad and pitiable.

Are we to have repeated in Charles Sumner a similar defection and a similar infamy? It looks like that. Without repudiating a single principle of the party for which he has battled in many a dark hour, and in whose bosom he has been warmed and cherished, he seems about to turn his back upon it, in gratification of sheer personal resentment! That he had a provocation no one will deny,—though himself not quite free from blame. Few presidents ever did more foolish things than Gen. Grant in the San Domingo affair. Not a shadow of good reason has ever been assigned, why he should have made that a pet measure of his administration, or even a measure at all. His course, if not unconstitutional, was certainly super-constitutional. No one at all acquainted with the guarded language of that document, or with the extreme jealousy with which was watched every assumption of executive power at the time which gave it birth, can fail to see that it never contemplated the pressure of a measure through Congress by official and Executive prerogatives and powers on the part of a President, since it allows him expressly and only to "give information, and to recommend." It was not wise in the President to countenance, much less to demand the displacement of Sumner from the head of the committee on Foreign Affairs, at which post of responsibility he had served the country so ably and honorably. It was not unnatural that it should be construed into a personal affront. But is it enough to justify Mr. Sumner in his threatened abandonment of the party, all of whose leading principles and great measures have been in exact accord with those so nobly maintained by the Senator himself? So the party's support of Gen. Grant could be construed as an endorsement of his course against Sumner, there might be a show of justification in the latter's present attitude. But this is far from being the case. Both the party and the country sided with extraordinary unanimity in favor of Sumner's view respecting the annexation of San Domingo. And when he demanded an investigation into the conduct of the administration respecting the sale of arms to France, the party and the country with equal unanimity acquiesced. Nay, both the party and the country would have seconded with alacrity the demand, if it had not been prefaced by an offensive preamble, and the case wholly prejudged by the personal enemies of the President in the Senate.

Does the Senator suppose that on the strength of his great services in the past, and well-gained popularity, he can carry the party on an issue like this? Never was manifested greater short-sightedness and lack of wisdom. With the question fairly stated and intelligently understood, he would find to carry a single school-district. Thank God, principles and measures are set above men, in this country. America is a bad

place for traitors to principles and sound policy, as well as to country. Will not statesmen and aspirants for statesmanship, note this and take warning?

Even Gen. Grant, in the San Domingo affair, was driving his bark straight on to the rocks where others stronger than he have foundered. But heeding wise counsels, he tacked in time, and is saved.

Summer has but a brief day of grace left him, narrowed down to the short months between this and the Philadelphia Convention. Then, if not before, the die will be cast. Would that patriotism, statesmanship, honor, and the solicitude of hosts of admiring friends all over the country, might smother his resentments, save his hard-earned fame, and send his name, as it easily can be, down to an enviable immortality.

Current Topics.

SERMONS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. The Boston Young Men's Christian Union is doing a great deal of orthodox work, for a society that claims to be unorthodox. It has kept open rooms on an important street during the winter; it has furnished lectures, readings, addresses, and various social entertainments, to all who would come in; it has kept a library and reading-room, and has held daily prayer-meetings, so we understand, to promote spiritual as well as mental and social welfare. It has also provided a course of "Sermons for Young People," which have been given by various clergymen during the winter. They have been well attended, and the results of them can not be other than beneficial. They attract those who are strangers or have no regular place of worship in the city, and so long as good men and true preach the sermons, we should not stop to quarrel with the society that provides them. The closing sermon was delivered the 24th of March by Mr. Murray, in Park St. church. It was full of his fresh and audacious statements, but that is just the kind that attracts the young and sends them away with the idea that they have really listened to inspiration. He arraigned the religious expression of the age for its imperfection, especially for its uncharitableness, claiming that bigotry is its bane. But it strikes us that a man may be quite as bigoted in denouncing bigotry as those are in whom it is condemned. He who condemns fanaticism may be the maddest of fanatics. We fear the young men to whom the sermons have been addressed have not thought of this as seriously as they should. They hear Christianity scolded for its narrowness, and they perhaps go out to scold it in turn, but forget the harshness of him who has just given them the key. But we trust that more good than evil is coming out of the work of the Young Men's Union, and for that let us be grateful.

THE PROHIBITION CAMPAIGN. The Prohibitionists seem bent on conducting a campaign like other folks. Rev. John Russell, of Michigan, lately nominated to be the Vice-presidential candidate of the National Prohibition party, has just taken the field and is doing good service. He lately defined the position of his party in Boston, in a speech that was at once candid, manly and sensible. He claims that the temperance reform is a moral one, but that it also has a legal and political aspect. The national temperance party propose to push it in its legal and political sense. It is not meant to form a party on a single issue, but as successful parties always have a commanding issue, so in this case the commanding issue must be Prohibition. Mr. Russell has no particular quarrel to pick with the other political parties,—though he tells some truths about them, which are all the more damaging because they are true,—but he wishes rather to see the temperance campaign conducted in a fair and impartial manner. There must be moral measures, but the error should not be committed of attempting to carry legal and political measures by merely moral means. Mr. Russell certainly commends himself by his candor. And it is also a cause in which he can well afford to be earnest. How much support the people will give him, we must wait to know.

SUICIDES OF CHILDREN. It is very strange. One trunk-mystery in New York is followed by a half dozen throughout the country. One father shoots his family in Maine this week, only to have the company of four or five other fathers who have done the same thing before the month is out. Only a little while ago we read of a lad who stole a small sum of money from his step-father and then killed himself rather than face the exposure. Of course we could reasonably expect other similar cases close at hand. And they came. Another boy who had committed a like fault put a pistol to his head and blew out his brains. These had an assignable cause, to be sure, but here comes the report of a little fellow, cheerful, light-hearted and happy, living in a good home, who also blew his brains out, seemingly because he had heard that the others did. We shall doubtless hear of other such cases before April is far along. Who can account for the contagion of crime? Why is one "style" of murder so closely imitated till it has become "out of date"? If a railroad bridge breaks in Maine, why should another follow it in New York, and that be followed by another in Tennessee? This contagion of accidents and crime, who will account for it? If its rules could be discovered and put in print, like the weather-reports of the signal corps, it might save us something.

