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The Morning Star - volume 47 number 28 - July 10, 1872

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The Morning Star.

Volume XLVII.

DOVER, N. H., JULY 10, 1872.

Number 28

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

ISSUED BY THE
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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 10, 1872.

Nazareth.

Here dwell with glory veiled the Son of God
For thirty years; in this enclosure green
Of Galilee hills the Power serene
Who framed the universe, and with a nod
Sent planets on their courses, meekly trod
The village streets and lanes; and might be seen
Over his humble handiwork to lean,
Or pace in prayer the dewy mountain sod.
O mystery of godliness how great!
Obedience of a lifetime how complete!
Who now can murmur at his low estate,
Or who but feel the humblest duty sweet;
When "Is not this the Carpenter?" was heard
Of Him who had "built all things" with a word!
—Sunday at Home.

New York Correspondence.

Boston, July 4, 1872.

I visited the "International Jubilee" in the hope (not disappointed) that there might be something in it that we have not found reflected in the professional or amateur criticisms of the journals, in the rhapsodies of the reporters, in the abundant fault-finding available from so vast a field, or even in those immortal jokes that perish not with the using, but seem equally to delight the outside barbarian and to exasperate the Bostonians, from generation to generation. Good as they may be, you have already had a sufficiency of all these things. For my own part, since hearing and reflecting for myself, the most serious and able criticism, testing the performance as it must indeed be tested by the standards of art, seems not to the main purpose at all. It has indeed happened very happily that each of the grand musical elements has been such on the whole as to extort critical commendation; while the incredible combination of things biggest and things rarest in all the world has fairly leveled the knowing and the simple in one astonishment. But I look upon the musical success in the same practical light as the financial success; glad to see both magnified, not as the end, but as the means and conditions of the end; regard the true end, not as pure art on the one hand, nor as lucre and vanity on the other, but as an interest and including these, as the upheaval of a continent lifts its summit peaks, rich plains and proud cities together.

The true movement here, as I read it, is of a nature as broad as humanity and the interests of musical culture in a hemisphere. Fifteen minutes' conversation with Mr. Gilmore are enough, in connection with the sort of impossibilities he has already done, to reveal him and his jubilee in a character uncomprehended by the 'noise' reporters and jesters of the daily press. The jubilee are as far as possible from the mere mammoth shows, and Gilmore is as far as possible from the Barnum of music, which they are severally taken to be. Possibly Mr. Gilmore's present grand ideal has been developed from the jubilees, as much as the jubilees from his ideal. But that, if so, is a natural and healthy mode of growth,—the mind and its work growing together. Successful ideals rarely if ever grow far (at first) in anticipation of the fact-growth which is related to them as body to soul. At all events, Mr. Gilmore appears to me to be engaged in a mission as worthy of the noblest mind and as highly entitled to the sympathy of good men, as any philanthropist who can be pointed out in this world of ours at the present time.

It is no small service, indeed, and one by no means unappreciated, to have brought together in an American city the three finest military bands which the resources of the

great old-world monarchies have been able to produce, together with artists and composers of world-wide renown, united to let us know, as no public was ever taught before, what music is. It is no small thing to have massed the utmost vocal and instrumental effects that are capable of being synchronized, if only for the discovery of the limitations of volume in music. It would be hard to make an extravagant acknowledgment of the addition to human experience and thought when the chorus of the multitudinous sea, the full orchestra of the elements and the thunder diapason that had half raised yet half crushed the mind of man from the creation with a helpless, hopeless, aching sense of sublimity beyond its grasp, at last found a master to make all their wonders ours and to vitalize them with the breath of our living human soul and the articulate language of immortal thought. Once to have felt our own triumphant powers repeat the awful elemental chords at which we trembled at the voice of God, begotten again to a nobler birth in rhythmic melody that shames their brute wildness,—this was to have swept away another great portion from the opprobrium of Nature's superiority which man exists to overcome, and thus much farther, in these jubilee days, creation owns her lord.

Perhaps I should set this result highest, and yet I will not acknowledge even this the greatest. Highest and greatest may settle between themselves which is chief, but my interest is chiefly directed to this rudimentary but universal stir now wakening and growing in tens of thousands of New England homes and communities freshly,

Smitten with the love of sacred song,

through no matter what agencies radiating out of the focus of this vast excitement, from the purest enthusiasm of music or even devotion, down to the poorest craving for social excitement or even for the small perquisites of the chorus singer. Take the single (or double) fact that in January last there were but thirteen sacred music societies in all Massachusetts, and that the preparations for this one jubilee have brought into existence about a hundred such societies in that state and nearly two hundred in New England altogether, which, with a few from other parts of the country, have participated in the jubilee choruses for this year. If this prodigious growth of association, recreation and culture, not only most innocent but most ennobling, has sprung up with one jubilee, what may we not expect from a great yearly choral convocation, permanently organized, housed and appointed in the most perfect manner that experience can teach and uncalculating liberality bestow, and outshining Olympic and Isthmian games in brilliancy and renown? That such is the natural and already powerful drift of the jubilee series, is quite evident. That such is the master idea of Mr. Gilmore's mind, to be pursued with yet more irresistible enthusiasm than ever, after the labors of this jubilee are over, I am enabled by his own private admission to state. Equally indubitable, I should say, are the pride and zeal and liberality with which Boston will build up an institution so prolific of fame, pleasure and profit to herself as this must be.

Imagination is not slow to picture all New England organized by counties in sacred music associations with their chapters in every village, represented at Boston in the great festival days of the year by their picked singers, and bringing back from the great heart to the remote channels of life a vital current to quicken taste, sentiment, society, and above all, devotion, in every hamlet, cottage and farm-house of the land. There is much to encourage the hope that this picture will prove not all a dream. Mr. Gilmore appears to be the perfect providential agent prepared for the work. If I might judge without rashness from the expressions of one to whose personal character I am a stranger, I should say that a devout enthusiasm for sacred music would lend both impetus and direction to his efforts. Adhering to the faith in which he was brought up, as a native of Ireland (the Roman Catholic) he appears to recognize with truly Catholic liberality the common fellowship of all sincere Christians and the exclusive pretensions of none, and to have at least as much genuine doxology in him as can be ascertained from warm and earnest language on the subject strongly supported by what he has done. It is an error, therefore, I think, to judge of him as an enterprising collector of big or paying sensations. He has been obliged to cater to public taste as he found it, in a great measure, and the programmes of the jubilee have been probably quite as far from his own ideal as they can be from that of his most exacting critic. The chorus, as the element on which his enthusiasm justly centers to achieve the highest attainable magnificence and perfection in choral music, may define the ambition of his life. His associates, financial and professional, are a further guaranty in the same direction with himself. Prof. Tourjee, in particular, the apostle of Praise-meetings, enters warmly into an object which identifies itself so nearly with one of his own cherished specialties. Praise-meetings and sacred music societies will promote one another, and the Annual Jubilee in Boston will give a mighty and continuous impulse to both. The value of these social meetings for praise, properly conducted towards

a solution of the great problem of attracting the church-neglecting millions to religious exercises and within the influence of the gospel, has arrested the attention of very few Christians as yet. It would of course be impossible to confine such a movement as this to Boston and New England. Other cities will be compelled, even if not induced, to rival Boston. Probably each of the great centers of business will yet become a center of musical organization, not for the German population alone as at present. No other people in the world has such a capacity for collective movement, or organization, as ours. It needs only to awaken, enucleate and centralize the dormant musical zeal of our countrymen, by means of such a grand permanent vital center as Mr. Gilmore proposes, to insure the richest conceivable results in the future; not only a rich growth of popular taste and culture, but as the certain culmination of that development, sooner or later, original forms of genius to lead the march of future ages.

