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## **The Morning Star - volume 47 number 16 - April 17, 1872**

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# The Morning Star.

Volume XLVII.

DOVER, N. H., APRIL 17, 1872.

Number 16

## THE MORNING STAR

A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER.

FOR THE FAMILY.

ISSUED BY THE

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## The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17, 1872.

### Twilight.

Its filmy veil o'er summer skies

It drew, and cooled their fervid eyes;

With tender tint on field and dell,

The light across the landscape fell;

It flushed on tired Childhood's cheek,

And said: "Thy dreamy pillow seek!"

To Plowman at his cottage door,

It whispered: "Rest! day's toil is o'er!"

To wistful Watcher by the sea:

"The morn may bring thy ship to thee!"

It crowned the Saint upon his bier:

"Sleep well, God's own—the night is here!"

Kissed off the tears from weeping eyes:

"Have faith!—the day again shall rise!"

Its passing ray, through chancel pane,

Wrote on the urn: "This life is vain!"

The spire's gold cross, athwart the sky,

Flashed its last words: "Thy gain to die!"

And thus, with vari-colored thought,

Were evening shadows interwrought.

Thus to the Earth the fading light

Gave benediction of the night.

—N. Y. Evening Mail.

### Missionary Correspondence.

CAMP DHEDUA, INDIA, Jan. 27, 1872.

Our tent stands on the banks of the beautiful Cassai, 17 miles from home. We have had a tedious time getting here from Dajudi, our last camping ground. The distance is only seven miles, but though we started at 8 A. M., it was long past noon before the last cart came up. Your readers who enjoy railways and steam-ships are hardly prepared to sympathize with us in this affliction of slow locomotion. This cross-country traveling is sometimes distressing enough. An active man will find ample scope for the application of hard muscle on one of our tours over the rice fields. The country roads, as Dr. Bacheiler used to say, were good enough until the Department of Public Works spoiled them. The amount of pulling and pushing, lifting and lowering the carts that we have had to do these seven miles to-day, will compare favorably with a full day's work in the hay and harvest field at home, so far as tax on strength and strain on muscle are concerned. But now the tent is up, supper disposed of, and the babies asleep, I shall try to forget the fatigue of the tedious journey, and tell you a little about the work of the month.

Upon getting home from the School Meeting at Patni, it took a week to attend to many duties at the station. On the morning of the 9th, before sunrise, we were off for the Santa Teachers' Meeting at Bhimpore. Our tents had gone ahead, and so had Mr. Martin's, so that we might have shelter and rest upon getting in tired and hungry. The distance is only 21 miles, but with bullocks to depend on, it is slow work going so far. It was past sundown when my sister and the children came down to camp in the old Karanahi gurry, the same one that has served the mission for more than twenty years. My wife and little No. 3 came through a little sooner in her duli (a Santal cot swung to a bamboo), with six stout juncumens for bearers. And as for myself, Ned, our pocket edition of a pony, did the job up for me in good time and spirits. We all slept soundly that night and were ready for hard work on Wednesday morning, the 10th, when the meeting opened. It lasted six full days, including the Sabbath, and on Tuesday morning, the 16th, the teachers started out for their schools. I have spoken pretty fully of this meeting twice before, so now need say but

little. The forenoons and afternoons were devoted to examinations in secular studies, normal lessons, &c., and the evenings to religious exercises. We now have forty-three of these jungle schools. The examination of the teachers was far more satisfactory than ever before, and several prizes were awarded for excellence in arithmetic, grammar, geography, and writing from dictation. After a year's drilling, this being the third meeting of this kind at Bhimpore, the abilities of the men were sufficiently tested to admit of classification. So far there have been uniform lessons, but next time we begin with distinct lessons for three classes. This grading will work well, and I am pleased to see an ambition to rise to the first class. Besides attention to study there has been decided improvement in other respects. These jungle teachers have improved much in personal appearance and habits. Their faces look more intelligent and their conversation is more elevating. They are more active, in both body and mind. I must say that I think the giving up of tobacco has had much to do with this. Our total abstinence pledge gains ground with the very best teachers, and they preach true temperance to their pupils. Mr. Martin, our kind friend the School Inspector, helped us much, and conducted the mathematical examination. The movement for bringing in the girls is doing well. Madhu's school (one of the best) reported seven, and others a less number. The teachers are beginning to believe in this, and to work for it. Our Temperance meeting was a grand success. Such men as our Bhimpore brethren and others, who have given up strong drink and flung away their pipes, too, make temperance speeches well worth hearing. But I will let this point lay over till another day.

The Sabbath was a cheering day. The teachers listened with eager interest to the word of life, and though not one of them was ready to publicly put on Christ, still there were two persons baptized. Directly after the morning service we went to the tank, and Supai, a young Santal living two miles away, followed our Lord's command. His wife is favorably disposed, will not persecute him, and may soon become a Christian herself. We had returned to camp when several of the brethren came in, saying that Lachu, nephew to Panchu and Raju, was begging with tears to be baptized. He was called up, and said in Santal, "I was away tending the cattle when Supai was baptized, but on hearing of it my mind became very troubled, because I had not asked for baptism. I believe in Jesus: He has forgiven my sins, and I wish to confess him before men and be baptized in his name." After a brief and satisfactory examination we decided to grant his request. So, at the close of Sabbath-school, in the afternoon, we gathered again at the water's edge. May we have to visit that spot many times in future with disciples eager to do, the Lord's command. The Bhimpore branch is thriving, thank God; Raju's wife is in a very hopeful state, and the wives of the two Santals are improving. I hope we may soon have some Bhimpore women in the church.

From Bhimpore our camp moved directly across the field and the river to the other branch at Bandarbani, a distance of perhaps ten miles. It was moonlight when the carts got through, and everybody was tired out. At this place we stayed four days, working in the Hindu and Santal villages all around. This little branch too is thriving. There was some pruning to do however. One member had to be suspended for gross immorality, but the Lord gladdened our hearts by two accessions to the church. The mother and wife of Subanath were baptized in the beautiful Cassai on Sabbath morning. And another token of good it pleased God to give us here. The little chapel about which we've talked so much for these 18 months, since the one at Bhimpore was built, was dedicated to the worship of our Heavenly Father. It is a very neat little house, made of course of mud, bamboos and straw, like the dwellings of the brethren, but more tastefully finished. I hope these branches may grow into independent churches before many years. Both of them, Bhimpore taking the lead, have asked for a preacher to be stationed with them, and both together may soon unite in the support of such a laborer. My time is up and my sheet full, though I have still plenty to say. Next time, I'll tell you more.

J. L. P.

### A Burial at Sea.

A death in the steerage—a passenger taken on board sick at Aspinwall. All day long an inanimate shape, wrapped in an American flag, lies near the gangway. At four P. M. an assemblage from cabin and steerage gather with uncovered heads. The surgeon reads the service for the dead; a plank is lifted up; with a last shrill whirr, that which was once a man is shot into the blue waters; in an instant it is out of sight and far behind, and we retire to our state-rooms, thinking and solemnly wondering about that body, sinking, sinking, sinking in the depths of the Caribbean; of the sea-monsters that curiously approach and examine it; of the gradual decay of the corpse's canvas envelope; and far into the night, as the Ocean Queen shoots ahead, our thoughts wander back in the blackness to the buried yet unburied dead.—Lippincott's Magazine.

### Chinese Correspondence.

A TRIP TO PEKIN.

To the traveler who for the first time visits this city, the Temple of Heaven is an object of great interest. In our wanderings about the city, from the wall, and other points, its round, dome-shaped, blue-tiled roof had often been seen. But since the refusal to admit the great American statesman, it was supposed no foreigner could gain admittance for love or money. What was our joy, to learn that a friend possessed a secret, by which he had introduced several parties. His plan was to rise by daylight, reach the entrance early in the morning, before the officials were a-stir; the servants, who keep the grounds and walks in order, are very glad of the fees, and readily admit our friend, whom they have always found orderly and well disposed.

Some of us were as pleased with the idea as children, waking nearly every hour in the night, to inquire if it was time to start. At three o'clock we were all up, took a hasty breakfast, and were soon seated in the mule-carts, the *sine qua non* of all Pekin traveling—it is a city of such magnificent distances. We were some three or four miles from the entrance, by the ordinary routes, but we frequently came upon ponds of water, rendering the streets impassable, and turning back and going round through other streets consumed much time. At length the entrance was reached, at an early hour in the morning. The gate-keepers, though they have no objection to the fee, find it convenient to profess great reluctance, in short declare that it is impossible. This enables them to reap a richer harvest, the foreigner bidding higher and higher. On this occasion, they objected to the ladies being admitted. But our irrepressible guide, having paid a good admittance fee for the whole party, would listen to nothing of the kind, and the carts were permitted to drive through the first or outside gate. We now found ourselves inside of a wall, about fifteen or twenty feet high, upon a paved road, leading through an open field or pasture. Upon the right was a large herd of bullocks feeding, from which are selected the annual sacrifice. After a half mile we passed another gate, in a similar wall, and the road now wound around through a deep cypress grove, for about a quarter of a mile, when, ascending a little elevation, we passed another and the last wall and gate.

Immediately before us stood the Temple of Heaven, in all its grandeur and beauty. It is built upon a raised, circular terrace, about one thousand feet in circumference. There are three flights of nine steps leading to the top, with handsome marble balustrade on each side and surrounding each of the three terraces. It is circular, and the dome-like roof is covered with blue tiles. The windows are shaded with blinds composed of blue glass rods. The interior is as dirty as all the other temples in and about Pekin. On the east is a winding covered passage-way or corridor, leading to the slaughter-house, where the victims are prepared for the sacrifice. Thirteen bullocks, without blemish, are selected, killed and dressed. Here are four large, deep iron caldrons for heating water and a brass vat large enough to receive the ox entire. The hair is removed by scalding and scraping, and one ox is offered as a whole burnt offering, while the other twelve are reserved for a feast. South of the Temple of Heaven, is the altar where the sacrifice is consumed. It is a circular brick structure, about twelve feet high, with flights of steps on the east and west. In the center is a grate for supporting the fuel and offering, and on the north side, at the bottom, an opening for applying the fire and admitting air to support the flame.

The imperial worship is performed annually at the winter solstice. The Emperor proceeds in a cart, drawn by an elephant, to the fasting hall near the temple of Heaven, where he spends the night in fasting and prayer. In the morning, clothed in his sacerdotal robes, he goes in the elephant carriage to the Temple of Heaven, at about half past five o'clock. Standing in the midst of his high officials grading off into outer circles, according to their rank, just as the torch is applied to the sacrifice, he kneels, and with him all his attendants, offering adoration to High Heaven, acknowledging his inferiority to Heaven and to Heaven alone. There are seven large censers ranged along in a row, to the east of the altar, where silk, &c., are offered. A broad paved road leads to the open altar about half a mile directly south of the Temple of Heaven.

The open altar consists of a triple circular terrace, two hundred and ten feet wide at the base, one hundred and fifty feet in the middle, and ninety feet at the top. The terraces are each about six feet high and surrounded by a white marble balustrade highly ornamented with carving. The platform is paved with marble stones, forming nine concentric circles. The inner circle consists of nine stones, cut so as to fit with close edges round the center stone, which is perfectly round. In fine weather the ceremony is performed here, instead of in the Temple. There are the same number of censers, and the altar or furnace for the burnt offering, on the south side. Broad flights of steps, with marble balustrade, lead from this platform to the north, south, east and west. Paved roads lead off in each of these directions, through elaborately ornamented gateways. This altar is surrounded by a high red wall, covered with blue tiles; about

thirty yards off is another wall of the same style. The altar and temple occupy an open space, half a mile long and half as wide, in the midst of a dense cypress grove.

On our way back we passed the fasting hall. It is located between the grove and entrance, and just now is undergoing repairs. The building is a light pink color, surrounded by a wall and moat, though the wall is low and the moat narrow.

We had a good jolting as we passed through the city gates and reached our lodgings at half-past nine.

IOTA.

### Earthquakes.

In most languages the earth is the emblem of solidity. A feeling of trust in its permanence is almost interwoven with human existence, and men spend their lives in toil to acquire possession of a small patch of "this huge, firm earth," a possession which Blackstone tells us extends even to the center of the globe. When, therefore, a sudden convulsion shakes the ground beneath the feet, and an appalling noise, louder than any thunder, comes from unknown depths below, a speechless terror falls upon men, which probable destruction of property and absolute personal danger scarcely augment. And hence, although the mere dates and prominent facts of earthquakes are transmitted to us from remote centuries, careful observations, such as are necessary for scientific research into their causes, and which must be accumulated for many years before definite results can be predicated upon them, are exceedingly few.

There will doubtless be those who will seek a connection between the deplorable catastrophe at Antioch and the more extended phenomenon in California. Ever since the hypothesis was started that the crust of the earth is nowhere more than one hundred miles thick, that within the crust there is a mass of melted matter to which volcanoes act as safety valves, and that when the valves are obstructed a sudden development of volcanic gases, pushing against the crust, starts a series of waves from some central point of agitation and thus constitutes an earthquake, there have been plenty of earthquake coincidences. Sometimes the shocks on both sides of the globe have been simultaneous, and those were supposed to have started from its center. Sometimes hours have elapsed between, and calculations have been made as to the length of time it should take a wave in the melted nucleus to travel some 8,000 miles through and strike the crust on the other side. But while the melted nucleus hypothesis answers for a few of the facts, it seems to be contradicted by others, and there are objections to it made by physicists of high standing that are well nigh insuperable.

It is improbable, to say the least, that such an igneous mass would not have cooled in the long geologic eras, notwithstanding the protecting crust. It has been shown by experiment that such a melted nucleus would be likely to melt its shell—especially as, the shell being heavier than the nucleus, there would be a strong tendency of the surface to tumble in. There would be tides in the melted matter due to the moon's attraction which would be visible, but are not in active volcanoes. The shape of earthquake waves is not accordant with the central nucleus theory. Prof. Thompson of England, a man of high authority in such researches, has even demonstrated by mathematical means that absence of change in the figure of the earth under the moon's attraction indicates a rigidity throughout the globe incompatible with anything but a solid mass.

The fact that earthquakes occur most frequently along sea-coasts has given rise to the theory that they are caused by a sudden shifting of an equilibrium which has been destroyed by the immense amount of soil carried into the sea by rivers. This was originally advanced by Sir John Herschel; but there are difficulties about it, aside from its requiring the melted nucleus for a basis. Humboldt demonstrated that many mountain chains, among them the Andes, were solid before they were upraised; and that consequently in upheaval their strata would leave arched spaces and caverns, which, being subsequently enlarged by springs filtering through them and undermining the supports of the strata, would afford space for a fall of the masses above them. This might account for most earthquakes near mountains. It is observable that in most countries where earthquakes are frequent, caves are numerous. But, on the other hand, the Romans used to select the neighborhood of springs and caves for their larger edifices, because ground thus perforated was found freer from earthquakes. There is also an electrical theory which explains earthquakes by declaring that it is not the earth that quakes, but the people and structures upon it, and that these are buffeted about by electric currents. Strange to say, there are Californians who experienced the shocks of 1868, and are inclined to adopt this belief. It is fortunate for this country that great earthquakes here are fewer than the theories that propose to explain them.—N. Y. Tribune.

There is plenty to do in this world for every pair of hands placed upon it, and we must so work that the world will be richer because of our having lived in it.

### Events of the Week.

THE CASE OF DR. HOUARD.