CORRUPT JUDGES. It is about time that we throw away the scales, that symbol of even justice, and adopt something else for the Judicial coat-of-arms. Investigations in New York are only proving what most people have long suspected, that the crime has lately covered some most shameful doings in that city. Barnard, the tool of

Erie, has sold his decisions as the auctioneer does his wares, and it is doubtful if Cardozo has done much better. Another judge just outside the city has been tried and fined for his free-booter fashion of conducting the office, and an aspiring Jerseyman, struck by the easy ways that his New York brethren had of making much money and wearing many diamonds, tried their methods and came to sudden grief. This is not only shameful; it is painful. What earthly hope is left the poor oppressed when judges become corrupt? Where shall we get our dues when the courts withhold them? Will not New York keep its hounds at the heels of these rascals till they are driven from offices that they only hold to disgrace?

THE REVIVAL IN KANSAS. One of the most remarkable revivals of modern times has just visited Lawrence, Leavenworth, and Kansas City. We gather from a pamphlet sent out from Lawrence that it was here that the most marvelous awakening occurred. Little children and adults were alike affected, and the classes most inaccessible to ordinary spiritual influences came forward confessing Christ. Printers, editors, lawyers, judges, and saloon-keepers mingled their voices in confession and praise. Religion and nothing else was the theme of the entire community, and the effect was very visible. The drinking at the saloons fell off more than fifty per cent., the afternoon sessions of the public schools of the city were discontinued for three days by order of the school board, and Judge Bassett adjourned the District Court for one week! All denominations united in the good work, and the press lent its friendly aid. Rev. Mr. Hammond informs the *N. Y. Evangelist* that at the date of his writing seven hundred and forty-six persons in Lawrence alone had signed a pledge to maintain a Christian walk, and that there was a like interest in the other places mentioned. That region has never before been visited by such a work of grace, and there are many earnest prayers that it may be genuine and lasting.

STILL AT THEIR JOKES. It isn't long since we were regretting the rough behavior of a good many college students. Just now there comes the report of a case at Harvard, where two Sophomores met and insulted on the street two ladies, mother and daughter of a respectable family. The affair soon came to the ears of the Faculty, and the young men were expelled. They may laugh now, and call it a capital joke. But they have inflicted a deeper injury upon themselves than upon any one else. It is no simple matter thus to throw away the opportunities of leisure and study, turning their backs upon privileges that may never return to them. If not already ashamed of it, they must certainly regret it and fail to receive from the momentary chuckle over their rude behaviour any compensation for the punishment that is inflicted.

MR. STOKES SMILES. It is said that Mr. Fisk's murderer smiled when informed that his case had been indefinitely postponed, and quietly remarked, "I told you so." But, that as it may, his Counsel have won their point, and go back to their offices to throw up their hats and dance over their victory. There is a chance that he may yet get his deserts, but this postponement is about as good as a disagreement by the jury. Deferring the case simply because certain forms were not duly observed, indicates no very eager desire to imperil Mr. Stokes' neck by a trial. The world has been better off, no doubt, since Mr. Fisk went out of it, but even that service is not great enough to merit for his murderer an easy pardon. We ourselves may not expect to be murdered. If we did, it might not be much satisfaction to know that our murderer would be hung. But certainly a fair trial is something that humanity can't help feeling an interest in, and therefore we ought to be reasonably assured that it will be secured.

LOOKING ABROAD FOR TRUTH. We have all noticed how prone the free religionists are to compliment the heathen creeds, holding them before the eyes of Christians as good lesson books. This is all well so far as it goes, but it unfortunately stops a long way short of saving truth. The *Watchman and Reflector* referring to the habit, says:—"There are among us a few over-wise persons who rejoice to find good in any and everything but Christianity, and who labor hard to prove that Christ was a mere borrower of the wisdom of others, and that the Bible after all contains less of high morality than some other ancient writings. Thus, the East Indian sacred literature is cited as the fountain head of excellent instruction, and is quoted and referred to as an authority more to be regarded than our Scriptures. But there is a practical difficulty in all this which we never see discussed in the Radical Club: 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' Where is the purest and best civilization, social, intellectual, moral and religious advancement in Bible lands or in India? among Christians or Brahmins? Whence flow the most beneficent results to the human race in every department of its wants; from the teachings of Buddha or the teachings of Christ? Where to-day would even our Radical Club choose to dwell; in Massachusetts or India? It is all very pretty to talk wisely of the Vedas, &c., but a little common sense pricks the bubble."

We presume the Radicals themselves admit the truth of all this, and would much prefer New England to India. But there is a certain feeling of smartness and independence and charity in embracing the old Vedas and rapping the Bible that rather pleases these modern truth seekers, and so they do it with the greatest complaisance. Are there no moments of misgivings with them?

THE POPE AND ITALY. We are informed by a graphic correspondent that the partitions of the Pope are moving heaven and earth to prevent French recognition of Italy,

and for that purpose issue a daily budget of calumnies against the new government, which they just now accuse of intriguing with foreign powers for the withdrawal of all the diplomatic agents accredited near the Holy See, with a view of completely isolating the Vatican. Doubtless, although Italy has taken no such action, contrary to the letter of the law of guarantees, the Vatican is doomed to become more and more isolated, owing to the rapid spread of civilizing ideas; and even to day, the Pope, "an inflexible Pope to boot, has become a mere curiosity." People are only interested in visiting him because of the folly he has shown and still persists in showing. France may refuse to recognize Italy. But if she does, the new Kingdom will be likely to live, and the refusal could hardly be brought about by the Pope, either.

