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The Morning Star.

Volume XLVII.

DOVER, N. H., MAY 29, 1872.

Number 22

THE MORNING STAR
A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER
FOR THE FAMILY.
ISSUED BY THE
FREEWILL BAPTIST PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT
Office, 39 Washington St., Dover, N. H.
L. R. BURLINGAME, Publisher.

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

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 29, 1872.

Unto the Book I Come.

One of the sweet old chapters.
After a day like this;
The day brought tears and trouble,
The evening brings no kiss.

No rest in the arms I long for—
Rest, and refuge, and home;
Grieved, and lonely, and weary,
Unto the Book I come.

One of the sweet old chapters—
The love that blossoms through
His care of the birds and lilies,
Out in the meadow-dew.

His evening lies soft around them;
Their faith is softly to be.
Oh, hushed by the tender lesson,
My God, let me rest in thee!

English Correspondence.

DERBY, ENGLAND, May 7, 1872.

Thomas Carlyle, with his grim humor, speaks of disenchanting mankind by dexterous wagging of the tongue. He says that the one duty laid upon human genius in these latter days is to talk, that Vox is the God of the Universe, and that all human intellect is worth nothing unless you make talk with it. "Society," declares the stern cynic, "is become wholly a windbag ballasted with guineas." It is almost impossible to readers of Carlyle, when the frequent and long-continued meetings for talk, which it falls to one's lot to attend in the course of a year, come to be reviewed, not to admit that there is some ground for his severe and caustic charge. Too much do we run to tongue, and even reticent Englishmen are becoming foremost in the growing degeneracy. There is no perceptible decrease of interest and popularity in the spring and autumn religious Parliaments. Year by year crowds throng into Exeter Hall and the large churches and chapels of London, to hear the voices of leading and eloquent speakers and divines. Year by year crowds gather in the provincial towns, and fill the municipal and other public buildings for similar purposes. Man is a talking animal, and he can not do or suffer but he must speak about it.

The Baptist Anniversaries were held a few days ago with enthusiasm equal to that of former years. Something had to be reported, and something had to be resolved, and so brethren met, and freely flowed the stream of words. The Baptist Union reported forty-three new churches added to the denomination during the year, and a rise in church membership of 9,720, so that in the United Kingdom there are now 2,602 churches, and 243,395 persons in the fellowship of these churches. This was recognized by a special resolution as a large measure of prosperity. Sixty new chapels have been built and forty-seven enlarged or improved, so that accommodation for public worship has kept pace with increase in church membership. The Baptist Missionary Society reports 63 missionaries, 220 native pastors and teachers and 143 schoolmasters, engaged on behalf of the Society and laboring in India, China, Ceylon, Africa, Jamaica, Hayti, Trinidad, the Bahamas, Norway, Brittany and Rome. The area of the Society's work is greatly extending, and everywhere a fair measure of success has been vouchsafed. Over 500 persons have been baptized during the year. In China Dr. Brown is preparing for active service; in Italy real headway is being made in the work of evangelization, even in the very capital itself; the rooms are filled with hear-

ers, and many persons have been baptized. The income of the Society is larger than last year, but nearly £4,000 below the expenditure. The whole sum raised for the Mission was £27,469, 17s., 4d. The Bible Translation Society reports work going on under its auspices in Japan, in Calcutta, in Cutch, and in Ceylon. The British and Irish Missionary Society speaks with pleasure of progress, especially in the north of England and in Ireland. During the last ten years, while every other denomination has decreased in Ireland, Baptists have doubled their numbers, with 500 in excess of the hundred per cent. increase. Help still comes to this Mission from a "club" in America. The Chapel Building Loan Fund states that in ten years £34,830 have been lent to assist in building or enlarging 198 places of worship. The Tract Society reported an issue during the year of 635,475 copies of tracts, and an income beyond its expenditure. This is a good stroke of work for the year; but it is not all, nor all even that could be put into statistics. The Strict Baptists are not reported except in church membership, nor the General Baptists except in the Bible Translation Society. It must be admitted that the Baptists did not meet without something to talk about.

The sermon and the speeches at the various meetings fully sustained the reputation of Baptists for earnest, practical piety, and real, effective eloquence. Four or five addresses were remarkable for their matter, or manner, or both. The Chairman of the Baptist Union, Dr. Thomas, of Pontypool College, tested the patience and attention of his audience for over two hours in his inaugural speech. His subject was, "The Church, an evangelical theocracy; its relation to the state of religion, to modes of worship, to Millenarianism, and to the Educational movement. The address was in every point carefully elaborated, but special notice was taken of the question of education. Dr. Thomas will not stir an inch from the old position of Nonconformists. The State has nothing whatever to do, in his opinion, with education, for education is the development of man as a physical, intellectual and moral being. It is not the duty of the State, for education in secular knowledge does not furnish us with the grand remedy for crime; ignorance is not the cause of crime,—the statistics of crime show a large proportion of educated criminals. Secular knowledge has no moral quality, and can produce no moral effect. The Dissenters of England have committed two grave errors, for which they now suffer; they have admitted the right and competency of the civil power to assume the patronage and control of popular education, and they have accepted government grants for denominational schools. The Manchester Conference sees the danger ahead, and urges us to retrace our steps. Secular education is now our cry, but secular education can inspire no enthusiasm;—it is a cold, powerless, lifeless negation—a repulsive skeleton of dry bones. Christian ministers must not leave the great work of preaching the gospel to "go down" to such a scheme of human regeneration. The encroachments of the secular power upon the domain of conscience must be resisted, but secular men may do secular work. "Let the dead bury the dead. Go thou and preach the kingdom of God." Such is the pith of Dr. Thomas's address. It was the protest, unavailing and late, of a Baptist of the old school, against the tendencies of the new generation, and it was an able vindication of the principles of the fathers.

Some weeks ago, a Conference of ministers and laymen considered the propriety of amalgamating in villages and the lesser towns the separate small churches of different denominations into single large, efficient churches. Dr. Landels, as a Baptist, protested against its being supposed that no important and vital truth was involved in the points in which Baptists stand apart from their brethren. Mr. Spurgeon on the British and Irish Missionary meeting gave his answer to the proposal. He hoped the day would come when there would be a good Baptist church in every town in England. It was a disgrace that there should be a place of 5,000 inhabitants without a Baptist church. If any of the brethren were going to be absorbed or amalgamated, he was not. If there was only one Baptist in the world, he knew where he would be found. Instead of looking forward to being absorbed by other denominations, he looked forward to the gradual enlightenment of other churches. If baptism be, in the opinion of our opponents, so very small a matter, let them give it up; we can not regard any command of Christ as trivial. If we are on a bridge which is too narrow for us to pass each other, we do not intend lying down. We do not intend standing still, either, we are going straight ahead, and the other party may do what they please. In this way Mr. Spurgeon spoke, refusing to surrender the right to plant Baptist churches everywhere where there was room, as a witness for the truth, and a means of spreading the common kingdom of our Lord.

The Foreign Missionary Society is still occupied in considering its plans of working at home and abroad. A warm debate arose in Committee on the employment of paid native agency which many think is carried to an excess. At the public meeting the Rev. I. F. Brown, of Northampton,

vindicated the Society from various charges brought against it. He said the special Committee of investigation found things more satisfactory than they supposed. They did not find among their missionaries indolence, neglect of work, perversion of energy from preaching the gospel. They did not find that money was expended to raise up in the churches spiritual paupers. They did find much evangelistic work done in the regions beyond the stations occupied, and even in school-training, a continual preaching of Christ to the young. It was a joy to say the men came out sincere, earnest, hard-working, faithful to the trust committed to them; men whom they need not mention in whispers nor in bated breath. Very heartily did the meeting cheer these assurances of the thorough efficiency and devotedness of the agents in the field.

The last session of the Union was favored with an excellent paper from Dr. Culross, who is now settled in London, as pastor of a church planted by the London Baptist Association. The subject of the paper was the Divine Order of Christian Work,—life, the call and appointment of God, faith. These combined, are virtually omnipotent in the way of duty. Norway and Germany were represented at the Anniversaries. Mr. Oncken had still wondrous tales to tell in simple and unaffected words of God's work in Fatheland. It is said, and with truth, that no such successes as those vouchsafed to this apostle of the continent, have fallen to the lot of any one man since the days of Paul. Over 50,000 persons owe their conversion directly or indirectly to his labors. Mr. Spurgeon truly says of this man; that he never sees him but that he looks in his countenance as upon the face of an angel. The usual dinner at the Metropolitan Tabernacle on the last day of the session of the Union, passed over with more eclat than ever, and the Autumnal Meetings at Manchester are anticipated with much pleasure. Carlyle's satire has truth in it, but wise and earnest words of good and true men are inspiration and power to the soul.

THOMAS GOADBY.

Tribute to the Eminent Dead.

It is not often that more eloquent, touching, and effective words are uttered over the eminent dead than were spoken by Rev. W. M. Punshon in reference to the deceased bishops, &c., in closing his address before the Methodist Conference. He said:

My heart would reproach me were I to sit down without one other reference. I hardly know how to enter upon it, for as I look back to the last General Conference, and think of those four eventful years, and of the changes those years have wrought, I am as one in a dream—a dream which is bright, oh! so bright on its heavenward side, but which on its earthward has a rude and strange awakening—a dream which the destruction of the place in which you then met, and in which I was honored to greet you, has crystallized as by fire into an indelible memory. I seem to see the standard-bearers you have lost as they have fainted and fallen on the field—standard-bearers to whom God had given a banner that it might be displayed because of the truth, and who were worthy of the trust confided to them. I can speak only of those whom I was privileged somewhat to know, whose friendship I had hoped to cultivate—by whose example I had hoped to be inspired—but in reference to whom there is but the hopeless longing;

"Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

Bishop Simpson, I think of your colleagues in office who have been smitten from your side. Baker, the distinguished jurist, even then falling into the beauty of the tomb; and Clark, the acute and accomplished, the able administrator, and the preacher of commanding power; and Thompson, the Chrysostom of your Church, of golden speech and golden value, whose large, childlike spirit could not harbor a thought of guile, and who seemed ever as if detained on earth only by slight and trembling tendrils. And Kingsley, the brave and brotherly, snatched away from you in the fullness of his ripe manhood, and before he had drawn upon his reserve of power, dying with the consecration upon him of his apostolic travels, and as if the sight of the Holy Land had but whetted his desire to go upward to the holy place, that from the track of the Man of Sorrows he might go to see the King in his beauty.

And then I think of others lower in office but equal in esteem: of Mattison, who first welcomed me in Jersey City, a doughty champion against the man of sin; of Sewall, a burning and a shining light, quenched, perhaps, by its own brightness, all too soon; of John McClintock, that *anax andron*, almost an Admirable Crichton in versatility of attainment, Melancthon in tenderness, and Luther in courage, but all whose wise and rare gifts were bent into one tribute to be cast at the feet of him who was the man of Sorrows, but upon whose head are many crowns; of Nadal, who dropped so soon after his friend that it seemed as if, in preparing his memoir, he had got to long so much for nearer communion that he must needs ascend to join him in the presence of the Master whom they both loved.

And then I think of a later loss than these—a blameless and beautiful character, whose name had an hereditary charm for me, whose saintly spirit exhaled so sweet a fragrance that the perfume lingers with me

yet, and who went home like a plumed warrior, for whom the everlasting doors were lifted, as he was stricken into victory in his prime, and who had nothing to do at the last but mount into the chariot of Israel and go "sweeping through the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb."

Sirs, these are no common losses. I weep with you on account of them, and I am qualified to weep with you, for "a sword hath pierced into my soul also," and I have borne my own burden of loss and sorrow; but these your comrades fell in hallowed work, on hallowed ground. Bravely they bore the banners while they lived, but the nerveless hand relaxed its hold, and they have passed them on to others. We, too, must pass them on. The fight is not over. We receive unfinished labors from our fathers and transmit them still to our children.

Watchers in the night, it may not be given to us to tarry until the morning. We can but wave the battle-flag gallantly for a while, but our hands will stiffen, and our comrades will bury us before the fight is done. Oh, to be kept and to be found faithful unto death! From their elevation in heaven they seem to whisper down to us: "Be followers of us as we have been followers of Christ."

In 1780 a strange darkness came suddenly at mid-day upon the State of Connecticut, and many thought the end of the world was come. The Speaker of the House of Assembly, then in session, was in his place, and when many desired to adjourn he calmed the rising fears of the members with these words: "If this be the day of judgment, I desire that the Judge may find me at my post of duty. Let the candles be brought in, and the business proceed." May God help us to be at our posts always and to the end!

Religion in the Jubilee Music.

The Boston correspondent of the *New York Christian Advocate* has this word on the character of the Music to be sung at the Jubilee:

Of course the grand national airs of the principal countries of Christendom will be rendered, and along with these the sublime masterpieces of the greatest composers who have ever lived. It is remarkable how largely the religious element predominates in the selections which have been made. Three fourths or more of the pieces to be performed by the chorus are strictly sacred music. The effect upon the audience must correspond to the character of the pieces to be rendered, and hence it must be seen that this Peace Jubilee is really a great moral and religious movement. Its power will especially be felt in the wide circle represented by the twenty thousand singers who compose the chorus. It is simply impossible that these men and women, living in different parts of the country, most of them enjoying social position and influence, can practice for months these heaven-born themes, set to the grandest music, without producing a lasting moral effect upon themselves and the communities where they dwell. Every Christian may well pray for the success of the Jubilee, for it is and will be a mighty power to draw the masses from a thousand frivolous amusements into a new enjoyment of the most chaste and soul-inspiring—sentiments and music. And those who listen to the swelling volume of song that shall rise to heaven from these assembled thousands, will gain a new and clearer conception of what it will be to stand with the innumerable company, the sound of whose eternal anthems shall be as the voice of many waters.

The Great American Desert.

The "Great American Desert," which we school-boys a quarter of a century ago saw on the map of North America, has disappeared at the snort of the iron horse; coal and iron are found to abound on the plains as soon as the railroad kings have need of them; the very desert becomes fruitful, and at Humboldt Wells, on the Central Pacific Railroad, in the midst of the sage-brush and alkali country, you will see corn, wheat, potatoes, and fruits of different kinds growing luxuriantly, with the help of culture and irrigation; proving that this vast tract, long supposed to be worthless, needs only skillful treatment to become valuable.

One can not help but speculate upon what kind of men we Americans shall be when all these now desolate plains are filled, when cities shall be found where now only the lonely depot or the infrequent train stands; when the iron and coal of these regions shall have become the foundation of great manufacturing populations; and when, perhaps, the whole continent will be covered by our Stars and Stripes. No other nation has ever spread over so large a territory or so diversified a surface as ours. From the low sea-washed shores of the Atlantic your California journey carries you to boundless plains which lie nearly as high as the summit of Mount Washington. Americans are digging silver ore in Colorado three thousand feet higher than the highest point of the White mountains. At Virginia City, in Nevada, one of the busiest centers of gold-mining, the travelers find it hard to draw in breath enough for rapid motion, and many persons, when they first arrive there, suffer from bleeding at the nose by reason of the rarity of the air. Again, in Maine half the farmer's year is spent in accumulating supplies for the other

er and frozen half; all over the Northern States the preparation for winter is an important part of our lives; but in San Francisco the winter is the pleasantest part of the year. In Los Angeles they do not think it needful to build fire-places, and scarcely chimneys, in their houses. And one people, speaking the same language, reading the same books, holding a common religion, paying taxes to the same government, and proud of one common flag, pervades these various altitudes and climates, intermixes, intercommunicates, intermarries, and is, with the potent help of the railroad, fused constantly more closely together as a nation. What manner of man, think you, will be the American of 1872, the product of so many different climes, of so various a range as to altitude?—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Storm at Sea.

I wished that the voyage might last three months; but not that it might be all calm; I had a stronger desire to see a gale,—the worst possible gale that left us safe. And our calm grew to a west wind, and the wind to a hard blow; and then the gray watery clouds began to drift up and blacken the whole sky, and the tempest came down; and for seven days each day was more stormy than its predecessor. Our ship danced like a wherry, and drove under close-reefed top-sails twelve knots an hour. Standing on the quarter-deck, no one dared leave his hold of rope or rail, lest the wind should whiff him off into the sea. The great waves gathered behind us and piled slowly up, until it seemed as if they must come aboard; and finally, when the stern of the old ship caught the lift of the swell and rose to receive it, we went up until we overlooked the gray driven tumult as from a tower.

And then from the crest of the wave we seemed to rush like coasters on the hill-side, as the waters let us down into the valley of foam and bewilderment. The complication of motions, that of the wave receding yet carrying us with it forward, and the swing-like motion of rising and falling, not as a ship rolls or plunges in an ordinary sea, but with a sweep of hundreds of feet in every motion and a descent of forty feet,—a side-long roll and a headlong rush; motions wild, unrestrained, in which we are the most helpless of all created things, in which successive dooms chased each other past us as if we were too trivial to be destroyed; the driving, riotous billows, their summits crushed into foam by the weight of the gale, and the foam dragged along the black water till it seemed all froth and yeast; every pinnacle that sprang up where two waves met, driven away in spray, cut down, leveled as instantly as raised; no combing waves there, for no wave could rise to comb, only great hills of water, crystalline with wavelets, streaked with spun foam, rushing past us at locomotive speed, out of the mist and spray-filled space behind into the mystery as deep before; and our ship a dancing trifle on this infinitude of immensities, the wild water pouring over her bows one moment and climbing up at the stern to deluge the quarter-deck the next,—this was the tempest I had been longing to see, and I watched it hours together insatiate. No use to talk to me of sea painting after that! The maddening undulations of a Vandevelde, the harbor sublimities of a Stanfield, the opalescent magic of a Turner, are equally far, because infinitely far, from the power and sublimity of a gale on the wide ocean. —*Atlantic.*

A Young Clergyman.

A young licentiate, after throwing off a highly-wrought, and, as he thought, eloquent gospel sermon in the pulpit, in the presence of a venerable pastor, solicited of his experienced friend the benefit of his criticisms upon the performance.

"I have but just one remark to make," was his reply, "and that is, to request you to pray that sermon."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean literally just what I say; pray it, if you can, and you will find the attempt a better criticism than any I can make upon it."

The request still puzzled the young man beyond measure; the idea of praying a sermon was a thing he had never heard-of or conceived of; and the singularity of the suggestion wrought powerfully on his imagination and feelings. He resolved to attempt the task. He laid his manuscript before him, and on his knees before God, undertook to make it into a prayer. But it would not pray; the spirit of prayer was not in it, and that, for the very good reason, as he then clearly saw for the first time, that the spirit of prayer and piety did not compose it. For the first time, he saw that his heart was not right with God; and this conviction left him no peace until he had "Christ formed in him the hope of glory."