For some real or imagined misdemeanor the Spanish authorities in Cuba have banished one Dr. Houard, who claims to be an American citizen, to a remote penal colony for life, if he should happen to die before he is released. But the United States has taken up the matter, and will find out whether the Doctor be really a citizen or a fraud. He has already arrived at Cadiz, and the Spanish government has also begun to investigate his case, having given orders in the meantime for his kind treatment. A dispatch has also been received from the United States consular agent at Cienfuegos, Cuba, stating that the official records show that Dr. Houard registered himself in that city as an American citizen, and claimed the protection of this government early in the history of the Cuban rebellion. Should this be found to be true, the Doctor will be released and Spain asked to apologize for her hasty conduct.

EVIDENCE AGAINST NEW YORK JUDGES.

The N. Y. Bar Association has published a long synopsis, including five columns of the evidence taken in the Barnard and Cardozo investigation. Among the points this statement makes against Barnard are these: That he made money illegally out of the referee business; that he was subsidized by the Erie ring in the case of the 'Union Pacific by presents of money and other things and positions on the road for his political friends; that the legal processes were studied over in the house of Josephine Mansfield; that he issued warrants in anticipation of offenses, and that he sent letters to certain lawyers threatening to withhold judicial favors if they did not do his bidding. The evidence against Cardozo is similar, so far as the referee business, threatening lawyers and the issue of warrants in anticipation of offenses are concerned. This seems to make a plain enough case. It now remains to be seen what the New Yorkers "are going to do about it."

### INDIAN AFFAIRS.

The House committee on Indian affairs has determined as a finality, that all the existing treaties with the Indians shall be faithfully observed, and that no exception whatever shall be made in favor of railroad companies or other outside interests. They have, however, decided to inaugurate a new method of dealing with the tribes in the future, and to substitute for the treaty relations a system of contract, negotiated under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior and submitted to the action of Congress. The first bill in which the new policy is involved is that which will soon be reported, permitting the sale of the southern portion of the late reservation in Colorado, a tract of 14,000,000 acres, held by less than four thousand Indians. The change in the method of dealing with the Indians is thoroughly approved by the Secretary of the Interior, the Commissioner of Indian affairs and the Chairmen of both House and Senate committees, and is expected to produce the most desirable results.

### POLITICAL.

The Massachusetts Republican State Convention was held at Worcester last Wednesday. Messrs. A. H. Rice, George B. Loring, William Claflin, P. Emory Aldrich, Oliver Ames and Sylvander Johnson were elected delegates at large to the national convention. The resolutions adopted express clearly the position of the republicans of the State in favor of the renomination of President Grant and the nomination of Senator Wilson for the Vice-Presidency.—The Pennsylvania Republican Convention also met on Wednesday. General J. F. Hartranft was nominated for governor. The delegates to the national convention were directed to vote for the renomination of General Grant for President, and to "act together for the best interest of the republican party" on the question of the Vice-Presidency.—The same day the Liberal Republicans of Kansas met in convention in Topeka, and adopted resolutions calling upon the people to put a stop to the encroachment upon civil functions by the military and the abuse of power by the executive, and demanding a thorough civil service reform. One hundred and seven delegates were elected to the Cincinnati Convention.—There was also a National Colored Convention in New Orleans, which was well attended, and the proceedings were dignified and orderly.

### THE SUZ CANAL.

The Suez Canal is replying to its detractors, by the most powerful of all arguments, hard money. The report of M. de Lesseps, read at the meeting of the stockholders at Paris, March 12, contains the gratifying assurance that not only is the canal self-supporting, but that in a few years they may expect to receive a dividend of 5 per cent. When we consider that \$800,000 are annually expended for the purpose of keeping the canal in order, exclusive of incidental expenses, the result is very promising. The manner of levying the tariff, on the registered tonnage of the ship, being manifestly unjust, as the vessels of certain countries were taxed more than those of others, their carrying capacity being often the same, did much to keep the receipts of the company down; but the directors have cut the knot by deciding upon the use of the British system of measurement for all vessels hereafter. Ships of 3000 tons having

passed through the canal, its usefulness is perfectly demonstrated, and a corresponding increase in the Eastern commerce of the Southern European nations is seen. John Bull, after decrying the canal, because gigantic schemes never amount to much, you know, has become its steadiest customer. It will be seen that the canal is not to be a profitable speculation to a few, but a great and lasting benefit to the many; and its achievement being one of the great victories of peace, is the most honorable triumph of France.

### Anecdote of Lincoln.

In one of his articles upon Public Men, John W. Forney has the following in relation to President Lincoln:

While I was Secretary of the Senate there was hardly an hour during any day that I was not called upon to help somebody who had friends or kindred in the army, or had business in the Department, or was anxious to get some poor fellow out of the Old Capitol Prison. These constant appeals were incessant demands upon the time of a very busy man, but the labor was a labor of love, and I am glad to remember that I never undertook it reluctantly. One day a very energetic lady called on me to take her to the President and aid her to get a private soldier pardoned who had been sentenced to death for desertion and was to be shot the very next morning. We were much pressed in the Senate, and she had to wait a long time before I could accompany her to the White House. It was late in the afternoon when we got there, and yet the Cabinet was still in session. I sent my name in to Mr. Lincoln, and he came out evidently in profound thought, and full of some great subject. I stated the object of our call, and, leaving the lady in one of the ante-chambers, returned to the Senate, which had not yet adjourned. The case made a deep impression on me, but I forgot it in the excitement of the debate and work of my office, until, perhaps, near ten o'clock that night, when my female friend came rushing into my room, radiant with delight, with the pardon in her hand. "I have been up there ever since," she said. "The Cabinet adjourned, and I sat waiting for the President to come out and tell me the fate of my poor soldier, whose case I placed in his hands after you left; but I waited in vain,—there was no more Mr. Lincoln. So I thought I would go up to the door of his Cabinet chamber and knock. I did so, and, as there was no answer, I opened it and passed in, and there was the worn President asleep, with his head on the table resting on his arms, and my boy's pardon signed at his side. I quietly waked him, blessed him for his good deed, and came here to tell you the glorious news. You have helped me to save a human life."

### Oriental Life.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson says he went lately to hear what seemed the Arabian Nights in a lecture. The part of the princess Scheherazade was performed by Mrs. Deonoyes. He dwells upon the fascinating glimpses of Siamese, predicts success for the lecturer, and gives this as an illustration of the whole oriental flavor of her talk:

"The central part of the capital city of Bangkok, in Siam, is devoted exclusively to the residence of some 9,000 women, among whom no man but the King may enter. The inhabitants of this inner city are the thousand women of the royal harem, and some 8,000 more, who are soldiers, artificers, and slaves. This little world is ruled by women as magistrates, who administer the laws of the kingdom. There is no appeal from their decisions. Prisoners are arrested by sheriffs of their own sex. If it is necessary to chain them, it is done by blacksmiths of their own sex. If a disturbance arises, it is suppressed by a force of 500 Amazons, trained from infancy to the use of sword and spear. Meanwhile the slave women carry on a variety of manufactures, or go outside the walls to till the fields. The women of higher birth are 'sealed,' to the king; the slave women may marry, but their husbands dwell outside the walls. The children, if boys, are banished from the city of women at six years old; only the girls remain. All the Oriental distinctions of rank are scrupulously observed within this strange realm, except that the magistrates are chosen for personal character and wisdom. Mrs. Leonowens speaks with great reverence of the woman who was Chief Justice when she lived in Bangkok, and tells some remarkable anecdotes of the courage with which she enforced justice against offenders far superior to herself in social rank."

### Holy Living.

A holy life is made up of a number of small things. Little words, not eloquent speeches or sermons; little deeds, not miracles, not battles, nor one great heroic act or mighty martyrdom make up the true Christian life. The little constant unobtrusive, not the lightning; the waters of Siloam "that go softly" in the meek mission of refreshment, not "the waters of the river, great and many, rushing down in torrent, noise and force," are the true symbols of a holy life.



## Communications.

### Can Nothing be Done about It?

Dr. Lewis said in a public lecture, two years ago, that there was not a church in Boston, which a person could attend, with due regard for his health. If this is true of new churches, into which the modern improvements for ventilation are introduced, what is the condition of the air in churches which make no pretensions in that direction?

Lecturers on Physiology have done their best to impress upon large audiences the importance of breathing pure air; and every person who has ever given any attention to the matter in which the blood is prepared to do its great work of replenishing the body, knows that in order to do this work well, it must come in contact in the lungs with pure air; and that this work can never be accomplished by air, nearly all of whose oxygen has been used in other lungs, which have returned, in its stead, impure and hurtful gases. And yet, large numbers of people, who are fully enlightened on the subject, treat it with the utmost indifference.

We have sometimes thought, if Jesus had said, "Take no thought what ye shall breathe," and the letter of command had been implicitly obeyed, there could not have been more indifference on the subject, among the majority of people, than there now is.

There are homes, in which the family sitting-room gets no ventilation from Sunday morning until Saturday night, except such as is forced upon it—for, notwithstanding the indifference shown it, this pure, sweet air is one of the most persistent and faithful of friends. It creeps in at cracks which the ingenuity of man has not yet learned to stop; and, if an outside door is opened for an instant, it is always on the alert and is sure to make a rush and displace some of the exhausted element inside;—but the ventilation furnished in this way is entirely inadequate to the wants of humanity. We were in a school-house a short time ago, where the air was so impure, that we hardly dared take a full breath while we were there; and we were informed that the teacher seldom opens the windows at recess.

We went to hear a lecture before an Editors' and Publishers' Association, not long ago, in a room where they had been in session during the day; and such was the impurity of the air, that we could only think of the "Black Hole of Calcutta." A lecture on ventilation would have seemed much more appropriate just then, than one descending on the glories of the Press.

But, when we go into the house of God, to learn of the purity of holiness, and are conscious that, mixed with every breath we draw, is a portion of the impurity that we and other people exhaled when we were there last, it gives a shock to one's sense of the propriety of things such as is felt nowhere else. Some persons, when spoken to on the subject, say, "Oh, impure air never troubles us;" and yet these persons have frequent headaches, for which they can assign no reason; and we have seen them in meeting, with flushed faces, fanning themselves with a hymn-book and heard them complaining afterwards of the heat, when in our estimation, it was not heat that produced the discomfort, so much as a lack of oxygen in the air. Every observing teacher has noticed that when the children's faces flush and an uneasiness pervades the school, nothing proves so effective a sedative to this restlessness as fresh air.

Among the indifferent ones, however, there are some persons who are keenly alive to the need of reform. A lady said not very long ago, "I don't know that I shall be able to attend the Sunday evening prayer-meetings much more, for I suffer so much from a smarting in my throat and lungs in consequence." "I had occasion," she continued, "to return to the 'Society after Sunday-school, and was surprised to see how impure the air seemed. When I went to meeting in the evening, there was exactly the same smell and oppressiveness; and I do think it is wicked for Christian people to be so negligent of the common demands of health."

We propose, as an answer to the question, "Can nothing be done about it?" that, in each society one person, who feels thus in earnest in the matter, shall consider it a special part of his Christian work to labor for a reform until it is accomplished; and then go to work in earnest. But don't go to the sexton at first. We have never been acquainted with one yet, who occupied an advanced position on this subject; besides, we had a little experience once, on this wise: Two of us remained in the church, one Sabbath a number of years ago, during the interval between forenoon and afternoon services, influenced to do so by the inclemency of the weather. When we were alone, we began to think whether by right of possession, we were not privileged to ventilate the house; for, not only was the air loaded with impurities from the lungs of the worshippers, from decayed teeth and the usual causes of foul air, but a number of pews held little boxes of sand, for the reception of the juice of a certain nauseous weed; and so great are the flavoring qualities of this weed, that the whole air was scented.

The plan was quickly laid; and the windows on opposite sides of the house were no sooner thrown open, than God's pure, sweet air went rushing through; on its heaven-given mission of purifying; but,

The best laid schemes of mice and men  
Gang aft agley.

The sexton lived near the church, and he must have seen the act of opening, for he came, oh, so quickly! It was always a mystery to us how he ever did get there so

soon! It was in vain that we delivered an earnest lecture on Physiology, while he was shutting the windows. They came down much more quickly than they went up. So you will not be surprised at the advice,—Don't go to the sexton at first.

Get the co-operation of your pastor if you can. Tell him you honestly believe the foulness of the air to be a prominent cause of sleepiness, especially where there is an afternoon service. Tell him that it is in vain for him to urge people to speak in the prayer-meeting, when some, who would be interested, are using all their energies to drive off the stupor induced by the half-purified blood with which the brain is filled.

But don't expect your minister to manage the thing. He has enough on his hands already; and this is a matter, you will find before you get through, that demands the whole energies of at least one energetic person. Next, try to get a few wide-awake persons as much in earnest as you are yourself, and decide together that you will make the matter the subject of conversation with the members of the congregation, whenever you meet them in a social way.

Then make some visits, with this object prominent. You will find Deacon Love-Reform a valuable helper, as soon as he sees the importance of the matter. If Deacon Move-Slow says that he don't believe much in these new-fangled notions,—that neither his father, nor mother ever opened a window to ventilate a room and they raised a large family of healthy children, ask him if his father's house did not have a large, open fireplace in nearly every room in the house. When you visit Brother Love-Money, he will tell you at once that the society is in debt, and that they can't afford to pay for the extra fuel that it would require to heat the house, if the windows were opened between services in the audience room, and after Sunday-school in the vestry; and besides, the sexton would have to be paid more for his services if he were required to ventilate the house every time it was used.

In answer to his first objection, tell him that when the air has plenty of oxygen in it, every man's internal furnace manufactures heat to help keep him warm; but when the air is impure, it is like closing the damper of a stove; the fire burns slowly, so that when the air is impure, enough more outside heat must be furnished to supply the loss of internal heat. But, supposing it does cost more,—and this will answer his other objection too, tell him that when God has provided salvation free, "without money and without price," and made pure air in such quantities that it can never be exhausted, with the power in itself to rush in wherever it is permitted to go, it seems a little niggardly for his people to be unwilling to warm enough of it for people to breathe, while listening to this precious gospel. Propose to him to sell the organ, the carpets or the cushions, "in fact to disperse with almost anything, except the house itself and the minister; for the loss of these things would injure no one's health. Then use the money to pay the extra expense of pure air, in which the pure doctrines of the Bible can be preached.

Tell Mr. Timid that physicians ascribe the cases of diphtheria and erysipelas on the cars, during the blockade on the U. P. R. R., to impure air; as the lack of fuel and the terrible cold required the cars to be closely shut. As he is very much frightened at the thought of being sick, this argument will be powerful with him.

After you have done what you can in this way, propose that there be some readings on the subject at the church circle, from the writings of Dio Lewis and other physiologists, who write in a pithy manner. Then perhaps there will be interest enough to have the matter seriously considered by the church, and if a vote can be passed requiring that the house be thoroughly ventilated after every service held in it, you will have secured one noble result. If, in addition, a committee can be appointed to ascertain whether the quantity of pure air which the house contains is enough to furnish the usual number of worshippers with the health-giving element during each service, you will have secured another good thing, for very few persons, after becoming awake to the importance of the subject, would wish to sit during service, conscious that during the last portion they were breathing what some other person's lungs had thrown out as unfit for his use; and the result would be that the windows would be lowered a little in ordinary weather, and enough fuel would be used for the occasion. Then you may go to the sexton, and even if he is not convinced of the importance of what he is required to do, he will heed the voice of the church.

Don't delay the matter on the ground, that summer is almost here, and there will be no need of effort before fall. All reforms need time. If you begin now, the plan will barely be perfected before another cold season will demand its execution.

STANLEY.

### Young Men.—No. 1.

BY J. W. BARKER.