I have some impressions of the nature of the Great Chorus of which we have had a beginning and a promise, which I should be glad to translate into expressions; but this letter is long enough. The characteristics of three great nations so remarkably represented in their respective hands, form another study that has interested me much, but must be deferred or even entirely foregone. Shall I prolong the Jubilee unreasonably after its dissolution if I write again?
Vidi.

General Howard's Mission.

A correspondent of the *Independent*, who joined Gen. Howard and his party of Apache chiefs on their way to Washington, thus pictures a scene during the journey:

The trustful confidence in Gen. Howard displayed by these warriors was hardly an indication of a treacherous nature. Unhesitatingly they had submitted themselves to his care, leaving their people and country, to go among those whom they had known hitherto only as enemies; and how they seemed ready to do in all things as he advised. The General was exceedingly tender of this trust in him, and seemed anxious to confirm their confidence by being one with them. He shared their car and fare on the train, as he had shared their quarters and hardships on the way to it. If they went without a meal, so did he. His dress was of the plainest sort and his bearing unaffected and sympathetic.

It was really a touching sight to see Gen. Howard, one early morning, sitting in the Indian group, telling the story of Jesus to those who in full manhood heard it for the first time. Miguel, a warrior chieftain, was a battle-scarred veteran. He had led his tribe in many a bloody fray and taken many a scalp. One bullet had passed through his lungs, another through his thigh, a third had penetrated his skull. One eye was gone. Yet he was still a stalwart man. On one occasion he was a captive, bound and dragged into Santa Fe at the tail of a mule. No force had subdued him. He was not brought under control by fear, but he told gratefully of a good officer who spoke kindly to him while a prisoner, and showed him the better way of peace and duty. And now he sat as a child, his scarred face and broad, high brow suffused with emotion, intent on the story of the Cross. The General could talk with Miguel only through double interpreters. A private United States soldier could speak English and Spanish, and a Mexican, held captive by the Apaches for thirty years, could speak Spanish and Apache. Through these two the slowly repeated sentences passed from Gen. Howard to Miguel, and the answers came back. The General pictured himself as coming to the Apache country to win the love of the people there, and to lead some of them to the home of the Great Father at Washington, where he would be their friend; so Jesus, the Son of God, had come into this world to win our love, and to induce us to follow him trustingly to the home of the Great Father in Heaven.

Miguel replied that he trusted General Howard as his friend, and would follow him wherever he said. He should be glad if the General would return with him; but if he could not do this, the tears would roll down the cheeks of Miguel when they came to part. As to following Jesus, he believed there were two roads,—one the good road, the other the bad road. He wanted now to go in the good road, and to follow on in it until he should see God. In the Apache language they have the name of the Son of God; so that was known to him. Then, referring to one whom the General had introduced as his friend, who loved to have all the children taught of God, Miguel said, if that man was the friend of Gen. Howard, he was Miguel's friend, and Miguel wished he would come and teach the children of his tribe. Soon Miguel would be dead; but he wanted his children to follow on in the good road toward God, when he was gone. Some Indians grew feeble and fewer as tribes. Miguel wanted his people never to die while the world stands, and believed civilization would help them to long life and prosperity.

When the General had ceased to speak, Miguel turned to the others of his party, and preached Jesus to them. Far into the

night he sat, telling with animated gesture and earnest words the truth he had just learned concerning Him who is "The Way, and the Truth and the Life." Is there wonder that Gen. Howard has interest in and hopes of the tribes of which these men are representatives?

There were bad people on that overland train, and along the road, as the Apaches came East; but they were not all Indians. One rough, profane passenger, with a revolver and dirk in his belt, was sneering at the folly of attempting to civilize Apaches. A well-dressed lady, bound to New York, was drunk in the Pullman car, to the annoyance of many. Two or three times, coarse, repulsive fellows came up to offer whiskey to the Indians. At Brayton Station, a wounded man, just shot in cold blood by his Yankee comrade, was put on to the train to be borne to a surgeon. Peaceable gentlemen were concealing their watches and money, on laying down at night, lest their treacherous, deceitful fellow-passengers should rob them in their sleep. At Omaha a thief, in handcuffs and fetters, came on to the car. All these were Anglo-Saxons. Yet, on their account, I did not lose hope of the white race as a whole; nor yet, in contrast with them, of the Apache Indians, so much better represented amongst our passengers.

Ward H. Lamon.

This is what the *Nation* thinks of Mr. Lamon, the last biographer of Abraham Lincoln:

More kinds of writing are autobiographical than most writers imagine, and Mr. Lamon's biography of Mr. Lincoln, while it tells us a vast deal about Mr. Lincoln, tells us a good deal also about Mr. Lamon, and leaves us with no very pleasant impression of him. He is, nevertheless, a perfectly well-intentioned man, with an evidently sincere desire to tell the truth and do his whole duty by his subject, and it is a pity that he has so imperfect an idea of what constitutes common decency. That anything is forbidden ground to a biographer he seems almost unable to conceive, and he lays before the public eye matters which surely are of no concern to any of us who are outside of Mr. Lincoln's family. Mr. Lamon has our respect for his motives; but it is proper to say to him that he has written indecently, and even impudently, about Mr. Lincoln's domestic relations, in an ungentlemanly way, and with amusing foolishness about Mr. Lincoln's love affairs, and with very unnecessary stress, and therefore offensively, about certain of Mr. Lincoln's habits and certain of his opinions. Why should a biographer make much of the fact that his subject, when a raw boy, "read Tom Paine and Volney's *Ruins*," and scoffed at religion and mimicked preachers? Of course, uneducated, intelligent, self-reliant boys are sure to do just that, if "Volney's *Ruins*" and "the *Age of Reason*" happen to come in their way and something else does not. And why make parade of the fact as a "painful" fact that Mr. Lincoln at various times thought he was in love when he was not, or when he was not so much in love as he was the first time? A spiritualistic "medium," with wise theories about "affinities" and "spheres" and the incalculable influence of love, and with a distinct dislike of some of the commandments, and therefore of all the Bible, might contentedly have written some of Mr. Lamon's chapters, but why a man of sense should have written them is not evident. And why a man accustomed to the usages of either good society or bad should assert, directly or by implication, of any living woman, that the thought of marrying her made her husband wretched, and that she proved a very unsatisfactory wife, is something that we leave Mr. Lamon to explain. Could he not have waited, if the world needs must have this valuable information, till the woman was dead? We believe we can not recollect a greater piece of well-meaning, cruel unbreeding and impudence than Mr. Lamon has contrived to achieve in this matter, and his good intention and general satisfactoriness make it all the more desirable to tell him so, and call the fact to the notice of himself and his more ignorant admirers.

Testimonials.

I suppose it is true that women work for others with less expectation of reward than men, and give themselves to labors of self-sacrifice with much less thought of self. At least this is true unless woman goes into some public performance, where notoriety has its attractions, and mounts some cause to ride it man-fashion, when I think she becomes just as eager for applause and just as willing that self-sacrifice should result in self-elevation as man. For her, usually, are not those unbought "presentations," which are forced upon firemen, philanthropists, legislators, railroad-men, and the superintendents of the moral instruction of the young. These are almost always pleasing and unexpected tributes to worth and modesty, and must be received with satisfaction when the public service rendered has not been with a view to procuring them. We should say that one ought to be most liable to receive a "testimonial," who, being a superintendent of any sort, did not superintend with a view to getting it. But "testimonials" have become so common

that a modest man ought really to be afraid to do his simple duty, for fear his motives will be misconstrued. Yet there are instances of very worthy men who have had things publicly presented to them. It is the blessed age of gifts and the reward of private virtue. And the presentations have become so frequent that we wish there were a little more variety in them. There never was much sense in giving a gallant fellow a big speaking-trumpet to carry home to aid him in his intercourse with his family; and the festive ice-pitcher has become a too universal sign of absolute devotion to the public interest. The lack of one will soon be proof that a man is a knave. The legislative cane with the gold head, also, is getting to be recognized as the sign of the immaculate public servant, as the inscription on it testifies, and the steps of suspicion must ere long dog him who does not carry one. The "testimonial" business is in truth a little demoralizing, almost as much so as the "donation;" and the demoralization has extended even to our language, so that a perfectly respectable man is often obliged to see himself "made the recipient of" this and that. It would be much better, if testimonials must be, to give a man a barrel of flour or a keg of oysters, and let him eat himself at once back into the ranks of ordinary men.—*Scribner's*.