With a renewed heart, he applied himself anew to the work of composing sermons for the pulpit; preached again in the presence of the pious pastor who had given such timely advice; and again solicited the benefit of his critical remarks. "I have no remarks to make," was his reply; "you can pray that sermon."

REV. ROBERT HALL, the great Baptist minister of England, when asked how many sermons a preacher could conveniently prepare in a week, replied, "If he is a man of

pre-eminent ability, one; if he is a man of ordinary ability, two; if he is an ass, six."

This was fair. "Would you believe it?" said Rev. Mr. Glibtongue to one of his elders, "I never thought of that subject till I got into the pulpit." To which his elder replied, "That's just what wife and I were saying on our way home from church."

Events of the Week.

MR. GREELEY ACCEPTS.

After two weeks and a half Horace Greeley has replied to the note officially informing him of his nomination to the Presidency by the Cincinnati convention. His reply is characteristic, giving a shrewd construction to some of the articles in the Cincinnati platform, of which his reply is mainly a re-statement, but putting his case not unfairly and accepting the nomination in a philosophical way. He says, if elected, he should aim to be the President of the people, and not the servant of a cabal,—which is just what the people would like. Mr. Greeley says he is in constant reception of letters, telegrams, &c., which assure him of the popularity of the cause he champions, and he, in common with a good many others, would not be at all surprised to hang his white hat in the White House hall next March, and sit down inside as the lawful occupant.

A GREAT MILK-SWINDLE.

The *New York Tribune* has been telling the Gothamites what miserable milk they drink. It has had reporters in the field,—or rather in the cow-stables,—for a month, investigating the matter and getting ready for a disclosure. The disclosure came last week Tuesday, and of all unfortunate people, we judge those the most so who have to drink the vile stuff that the reporters tell about. The cows are kept in dark, crowded, close, filthy stables; are fed on slops from the distilleries—that is, as long as they take any kind of food; the treatment soon kills them; but they are milked to their latest breath. This milk is often discolored, usually smells bad, and is always adulterated—just think of attempting to adulterate such stuff,—we should rather say improved by the addition of water, salt, chalk, saleratus, &c. The names of a good many dealers are exposed by the *Tribune*, who are consequently mad, while their customers are seized with nausea, and cry for vengeance—which they will probably get, if the Governor doesn't veto their petition.

GENERAL BUTLER ON THE RAMPAGE.

Thirsting for the blood of Englishmen, and spoiling for martial exercise, General Butler rises in his place in the House and, figuratively speaking, moves that the "disgraceful additional article" be wadded up and pushed down John Bull's throat, John in the meantime to be called a "blackleg and a pirate." Of course that would involve us in a foreign war, but Mr. Butler doesn't care for that, for he says we could easily whip the insolent Englishmen, getting back our fishery privileges, and gaining the chance to tell England, "see to it that you, the pirate of nations, keep the peace hereafter." Well, it would seem like a surrender to allow the last proposition from Parliament, but if England can afford the humility of making such a request, we should certainly lose nothing by magnanimously granting it. It would only amount to withdrawing the claim for "indirect damages," which Secretary Fish has always said was put in more for the principle of the thing than anything else. It may be added that the House didn't quite agree with Mr. Butler, and there is not much likelihood that John Bull will be called on to swallow the wad.

PROGRESS OF LEGISLATION.

There is more and more probability that Congress may adjourn sometime this summer. In the House Mr. Dawes has been pushing business with a tact and facility which show him to be the leader of that body, and that he is working for the people rather than for personal influence. But that, come to think of it, will be likely to give him as much influence as anything. He has not only succeeded in gaining the concurrence of the House in the Senate resolution to adjourn the 29th of May, but he has also pushed through the whole tariff bill and sent it to the Senate with a sharp request that they go to work and sanction it. Which the Senate will be pretty likely to do, thereby relieving the people of several millions of taxes. This latter body has also passed an amnesty bill,—the same mentioned last week,—and a civil rights bill, not Mr. Sumner's, but one containing several of its features though not so acceptable to those especially concerned. At present the Senate is considering the latest phase of the Alabama correspondence which is as likely to keep Congress in session a fortnight longer as not.

THE ROBESON INVESTIGATION.

The parties who have been laboring so hard to beset Secretary Robeson's name have utterly failed. The Secretary is shown to have discharged the duties of his office faithfully and efficiently, and the report of the committee to look into the matters exonerates him from any breach of trust. The most of the matters criticised were acts of bureau officers who only followed previously established rules, while the changes made in the machinery of certain naval vessels, and the payment of the Secor claims, are shown to have been needful and just. The zeal of genuine reformers sometimes devours them—and so does the malignancy of spurious ones.

Communications.

Young Men.—No. 2.

BY J. W. BARKER.

The comely young plant is indeed beautiful. Shooting its vigorous life from the dark soil, and gathering strength and beauty from the air and sunshine, we read upon its expanding form, not what it is, but what it is to be. There are whispering promises stirring the air; whispers of coming maturity. I have seen it in the garden in the early days of May. I have touched the unyielding earth about it, that it might expand with freer and swifter life. And as the gentle rain and sunshine mingled in their work of propagation, the youthful plant seemed to bless the very atmosphere of its life. The golden tinges of the harvest, the rich mellow hues of maturity, seemed to sleep in the tender foliage. Not for itself, but for what it promised, was it so much admired.

By its side grew the crooked, the deformed, the unpromising. It struggled through the hard earth, and seemed to tremble in a sickly life. There it stood for weeks, as if deciding whether to push forward or to skulk back upon the bosom of the ground. It seemed easy to do the latter, for nobody encouraged it, nobody admired it. There was in it no promise. To push forward was to struggle against hope. And yet I have seen the fair plant wither and die. It ventured up into the bright glittering sunshine and was cut down by an untoward blast. It is not always so. Industrious and genial spring-time is the usual precursor to a rich harvest. Comely plants are full of hope. They are more sensitive to the influence of the rain and sunshine. They spring into life with more of beauty and wealth. And sometimes, in spite of dubious hope, and against all prophecy, what was deformed and unpromising expands into a vigorous and prolific maturity. But this is only the exception to a very general rule. But be this as it may, the rich harvest throws the budding spring-time into obscurity. The full maturity is the crown of glory to the entire life.

I delight to look upon a young man who has buffeted successfully the counter currents of vice and passion, and who seems steadily bearing upward in spite of every head wind, one who has seemed to take an intelligent view of the responsibility and value of life, and who is determined to make the most and best of it. There are some such. Although my friend told me the other day, that our young men, as a whole, were a failure. Out of the one hundred from whom we might hope for promise and purity, ninety-nine were failures.

This may be a little colored. It may be too strong. But there are many indications to favor this view. The multitude of our young men, it must be confessed, seem to start out with no special purpose. They have no correct standard. From some almost unaccountable predisposition, they scorn the lessons of experience so freely given; they ignore all the wisdom and counsel of age, and are determined to prove for themselves the problem of life. Vice seems indeed a plant of easy and vigorous growth, maturing even in the spring-time. The photographs of evil take quickly in very dim light, while virtue seems of slow maturity, and is not pictured on the most polished surface and in the clearest light. The pitfalls of Satan are more numerous than the coverts of virtue. His snares are carefully and ingeniously spread; his banquets are more gorgeously adorned; while the devices of virtue seem wanting in fitness, and her tables are not always made attractive. And then the current of human life sets strongly toward the great delta of vice.

At a very early age our boys become "young men." There is a very popular notion that the growth of boyhood is more rapid and less positive than in former times. It is classed as one of the periods of life. And yet, it is well-nigh obliterated. There is, indeed, a little time left for childhood—a brief space, a few short years. But boyhood is a myth, flitting coyly between the nursery and manhood. Young men are the immediate outgrowth of childhood. Impatient of discipline, averse to study, hating hard work, they dash off upon a shorter road to glory and greatness. They are partial and imperfect copyists. They imitate the vice and eschew the virtue in the life pictures set before them. How easy it seems to copy and magnify the one, and how difficult to picture the other. James Fisk, Jr., has photographed his style, his dash, his extravagance and his moral deformity upon thousands of young men; while the quiet dignity, the high sense of honor, the golden modesty and the genuine Christian character of Lincoln, seem to have few imitators among our young men. I can hardly account for this, except I endorse, most cordially, the fact that the current of human nature presses downward and away from true moral rectitude. We have reason to expect much, if we assure our expectations by the advantages afforded our boys. It does seem that the means of culture should be the sure promise of true greatness and usefulness. They are multifarious. But we forget that means misapplied or neglected can not work out any problem of mathematics or morality. We forget that culture must consist in symmetrical development. We ignore the primary principles of character-building. There are elements which enter into the composition of every true character, which no art can embellish or set aside. There is no substitute for honesty or purity. Neither can these essential elements be modified or transformed by any modern process. Every system of education or culture that does not embrace these is faulty in the extreme. The most startling developments of science can not embellish virtue, or change its character. Neither can the most

cunning devices of art gild the hideous character of vice. Nor can the different systems of theology in any wise change the status of a true and noble character.

It does not follow that the real code of ethics is changed, because different scientific questions agitate the mind. Vice was vice before it was formally made known that the earth moved. Because Darwin argues that we are descended from the ape, gives no license to appetite or passion. The sublime system of moral or social science is the same now as before it was announced that the earth in its present shape is the result of gradation and growth. Science may be the servant of true manhood, but it is by no means the master. It is subservient and subordinate, that is all. It is no proof, *per se*, that, because the spread of science is widening, men are growing better. I want more than the fact that a new railroad has been built to prove that a people are indeed better. Monuments of art are not positive proof of a people's true greatness. There are olden landmarks which can never be removed.

The Sisters' Conversations.

BY MARILLA.

The roses of summer had blossomed and were fast fading away, when, after years of separation, Sarah and Irene Huntley met once more in the dear old home, the home consecrated by the death of their mother, whose pure Christian graces had been her daughters' richest legacy, and whose dying wish had been that the Saviour, who called her home, might be the chosen refuge of her orphaned children.

That prayer was answered. Amid the cares and perplexities of a teacher's life, Sarah had given her heart to God, and found, in His service, a sacred balm for all her sorrows. And Irene, who, until her mother's death, had been a joyous, confident child, and who, in the wild outburst of her first great grief, had been taken to the home of her grandparents in a distant state, had not recovered from this severe shock, her child-heart accepted the Saviour's call, and she too was numbered among the sheep of His pasture, a tender lamb, sometimes straying, but ever longing to be kept by the Saviour's protecting arms.

"Do you know," said Irene to her elder sister, as they sat in the door-way, shaded by the tall drooping elms; "do you know I sometimes wonder at God's dealings with his children. It seems strange that some should be so prosperous, so free from chastening, while others have to meet this chastening discipline at almost every step through life. Grandma always taught me that those who were truly beloved of the Lord must expect this discipline, for their lives were never wholly free from it. I fully believed this, and learned to think of the early death of our parents as the discipline which you and I needed. Since I came home, my faith has been greatly disturbed."

"Why, Irene, has anything wrong in me disturbed this faith? Do you find me so much less a Christian than you had thought, and so you feel that the great sorrow of our lives has failed in its intended effect?" asked Sarah anxiously.

"No, no, Sarah; you misunderstand me. It is not in our own case that I have been led to doubt. I am sure you could never have been the noble woman that you are, had it not been for the sorrows and anxieties which have kept you so near the Saviour's side, ever looking to Him for direction. It is of your near friend and neighbor, Mrs. Emmons, that I have been thinking. She seems such a pure and faithful Christian; so ready in every good word and work, that had I not been in her family and known the treasure she possesses in a kind husband, a beautiful and gifted daughter, and an abundance of worldly wealth, I should most certainly have thought that her life had, through chastening, been made so fair and beautiful. But, on the contrary, the hand of sorrow seems to have been withheld, and all her way was without a cloud to dim its brightness. Surely Sarah, Mrs. Emmons must be one of the beloved, and yet she is free from chastening. How am I to understand this, or reconcile it with the lives of those Christians who meet with sorrow and suffering at almost every step?"

"You may not know all of Mrs. Emmons' lot," said the sister, thoughtfully. "and yet if she were really exempt from any great sorrow, it should not cause you to doubt the perfect kindness and justice of our Heavenly Father in allowing sorrow to fall on other hearts.—for though the loved may be sorely chastened, He never chastises His children in anger, and doth not willingly afflict."

"I do not mean to doubt our Father's love," said Irene, as the tears came to her eyes; "it is only that I do not understand."

"There are those, Irene, who abide in Christ so truly that this discipline does not seem a trial to them. I once heard a faithful and strong Christian say,—while sympathizing with a friend in their afflictions,—that he did not suppose he had ever known any real trials. He said this when I knew that the cross which he bore sometimes pressed so heavily that he could find no rest for days and nights together. Still this cross was borne so willingly for Christ's sake, that the burdens of the way were all counted as light afflictions. Such people need no severe discipline."

"It must be then that Mrs. Emmons is one of those people."

"Do not allow yourself to form too hasty conclusions, Irene. I have known Mrs. Emmons more intimately than almost any one else, and to me she seems very nearly perfect. I know too that this Christian loveliness has not been attained in a sunlit pathway. It is true that she seems to possess all that can make life joyous. As for her daughter,—you may well call Mabel beautiful, sweet-tempered and talented.

She is all this, and yet, there is a shadow on her fair young life. All her father's sisters became insane between the ages of fourteen and twenty. Mabel has inherited a temperament like theirs. Her parents have known this, and from Mabel's earliest childhood it has been a source of constant fear and anxiety to them. Her great love for books and music has led them to give her every advantage, fondly hoping thus to avert the dreaded evil. But within the past year signs of insanity have occasionally shown themselves in Mabel's manner, and it is greatly feared that nothing can prevent it."

"Oh, how terrible," exclaimed Irene; "and I had thought Mrs. Emmons so perfectly happy! How little we know of other hearts. If we must lose Mabel thus, I shall wish I had never seen her."

"Do not speak in this way, Irene," said Sarah, mildly; "I used to think just as you do, and when I parted with a dear friend, the parting seemed so hard, I wished I had never known them. Now I think differently. Ever since I knew Fanny Wheeler, and loved her so deeply, I have felt that nothing is ever lost. We may have to part with those we love best, but though we never meet them again on earth, we do not lose them. Our thoughts, our lives will be better and brighter for every worthy friend we have ever known and loved. It is thus I feel in regard to Fanny. When I long to see her again, and to clasp her hand as I did that one happy summer, I think of her many virtues, her humble submission to Christ, and I feel stronger to overcome every obstacle. It is thus we should feel in regard to Mabel. Her pure, joyous spirit has brightened our way, and if in God's providence her joy is turned to desolation, we should not repine at our loss; but rather let her joy she has given us shine out from our hearts to cheer and bless her parents."

"I see that my words were selfish, for I do feel that Mrs. Emmons and Mabel have been a blessing to me. But, Sarah, do you believe it will be possible for Mrs. Emmons to keep this perfect trust in God if Mabel should become hopelessly insane?"

"I do firmly believe it. My friend has known other trials, and, through all, her faith has remained unshaken. They once had a little boy—a lovely child, in whom all their earthly hopes centered. He lived to be seven years old. They loved him as any parents can love, and thought him in perfect health. He was taken suddenly with fever, and only lived two days. You have never heard Mrs. Emmons speak of him, for she can not control her feelings when his name is mentioned.—still she never murmurs, always saying through her tears, 'Bertie was Christ's own lamb, and I am thankful that he is safe.' A few days since, in speaking of Mabel, she said it was her constant prayer that she might so abide in Christ that whatever sorrow came, she could say, 'not as I will, but as thou wilt,' and I trust this grace will ever be given her."

They Called Me Old.

It was the first time I realized what that adjective meant. The sensation was peculiarly strange. It was not the word, nor the circumstances in which it was uttered, that made it seem so to me. I only knew that the word was intended for me. Then I felt it, I realized it all through, that it was I they called old. In my heart I would have rebelled, but I knew that truth was against me. I could not frown on Providence, for to live had been the strongest desire of my heart. I had always known and felt that, to be old was honorable, but to realize what it is to be so, had never before so fully entered my heart. I had said, I never will be old; the heart is full of youth, I am full of life and anticipation. I can realize no great, or very sensible change as though some one had gone out, and some new one had come in, or that one administration had passed and a new one was inaugurated. I knew I could demonstrate to a certainty, that I was none other than the very person I had always been.

But they called me old. And I thought: Is there no relief, no compensating realities, no change of current, or new path I have not trodden, that will lead me out, and onwards, or must life's current flow back upon itself, and the extremes of my years be the measure of me? Then I remembered that God had provided some better things for us. My powers to think and remember make me omnipresent in my self-world. My past is ever before me, as I will, and I can live on the choicest experiences of my life. My spring-time and summer days are never gone. I live among them now, as then. They are not to me as an old worn-out thing, but more as living realities. To the eye, they may be far away, and greatly changed, but to me, they are ever present and the same. Our hopes, our joys and experiences are never old. It may have taken years, and great changes to work them out, but they are ever with us and always new. Our long, long past, is but yesterday, the soul really makes but little account of time. Youth ever mingles with what we now call old. The opening bud is only complete in the ripened fruit or full grown tree. Every stage and change of life, whether in the vegetable or animal world, so completely assimilates the one with the other, that it takes them all to make up a whole.

The oak of a hundred years sustains the one and same relation to its parent earth and acorn, as did the year old sapling from which it came. The nature and forces that began the work are the same that must complete it. So it is with man. You may multiply changes, and relations, press upon him new conditions, and responsibilities, but he is ever the same in person, simply himself. He can always realize so much of himself as comes within the range of his personal experience. We never leave out our boy-days, any more than we neglect our man-days. We no sooner forget our

mother than we do ourselves. Every day we lived, after we knew we had begun the work, we live over again a thousand times. And this we do, partly, as it seems, that we may know for a certainty, that we carry our whole life work along with us, as constituting an essential part of our future being. We can no more remove the childhood and youth-life, from our ripened years, and preserve our identity of person, than we can remove the cause of our physical being, and preserve our line of pedigree.

So, then, I thought, that though they may call me old, it is none the less my very self, and not an other. For I am as much young as old, I am as much of spring-time and summer as of autumn. I have seen more of youth's folly and the end of it, than I have of ripened years. We live more in the past than in the future. Our hopes and expectations are to us as dew and gentle showers while, our experiences are as wells of living water. Why, then, should we think we can have joy only in youth, and sorrow in ripened years? God has made these extremes of life as parts of a whole, and we are only complete when all the parts are taken together. My reason then told me, "I am not old. I am only maturing, filling up and rounding off a human life. It is the harvest time. What looks to be so changed and faded, are golden autumn leaves, man's second-childhood beauty, the coupling link of our great life chain, that binds us to a glorious future. Then never call me old, to disparage me, for winter comes before spring, and blossoms before fruit, and the harvest is the realization and glory of all our toil."