I do not know who first started the proverb, "Old men for counsel and young men for war," but I am quite certain it is a wise one. I have no especial veneration for old proverbs, as such. But I have an undying regard for the truth, whether it be dressed in the verbiage of new or old style. Neither am I disposed to fall in love with any theory or system because it is new. That is an unfortunate, if not a dangerous state of mind which is always uneasy for something new. This state of mind must not be confounded with that very commendable thirst for knowledge, which is always the precursor of real progress. It is the unsatisfied and unsatisfying condition,—always in search for the fountain but never able to drink, that retards progress and science. I

am certain that the first part of the above proverb is true and will never grow old. It is safe, always, to counsel with age. And counsel, although said to be cheap, is invaluable. Age has experience, and experience is a very competent if not a popular "School-master." There is no science so difficult to master as the science of life. And it requires years to accomplish this. The exposition of this science must be given by those who have studied it. Others are incompetent to the task. I respect the man or woman, and seek them for my teachers, who have studied the problem of life many years more than I, although I may have more book lore.

Having traveled over the way, are not they much more competent to point out the dangers and difficulties? Is not the real, living experience a safer instructor than any book? There are volumes of unwritten experience developed only in familiar verbal lessons.

This tendency to drift away from the counsel of age, this dashing out wildly upon the boisterous sea of life, with the determination of gaining wisdom only by personal exploration,—this is one of the most dangerous tendencies of the age. How soon the inconsiderate son outgrows the wisdom of his father. How soon he learns to regard his counsel with great indifference. It is taken for granted that the present generation is peculiar; that it is above and beyond all the old landmarks. It is simply a generation out on a voyage of exploration, a crew of free-boaters, sailing upon an untried sea. Greece had no railroads or telegraphs. She had not what is termed the "modern improvements." She might have been wanting in "style." But she had wisdom, culture, art and science.

Esop lived and wrote amid the "Isles of Greece" about twenty-five hundred years ago. He was a slave. And yet the pictures of human life he drew in his "Fables," the keen, ethical discrimination manifested, has never been excelled by any of the writers of modern times. If these ancient people knew less of God, they seemed likewise to know less of vice. Young men may have a dash, a brilliancy and a "career," but they have not the experience and the ripeness of wisdom.

But where is the line of distinction? Who are old and who are young? When do we cease to be young? If I understand anything of the philosophy of living, if I can measure purpose or design with any intelligence, there is, I am sure, very little time in the entire space of human life for idleness. A man who lives according to any settled purpose, whose duties are regulated by the dictates of enlightened conscience, can never "outlive his usefulness." And he is never so competent to do good in the world, as when, in the ripeness of well-spent years, he sits at the helm, directing the course of younger sailors upon life's mysterious voyage. There is a time "when the sound of the grinding is low, and the pitcher is broken at the fountain," but the life and vigor of a human spirit need never grow old. How frequently I have seen the human spirit flash and sparkle, when the earthly tenement seemed trembling upon the very confines of decay. As new and delicate flowers are woven into the coronet of October, amid the crisped and faded foliage, so the human spirit, tended and fostered by the gentler influences and the nobler impulses of life, blossoms brighter and brighter as earth fades and grows dim. The human spirit, true to the principles of truth, will ever be young and immortal as truth itself.

### The Ideal Woman.

BY ANNIE R. POTTER.

Those writers who have been most fervently loved and most intensely hated, who have influenced most and longest, have not been the men or women who have smoothed over the vices of society, and been "hand in glove" with fashionable sins. In every instance they have been those who, making a bold stand in the cause of right, have unrelentingly torn the mask from the face of public wickedness, called popular sins by their true names, and on the prostrate ruins of evil, built a fair temple, dedicated to God and truth, on whose white walls their names are written for all time.

So the Ideal Woman is not an angel nor a saint; she has fought the battle of life and is triumphant. She is not all softness and pliability. We are told these are the chief charms of woman, but they are, to me, only other names for weakness of character and contemptible subservience to each passing influence. The Ideal Woman is not set so high above our heads that it is impossible to reach her. She does not live in the hazy romance of dreamland, nor is perpetually dressed in white, nor is her hair invariably golden. She is not simply the creation of summer evening dreams, but is the standard of faithful womanhood.

Some one has said that no woman can be truly a woman, until she has found her Saviour through the influence of a great sorrow or a great joy. But I believe that sorrow only leads to the path of peace. What soul has ever found God but by groping in thick darkness? But when the trembling, outstretched hands take hold on Faith, then the soul is drawn into the great and glorious liberty of the sons of God. When the true woman has learned to "lean on Heaven her hand" she can stand face to face with temptation, and say calmly and steadily, "Get thee behind me, Satan." Then she entertains no thought, she would blush to speak in words. Are there not many who dare not lift their eyes, sometimes, lest some keen observer should read their thoughts? I do not say that sinful thoughts never come to a good, true woman. This is one of the hardest battles she has to fight, to keep her soul pure from evil thoughts. They come, but she will not entertain them. The place of her defense is the "munition of rocks." She flees to this, because refuge, and in sweet communion

with Holiness and Faith, she thanks God that her foes are vanquished.—That terrible denunciation of our Saviour, "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of all uncleanness," covers a broad ground. That soul, which dallies with imaginary temptation, prepares itself to fall at the first assault of real ones. It may indeed dwell within a beautiful body, but it is a "whited sepulcher."

Again, the embodiment of perfect womanhood loves God's poor, and by every means in her power lightens their heavy burdens. Her Master had not where to lay His head, and shall she be accounted more than He? It may be that she has only a kind word or a gentle pressure of the hand to give, but these are given in Jesus' name, and she knows she will not lose her reward. A brave, noble woman has said, "I resign you, rich women, and reproach you. Not that you are so rich, but that you are so miserably poor." How many thousands, millions of dollars are yearly thrown away in selfish pride and gratification, while women and children with deathless souls die of starvation or are driven to shame and crime! She knows all this, and prays for the time when "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; when they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more." There is but a step from the cradle to the grave. Knowing this, she has no time to give to frivolous amusements. Life is for earnest action, not for careless dreams. She is here to dare and do. Beyond this little life, stretches the solemn, boundless ocean of Eternity. Eternity, awful word! Shall we dare to leave this life behind us wasted?

There is yet another lesson, a hard one, for the Ideal Woman to learn, in whatever station of life she is placed, therewith to be content. With tears and prayers, she gives up her pride and ambition, and with Him for her helper, takes up patiently the life He has decreed her. None but her Heavenly Father can know of the conflicts through which she comes to "be content." She lives her plain work-a-day life patiently and humbly, doing whatever her hand findeth to do with her might. Her soul is so pure and good that she walks with the beautiful every day. In the morning, she smiles to the new-born day, crowned with the dewy freshness of sweet flowers. At evening, she gazes through the "golden vistas" of sunset into the deep heavens beyond, and thinks when the angels call for her they will come through those shining gates. So her life flows peacefully on to its close; and when it is returned to the hands of Him who gave it, her memory lives upon earth, and her happy soul dwells in the pavilions of the Most High.

### Annihilation.

I lately received by mail, from some unknown friend, a package of tracts written to prove that wicked men will be annihilated, if they do not repent, and that Satan will be blotted out of existence. The climax of the argument in favor of the doctrine of the annihilation of the wicked is, that, in the Bible they are repeatedly threatened with destruction. One of the strongest proof texts is found in Matt. 10: 28, in which it is asserted that God is able to destroy both soul and body in hell, and the writer can not understand how any unbiased mind can fail to see that destroy here means "a destruction of being." I answer: the primary and usual meaning of destroy, in English, is not annihilate; but in order to determine the meaning of a passage of Scripture with accuracy and certainty, we must refer to the original inspired word. The Greek word translated to destroy in the above text is *apollasai*, which Donnegan and Liddell and Scott define to destroy, to lay waste, to ruin, and in the Middle Voice, to be wretched or miserable; and in no instance is it defined to annihilate by these learned lexicographers. In the Greek language, *apophanai* signifies to annihilate, but nowhere, to my knowledge, is that verb or its derivatives used in reference to the punishment of the wicked.

Another proof text quoted is 1st Cor. 1: 18. "The preaching of the cross is to them that perish, foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God." This is quoted by the author to prove the doctrine of annihilation. In this text, if perish is made to signify annihilate, we are taught by Paul that those scoffing Corinthians who rejected the Gospel were already annihilated, for the Greek word translated "them that perish," is a present participle in the same construction as "us which are saved." The idea is that the gospel is foolishness to men whose hearts are corrupt, who are morally ruined. The word translated perish is only another form of the verb translated destroy in the text first quoted.

The text quoted to prove that Satan will be annihilated is Heb. 2: 14. "That through death he [Christ] might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil." The Greek word translated destroy is *kataresce*. The only definitions of this word given by Liddell and Scott are, to leave unemployed or idle, to make useless, void, abolish, to set free. Whether this text teaches that Christ will annihilate Satan, I leave the "unbiased" reader to judge. It is surprising that Advent brethren do not use more candor and official scholarship in discussing questions that so much concern the welfare of the race.

S. C. K.

### Happiness of the Believer.

When Sydney E. Morse was a boy in college, not much over twelve years old, he became possessed of these words: "God lives, God reigns, God loves, God will ever live, God will ever reign, God will ever love, Glory, Hallelujah!" In those words, adds the New York Observer, are all the springs of his life—absolute submission to God's will, with a sense of his infinite love, work-

ing out peace and joy, which he sought to diffuse by making the law of love the universal bond and rule." And yet some say a devout orthodox Christian can't be happy. He is the happiest of men; for he believes in God, and all of God with all his heart. He takes him at his word, never doubts his justice or his grace; never questions his plans or workings. He is all, and in all, wisdom and righteousness, sanctification and redemption.

### "Frequent Calls."

Yes; calls for aid are heard on every hand, and some persons and some churches are responding as often as they consistently can. They deserve much credit for their frequent and cheerful giving. Such, also, rest beneath the smile of Heaven; "For God loveth a cheerful giver." That smile and that love exceed in value all the wealth of earth. How great, then, is the privilege of giving when God approves. "Frequent Calls,"—and many hear them, but never, or seldom, answer. And are not these the persons who are inclined the most piteously to complain of the frequency? Surely if any are to complain, they should be the last. Would it not be wise for us all to consider the question, Have I responded to such calls as frequently as I ought? And, especially if convicted that we have not, be so consistent as to cease personal complaint, about such calls. Oh, the millions of wealth that are yearly wasted on perverted appetite and pride—even in the church,—and by those, too, who complain of too frequent calls.

ALEX.

### A Ministerial Impropriety.

A pastorate terminates. It may be best. And it might last longer if the people thought so. But when there is a demand for a change, right or wrong, generally there is no alternative in the matter. The pastor settles in another place. Some of his former charge still hold on to him, yielding a feeble or reluctant support to their own meeting and the new pastor. He (the new one) feels it keenly, especially when he finds that his predecessor favors their disaffection, corresponding with them, visiting back and forth, and he, perhaps, receiving their presents. Oh, it is painful. A pastor needs the united confidence and support of all. He is entitled to it, if he is a faithful minister of Christ.

Why should a former pastor foster this uneasiness? Why cause his successor in office, pain? Why do that which will distract and injure the interests of the precious cause of Christ in the place? "I speak as unto wise men; judge ye what I say."

F.

## S. S. Department.

### A Teacher's Influence.

A little more than two years ago a man having two daughters, one about seventeen and the other fifteen years of age, rented and kept a hotel. The older daughter, though full of life and glee—fun, if you will—and not a Christian, was yet at times very thoughtful and earnest. She had a faithful Sabbath-school teacher, who often impressed upon the minds of her pupils their individual responsibility to God, and urged them always to show themselves valiant for the right and against the wrong.

This daughter strongly objected to going into the hotel, but her influence with her parents was not sufficient to prevent it. About a month after going thither, her father said to her one morning: "J—, I am going home to-day, and if any one comes into the bar-room, you must wait on them." Her objection was of no avail, and for the time acquiesced in the peremptory command of her father. Before noon three young men came to the bar, and asked for whiskey. J— put the bottle on the counter, and shoved the thirty cents into the drawer. While they were drinking, the thought flashed across her mind, "What if these young men become drunkards, and I hand them the whiskey to make them so?" Immediately her resolution was taken. "Never again will I be the instrument of encouraging any one to drink." She looked the bar, and thought there were other calls, there was no more drinking at that bar that day. Her mother urged her to go and wait upon the customers; but she only opened the door, and said, "No drinks to-day."

Her father, of course, was angry, but she was firm, and said to him: "My motto in reference to this business henceforth shall be, 'Touch not, taste not, handle not.'"

Soon she sought her Sunday-school teacher, and, recounting what had happened, said: "Did I do right?" Her teacher answered: "Honor thy father and thy mother; but we ought to obey God rather than man, even though that man be a father."

Her decided opposition to, and disapproval of the bar and its business soon became generally known. One afternoon, as a respectable man (save his occasional drinking) was leaving the house, he saw mother and daughter in the hall, and addressing the mother, playfully said: "This is the girl that won't even handle liquor!" To which she promptly answered: "No; my motto is, 'touch not, taste not, handle not.'"

He said, "Well, so," and laughingly though forcibly led her to the bar, poured out a glass of wine, and, holding it to her lips, said, "Drink it, drink it!" Resisting for a moment, she with dishevelled hair and flushed countenance then took the glass, and deliberately dashed it and its contents on the floor, saying: "Now, sir, out with your twenty-five cents, and pay for that tumbler!" which without another word he did, and left the house.

Within three months after this occurrence she became a decided Christian, and has maintained a consistent walk to this time. Sabbath-school teacher, be faithful. You know not what trials and temptations are before your pupils, and you may be the instrument of strengthening, comforting, and saving them.—S. S. Workman.

CLINGING TO JESUS. One bright summer day, I was standing on the sea-shore. Behind me were the great white cliffs, and before me was the beautiful blue sea, with the big waves dashing their snow-white foam against where I stood. All around me were pretty shells and pebbles, and large round pieces of chalk, covered with green moss and loveliest seaweed. And

peeping in and out of the sandy puddles which lay between, were curious little crabs looking after their sea-side meal, and burying themselves in the sand every time I moved. On a very large white boulder, a piece of rock, near where I stood, were a number of limpets in their pretty-marked shells, clinging to the rock. At the sea-side I have often seen little boys and girls trying to get them off; but they stick so fast that they can not move them.

Having a walking-stick in my hand, I determined that I would have one of these limpet-shells. So, choosing a very pretty one, I tried at first to pull it off with my hand. But no! it clung to the rock so tightly that I could not move it.

"What!" thought I, "a little thing like you to be stronger than I! I'll try my walking-stick."

And so I did. Putting one end of it against the side of the limpet, I tried with all my weight and strength to push it off. But no, not a hair-breadth could I move that tiny little limpet, which it was clinging to the rock. Indeed, so tightly did it cling, that I could no more move that limpet than I could the rock to which it clung. Though so weak a little thing, it stuck so fast, that it seemed as strong as the rock itself. Just as children, clinging to Jesus, the Rock of Ages, have almost strength, and can never be moved.

"Well, my little friend," thought I, "I'll see whether I can not move you yet; as one way won't do, I'll try another." So, having plenty of time to spare, I sat down very quietly upon another rock close by, and watched, scarcely moving my eyes off the limpet for one moment. For a long time I watched in vain; there stuck the little limpet.

But presently I thought I saw it move a little. Oh, how eagerly I watched then! Another minute, and—yes, there it was, actually moving off the rock.

"Ah," thought I, "I'll have you now." And with one sudden grasp I had it in my hand, because it was not clinging to the rock.