Trusting God.

Christians might avoid much trouble and inconvenience, if they would only believe what they profess, that God is able to make them happy without anything else. They imagine that if such a dear friend were to die, or such and such blessings were removed, they should be miserable; whereas God can make them a thousand times happier without them. To mention my own case. God has been depriving me of one mercy after another; but as one is removed, he has come in and filled up its place. Now, when I am a cripple, and not able to move, I am happier than ever I was in my life before, or ever expected to be; and if I had believed this twenty years ago, I might have been spared much anxiety. If God had told me sometime ago, that he was about to make me as happy as I could be in this world, and then had told me that he should begin by crippling me in all my limbs, and removing me from my usual sources of enjoyment, I should have thought it a very strange mode of accomplishing this purpose. And yet how is his wisdom manifest even in this!—*Dr. Payson*.

A Glorious Sunrise.

In the volume of lectures by Dr. McCosh, on "Christianity and Positivism," occurs the following elegant and inspiring description of a natural and moral sunrise:

I do not know whether any of my hearers have ever gone up from Riffelberg to Gerner Grat, in the High Alps, to behold the sunrise. Every mountain catches the light according to the height which the upheaving forces that God set in motion have given it. First the point of Monte Rosa is kissed by the morning beams, blushes for a moment, and forthwith stands clear in the light. Then the Breithorn and the dome of Muschelabel and the Matterhorn, and twenty other grand mountains, embracing the distant Jung Frau, receive each in its turn the gladdening rays, bask each for a brief space, and then remain bathed in sunlight. Meanwhile, the valleys between lie down dark and dismal as death. But the light which has risen is the light of the morning; and these shadows are even now lessening, and we are sure they will soon altogether vanish. Such is the hopeful view I take of our world. "Darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people; but God's light hath broken forth as the morning, and to them who sat in darkness a great light has arisen." Already I see favored spots illuminated by it; Great Britain and her spreading colonies; and Prussia, extending her influence; and the United States, with her broad territory and her rapidly increasing population,—stand in the light; and I see, not twenty, but a hundred points of light, striking up in our scattered mission stations,—in old continents and secluded isles and barren deserts, according as God's grace and man's heaven-kindled love have favored them. And much as I was enraptured with that grand Alpine scene, and shouted irrepressibly as I surveyed it, I am still more elevated, and I feel as if I could cry aloud for joy, when I hear of the light advancing from point to point, and penetrating deeper and deeper into the darkness which we are sure, is at last to be dispelled, to allow our earth to stand clear in the light of the Sun of Righteousness.

Truth in Literature.

But æsthetic convictions alone, however vivid and however just, entertained by the authors that produce it, are yet far off from being sufficient to continue the life of a literature. In truth, the soundest æsthetic convictions, we believe, possess small vigor for even surviving themselves, apart from the vivid contact and virtue of supreme moral conviction. The health, the bloom, the splendor of Greek letters, in their long and beautiful youth, is no instance of deviation from the rule. The poets, both epic

and tragic, the historians, the philosophers, the orators, of Greece,—those masters among them we mean, whose works remain the æsthetic despair of after-coming literary artists in every race and every age,—were perhaps without an exception exemplars, not indeed of a Christian morality, but still of whatever was purest and best in the Greek moral and religious aspiration. Attic taste, whether in art or in literature, was kept to its exquisite tone, through all its unregenerate prime, by the severities of Attic morals and the solemnities of Attic religion.—*W. C. Wilkinson*.

Events of the Week.

THE HEATED TERM.

The weather last week was unusually hot. Dispatches from all parts of the country say that it was. Even at the mountains cool retreats were sought in vain, while from nearly all the beaches the report is, "the hottest weather ever known here." In New York on Tuesday it was difficult to exist, and over seventy cases of sunstroke were reported in a few hours. Most of the cases were fatal, many falling in their tracks, and children even perishing in their cradles. Probably the philosophers would explain it by saying the icebergs are melted. At any rate, they soon will be, at this temperature.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

The day was celebrated much like its predecessors. There was the usual amount of noise, to which nearly everybody contributed a share. In Boston the chief interest centered at the Coliseum, where all the bands and all the artists united in giving a glorious termination to the Jubilee. Nature seems to have contributed to the celebration of the day, for from various parts of the country are reported showers of unusual severity. There was thunder and lightning, and wind and hail, and the rain fell in such torrents as it had rarely done before. The attempt to detail the various accidents, fatal and otherwise, during the day, would be useless, so we will not begin it.

LETTERS FROM STANLEY.

Stanley is the N. Y. *Herald* correspondent who professes to have discovered Dr. Livingstone. Letters have just been received from him, stating that he reached Unyamweye the 23d of Sept., 1871, and thence pushed forward through deserts and swamps and hordes of Arabs to somewhere that nobody else ever heard of before, where he found the Doctor smiling, who said he had been exploring since 1866. He and Stanley traveled in company sometime, and then the Doctor started off to work up a new wrinkle, which will take him two years longer. But look at the strangeness of the proceeding. Why should not the Doctor send letters in his own hand to his numerous friends, and especially to the English society that has sent him out? Why should Stanley be left to come back and tell his story alone? Perhaps Dr. L. is really found. But the *Herald* is great on sensations, and this begins to look like one of them.

CHICAGO ENTERPRISE.

For a city that is half in ashes, Chicago displays an energy that is truly wonderful. Even now, while the work of rebuilding the city is but just begun, the process of suburban expansion seems to go on about as usual. Among the many schemes that the enterprising citizens have in hand is the establishment of a permanent "exposition," similar in character to the annual industrial exhibitions which are held in Cincinnati and St. Louis. Forty-eight acres of land have been purchased for the grounds in the town of Hyde Park, and it is promised that the project will be pushed forward to success at an early date. By such an enterprise does the indomitable city hope to keep abreast with Cincinnati and St. Louis, and maintain its claim to a metropolitan position.

THE FLOODS IN ITALY.

A letter from Florence to the New York *Post* gives interesting details of the recent disastrous inundations in Northern Italy. The three fertile provinces of Ferrara, Pavia and Novara have been overflowed by the waters of the Po and Ticino almost at the time when the abundant harvest is ready for the sickle. The province of Ferrara has been especially afflicted. At present it is scarcely more than one great lake. Nearly one hundred miles of territory are overflowed, while more than forty thousand people are reduced to extreme misery. But a few days since these poor creatures were joyful in the anticipation of an unusual harvest; now they are suffering for the most urgent necessities of life. Many who retired to bed rich awake to find their possessions so completely swept away that not even the site could be approximately indicated; and many who were lately masters are now mendicants. The total loss, so far as yet known, is about thirty millions of francs. To add to this great misfortune, pestilence is likely to follow. When the waters retire the rice crops, decaying beneath the fervid heat of a summer sun, will fill the air with miasma for miles beyond the scene of the inundations. Public subscriptions have been started in aid of the sufferers.