Chicago.

CON.

Light After Darkness.

BY J. W. LANG.

Lone watcher on the towering height,
What are the tidings of the morning?
See ye the signs or tokens bright?
Oh, speak to us their warning!
Let not your eyelids droop or fall;
Cease not your vigilance or calling;
But faithful be till life shall pale—
Time is but eternity forestalling.

All on the lone, wide ocean sailing,
With tossing wave and lowering sky;
The Spirit loth, the heart high failing,
And wan Despair so very nigh,
Take courage, and your sails be trimming;
Place Faith at once at helm;
Soon lightly o'er the billows skimming,
No adverse tides may overwhelm.

The city's spires are just in view,
Beyond the river's distant end;
Then cling to duties old and new,
While fast your life is spending.
By many a devious course we're led,
By many a pathway lone and drear;
With lowering clouds above our head,
To brighter fields, and sunlight clear.

The Shunamite's Claim.

The Shunamite was a woman of purpose and plan, a person of nervous and intense temperament, having large concentrative powers, who, when she wanted a thing, was, until she obtained her desire, a "one-idea" woman. When she wished to be hospitable to the prophet, she "constrained" him to come in, and having made the way open for him to be a frequent guest, she then made arrangements that he might feel at home in her house,—for home-love was a strong point in her character,—so that when Elisha said he would use his influence at court to obtain office for her husband, she preferred to dwell among her own people. But when famine came, she yielded to the temporary necessity of the time and went into the land of the Philistines. There she had enough, but she counted so many days since she left home, so many more before she could return. And when the seven years (the perfection of waiting) were over, she returned. But her estate had reverted to the government and was occupied by a stranger. The Shunamite had had a moving day—she knew all about it and consequent weariness, and how difficult it is to accommodate one's self to new plans and untried circumstances, and she knew if the tenant vacated the premises he would be as much tried and perplexed as she had been.

It may have been that Shunem was divided into two parties, (for so the world has ever been) the one pleading righteousness, the other expediency—the one saying "Do her justice," the other saying "Might and present possession make right," and still a third party saying, "Wait; if the tenant is an honest man, he will sometime give her back her own, but though her course is just, we have just come through famine, it will not do to distract Shunem."

"All men counsel patience, for all men's woes—except their own—but the burden is clinging still to hearts thus counseled, and the Shunamite's answer in word and act was, 'Give me back my own.' Failing to move the oppressor, and not willing to yield his claim, she goes up, with the want of her heart on her lips, "to cry unto the king for her house and her land," and though the subjects have turned a deaf ear to her complaints, the king listens to her appeal, and says, "Restore all that was hers, and all the fruits of the field since the day that she left the land, even until now."

The woman's faith and works were one; and when there is a burden, a want, a wishing does not lift one or relieve the other. "Works must go forth to the king"—faith "must cry unto him"—and then

"Though victory tarry, strive not less
Nor duty leave undone,
Soon will opposers join to bless
The deeds thy daring won.
The strife once over, then will earth
Send forth her sweetest song,
And all true soul of noble worth
Shall in the right be strong."

ADA.

Sin taken into the soul is like liquor poured into a vessel—so much of it as it fills it also seasons. The touch and the tincture go together.—South.

Fragments.

BY HALE ARLINGTON.

Flattery is a deadly moral poison, and he who administers it, even in small portions, must be lacking good judgment or sincerity. He who would not allow poisonous food upon his table, should not allow a poisonous literature upon his shelf.

The more heavily a ship is freighted, the less she displays her hull; and the more our souls possess of "the eternal weight of glory," the less shall we be disposed to self-display.

Sometimes just beneath the surface of apparently dry and sterile regions, veins of living water are found; so it is sometimes the case, that veins of deep religious thought and feeling pervade communities which seem to be hopelessly irreligious.

Selfish and unworthy men will push toward positions of trust and honor, as an unwelcome pig pushes his way to the trough. Wonder not that unworthy men often stand in highest places, "for scum will rise to the surface."

Men of great gifts are often greatly flattered, and thereby being corrupted they sink in dishonor. Men who could bravely stand the iron hail of persecution, are mown down like grass by the breath of flattery.

By efforts to please men more than God, some fail of pleasing either.

Hamar would hang Mordecai for not respecting his dignity, and conceited men of hate those who have sense enough to distinguish between pomposity and true nobility, vain pretensions and true worth.

Pigs will be as true to their troughs as politicians to their parties.

Take care of your deportment, and your honor will take care of itself.

It is better to be a poor saint than a rich sinner.

Slanderers are the devil's painters, and gossipers are his waiting maids.

The bewitching smiles of the strange woman are like the fatal charms of the deadly serpent. Woe to those who are thereby beguiled.

When a man has lost truth, he has lost all that entitles him to confidence.

Moral beauty never wrinkles nor fades, but increases with advancing years.

Virtue, though it hobbles on crutches, is better than fleet-footed vice.

S. S. Department.

The Queen's Decision.

Once upon a time, long ago, the Queen of Language sent forth a proclamation that on such a day there would be a convention of all classes of people, who might take her trusty servants, the alphabet, consisting of twenty-four letters, and the one who should form the sweetest word should be seated next to the Queen and receive a crown of gold.

Far and wide the proclamation went, and multitudes began to study what word they would form. But lest somebody else should select his chosen word, every one kept silent and only looked wise, as much as to say, "I know something, if I only chose to tell."

At length the day arrived, and there was the Queen, and there the crown and the alphabet, and all the multitude. The question now was, who should first spell what he considered the most beautiful word in the world. So the Queen told them all to carefully write their word, and fold it up, and cast it into a box which she had prepared. She would then draw them out by lot, read the word aloud, call upon the writer to stand up, and she would then decide upon each. So she drew all the multitude close around her, and all were hushed and silent, when she put in her hand and drew out a paper. On opening it, she read aloud, MONEY!

"Whose is this?" asked the Queen.

"It is mine," said an old, hard-faced miser.

"And why do you think this the sweetest word in the human language?" she said.

"Because, madam, money is what all want, all tell for, and all rejoice over. It will buy anything, do anything, and, as the good book says, 'money answereth all things.' It is the sweetest word ever spoken."

"I beg leave to differ from you, sir. You pervert the meaning of the good book. You say money will do anything, and procure anything. Is that so? Will it raise the sick man from a bed of pain? Will it cheer or save the dying man? Will it heal a wounded conscience? Will it restore the dead babe to its mother's arms? Will it open the door of heaven to the soul, or make immortality blessed? No! It is a slippery servant to minister to the wants of the body, or to raise the pride, or to pamper the appetites, or a hard master to grind the poor. It is anything but the sweetest word."

"She then put her hand again into the box and drew out a paper, on which was written the word, 'HONOR.'"

"Who claims this?"

"I do," said a fine looking young man, dressed in splendid military garments.

"And what is your plea for your favorite word?" said the Queen.

"Why, madam, it seems to me too plain for argument. The child at school, the boy on the play-ground, the parent in planning for his child, the scholar in wasting life over his books, the sailor risking his life on the stormy ocean, the politician in wrestling for position, and the soldier rushing up to the cannon's mouth, all are witnesses that the sweetest to the human ear."

"You plead well," said the Queen, "but I can not agree with you. Honor is a powerful instrument with which to move men to effort and action. But you will notice that it appeals to and cultivates supreme selfishness in the heart, shuts out domestic affection, tramples on the most sacred rights of others, seeks its place through fields of blood, and often fills nations with wailing. I can not allow you the premium, sir."

Again the fair hand of the Queen drew from the box, and on the paper was written the word, "LOVE."

"Whose may this be?" asked the Queen, in a softened voice.

"Mine, madam," said a young man, whose face was glowing with excitement,

while a thousand youths around him, and as many bright-eyed maidens, seemed ready to shout.

"And your reason, sir?"

"It is not a matter of reason, madam, but it is the verdict of the mother over her babe, of that babe as soon as he can return her smile, of the child longing for home, of the widow in her desolation, of the youth seeking the dearest friend the earth knows, of age leaning upon the child for support. It is sung in the song of the birds, echoed in the notes of the mourning dove, and it thrills in the language of every living thing. We have reason to believe that it reaches the angels of heaven."

"A strong plea, certainly," said the Queen; "but I must have time to think further upon it before I decide."

Once more she drew from the box, and the word was read aloud and great silence, "JESUS."

"Whose is this?" said the Queen, in a low, soft tone.

"I wrote it," said a sweet little girl, almost sinking under the eyes that were turned upon her.

"And can you, my child, tell me the reasons why you think Jesus the sweetest word in the world?"

"No; I only feel so."

"Truly, little one, you feel right. There is no attribute of humanity, no beauty of character, no greatness in our ideal, nothing exalted, refined, gentle, loving or good, which is not found in him. He is rich, and honor, and glory, and love in its deepest meaning. There has been no language found on earth, into which Jesus can not be introduced untranslated. The Jew, the Greek, the Hottentot, and the refined nations of the earth all sing the same name. It is the sweetest word on earth, and probably the sweetest in heaven! Come, little child, and sit by my side and receive this golden crown—faint emblem of the crown which Jesus will one day place upon thy head!"—S. S. Teacher.

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A CENT A WEEK. The following is the story of the origin of the New Hampshire Cent Auxiliary Missionary Society:

"Mrs. McFarland told Dr. Bouton, the author of her memoir, that she got the idea at a meeting held at her mother's house, in Boston, where Dr. Spring, Dr. Emmons, Mr. Sanford, and Father Niles had met to consult about forming the Massachusetts Missionary Society (1799). One of the ministers proposed a cent society. The ladies took up the idea, and talked and prayed about it in their prayer-meeting at her mother's house, and such societies were formed in Massachusetts."

Mrs. McFarland said that at that time, when wine was set on the table at her Uncle Simkins's, and the glasses filled for the ministers to drink, it was proposed that each one should set by his glass of wine and lay down one cent. It was done. From the same source the thought arose: "What a noble sum might be raised to help the Missionary Society, if the ladies throughout the state would lay by for this purpose only one cent a week!"

UNDER A BUSH. "Where do you put the lamp when you have lighted it?"

"On the table."

"Why?"

"So that father and mother and all the family can see."

"Suppose you should light your large lamp, and then go out in the store-room and get a bushel measure and put over it. How would that seem?"

"It would be very foolish."

"Why would it be foolish?"

"Because, it would do no good to have a lamp hidden in that way; besides, it would not burn long."

"Did you ever see any one do this?"

"No; never."

"I have seen it."

"When?"

"A year ago. I asked a boy then, if he loved Jesus, and he said, 'I hope so,' but he spoke as if he did not want to say it. If I said anything in the class about loving Jesus, his face did not light up one bit. He had a light inside, but it hid under a bushel. He tried to be a Christian, and not let any one know it. He was afraid the other boys would laugh at him if he said anything about it. I don't think he enjoyed it very much. What do you think of him, Thomas?"

"I think he was mean. I don't think he had much of a light; or, if he had, he bushel must have put it over. A light won't burn without air. I have tried that. I am the very boy. I'm ashamed of it now. I don't think I shall light to hide. Oh, I don't feel now as I did then. My light is small, but I want it to shine, and when it shines I am very glad. I will never, Christ helping me, try to hide it again under a bushel. It is too small a place, and Jesus is not there."—Sunday School Times.

THE TEACHER'S DUTIES. 1. To be in your place at least five minutes before the time for school to begin; or have an approved substitute there in case of necessary absence. If you can not provide a substitute yourself, let the Superintendent know of your intended absence.

2. To gather and keep a class about you—not merely to teach those who happen to be present. You can easily enough gather a class by a word of invitation to the boys and girls playing about your streets, who do not go to school. You can only keep a class by making them feel, both in the school, and out of school, that you are interested in them. Greet them with kind words whenever you meet them. Hunt them up as soon as they become irregular in attendance.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 29, 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.

Fresh Premiums.

Wishing to encourage the friends who take an interest in the circulation of the *Star*, we make the following offer:

To any person sending the names of two new subscribers with a year's payment in advance, \$5.00, and 10 cts. additional to pay postage, &c., we will send a copy of the large and elegant steel engraving, 18 by 26 inches, entitled "MERCY'S DREAM," the subject of which is taken from Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress; or,

If preferred, we will send a copy of Mrs. Ramsey's Poems, a volume containing the choicest products of her pen, and which our readers must know, make up a collection of real beauty and worth.

We will also send either of the above premiums to any present subscriber to the *Star*, who will make payment for his own copy one year in advance, and also forward the name of one new subscriber with \$2.50, and 10 cts. additional for postage, &c.

N. B. No percentage is allowed on money sent for these premiums. The number of copies of the Steel Engraving is limited, and we can fill orders for it only till the small lot is exhausted. Promptness will be necessary in order to secure this rare work of art.

Work for the Yearly Meetings.

Many of our Yearly Meetings will hold their sessions during the next two months. These gatherings are always suggestive and significant. They draw together a large number of ministers and other leading brethren. The reports presented from the various fields of Christian labor are always adapted to stir emotion. If they are cheering, they kindle gratitude and hope, and send the toilers back to their several fields of labor with fresh zeal and courage. If they tell a deplorable story, they beget sympathy and anxiety that is shared by many hearts, and may well prompt to humility, prayer, a careful review of plans, and a fresh consecration. For this is one of the great objects of the gathering,—to spread out the field of labor, and so put the whole band of toilers into an intelligent sympathy with each other, and thus unify and make effective the common work.

Of course the reunions are matters of no little consequence. "As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend." Whatever keeps the heart fresh and warm, joins souls in real Christian fellowship, and gives reality to the idea of a vital oneness in Christ, is scarcely of secondary importance in the sphere and work of religion. And so the greeting of old friends, the clasp of hands that in the past were often joined in fellowship and labor, the communion over scenes that were alike sacred and tender,—these things have much to do, not only with the enjoyment, but also with the real religious profit of the gathering. For without the love and sympathy that cement souls and make experience something vital and juicy, a religious organization is at best but a complex piece of human machinery, and its highest movements are only routine.

The preaching and the prayer-meetings are all needful. There, if anywhere, the great truths of the gospel find a fit sphere for expression. The men who preach there should be men who have a real message to deliver. It is not the time nor the place for impulsive and thoughtless ranting, nor for the emphatic utterance of mere pulpit commonplace. One should offer to the people only the choicest fruit of his study and experience,—a word charged with meaning and all alive with the fervor supplied by a throbbing soul.

And the prayer-meetings should also be quickening with simple words that unfold the workings of God's grace on the heart, and with petitions that go on a definite errand straight to the mercy seat and come back in a shower of blessing. It is not artificial heat that is wanted; not an earnestness that measures itself by the noise it makes or the enthusiastic responses it can provoke; not a burst of hallelujahs that take their rise in the animal spirits; not a pathos that merely goes up and down in the old sing-song tone, or floats out from the ready fountain in the lachrymatory gland;—none of these things meet the real wants which gather in the prayer-meeting and crave a supply and relief. Fervor, and jubilant speech, and voices that quiver with emotion, and tears that will not be restrained,—all these things are well when they are the natural symbols of the stirred soul, and report its working to the hearer and beholder. It is a real Christian life that is wanted, with freedom to unfold itself and a chance to act without hindrance on the souls to which it makes its appeal. All these features should find a place at the Yearly Meeting, so that it may directly serve the heart by filling it with fresh and vital experiences.

But, there is something to be done more important than all this. The Yearly Meeting is the place to arrange a programme for a broad Christian work, and provide for having it carried out during the year. This, indeed, is the main thing. The strengthening of the feeble churches, the arrangements for

establishing new interests, the selection of special objects and fields where effort is to be concentrated, the adoption of efficient methods of raising and applying funds for missionary effort and church extension, the selection of special educational objects, which are to be aided and the adoption of measures for having that aid rendered, the presentation of the great Christian enterprises in which the churches are engaged and in connection with which they are to make Christ practically supreme among the nations,—these are the chief ends that need to be sought at our Yearly Meetings. They who attend should come away with broader views of the work to be done, with plans that have gained in comprehensiveness, with hearts enlarged through the reception of great motives, with a faith roused into vigor by the revelations made concerning the victories of the gospel throughout the earth, with an enthusiasm that helps to interpret the uttered purpose of Paul,—“I determined not to know any thing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified,” and with a new joy over the consummation that is promised in the words,—“He must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet.”

Our churches need to learn the lessons of to-day, and rise to their present opportunities and duties. No narrow and exclusive policy will now suffice. Content with a routine, they will lose the power to act at all. Spending all their thought and effort upon themselves alone, they will shrivel and suffocate for lack of air. They will get by giving, if they get at all. Giving and toiling for the needy world, they will find the highest wealth coming for their enrichment. Putting their hearts in vital contact with the great forces that throb in society all about us, and that traverse all the continents and sail every sea for the sake of Him whose saving truth they would make supreme everywhere, they will find new tides of life sweeping in upon them, and their weakness will give place to strength.

Our needs and opportunities as a people are very large to-day. The claims of our Foreign Mission are very urgent, and never before did effort in that field promise such ample, obvious and speedy returns. The calls for increasing enterprise, liberality and devotion in the Home field are so strong as to be startling, and so pathetic and pressing as to be hardly endurable by those who have sensitive souls, who love their country and long to see it Christianized. If we only had resources, what might not be done! And our Educational Undertakings,—surely nothing but a prompt, united, resolute and self-denying effort in their behalf can save them from serious loss, and perhaps from fearful disaster. But this can save them.

Will not our Yearly Meetings take up these great interests in a resolute, definite and practical way, and seek to vitalize both them and the churches by bringing the two face to face and binding them heart to heart? It may require pluck, tax patience, and demand hard work. But the task will be neither impertinent nor useless. It will send the delegates home with true working ideas; it will bear choice fruit speedily and for many years to come.

One Term, and Rotation.

One of the prominent planks in the platform framed by the politicians at Cincinnati pronounces in favor of a single term of service for the President of the United States. It virtually says that no President should be a candidate for re-election. When he goes into the White House it should be with the distinct understanding that he is to leave it finally at the end of four years. The reason urged in favor of this policy is, that a President is so strongly tempted to use his patronage to secure his re-election, when that is regarded as a possible event, that the purity of our politics requires that the temptation be put away by a previous declaration,—to which he gives at least a tacit assent,—that he shall gracefully retire at the end of his term. In a word, it is claimed that this is a vital measure in order to a reform in the civil service.

Akin to this is the theory of rotation in office, which obtains and is vehemently urged in the politics of not a few states and cities. A governor may serve two terms, but no more. He must then give up his place to some other waiting aspirant, who is getting impatient for honors, or who claims this as his just reward for services rendered to his state or his party, or whose expectant friends claim it for him. A Congressional representative may also keep his office for two terms; a senator for one, or, in special cases, for two. Then he must retire, for there are clamorous voices that deny his further rights, and openly or covertly assert and urge their own. The same thing runs through the whole graduated scale of civil life, reaching the representative of the most sparsely settled town, and the postmaster in his solitary shop at the four corners.