Dear little friend, whenever Satan tempts you to get away from Jesus, and wander into sin, cling fast to the rock—cling to Jesus!—English Paper.

THE WORK OF THE SOUL-WINNER. The soul-winner must be a man of agonizing prayer, full of the Bible. A consistent man. A man consecrated and set apart to Jesus Christ, and willing to be singular to save souls. The work of winning souls. Where will he find them? If you want a field of labor, touch your neighbor next door. The world is steeped in sin everywhere. Mr. Wells gave several very interesting incidents in his own experience of picking up these neighbors everywhere, who had been waiting for years to have somebody to speak to them of their souls.

The soul-winner is not a quick; he has not got some nostrum. He makes a careful diagnosis. If a man is going to peg shoes, he puts his three years at driving pegs. But anybody can win souls. Can they? Men who attempt to win souls try to find out where the difficulty is. Then he is a long way oftentimes from winning the soul to God. I know there is some key to every heart, and I must search until I find it out. I found the key to a man's heart once in another's prayer, back years ago. When I came to examine him, taking an old letter, blistered over with tears, he said, "Dear friends, look at that letter; I have blistered it with my tears for years; it has been the only avenue to my heart, and accidentally I let it out one day, and the Holy Ghost trapped me." Find out how the Holy Spirit is dealing, and seek to be a co-worker with the Spirit of God.

There is an idol in almost every heart, that has got to come down before Jesus Christ. Go down with me to the river on a bitter cold evening, to a young woman with whom I had been laboring for years, and could not find out what it was keeping her from Christ. She was sitting by a coal fire, at eight o'clock on that dark winter's night. "Strange you should come to-night, while I have been thinking so much of you." I saw the heart was tender. Oh! if I could only find out what keeps her away. "Mr. Wells, can a person be a Christian and dance?" I said, "Yes, but you can't." I don't care what it is, a bargain with Christ won't do." "Well," says she, "I would like to be a Christian if I could dance." "You can not; you can not make a bargain with Jesus Christ. I see the difficulty now, you want to go on in a course inconsistent with this Christian life." "I believe that is it. If he would only help me!" "He will." "How do you know?" "Try." We knelt together beside a chair and prayed. "Now you ask." "I can not ask, I don't know how to pray." "Try, try, just ask, if it is only for help." She prayed in three or four burning words, when she rose and said, "I would not dance for anything." The idol may be riches, love of fame, some worldly pleasure. Put your finger upon it, and, when you find it, help the person to find it. Then it becomes a controversy—Christ or the idol.—Ralph Wells.

THE PRAYERS OF SAINTS. "Mamma, God is always at home, isn't he?" said a little girl, as she looked up from her sewing one morning.

"What do you mean, Lily?" said her mother.

"Why, God is always at home, I mean; so that if we want anything, he is always there to hear us when we ask him. Isn't he?" she asked again, as if fearful a precious thought was in peril.

"Yes, Lily, I know that he is 'always at home'; that is, he is never so far away that he can not hear the faintest wish for him that you may think in your heart; never so busy but that he can answer your prayer, and give you all the help you need."

"But angels are not always at home, mamma?"

"What makes you think so, Lily?"

"Because, you know, somebody is always dying, and the angels have to be there."

"The Bible calls them 'ministering spirits,' and we can not know how much they do for those who love God; but they are 'sent forth' on many kind errands, I do not doubt."

"Well, mamma, then it wouldn't be any good to pray to angels, would it?"

Can any of my little readers answer Lily's question?—Child at Home.

MEMORIZE. One thing that is common to quotation books and scholars' lesson papers is the text of the Bible lesson, and that after all is the most important thing in either of them. To urge scholars to memorize that text is within the capacity of every teacher, and to do this is a work as good as it is simple. Memorizing Scripture is not the end of Sunday-school teaching, but it is the beginning. In adding thought about the lesson to the earlier practice of merely reciting its text, it would be a pity to lose all that was of value in the old-time habit of storing up the text and the passages of Holy Writ. Let the scholar commit to memory some of the lesson.



## Selections.

## Psalm XV.

Who in Thy tabernacle, blessed,  
Shall live forevermore?  
Who on Thy holy hill shall rest,  
When earthly joys are o'er?

He who pursues an upright way,  
All whose works are right,  
Who only truth is known to say,  
With pure, heart-felt delight.

He who his neighbor slanders not,  
Nor does the slightest ill;  
Who no reproach against him brought,  
Gives wider circle still.

He who approves not persons vile,  
As them that fear the Lord;  
Keeps his tongue from evil guile,  
Keeps sacredly his word.

He who lends not at usury,  
Nor takes a bribe for gain—  
Secure he shall forever be,  
And in Thy courts remain.

—Selected.

## A Heresy of Art.

More than fifty years ago Wordsworth said, in one of his most carefully prepared utterances, that "poetry is most just to its divine origin when it administers the comforts and breathes the spirit of religion." It was no new proposition, either to him or to the world. The connections in which he placed it showed that he regarded it as soundly established and universally accepted. Of course, poetry can only "administer the comforts" of religion by direct design; and, by necessity, the design to fulfill this function is not only legitimate, but laudable in the exercise of poetic art. A recent writer, discussing poetry, speaks of an exceptionally successful poem, whose title and authorship he does not give us, as originating in a moral rather than a poetic inspiration. If he had been more explicit, and said all that he intended to convey, he would have said that no true poem can spring from a purely moral inspiration. If he had gone still farther, and revealed to us the fully rounded heresy of his school, he would have said that there can be no true poem or work of art by original and carefully executed design is framed to produce a moral result upon the souls of men. If this school is to be believed, the poetic muse is never to be either teacher or preacher; and a poem with a moral is a work of art with that one fatal blot, or taint, or weakness, or unseemly superfluity which destroys its genuineness.

During our recent civil war, a gifted woman of New England gave utterance to the over-flowing religious and patriotic sentiments of her section by writing a hymn which was sung by the Union armies wherever they bore their banners, or whitened the hills with their camps. It was one of the grandest and most stirring of all the beautiful utterances of the time. Suppose some man, speaking of this, were to say that the most successful army hymn or song that had been given to the world within the last ten years was the offspring of a patriotic rather than a poetic inspiration! Suppose he should sneer at Burns's *Highland Mary*, because those immortal sweet verses were born of a boy's pure love, that only sought expression in them! What should we think of such a man? Simply, that he is so utterly misled by a false theory of art as to be incapable of saying any worthy and valuable thing about it.

But the critic does not say this, and he will not say it. It is not that a poem may not be inspired by the love of a woman, or by the love of fame, or by the love of beauty; it is that it cannot be inspired by the love of God—Himself the great Inspirer! So long as the poet dwells with the love of the field, that rises in his heart and beats with soft wings at the bars of all his senses for admission to his soul, he writes poetry; but when he touches those sentiments of the religious spirit which open themselves to the Divine, and rise with aspiration, adoration, love, and praise, he strikes prose, and writes stuff! We declare this to be a heresy so degrading to art, so belittling to the minds entertaining it, so subversive and perverse of all sound criticism, that until it shall be overthrown there can be no such thing as progress in literary art among those who entertain it. Even our beloved Whitier, singing away his beautiful life, and soaring while he sings, is impatiently accused of "preaching" because his songs are less and less of the earth from which he retires, and more and more of the heaven into which he rises!

If art may convey one lesson, it may be another. If it is legitimate for art to bear one burden, it may bear a hundred; and the heresy of which we speak, in condemning all art that springs from a moral inspiration, condemns the best, nay, the only worthy things that have been created in every department of art. If George MacDonald is not a true artist in English language there is none; yet he literally writes nothing that is not the offspring of a moral or a religious aspiration. The lady who writes over the *nom de plume* of George Eliot is the greatest living Englishwoman, a woman who, since Mrs. Browning died, has had no peer as a literary artist among her sex; but she carefully elaborates in her best work a high moral purpose, and, lest some fool may possibly miss or mistake it, she works it all into the last page of *Romola*. "It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring very much about our own narrow pleasure." There are so many things wrong and difficult in the world that no man can be great—he can hardly keep himself from wickedness—unless he gives up thinking about pleasures and rewards, and gets strength to endure what is hard and painful." What is *Aurora Leigh* by the greatest poetess of our century, if not of all time, but one long and carefully elaborated lesson of life? Every book that comes from the pens of Mrs. Stowe and Mrs. Whitney, our best living female writers in America, is thoroughly charged with moral purpose; and Hawthorne, than whom no writer of English stands higher as an artist, was not content in his best book—*The Scarlet Letter*—to permit his lesson to be inferred, but he put it into words: "Be true, be true, be true!" The simple fact is that every work of art of every sort is really and permanently valuable in proportion to the value of the truth which it fittingly enshrines. Art is not a master, but a minister. All that is written about beauty being its own apology and art its own justification—about "truth to art for art's sake"—is the baldest nonsense. Art has no "sake." Truth to art is simply truth to self-conceit. Indeed, the phrase is used mainly to justify the artist in working from no motive but a selfish one. All art that has its end in itself or in its author is a monstrosity. All art that bears no lesson and brings no gift of beauty or love, or life or power, to men and women, ought to be hooked and howled out of self-complacency and out of sight; yet it is precisely this art, and no other, that receives the unqualified approbation of the critics who are dogmatists; it is entirely legitimate for a heathen to embody his religion in his poetry; and use his religion as material of poetry; but when a

Christian undertakes to do the same thing he is warned off, and informed that no poetry can come of a purely moral or religious inspiration.

There is a noteworthy coincidence in the fact that the theories of the nature and province of art upon which we have animadverted exist only or mainly in association with infidel opinions. It is not to be denied that there is in America a large circle of literary men and women from whom all sincere faith in Christianity and in the interest of God in the affairs of men has gone out. They are just as fond of preaching in and through art as they are of preaching it in the pulpit. They regard with pitying contempt those whose faith still stands by the revelation of the Great Book, and read with impatience all those utterances of literary art which are inspired by it. That their lack of faith in the grand, central truths of their own nature, relations, and history should lead them into absurd and inconsistent theories of art, is not strange; but it is strange that Christian men and women have not more openly protested against those theories, and strange that many have not only been puzzled by them, but have been half inclined to accept them. It is well that Heaven takes care of its own, and impels each man whom it moves to artistic utterance to speak forth that which is in him in his own best way, and regardless of theories, to go on doing so while he lives. More than this; it is well that the world has a sense of its own needs, and gratefully recognizes the heavenly credentials of the art which comes to it with gifts and deeds of ministry.—Dr. J. G. Holland, in *Scribner's*.

## Show-Sermons.

A good many young men, beginning to preach, feel that they don't know what to do. They naturally fall back upon their note-books, upon the development of some system of truth. They undertake to present to their people topic after topic based upon great Gospel themes. And of course they can do no better than that in the beginning. Still, that is rather preparing to preach than preaching. It is like a man who is practicing with his rifle at a target, but does not see, who hits by accident, if he hits rather than by deliberate aim. You cannot expect a man to do better until he has learned. It is no easy thing for one to be in such familiar possession of the great moral truths revealed in the Bible, and in such familiar knowledge of men's natures and dispositions that he can take of the one and fit it to the other almost by intuition. But intuition is only a name for Superior Habit.

No one should be discouraged in the beginning of his ministry, therefore, if he finds himself running short of subjects; preaching a good deal and accomplishing but very little; if he finds that he has comparatively a light hold upon truths, and that he cannot by these truths grapple men effectually. Every one has an ideal in his mind. He thinks of Whitefield, or of Jonathan Edwards, with the man pulling at his coat-tails and trying to stop that terrible burst of statement and denunciation that was crushing the congregation. Every young man who is aspiring wants to do great things, and to preach great sermons. Great sermons, young gentlemen, ninety-nine times in a hundred, are nuisances. They are like steeple without any bells in them; things stuck up high in the air, serving for ornament, attracting observation, but sheltering nobody, warning nobody. It is not these great sermons that any man should propose to himself as models. Of course, if now and then, in legitimate, honest and manly work, you are in the mood, and are brought into a state of excitement of which a great sermon is the result, preach it and don't be afraid. But great sermons will come of themselves, when they are worth anything. Don't seek them; for that of itself is almost enough to destroy their value.

I do not say this for the purpose of abating one particle of your studiosness, or the earnestness with which you labor. I do not undertake to say that there may not be some indulgence at times in that direction; that is to say, if you have written a sermon that has done good, it may do good again. But I do say that, generally speaking, show-sermons are the temptation of the devil. They do not lie in the plane of common, true, Christian, ministerial work. They are not natural to a man whose heart is moved with genuine sympathy for man, and who is inspired in that sympathy by the fire of the Spirit of God. There is a false greatness in sermons as well as in men. Vanity, Ambition, Pedantry, are demons that love to clothe themselves in rhetorical garments, like angels of light.—Henry Ward Beecher.

## Revival Meetings.

On the manner of conducting revival meetings *Zion's Herald* has the following sensible suggestions:

No work of a pastor involves graver responsibilities, or is beset with greater difficulties, than that of directing a series of special services. It is not enough that there be a succession of meetings, however interesting or profitable. Each service should be part of a well planned campaign, accomplishing a definite object, and helping to achieve the final and glorious victory. This result will not be reached without the constant and hearty co-operation of minister and people.

Here lies one of the chief difficulties. The pastor may shrink from his part of the work, or may manifest a self-sufficient or dictatorial spirit, or the people may rebel against what they deem an interference with their liberty on the part of the leader, and refuse or hesitate to carry out his suggestions. In either case, defeat is almost certain. The lady should learn that the true liberty is not in following whims and impulses, but in obeying implicitly the promptings of the Divine Spirit, whether given to the individual laity, or directly or through the man whom the Holy Ghost has made overseer. The pastor should take special pains to win, to drive the people to unite with him, to work. Private conversations with more influential laborers may greatly help, especially if such conversations be followed with seasons of prayer, in which hearts are melted and animated for the work. One Christian understanding the pastor's plans, and thoroughly in sympathy with them and the work, will prove a valuable coadjutor. A few such laborers, catching up the topic presented, or pursuing the course suggested in a meeting, will give direction to all the exercises. And when the entire working force are "with one accord in one place," the baptism of fire will be given. The extent of the work will be limited only by the faith of those who labor, or the number of believers to be sanctified, or of sinners to be saved. "As to the arrangement of services, the number of sermons per week, or other like details, no rules can be given. The judicious pastor advised by his lay brethren, and led by the Spirit and providence of God, will so plan as to keep up the general interest, and accomplish the specific work which may from time to time demand attention. Care

will also be used to guard against such a course as might unfit the people for labor, or lessen their interest in the ordinary services, when those extraordinary shall cease. In some cases good results have followed the devotion of Monday evenings to the exercises of the general class-meeting. The preacher thus gained needed rest, and found opportunity to gather up the results of the Sabbath, and at the same time to keep all, especially the timid and the young, speaking for Jesus.

## Rest in Prayer.

Are not Christians often unnecessarily puzzled as to what to expect from their prayers, not understanding, nor being able to believe how they really receive answers to them?

Much difficulty may be owing to some imperfect idea, that, because the great God offers to answer our requests, we are encouraged to come to him, as if to move some great, indeed infinite Power—reverently speaking as if some great mechanical force was offered to be subject to our control. Christians thus coming must often be disappointed.

But granted that such power with God were put into our hands; granted that He would do absolutely just what we asked for, who would dare to exert such a power? or be willing that his friends should do so? No one who in any degree realized how the judgment of any finite intelligence, however perfect, is soiled, and how it is immediately thrown into confusion all the wheels of the universe.