THE FRENCH PATRIOTIC FUND. One of the most remarkable features of the condition of France since the weight of the invasion fell upon it is the manner in which the effort for a national voluntary subscription for the payment of the debt was received. At first, there was a grand enthusiasm, a blaze of patriotism which made every one exultant; but when the sums received in this manner were counted, it was discovered that they were very insignificant in comparison with the sum which it was necessary to raise. Enormous personal sacrifices have only arrived at mediocre results. Direct taxation of the most stringent character will, therefore, doubtless be resolved upon. The *Debats* of Paris says: "In some of the wards of this city the committees have stopped collecting, and announce that the sums already collected will be returned." This shows that the French are terribly in earnest about paying off their debt, and that they do not propose to take any half-way means. By a direct tax of an almost crushing character, they will succeed in raising a vast sum at once—more than all the jewels and treasures voluntarily given could possibly realize.

A PROSPECTIVE DONATION. By a notice in the proper column it will be seen that plans are on foot to bring in a donation to our returned missionary, Rev. O. R. Bacher. We need not urge the propriety of such a plan. Bro. Bacher has given his best years to a service of love, and while he has already received a rich reward in the consciousness of doing good, yet an appreciative gift by his friends can not come amiss. Let us see how liberal the response will be.

HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS. We have received the thirteenth annual report of the Home for the Friendless, a charity institution at 911 Wabash Avenue, Chicago. The aim of the "Home" is to afford protection and employment or assistance to worthy destitute women and children, until other and permanent homes and means of support can be secured to them. The last year of its history has been an eventful one, and the aid it afforded during the weeks following the terrible fire has endeared it to many hearts. It has received 1,582 applicants, sent out 1,440, and provided permanent homes in the country for a large number. The Institution is no doubt doing a good work. It is another link in that great chain that has wound itself around so many friendless ones, binding them to a friend that is better than a brother.

Denominational News and Notes.

Bates College.

CORRECTION.

In last week's article under the above head, we followed copy in saying that Rev. Hosea Quimby was a teacher at Parsonsfield in 1828. It should have been New Hampton, for the school at Parsonsfield did not open till 1832.—ED.

A Word of Explanation.

MR. EDITOR:—

In your editorial note, purporting to give the "gist" of my article as to our Ed. Society and Bates College, you represent me correctly as to "the rock on which we split." But the time when we split on that rock, was about two years ago, and not at Hillsdale last October. What my article says on this point, as having occurred at Hillsdale, is in these words: "The committee of Conference did not get the least intimation that the College had yielded, or would yield, its objection to the Ed. Society nominating the Theological Professors it was asked to support, by the income of its funds." E. K.

Foreign Mission.

THE PLAN. HOW IT WORKS.

The new appropriation plan for raising funds, has, so far, exceeded our expectation. With only two exceptions, all the churches heard from highly approve of it. Such expressions as, "I think the churches will cheerfully respond to their appointment," and, "We like this plan much, it is just what is needed," come to us often. One letter received some weeks since is so good that we venture to publish it, omitting names:

BRO. L.—MICH., Jan. 30, 1872.
Your circular was received some time since, calling for \$19.00 from our Q. M. Last Sabbath, at our quarterly session, action was taken upon the matter, and as a result, I inclose an order for \$23.50. It is the first Foreign Mission collection, I believe, ever taken here. Buried within the dense forest, the outside world has, in a measure, been concealed from our view, and the perishing millions of India have beckoned in vain. "We need all that we can raise, and much more," was the conclusion in which nearly all concurred. And so it was customary of each quarterly session to take a collection for the benefit of the ministers present. The result of the last collection, under the old plan, was \$1.07, which was divided between two ministers,

Poetry.

Going Home.

You are going first, O sister sweet,
To our beautiful home in the land divine;
I tell by your tired, trembling feet,
And your white hand drooping aloof from mine.

And I know by your blue eyes grown too bright,
And the far-off look that your face puts on,
I shall shiver from slumber, some moonlight night,
Crying out for your kisses, and find you gone!

Let me linger awhile ere I bid you adieu—
The morning may find us divided, you know;
And I've messages many to send by you
To the loved who went from me long ago.

So long! Ah, darling! my heart is aged
Since they went away; and I can't tell why,
If one of us goes, like a bird untried,
To our Father's mansion, it isn't I.

For, freighted with sweetness and flooded with song,
Your life sweeps royally out of its June,
And your feet, with the soft rose-sandals on,
Are turning away from the earth too soon!

For me—my path lies far from the dew,
Wherever the darkest shadows be;
And the messenger, waiting, my love, for you,
Hath never a token of pity for me.

Over my bosom your hyacinth hair,
Like sheen of the sea's foam, floats and floats;
And your pale lips, chiding my dumb despair,
Shir to the swell of triumphal notes.

O darling! out to the great Unknown
My thoughts are drifting like wrecks at sea,
And my sad lips break with a bitter moan,
For my dead are nearer to you than to me.

You will go to them soon. There is one, you know,
Who called me sister—who calls me still,
Though over his grave-couch, years ago,
The wild birds chattered and sang at will.

You will say to him, sweet, that I sit sometimes,
In the dim, deep forests we loved of old,
And weave his sad name into my rhymes,
With voice as bright as a thousand-fold.

And she whose footsteps were feeble and slow,
Whose life was a long, long day of toil,
Yet full of God's goodness, and lifted so
From the mire of earth that it could not soil.