Now to us the principle asserted appears unsound, the arguments for it weak, the benefits expected more imaginary than real, and the mischiefs resulting often serious. Take the Presidency. If the office carries such temptations that no man is expected to resist them, it is quite time to strip them away from it and make it a place where the occupant's soul is safe. We have no right to put men in deadly peril in that way.—To tell a man that he is expected to become a half reckless self-seeker in the White House, is to do not a little to make him such. Where the nation prophesies and looks for rectitude it is not very likely to develop or discover saintship.—When a self-seeking President is assured that he can have but four years in which to aggrandize himself at the nation's expense, he is likely to set himself at work with special skill and energy. With the encouragement to be manly and patriotic, which the prospect of

a re-election in reward for his fidelity would afford him, he might make his administration serve the country instead of filling his own pockets and setting up his relations.—The one-term plank in the platform, and the tacit approval of it by the candidate, would wholly fail to bind a man willing to enrich himself at the expense of honor.—And if his special supporters or the general public saw sufficient reasons for renominating a President, the four-years-old plank and pledge would go for nothing. It would change to a rope of sand, fall suddenly to the earth, and be trampled forgetfully under foot.

All this seems obvious enough even while accepting the theory, that our Presidents find the temptations of their position too much for their integrity, and the people find their Presidents to be self-seekers instead of patriots, whose bad management can only be put up with for four years. But we do not choose to accept this accusing theory. It is possible to have a manly, teachable, growing and efficient President,—one who so uses his powers and opportunities as to be more worthy of confidence for a second term than for a first, and whose special adaptation to his sphere and his duties makes his re-election the best thing for the country. If we could not believe so much, we should despair of the republic. And believing it, there would be either folly or a piece of covert plotting in a platform which pronounced a second term an intrinsic wrong or an absolute blunder. We prefer to be left free to seek the best man when a President is wanted, and to be at full liberty to go to the White House for him if he is really there, instead of having the outer door slammed in our faces by a previous declaration.

And even more than this may be said against the theory that calls for a regular rotation in civil office. When a man has been found who, by mental tendency, habit and experience, is just fitted to do the important work committed to him, whether acting especially for the smaller or the larger constituency, why should he not be retained? What advantage is to accrue from dismissing the tried and efficient man and putting an untested and inexperienced successor in his place? Grant an equal capacity, yet is the apprentice equal to the master workman? Is the raw recruit the peer of the veteran? Must a long experience, and the skill and readiness and efficiency that come of it, all go for nothing in the difficult sphere of politics and statesmanship, when they are held invaluable everywhere else? Is it well to try doubtful and hazardous experiments when there is no real need of them?

What is wanted in civil life is character, capacity, adaptation and skill. Having these, why should changes be demanded? We know of nothing that is urged in reply, save reasons that carry their own condemnation. It is said, we know, that the people are equals, and so no one man should monopolize the honors of office; that he who helped elect the present incumbent should now be helped himself to an election; that he who has labored hard for the supremacy of his party expects his pay in an office, and may bolt or become a mischievous factionist if payment is refused or delayed. That is indeed a blunt way of putting it, but it is fair. And the answer is obvious, simple, brief. It is this:

There can be no equal distribution of offices; for the places are too few and diverse, and the people are too many.—The last and lowest idea of a civil office is that which makes it a reward for the work of a party politician; and when it is bestowed as such, civil government is disgraced and put in peril. It is really a sacred trust to be accepted by patriotic hands and managed simply for the public good.—The very fact that a party politician demands an office in payment for his work is a proof of his moral unworthiness. If he threatens a bolt or a quarrel, he only furnishes a final reason why he should not be trusted with official prerogatives.—And the party that exists only or chiefly to put ambitious politicians into responsible places, or that consents to put them there to the detriment of the public welfare, has come to the hour when it should either give itself to a radical repentance or go to its grave.

A Victorious Strike.

The strike of the Builders in New York, which was participated in by several thousand craftsmen, including joiners, painters, masons, stair-builders, pattern-makers, &c., and whose object was to get a full day's pay for eight hours' work,—has seemingly succeeded. They combined at just the season of the year when contractors had made their bargains for the summer's building, and when a long cessation of work would have proved ruinous. Consequently, the workmen had a pretty good advantage over the tyranny of Capital,—as they term it,—and are now rejoicing over the usual pay for less than the usual labor.

We cannot be less than glad that the strike has succeeded, for it will be likely to furnish a test of the truth of the statements that have been made concerning such a result. "Capital has always ground us," the laborers have said. "It gets us down in the dirt, and puts its foot on our necks, and keeps it there; and though we plead ignorance and poverty and wretchedly hard lives, it only tells us to attend to our business, while the boss goes on to make sure of our hard-earned dollars. We would not be unreasonable. Let us succeed once or twice, and get up out of the dirt, and we will show you that we mean to be fair, and will use our leisure to improve our minds, and beautify our homes, and happyify our families, and then we and the community and the Capitalist and all will be a good deal better off."

Well, here is a chance to see what kind of political economists these strikers are. There is no doubt that they lead toilsome and often wretched lives. Capital has oppress-

ed them in a certain sense and way, and it is oppressing them still. It lives in good homes and feeds on good food, while their homes are only huts and their food often but a crust. Their children are frequently kept from school for poverty's sake, the mother sees no sunshine, her sphere is so dark and dirty, and the father comes home tired and ill-paid and ugly, and then there are harsh words and blows and curses, until finally the war-fever comes on, and there is a rebellion against the Capitalists who are supposed to be to blame for it all.

But while the results of this successful strike are showing themselves, let us look at some of the facts in the case. It will no doubt necessitate more help, for no body of men will be likely to do in eight hours what the same men have been accustomed to do in ten. Therefore the contractor must hire extra men; this will increase his expenses and of course diminish his profits, which can only result in raising the price of building. He erects, thereby increasing rents, making higher profits necessary on all articles of food, clothing, and all other necessities that are sold from rented stores, and so shifting the burden back in the end to the very shoulders that are now seeking to be rid of it. These particular strikers got all the way from \$3.50 to \$4.00 per day for ten hours' work. They clamored for less work for the same pay, and have got it. Will they now use their leisure hours so as to be prepared to meet the new conditions that will inevitably result?

Get at the very root of this whole matter, and what is it but the old greed for money that the subject is incapable of earning? If a man can use his brain and his wits, if he is shrewd and has faith and ventures, if he thereby makes money fairly, is he not entitled to it and to the enjoyments it affords? If another is incapable of doing this, or if he chooses to walk in a circle and engage himself for pay instead of stepping up to the position of the one to whom he engages himself, is that any reason why he should compare the wretchedness of his family and himself,—who have the best things that he provides for them,—with the pleasanter lot of his employer's family, who have no better things than this employer provides for them? Especially, should the laborer wage incipient war to wrest from his employer what there was no conventional law against his earning for himself?

There certainly is need of bettering the condition of the laboring classes; but is the order of mind that keeps them such, fitted to make rules for improving that condition? It is not generally the intelligent laborer that inaugurates or joins such wild movements. He has a fairer judgment, and looks at the question of labor and capital in a sensible way. But the most of our strikes are inaugurated and kept up by foreigners, malcontents, such as would rebel in paradise if the regulations of that place were not proscribed to their notions. Emigrants reached here last year at the rate of one a minute for the working days. No wonder that strikes are multiplying. So long as the condition of the laborer is fair and reasonable, what mischief can come from compromises,—provided that the compromises are made to meet only present emergencies?

Progress in the Orient.

It seems like an impertinence to compare China and Japan with America,—countries that occupied a higher plane of civilization long before the New World was born than it does on approaching its hundredth birthday,—and then talk of progress in the former countries. Think of their huge mechanical works,—city walls, canals, temples and towers that are still the wonder of this late century; remember that five hundred years ago they carried the arts and sciences to a state that was by no means behind ours of to-day; that they practiced printing, completed rate and curious works of art, employed steam as a motive power, and perhaps used the telegraph nearly as we do to-day; think of their political and religious codes, each of which furnishes valuable hints to modern statesmen and moralists; their educational system, which was quite as comprehensive as ours, but more rigidly adhered to and showing better general results;—think of these, only if a few of their points of excellence, and note if there be not a seeming impertinence in measuring Oriental progress by Western advancement?

But so far below their ancient condition have these eastern countries fallen, that what would otherwise be trifles now become important indicators of their new growth. It is mentioned as an encouraging feature that the young Emperor of China has lately attained his majority, taken a wife and occupied his throne, in commemoration of which he has proclaimed amnesty to several proscribed classes, and performed several other creditable acts. This becomes of more significance when viewed in its connection with the political wirepullers, who are supposed to have cheated the young ruler out of several years of kingly honors and consubstantial bliss, because his modern notions were evidently to drive straight over the whims of antiquated mandarins when they but got the reins of power. This simple accession to the throne marks the inauguration of a new policy, the removal of old restrictions, freer intercourse with the outside world, greater friendliness to and confidence in foreigners, and the adoption of many of those political rules by which China will be united still closer with the column of advancing nations.

(From Japan there comes still more significant news. New stimulus has been given to the late excitement occasioned by an attempted conspiracy to dispose of the Mikado. It is now shown,—what was suspected at the time,—that the conspiracy was the work of the anti-foreign party, and that their plan was to abduct the Mikado to the old capital of the Empire, and there to dictate to him a policy that would exclude all foreigners, killing or banishing such as

were then in the realm. So far has the conspiracy failed, that a great fair is soon to be opened at the old capital itself, to which foreigners will be admitted and enabled to learn still more of the domestic and industrial habits of the Japanese.

But the most interesting feature of this new progress is the recent removal of all edicts against Christianity, which have been in force in Japan for three hundred years. This is the voluntary act of a generous and enlightened sovereign. Resenting any foreign dictation as to the internal management of his affairs, he at the same time studies to know the greatest needs of his people and to supply those needs as seems timely and best. There is but little doubt that, as the order publishing the decree intimates, this result has been some time delayed by the inconsistencies of missionaries, whose zeal has led them to rash acts, and whose meddling has often hindered rather than helped their cause.

Take these recent developments as addenda to the Burlingame treaty, also the presence of so many representative Oriental youths among us to perfect their education, and the favorable opinions already expressed by the Japanese Embassy visiting here, and we have pretty good evidence that those ancient countries are gradually coming back to the position that they must have occupied in the past. Even the destructive fire that lately laid waste a part of the city of Yedo is helping to the general results, for it is already implied that foreigners will be allowed to go in and build up the devastated portions, which, for the beauty of the wretchedly-built city and the improvement of its business enterprises, could profitably have been allowed long ago.

These are only the palpable marks of progress, such as appear readily to the most casual observer. There are other signs of growth, that lie deeper and promise much more. Like the dead tree whose top has been removed but all at once begins to send up fresh shoots from the roots, so the Orient seems to be taking on its old growth. It is springing up from the roots of its decayed greatness, fed by the invigorating juices that have given it such a marvelous development in the past. May no blast of fanaticism blight it, nor any touch of rigid isolation wither it, but may it expand in the light and warmth that seem to characterize this nineteenth century.

Current Topics.

—AN EDITOR ABDUCTED. Rev. Gilbert Haven, the racy and rollicking, dogmatic and genial, radical and conservative, pungent and complimentary, playful and severe, catholic and Methodist editor of *Zion's Herald* has been taken from his tripod. He is chosen bishop by the General Conference. That body might have done many worse and less sensible things than that. His varied abilities have been abundantly illustrated during his editorial career. He believes thoroughly in Methodism; he knows men; he is an indefatigable worker; he has the secret of keeping on good terms with his stomach and acquaintances; he is quick and keen and does not fail to be penetrative and discriminating; he represents culture and yet makes the plainest men feel at home in his company; he can at the same time grasp a principle and consider its multifarious applications in practical affairs; he blends conciliation and firmness; he loves order but is devoted to personal liberty; he has a power of ready adaptation while keeping his intense individuality unabridged; he can joke off a difficulty that can not be directly fought down; and, though having performed much significant service, he seems to have his best years before him. He has been a live and magnetic editor; we believe he will fill the episcopate with suavity and dignity, and make hosts of friends. He will be missed from the editorial ranks, and the best wishes of the fraternity will go with him to his new sphere.

—THE DECISION TAKEN. Mr. Greeley has formally accepted the nomination to the Presidency. His letter is characteristic. He goes over the items in the platform adopted at the convention, gives each his approval,—though he seems to put a somewhat strained interpretation upon one or two of them,—more than intimates that about all the character and moral respectability of the country have committed themselves to the new movement, prophesies success, and is careful to say,—what nearly every nominee feels bound to say,—that, if elected, he intends to be the President of the whole people. It is a little odd to find the *Tribune* so fervently at work soothing and complimenting the very men whom it has so long fought and denounced, and smiling upon the party over whose successive disasters it has almost howled in its delight. The campaign is likely to be curious and exciting.

—CLOSE COMMUNION LOGIC. When a practice is resolved on, or is to be maintained, there is usually an attempt to support it by a logical process. The *Western Recorder*, the organ of the most exclusive wing of the Baptists, has a brief and emphatic pronouncement on the question of the validity of church organizations. The rhetoric and the dogmatism fit each other very well, and both help us to understand what is the real spirit and gauge of the pharisee. Here is the statement:

1. Baptist churches are the only Gospel churches.
2. All Christians, unless it is wholly impracticable, should hold membership in some Baptist church.
3. The demand of the Scriptures would be met if all other denominations—seeing their errors—would disorganize.
4. It is the duty of every Baptist to do all he can legitimately to influence Christians and other denominations to leave their unscriptural organizations and unite with the Baptists.
5. It is wrong in a Baptist to make the

impression, by word or deed, that other denominations are gospel churches.

We hope the *Recorder* sees, or imagines, or accounts possible some way of salvation for the poor churchless millions who are trusting Christ outside the Baptist fold, and who are able to extend even a pitiful sympathy to the author of such egotistic narrowness as this.

—LECTURE BUREAU, OR AGENCY. We have received from B. W. Williams, of the American Lecture Bureau, 114 Washington St., Boston, a pamphlet containing a list of distinguished men and women who have occupied the lecture platform. Their business of furnishing lecturers seems to be a legitimate one, and saves much trouble to both lecturer and committee. The agency receives its commission from the lecturers only, and no extra price is charged to committees. The lecturers can of course afford to pay for having their routes made up and their correspondence attended to. Mr. Williams also furnishes eminent Readers and Musicians, and those who are interested in making up courses should send for the pamphlet, which will be sent on and application, and is devoted simply and entirely to this business.

—THE METHODIST CONFERENCE. This large ecclesiastical body, now ending the third week of its session, is fairly grappling with its important business. Its Committees are so large, and so much must be done in the way of preliminaries, that it seems at first a little huge and unwieldy. But it abounds in vitality, and so rarely becomes dull even when following routine. And when it really moves, its momentum is something noticeable, for it has both velocity and weight. The presence of the lay element, now appearing for the first time, seems gratifying on all hands and adds efficiency. Eight new bishops have been elected, and by a radical change of policy, the salaries are to be paid by means of direct contributions from the churches, instead of being drawn from the treasury of the Book Concern as heretofore. Considerable heat has already been developed in connection with the question of fraudulent transactions in that Concern. Dr. Lananah always springs to his feet whenever that subject is mentioned, and flames like Vesuvius in an eruption. When the Committee reports on that matter, there is likely to be warm work, for the Conference is evidently bent on going to the bottom of that huge and protracted scandal. It is a noticeable body, and its action is likely to have an important bearing upon the future of that household of faith.

—EVERY SATURDAY. We prized the weekly paper bearing this title while it was a pictorial, and were struck with the enterprise with which it was conducted. But it was with special satisfaction that we witnessed its return to the original idea that it embodied at the outset of its career. Edited by Mr. Aldrich, and printed at the Riverside, it is one of the most beautiful and admirable ecclesiastics that can be imagined. It serves up very choice dishes, using the very best material supplied by the English and foreign periodicals. It has found its sphere and most nobly fills it.

—THE WEEK. Since this publication passed into the hands of Messrs. Holt and Williams, New York, it has become a concise, fair and admirable resume of the important utterances of the American Press. It selects, condenses and arranges a great mass of thought and speech, and so enables the reader to obtain the substance of what has been thought and said and done, during the preceding seven days, within a reasonable and readable compass. It separates the small amount of wheat from the mass of chaff, and serves it up in a creditable and satisfying way.

—GAIN AFTER LOSS. Rev. H. L. Wayland, D. D., son of Dr. Francis Wayland, goes from the pastorate and the chair of the college Presidency to the editorial office of the *National Baptist*. He succeeds Dr. Moss, who has been very successful in managing the paper, and who takes charge of a literary institution. Dr. Moss will be missed from the editorial fraternity, but no less will Dr. Wayland be welcomed to its confidence and fellowship. He is a man of vigorous and cultivated mind, fresh, original, fearless, outspoken, sometimes radical. He is never dull or doubtful, and he wields a ready, effective and now and then a very pungent pen. The paper will not sink into feebleness nor speak without effect so long as he fashions its utterances.

—THE CAMPAIGN AND RELIGION. It is plain that we are to have a spirited, heated, enthusiastic political campaign. How many sides and angles it is to have can not yet be told. But the friends of Mr. Greeley intend to push things hard. A campaign edition of his life is just coming from the press, clubs are forming, the *Tribune* bends all its energies to his aid; while the work of criticism, detraction, overheating his record, &c., goes on famously among his opponents. If Grant is renominated, he is sure to be assailed with special bitterness, injustice and fury.

We find no fault with the free and forcible expression of sentiment and conviction when great interests are at stake, and the good men of the country have no right to be indifferent. But we hope Christian men will carry a conscience into the campaign, and keep some energy for the prayer meeting. False accusations against a political opponent are not innocent indulgences. The religion which requires devoutness at church still more strongly requires manly honor at the caucus. Political hatreds and transgressions are not sanctified by a profession of religion, nor atoned for by a liberal donation to foreign missions or a costly present to a minister. Happy is he whose patriotism is true enough to aid his piety, who so

Poetry.

The Turn of the Year.

A gentle wind of western birth,
From some far, summer sea,
Wakes daisies in the wintry earth,
Wakes thoughts of hope in me.

The sun is low; the paths are wet,
And dance with frolic hail;
The trees, whose spring-time is not yet,
Swing sighing in the gale.

Young gleams of sunshine peep and play;
Thick vapors crowd between;
The strange that on a coming day
The earth will all be green.

The north wind blows, and blasts, and raves,
And flaps his snowy wing;
Back! toss thy bergs on arctic waves,
Thou canst not stay our spring.