Such a power, too, would only take hold of the Lord's omnipotence. Thanks to him, a higher privilege is granted to the believer. God invites us to use; not his power only, but his wisdom, his love, his knowledge, his judgment. This indeed is taking hold upon God himself, not making use, as it were, of one alone of his attributes, but of all of them.

This we do whenever we come to Him, as to the Father, which he is, asking what he thinks must be or may be agreeable to his will, yet leaving it to him in whom we can so fully trust, to decide the matter. Bringing it thus before him, we can, like loving, trustful children, with cheerful submission, leave our prayer with him, knowing that if best, he will grant it. Otherwise we do not wish for it.

Thus in his will ours rests satisfied, and we have in truth that which we desire of him.

A Christian thus believing that his most kind and loving and omnipotent Father will do about his prayer exactly what he would himself do if endowed with like powers, will need go from the mercy-seat with sincere restfulness of spirit.—Chr. Weekly.

## Fruits of Christianity.

Christianity introduced the era of humanity. Not before its advent did men look upon themselves as members of one great family. Not before were the rights of human personality acknowledged. What have been termed the rights of man are the fruits of Christianity. It made no changes in the internal arrangements of society; it left laws and privileges, manners and conditions, customs and ranks, as it found them; but it introduced a new spirit into each state of life. It did not even externally abolish slavery; but it taught all to recognize in the slave a man, a Christian brother, and thus gave an internal blow to this objectionable institution. It raised the condition of women from a degraded to a most honorable and influential one. It made love—which, as Montesquieu says, at the time of its introduction still bore only a form which can not be named—the noblest and tenderest power of mental and spiritual life. Not till Christianity appeared did the love of one's neighbor, in the true sense of the word, exist. Christianity introduced humanity into the world, and inculcated the virtue of compassion. Care for the sick and poor, which has played so famous a part in the history of the Christian world, was one of its happy fruits. The spirit of love, of resignation, of self-sacrifice, which is the loveliest and noblest product of the moral life, proceeded from Christianity, from the cross of Christ. It was Christianity which broke down the wall of partition between ranks, nations, and states. Not before did there exist upon earth such a relation as that of brother, upon which in our days the whole frame-work of society depends. That history is not one continuous war of all against all, that right and law form the foundation of national life, and that consequently commerce and intercourse have been rendered possible upon earth, are blessings for which we are indebted to Christianity.—Luther.

## Be Happy Now.

How old are you? Twenty-five? Thirty? Are you happy yet? Are you generally happy? If so, you have reason to judge that you will be happy by and by. Are you so busy that you have no time to be happy? and are you going to be happy when you are old, and you have not much to do? No; you will not. You now have a specimen of what you will be when you are old. Look in the face of to-day. That is about the average. That will tell you what you are going to be. What you are carrying along with you is what you will have by and by. If you are so conducting yourself that you have peace with God, and with your fellow-men, and with your conscience, if every day you insist that duty shall make you happy, and you take as much time as is needful for the culture of your social faculties, you will not be exhausting life, and it will be continually replenished. But if you are saving everything up till you get to be an old man, habit will stand like a tyrant, and say: "You would not enjoy yourself before, and you shall not now." How many men there are who have ground and ground to make money, that they might be happy by and by, but who, when they have got to be fifty or sixty years old, have used up all the enjoyability nerve that was in them. During their early life they carried toil, and economy, and frugality, to the excess of stinginess, and when the time came that they expected joy, there was no joy for them.—Beecher.

Like a little child learning to walk, with a parent's arm encircling it, ever ready to bring complete support, so the restored soul dwells in God.—Dr. Crosby.

On earth we have nothing to do with success or with its results, but only being true to God and for God; for it is sincerity and not success which is the sweet savor before God.—Robertson.

The deepest and most desirable and most permanent joy is not what the laughter and song are loudest. These are superficial and temporary. These are ripples, eddies, on the surface of joy, showing its shallow-

ness, not its depth. We are always pensive and thoughtful when we are most happy.

## Labor and Wait.

Some of the greatest works that were ever performed by Christian people were not immediate in their results. The husbandman has waited long for the precious fruit of the earth. The question has been asked again and again, "Yamman, what of the night?" Some, no doubt, have had to labor all their lives, and have bequeathed to their heirs the promise whose fulfillment they had not personally seen. They laid the underground courses of the temple, and others entered into their labors. You know the story of the old St. Paul's, by Sir Christopher Wren. A very massive piece of masonry had to be broken down, and the task by pick and shovel would have been a very tedious one; so the great architect prepared a battering-ram for its removal, and a large number of workmen were directed to strike with force against the wall with the ram. After several hours of labor, the wall, to their appearance, stood fast and firm. Their many strokes had been apparently lost, but the architect knew that they were gradually communicating motion to the wall, creating an agitation throughout the whole of it, and that, by and by, when they had continued long enough, the entire mass would come down beneath a single stroke. The workmen, no doubt, attributed the result to the one crowning concussion, but their master knew that their previous strokes had only culminated in that one tremendous blow, and that all the non-resultant work had been necessary to prepare for the stroke which achieved the purpose. O Christians, do not expect always to see the full outcome of your labors! Go on, serve your God, testify of his truth, tell of Jesus' love, pray for sinners, live a godly life, serve God with might and main, and if no harvest spring up, to your joyous sickle, others shall follow you and reap what you have sown; and since God will be glorified, it shall be enough for you. Be uneasy about it, but do not be discouraged; let not even this iron break the resolution of your soul; let your determination to honor Jesus be as the northern iron and the steel.—Spurgeon.

## Remarkable Movement in Sicily.

Sicily, long supposed to be given up to bigotry and superstition, is suddenly found to be ripe for the gospel. The Waldensian missionaries report that they find unexpected readiness to hear the preaching of the true way of salvation, and brighter prospects for the extension of the gospel than has ever yet occurred in the annals of Italian reform. Even in inland towns the people are intelligent and desirous of knowing the truth. Convents have long stood empty, because their occupants were not in favor with the people; and for the last two years the masses have been living in a state of incredulity or indifference, not knowing which way to turn. They eagerly purchase Bibles and religious books of colporteurs; and, finding them to contain truths very different from anything they used to hear from priests, are deeply interested, and often embrace with joy the plan of salvation by grace through faith in the Redeemer. Having always been told to look to the Virgin, and having never known of the Saviour except as a child in the manger, or as represented on a crucifix, they listen to the preaching of the gospel with wonder and bewilderment, and at the close of an address crowd round the minister, begging him to continue, or wishing to confess, or asking many questions. At San Filippo d'Argiro, the ancient Agira, a baron opened his palace, and desired that the meeting should be held in his great drawing room. He himself stood at the door to receive the people that came to hear the gospel, and seeing some of them not venturing to enter, and standing at a respectful distance, he, with the greatest cordiality, bade them come forward. Rev. A. Malan visited Riesi, on receiving a petition, signed by seventy-six persons, setting forth, "that it is their ardent desire to have an evangelical pastor resident in the commune, in order that there may be promulgated among them the truth, which all now have been secured, and by the exposition of which the inhabitants would find life. Therefore, may it please you to come with all speed to Riesi." St. Joseph's church being thrown open to him, he preached six times, in the presence of the Syndic of the town, to large audiences, and finally to a crowded assembly, on the subject of drawing him to the Son of God in penitence, and finding peace through faith in his blood, with all the effects of a revival. The magistrates of the town promised to appropriate the Church of St. Joseph, for Protestant worship, furnishing everything necessary for the meetings, if an evangelical minister might be sent to reside among them. An able, faithful evangelist certainly could have no greater opportunity for winning souls to Christ. When he was about to return, the people testified to the sincerity of their gratitude by coming to the house and shouting: "Long live the evangelical pastor!" As he departed, they increased in number and enthusiasm, accompanying him fully half a mile out of town; and the last sounds heard in the distance, as he rode away, were the shouts of "Faci il Pastore Evangelico!"—London Christian.

## Toleration in Russia.

A member of the Deputation of the Evangelical Alliance to Russia, Col. Von Wurms-Lemberger, of Switzerland, who is now traveling in the Baltic Provinces, reports that "thousands of former forced converts to the Greek Church have now publicly returned to the Protestant Church," which they had never really renounced. He says:

A high Russian official, himself a member of the Greek Orthodox Church, told me that he estimated their number in Livonia at about 30,000 persons. "There are large parishes from which the former members of the Greek Church have entirely disappeared, and several pastors have already publicly confirmed so-called Greek converts, and admitted them to the communion. It is a fact that our hopes with regard to the Baltic Provinces have so far been realized, but the law still exists, and is vigorously carried out in the neighboring Provinces, where, at the present hour, several persons are still suffering imprisonment, or are being prosecuted on account of their religious convictions. In order to effect the liberation of these poor people, I now proceed to St. Petersburg. In the meantime the number is rapidly increasing of Russians who publicly demand the repeal of the laws which dishonor their Church. This question of their religious liberty, which hitherto was enveloped in a haze of political considerations, is from day to day better understood, and the efforts of the Evangelical Alliance, now seen in their true character, are much appreciated by enlightened Russians.

## Worn-out Bibles.

A controversy is being carried on in the columns of the *London Record* as to what ought to be done with worn-out Bibles. Burning has been suggested, but the sentimental objection to that mode of disposal is admitted, and the alternative proposed of sending the worn sheets to the paper mills to be melted down and made over again. In a recent issue a correspondent advocates selling old Bibles for waste paper as "rather an effective way of circulating the Holy Scriptures." The writer adds: "I found a Roman Catholic servant of mine, one winter's evening, reading somewhat seriously a piece of printed paper, soiled, and worn-looking. I watched my opportunity to ascertain what it was, when, to my surprise, I found it was a leaf of a Bible, which she had just brought in from the neighboring chandler, wrapped round some old candles. It was part of the Acts of the Apostles, containing Sir Paul in Prison, 'St. Paul shall I do to thee, sayest thou? Now had that page of the Bible been buried it would never have fallen into the hands of one forbidden to search the Scriptures."

## Faith.

Positive faith, even though we have but a little, a few sentences, a creed of a hundred, including simple and grand points, only embraced and held to vitally—as dying martyrs have clasped the Bible or the cross to their bosoms—will exert an astonishing influence. As it is said there is electricity enough latent in a drop of water, could it be developed from its affinities, to charge a cloud and make a lightning thunderbolt, there is power in the shortest and most obvious doctrines of our religion, in the very particulars of faith, if practically brought out and applied, to dissolve our earthly reliance and revolutionize our lives.—Barlow.

## The Heart.

How hard it is to feel that the power of life is to be found inside, not outside; in the heart and thoughts, not in the visible actions and show; in the living seed, not in the plant which has no root! How often do men cultivate the garden of their souls just the other way! How often do we try and persevere in trying to make a sort of neat show of outer good qualities, without any thing within to correspond, just like children who plant blossoms without any roots in the ground to make a pretty show for the hour! We find fault in our lives and we cut off the weed, but we do not root it up; we find something wanting in ourselves, and we supply it not by sowing the Divine seed of a heavenly principle, but by copying the deeds that the principle ought to produce.—Temple.

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## The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17, 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.

## The Ministry of Sickness.

Invalidism is no sure sign of grace. Fever is not faith, nor its natural parent. A body diseased all over and all through is not the soil in which the Christian virtues take deepest root and find the best and amplest nutriment. Mental and moral health are not a little dependent upon physical. A full, harmonious, juicy and fragrant piety is rarely found married to nervous derangement and dyspepsia. A clean stomach, a set of elastic muscles, a vigorous circulation, and a brain that does its daily work without fret or wine,—these are the natural allies of a religion that is at once strong and beautiful, that carries the air of the tropics into the wintriest realms of life, and is equally ready to embody itself in the saint's winged prayer or the actor's working heroism. Let nobody, therefore, covet sickness as though it were the cure for sin or the bringer of salvation. The truest type of piety is that which has red blood in its veins, a vital resolution in its eye, and a metallic ring in its voice.

Nor is it to be assumed that God directly sends sickness to the healthy body as needful to the cure of the diseased soul. He who imposes upon us the duty of obeying the laws of health, and holds it against us as a sin when we needlessly derange the nice mechanism in which he has enclosed the spirit, is not likely to bring disorder upon that mechanism by thrusting his hand violently in among its forces and making all its movements abnormal. He seeks health for us; it is usually our misfortune, or folly, or fault, when weakness lays the frame prostrate, and pain makes of every nerve a highway and travels over it with scorching feet. Half our sickness should make us blush with shame over the crime that has brought it, and fill our lips with confessions to God as sincere and earnest as that of the publican in the temple.

And yet sickness may serve us in high ways, provided the heart is in a teachable mood. It is said that all things work together for good to them that love God. Sickness is no exception. And it does often serve high objects. At the end of it, many a man and woman have come forth from the chamber of imprisonment with a fresh strength in the spirit and a new light on the face, for they have fed on meat like that which raised the old prophet from fainting into vigor, and gazed on a glory like that which tarried on the brow of Moses after he came down from Sinai.

Sickness, truly used, ministers with profit to the sufferer in various ways.

It puts a new value upon vigors. We learn to prize most of our possessions through the pain which comes of losing them. And a healthy man hardly thinks of the precious boon which he carries about with him daily in the form of a bodily organism whose myriad forces and movements go on without jar or friction, silent as the march of the constellations and beneficent as the breath of summer. Sickness makes all that real and priceless; and so the invalid comes out from the sick-room with a new meaning and joy in his vigor, having just realized how fearfully and wonderfully he is made, finding new food for gratitude in every elastic step which takes him to his labor and in every hour of sweet sleep that cures his weariness, until half his pulses are notes of praise.

It makes the fact of our weakness and dependence present and real. That is a fact that is often forgotten, and to our disadvantage, when busy and successful in fighting down obstacles and making our way in spite of resistance. When the pulse is steady and full, and our plans succeed, and others envy our power, or compliment our skill, or wonder at our success, we forget our weakness that needs constant support, and swell with a self-sufficient pride like him who of old strutted and said,—“Is not this great Babylon that I have built?” Sickness changes all that. When the frame lies helpless, and the spent force comes not

back at our call, and the will can not make the flaccid muscles swell into hardness with even the sternest of its mandates, and to raise the head is a weariness, and to open the eyes a dreaded effort,—when all this has fallen upon the man, how soon the dangerous self-sufficiency gives way, and how in place of it comes the feeling which broke from the lips of Peter sinking in the waves, “Lord, save or I perish!” We learn how we must lean even on the arm of the human friends we thought so feeble yesterday; we realize how much more needful it is to have the omnipotent arm beneath us. Out of such an awakened sense of frailty and dependence as this have sprung most of the prayers that reach the ear of Heaven and bring a sacred rest to the spirit. And thus gaining this truer view of themselves and their constant needs, gaining, too, the boon of an abiding trust, not a few have come out of the sick-room to understand for the first time what the poet meant when he sang this strain out of his soul:

There are briars besetting every path,  
Though hedged about with care;  
There is a cross in every lot,  
And an urgent need of prayer;  
But the lowly heart that leans on God  
Is peaceful anywhere.