Pride and vanity are the purveyors of trouble and danger; proud persons are neither safe nor happy.

Communications.

Young Men.—No. 4.

BY J. W. BARKER.

The race of the fast young man is a short one. The force which he applies with which to produce locomotion, is exceedingly dangerous. The question of capacity does not trouble him, until he is compelled to pass the terrible experience, the result of this radical error. The fast young man is impatient of delay. He is vexed at impossibilities. He can never afford to wait the influence of the genial rain and sunshine to produce a generous harvest. He can not wait for the proper time to sow. He would be glad to sow in mid winter, upon the snow-drifts and amid the icebergs. If he sows chess, he expects a crop of wheat. If he scattereth upon the rocks or upon the cold, frozen earth, he looks for a speedy growth of vegetation. He asks for cucumbers in February, and for strawberries in March. His tastes, his appetites, his desires are all in advance of the season. He can not stop to penetrate beneath the surface, but expects to find the precious metal glittering by his pathway. He will not condescend to gather the fair clusters of knowledge and wisdom that overhang the walks by his father's door, but he rushes on toward the end, with wild infatuation. This fast young man chases over the hills and valleys to find the ponderous bag of gold at the near end of the rainbow. But alas, he returns with sore feet and faltering and foiled ambition. Still there are those who apologize for this very fellow. He enjoys the proud name of "Young America." As the nation has sprung into power and influence, while yet in tender years, so this fast young man would rise as by magic into splendor and power. These are the tendencies of this progressive age. Do not push the boy upon the old paths of the fathers. And so "Young America" dashes onward, while Old America stands by in wonder to see the result.

This character is a representative young man. He represents all professions and all trades. It used to be different. And now, I am certain of a risk of being unpopular, if I speak of "used to be's." And yet I can not forbear. I suppose it will ever be so. I suppose we shall ever be wandering away into the past in search of something with which to adorn or darken the present.

I am certain it used to be different. Not far back than the "olden time," to be a minister used to imply the special qualification of being called of God to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. It meant zeal, faith, love, industry and sacrifice. It meant more or less of the spirit of the reformers. It meant a "gospel for the poor," a gospel with very little regard to style of sermon, or style of dress. It meant knowledge, but that knowledge, especially, which embraced salvation through the Prince of Peace. It meant sowing in tears but reaping in gladness. It meant temporal sacrifice and deprivation, for eternal glory and durable riches. The near prospect of an unending crown of life was the special glory and wealth of the sunset of age. There used to be less study for the ministry, and more zeal for the souls and bodies of men. Less of rhetoric and oratory, and more of earnestness and simplicity. Fewer young men chose the ministry in the olden time, but more seemed to be selected by the genius and spirit of that noble profession. "The groves were God's first temples," but in later times, he is invited into gorgeous temples, beautifully adorned with the work of men's hands. The "groves were God's first temples" many of the temples of modern times, according to every indication, are exclusively the property of a society, in charge of trustees. Now-a-days to be a minister implies a casual or convenient choice of business, a few years of pleasant association and study in some well endowed school, a graduation, a diploma, a laying on of hands, an installation, a settlement and this is all; except a few years of popularity and unpopularity, while the man is young, and then he goes into some more "regular business" or is placed upon the supernumerated list, and turned over to the tender mercies of the world. Do not understand me to ignore, in the smallest degree, learning or culture as brought to give power to any work. I am only giving what seems to me a truthful picture of the old and the new. Of course it is by no means a finished sketch,—only tracing the outlines.

In the profession of law, if I have been told correctly, the question of brains used to be a leading one. Capacity, knowledge, maturity of judgment, all these were very important items. Then it meant reason, argument, justice; now it means robbery, artifice and professional jugglery. To be a lawyer in the olden time, required study and culture, and usually manhood. Now, a lad (he may be "smart and active"), is employed in the office to sweep and dust and keep the door open when the principal is out. While here, he learns the "tricks of trade," and before the world has lost sight of the "office boy," a new "shingle" is out somewhere, and a new name added to the list of "counselors at law." You will see a man of mature years in search of legal advice. He sits before this new fledgling of the legal profession, and buys his counsel. It is indeed a queer spectacle. Is it strange that the course of law is inscrutable and past finding out? Very soon, this representative fast young man, filled now with a peculiar ambition, is found upon the "stump," haranguing the people. He is a "candidate." He can run fast and well. The older men stand aside. He "runs" and is lifted into official dignity, but not into possession of brains. He is now a law-maker, with about as high a sense of the importance of his position, with an appreciation of his duties as keen as the relish of the school boy for the depths of philological lore.

The Cup of Cold Water.

HOW TO HELP IN THE MISSION WORK.

When at Cuttack, a short time ago, a beloved missionary sister showed me a charming letter which she had recently received from a pious young nephew in England, from which I am permitted to make the following extract. I do this, in the hope that some of our friends in America who read it, may be led to see how they too can give the cup of cold water to a disciple of Christ. Long, long years ago it was said: "As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." And "There my best friends, my kindred dwell."

But to the extract:
"I always feel happy when writing to you, and one cause of this happiness is, the thought (it may be a foolish one) that whilst I am corresponding with you, sending you my little scraps of news from the old land, I am indirectly, in some small measure, forwarding the good work. If I can cheer you, and my loved uncle, by assurances that you are not forgotten in England, that many a heart pulsates with pleasure at the mention of your name, and sympathizing friends bow the knee, in supplication for blessings to rest upon your labors; if the assurance of this, in any way cheers you on to renewed effort and stimulates activity in the blessed work, my end is gained, and I feel that I have done a little, given a cup of cold water. This is one reason why I write. Would to God I could do more for you and for him!"

May the thought cheer you in your arduous labors, the thought that many loving friends are uniting their voices with yours in asking God's Spirit to accompany you, and his grace to preserve you. Let us remember that,

"Though sundered far, by faith we meet
Around one common mercy-seat."

Now, granting that the interspace of a letter thus commenced and thus concluded, were (as in the present instance) well filled with "little scraps" of home news, &c., and is it any matter of surprise that such a nice little missile projected from a loving heart should be even more than a cup of cold water to the weary, worn and often fainting missionary? If it could only be borne in mind that missionaries are not ethereal beings, but men and women subject to the same rules of demand and supply as their friends at home are, it would seem as though they might far more frequently be cheered and encouraged in their work, and those at home be blest at the same time.

Santipore, April 16, 1872.

Live Within Your Means.

This may not always be practical, for there are times when one's resources are unavoidably cut off, and he is obliged to fall back upon the generosity of friends. Such deserve pity, not blame.

But, the rule is evidently too often disregarded, when it might be kept. Temptations to the violation of it are many. The perverted appetites of hunger and thirst demand prohibited gratification; the love of personal display; the disposition to equal or rival others in style and costliness of equipage in the public place, or in the home surroundings; the fondness for exhibitions, shows and public gatherings of all sorts where the fee for admittance is but a small fraction of the bill of fare; the inclination to sloth, a waste of precious time, which Franklin said, "is money," and last, but not least, a moral recklessness in regard to the rights of others, that stops not to consider, conscientiously, the claims of the societies, or persons on which one depends for subsistence;—these and other motives contribute to the prodigality that brings want, and too often seems almost to compel the victim to fraudulent methods of living. Somebody must foot the bills. If necessary, to keep within the means of living, the strictest economy, and even self-denial, should be cheerfully practiced. For it is little less a crime to go in debt with no reasonable expectation of payment, especially for things that are not necessary to health and usefulness,—than is theft or robbery!