Up comes the primrose, wondering;
The snowdrop droopeth by;
The holy spirit of the spring
Is working silently.

Sweet-breathed odors gently wile
Earth's other children out;
On Nature's face a hopeful smile
Is flickering about.

When earth lay hard, unlovely, dull,
And life within her slept,
Above her heaven grew beautiful,
And forth her beauty crept;

And though tears fall, as fall they will,
Smiles wander into sighs,
Yet if the sun keep shining still,
Her perfect day will rise.

The sky is smiling over me,
Hath smiled away the frost,
Clothed with young green the patient lea,
With buds the woods embossed.

The trees yet shut not out the sky,
It sees down to the flowers;
They lift their beauty fearlessly,
They hide in leafy bowers.

This day is yours, sweet birds; sing on;
The cold is all forgot;
Ye had a dream, but it is gone;
Pain that is past is not.

Joy that was past is come again;
And if the summer-spirit brings
New care, it is a loving pain,
That broods instead of sings.

Blow on me, wind, from west and south;
Sweet summer-spirit, blow!
Come like a kiss from dear child's mouth,
Who knows not what I know.

The earth's perfection cometh soon;
Ours lingereth away;
We have a spring-time, have a moon,
No sunny summer day.

Rose-sprinkled eve, gold-branded morn,
May still pour Nature's sighs;
To us a higher hope is born—
We rest in that we rise.

But at the last, the sapphire day
All over us will bow;
And man's heart, full of sunlight, say,
"Lord, 'tis thy summer now."

—George M'Donald.

John's Wife.

A young wife stood with her head on her broom,
And looked around the little room,
"Nothing but toil for ever," she said,
"From early morn till the light has fled,
If you only were a merchant now,
We need not live by the sweat of our brow;
Pegging away, spoke shoemaker John,
"We ne'er see well what we're standing on."

A lady stood by her husband's chair,
And quietly passed her hand o'er his hair;
"You never have time for me now," she said,
And a tear-drop fell on the low bent head.
"If we were only rich, my dear,
With nothing to do from year to year,
But amuse each other—Oh, dear me!
What a happy woman I should be!
Looking up from his ledger, spoke merchant John,
"We ne'er see well what we're standing on."

A stately form, in velvet dressed,
A diamond gleaming on her breast,
"Nothing but toil for fashion," she said,
"Till I sometimes wish that I were dead.
If I might cast this wealth aside,
And be once more the poor man's bride."
From his easy-chair, spoke gentleman John,
"We ne'er see well what we're standing on."

The Family Circle.

Mary Killburn in the West.

BY MABELLA.

CHAPTER III.

Not long after the release of William and George Killburn, by John Brown and his followers, their names were enrolled as members of his band. It was a great trial to their loved ones at home, to have them thus exposed to danger, but they felt this to be their only path of duty, and not one felt like bidding them stay at home, when conscience bade them go. Seldom has such a camp as Capt. Brown's been seen. One who visited Brown while there, says, "I shall not soon forget the scene there opened to my view. Near the edge of the creek a dozen horses were tied, all ready saddled for a ride for life, or a hunt after southern invaders. A dozen rifles and sabers were stacked around the trees. Two fine-looking youths were standing, leaning on their arms, on guard, near by. One of them was the youngest son of Old Brown, the other was Charley the Hungarian, who was subsequently murdered at Ossawatimie. "In this camp no manner of profane language was permitted; no man of immoral character was allowed to stay, except as a prisoner of war. I remained in the camp about an hour. Never before had I met such men."

This, and much more, was said in praise of the band with which William and George united.

Now Mary's fearless, earnest, resolute spirit was called into requisition. Her father was growing old, and though no less brave, still he felt less strong and able to protect his family. Thus Mary's accurate knowledge of the rifle and revolver, ac-

quired under the teaching of uncle George, and for which she had often been laughed at and censured,—became of great service. No member of the families, known to have Free-State principles, was safe when unarmed. When Mary's uncle had given her a beautiful revolver, she had no thought it would really be useful to her, but now it was her constant companion. William's wife, the fair and gentle Abbie, was with his parents, but it was seldom that either William or George spent more than an hour at home. Duty called them elsewhere, and they would not shrink from her call.

In the following August a new invasion by ruffians from the Missouri border was planned and executed.

The pro-slavery men issued proclamations to the effect that all their friends had been, or were about to be, executed, or driven out of the Territory by the Abolitionists, as they styled all Free-State men. These proclamations exhorted all Missourians to "rally to the conflict," with "No Quarter" for their motto. Similar appeals were issued from different places, signed by prominent and influential pro-slavery men. Thus a force of two-thousand men was collected at a little village called Santa Fe, on the State border. This force was divided, and between four and five hundred of them, led by Gen. Reid, approached the village of Ossawatimie at daylight on the morning of August 30th.

This village was defended by only thirty Free-State men, but John Brown was their leader. Frederick Brown, belonging to his father's company, was on duty at some little distance from the others, and was shot dead by a Mr. White, ere Frederick was aware of the villain's hostile intentions.

On the evening previous to this, George Killburn spent nearly an hour at home. During the conversation he remarked that "We live in a strange day. No one can imagine what an hour may bring forth. Yet I love to think we are working for God and justice, and if death overtakes us, the pearly gates will not be closed against us."

As he went out he bade each one "good bye," saying, as he took his mother by the hand, and saw the tears in her eyes, "Fear not, dear mother, our Saviour will care for those he loves."

Mary followed him out saying, "O George, I must see you alone one moment. Something tells me you will not soon come again."

"And if I do not, dear sister," he said, drawing his arms closely around her, "all will be well. Let us trust."

Thus together they knelt on the dewy, green grass, with the bright stars above them, while George gave the sister he might never see again into the hands of One who has promised never to leave or forsake those who trust in him.

When they arose from their knees, Mary was more calm. One kiss her brother gave her and she was alone;—still she did not realize until the next evening how truly and sadly alone he had left her.

John Brown, with his thirty compatriots, among whom were five of his own sons, and Mary's two brothers, took position, in great haste, in the timber on the bank of the "Little river Cygnos," and here they fought the advance of Gen. Reid as they approached, until thirty of the foe were killed, and from forty to fifty wounded. The ammunition of the Free-State men became exhausted, and they were obliged to retreat, with a loss of four or five men, leaving Ossawatimie to be sacked and burned again. While they were retreating, an unerring shot was fired by the enemy, which pierced the heart of George Killburn. He never spoke again. A look of mild and firm trust rested on the lips that were sealed by death. With tear-stained face John Brown himself helped William to carry the body of the loved brother to a wagon, and he with several others went with him to the home now so full of sadness.

Here Mary's self-control was needed. Nor did her parents, who had ever thought of George as the stay of their declining years, look in vain when they looked to her for comfort. With a heart almost bursting with anguish, she stifled her sobs, maintaining a calm, almost cheerful spirit in the presence of her father and mother, but when alone with her God she poured out her sorrows in the ear that is never closed against the cry of earth's sorrowing ones. There she learned to bow in meek submission beneath the chastening rod, and trust our Heavenly Father's love as she never before trusted.

About this time Mark Benton, who had been one of George's most intimate friends while in Oberlin, came to Kansas. At first, he made his home at Mr. Killburn's where all became very much attached to him, not only on account of his faithful friendship for the dear lost one, but for his own merits, and also for a resemblance—either real or fancied to George, both in look and manner. Mark Benton was taller than his friend, and his hair and whiskers had more of a golden brown tinge, but there was the same calm, trustful light in his blue eyes,—a light which could melt in soul-searching pathos, or glow with a strong, earnest firmness. There was also the thin cheeks, and the firm yet tender expression about the mouth, showing an unusual power to resist temptation, and yet a tender regard for the present and future welfare of his friends. Not long such a nature like his remain quiet amid such exciting scenes. He had been in Kansas only ten days when he, too, was one of Capt. Brown's followers.

Four weeks after the fight at Ossawatimie William Killburn was brought, sick and delirious, to his father's house. For several days he was wholly unconscious of his sufferings, fancying that he was once more with George, in their old home in Ohio. Mary and her mother and William's faithful wife did all that the true hand of affection could do for him, as far as it was in their power, but his insanity was of such a na-

ture that the strong arm of a man was necessary to keep him in bed. Mr. Killburn found himself almost powerless in the hands of his sick son. Learning this, Mark Benton obtained leave of absence, and came to assist this afflicted family; and never for an hour after his arrival did he leave the bedside, until the fever had worn itself out, and William, though very weak, was in a fair way for recovery. Then he hastened to other duties where he was so much needed.

(To be continued.)

"Only!"

"Only! Only this and only that. I hate the word, Lottie."

Lottie looked up in surprise, this passionate outburst was so strange from her usually gentle mother.

The little girl had been making some delicacy for her sick brother, and leaving it, it had become burned and spoiled.

"I only ran into the next room to ask cook something," she said in extenuation.

"And then?" queried her mother.

"Why, then, she was so busy she couldn't answer, and I only waited just a little bit of a moment."

Then it was her mother spoke.

"Only! Only this and only that. I hate the word, Lottie."

"Lottie, sit down here and let me tell you a story about only," said her mother, after a pause.

"It happened sixteen years ago, six years before you were born, that some one belonging to this family, whom you very well know, had one little daughter and one little son. The daughter was about your age, somewhat heedless, as you are, but upon the whole a very good child, who tried to do right, and was sorry when she did wrong."

"The little son was a beautiful babe of eighteen months; ah, such a lovely boy! with hair like sunshine and eyes like heaven, so bright and blue! His parents thought that nowhere on earth was there such another darling, and perhaps, unconsciously, they made an idol of him."

"His sister loved him as much as any of the rest, and used often to take him out opposite the house, on the brick walk, and ride him to and fro in his little carriage."

"One day she begged me to let her take him as far as the square. Before that the mother had never allowed him out of her sight, but the child pleaded so she had not firmness enough to refuse."

"So the little girl went off in high glee, and had taken the child to the square and nearly back, when she only stopped a moment to run up to the window of a school-mate to hear something concerning a picnic that was soon to come off."

"Only a moment, perhaps no more, but long enough to allow a mischievous boy to push the carriage into the gutter—long enough to have it run into by a careless driver, and the child thrown out on the paving-stones."

"I can hardly tell you what followed. They brought the beautiful boy home, apparently dead. But he did not die. Weeks, months, years passed, and the poor little child remained a child still, except in stature. The beautiful mind was shattered, intelligence was gone, and all because a girl disobeyed her mother's injunction not to leave him for a moment, and left him only a minute—one little minute."

"Lottie was very quiet for awhile."

"What did the sister do? I should have wanted to die," she said, at last.

"She did want to die, and she did die, poor child, not many months after the dreadful accident."

"Mother, I know whom you have been talking about."

"Yes, dear, of course you do."

"My poor brother Eddy, up stairs; and my sister Anne, whose picture hangs in my room. Oh, how dreadful! I'll never stop again, not even for a moment, when I am sent to do any duty. What a sad, sorrowful story!"

Lottie made more cruel, and took pains with it. Then she carried it up stairs to the cheerful front chamber, where her only brother had laid for so many suffering years. It seemed to her as if he knew her when she entered, for he turned his large beautiful eyes full upon her. But it was only seeming; the mind was shut up hopelessly in a dark casket, and would never illumine the poor mortal body again, although it might remain on earth for years yet to come.

The story was a lasting lesson to Lottie, as she hoped it may be to all my young readers. May they learn that there is often peril in stopping "only a moment."

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

The Little Girl and her Copy.

A little girl went to writing-school. When she saw her copy, with every line so perfect, "I can never write like that," she said.

She looked steadfastly at the straight round lines, so slim and graceful. Then she took up her pen and timidly put it on the paper. Her hand trembled; she stopped, studied the copy, and began again. "I can but try," said the little girl; "I will do as well as I can."

She wrote half a page. The letters were crooked. What more could we expect from a first effort? The next scholar stretched across her desk, and said, "What scraggy things you make!" Tears filled the little girl's eyes. She dreaded to have the teacher see her book. "He will be angry with me and scold," she said to herself.

But when the teacher came and looked, she smiled. "I see you are trying, my little girl," he said kindly, "and that is enough for me."

She took courage. Again and again she studied the beautiful copy. She wanted to know how every line went, how every letter was rounded and made. Then she took up her pen and began to write. She

wrote carefully, with the copy always before her. But oh! what slow work it was! Her letters straggled here, they crowded there, and some of them looked every way.

The little girl trembled at the step of the teacher. "I am afraid you will find fault with me," she said. "My letters are not fit to be on the same page with the copy."

"I do not find fault with you," said the teacher, "because I do not look so much at what you do. By really trying you make a little improvement every day; and a little improvement every day will enable you to reach excellence by-and-by."

"Thank you, sir," said the little girl; and thus encouraged, she took up her pen with a greater spirit of application than before.

And so it is with the dear children who are trying to become like Jesus. God has given us a heavenly copy. He has given us his dear Son "for an example, that we should follow his steps." He "did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth." "He is altogether lovely," and "full of grace and truth." And when you study his character, "I can never, never reach that," you say; "I can never be like Jesus."

God does not expect you to become like his dear Son in a minute, or a day, or a year; but what pleases him is that you should love him, and try to follow his example. It is that temper which helps you to grow, day by day, little by little into his likeness, which God desires to see. God loves you for trying, and will help you.—Observer.

The Toad and his Dinner.

Toads, when in full appetite, seem to be pretty much all stomach,—and tough stomachs, too. They seem to be organized by Providence to "hold more than full" on purpose to relieve us from the animal, bug and worm plague.

Perhaps an experiment of mine on the capacity of a toad, may be of interest. Dr. T. W. Harris remarked to me some twenty years ago, that he supposed the odor of the squash bug would protect it from the toad, and to test the matter, I offered one to a grave-looking buffalo under a cabbage.

He seized it eagerly, but spit it out instantly, reared up on his hind legs and put his fore feet on the top of his head for an instant, as if in pain, and then disappeared across the garden in a series of the greatest leaps I ever saw a toad make. Perhaps the bug bit the biter.

Not satisfied with this, I hunted up another old toad, who lived under the piazza, and always sunned himself in one place in the grass, and offered him a fine squash bug, which he swallowed, winking in a very satisfied manner. Twenty other fine bugs followed the first, with no difficulty nor hesitation in the taking nor swallowing, though, from his wriggling and contortions afterward, it seemed as if their corners did not set well within.

The stock of bugs being exhausted, I found a colony of smooth black larvae on a white birch, each about three-quarters of an inch long, and fed him over a hundred of them. Touching one of them with the end of a straw, it would coil around it, and when shaken before him, he would seize and swallow it, at first eagerly, but with diminished zest as the number increased, until it became necessary to rub the worm against his lips some time before he could decide to take it.

He would then take and sit with his lips ajar for a short time, gathering strength and resolution, and then swallow by a desperate effort.

There is no telling what the number or result would have been, but the dinner-bell rang as the one hundred and first worm disappeared, and by the close of the meal he had retired to his den; nor did he appear for four days in his sunning place. It is to be hoped he slept well, but there might have been nightmare.—Entomologist and Botanist.

Truth and Falsehood.

"Willie, why were you gone so long for water?" asked the teacher of a little boy.

"We spilled it, and had to go back and fill the bucket again," was the prompt reply; but the bright, noble face was a shade less bright, less noble than usual, and the eyes dropped beneath the teacher's gaze.

The teacher crossed the room and stood by another, who had been Willie's companion.

"Freddy, were you not gone for the water longer than was necessary?"

For an instant Freddy's eyes were fixed on the floor, and his face wore a troubled look. But it was only for an instant,—he looked frankly up to his teacher's face.

"Yes, ma'am," he bravely answered; "we met little Harry Braden and stopped to play with him, and then we spilled the water and had to go back."

Little friends, what was the difference in the answers of the two boys? Neither of them told anything that was not strictly true. Which one of them do you think the teacher trusted more fully after that? And which was the happier of the two?

Grandmother's Staff.

What do you think it was? A gold-headed cane? No, indeed. Grandmother was too poor to have anything like that. Why, her best Sunday-going-to-meeting gown was a faded calico, and her woolen shawl was worn almost threadbare. Yet, poor as she was, she wouldn't have given her staff for all the gold-headed canes that ever were made. It was an odd sort of a staff, too—a sort one does not see very often. It was nearly five feet high, and had a head for all the world like that of a wide-awake, sunnily-faced boy of fifteen. I had to look twice before I could believe my eyes; and while I was looking, I heard a brave young voice

say, "Keep tight hold of me, grandmother, there's such a crowd to-day."

But the best of it all was, that while he seemed very proud of his grandmother, keeping her arm in his all the way down Broadway, he didn't seem one bit proud of himself. Grandma was proud, though—of her staff.—Hearth and Home.

Literary Review.

CYCLOPEDIA OF BIBLICAL, THEOLOGICAL AND ECCLESIASTICAL LITERATURE. Prepared by the Rev. John McClintock, D. D., and James Strong, S. T. D. Vol. IV.—H. I. J. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1872. Royal octavo. pp. 1122.

Each successive installment of this noble and valuable work awakens about equal gratitude and regret. The gratitude is stirred by the sense of enrichment which broadens and deepens as we look over the pages and take note of the wealth of knowledge which has been brought to our hands and made so readily available; the regret arises from the discovery of the large indirect loss that is sustained in not being able to turn to anything under the head of letters lower down in the alphabetic list than J. What we have is so valuable and admirable that it is hard to wait for the completion of the work. But we are encouraged to hope that the portion which remains to be done will be carried forward with increased rapidity, without taking anything from the fullness and accuracy that have been such prominent features of the portions already completed.

The great and peculiar excellences of this Cyclopaedia become more obvious as the successive volumes appear. The comprehensiveness of its plan; the preservation of the happy medium between a tedious prolixity and a provoking brevity which makes thoroughness impossible; the almost entire freedom from mere denominational opinions and pleas where it would have been so easy and natural to insert them; the effective steps taken to secure accuracy and completeness; the pleasant variety in style resulting from the employment of so many different pens in the preparation of the matter, while the supervision of the editors keeps the unity complete; the fairness with which the different views entertained upon certain questions are set forth; the fairly exhaustive method adopted in the presentation of the important subjects; the full references to the valuable works wherein the respective subjects are treated;—all these features combine to make a Cyclopaedia which is in itself no insignificant library. We do not know of any other way in which clergymen, literary men and students generally can obtain so much that is solidly and permanently valuable in these departments of literature as by putting this noble work upon their shelves.

The new volume seems, if possible, better than any of its predecessors. The amount of matter in it is immense, and there is little or nothing useless or redundant. Some of the articles are models of condensed information; others are thorough treatises upon the topics with which they deal. Among these last may be mentioned the articles on Hebrews, Holy Ghost, Hymnology, Idolatry, Immortality, Incarnation, Israel, Italy, Jacob, James, Jerusalem, Jesus Christ, Jews, Job, John, &c. One reads these papers with equal surprise and satisfaction, and closes the book with a fresh desire to see the next and then the last installment of a work which is sure to hold a leading place among Cyclopedias for many years to come.