Sickness often brings calmness and reflection, helps to rectify our false estimates, and surrounds us with that outward and inward silence from whose bosom come some of the richest visions and the divinest thoughts. Our intense life keeps many who are in the midst of it in a perpetual fever. Bustle runs all through the day and into the night. Business is full of turmoil. Everything goes in a hurry and half headlong. Life is a succession of spasms. We are ever pushed and pushing. The voices about us bring back Babel. We seek artificial light and live in a glare. Plans are formed and decisions taken hastily. Too hurried to find out what things really are, men take and exchange them for what they seem when viewed on the surface, deceiving and being deceived. They think much, but reflect little. They hear the roar of the whirlwind, and feel the jar of the earthquake, and look upon the fury of the great fire, but they are deaf to the still small voice into which God compresses his richest messages and distills his deepest wisdom. Sickness bears us out of this tumult, and a great calm falls upon the soul like that which hushed Gennesaret when the Master's “Peace, be still!” rang over its wrestling billows. The passions sleep, and the judgment calmly poises its moral scales and utters its truer verdicts. Things seem as they are now. Masks fall off. Surface-gilding no longer cheats. Much that has been struggled for seems worthless. What had gained little regard shines out with infinite luster. Mere wealth and fame and place, what paltry things have they become! Truth and piety and beneficence, how they kindle into a splendor that makes the sun appear dim! And the stillness that settles and abides on ear and spirit, how sacred and awful and fruitful a thing is that! What heights and depths it reveals to meditation! The Quaker's inner light and voice are real things now. They are far more, in the revelations they make, than all the Drummond lights of science and all the rounded periods of the orator. They are radiant and eloquent, and the spirit, looking and listening, learns how this peculiar quietude is joined with what is most significant even at the opposite poles of life. It interprets our bard when he says:

With the deep silence as their benediction  
God's angels come,  
And in the shadow of a great affliction  
The soul sits dumb.

Sickness helps to interpret much that is richest in God's promises and fellowship, and brings the two worlds near each other. Many of the best words of the Bible were written for sufferers. They hold their preciousness concealed, till sickness, guided by a divine instinct, touches the secret spring with its finger, and lo! the wealth is suddenly laid open for our use. It brings out the hidden glory as night brings out the stars. God seems at hand now and not afar off. It is as though our hand, long restless and feeling after some lost thing, had fallen into his, and the pulse at the wrist had ceased to flutter and every nerve were sleeping,—as though the aching head had been pillowed on his bosom, felt the calm beat of the heart whose sympathy is infinite, and suddenly forgotten its pain and ceased its throbbing. With him so sensibly near, heaven seems but a step away, and death only the hand that lifts us up the single stair, throws the door open, and leaves us free to walk evermore without weariness through the many mansions of the Father's house.

Whoever finds sickness ministering thus to his spirit is likely to go back to active life happier, mellowed, wiser, to do his work on earth and among men with more zest and success for having had this clearer vision of eternity and God.

## A Fated City.

Antioch has been pursued by a hard fate. Creeping up to eminence only by the most hazardous ways, it has been as often stricken down by some avenging power. Recovering, it has only been smitten as before, being gradually weakened by each successive blow, until an earthquake a few mornings since has seemingly finished the work of desolation.

It seems like following in the path of a tempest, to trace the history of the city. Founded by Antigonus, it was soon seized from him by a hostile king, who gave it the name which it now bears. Only three hundred years old when Christ came, it had already a history which it might creditably have taken twice that time to make. The Jews had pillaged it under Jonathan a hundred and fifteen years before the Christian era, and the rapidity of its growth may be inferred from the fact that even at that early date 150,000 of the inhabitants were slain.

Then followed war, famine, fire, tempests, earthquakes and plagues in rapid succession, seeming determined to oppose its progress at every step. The earthquake of A. D. 526, was the most disastrous of which history has preserved any record. Thousands upon thousands of strangers had flocked to Antioch to be present at the feast of the Ascension. The whole city was suddenly shaken, the buildings were thrown down, and it is estimated that a quarter of a million people perished in the general ruin.

It was by such blows as these that the city was crippled. Its eminence as a Christian center has perished by a like fatality. This city, where “the disciples were first called Christians,” which in the time of Chrysostom contained 200,000 inhabitants, half of whom belonged to the Christian church founded there soon after the martyrdom of Stephen; which sent out its preachers and became noted in the religious world,—this city, two weeks ago, is said to have contained not a single church, though there was a Mohammedan mosque on almost every street.

Called in Pliny's time the “Queen city of the East,” and meriting that title for several centuries; its inhabitants highly intellectual but also luxurious, combining studiousness and frivolity, refinement and wit, licentiousness and superstition; long the residence of the Macedonian kings and the Roman governors; it was also frequently pillaged and plundered, its inhabitants outraged and murdered, its beauty marred, its honor snatched away, until finally it became but a mean town in the Fashalic of Aleppo, half of whose buildings were buried in one common grave by the last stroke of its fate. It has outlived Babylon; it has survived Nineveh; but it will be very strange if this last misfortune does not add it to that mysterious list of extinct cities.

## Education in the South.

We know very well how it was in the South before the Rebellion. The masses were grossly ignorant. There were the blacks, from whom even the alphabet was kept, lest they might learn to spell their way out of bondage; there were the common white people, who made indolence and ignorance their daily pursuit; and then there were the planters and other property-holders, who gave their own children such schooling as they might, obliging the rest to go without.

That was the condition in which the Rebellion found the South. The northern troops, many of them fresh from academies and colleges, marching through the land of chivalry found cotton-gins but no school-houses; slave-pens but no churches; auction-blocks and whipping-posts but hardly an altar of liberty or religion from Virginia to the Gulf. There was here and there a germ of knowledge hid in some dusky cranium, but to allow it to expand and bear fruit,—that was quite out of the question.

To-day the condition is widely different. Emancipation and enfranchisement have given those choked germs a chance to grow. Northern school-teachers have gone there to coax up and direct them, and the fruit that is gathered is, some of it, quite fair and comparatively mature. It must be confessed that the hopes of five years ago are not yet all realized. Freedom and the franchise have not yielded quite as much in execution as they did in conception, but there isn't the least ground of discouragement. In one state alone, that of Louisiana, whose superintendent of education has just published his report, more than one thousand schools have been established within two years, and are now in full operation; no county is without one or more of them. The whites, who at first declared their children should never associate in the same schools with the blacks, have in many cases changed their minds, to the high advantage of both parties. Native teachers were found; others were called in from abroad, and frequently schools were opened where there had never been such a thing before in the whole county. Through threats to life, and often through the execution of those threats, the corps of educators has pushed on, proving the spirit in which they undertook the work by the heroic devotion with which they have pursued it. The average number of scholars has steadily increased, the growing evidence that white pupils are overcoming their prejudice against studying with the negroes being quite marked.

As to Color or Race in the schools the report says:

As a rule, the children have chosen to attend schools made up principally of those of their own race, and their parents preferred that they should. Yet, in many of the schools, white and colored pupils may be seen together; and where this exists it is not too much to say that the latter are treated with greater kindness by their fellow pupils than, under similar circumstances, they would be in many northern cities. Those children who were temporarily withdrawn from some of the schools, under the impression that harsh and coercive measures would be adopted when the legal authorities assumed control, are gradually returning to their places, and it needs only a continuance of the firm yet moderate course thus far pursued to convince all who are accessible to reason, of the fallacy of the arguments brought against the present school system.

But this is the report of only one State. Similar cheerful accounts come from various others where the free-school system is in working order. Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Mississippi, &c., in spite of Ku-Klux gangs and disguised assassins, are making a good educational record. School-houses are found in numerous places; the work of organizing and systematizing, that began in the cities, is spreading out into the country, applying itself wherever practicable; normal-schools and academies are now hardly considered strange things under the sun; and even colleges and a few aspiring universities may be found in several of the states. Meeting-houses are following in their wake,—where they haven't preceded

them,—and the parish and the school-district promise to take the place of the plantation and the circuit in the geography of the new South.

Herein is cause of hope to those who are waiting for the complete redemption of that part of our country, as well as a pretty clear view of that vision for which the old anti-slavery party has so long been waiting. Education and freedom are the conditions of all good things in the State, as piety and liberty are in the Church. They develop a race among whom color and caste are outlaws, and by whom shapes of darkness are hunted to death. Let us hope that this is what is beginning to be done in the South to-day.

## Denominationalism.

Sectarianism is fast going by the board. What has been wrought in this direction is a marvel to those of us whose recollection runs back forty or fifty years. Then denominational fellowship in any practical way was almost unknown. Exchange of pulpits and interchange of Christian courtesies by way of correspondence between ecclesiastical bodies of different sects, were nearly unknown, and equally unthought of and undesired. Union meetings for religious worship even, were among the things yet to be. And fortunate might it have been considered, if the members of adjacent churches of different orders, could get charity enough to recognize in each other's membership brethren in Christ. All this is changed. The tendency to unanimity in faith, and especially to oneness in spirit, is both striking and joy-inspiring.

This has led some, more enthusiastic, perhaps, than discreet, to hope that denominational bounds are speedily to follow. That as we Christians are one in Christ, so we are soon to be one in organization and in name.

That a long step has really been taken in that direction, may not be denied, and hence it is not strange that such as look for a millennium right on to the merging of all sects into one, long and pray for such a consummation. This desire and hope are predicted on the supposition, that oneness in organization is indispensable to oneness in spirit and in belief, such as is expected in this looked-for millennium which is to come. That the division of Christians into sects has tended to foster a diversity in faith and in practice may be true. But instead of its being the cause of such diversity, the opposite is most certainly true.

The church, for many years from its earliest organization, was one in form as it was one in spirit and in purpose; but there was by no means uniformity in belief and practice. The first formal division of the church into sects took place about the year 135, and resulted from an attempt to combine Judaism and Christianity. This being resisted by a large portion of the church, those who were attached to the Mosaic rites separated themselves from their brethren, and have gone into history under the name of Judaizing Christians. Whether that formal division of the church was indispensable to its peace, harmony and success may perhaps be a question, since it appears that the same controversy in Apostolic times was prevented from ripening into a schism, by a council held at Jerusalem, which recommended toleration and charity. Still it is possible that the tendencies of the two parties were so divergent that in process of time the separation became a necessity, and was, on the whole, for the best. Just as now, whilst it is not difficult to conceive of advantages resulting from a merging of all evangelical sects into one, still, with a large Christian charity and toleration, it may be best that the denominations remain as now, separate in organization and in modes of carrying on the work of the world's redemption. Indeed, there are advantages of no mean or inconsiderable account in such an arrangement. However, as a fact, the denominations exist, and we are in a sense born into them, first by a natural birth, and secondly by a spiritual; and as both reason and experience show, to work efficiently, we must work in connection with one of them. Some have attempted to do their Christian work outside of them. The result has been, either their labors have left no trace behind, or have given rise to a new sect, of course with an increase rather than a diminution of what they regarded on the start as an evil.

A denominational connection, then, being necessary to the highest usefulness as Christians, it becomes a matter of great moment that the choice be made deliberately, and, above all, conscientiously. Doctrinal views, church practices, state of piety and singleness of devotion,—indeed, all the circumstances that enter into the question of appropriateness as a field of Christian labor and usefulness, should be prayerfully taken into the account, so that the choice may be made wisely and for life. Change of denominational connection for many reasons is in itself an evil, and scarcely less as a want of a constant and conscientious devotion to the interests of the specific people of our choice. Looseness in either of these respects augurs anything but personal benefit or usefulness in the cause of Christ.

To bring out some of the ideas here suggested, in some practical way, will be the object of future articles.—J. E.

HOME MISSION SECRETARY. We learn that Rev. A. H. Chase, at present residing in Ohio, has accepted the office of Corresponding Secretary of the Home Mission Society, and already entered upon his duties. He is at present devising a plan of operations, which will shortly be laid before our readers. It is said to be his intention to locate his office in Hillsdale, Mich.

JOHN BRIGHT TO THE REPUBLICANS.—John Bright, in reply to an address from some republicans declaring that he was destined to be the first president of the republic of Great Britain, writes that he hopes it will be a long time before the English people

are called upon to decide between a republic and a monarchy. Their ancestors settled the matter for them, at least for the present, and posterity must decide in the future. Mr. Bright, moreover, expresses doubt as to whether the republicans are his real friends,—which is rather an unsavory dish to set before the Republicans, to say the least.

## Current Topics.

ADVERTISING AND THE TRUTH. There have been some maxima current in American speech that showed a pitifully low tone of moral feeling, or a very crude intelligence, or both. They have wrought no little mischief in the ethics and conduct of those who accepted them. Such examples as the following will suggest what is meant: “All is fair in trade;” “Religion has nothing to do with politics;” “Business is business, and nothing else.” Might not another be added to the list without caricaturing a prevalent policy, running something like this,—“The real end of advertising is to win custom, not to honor the truth?” One looks for an unvarnished extravagance in the columns devoted to the puffing of advertisers just about as naturally as for lying eulogies on the tombstones in a grave-yard. Strict fidelity to facts is not often expected in either sphere. This habit of over-statement in advertising shows itself on all hands. In the intense pushing that abounds, principle often seems lost sight of. Good men are drawn into the current of exaggeration when crying their wares, and pious projects are set forth in phrases that strain the truth terribly. Is this in any sense an example? A religious paper, published in New York, fifteen months old, is thus described in an advertisement of itself which appears on the pages of one of our popular magazines:

It is the only Baptist paper in the country through which liberal Baptists can freely express their convictions.

Now just what does that mean? Is it business instead of religion? Or are the words “liberal,” and “Baptist,” and “freely,” used in some far-fetched, out-of-the-way sense that forbids their application to every other paper, to the *Morning Star*, for instance? Or was the writer of that advertisement unaware of the existence and character of the *Star*? Or was it one of those unfortunate slips of the pen resulting from having caught the mania for so pushing a project by advertising as to forget for the moment the claims of exact truth? It is a little thing perhaps,—a straw in the wind it may be; but does it show a current caused by the breath of His Spirit who is Eternal Verity?

TEMPERANCE IN MAINE. The Maine Law, that terror of toppers, has thrown another coil about its victims. The last Legislature made it the duty of the proper officers to use extra effort to close up the liquor-shops, and the last month has witnessed good results. Every seller that could be found has been obliged to submit, and hundreds of barrels of the ardent have been seized from persistent offenders. At Bangor, the other day, a large quantity of seized liquors was poured upon the ice and burned, thus helping to break the ice-embargo as well as furnishing a good example and timely warning to other sheriffs and sellers. In Augusta, the leading citizens have recently organized a temperance band, persuading hundreds to join who had been addicted to their cups, and creating a sentiment that it will be difficult to resist. Of course this action will drive the monster into the dark, where he will still exude his poison,—but darkness is his fit abode, and may the time keep coming nearer when there will be less and less to seek him there.

THE NAVY INVESTIGATION. Which would be better, for the investigators to find the corruption that they have alleged, or for the public to admit the unwelcome conclusion that the investigations were begun out of sinister motives? We would prefer the former. That would be as bad as it could be. But to feel obliged to admit the latter, is worse still. Like the probable fate of the other investigations, that against the Secretary of the Navy seems to be abandoned. All the light the *N. Y. Sun* could throw upon the matter failed to reveal the enormous sins that were charged. All the transactions seem to be plausibly accounted for, and those nearest at first to oust the Secretary have now retired to trumpet up charges against somebody else. If they could only be proved, the time would be well and wisely spent. But to have so many of them fall through, awakes suspicion that it is decidedly unpleasant to harbor. It seems as though a more effectual fight than this might be made against the Administration.

KU-KLUX PURPOSES. Trust-worthy parties from the South give singular information concerning the hopes and plans of the Ku-Klux, which they affirm is the simple truth. They say that the order is very thoroughly organized, and determined to secure the electoral vote of the late slave states for the democratic candidate for President, confident that with the supremacy of the democracy the situation of the Constitution and the Union as before the war will come. These informants state that in the dens of the order they heard such questions discussed as this: “We are all sworn to obey all orders of the grand cyclops without a question or hesitation. Now suppose 50,000 of us should get orders to go singly to Washington, each armed with a pistol and knives; being all there, suppose we should be ordered to do certain things at a certain signal, who would prevent us seizing the whole thing?” The absurdity of the plan does not seem to suggest itself to the sanguinary ruffians. It will to the rest of the public, of course, but the facts themselves are quite significant of the spirit that

still exists at the South. It is confidently affirmed that the repeal of the Ku-Klux law would be instantly followed by an outbreak of that savagery in the South which is for the present suppressed by that law alone.