Want of financial integrity should be regarded as a sin. It is an offense against God, no less than a wrong against man. It is a manifest breach of the law of love and benevolence. And, since the church itself is suffering so essentially from this form of impiety, it would seem that plain and earnest instruction from the pulpit, upon this subject, is loudly called for. And, surely, the teacher of Christian morals must himself exemplify his doctrines in his own practice. "Thou that preachest that a man should not steal, dost thou steal?" And, appropriately may we add: "Thou that preachest financial integrity, dost thou wrong thy neighbor by lack of self-restraint and a conscientious regard for the rights of other men?" Nothing should be more sacred than the financial pledges and obligations between men, and especially professedly Christian men and ministers.

While Christianity is happily experimental it is no less appropriately practical. It evidently must be both to be respected and beneficial to the world.

A. H. MORRELL.

Harper's Ferry, W. Va., June, 1872.

It is a calumny to say that men are nervous to heroic action by ease, hope of pleasure, recompense,—sugar plums of any kind,—in this world or the next. In the meanest mortal there is something nobler. The poor swearing soldier, hired to be shot, has his honor of a soldier different from drill regulations and the shilling a day. It is not to taste sweet things, but to do noble and true things, and vindicate himself under God's heaven as a God-made man, that the poorest of Adam dimly longs. Show him the way of doing that, and the dullest kindles into a hero.—Carlyle.

Joyfulness.

How many are there who possess it? Yet it is for all. More than that, it is incumbent upon all. Some people are made joyful by an acquisition of money, others by some "favorable stroke of good fortune,"—as they are pleased to term it,—all, by prosperity. But that is not healthy joyfulness, for it is supported by circumstances alone, and it will ebb or flow, just as our financial matters prosper. A man laden with care and whose mind is burdened with despondency, would faintly smile if he were told it was his duty to be joyful. "Joyful? I be joyful, when I am burdened as I am?" Yes, my dear friend! You live. That is something. Have you lived till now? God has helped you. As long as you may live, he will help you. It is by brooding over cares that they grow insupportable and unendurable.

Sometimes I think that the birds were made for man in his lonely hours. It seems that then their warblings sound clearer and sweeter, while not only they, but innumerable insects chirp out in comforting strains to man. Sister, has household cares wearied or perplexed you? Sing! for we are to serve the Lord with gladness. A man may be downcast, wearied and discouraged, yet he may be joyful. It requires faith, I know, but then, when we wreath our face in smiles, we can look up to Jesus and say, Thy strength is sufficient for us.

W. H. M.

Rest.

To such as have borne the burden in the heat of the day, rest is sweet. Such as have never been wearied by either mental or physical toil, are incapable of appreciating its sweetness.

Six thousand years ago, when man by sin incurred the displeasure of his Creator and was driven from the beautiful garden, the decree went forth, that by the sweat of his brow man should eat bread.

That sentence has never yet been revoked. This beautiful evening of the nineteenth century, we find it just as applicable to us as it then was to the post-diluvians. And duty calls to-day just as loudly upon us to work, as it has ever done in any age of the world's history to our fallen race. If we work not, neither can we hope to rest. Some who allow the powers that were given them for noble purposes, to lie dormant, without an effort for their cultivation, will, in due time, reap their just reward. For it is plainly declared in Holy Writ that such as know their duty and do it not shall be beaten with many stripes. But those who do with their might whatsoever their hands find to do, will in the end enjoy the blessings of rest. Justice requires nothing at our hands that we have not power to accomplish. The rest of our holy Sabbath is but typical of that which is in reservation for the pure in heart. And the sacrifice of the lamb upon the altar by ancient Israel was also typical of the great atonement that was to be made through Calvary's Lamb for the sins of the world. The sweet rest of heaven was bought for us in the hour in which it was said, "It is finished." But through the freedom of his own will, man may accept or reject his priceless boon.

Infinite love has done much for our redemption. But it remains with us to make the final decision. Upon it depends the issue of a never-ending eternity. Human language has not power to express the thoughts and feelings which must well up in the souls of those who stand upon the borders of the unseen world, ready to plunge into a gulf of eternal misery, or be transported to the land of light. The horrors of the bottomless pit and the glories of the New Jerusalem are alike indescribable. Untold misery awaits the finally impenitent. But the weary and toll-worn pilgrim, as he hears the Canaan of eternal rest, will experience a far sweeter joy than did those who after forty years of suffering and trial entered the earthly Canaan. There yet remained trials for them to endure and thorns to entangle their feet. But when once he enters its portals, the Christian will be forever at rest. Hope will then for him find its glad fruition. Kindred ties, here so suddenly severed, will then be again united. And happiness such as this world has never known, will stir the deep fountains of our hearts and illumine our faces with heavenly light. There we shall find that rest for which every child of God is so earnestly seeking. Freely, "without money and without price," it is offered to every son and daughter of Adam's fallen race.

M.

Rev. Richard Richardson.

Rev. Richard Richardson died at Varysburg, N. Y., June 10, 1872, of heart disease, in the 74th year of his age.

The subject of this notice was born in Leek, Staffordshire, Eng., Jan. 14, 1799. At the age of fourteen he was converted to the Lord, and with zeal and love he gave himself to his Master's work. He began preaching immediately, and continued unweariedly in the ministry, fifty-nine years,—the remainder of his life. His first labors were among the Methodists, among whom he had been brought up. In 1872 he came to this country, and preached in Monroe Co., N. Y., filling several charges.

After a few years, his attention was drawn to the subject of baptism, by discussions thereon among his Methodist brethren. Having examined the Bible carefully, he renounced his former views on baptism; was baptized by Elder S. Bathrick, and united with the B. F. Baptist body. In this new relation his first pastorate was with the West Bethany church. He afterwards labored at Cowlesville, Varysburg, Wales, Darien, Attica and other places; all in the same or adjoining counties of New York.

As a preacher, he was characterized by

great familiarity with gospel truths, and readiness of utterance, united with mental power and acumen. He was really a preacher,—and he preached not for the pay, but because the Master had bid him, and he loved the work.

He has gone to his rest mourned by a large circle of loving friends. His flock at Varysburg feel their loss keenly, for whom he labored with much success, particularly in the Sabbath-school cause to which he was devoted. He anticipated a sudden call, had set his house in order, and was ready to go.

The funeral was at Varysburg, on the 12th, attended by the writer. Text, Rev. 14: 13. On the same day his earthly remains were taken to the Cowlesville cemetery, there to await the resurrection morn. Two days afterward the following testimonial was given to his worth:

"Whereas, God in his providence has again visited us by death, and suddenly called to the upper sanctuary our dear brother and fellow-laborer, Richard Richardson, we, the Holland Purchase Ministers' Conference, bear therein the votes of the Master, saying unto us, 'Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh.' We would emulate the ability and faithfulness of the departed in constantly preaching the gospel. And we pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers of like power and zeal to fill up the thinned ranks of his servants. We sincerely express to our widowed sister our condolence and earnest desire that our Father in heaven may strengthen and comfort her."

ALEXANDER DICKS.

Giving till One Feels It.

President Tuttle finds this a pretty good standard to test our charities by. Writing to the Interior, he says:

There have been times when I have been troubled concerning what was really none of my business. I once said to a man of wealth who always gave,—if he were at the church when collection was taken up,—twenty-five cents for the conversion of the heathen: "Something is out of joint; either you are giving too little for what the Lord Jesus gave his life, or some of your fellow-Christians are giving too much. Here is the subscription. The name before yours is the name of a seamstress who gets only half-a-dollar a day for sewing. She has given a dollar in cash to foreign missions. The name that follows yours is that of a widow whose needle and wash-tub support herself and five children." She has given fifty cents. You, sir, are sandwiched between these two hard-working women, and you give only twenty-five cents! If there is any equity in heaven, either the Master shall adjudge the gift of you, a rich man, as too small, or the gifts of these two poor women as far too large!"