Her pure, white soul, you will find her there;
But how you will know her I can not say,
If the silver is lost from her shining hair,
And the furrows washed from her face away.

And there is another—my voice breaks here
Like a wave on the rockiest reef of land,
And a mist is before me! I can't see clear—
Though I know it is near me—the Infinite land.

And I can't tell why, when there bloomed but one,
One blossom alone for my love and me,
It was lifted out of the dew and the sun
To the fair green height of Eternity.

O hearts that forever in darkness dwell!
O loneliness hearth by the loneliness sea!
O love! that the angels loved too well,
And fairer than ever the angels be!

Tell her that, wounded, we weep and wait,
Watching for aye, from the dear earthland,
For the inward swing of the golden gate,
And the outward reach of her beckoning hand.

And say to the Father who loveth us all—
Though you are this moment most surely his own—
That I wait for his angels, and list for his call;
For the sun has gone down, and I want to go home!

Good-night, dear! The threads of your hyacinth hair
Drop from my bosom, and slumber is nigh;
May be you will wake where our beautiful are,
And my kisses will miss you! good-night—and good-by!

—Hester A. Benedict.

The Family Circle.

Incident of School Life.

BY AUNTETTA.

Study hours, at Miss B's celebrated boarding school for young ladies, were over for the day, and a group of merry girls had assembled in No. 15, the room of Lillian Grey, to spend the half hour before tea, in gay and social conversation.

"Fairy Lillian" was a favorite with all, not only for her lovely face and graceful, winning ways, her bright eyes sparkling with fun, which rippled over her lips in musical laughter, but ever ready to grant a favor, or do a kind deed. When friend or schoolmate was in trouble, none so gentle, thoughtful and sympathizing as Lillian. What wonder she was admired, loved, almost idolized, by her young companions! Possessed of a quick and brilliant intellect, and fond of study, she stood first in her class, and though on this account she ranked high in the estimation of her teachers, yet no less favored schoolmate thought of envying her popularity—for was she not Lillian, whom they all worshipped?

Her room-mate, Mary Howe, could hardly have been more dissimilar, yet the two girls were fondly attached. Mary was plain in person and retiring in manner. Knowledge did not come to her, as to Lillian, almost intuitively, but was gained by untiring perseverance. Therefore she was not a favorite with the many, but held a warm place in the hearts of the few, who knew and loved her for her real worth. For Mary was a Christian, and the spirit of Christ illumined her plain features and beautified her daily life. Often would she gaze on the fair countenance of her room-mate with the inward exclamation, "One thing only thou lackest!" for gentle and lovable as Lillian was by nature, she had never found the "pearl of great price," and the sacred themes so dear to Mary's heart awakened no response in Lillian's. Always ready to converse on other topics, she was silent on the subject of religion; and this, to Mary, was the more surprising, because she knew that Lillian was early taught in the Scriptures—the only child of devoted Christian parents, whose strongest desire was to see their darling a true and faithful follower of Jesus.

But to return to the group gathered in No. 15. Their gay words and merry laughter were suddenly checked by a question from Maria Bailey:

"Have you heard, girls, that Annie Graham is very sick and not expected to live? Ever since she graduated she has been failing, and it is now thought she is in the last stages of consumption. Is it not sad?"

A cloud came over each bright young face, for all knew and loved Annie Graham, who had left them only a few months ago; yet no one answered till Mary Howe said, softly, "Yes, it is sad for those who remain, but not for her."

"O Mary," cried Lillian, "how can you say so! Annie is so talented! Miss Bradbury said she would certainly make an authoress of note, and with such a brilliant career before her, it is dreadful to have her hopes thus blasted—to die so young! The thought is fearful!" and she shuddered as she spoke.

"Dear Lillian," replied Mary, "Annie is a Christian, and though her future promised all that you have said, her talents were long ago consecrated to the service of Christ. She hoped to do something for Him, yet if he sees fit to call her away thus early, I know that she will be reconciled."

"Yes," said Maria, "if she should live to old age she might do a good deal of good, but if she dies now, her life has been in vain, her talents wasted, her splendid education thrown away."

"O Maria," responded Mary, "can you say she has lived in vain when you think what an example she was to us all? What a pure sweet influence she exerted? She was indeed a living epistle, known and read not only by us school girls, but by all with whom she came in contact. Such a life, though brief, leaves an undying fragrance. Do you remember that sweet poem of hers, entitled, 'The Worth of the Soul,' which was published in the Journal? Miss Bradbury told me it was read by a young man, an acquaintance of hers, who had long been halting between two opinions, and was the means of his conversion. He is now studying for the ministry. Think of the many souls which may be saved as the fruit of her labors, and if this be the only instance of good her glorious gifts have accomplished, can you call her talent wasted? But eternity alone can reveal the results. If this life were all, I could not think her education thrown away; but there is another beyond this. The body may die, but the mind lives forever, and all the knowledge it has gained lives with it. It is a glorious thought to me that there will be treasures of knowledge, depths of wisdom, continually unfolding before the immortal mind, through all the ages of eternity."

As Mary ceased speaking, her countenance glowed with joy. The thoughtful faces of her young companions showed their interest in her words. They had caught a glimpse of the "home of the soul" which awaits the true believer. For a moment the silence was unbroken, then Lillian said, with a sigh,

"After all, the future is dark and uncertain, but this life is bright and beautiful. I do not want to leave it. The thought of death is terrible. That the body must be laid in the cold, damp ground, to crumble into dust is dreadful; but to me, the idea which seems to give Mary so much joy, is more dreadful still. To go into an unknown state of existence, perhaps of awful misery, from which we can not free ourselves, but are compelled to live on and on and on—the thought is intolerable! It would drive me mad! I will not think of it!" and the excited girl burst into tears. Mary had listened with surprise, for never before had she heard Lillian express a word upon this subject; but now she hastened to reply,

"Oh! if you were a Christian, dearest Lillian, all this would be changed. Your fears would vanish, and your heart be made to rejoice in the thought of that blessed home which Christ has gone to prepare for all his faithful followers. 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.'"