WHERE IS DR. LIVINGSTONE? A correspondent of the *Boston Traveller*, who has been in Africa several times, gives a new and very ingenious theory for the lack of intelligence from Dr. Livingstone. He does not believe the report that Livingstone is detained in the interior by some native king to whom he occupies the rather unpleasant place of son-in-law. If it were so, the correspondent adds, news would have been conveyed to the coast long ago. It is the custom in Africa to do homage to all the native kings, which involves an immense outlay of time and glass beads. Consequently he might even now be stopping unharmed in some native town, unconscious of being “shipwrecked and murdered and sold for a slave,” as reported by the newspapers. It is the correspondent's opinion rather, that having arrived at the place where he was last heard from three years ago, he has exhausted his means, and if now living, has struck out through the northern extremity and wildest part of Africa, alone, with the intention of reaching the western coast. This route would lead him south of the desert of Sahara, through the country of the Mohammedan negroes, with whose language, the Arabic, and customs, the Doctor would be familiar, and where he would meet with a hospitable reception. The Doctor's life, in this case, would be in no danger, since the race through whose country he would travel are the highest and most intelligent tribe in Africa, having been called the Jews of that continent. It is to be hoped that these conjectures are correct, and that the explorer may not have fallen a victim to the hunger of some chief or the blandishments of his daughter.

CANADA'S NEW GOVERNOR. Lord Lisgar having asked to be relieved of the duties of governing Canada, the British government is pleased to grant his request and has selected the Earl of Dufferin as his successor. “We can not congratulate his lordship upon receiving this unpleasant if honorable appointment, for at the present juncture, with discontent spreading throughout Canada, his office will not be a sinecure. He was born at Florence, in June, 1826, and succeeded to the title at the age of fifteen. He was the son of Selina Sheridan, and consequently great-grandson of the dramatist and orator, and nephew of the celebrated Mrs. Norton. It will be seen from this that he has the making of an able man in him, if great descent can make one.

Although he has held several political positions of some importance, among them that of British Commissioner to Syria during the troublesome times there, and of Under Secretary for India, and has shown talent in the discharge of his duties, he is chiefly known by his literary abilities. In 1855 he made a yacht voyage to Iceland, the results of which he embodied in a charming volume, entitled, “Letters from High Latitudes,” the pleasantest volume ever written on a dreary subject. Lord Dufferin is considered one of the ablest members of the liberal party, and has been spoken of as successor of Lord Mayo, and a man who could be thought fit to be placed at the helm of British India during those troublesome times will not fail in Canada. The *London Echo* says that the connection between Great Britain and Canada is merely in name, and intimates that he will be the last viceroy. Lord Dufferin is the third Irishman who has held the vice-royalty in succession.

## Voice of the Press.

To-day's blessings do not suffice for tomorrow's needs. The *Advance* states it as follows:

What the soul needs is not occasional but perpetual aid. It was never intermit, its enemies are always at hand, its temptations are omnipresent. The hour arrives, not, nay, the moment never comes, when it can stand alone. Essential weakness is its own nature, separate from God. Its safety is in a wondrous capacity to be filled, inspired and energized by God. To be thus divinely possessed and used is its true life and power. But that the life and power may be continuous, the divine indwelling must be perpetual.

The *Golden Age* means to be understood, as a general rule. It certainly speaks plain enough in this case, when, referring to the coming liberal convention, it says:

If all the forces at Cincinnati are massed with the simple view of defeating the administration, and of preventing the re-election of a President who has already ruled the country one term too long, this object can certainly be accomplished. The majority of the American people (in our judgment) do not want another term of President Grant. This judgment is not based on prejudice, nor is it the product of an editorial fancy engendered amid the dust and spiders of a newspaper office, but it is the result of much recent observation during an extensive ramble through most of the northern states.

The Editor of the *Christian Era* has been holding a consultation with himself concerning the length of articles to gain admittance to that paper. His main conclusion is a very sensible one, and it can be safely recommended to all contributors to the press. Here it is:

Brevity is the order of the day. If you have words that breathe and thoughts that burn, “bille em down” and give us the jelly. No stable room for elephants in *The Era*. Long-winded articles tire composers, try the proof-reader's patience, and are quite likely to be passed over unread by the majority of those who read. We've no Procrustean bed—the Editor and I—for stretching—only for cutting off. If you don't stretch yourselves, gentlemen contributors, you'll neither be lengthened nor shortened. Remember the meter.—S. P. M.







## Poetry.

## Song of Fire.

Sometimes prisoned at the center,  
With my throes I shake the sphere;  
Through the showy-topped volcanoes  
At the surface I appear;  
Then I burst through chafins that bind me,  
Startle mortals with my power,  
Over prairies wide I scurry,  
Feed on forests, towns devour—  
Strike the ships midway in ocean,  
And the teeming towns devour.  
Fire they call me. I am father  
Of the granite rocks that lie  
Ages deep beneath the mountains,  
Unperceived of mortal eye;  
At my breath they spring to being,  
At my touch their crystals came,  
That were merely shapeless atoms  
Ere I kissed them with my flame—  
Ere with ardor I embraced them,  
Ere I kissed them with my flame.  
Rarest gems of countless value,  
Nuggets of the yellow gold  
That, through all the time historic,  
Men and empires have controlled,  
And the grim and swarthy iron,  
Conqueror on land and sea,  
With the many meager metals,  
Owe their birth and shape to me—  
Gleaming ores and dazzling crystals  
Owe their birth and shape to me.

When the rolling of the thunder  
Strikes the trembling wreaths dumb,  
When the vision-blinding lightning  
Rends the murky clouds, I come,  
Fear attends me, horror affright,  
Ruin round me, horror affright,  
Men my name with bated breathing  
Mutter when my steps have passed—  
Gazing voiceless on the ashes  
Where my terrible steps have passed.  
Rear thy palaces of beauty,  
Fair without and rare within,  
Stores of hand-work, filled with fabrics,  
Wealth and profits hard to win,  
Temples grand, with costly altars,  
Where the wretch for sin atones—  
I appear, and they are ruins,  
Shapeless heaps of blackened stones,  
Molten metal, crumbled columns,  
Timbers charred, and blackened stones.  
Not alone on land I smite them;  
But with red, devouring lips  
On the ocean sate my hunger  
With their richly freighted ships;  
Swarthy sailors, pallid women,  
Pray in vain for mercy there,  
While my crackling and my roaring  
Swell their chorus of despair—  
While I dance from deck to mast-head  
To their chorus of despair.  
In the densely crowded city,  
Without pity I afloat  
Startled wretches roused from slumber  
In the still and somber night.  
Tenement-house or brown-stone palace,  
Either is the same to me;  
If they manage to subdue me,  
Gloom will their triumph be—  
Topped walls upon my foe  
Tokens of my vengeance be.

Yet malign I am not always;  
Witness for me truly when  
I become the humble servant  
Of the toiling sons of men,  
Drive the engine, heat the furnace,  
Melt the ore, and soften steel—  
Like the monarch in the story,  
Aid the wife to cook a meal—  
Monarch, wandering from earth's center,  
Aid the wife to cook a meal.  
Though they see me when the lightning  
Strikes in wrath the lofty domes,  
Yet I love to cheer the dwellers  
In the humble cottage homes;  
From the hearth my flickering shadows  
On the wall I cast at night,  
While I crackle—that's my laughter—  
At the children's wild delight—  
As to these tossing shadows  
They display their wild delight.  
Foe of life have mortals called me—  
Foe to all that breathes or stirs;  
Hence the terror-stricken pagans  
Are my abject worshippers.  
Life! there was no life without me;  
And what time I shall expire,  
All things growing, all things living,  
All shall pass away with fire—  
Air, heat, motion, breath, existence—  
All shall pass away with fire.

In the solemn day of judgment,  
At the awful time of doom,  
When all quick and dead are parted,  
These to light, and these to gloom.  
Then the earth that one time bore me,  
Wrapped within my wild embrace,  
Shall behold my final splendor,  
As I bear her out of space—  
And we twain shall pass together,  
Pass forever, out of space.  
—Harper's Magazine.

## The Family Circle.

## Hearing and Seeing.

BY MRS. V. G. RAMSEY.

It was Sabbath afternoon, and Jennie had been reading her library book till she was tired. So she laid it aside, and stood at the window, watching the snow-crystals as they gleamed and flashed in the sunlight. She remembered to have seen pictures of the various forms of the snow-crystals.  
"It is very beautiful," she said aloud, "and I wish I had a microscope. I am sure I could learn a great many things."  
"Jennie, my love," said her father, beckoning her to his side, "a microscope is a very good thing, but we can learn a great deal without one, if we keep our eyes open. God has not given us microscopic vision, which proves, I think, that such a gift is not indispensable to our physical or spiritual welfare."  
"Do you mean, papa," said Jennie, "that God really gives us all we need?"  
"He gives to every creature, in his infinite wisdom and goodness, those gifts which are indispensable to its welfare. To some animals he gives strength, to others swiftness, to others cunning, and to others he gives senses so acute and instincts so wonderful, that we are astonished; but to no creature has he given any power which may be neglected or abused without danger and loss. The eagle has a telescopic eye, but he must keep it open or he might starve

where there was abundance of prey. The antelope discovers an enemy afar off, by the smell, but he must attend to the warning or he will not escape the danger. He has made us a little lower than the angels, and crowned us with gifts that ally us to himself; but he has made our wants and our responsibilities commensurate with our endowments, so that, though there is nothing wanting to us, there is nothing to spare. Do you understand me, my child?"

"I think I do," she replied; "but it seems to me, papa, there is no danger that we shall neglect to use our senses. We must see and hear except we close our eyes, and our ears, and nobody wants to do that."

"There is a superficial truth in what you say, which seems to hide a deep error. To us who are endowed with reason, seeing and hearing means something more than the mere perception of objects or sounds."

"Pray, papa, what more can be meant?"

"Do you remember that Christ said at one time, 'Therefore speak I unto them in parables, because, they seeing, see not; and hearing, they hear not, neither do they understand?' He was speaking of this very sin, which is as common now as then, the sin of not using the senses and faculties which God has given us in a proper manner. You have been to church to-day. You have ears, and the word of God has been read, and the gospel preached to you. Now tell me, what was the subject of the Scripture lesson, and of the sermon this morning?"

Jennie blushed, and hesitated. After a little thinking she said, "I can't remember the text. I am sure I thought I could."

"Tell me where it is, then," said the father.

"I know I can't tell that," she replied, blushing still deeper; "I never try to remember."

"If you can neither remember the text, nor where it is, tell me what was the subject, using your own words."

"I am pretty sure it was something about Jesus," she said, "but I can't remember much."

"Is it not true, my child, that having ears to hear, you have not heard?" he said, sadly. Opening a Bible and turning to John, twentieth chapter and thirty-first verse, he read, "But these are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life through his name." This beautiful passage was the text, from which our pastor preached to us of salvation—from sin and eternal life through Christ, and this message from heaven, you heard as if you heard it not. You have ears to hear these great truths which are indispensable to your salvation. You have a memory capable of retaining them, and reason which enables you to reflect, and to comprehend their importance, and yet I fear you are not using these great and precious gifts so as to benefit yourself or to glorify God."

Tears came to Jennie's eyes, and throwing her arms around his neck she whispered, "Dear papa, I did not know I had been so wicked. I will try, next Sabbath, to hear aright."

"You need not wait till next Sabbath. Every hour brings opportunities which, if they are abused, will return to reprove and condemn us. I see that you have been reading a book. It is a good book, full of vivid pictures and important truths. These pictures which the writer has drawn of the misery and degradation of sin, and of the blessedness of purity, ought to be hung in the chamber of your memory, to warn you in the hour of temptation and peril, and to inspire you with hope and courage, if you ever feel like yielding to idleness or despair. These truths ought to be the seeds which shall take root in your heart, and bring forth fruit a hundred fold. The ability to read, and the opportunity to read good books are blessings of incalculable value. How are you improving these blessings, my child? Having eyes to see, are you trying to perceive, or do you read simply for amusement, comprehending nothing but the story, and forgetting even that in a few days?"

"But, papa," she said, willing to evade a direct answer, "can't we have amusement? Must we be always trying to improve?"

"If you mean by amusement that momentary pleasure, which we often purchase at the cost of future happiness and self-respect, I think we can not afford it. If you mean getting the greatest possible enjoyment out of the opportunities that are given us, then all our lives may be full of amusement. If you read this book for the childish pleasure which you call amusement, you lose the higher satisfaction which results from improvement. What I wish you to see clearly is this—God has given you no faculty which you can afford to abuse, no talent that may be wrapped in a napkin and buried in the earth. All such abuse or neglect must result in loss and misery to yourself."

"The careless remark that I would like a microscope has led to a very serious talk," said the girl, taking up her book and opening it at the first page. "I thank you for showing me how I have been neglecting to use the powers which I possess, while I have foolishly coveted those which were beyond my reach. I will begin this book again, and try to look beneath the surface. I will try to see and to hear so as to understand."

Parting the clustering curls, and kissing the fair brow that was upturned to him, the father said,

"Happy will you be, my daughter, if the Saviour says to you, as he said to his disciples, 'Blessed are your eyes for they see, and your ears for they hear.'"

## Maude and Lizzie.

There was great excitement in Mrs. Raymond's family when Uncle John wrote from Paris that he was coming home for a month, and would take one of the girls back with him, to pass six months with their Aunt Julia, and take lessons in music and French with their cousins. Uncle John was a partner in a large dry-goods house, and resided in Paris, selecting silks, velvets, and other rich materials, to send across the water. The little cousins spoke French fluently, to the wonderment of Maude and Lizzie Raymond, who had shed tears innumerable over the "horrid verbs" and other difficulties of the language.

Mrs. Raymond was very glad of an opportunity for the girls to have such an addition to their education, for she was very poor, and could give them few advantages. She knew the choice would lie between Maude and Lizzie, as the three little ones were still too young to leave home, even to visit kind Aunt Julia.

"I think John will take Maude," she thought, "she has so much musical talent, and is so pretty. Dear little Lizzie is a home flower, so helpful and domestic. There is nothing brilliant about Lizzie, but I should miss her terribly if she left me."

Uncle John came in the summer days, when the children were having a vacation from school, and Mrs. Raymond, never very strong, was resting a little from the task of teaching, for she earned a support as a music-teacher.

As the visitor came up the garden-walk to the house, he heard voices in the parlor, and paused a moment before entering.

Maude was speaking:

"You know, Lizzie, my music is far in advance of yours, and I have improved very much in my French since Uncle John was here last, so I feel quite sure he will take me to Paris. You don't care much about it, do you?"

"O Maude! not care! If you go, I shall not grudge it to you, and one of us certainly ought to stay and help mamma."

"Certainly, and you are worth twice as much as I am in the house. I really believe you'd like dish-washing, stocking-darning, and house-cleaning."

"Somebody must do such things," said quiet little Lizzie. "I love music, too, Maude, and I hope soon to be able to take a few of mamma's pupils, and save her some of the long walks in bad weather."

"I hope to do something better than drudge as mamma does," said Maude. "If I get this chance for a Parisian finish, I shall try to have a position in some large seminary."