It was a plain speech, and I would make it again under the same circumstances. It has been said that the apostolic direction to rich men in the sixth chapter of the First Epistle to Timothy, means that they shall so give that they shall feel it, and not merely the crumbs of their wealth. Now, precisely here is one part of my difficulty in regard to a great deal of so-called charitable giving. Take a Christian man who has "given all to the Lord." His property is estimated at a million, and one year his returns to the government assessor showed a clear profit in his business of a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. One investment of a quarter of a million brings him a dividend of ten per cent, besides the accumulating surplus. It would be safe to say that he adds not less than from fifty to seventy-five thousand dollars each year to his property. Now, suppose he gives one hundred dollars a year for pew rent, and for each of the great causes of our church, or even that to these latter causes he gives five hundred each, making on the one supposition say six hundred dollars a year, and on the other five times as much. How much can he feel the deduction of either six hundred dollars or three thousand from property popularly rated at a million, and an income of seventy-five thousand?

A great many people would not feel very bad if any business or charitable transaction that should leave them a clear income of seventy-two thousand in place of seventy-five. Suppose the man of a million had taken five thousand dollars of his income, and then had tithed his million of capital,—that he would have felt, and yet not so very much, one would think, with that fine balance of nine-tenths of a million still in hand. The vast majority of my Christian acquaintances manage to get along on a smaller sum than that.

Now take the farmer, at whose house I write these lines,—a Christian man, with less than a hundred acres, a large family, the oldest not seventeen, and the youngest not one year old. His meat, bread and vegetables he produced on the farm, but he must buy many things with money to make his family decent for Sunday. He sold last year, over and above expenses of the carrying on of the farm, about nine hundred dollars worth of produce. Deduct from this sum what he must pay for taxes, sugar, calico, shoes and coarse woolen goods for his boys and himself, and how much has he left? Not seventy-two thousand dollars, that is sure! Suppose he gives thirty dollars for his pew, five to each cause of our church, and a hundred dollars to our seminary; do you suppose these will make him feel it? To do this much, he must contrive and economize for months beforehand. In fact, there are times when he is really distressed about his charities to provide the needed money. It may seem almost arrogant, and yet I can not help asking whether my farmer friend is under any more obligations to be put in such straits for the Master he loves than any other friend who has a million of capital, and seventy-five thousand dollars income.

Now, I do not criticize, for, as I said, it is none of my business, except to express my mind freely. There is a vast amount of wealth within the church, and no doubt many rich Christians do feel straitened to meet their expenses for residence, equipage and other things incident to their position, but I suspect there are not very many whose charities distress them, so that they meet the direction of the apostle to give money in charity, so as to feel it. It is only a suspicion,—and God only knows the fact. But what a chance has the Christian man of wealth in our day to lay up in store for himself a foundation against the time to come.

their only legitimate use is to serve as materials of thought and study. On this point some very suggestive remarks are made by the London Sunday School Teacher:

The main element of such preparation as the teacher requires is thought. It is not enough merely to read the thoughts of others, however admirable they may be. No help from commentaries or notes can do away with the study of a lesson for ourselves. It is right, indeed, that you should sit down, pen in hand, and gather from every quarter those notes and illustrations which may be useful in the teaching of your lesson. But then all the various fragments have to be combined into one complete whole. This illustration has to be rejected as foreign to our purpose, and another must be sought. This text, which seems so very apt to quote, would lead us far away from the subject of our lesson. Then, perchance, the tempting dissertation upon history, or manners and customs, or geography, has to be curtailed, so that we may have time to bring out the main application of the lesson appointed, as to teach. Now all this involves thought and study; this is the process of mental digestion, by which we fit for use the materials which we have already gathered. It is not sufficient that you should have ransacked every store of learning open to you; you must skillfully and thoughtfully work all together to form one harmonious whole, or you will find point after point fall of its effect, because your lesson is fragmentary, and almost any part might have been left out without any detriment to the rest. The teacher who acts thus is like a man who, when he wanted to erect a perfect statue, should go to the British Museum, and from its store of art treasures select an arm here and a leg there, and so on, each limb perfect in itself, and most beautiful; but when he came to make his statue, surely he would find that these disjointed members would require infinite trouble before they could be moulded into one perfect whole, so as to compose a complete statue. In short, he would find the thing impossible; and so, too, will the teacher, whose lesson is a mere collection of fragmentary thoughts, find that it has failed in its effect; and surely, if he discovers this, he has no right to charge the failure upon his children or superintendent, or the arrangements of the school, or even upon his own want of tone and temper at the time, but solely and exclusively upon that want of preparation and want of thought to which, in reality, it is due.

S. S. Department.

The Training of Children.

A great "commandment with promise" is that contained in the familiar words: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

While we have, here, the sentiment of one who was endowed with extraordinary wisdom, qualifying him for the headship of a great family, and of a far reaching kingdom, we have also the teaching of Divine inspiration.

Notwithstanding the positive character of this language, it is attended with much difficulty and doubt in the minds of many good people. To their observation and experience this confessedly good rule has many sad exceptions. Many who claim to have complied with the conditions are pained in not realizing the results which should mingle with their sorrow over unconverted and wayward children. Many of the "best of parents having bad children," and many of the "children of clergymen turning out badly" have become proverbial; and have afforded to scoffers at religion the occasion of some of their most damaging accusations.

With the confessedly numerous and sad instances of waywardness in children of Christian parents must be borne in mind the fact that, from the profession made by the parents, and the corresponding advantages accruing to their children a close, critical scrutiny is given to them, departures are flagrant, and exaggeration of the consequences often follows. One such departure is more the subject of observation and remark, than "ninety and nine" children who have had no Christian training. The records of our institutions of learning, the rolls of honor among the noblest and highest professions and pursuits of men, show where the great mass of well trained youth have gone to glorify God, and to bless the world. These records reiterate the Scripture declaration of proper training and promised results, and prove that the exceptions to the rule are fewer than the inconsiderate, hasty conclusions of many make them. The great mass of pious parents are indeed in the enjoyment of the promise, as well as in the prosecution of the work of training up their children.

Those who have himself, in the immoral acts of Solomon, found an enjoying good early training, a contradiction of his own sentiment, have failed to consider that, "when old," he was reclaimed to the way he should go; and that, in his latter life, there shone out the beauties of piety and wisdom, though late, yet beautiful, like the rays of an evening sun, when riven clouds have failed to obscure his departing glories.

With all that is cheering and encouraging, however, in the testimony of our times to the work, there is yet much that is painful and admonitory in the degeneracy of youth. To this no lover of children, no lover of God, can be indifferent.

I propose, in further writing, to inquire into the peculiar work of training up children, and endeavor to show that much that passes for this, in Christian families, is unworthy of the name, comes short of the divine requirement, and hence fails of his blessing.

Let us first look at the word employed, and get the thought suggested and enjoined so frequently in the Scriptures. To train is to "draw along, to entice, to allure, to persuade, to discipline, to teach, and form by practice." These several ideas are involved in the work of training up a child. They may be comprised in three elements,—to love, to teach, to govern.

Love is essential to our work. To "draw" a child along in the way he should go, and from the way in which he would go, from the bias of an evil nature, is peculiarly the work of love. It requires that constraining power which one loving heart acquires over another, and which exerts a power like the attraction of the planets rather than the force of the winds.