ANNUAL RECORD OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY FOR 1871. Edited by Spencer F. Baird, with the assistance of eminent men of science. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1872. 12mo. pp. 634.

The general plan of this Annual Record is very similar to that of the Year-Book issued by Messrs. Gould and Lincoln, though the style is more popular, the classification more satisfactory, and the items of information more brief and numerous. A large part of the contents appeared in the Monthly Scientific Record of Harper's Magazine during the past year; and an inspection of the volume impresses one even more strongly than did the magazine with the value of that carefully prepared and most valuable record. The letterpress of this volume is of the best sort.

The same House issues another of Shakespeare's plays edited by Rolfe, who is doing his work so admirably that there seems almost no room for any successor to add anything essential to the clearest possible apprehension of the great dramatist's thought. His notes are models of what notes should be,—pithy, suggestive, discriminating, sympathetic, intelligent, helpful. It is JULIUS CÆSAR that comes to us in this beautiful and handy little 16mo. volume of 158 pages. If he can go through the work as he has carried out his plan in the four vols. already issued, we shall have an edition of the great dramatist over which Americans may well be proud and Englishmen be pardoned for feeling envious.

The same Publishers have issued GRIFF, one of Farjeon's earlier novels, and that which really secured the favorable verdict that gave him a place in the front rank of authors who supply us with the lighter literature. The simplicity, the life-likeness, the fine and healthy humanity, the mingled power and pathos of this new writer are very noticeable, and this production finely embodies all these qualities. It is well printed and neatly and substantially bound.

They also send us A BRIDGE OF GLASS, another of F. W. Robinson's novels, bearing the characteristics of the half dozen other similar attempts of his in the field of light literature.

LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND, delivered in Edinburgh in 1872. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D. D., Dean of Westminster. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1872. octavo. pp. 207. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

Among the many scholars and writers who have made the ecclesiastical life of various times and lands a subject of careful study and public exposition, no one surpasses Dean Stanley in breadth of view, thorough philosophic analysis, catholicity of spirit, or in the vigor and brilliancy which lend such a charm to his style. His Lectures on the Jewish and Eastern churches have become standard works, and given him a rare reputation in two hemispheres. These lectures on the Church of Scotland exhibit the same characteristics as the others. Their appreciative catholicity is perhaps a still more prominent feature here than elsewhere. His position was peculiar and his task delicate; but he fills the one and performs the other in a way that is equally shrewd and manly. He praises the Established Church of Scotland as an Episcopal dignitary of England could hardly have been expected to do, but there is no egotism in his commendation; and while he weighs his few words very carefully that relate to the Free Church and to the Disruption which brought it into organic form, yet he speaks with a frankness that everybody must respect and a recognition of the moral heroism of that movement that shows him to be far more a Christian than a churchman. These lectures are full of instruction, in the abundance, arrangement and use of historic facts, and eloquent and impressive with a pure, finished and magnificent diction. They are worthy to stand beside their predecessors from the same source, and that is praise enough. The Dean is always well come, and his genuine manliness is so ample that his official robes can not hide it.

THE LORD'S PRAYER. Nine Sermons, preached in the chapel of Lincoln's Inn. By Frederick Denison Maurice, late Professor of Christianity and Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1872. 16mo. pp. 170. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

Mr. Maurice was one of the leading minds in the theological world of Great Britain, and for some years previous to the death of what is generally recognized as the leader of what is known as the Broad Church movement. He was a voluminous writer,—too voluminous for the highest finish or vigor. But though sometimes a little hazy and diffuse, yet he is always suggestive, fresh, comprehensive, earnest, weighty and effective. His reverence for all that that is true and sacred, his purity of spirit and beneficence of purpose and life, his tender and manly friendships, his fine culture and elevated taste, his catholicity and religious earnestness, his intense interest in everything which concerned the welfare of society and tended to lift up the lowly,—all these qualities won for him the confidence and friendship of many of the eminent men representing nearly every circle of English life. And when he went to his rest, he was followed to the grave by the tearful regrets of nearly all the best and noblest of England's scholars and divines, no matter to what school of philosophy or ecclesiastical circle they belonged. Such a man and writer deserves a careful reading. And this volume of discourses on the Lord's Prayer well and favorably represents his spirit, his methods of thought, his freshness of suggestion, his practical tendencies, his way of dealing with Scripture and the human heart, and his strong, direct and manly style. Almost any reader will find that prayer crowded with fresh and richer meaning after reading this book.

STUDIES IN POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY. By J. C. Shairp, Principal of the United College of St. Salvador and St. Leonard, and author of "Culture and Religion." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 12mo. pp. 340. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

We read Principal Shairp's "Culture and Religion" with great interest, glad that such a voice as his had been heard on this side of the sea; we have read these "Studies" with a surprised satisfaction and a growing delight. The volume is chiefly an analysis and review of the characters and writings of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Keble, followed by an essay on The Moral Motive Power, in which he seeks to harmonize true morality and evangelical religion. He is a man of learning, of critical acumen, of penetrative insight, and of rare power of mental and logical analysis; a close and successful student of men, at home both in metaphysics and poetry, with the brain of a philosopher, the enthusiastic love of a friend and the vital faith of a Christian. His biographical sketches of these men are very admirable, showing us the interdependence and interaction of the outward facts and the inward experience, so that their very souls are seemingly laid open while their surroundings are vividly pictured; and then we have an analysis and an estimate of their literary work in a method and style of speech that constantly awakens admiration and stimulates the whole mental nature of the reader. It is a real book which thus comes to us, worthy of its place.

PANSIES . . . FOR THOUGHTS. By Adelaide D. T. Whitney, author of "Real Folks," etc. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Miss Whitney has here brought together the chief poems which she has thrown off and sent into the circulating current of periodical literature. She divides them into three classes,—Occasion, Suggestion, and Interpretation and Hope. Those in the second class have most of meaning and merit. Some of them abound in subtle and profound thought, expressed in the felicitous and forcible language which she knows so well how to use. There is nothing in the volume that is weak, or crude, or common place, or unartistic, or really dependent upon its rhyme for approval; there is more or less that charms by the sweetness of its rhythm, wins its way to the heart by methods known only to the poet, and kindles by the heat supplied by the real poetic fire. But it remains true that the author's prose is more effective than her poetry. She paints better than she sings. She is a teacher rather than an artist. Possibly it is in part because her stories are so fresh and forcible, that we rise from the perusal of this book with a little disappointed mingling with the pleasure she has afforded us.

UNITY IN VARIETY: A series of arguments based on the divine workmanship in our planet, the constitution of the human mind, and the inspired history of religion. By George Washington Weldon, M. A. New York: T. Whitaker & Co. 1872. 16mo. pp. 220.

An intelligent, earnest and catholic spirited Low churchman has here made an able, fervid and well written plea for the tolerance and appreciation of other branches of the Christian church than the Episcopal, furnishing the very best of reasons why his High Church brethren should practically recognize them as parts of the Lord's true flock and as fellow helpers to the truth. The argument ought to be weighty and effective; its appearance is a pleasant indication that the spirit is steadily triumphing over the mere form and letter.

THE SONG OF THE NEW CREATION, and other Pieces. By Horatius Bonar, D. D., author of "Hymns of Faith and Hope." New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1872. pp. 272. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

THE DAY-STAR; or, The Gospel Story for the little ones. By Agnes Gibberne, author of "Almeida." Same Publishers, &c. 1872. 16mo. pp. 288.

Dr. Bonar has gained a wide reading and awakened not a little gratitude in devout circles by means of his

Literary Miscellany.

The Leaders.

A Washington correspondent gives the following interesting sketch of the leading men in the House of Representatives:

A distinguishing trait of the present Congress is the fact that there is no man who assumes or to whom is accorded, the position of leader. So you will observe that there is no ring-master in the show. The actors in this show—by turns tragedy and comedy—are divided into sets to whom is given the business to be done, and they are called committees. These committees have chairmen, and here is where the leadership comes in the side shows. That is Mr. Dawes in the fourth seat on the second aisle; that gentleman with a mild, though somewhat rugged face, with brown hair and whiskers, the latter slightly touched with silver lines—he is rather short, somewhat stooped-shouldered, and has a semi-disgusted air; he addresses the Speaker in a mild-mannered way, and in virtue of his position of chairman of the ways and means committee, is sometimes called the leader of the House. He is restless in his manner when not engaged in the proceedings, and fits in and out of the hall like an uneasy spirit. Yet he is exceedingly genial and pleasant in social life, is often seen chatting in the ladies' gallery, and is more decided in his preference than in the expression of his views upon the floor.

The gentleman sitting behind Mr. Dawes is Mr. Garfield of Ohio. Yes! he is a fine looking man, has a good physique and a face that reminds one of a full moon. Mr. Garfield has very boyish ways; seems always bubbling over with fun; he is so jolly you would hardly think that he is one of the hardest working men in Congress. He seems to have the spirit of rush in him, and is never idle a moment. You think he has a pretty good opinion of himself; well, he does put his hands in his pockets, and scunters through the aisles, as if he were pretty well satisfied with James; but then he has such a genial, pleasant way in doing it, that you soon become reconciled to let him think well of himself, and you come to join him in the fancy. Now, there is another man who thinks the same way of himself in such a different manner. That tall, fine-looking gentleman, with a good shaped head and abundant hair, just shading on a red tinge, and which he wears behind his ears, thereby showing the shape of his head to an advantage, is Daniel Voorhees of Indiana. He has a dignified bearing, and by his manner seems to say: Behold a man who has no nonsense about him. He is an eloquent speaker, somewhat stilted in style and Ciceronian in manner, but is always sure of an admirer of his efforts. That small man with sparkling black eyes and pleasant ways is Sam Cox of New York. He is the wittiest man in the House, and always keeps his hearers in a roar of laughter, whatever the occasion may be. You can see that Mr. Cox is a general favorite with all, and has strong personal friends on both sides of the House. He is quick and rapid in his movements; has a habit of putting his arm around a fellow's neck whom he likes, with such an affectionate manner that one feels instinctively drawn towards him. That is Ben Butler he is talking to. He has just told Butler some good joke which evidently pleases him, and they have gone off laughing. Oh, yes! they often have sharp words together, and it is nip and tuck with them which shall get the best of it, but they are just as good friends a minute afterward.

Gen. Butler is a bad man to run a tilt of words with, and there are few men in the House who care to try the experiment of who will come out best. Everybody knows how Ben Butler looks; his face has been before the public in all shapes for the last ten years, but it is a wonderful study in the different moods and tenses, and will repay attention from the student in plastic anatomy. That is a peculiar motion of his, throwing his head back and looking up to the sky-light—he always does that when he is speaking, and about to make a good point. That tall man with a long beard, walking through the aisle with his hands on his hips, is Gen. Farnsworth of Illinois, between whom and Gen. Butler there is a bitter feud. They never speak to each other on any occasion. An amusing incident occurred not long ago when these gentlemen were appointed tellers to take a vote; an audible titter greeted the announcement, necks were stretched and business suspended to watch the result of the meeting. They finally marched down to their places, but failed to observe the usual courtesy of shaking hands. A member anxious for fun called the Speaker's attention to the fact, but the omission was not noticed by him, and the matter passed off without a scene. Mr. Farnsworth is one of the ablest men in Congress; he is a ready debater—never writes his speeches. One of the Globe reporters has said that Gen. Farnsworth's speeches never have to be corrected or altered; they are always printed just as delivered.

Mr. Beck of Kentucky, there is standing in front of the Speaker's desk, laying down the law to Sam Randall of Pennsylvania, and some party question over which they disagree is bringing the blood red hot to the Kentuckian's face. Mr. Beck is very far from our ideal southern gentleman. He represents Henry Clay's district, but not that statesman's social status. Although representing the extreme Southern caste and class element, he is extremely plebeian in manner, and has occupied a position in old times barred forever a man's social progress—that of overseer of a slave man's plantation. Mr. Beck is one of the ablest men on the Democratic side of the House; is extremely bitter and partisan in feelings, and loses much of the influence that he might exert by the offensive manner in which he assails men and measures. He lashes himself into a fury of words and gesticulations, after the auctioneer's style of competition and a slave sale.

That little man with the energetic, nervous manner, speaking now with his foot on the chair beside him, is Mr. Sargent of California. He talks like a book, straight along without stopping until through. Mr. Sargent is a defender of monopolies, corporations, and moneyed interests generally. His peculiar characteristic is "hard horse sense," as the men phrase it. Life in the mines and out on the Pacific coast has rubbed out the sentiment of his nature. Just now he is a little "cheeky," having been elected to the Senate for the term commencing on the 4th of March next. He is acting as a witty New England member recently said, like a college senior who has just passed his examination, and while waiting for commencement, has nothing to do but to nurse the "big head." Well, Sargent is going to have this taken out of him!

The Fenian Chief Roberts? There he stands, that tall, shapely man with flesh enough on his bones to make him feel comfortable, hands in his pockets, a twinkle in his splendid gray eye which makes us all

feel comrade-like toward him, an open countenance, and finely shaped head that betokens considerable intellectual power; he is elegantly dressed, too, and though he carries his hands in his pockets and lolls on the desk with the easy way that reminds one slightly of the Bowery, it is easy to see it is only the redundancy of his Irish nature. If he had not been so long a business man, he would have been famed as an orator. The same thing has probably deterred him from being a successful revolutionist for the dear old land he loves so well.

Mr. Peters of Maine is that nice, smooth, clean, fresh-looking man talking with the Speaker and Mr. Scofield of Pennsylvania. Don't you see that group of handsome men midway down the second aisle? Mr. Peters is the one that is telling a story to which the others are listening. He attracts a certain class of minds, but there is a sort of exclusiveness about him that keeps the common herd at a distance. Those who come within the radius of his sphere, pronounce him a really charming character; he tells the best story, cracks the best jokes, and adores the ladies. Mr. Peters always looks as if just from a perfumed bath, with the aroma of sandal wood and perfumes still around him; he is always scrupulously attired, and represents one of the best types of New England culture and refinement.

The Speaker is never in the chair when House is in committee of the whole—so we sometimes have an opportunity to study him on the floor. Mr. Blaine is that large, broad-shouldered man with the heavy hair and whiskers. He is a masterful looking man, and you say well that it needs this quality to keep such a body in order. But it requires other qualities than mastery. Mr. Colfax governs through tact very greatly. He is an adept in the art of pleasing many men. Mr. Blaine accomplishes rule by self-assertion, drives business and seldom makes mistakes, and never backs down from a position once taken. He is a man who does not fear to assume responsibility, and assuming it maintains it. He is a man of ability, but impresses one with some want of sincerity, with a feeling that there is something hidden, and while he strives to resist, his pet men and measures often reveal a sly recognition at the expense of fair play. There is so much human nature in this, however, and the display of it is so seldom made, and all acknowledging its force, accord the Speaker a confidence and esteem seldom enjoyed by a public officer.

The Brownings.

Hawthorne, in his Italian Note-Book, gives this description of Mrs. Browning and her son:

We went last evening, at eight o'clock, to see the Brownings; and, after some search and inquiry, we found the Casa Guidi, which is a palace in a street not very far from our own. It being dusk, I could not see the exterior, which, if I remember, Browning has celebrated in song; at all events, Mrs. Browning has called one of her poems "Casa Guidi Windows." The street is a narrow one, but on entering the palace we found a spacious staircase and ample accommodations on a balcony and hall, the latter opening on a balcony where we could hear the chanting of priests in a church close by. Browning told us that this was the first church where an oratorio had ever been performed. He came into the ante-room to greet us, as did his little boy, Robert, whom they call Penini for fondness. The latter cognomen is a diminutive of Apennino, which was bestowed upon him at his first advent into the world because he was so very small, there being a statue in Florence of Colossal size called Apennino. I never saw such a boy as this before; so slender, fragile, and spirit-like—not as if he had little or nothing to do with human flesh and blood. His face is very pretty and most intelligent, and exceedingly like his mother's. He is nine years old, and seems at once less childlike and less manly than would befit that age. I should not quite like to be the father of such a boy, and should fear to stake so much interest and affection on him as he can not fail to inspire. I wonder what it is to become of him—whether he will ever grow to be a man—whether it is desirable that he should. His parents ought to turn their whole attention to making him a robust and earthy, and to giving him a thicker scabbard to shield his spirit in. He was born in Florence, and prides himself on being a Florentine, and is indeed as un-English a production as if he were a native of another planet.

Mrs. Browning met us at the door of the drawing-room, and greeted us most kindly—a pale, small person, scarcely embodied at all; at any rate, only substantial enough to put forth her slender fingers to be grasped, and to speak with a shrill, yet sweet, tenor of voice. Really, I do not see how Mr. Browning can suppose that he has an earthly way any more than an earthly child, from him some day when he least thinks of it. She is a good and kind fairy, however, and sweetly disposed toward the human race, although only remotely akin to it. It is wonderful to see how small she is, how pale her cheek, how bright and dark her eyes. There is not such another figure in the world; and her black ringlets cluster down into her neck, and make her face look the whiter by their sable profusion. I could not form any judgment about her age; it may range anywhere within the limits of human life or elfin life. When I met her in London, she did not impress me so singularly; for the morning light is more prosaic than the dim illumination of their great tapestried drawing-room; and, beside, sitting next to her, she did not have occasion to raise her voice in speaking, and I was not sensible what a slender voice she has. It is marvelous to me how extraordinary, so acute, so sensitive a creature can impress us, as she does, with the certainty of her benevolence. It seems to me there were a million chances to one that she should have been a miracle of activity and bitterness.

Arab Courtesy.

Politeness of Arabs is remarkable, even among the lowest. A fellow living in a mud hut in a village will conduct himself with a grace of carriage and speech that is surprising. Class distinctions are observed by all. An extreme act of politeness for the humble is to kiss the hand of his superior. The next in degree is as much as to say that the guest places himself at the feet of the person addressed. Another is to put the hand on the top of the head, accompanied with a low bow, meaning that the posturer is ready to be walked over. These graceful maneuvers—especially in ascending the social scale—are accompanied with high-flown compliments, in which each party endeavors to eclipse the other. Men do not enter upon business before exchanging a brace or two of these

flattering speeches, with an inevitable reference to Allah and the Prophet. To neglect to do so would be ill-bred and uncivil. Between expressions of superlative admiration, pronounced, and extraordinary professions of friendship are made at these interviews.

One of the politest of these Orientals was the sheik of the Mosque of Omar. He expressed the hope that my shadow and the shadow of all Americans would never grow less, and that after death we would all inhabit paradise. I asked him how it was possible for us as Christians to have a place in that coveted realm. He was sure the Prophet would make an exception in the case of such a sweet and lovely people as the Americans—*insallah*. Naturally he made like speeches to persons of other nationalities.