At this moment the tea bell rang, and Lillian sprang up, crying,

"Come, girls, I'm glad to hear that sound. We've had enough of this solemn talk. I began to feel as though I'd heard my death summons, but this calls me back to earth again. Come, and after tea we'll have a nice game of croquet," and she ran lightly down the stairs, humming a merry tune.

Often, during the week that followed, Mary's thoughts reverted to this conversation, and several times she endeavored to renew it, but Lillian would invariably change the subject, or make some excuse to leave the room, so her only resource, was in prayer, and many and fervent were the petitions sent up by the young Christian for her loved and impenitent friend. Thus matters went on for a few days, till Mary was one night awakened from her slumbers by the low moaning of her companion. Upon inquiry she found her to be suffering from a violent headache. Springing up, she hastened to bathe the burning brow with cold water, which soon so relieved the pain that Lillian sank into a gentle sleep. Mary watched her for some time, but finding that her rest seemed undisturbed, her anxiety was allayed, and she soon slumbered beside her.

In the morning, when the rising bell sent forth its warning tones, Lillian attempted to arise as usual, but fell back, half fainting, upon her pillow. Mary was much alarmed, and hastily summoned the matron. After the latter had applied some simple restoratives, Lillian seemed better for a time, but in a few hours, her headache had returned, her flesh was burning hot, and she seemed so feverish, it was deemed prudent to send for a physician. Dr. Morton pronounced the symptoms to be those of typhoid fever, which had prevailed in the town for some weeks past, but had not before made its appearance in the school. He expressed a hope, however, that as the fever was yet in its early stages, with careful nursing it might be thrown off. A telegram was immediately despatched to Lillian's mother, who arrived on the following morning.

The days went on, but notwithstanding the most assiduous and tender care, the disease rapidly developed, and in one short week Lillian lay upon the verge of the grave. Those eyes, which a few days ago

had sparkled with health and happiness, now burned with the fires of delirium. The lips which had refused to speak upon the subject of her soul's salvation, now poured forth shrieks of wild despair. One thought alone seemed to fill the tortured mind. Many times in the day, and often during the still watches of the night, was the heart of the fond mother torn with anguish by this cry of agony—"I can not die! I dare not die! O cruel death! to snatch me from the life I live! Annie will gladly go, but I can not—will not! Oh! help! help! Will no one save me?"

Only one could save! There was help alone in Jesus! But to him, the poor sufferer, no longer guided by the light of reason, could not turn. Fervent were the prayers offered by Mrs. Grey and Mary, that consciousness might return if only for a little space, that time for repentance and reconciliation might be granted.

At length these prayers were answered. The doctor pronounced the crisis past, and the life, which had hung trembling by a thread, was given back. Very slowly Lillian returned to health. Friends and school-mates long banished from the sick room, were admitted one by one, as the increasing strength should permit, but could scarcely recognize in that pale face and shrunken form, the bright-eyed, laughing Lillian. But not outwardly alone was Lillian changed! The proud heart was humbled, and acknowledged the goodness of that hand by which she had been rescued from the very jaws of death. Led by the prayers and teachings of her pious mother, she no longer neglected to pray for herself. Humbly, like a little child, she sought for pardon—and the merciful Saviour whom she had so long rejected, did not reject her now. Soon she was rejoicing in the love of Christ—that wonderful love which fills the heart, and leaves the soul nothing more to sigh for! The silent lips were now unsealed. The burden of their language was,

"Thou, O Christ! art all I want—More than all in Thee I find."

All who came into that sick chamber, recognized a new influence. Peace and happiness illumined that countenance. If it was lovely before, it was most lovely now. She did not hesitate to speak of her new experience—of her sinfulness in the sight of God, and his wondrous goodness in bringing her soul from the darkness which had so long enshrouded it, into the glorious light of the gospel. Her school-mates could not understand this. She, whom all had thought so pure, so near perfection, speaking thus of her own wicked heart, and her need of salvation through Christ! If she needed religion, what of themselves? So all these things were kept and pondered in their hearts—good seed which hereafter should spring up and bear fruit unto life everlasting. How the hearts of the Christian mother and faithful friend rejoiced! How sweet the converse which the trio held together! What joy was expressed by all, when Lillian was first able to leave the room where she had so long been a prisoner! Soon she took short rides about the country—and now preparations were made for her return to the loved home, where she might recruit her wasted strength, and gain new life and vigor for the year of study which would intervene before her graduation. How different were the hopes that animated her! That brilliant intellect was now consecrated to the service of Christ! By diligence and faithful effort would she endeavor to atone for the past! She was His now—her life should be dedicated to His cause!

But alas for the hopes so fondly cherished! Alas for the devoted parents! Alas for all who so loved Lillian! The day preceding that set for her departure was so mild and lovely, that, in company with Mary, she ventured to walk a short distance to bid adieu to a favorite haunt. A sudden shower came up, and before they could reach the Seminary, both were completely drenched by the fast falling rain. Lillian's feeble frame could not endure this. A fearful cold was taken—a relapse of fever followed—and the day which was to have witnessed her return home, found her again in the delirium of fever. Yet how different were the fancies that now filled her brain from those of her former sickness! She was wandering in green pastures, beside still waters! Sometimes she came to snares and pitfalls, but a friend was there to lead her safely past—and now she was nearing the dark valley—the Jordan of Death loomed before her, but Jesus was with her still! Leaning upon Him she did not fear to cross the flood! Now and then she caught a glimpse of the farther shore—those "fields of living green"—where walked the shining ones made pure in the blood of the Lamb, clad in robes of dazzling whiteness, with golden harp and voice of sweetest music, praising Him who had redeemed them from all sin.