"Will you dus; Uncle John's room now, Maude? I have so much to do to-day. It is all ready, but some dust may have gathered since I put it in order yesterday."

"O Lizzie! you run in. I want to practice that last piece of music. One of the passages is so difficult, and I want to play my very best for Uncle John."

"I can't stay here any longer, then?"

The next moment the piano was opened, and Uncle John entered, to find Maude practicing diligently. He was a kind uncle, but not a man who talked much. After the welcome was over, and his pretty lot of presents distributed, he quietly studied his little nieces, showing no partiality, but giving both a kind and fatherly love.

Lizzie was not much with him, but Maude was his almost constant companion. She was a very showy and brilliant pianist, and her French was very fair; so she played and chattered, quite confident that she was impressing her uncle with her accomplishments, and would win him to take her to Paris. If he asked for Lizzie, he was sure to hear she was making the beds, sweeping rooms, cooking the dinner, or engaged in some other domestic duty.

"I could not enjoy your visit so much," Mrs. Raymond said to her brother, "if Lizzie did not take so much care off my hands. I can not afford to keep any servant but a half-grown girl for rough work, but Lizzie is a great help."

"Let me see, how old are the girls?" Uncle John inquired.

"Maude is sixteen, Lizzie fifteen."

"Maude does not seem to assist much in the pudding-making business."

"I make her take her share generally, but she is so anxious to be with you, that Lizzie takes her work too. It is their own arrangement."

"Then Lizzie does not care to be with me?"

"Lizzie is always ready to sacrifice herself for Maude or me, dear child," said the mother. "Tell me, John, what you think of Maude's music?"

"She plays well, in good time, correctly and brilliantly. She will make an excellent teacher. Does Lizzie play well? I have not heard her."

"She is shy. You would never hear her if she knew you were listening. Stay here on the porch, and I will send her to practice."

An hour later Uncle John went to find his sister.

"Why did you not tell me?" he said, eagerly. "Lizzie is a born musician. Every note she strikes has a soul of its own. She made me cry—me, old as I am. She wants teaching, culture, and she will play wonderfully. Give her to me for a few years. I will place her in our best school with my Grace. If she brings the same patience to her studies as she shows in her home life, she will surely excel. You will miss her, but it will be for her advantage. Maude will be able to take some of your pupils in the fall, and she could take a few French scholars. Let her help you at home, too. I have entirely disapproved of her selfishness in throwing all the domestic care upon her sister, and had decided to give the patient, self-sacrificing girl a holiday, even before I heard her play."

So the choice fell upon Lizzie, greatly to her own astonishment. She went to Paris and remained until the war brought her uncle's family to America again. In her

home to-day, she is still the dutiful, tender daughter, lightening all her mother's cares, and earning a handsome income as a teacher of music and French. Maude has secured a position in a seminary, but her salary hardly suffices for her own luxury, and she is now, as ever, quite willing to throw her own share of filial duty upon Lizzie.—*Methodist.*

## Bob Ryan and Dandy.

"Never make an enemy, even of a dog," said Bob Ryan, as I caught at his raised hand, and tried to prevent him from throwing a stick at our neighbor Howard's great Newfoundland. But my words and effort came too late. Over the fence flew the stick, and whack! or Dandy's nose it fell. Now Dandy, a great, powerful fellow, was very good-natured, but this proved a little too much for him. He sprang up with an angry growl, and bounded over the fence as if he had been light as a bird, caught Bobby Ryan by the arm, and held him tightly enough to let his teeth be felt.

"Dandy! Dandy!" I cried, in momentary alarm. "Let go! Don't bite him!" The dog lifted his dark brown, angry eyes to mine with a look of intelligence, and I understood what they said: "I only want to frighten the young rascal."

And Bobby was frightened. Dandy held him for a little while, growling savagely, though there was a good deal of make-believe in the growl, and then, tossing the arm away, leaped back over the fence, and laid himself down by his kennel.

"You're a very foolish boy, Bobby Ryan," said I, "to pick a quarrel with such a splendid old fellow as that. Suppose you were to fall into the lake some day, and Dandy should happen to be near, and suppose he should remember your bad treatment, and refuse to go in after you?"

"Wouldn't care," replied Bobby. "I can swim."

Now it happened, only a week afterward, that Bobby was on the lake in company with an older boy, and that, in some way, their boat was upset in deep water, not far from the shore; and it also happened that Mr. Howard and his dog, Dandy, were near by, and saw the two boys struggling in the water.

Quick as thought Dandy sprang into the lake, and swam rapidly towards Bobby; but, strange to say, after getting close to the lad, he turned and went towards the larger boy, who was struggling in the water, and keeping his head above the surface with difficulty. Seizing him, Dandy brought him safely to shore. He then turned and looked towards Bobby, his young totem; he had a good many grudges against him, and for some moments hesitating whether to save him or let him drown.

"Quick, Dandy!" cried his master, pointing to poor Bobby, who was trying his best to keep afloat. He was not the brave swimmer he had thought himself.

At this the noble dog bounded again into the water, and brought Bobby to land. He did not seem to have much heart in his work, however, for he dropped the boy as soon as he reached the shore, and walked away with a stately, indifferent air.

But Bobby, grateful for his rescue, and repenting his former unkindness, made up with Dandy on that very day; and they were ever afterwards fast friends. He came very near losing his life through unkindness to a dog, and the lesson it gave him will not soon be forgotten.—*Children's Hour.*

## Remembering.

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Hugh, "I can't remember this long, hard lesson;" and, throwing down his book impatiently, he gazed longingly out of the window at Harry Seaton and Will Garson playing ball across the street.

"You can remember ever so many errands when your mother sends you down town," said Cousin Ethel, quietly.

"Oh, yes," replied Hugh, his face suddenly brightening up; "but that's different from learning a geography lesson."

"What is your lesson about?" asked Cousin Ethel, after a little pause.

Hugh was so much interested in the game going on across the street that he did not hear the question until it was asked the second time.

"Here it is," he replied, at last, handing her the book; "all of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. I've read it over twice, and can't recite a bit of it."

"If your mother should send you down the street after a spool of thread, a pound of pepper, a package of envelopes, a bar of soap, a paper of pins, and some note paper, do you think you could remember all of them?"

"But mamma would not give me errands in that way," said Hugh, laughing.

"Why not?" asked Cousin Ethel, "you know how to buy all these things."

"Yes; but she would tell me to go to a grocery store, and get the pepper and, what next, Cousin Ethel?"

"A bar of soap."

"Oh, yes; then go to a trimming store for the thread and pins, and come back by a stationery for the, I've forgot already."

"Envelopes and paper" continued Ethel, smiling. "So it is because all these errands are arranged, or told you in order, that you can remember them, is it?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Hugh, wondering what this would have to do with his lesson.

"Now suppose you try to straighten out your geography lesson in the same way,—take Ohio first, study the large print, what is said of soil and climate; then learn about rivers, towns, and so on, till you get to the end of that part of the lesson; don't you think you can do that much?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Hugh, beginning to get quite interested; "but I have to learn it all."

"Suppose you stand at the bottom of the school-house stairs, and say, 'I can't reach

the top in one step, or two, or three,—no use in trying."

"That would be very foolish," replied Hugh, laughing; "so I am to take one step at a time in my lesson, am I, and keep it straight in my mind, as mamma does the errands?"

"Yes, that's the way," said Cousin Ethel; "but one thing more,—suppose while your mother is telling you where to go, and what to buy, you are trying about half-the time to count the marbles in your bag."

"I see," exclaimed Hugh, interrupting her; "I must pay attention, as mamma says."

"Yes; get it straight in your head what you want to learn; take one step at a time, and give your whole attention to it, and see if your hard geography will not grow easier."

"I'll try this way of remembering," replied Hugh.

"And if you keep on doing so, faithfully, year after year, your memory will improve more than you now imagine.—*National Baptist.*

## Naming the Children Over.

"I have three children to name over," said Mrs. Drew one day, "and I shall name them Half-Done, almost-Done and Done."

Jasper slunk behind his mother's chair with a guilty look. He, I am sure, was Half-Done, for as quick as lightning he thought of his martin-house, begun as soon as he had his new box of tools, and never roofed; of his aunt's flower ladder, which only had the sticks, and that was all; of his watch he began to mend, and left; of his geometry which he missed, because it was only half learned; of the mittens which he lost, because they were only half in his pocket; and, worse than all, of Zebra, the horse, who ran away and broke the buggy, because he was only half harnessed. Jasper, I say, as quick as a flash, thought of all these, and shrank back, more than certain that "Half-Done" was his name. If all he thought were true, did he not deserve it?

"You mean me," said Lucy.

"Mean you for what?"

"For Almost-Done," said Lucy, blushing.

"I was almost done dressing when breakfast was ready. I was almost to school when it began. I had almost done my letter to papa when it was time to send it. I had almost finished 'Golden Threads' when Jane came for it. Oh, dear!" sighed Lucy. "Almost-Done is quite as bad as Half-Done; and a great deal more provoking, because you see, just a little more trying would have done it. But who of us is 'Done'?"

"Who is?" asked mother.

"Arthur!" cried Lucy and Jasper at once. "Arthur does; Arthur finishes."

Arthur looked up surprised and pleased, as his brother and sister willingly accorded the credit due him. How many times they had seen him, small boy as he was, cipher for an hour together, rubbing out and writing figures over and over again, until at last he would bring his small fist whack! on the table, shouting, "It is done!" How patiently and persistently he would plane and hammer and saw, and saw and plane and hammer, with all his mind on his work, until, boat, or a box, or a wind-mill, done and well done too, rewarded his labors.

Yes, Arthur was "Done." "He is a finisher," said Jasper, "and I wish I was."

"Think, Jasper," said his mother, "how it would be to carry half-done into everything—the bread half done, your dinner half done, the table half set, your new pants and coat from the tailor's half done; sweeping, washing, sewing half done."

"Please don't, mother," said Jasper. "Let me think of it."—*Child's Paper.*

## Two Scenes.

A gentleman took his son to a drunken row in a tavern, where the inmates were fighting and swearing, and said he,

"Do you know what has caused all this?"

"No, sir."

His father, pointing to the decanters, said, "That's the cause. Will you take a drink?"

The boy started back with horror, and exclaimed, "No!"

Then he took the child to the cage of a man with delirium tremens. The boy gazed upon him affrighted, as the drunkard raved and tore, and, thinking the demons were after him, cried, "Leave me alone! leave me alone! I see 'em! they're coming!"

"Do you know the cause of this, my boy?"

"No, sir."

"This is caused by drink; will you have some?" and the boy shrank back with a shudder as he refused the cup.

Next they called at the miserable hovel of a drunkard, where was squalid poverty, and the drunken father beating his wife, and with oaths knocking down his children.

"What has caused this?" said the father.

The son was silent.

When told that it was rum, he declared that he would never touch a drop in his life.

But suppose that lad should be invited to a wedding-feast where, with fruit and cake, the wine-cup is passed, amid scenes of cheerfulness and gaiety, where all the friends are respectable, beloved, and kind to each other, and he should be asked to drink, would he refuse? Or suppose him walking out with his father on New Year's day to call on his young lady friends to enjoy the festivity of the ushering in of the new year. With other things wine is handed to him by a smiling girl. His noble-hearted father, whom he loves, presses the wine-glass to his lips, and compliments the young lady on the excellence of its quality; what wonder if the son follow his example?—*Emblem Annual.*

Children should be joyous and happy. If childhood does not blossom, manhood will be likely to bear no fruit.

## Literary Miscellany.

## W. C. Bryant on Darwinism.

The Alumni of Williams College, residing in New York and vicinity, had a dinner and reunion at Delmonico's some time since. Hon. E. C. Benedict presided, and addresses were made by Hon. Emory Washburn, of Mass., Mr. Bryant, Dr. William Adams, Rev. S. H. Tyng, Jr., Prof. Bascom, and others. Mr. Bryant began with Darwinism, and ended with an appeal for the support of colleges. He said:

I begin at a distance from our beloved alma mater, but I promise to come to her before I have done.

It is a good while since the remark was made by an English wit, that he did not like to look at monkeys, they seemed to him so much like poor relations. What was regarded at that time as a clever jest has since been taken by an eminent naturalist as the basis of an extensive system which professes to account for the origin of the human species. According to Mr. Darwin, man is an improved monkey. In his system the lowest form of animal life is a minute, animated cell. A number of these cells come casually together, and form a ball of jelly fixed on a crag in the ocean. They somehow become arranged in a sort of symmetry; they gradually acquire organs; they rise to the dignity of oysters and mussels; they multiply; by a principle of selection on the part of the parents, they rise higher and higher in the scale of being; they become quadrupeds; they crawl out upon the land; they waddle on the shore in the shape of seals; they build houses as beavers; they climb trees as squirrels; their talons and paws become hands furnished with fingers, and we have the monkey; the monkey acquires the faculty of speech, and matures into a man. It is the old theory of Monobdo propounded a hundred years ago, but spread over a larger surface, and set forth with new illustrations.

But allowing all that its author says of the consanguinity of man and the inferior animals; admitting that we are of the same flesh and blood as the baboon and the rat, where does he find his proofs that we are improving instead of degenerating? He claims that man is an improved monkey; how does he know that the monkey is not a degenerate man, a decayed branch of the human family, fallen away from the high rank he once held, and haunted by a dim sentiment of his lost dignity, as we may infer from his melancholy aspect? Improvement, Mr. President and gentlemen, implies effort, it is up-hill work; degeneracy is easy; it asks only neglect, indolence, inaction. How often do the descendants of illustrious men become the most stupid of the human race! How many are there each of whom we may call

"The tenth transmitter of a foolish face."

—a line of Savage, the best he ever wrote, worth all the other verses put together—

"The tenth transmitter of a foolish face," and that face growing more and more foolish from generation to generation. I might instance the Bourbon family lately reigning in Spain and Naples. I might instance the royal family of Austria. There is a whole nation, millions upon millions,—our Chinese,—of whom the better opinion is that they have been going backward in civilization from century to century. Perhaps they wear the pigtail as an emblem of what they are all coming to some thousands of years hence. How, then, can Mr. Darwin insist that, if we admit the near kinship of man to the inferior animals, we must believe that our progress has been upward, and that the nobler animals are the progeny of the inferior? Is not the contrary more probable? Is it not more likely that the more easy downward road has been taken, that the lower animals are derived from some degenerate branch of the human race, and that if we do not labor to keep the rank we hold, our race may be frittered away into the meaner tribes of animals, and finally into the vast multitude of those skulking thieves of the Western wild, the prairie wolves, or may swim stagnant pools in the shape of horse-leeches; our astute lawyers may be represented by foxes; our great architects by colonies of beavers; our poets by clouds of mosquitoes, famished and musical; our doctors of divinity,—I say it with all respect for the cloth,—by swarms of the mantis, or praying insect, always in the attitude of devotion. If we hold to Darwin's theory, as I do not, how are we to know that the vast multitudes of men and women on the earth are not the ruins, so to speak, of some nobler species, with more elevated and perfect faculties, mental, physical and moral, but now extinct?

Let me say, then, to those who believe in this relationship of the animal tribes, that it behooves them to avoid the danger which I have pointed out, by giving a generous support to those institutions of wholesome learning, designed to hold us back from the threatened degeneracy, of which there are fearful portents abroad. Let them move before we begin to squeak like bats, or gibber like apes; before that mark of the brute, the tail, has sprouted, or, at least, while it is in the tender germ, the mere bud, giving but a faint and distant promise of what it may become, when the owner shall coil its extremity around the horizontal branch of a tree, and swing himself by it from one trunk of the forest