To teach is the duty and privilege of the parent, and the necessity of the child. Knowing is essential to doing, properly. A child should not be expected to act from mere command, without an intelligent idea of the right and wrong of things; not required to walk in a certain way without knowing the excellence of that way, and the evil of the opposite. To all other means and modes of teaching must be added the power of example. To "form by practice," implies that duty both upon the part of the teacher and the taught. If to words and theories are added works; if to love and its leadings is added the example which charms to imitation, then the work of child-training will be both pleasant and successful. That was a true bit of a quaint writer,—The best way to train up our children in the way they should go is to go that way occasionally, ourselves.

To govern, or control, is a most important, while often a most difficult part of child-training. Under the best of influences, there are times when a conflict of will, of feeling, of preference arises. Here is the occasion demanding a combination of firmness and affection, by which the will of the child must be induced to "submission and government." This must be not merely a momentary submission to authority, but to a principle taught, and established in that child's mind. Thus a respect of authority, rather than a fear of it, will be secured, and a principle inculcated which will influence its subject in the dark as well as the light, and afar off as well as near at hand.

Thus by love, by instruction, and by government, a child may be trained up in the way he should go. But all this work of the parent must be looked upon as leading the child to Him by whose word and spirit he is induced into "ways of pleasantness and paths of peace." A great first lesson must be taught the child, that, to all human and moral training and attainments must be added the influence of the Divine Spirit, his regenerating grace, imparting a life higher than that which is merely moral, amiable, or intelligent. This course of instruction must include a knowledge of the nature and consequences of sin, that the object of earnest selfitude may be saved from both, and thus being led into "the way he should go," there is the best guaranty that "when he is old, he will not depart from it."—Rev. W. D. Siegfried.

AFTER READING, THOUGHT. Books are good helps, but they must be used, and

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE. On this fruitful theme a writer in the Sunday School Times suggests a fresh instance:

Probably the greatest influence we exert over our Sunday-school classes is put forth at times when we are most unconscious of exerting any influence. It is the few minutes before the school opens, and those which follow its closing, which tell most powerfully on the child's heart.

When engaged about the lesson, it is expected that the teacher will be serious, and will speak of things pertaining to the Sabbath. But how does he deport himself at other times on the holy day? Do his teachings and example go together? If when he comes in, he begins to chat lightly with a fellow-teacher about the events of the week, its business and its pleasures, and the prospect of the week to come, the listening scholar will feel that the Sabbath sanctity is with him only a lesson to be conned and taught, not practiced.

If, on the contrary, he is devout and serious from the moment he enters his seat; if he seems to turn naturally to the lesson, as the great matter of the hour to him; if he improves the few moments before opening in speaking an earnest word of counsel or sympathy with one of his scholars, how will the heart thrill, and the conscience bear witness to his faithfulness!

A minister has said, that his first religious impressions were caused by the Christian conversation of some Sabbath-school teachers, as they stood around the stove one winter's morning. Years after, the conversation was as distinct to his mind as on the day it was uttered. It is needless to say it was not on frivolous, worldly subjects, yet they doubtless had no idea of exerting any influence at the time. They were merely speaking to each other from the fullness of their hearts.

ONE WELL-REMEMBERED LESSON: Rev. Arthur Mitchell gives, in the Advance, a suggestive bit of personal experience:

I remember one of my Sunday-school teachers when I was a boy. He was a plain man, but a most successful school education, though naturally intelligent and thoughtful. He was a very quiet man, even a matter-of-fact man; teller in a country bank. But he evidently studied the lessons, and he evidently was anxious for our souls. It pains me now when I think how perplexed and grieved he looked sometimes at our unquerable heedlessness and fun; but one thing about his teaching I shall never forget. It was the way he had occasionally, after the lesson itself was over, of laying his hand on my knee, and looking seriously into my face, and saying in warm and earnest undertone some simple words of questioning or persuasion which evidently just came right out of his heart. I do not remember one lesson he ever taught me, can not recall one illustration which he ever used, or one anecdote he ever told, but I feel his hand on my knee now. His kind, serious, anxious face is before me while I write. That half-fused, deep, tremulous voice is as distinctly in my ears as it was twenty-three years ago. These things would have made poor substitutes for well-studied lessons; but these things laid the lessons on my soul. They made me feel that the lessons were true, and I saw that my teacher believed them, and felt them in his deepest heart. It is the sight of this which makes a Sunday-school scholar grow still and serious in the midst of a class of joking boys, sends him home with a new thoughtfulness at his heart, and, very likely, leads him when he reaches home to steal quietly up stairs, or out into the garden, and put up his first blind, half-taught prayer.

SUDDENLY DELIVERED. A man who was a confirmed and hopeless drunkard, being about to go out to the Fishing Bank, with a fisherman, proposed, before they started, "to take a drink."

"No," said the fisherman; "I don't drink."

"Don't you drink anything?"

"No; I don't drink anything."

"Why not?"

"Because I am a Christian."

"What?" said the man, "does Christ keep you from drinking?"

The fisherman, at first confused by the novelty of the question, hesitated a moment, then answered, "Yes! Christ keeps me from drinking!"

The poor inebriate thought, "There is help that I didn't think of." He went home and prayed, "O Lord Jesus, keep me from drinking." He was delivered.

Selections.

The End.

When my last prayers are said,
And I have gone to sleep,
Sweet friends, about my painless bed
I beg you not to weep.

For death is not like life,
And life was full of tears;
Let smiling triumph o'er the strife,
And crown the conquered years.

All tribulation past,
All doubt and sorrow done;
My Father's face unveiled at last,
His royal rest begun.

So breathe my brow with flowers,
And smiling, softly say,
"Her death hath made doubly ours,
And us her heirs to-day."

Her wealth was earnest thought
And self-forgetting love;
Release from sin on earth she sought,
And finds it now, above.

Let lofty praise, instead
Of wailing dirge, be sung,
With Him who died to raise the dead,
She lives forever young.

—Cong.

The Sunday Question.

Of the importance of the Sabbath, in the vital economy of the American people, there is no longer any doubt. With all the periodical rest it brings us, we still find ourselves overworked; and the weeks of paralysis are strewn around us on every hand. Without it we find ourselves despoiled of our most efficient and reliable safeguard in the dangers which beset the paths of business enterprise. As a matter of economy, therefore, as a conservator of health and life and the power to work, the Sabbath, observed strictly as a day of rest from secular labor, is of the utmost importance. We can not afford to-day, and we shall never be able to afford, to give it up to labor, either in city or country. Experience has settled this point, and yielded upon every hand its testimony to the wisdom of the divine institution. As a measure of social, moral, and physical health, as a measure of industrial economy—the ordination of a day of periodical rest like that which the Sabbath brings us would come legitimately within the scope of legislation. If we had no Sabbath, it would be the duty of the State to ordain one; and as we have it, it is equally the duty of the State to protect it, and confirm to the people the material and vital benefits which it is so well calculated to secure.

There are certain other facts connected with the observance of the Sabbath in America which are quite as well established as the one to which we have alluded, the most prominent of which is, that the high morality and spirituality of any community depends uniformly on its observance of the Sabbath. We do not believe there is a deeply religious community in America, of any name, that does not observe one day in seven as a day specially devoted to religion. The earnest Christian or Jewish workers everywhere are Sabbath-keepers, in their separate ways and days. It is very well to talk about "every-day Christianity," and the men of letters; the Pharisees of the religion they contain than all the Romans and Strauss have ever done or can do. They understand this, and their efforts will be directed to this end, through every specious protest, plea, and plan.