At length it came—the hour when her happy spirit was to flee from earth unto the God who gave it. A few hours before reason had returned! Lillian knew that she must die! But where were now the fears and dreadful agony which once the thought of death had power to bring? Vanished in the sunlight of the Saviour's presence! A group of sorrowing friends stood around her couch, but she bade them look to the nearest and dearest of friends, who alone could give them consolation. "Trust in Him," she said, "He will be your strength, as He is mine; and when you too shall have crossed the river of death, we will dwell in the light of His smiles forever." Then folding her slender frame, while a smile of ineffable content and peace stole over her sweet face, with faltering voice she murmured,

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."

The voice ceased, the lovely eyes closed, but the smile yet lingered. Only the casement lay before them. The precious jewel, the immortal soul,—had gone to deck the Saviour's diadem.

"It Was There."

"Baby,—they call her Baby yet, though she is four years old,—stood between her father's doorway and a pile of dirt newly thrown up from a post-hole. Just then Annie from the next house came by. Quick as a flash, Baby caught up a handful of earth and threw it full in Annie's face.

"Why, Baby!" said Aunt Fanny, duly shocked. "How could you throw dirt at Annie?"

"It was there," replied Missy, very coolly, as though that were reason enough.

I could not but think to myself that a great deal of dirt is thrown about this world and over the dwellers therein, for no better reason than Baby's,—It is there.

Why does A help to circulate a scandalous and false story about B, without ever stopping to ask, "Is it true?" or, "If it is true, what possible good end can be served by its repetition?"

The story is there, and some one else will very likely repeat it if A does not,—and so A helps to throw dirt and blacken B's fair fame.

"Why do you sell this wretched stuff?" we asked not long ago of a professor of religion, on whose counter lay displayed some of the lowest and vilest publications of the day.

"Why, if I did not sell them, some one else would,—and people want them."

In short, the poison was there, and in his eyes that was reason enough for helping to corrupt the minds of young boys and girls. He did not think that he was responsible, not for the doings of "some one else," but for his own.

I wish that in this matter, as in all others, business men would consider seriously one verse of a certain old hymn,—

"Let those who own the Saviour's word
Obey his sovereign will;
The saints,—the followers of the Lord,—
Are men of honor still."

"My dear child, don't read that book," said a teacher to a young girl, deeply absorbed in a novel. "Where did you find it?"

"Oh, it was in the library, and I took it because it was there."

There were plenty of other stories, good and innocent, greatly superior in interest and character to the tale she had chosen; but the book had been laid before her, and she had refused the good and chosen the evil, because "it was there."

"For it needs must be that offenses come, but woe unto that man by whom the offense cometh."

When the end comes, and when you who have used your talents, your education, your time, your business capital in helping to throw dirt, must give an account of your stewardship, do you think that it will be an excuse for those offenses which have come through your abuse of God's gift, to answer, "It was there?"—*Christian Weekly.*

Fun.

There is something wrong with the dictionaries, or with the people who use them; I've been puzzling my wits to find out which.

A great many things in this world seem to be done for fun, and some of them are so unaccountable that I ransacked the pages of my unabridged and found, according to that weighty authority, that fun meant frolic, gladness, and one of its synonyms was the good old German "wonne" which means bliss. Ah, thought I, this is excellent; now I shall remember that fun means gladness.

That day, my young friends, the Wideawakes, did more than twenty things for fun. Master Tom hung Minnie's doll to the hall lamp, put a patent clothes pin on to the cat's tail, hid Jack's cap, locked Bridget down cellar when she went for potatoes, and pinned a strip of red flannel to Kitty's magnificent new chignon. Now, I want to know who had the gladness: Minnie screamed with grief and anger, the cat was half wild with fright and pain, Jack fumed and fretted and lost his game of cricket, Bridget was out of humor for the whole day, and poor Kitty was ready to die with mortification at being hooded at by all the rude boys, as she went to school. The gladness must have been Tom's, and in the old times, when I read about Nero, they used to call it cruelty to find gladness in the sufferings of others.

Tom wasn't the only one. Kitty said, "Oh, how fine we are!" when Jack came down with his new necktie; and when Jack colored uncomfortably at having every one look at it, she said: "Do n't blush so, Jack blue, and red a'n't pretty together."

Kitty loves Jack; she only said it for fun, you see. And Kitty was n't the only one, for Jack remembered after awhile that he had seen Kitty washing her face in the dew before sunrise, so he asked:

"By the way, Kit, how are your freckles? I suppose you count them so as to know if any leave the lovely sisterhood of constellations."

Now it was Kitty's turn to blush, and almost to cry, but I suppose Jack was glad, as he did it for fun.

It is always so at the Wideawakes. They have so much fun that it makes me uncomfortable to be there, for I have noticed that the gladness is always on one side, and that isn't the kind that I enjoy.

The fun which I like is a jolly fellow that makes people good, humored in spite of themselves, and shakes all the quirks and wrinkles out of them; but I cannot tolerate the mean, false pretender, who has stolen an honorable name, and creeps under his cover; into scores of families where he would never be admitted by his own proper title. Shall I tell you what this title is? It is curiosity—the only one he has any right to. He finds enjoyment in making others miserable, no matter whether the pain is in the body or the mind, no matter whether the injury is small or great, it is mean, contemptible enjoyment, and has no right to the

good honest name of fun. Let's you and I help to turn him out of doors.—*The Little Corporal.*

Follow Copy.