In hiring a horse or camel, the owner is asked the charge, therefore, he generally puts his hand on his head and says that all his horses and camels are at the disposal of his honor, without price; the honor of serving such a gentleman is ample compensation for him. If the animal is taken with no more definite understanding than this, the hirer is made to pay an exorbitant charge. Those who understand Arab nature pin them down with written contracts, and even then find difficulty in not being swindled. When offers of presents are made, they are not to be accepted. This is simply a form of politeness.

They are easily affected by show. If a man comes walking with the heavy hand of a dragoman or kavass, his Arab friends make simply a polite salutation of the hand to the head; if he is preceded by a gorgeous kavass thumping his mace over the stones, and followed by a dragoman, the same men salute with extravagant gesture and salaam. A procession of the Pasha, with his fifty bashibazouks, plunges them into ecstasy.—*May Galaxy*.

Destruction of the Earth.

According to the testimony of Professor R. D. Hitchcock, in a recent number of the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, philosophers have little cause to sneer at Peter's prophecy, that "the heavens and earth shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burned up."

In an article on the relations of Geology to Theology, he says: "The earth contains within itself the agencies necessary to its dissolution by fire. Its crust is supposed to be several miles thick, while the interior is in a state of fusion like lava. The three hundred active volcanoes on the crust are the breathing holes of the internal fire. At present contracting agencies prevent this lava from breaking forth. But let the order be issued for its liberation, and these vents will belch forth fire and desolation. The works of man in which we take so much pride, may be crumbled in a moment by the concussion of the crust. Liberated gases may combine explosively with oxygen in the air, so that the heavens shall pass away with a great noise." He mentions in confirmation of the above statements, the well-known fact of certain stars suddenly becoming very brilliant and then gradually fading to their dimness.

No longer ago than May of last year, the remarkable case of this kind occurred. "A star of the eighth magnitude, in the second constellation called the Northern Crown, all at once blazed into a star of the second magnitude and in twelve days declined again to its original rank. From a careful observation conducted by experienced astronomers, indications were obtained that this star had been suddenly enveloped in flames of burning hydrogen." In consequence of some convulsion, it may be enormous quantities of gas were set free. A large part of this consists of hydrogen, which was burned off, and a kind of combination with some other elements. As the free hydrogen became exhausted, the flames gradually abated, and the star waned down to its former brightness. It seems then there are known instances of worlds wrapped in flames. They ignite, burn fiercely, fade and disappear. Suppose now, that for any reason, a combustible gas should be evolved upon our planet. There it might combine explosively with the oxygen of the atmosphere or burn like a star in the Northern Crown. Either case would meet the conditions of the prophecy. We think, therefore, that the words of Peter are amply illustrated by the latest discovery of astronomy.—*Evening*.

A Story for the Times.

There is a story among the Hindus that a thief having been detected and condemned to die, happily hit upon an expedient which gave him hope of life. He sent for his jailer and told him he had a secret of great importance, which he desired to impart to the king, and when that had been done he would be prepared to die. Upon receiving this piece of intelligence, the king at once ordered the culprit to be conducted to his presence, and demanded of him to know the secret of causing trees to grow, which would bear fruit of pure gold. The experiment might be easily tried, and his majesty would not lose the opportunity, so, accompanied by his prime minister, his couriers and his chief priest, he went with the thief to a place selected near the city wall, where the latter performed a series of solemn incantations, and then he had done, he produced a piece of gold, and declared that if it should be planted, it would produce a tree every branch of which would bear gold.

"But," he added, "this gold must be put into the ground by a hand that has never been stained by a dishonest act. My hand is not clean, therefore I pass it to your majesty."

The king took the piece of gold, but hesitated. Finally, he said, "I remember in my younger days that I often filched money from my father's treasury, which was not mine. I have repented of the sin, but yet I cannot harden my hand to clean it. I pass it, therefore, to my prime minister."

The latter, after a brief consideration, answered: "It were a pity to break the charm by a possible blunder. I receive taxes from the people, and as I am exposed to many temptations, how can I be sure that I have remained perfectly honest? I must give it to the governor of our citadel."

"No," cried the Governor, drawing back. "Remember that I have the serving out of pay and provisions to the soldiers. Let the high priest plant it."

And the high priest said, "You forget; I have the collecting of tithes, and the disbursements for sacrifice."

At length the thief exclaimed: "Your majesty, I think it better for society that all five of us should be hanged, since it appears that not an honest man can be found among us."

In spite of the tantalizing exposure, the king laughed; and so pleased was he with the thief's cunning expedient, that he granted him a pardon.

Obituaries.

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

EDITH L., only child of Charles L. and Lotie B. Howe, died in Hampton, April 22, aged 33 years and 9 months. Our darling had come out from the hearts overflowing with love for her, out from the arms that have lovingly enfolded her into that heaven where all are little children. Like a rare flower she budded in our midst and bloomed just long enough to fill our lives with a sweetness and fragrance that will go with us to the end. There are little dresses, and little trinkets, and little things that she left behind her, laid carefully away, as sacred mementoes of our darling. There is the remembered touch of baby hands upon our faces, and of baby kisses that we shall treasure for us, that her memory, our hearts, a dreary desolation within our homes. But looking about this, Edie becomes a beautiful, immortal promise. Christ said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." And trusting in his infinite love and wisdom, we believe that he has mercifully taken her into his arms, away from this world of misery and pain, and borne her to the better life. God giving us strength, we will be patient in the knowledge that "He doeth all things well, and that He is waiting for us, that her memory will be the first to clasp our own, her voice the first to welcome us, when we enter the eternal rest. L. B. H.

Mrs. HANNAH SPENCER died in New Hudson, Allegany Co., N. Y., March 18, 1872, in the triumph of living faith. She was born March 26, 1804, in Hartford, N. Y., married Jan. 6, 1824, to John Spencer, who preceded her to the spirit world nearly twenty years. She experienced religion in childhood, was not baptized until called away by death. For seven years she was, through infirmities of age, confined at home, and for three years unable to walk. She was one of the pioneers of this town, and frequently had to go five miles through the woods on foot to meetings. She was powerful in exhortation and strong in faith, and was truly a blessing to the church and community. Her hope in Christ we believe carried her safely over the river. I visited her often during the last year and found her always ready, and kind in her advice. She has fought the good fight.

DORR, infant daughter of Spencer and Martha M. Carver, great-granddaughter of the above, died in the same house, March 20, A. N. WOODWARD.

Mrs. RHODA B., wife of William Murch, and daughter of Ephraim and Nancy Loud, of Plymouth, Maine, died in Monticello, Minnesota, April 4, aged 40 years. She was born in Jackson, Maine, June 16, 1832, and moved to Plymouth with her parents when four years of age. In Sept., 1856, she removed to Monticello, where she resided until Sept., 1870, when she returned to her home to visit her mother. She was a devoted and pious woman, and was a member of the Methodist church in Monticello, of which she remained an esteemed and worthy member until her death. She was a kind and loving mother, and was loved by all who knew her. She was a devoted wife, and was a blessing to her family. She was a devoted friend, and was a blessing to all who knew her. She was a devoted servant, and was a blessing to all who knew her. She was a devoted daughter, and was a blessing to all who knew her. She was a devoted sister, and was a blessing to all who knew her. 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News Summary.

CONGRESSIONAL.

On Monday in the Senate, the habeas corpus suspension bill was discussed. A resolution was offered and went over for the expulsion of the Associated Press reporter on account of the matter in his editorial in reply to Senator Conkling. At the evening session the habeas corpus bill was taken up and discussed until midnight. In the House Mr. Hooper's supplementary civil rights bill was reached during the morning hour, but dilatory motions prevented action upon it. Work on the tariff and tax bill was brought to a sudden conclusion by the adoption of a motion to relieve the committee of its further consideration and to pass it as amended, the vote being 147 to 62. Then, under a suspension of the rules, the Senate resolution for final adjournment May 29th was concurred in. Two translations of the photographic report of the Buell case, one for the War department and one for Congress, were ordered. Mr. Butler offered a resolution, which was referred, asking the President to inform the House if he has any knowledge of any promise made that the indirect claims in the Alabama case should not be presented to the Geneva tribunal. A resolution requesting the President to join with the Italian government in its protest against the cruelty practiced toward the Jews in Roumania was adopted. The sundry civil service appropriation bill was considered in committee of the whole. At the evening session bills were passed for the appointment by the President of commissioners to the international exposition at Vienna in 1873, for the appointment of a secretary of legation at Japan and two student interpreters, and for the appointment of a consul at Santarem, Brazil. The French spoliation bill was reported, but postponed until December. A bill was reported and passed regulating telegraphic communication between the United States and foreign countries.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, the New Hampshire war claim bill was passed. The habeas corpus suspension bill was discussed all day and till 4 o'clock Wednesday morning, when it was passed. Mr. Carpenter's civil rights bill and the last House amnesty bill were then successfully taken up and both passed. In the House the postal appropriation bill was taken up. The Senate amendment doubling the Pacific Mail subsidy was concurred in, but the increase in the Brazilian mail subsidy was rejected. A conference committee was ordered on the disagreeing votes. At the evening session several bills from the foreign affairs committee were passed. General Butler's resolution relative to Sir Stafford Northcote's statement was reported back. Mr. Butler addressed the House at some length, but no action was taken upon the resolution.

On Wednesday, in the Senate, the supplemental appropriation bill was passed. Several bills were reported from committees. In the House, the majority and minority reports of the naval investigating committee were presented. The sundry civil service appropriation bill was considered in committee of the whole, and some progress was made.

On Thursday, in the Senate, a number of House bills were reported. The bill to change the location of the Railroad National Bank of Lowell to Boston was referred. In executive session the treaty matter was considered at considerable length, but no action was taken. The House, after doing some concurrent business, went into committee of the whole upon the sundry civil service bill. During its consideration information was received that the President had signed the amnesty bill, whereupon Mr. Rogers of North Carolina was sworn in, which completed the representation in the House of every district of every State. The sundry civil service appropriation bill was subsequently amended, reported back to the House and passed. An evening session was held at which the Senate amendments to the shipping commissioners and the supplementary appropriation bills were non-concurred in and a conference committee ordered. A number of bills were reported by the naval committee and acted upon. Among those passed were the bills for the employment of apprentices in the navy, granting a pension to the widow of Admiral Farragut, and to abolish the grades of admiral and vice-admiral by providing that future vice-admirals shall not be filled. The bill for the construction of ten war vessels was reported, but a vote was prevented by dilatory motions.

On Friday, in the Senate, the conference report on the post-office appropriation bill was agreed to, and a new conference committee was ordered on the Brazilian mail subsidy amendment. The Senate went into executive session on the treaty business, but came to no conclusion. In the House, the Texas contested seat was given to Mr. Herndon, the sitting member. The Senate amendments to the army appropriation bill were disposed of and a conference committee on the disagreeing vote ordered. A pension was voted to the widow of General Robert Anderson. A bill appropriating \$100,000 for a government building at Atlanta, Ga., was reported and passed.

On Saturday, in the Senate, but little business of importance was done.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In executive session, Saturday, the proposed additional article to the treaty was ordered to be negotiated, and it is likely that the treaty troubles are now at end.

Rev. Gilbert Haven, of Boston, E. G. Andrews and Jesse T. Peck, of N. Y., are chosen bishops in the Methodist church.

Red Cloud and other noted Sioux Indians have arrived in Washington.

Theodore Tilton wrote the address to the liberal republicans of New York.

A split has occurred in the New York society of Internationalists.

Extensive freshets are now prevailing in Utah vicinity, caused by the melting of the snow in the mountains.

A convention of the National Christian Association, opposed to secret societies, met in Oberlin, Ohio, May 21.

A fearful disaster has occurred to the seal fishers off the coast of Labrador, by which about fifty lives were lost.

Horne Greeley formally accepts the Cincinnati nomination in a letter which was published last Wednesday. If elected he will be, says President, not of a party but of the people.

In executive session of the United States Senate, Wednesday, all the members present, under oath, stated that they did not divulge the treaty correspondence nor have any hand in its premature publication.

The Hon. James G. Blaine, Speaker of the House of Representatives, was last week unanimously renominated by a convention in the third congressional district of Maine. Delegates to the Philadelphia convention were chosen and appropriate resolutions were adopted.

It seems that the working-men's strike in New York is not yet at an end. Encouraged by the first success, the trades whose demands are not yet complied with are still holding out and new accessions to the movement continue. The men employed on the post-office now building in New York, Wednesday took measures with a view of securing extra pay for those who have been

working ten hours a day while the eight-hour law was in force.

Commodore Vanderbilt's agents have already surveyed the city hall park, New York, with the view of the immediate pushing forward of the underground railroad, which will possibly be completed in two years.

FOREIGN.

The Imperial Army Band of Prussia is shortly to sail for America to take part in the Peace Jubilee.

It is reported that five thousand Carlists in Biscay have surrendered to the Spanish forces, and that the province is now clear of insurgents. The cholera is raging in Akyah, the presidency of Bengal. It causes great scarcity of labor, which interferes to some extent with the loading of vessels in the harbor. It also begins to render free communication with the interior very difficult.

Spain feels irritated at the favor shown the Carlists by France in allowing the retreating insurgents to escape into their territory, and the Spanish minister at Bayonne has gone to Madrid for the purpose of making a formal complaint of the French authorities. Descriptions from the Carlist bands in Biscay have begun.

Paragraphs.

The Florida sponge-gatherers realized \$250,000 last year.

Palmer's new hotel in Chicago will cost nearly three millions of dollars.

The Northern Pacific Railroad pays Ben Wade \$15,000 a year for his legal services.

Among the unredeemed pledges in a pawnbroker's shop in the Bowery, has been found the bronze medal presented by Congress to Cyrus W. Field, which has been missing for several years.

It is said that Joseph Gillott, though he had a fine eye and a true love for art, was so illiterate that even the signature on his pens, "without which none is genuine," was not written by him.

A few days ago the South Carolina insane asylum of Columbia, in which there were 295 patients at the date of the last report, was absolutely without provisions, and the superintendent was indebted to the charity of a private citizen for the means of feeding the afflicted creatures under his charge.

When the Eastern Railroad was built, the travel between Lynn and Boston was seventeen a day, and two stages would accommodate all passengers between Boston and Portsmouth; now the travel between Lynn and Boston is a million a year, and to carry all the passengers between Portsmouth and Boston would require a string of stages for the whole sixty miles.

Of the two colored cadets at West Point, Smith, the original bone of contention, stands tenth in his class, which is an appreciable gain month by month, while young Napier, for whom a better feeling has been entertained, in consequence of a franker and more amiable disposition, stands at the foot of a class of sixty-six members.

The third annual catalogue of the officers and students in the University of Deseret (Utah) is a curiosity. Of the whole number of students, 580, catalogued in four classes as gentlemen, ladies, boys and girls, the larger proportion come from fifteen or twenty families. There are 37 of the name of Young, 30 of the name of Wells, and from 8 to 15 of the same family name is a common occurrence.

When a carpet is taken up to be cleaned, the floor beneath is generally much covered with dust. This dust is very fine and dry, and poisonous to the lungs. Before removing it, sprinkle the floor with very dilute carbolic acid, to kill any poisonous germs that may be present and to thoroughly disinfect the floor and render it sweet.

General Joe Johnston's history of his campaigns during the war is nearly ready for the press. Southern papers say he confines himself to his own operations, but the conduct of high civil officers of the Confederate government, so far as they relate to his command, will necessarily come up for discussion, and we may look for some interesting revelations and criticisms.

In the Chandos portrait of Shakespeare there are indications that the great dramatist had a scar over his left eye in which the skin adhered to the bone. Page, the artist, who recently discovered a German cast of the head of Shakespeare, on magnifying his photograph, detects in it also the sign of this scar, clear and unmistakable, and is delighted with such proofs of the authenticity of his cast.

A medical journal accounts for the painfulness and the danger which attends the practice of reading in the cars, by the fact that the exact distance between the eyes and the paper can not be maintained. The oscillations of the train disturb the powers of vision, and any variation, however slight, is met by an effort at accommodation on the part of the eyes. The constant exercise of so delicate an organ of course produces fatigue, and if the practice is persisted in, must tend to produce permanent injury.

Some one professes to have found a cure for rheumatism. It is easily tried and can hardly do harm, even if worthless, as it consists in bathing the parts affected, just before going to bed, with very hot water in which potatoes have been boiled. Quite possibly just as much good would come from very hot water in which potatoes had not been boiled, and quite certainly, in many cases of rheumatism neither would furnish any permanent relief.

The orchestra of the Boston musical festival will be composed of 250 first violins, 200 second violins, 120 violas, 100 first flutes, 12 second flutes, 20 clarinets, 12 first oboes, 12 second oboes, 20 bassoons, (1st, 2d, 3d and 4th), 20 French horns, 25 trumpets, 12 alto trombones, 12 tenor trombones, 8 bass trombones, 6 bass tubas, 6 paltynani, 10 small drums, 4 bass drums, 4 pair cymbals, 1 great drum, 1 great triangle—total, 1,000.

A writer in the *Herald of Health* gives these instructions for curing warts: Pare the hard and dry skin from their tops, and then touch them with the smallest drop of strong acetic acid, taking care that the acid does not run off the wart upon the neighboring skin; for if it does, it will cause inflammation and much pain. If this practice be continued once or twice daily, with regularity, paring the surface of the wart occasionally, when it gets hard and dry, the wart may be soon effectually cured.

Dr. Hall does not take much stock in Turkish Baths, and says that they so frequently kill people that it would be better never to take one, unless by the special advice of your family physician; and even then, it should be submitted to only when under the special personal superintendence of an educated medical man. He thinks they may be very good for dirty people, such as have not had a good cleaning off in a year; but he never could imagine the utility of putting a decent man into a steam boiler hot enough to skin a lobster, and then filling off all his hide, to the very quick, by kneadings and remorseless scrubbing.

No holder of public office in Prussia is hereafter to be permitted to be engaged in any outside scheme of money making.

The Duke of Wellington has announced his intention of presenting to the Chicago library a complete set of the "Wellington Despatches," consisting of twenty-three volumes.

Rural and Domestic.

Pleasures of Farming.