A short time since, a lad in the printing office received from his master a list of Scripture questions and answers to be set up and printed. In the progress of the work, the lad turned aside and asked the foreman if he must "follow copy"; that is, set it up just as it was written. "Certainly," said the foreman. "Why not?"

"Because this copy is not like the Bible, and it professes to be the language of that book." "How do you know it is not like the Bible?" "Why, I learned some of these proofs at a Sunday school ten years ago, and I know that two of them are not like the Bible." "Well, then, do not 'follow copy,' but set them up as they are in the Bible." The lad got the Bible, and made it "the copy," his guide and pattern.

"Follow copy," children, wherever you find it according to the Bible, but do not stir a step when you find it differs. Through all your life make the Bible your one copy. Look to your words, your actions, your doctrines, and your practices—see that all are according to the Bible, and you will be right.—*Loving Words.*

"He's so Obliging."

"I can't make out how it is that Bill Pratt always gets such good places," said Harry Underwood, the basket-maker's son, to another lad, as they sat cutting rushes by the brook-side.

And Harry was not the only one who thought thus, for "Bill Pratt's luck" was the surprise of many like himself. Bill was certainly no pattern of cleverness, of beauty or strength; he could not do more than others, not so much as some, nor could he do it as well as many; but for all that he was quite true he always had good places, good wages, and a good character. When he left one master to go to another, it was generally said, "I would not part with him if I could help it; he is a good boy, and so obliging."

This was the secret of his being so much liked, and of his "good luck,"—he was "so obliging."

Did the shepherd, the wagoner, or the bailiff want a job done at a moment's notice, while they were busy at work, it was only to get sight of Bill Pratt, and it was as good as done; for Bill would hurry through his own business without feeling it a trouble, in order to help. The cook never had to look for eggs; Bill would hunt high and low, and all around, to find them for her. And many other little jobs would be done in the dairy, and anywhere else, without staying to be asked; so that he was a great favorite. He didn't do this to gain favor, for then he would have tried to please those only who could do him a good turn for it. If he saw younger boys in trouble, he would try to help them out of it; and he put on his shoes again after having taken them off one pouring rainy night, to walk three miles to the town for a parcel containing a new gown, which the carrier had neglected to bring for the kitchen-girl, who was crying her eyes out because she would not have it to wear next morning at her sister's wedding.

But it was not so much what Bill did, as how he did it, that made people like him; he always seemed as if pleasing others was the greatest pleasure he had. And if he couldn't do what was asked, his way of saying "No," was more agreeable than many people's "Yes," often is.

Bill grew up the same, and through life he prospered.—*The Cottager.*

Literary Review.

Our Book-table is pretty well loaded with recent publications, but a formal review of them must be omitted for the present. There are several of which we would like to make special mention, but comparisons are odious among such choice collections. We will venture to give only the titles and contents,—but this comes as far from giving a correct idea of the works themselves, as the sight of a well-laden orange tree would come from giving the real flavor of the fruit:

LEGENDS OF THE PATRIARCHS AND PROPHETS and other Old Testament Characters from various sources by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M. A. Author of "Curious Myths of Middle Ages," etc. New York: Holt & Williams, 1872. 16mo. pp. 306.

THE WARS OF THE HUGUENOTS. By William Hanna, D. D., author of "The Life of Christ," etc. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers, 1872. 24mo. pp. 844. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

MUSIC AND MORALS. By the Rev. H. B. Haws, M. A. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1872. 24mo. pp. 478.

NOTES, EXPLANATORY AND PRACTICAL, on the Second Epistle to the Corinthians and the Epistle to the Galatians. By Albert Barnes, author of "Lectures on the Evidence of Christianity," etc. Revised edition. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1872. 8vo. pp. 367.

THE THREE IN THE NIGHT. By Harriet Prescott Spofford, author of "The Amber Gods," etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1872. 24mo. pp. 217. For sale by E. J. Lane & Co.

ISOLATED BARRY OF WYNSCOTE. Her Diurnal Book, a Tale of Tudor Times. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers, 1872. 16mo. pp. 624. For sale by D. Lothrop & Co.

A CROWN FROM THE SPEAR. By the author of "Women of Many Threads." Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872. 16mo. pp. 172. For sale by E. J. Lane & Co.

STORIES TOLD A CHILD. Second Series by Jean Ingelow. Illustrated. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1872. 16mo. pp. 322.

AN AMERICAN GIRL ABROAD. By Adeline Trafton. Illustrated by Miss L. B. Humphrey. Boston: Lee & Shepard, 1872. 16mo. pp. 248. For sale by E. J. Lane & Co.

TWENTY YEARS AGO. From the Journal of a Girl in her Teens. Edited by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." New York: Harper & Brothers, 1872. 16mo. pp. 864.

THE ADVENTURES OF OLIVER TWIST. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1872. 16mo. pp. 171.

OLD SCHOOL FELLOWS, and What Became of Them. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Dover, N. H.: G. T. Day & Co. 1872. 16mo. pp. 360.

THE CASH-BUYER'S TRUST. By Annie M. Mitchell. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers, 1872. 16mo. pp. 248. For sale by D. Lothrop & Co.

OUR FOUR BOYS. By Julia A. Mathews. Author of the "Golden Ladder Series," etc. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers, 1872. 16mo. pp. 324. For sale by D. Lothrop & Co.

MAMIE'S WATCHWORD. By Joanna H. Mathews. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers, 1872. 16mo. pp. 233.

WE GOT AGATE OF SINGING, or, "Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me." By A. C. C. D. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers, 1872. 12mo. pp. 95. For sale by D. Lothrop & Co.

THE HAPPY LAND. By the author of "Lonely Lily," etc. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers, 1872. 12mo. pp. 105. For sale by D. Lothrop & Co.

Pamphlets, Magazines, &c.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. April, 1872. Contents: The Ballad of Carmichael; Jefferson in the House of Burgesses of Virginia; Quite So; John Brown in Massachusetts; A Comedy of Terrors; Diversions of the Echo Club; The Brook's Message; Immigration; Taine's English Literature; The Brewing of Soma; Septimius Felton; The Poet at the Breakfast-Table; The Idyl of Battle Hollow; Recent Literature; Art; Music; Science; Politics. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. April, 1872. Contents: The City of the Little Monk; A Monument; The Mountains; Naval Architecture, Past and Present; The Story of Tammany; The Bread-Crumbs Artist; The Social Palace at Gules; Does he Love Me; A Good Investment; Aunt's new House; William Wilberforce; The Answer; The Golden Lion of Granpere; Little Martin Cragham; Music, Emotion, and Morals; The Last of the De Launays; Editor's Easy Chair; Editor's Literary Record; Editor's Scientific Record; Editor's Historical Record; Editor's Drawer. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE GALAXY. April, 1872. Contents: Charles Reade; My Sudbury Mistletoe; The French at Home; A Threat; Fifteen Years a Shakeress; My Life on the Plains; An Independent Kru-Kru; The Sether Side of New York; Woman and Journalism; A Weed; The Eustace Diamonds; Lincoln & Johnson; "Very Narrow Indeed!" A Story of a Shadow; Driftwood; Scientific Miscellany; Current Literature; The Galaxy Club-Room; Nôuise. New York: Sheldon & Co.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, an Illustrated Magazine for the people. April, 1872. Contents: The Mare Island Navy-Yard; Christus Pacificator; Curioities of Plant Life; The Hero of the Commune; Hidden Treasures; Awakened Japan; With the Pale Prophet; A Russian Easter; The Mulhollville Mystery; Back-log Studies; Shall We say "Is Being Built?" Easter; The Haunted Closet; Sweetheart; At His Gates; The Boy John; In Absence; The Silent College at Washington; The One Human Race; Common Things; Topics of the Time; The Old Cabinet; Culture and Progress Abroad; Eichings. New York: Scribner & Co.

GOOD WORDS. March, 1872. Contents: The Golden Lion of Granpere; The Theory of Wonders; Wanderings in Spain; Another Highland Student; At His Gates; The Strange Country; The Serpent-Shaped Mound of Lock Nell; Sermons preached before the Queen at Balmoral; Disenchanted; "Pity the Poor Blind"; The Gin-Palace and the Working-man's Club; Spiritual Songs. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

SUNDAY MAGAZINE. March, 1872. Contents: The Vicar's Daughter; John Bunyan; The Angel-Face of Man; The Praise of the Saints; How to Study the Old Testament; An old French Commentator, his Friends and Printers; Premiums Paid to Experience; The Sealed Book; Retrospect; Margaret; The Editor's Room. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD. A Monthly Magazine of General Literature and Science. April, 1872. Contents: Taine's English Literature; Fragments of Early English Poems on the Passion; The House of York; The Duties of the Rich in Christian Society; The Twenty-first Catholic Congress in Mayence; Fleurance; The Last Days of Oislin, the Bard; Affirmations; How the Church Understands and Upholds the Rights of Women; The Passion; Jans van Stule's Donkey; The Roman Empire and the Mission of the Barbarians; Acoustics and Ventilation; Odd Stories; The Three Pledges; New Year on Miracles; New Publications. New York: The Catholic Publication House.

LITTEL'S LIVING AGE. March, 1872. Contents: Mahomet; Story of the Plebeian; The Fourth Gospel; Off the Skelligs; English Rural Poetry; The Kriegspiel; The Situation in France; Birthday Songs to an Old Friend; Thy Kingdom Come. Boston: Little & Gay.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL and Life Illustrated. April, 1872. Contents: William H. Aspinwall; How the Different Faculties Combine; Right and Wrong Views of Life; Tact in Social Intercourse; Robert Smith Candlish, D. D.; A Strange Conversation; Expression; Respiration and its Apparatus; Inebriate Asylums; Science at Home; History of Photography in America; Homes of Famous Americans; Rocky Mountain Scenery around Colorado Springs; "A Stick in Time;" Washington's Birthday; Early English Education; The Engineers of the Mont Cenis Tunnel; Ancient Greek Music; Are Pre-Adamites Found in the Bible. New York: Samuel R. Wells.

THE NATIONAL ENCYCLOPEDIA. A Compendium of Universal Information brought down to the year 1872. With the Pronunciation of every Term and Proper Name. Illustrated. New York: National Encyclopedia Publishing Co.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE. April, 1872. Contents: A Plea for Frugality; Jack Walter's Fortune; The Old Man's Darling; Washington's Headquarters; A Woman at the Bottom of It; Tears, Idle Tears; Household Discoveries; Quite a Mistake; A Good Name; The Wife of Jonathan Edwards; Annie Gray; Auxanor; Bells and Other Notes; Correspondence; President Puffy; Ned's Adventure; The Runners; Joker's Budget; Editorial; Literary Notices; Correspondence; Our Housekeeper; Publishers' Announcements. Newburgh: S. S. Wood & Co.

CHURCH MUSICAL VISITOR. March, 1872. Cincinnati: John Church & Co.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS. April, 1872. An Illustrated Magazine for Boys and Girls. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

THE NURSERY. A Monthly Magazine for Youngest Readers. April, 1872. Boston: John L. Shorey.