We don't know about it. Some white-livered writer tells us all about the pleasures of life on a farm, who has never labored a day on a farm unless to ride in a cart in haying time. He knows nothing about it, we do, we have been farming for three weeks, and are as tired as a dog. There is no pleasure in being very tired. Very delightful it is to go to bed and have a streak of hot pain run down your back bone, bifurcate at your hips and run down your legs to the very extremities of your toes. Very pleasant, truly. Then every muscle is sore. In short, it makes us ache all over. Not at all pleasant, is it, to roll over in bed with the expectation of starting some old rheumatic or pleuritic patient? Then, too, it makes us sleep heavily, and we wake in the morning feeling as though we weighed a ton, so hard is it to roll out of bed. What an appetite it gives us! If some of our friends, especially the doctors, with whom we have received hospitality on our peregrinations over the land, should see us eat, they would not readily invite us again to visit them. We have been farming for three weeks, and if this is what is called breaking in, we shall feel like breaking out. It makes our hands sore, we have to trot round after an antic horse, and this galls our feet. The tools are out of repair; everybody has borrowed them and kept them till some expense was necessary for further use, and then returned them. Nothing will send a tool home like this.

How about the profits of farming as a source of pleasure? Let us see. The first day shall be a standard. Harnessed the horse into the cart and went into the field, when she took flight, ran through two sets of bars, two gates, a young orchard, knocked down a post, broke a shaft, and bolt. A dollar is to pay for repairs and half a day's time lost, worth thirty cents, in going to the carriage shop. So much for the first day, and something nearly equal to it every day for three weeks.

Then there are the mountains of labor ahead of us. The wood for the year must be hauled; rocks hauled off, land plowed, manure hauled, brush and culch cleaned up round the premises, and fences to be repaired, to say nothing of the vexation of having your neighbor's sheep and cattle in your mowing field, and no boys to help you. Don't talk to us just now about the pleasure of farming. Stop till we are broken in.

We have just been looking at our young apple trees. A dozen of them are spoiled by the wind. Fine prospect it is of having an orchard in our old age. If it were not for the success of some of our neighbors to whom farming seems a real pleasure, we should give up in despair. We think we will go into a store, but we prefer to handle a hoe than barrels of flour and bags of salt. We want to read the *Journal* when night comes and not be kept in a store till nine or ten, p. m. There is our neighbor across the way, who is as happy as a king all summer, tending his little farm. We thought him happy as he retired from public life to work on the land, while our brain was hot with pain. But now he labors early and late, without time to read his newspaper in peace.

Sometimes we think we will sell out and move to the village or city, and hire a room or two, and work out at day's work. Many a man has done this to his sorrow, and this deters us from the attempt. We will, therefore, wait till autumn and see how our crops come in, and if we feel fairly broken in to farming, we shall not doubt like it. A good appetite, refreshing sleep and a rested brain are worth a great deal of sacrifice.

Woman in the Sick-room.

It seems strange that at a time when so many intelligent Christian women are seeking some sphere of usefulness, an occupation for which they are eminently fitted should be almost entirely ignored. From some mistaken notions of the fitness of things, the care of the sick is by tacit consent left, with but few exceptions, to ignorant and unqualified persons. The names of Miss Nightingale and Miss Dix stand, as if by tacit consent alone. And yet it is a fact beyond dispute that thousands are dying every year for the want of proper and judicious nursing.

"Medical treatment is but one-half," said a physician the other day, "nursing is the other and most important half. But, alas! we doctors, in nine cases out of ten, have no assurance that a fever patient will not have strong food and stimulants administered when the fever is at its height; that one suffering from nervous prostration will not be argued with and scolded; that dyspeptic treated to a diet of fried eggs and sausages; and so on through the whole chapter." When intelligent, good women can be made to see that the office of nurse, for which they are so well qualified, is quite as honorable as that of physician, and none far better suited to them, we may hope to see many would-be female physicians taking up the study of nursing, both in its scientific and practical aspects.

Surely, if pious women fully realized what a field it offers for doing good to their fellow-creatures, they would gladly embrace the opportunity it affords. How many a poor creature is yearning for the care of a nurse who should have a quiet step, a gentle voice, a cheerful smile, a soft touch; who would anticipate every want; who would know just what to do, and what not to do; just when to hold the grateful draught to the parched lips; when to turn and smooth the heated pillow; when to add an extra shawl! And for the want of just such a tender care, how many to-day "are not!"

No Christian nurse need fear of giving all receiving nothing in return; for never was a better school than the sick-room in which to learn patience, gentleness, forbearance, and unselfishness. Nowhere else can such golden opportunities be found for studying the "good word in season." And then there is the comforting recollection that our Lord himself made it a part of his Holy work on earth to heal the sick; and, above all, is there not the joyful anticipation of a time when the blessed words shall be heard, "I was sick, and ye ministered unto me; for inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me?"

Distinguishing Mushrooms.

A writer in the *English Mechanic* gives what he considers to be an invaluable rule for distinguishing the true mushrooms from the poisonous species. He remarks, in the first place, that the true mushroom is invariably found in rich, open pastures, and never on or about stumps or in woods; and, although a wholesome species sometimes occurs in the latter localities, the writer considers it best to avoid their products. A very good point in the second place, is the peculiar intense purple-brown color of the spore-dust, from which the ripe mushroom derives this same color (almost black) in the gills. To see these spores, it is only necessary to remove the stem from the mushroom, and lay the upper portion, with the gills downward, on a sheet of writing paper, when the spores will be deposited, in a dark impalpable powder, in a short time. Several dangerous species, sometimes mistaken for the true, have the spore-dust brown, or pale amber-brown.

In the true mushroom, again, there is a distinct and perfect collar, quite encircling the stem a little above the middle, and the edge of the cap overlaps the gills. In some poisonous species this collar is reduced to a mere fringe, and the overlapping margin is absent or reduced to a few white scales. Lastly, the gills never reach to the very stem, there being a space all around the top of the stem, where the gills are free from the stalk.

There are numerous varieties of true mushrooms, all of them equally good for the table. Sometimes the top is white and soft like kid leather; at other times, it is dark-brown and scaly. Sometimes, on being cut or broken the mushroom changes color to yellow, or even blood-red; at other times, no change whatever takes place. To sum up, it is to be observed that the mushroom always grows in pastures; always has dark, purple-brown spores; always has a perfect encircling collar; and has gills which do not touch the stem, and has a top with an overlapping edge.

In addition to the method just indicated for testing the genuineness of mushrooms, we are informed that, however small any particular fungus may resemble the edible mushroom, none are genuine nor safe the skin of which cannot be easily removed. When taken by the thumb and finger at the overlapping edge, the skin will peel upward to the center, all around, leaving only a small portion of the center of the crown to be pared off by the knife.

Bird Life in the South.

The city of Columbia, S. C., on a February day, presents to its inhabitants a sight which no other city on the continent, or perhaps in the world, affords, and that is, the immense number of birds that people its magnificent shade trees. Thousands upon thousands of red-breasted robins are here assembled, as in a convention, prior to their flight to the North. Jay birds, blue birds, and the peerless mocking bird are here in large numbers. For them there is plenty to eat. The fruit of the sugar-berry tree, the wild orange, the black gum, and the many varieties of the oak, afford abundance of food.

It seems as if this beautiful city was designed by its founders as much for a home for the feathered tribe as for man, for there are more trees in its streets than houses.

The robin makes its appearance from further South about the beginning of January, and remains till about the middle of February, when it takes its flight to the North. For the last few days the air has been full of them in their assembling for departure, and to any one who has witnessed the gatherings of swallows at the North in the fall of the year, preparing for their flight South, the assembling of the robins at this time presents a familiar scene.

It is an interesting sight to see these birds on the ground in search of food. They move as the army, and seem to be under the command of a leader, who on the slightest alarm utters a shrill, quick note, and instantly the whole flock take to flight. As they move through a field their numbers are so great they destroy immense numbers of "old-worms and grubs." For a moment they stand as in silent meditation, then turning the head to one side, listen, when presently they peck away at the earth, and soon a worm is brought to the surface, which is quickly devoured.

Salt as a Fertilizer.

"The American Journal of Agriculture" says: "We are satisfied that salt is a coming fertilizer, especially for light, dry, sandy soils. Some tests are being made with salt the present year; and very soon we hope to present more positive proof upon the subject than we are able to do at present. We shall state, however, that the quantity of salt is from two to five hundred pounds per acre; and that it acts mainly as a chemical agent to dissolve silica, which gives stiffness to the straw, and which forms an essential part of the hull of the kernel. It does not, however, show any decided advantage for cereals, such as wheat, and rye, unless used with the nitrate of soda, which is now imported and sold at moderate prices in New York. Equal parts of nitrate and salt are found to be much better than the same weight of either alone." Sown as a top-dressing on rank pastures it reduces the quantity of herbage, but it improves its quality, making the grass sweeter and more tender, so that the cattle graze upon it with more avidity. It is a specific manure for mangrove-wurzel, but while it greatly increases the crop, it is thought by many that the nutritive properties of the roots are lessened. On the right kind of soil there is probably no manurial substance that will pay a greater profit on the outlay; but on stiff clays and soggy lands little or no benefit can be expected from its use. Some horticulturists in Pennsylvania claimed to have proved that salt has large influence in preventing pear blight, and they are using it liberally, having increased the application from two hundred to four hundred bushels per acre."

Management of Ducks.

This species of poultry is not kept in such numbers here as they are in Europe, and they are not appreciated at the particular season when everybody looks for them there. In England young ducks are in general request as soon as green peas can be had, for ducks and green peas are as much thought of in June as "home lamb" at Easter, and fat geese at Michaelmas, or these of turkey at Thanksgiving. "Ducks are hatched out very early by some, to sell by the time the gentlemen's gardens have green peas, which they manage to have in the last week in May, by planting them in long trough-like boxes in the hot houses, and then taking them out as warm weather comes on. Ducks lay a great many eggs when well fed and the place is well adapted for them, and ducks and geese will be seen at every good farmstead, but there is no such thing as picking the feathers in any instance till the poor things are dead, excepting in one or two isolated places where the inhabitants are of a very low description, though it is pretty general in Ireland and is practiced to some extent in Wales. Ducks are profitable, for although the young ones while growing eat a great deal more than chickens, they grow as fast again, and when they are full grown they will not eat half as much as chickens, and where there is running water and ponds they cost scarcely anything to keep. Where the winters are mild they will commence laying by new year's day, if well fed, and young ones which were hatched the previous April will begin in December and lay regularly every day if given a small quantity of meat once a day, when it is too dry or too cold for them to find worms or grubs of any kind. When it is showery without frost they will not require flesh of any kind to be given them.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

Barn Cellars.

The subject of barn cellars and the effect of the gases from the manure is largely discussed by the *Lemster, N. H., Farmers' Club*, and reported for the *Mirror and Farmer*; Hiram Parker, a built my barn about sixteen years ago with a cellar under it. Do not think any of the gases from the manure in the

cellar have ever damaged my stock of fodder; it will not ferment. Most of the south side should be open for the benefit of the stock when in the yard. Stables are not so warm over a cellar as they would be on the ground, but they can be made warm enough. Would ventilate all stables with a box one foot square running up through the hay from the stable to the roof. Manure from under the barn is worth nearly double that which has lain out in the yards, besides it can be got out in the winter. The floor timbers will never rot under the stable, if they are kept in place.—Kimball Pollard.—There are other benefits than manure. We get a great amount of storage room very cheap. My cellar is closed up on all sides, but it will freeze, and so soon that there is no danger of the gases getting up into the barn. Do not think there is any need of ventilators in this cold country.—H. Fuller.—Never received any injury from the manure in my cellar. It is open on the south side. I consider them of great advantage to a farm.—E. S. Barrett.—I have been to great expense to put cellars under my barns, and have been pleased with them, but would like to have them as tight and warm as a house cellar, so that I could keep roots in them to feed to stock. Think if I was going to build a barn, I should not have a cellar under it. Would have the stable across the end, and back of this a built made water tight, to make manure in, and throw all from the stable into it, together with manure or anything that will absorb the liquids. Would keep hogs in this vault. The yard should be graded so that no water can run onto it, and what falls on it would run into this vault. A roof should cover it over, and the top of the vault be just high enough to come up to a cart body when backed up to it.—S. Fuller thought young cattle did much better on the same fodder fed in the cellar in racks.—Rev. J. Lehouquet did not approve of a cellar; the barn was colder. He thought manure was not so much better as some thought by being under the barn. Horse manure needed all the water we can get on it. Had known damage done stock by falling through the floor of the stable. We do not suffer for want of ventilation in this country.—A. J. Mitchell.—Manure is the great thing with us here; there is no use of making an attempt to farm without it. Now how are we going to make and save the most? In no way can it be done so well as with a barn cellar. Then all the waste from the stable goes to be absorbed by manure or anything that is carried in. The liquid is worth as much as the solid manure. Now where can we find a better place for a vault than under the stables, where it all goes down without labor? A cellar is the cheapest shed room we can possibly get, and in no place can cattle be so well protected from storms as in the cellar. A barn will last much longer up from the ground, and there is not so much danger from floors breaking down, for we can get under to look to them better than if set on the ground.

COFFEE.
Ordinary..... 19 1/2 @ 20
Good Ordinary 21 1/2 @ 22
Mid. to good 23 1/2 @ 24
Low Middling, 25 1/2 @ 26

DOMESTICS.
Sheetings and Shirtings..... 14 1/2 @ 15
Heavy 4-4-4..... 14 1/2 @ 15
Medium 4-4-4..... 13 1/2 @ 14
Prints..... 8 1/2 @ 9
Cotton Flannel..... 6 1/2 @ 7
Whites..... 10 1/2 @ 11
Ticking..... 10 1/2 @ 11
Gingham..... 6 1/2 @ 7
Moude de Laines..... 6 1/2 @ 7
Carpetings..... 10 1/2 @ 11
Lovelup, 3-ply..... 8 1/2 @ 9
Extra Superfine..... 11 1/2 @ 12
Superduty..... 12 1/2 @ 13

FISH.
Cod—large 4-5 @ 5 1/2 @ 5 3/4
Medium 3-4 @ 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4
Mackerel, bbl. 6 @ 6 1/2 @ 6 3/4
Do. shore 11 @ 12 1/2 @ 13 1/2
Salmon, box 27 @ 28 1/2 @ 29 1/2

GRAIN.
St. Louis, sup. 8 1/2 @ 8 3/4 @ 8 5/4
Western..... 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2 @ 11 3/4
Wheat, sup. 6 1/2 @ 6 3/4 @ 6 5/4
Com. extras 7 1/2 @ 7 3/4 @ 7 5/4
medium do. 6 1/2 @ 6 3/4 @ 6 5/4
choice do. 7 1/2 @ 7 3/4 @ 7 5/4
Illinois and Ohio..... 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2 @ 11 3/4
Michigan..... 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2 @ 11 3/4
Choice extra 9 1/2 @ 9 3/4 @ 9 5/4
Rye..... 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4 @ 4 5/4
Corn Meal..... 3 1/2 @ 3 3/4 @ 3 5/4

FRUIT.
Almonds..... 13 1/2 @ 14 1/2 @ 14 3/4
Soft Shell..... 13 1/2 @ 14 1/2 @ 14 3/4
Currants..... 7 1/2 @ 8 1/2 @ 8 3/4
Raspberries..... 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2 @ 11 3/4
Peaches..... 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2 @ 11 3/4
Figs common..... 14 1/2 @ 15 1/2 @ 15 3/4
Lemons..... 15 1/2 @ 16 1/2 @ 16 3/4
Lemons, boxed 7 1/2 @ 7 3/4 @ 7 5/4
Oranges..... 12 1/2 @ 13 1/2 @ 13 3/4
Raisins, bunch..... 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2 @ 11 3/4
Cask..... 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2 @ 11 3/4
Box..... 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2 @ 11 3/4
Layer..... 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2 @ 11 3/4

GRAIN.
Southern yellow 7 1/2 @ 7 3/4 @ 7 5/4
Western, red 7 1/2 @ 7 3/4 @ 7 5/4
Rye..... 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4 @ 4 5/4
Barley..... 7 1/2 @ 7 3/4 @ 7 5/4
Oats..... 6 1/2 @ 6 3/4 @ 6 5/4
Shorts 7 1/2 @ 7 3/4 @ 7 5/4
Fine Feed..... 3 1/2 @ 3 3/4 @ 3 5/4
Hulls..... 3 1/2 @ 3 3/4 @ 3 5/4

EGGS.
Eastern and Northern..... 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2 @ 11 3/4
Country..... 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2 @ 11 3/4
By mail..... 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2 @ 11 3/4
Straw, 100 lbs. 1 1/2 @ 1 3/4 @ 1 5/4

HIDES AND SKINS.
Calcutta Cow..... 21 1/2 @ 22 1/2 @ 22 3/4
Slaughter..... 21 1/2 @ 22 1/2 @ 22 3/4
Green Salt..... 19 1/2 @ 20 1/2 @ 20 3/4
B. Ayres, dry 30 @ 31 1/2 @ 32 1/2
Rio Grande..... 25 1/2 @ 26 1/2 @ 26 3/4
Western, dry 21 1/2 @ 22 1/2 @ 22 3/4
Do. wet..... 11 1/2 @ 12 1/2 @ 12 3/4

IRON.
Sweeth..... 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2 @ 11 3/4
Case, 100 lb. 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2 @ 11 3/4
Ex. sizes..... 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2 @ 11 3/4
Eng. com. 38 @ 39 1/2 @ 40 1/2
Do. refined 105 @ 110 @ 115
Do. sheet..... 7 1/2 @ 8 1/2 @ 8 3/4
Russia, sheet..... 15 1/2 @ 16 1/2 @ 16 3/4

LEAD.
Pig gold..... 8 1/2 @ 9 1/2 @ 9 3/4
Sheet and Pipe..... 11 1/2 @ 12 1/2 @ 12 3/4
Old..... 11 1/2 @ 12 1/2 @ 12 3/4

LEATHER.
Sole..... 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2 @ 11 3/4
B. Ayres..... 32 @ 33 1/2 @ 34 1/2
Orleans..... 25 @ 26 1/2 @ 27 1/2
Oak Sole..... 24 @ 25 1/2 @ 26 1/2
Oak..... 33 @ 34 1/2 @ 35 1/2
Calf skins..... 15 @ 16 1/2 @ 17 1/2
Dry Hide..... 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2 @ 11 3/4
In Rough..... 6 1/2 @ 7 1/2 @ 7 3/4

LUMBER.
Clear Pine..... 20 @ 21 1/2 @ 22 1/2
Coarse do. 22 @ 23 1/2 @ 24 1/2
Shipping Pine 20 @ 21 1/2 @ 22 1/2
Spruce..... 17 @ 18 1/2 @ 19 1/2
Oak..... 10 @ 11 1/2 @ 12 1/2
Larch..... 10 @ 11 1/2 @ 12 1/2
Shingles, pine 25 @ 26 1/2 @ 27 1/2
Do. cedar..... 30 @ 31 1/2 @ 32 1/2
Laths, pine 2 1/2 @ 2 3/4 @ 2 5/4
Do. Spruce 2 1/2 @ 2 3/4 @ 2 5/4
S. box shooks 3 @ 4 @ 5

STARCH.
Best, 50 lbs..... 7 1/2 @