The most religious and earnest of the Catholic clergy of Europe lament the fact that the Sunday of their church and their several countries is a day of amusement. They see, and they publicly acknowledge, that without the English and American Sabbath they work for the spiritual benefit of their people at a sad disadvantage. It is the European Sabbath, or Sunday, which we are told is to come to America at last through her foreign population. We hope not. We would like to ask those who would rejoice in its advent, how much it has done for the countries where it exists. Go to Italy, France, Spain, Ireland, to any part of Germany, Catholic or Italian, and find if possible any people so temperate, pure, chaste, truthful and benevolent as the Sabbath-keeping communities of America. It can not be done. The theater, the horse-race, the ball, the cricket-ground, the lager-beer saloon, have taken in them that can take the place of the institutions of religion. They are established and practiced in the interest of the animal, and not at all in the interest of the moral and intellectual side of humanity. They minister only to thoughtlessness and brutality. So much, then, seems obvious: 1st. That we can not do without Sunday as a day of physical and mental rest; 2d. That either as a consequence or concomitant, moral and spiritual improvement grow always with the observance of Sunday as a religious day; and, 3d. That Sunday, as a day of amusement simply, is profitless to the better and nobler side of human nature and human life.

Now the questions relative to the opening of parks, libraries, reading-rooms, etc., in great cities on Sunday, are not moral or religious questions at all,—they are prudential, and are to be settled by experiment. It is to be remembered that there are large numbers of the young in all great cities who have no home. They sleep in little rooms, in which in winter they have no fire, and can never sit with comfort. They are without congenial society. They have not the entire of other homes; and they must go somewhere, and really need to go somewhere. Christian courtesy does much to bring them into Christian associations, and ought to do a thousand times more. The least it can do is to open all those doors which lead to pure influences and to the entertainment of the better side of human nature. A man who seeks the society of good books, or the society of those who love good books, or chooses to wander out for the one look at nature and the one feast of pure air which the week can give him, is not to be met by bar or ban. Whatever feeds the man and ignores or starves the brute is to be fostered as a Christian agency. The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. That is not religion, but pagan slavery, which makes of Sunday a penance and a sacrifice. It is better that a man be in a library than alone all the time. It is better that he wander in the park than ever feel the temptation to enter a drinking-saloon or a brothel. The Sunday horse-car is justified in that it takes thousands to church who could hardly go

otherwise. The open library is justified in that it is a road which leads in a good direction. The roads devoted to Sunday amusement lead directly away from the Christian church. All pure ways are ways that tend upward, toward God and heaven.
—Dr. J. G. Holland.

A Man of the People.

There is a strong disposition in men of intellectual culture to associate with their own class, and keep aloof from the uneducated multitude. It is the natural impulse of like seeking like. The disposition is not confined to those to whom culture is only a means of selfish enjoyment. Men who, to an intellectual habit of mind add moral earnestness, and aim at noble ends, are largely controlled by the same instinct. It is very noticeable among many ministers. They live in their studies, among books, and in intellectual society, until their whole habit of mind and their very language differs from that of the mass of the community. The same thing holds good to a great extent of the whole class of literary and cultivated people.

A man who works by ideas may even feel himself necessitated to do this. Can one whose power lies in aptitude for thought be serviceable among those who hardly know how to think? Must not a man to whom abstractions are more real than things seen, be content to address himself to an audience "fit but few?"

It is worth while to look at the practice, in this respect, of Jesus. Humanly speaking, he was of transcendent genius. To him the whole world was instinct with higher meanings than other men saw. The sacred literature of his people opened to him depths that no other had pierced. His thoughts took a sweep of marvelous height and depth and breadth. To no other man was ever the outside of life so little account. And he conceived a purpose transcending the boldest flight of any other imagination. Other philosophers had tried to solve the problem of human existence. Other statesmen had founded nations, and even national religions. But the work he gave himself was not merely to answer the question as to the nature of man, but to practically meet the highest wants of the nature; to found, not a school of thinkers, not a nation, but a kingdom which should in its progress embrace all nations and provide for all schools of thought. He was to inaugurate a revolution compared with which the revolutions wrought by Plato and Bacon in the realm of thought, or by Julius Caesar in the world's political system, were insignificant. For this immeasurable work he had but the space of three years. Within that time, he was to give firm foothold to these new principles, and prepare his followers to carry on the work.

Being a man of such ideas and purposes, he lived almost wholly among the common people. He spoke their language. Most of his public addresses were made to them. His intimate associates were chosen from them. With the educated class he had comparatively little contact. Through his whole career he was emphatically a man of the common people.

We must consider what was this educated class, and what was the common people. In the former were the priests, the regular ministers of the true religion; the scribes, the men of letters; the Pharisees, the most respectable and orthodox part of the community; the Sadducees, acute, skeptical thinkers. Besides these there came up to Jerusalem yearly representatives of the outside world, men like Paul, familiar with Greek literature and thought, men versed in the fertile philosophies of Alexandria. Jesus had easy access to scholars equipped with the world's highest learning, trained under the intellectual culture of the Hebrews and the Greeks.

But he began his ministry and chiefly carried it on among a wholly different class. His first act was to choose as his intimate associates and disciples some fishermen and peasants of Galilee. In these rough, uncultivated men, he implanted the ideas which were to outline the philosophy of Plato, the truths that Moses and Isaiah had not reached. In his daily life, he associated himself with the plain, unlettered class. He addressed them in most of his discourses. His language was that of common life; his illustrations were drawn from experiences and feelings common to all men.

And it may be doubted whether the educated class was as a whole, hostile to him. But he did not try by trying to win them, nor does it appear that he ever looked especially to them for support, or was disappointed at their hostility. From the first, and throughout, he sought and found his listeners and adherents chiefly among the ignorant, the uncultivated, the unrefined. The "multitude" among whom he chiefly labored, were as unaccustomed to deep thought, as unresponsive to spiritual truth, as the mass of men always are.

And it may be doubted whether the educated class was as a whole, unresponsive to truth that the educated class usually is. The Pharisees were not so totally different from our Doctors of Divinity. The Sadducees might find something of a counterpart in our educated skeptics. Priests, Levites, lawyers, scribes, students of Greek philosophy, partook largely of the qualities that usually attach to the ministerial and scholarly character.

In a word, the educated and uneducated classes in the time of Christ differed much as the same classes always do; each had its own strength and its own weakness. And this state of things, the greatest idealist, the man of simplest intellectual and spiritual nature that ever lived, made his daily companionship with the uneducated and wrought chiefly through them the greatest work the world ever knew.

For those who live in the realm of moral ideas, and who would use them in the service of mankind, there is a lesson in this fact, the meaning of which is not easily nor soon exhausted.—Christian Union.

Self-Training an Education.

This whole necessity of self-use is provided as a school of education for every man, and especially may it be made efficient in the dissemination of the Gospel. He who gives his whole life-force to the work of converting men into Christ, will find, I think, that for a long time he scarcely will need anybody to tell him what to do and what to be. You must go into a parish, and say to yourself, "There is not a man, woman or child within the bounds of this parish, to whom I am not beholden. I am to bring the force of my whole soul to bear upon these persons. I am to get thoroughly acquainted with them. I am to make them feel my personality. I am to prepare them to hear me preach by gaining their confidence outside of the church and pulpit." You must meet them in their everyday life, in their ruggedness and selfishness. You will find one man spoken of as a laughing-stock in one neighborhood, and another as an odious man in another. Nobody can be a laughing-stock, or odious to you. You are like physicians who attend the inmates of a hospital; it matters

not to them from what cause the patients are lying hurt and wounded there. Sick men belong to the physician's care, and he must take care of them. Do not pick out the beautiful and good, or those who suit you. Select from your parish the man who needs you most, and if you can not be patient with him, if you can not bring your soul to be a sacrifice for others and bear with them, how can you make them understand what Jesus Christ died for the world? You have got to do that same thing right over again at home, with the members of your church, with the outcast, and with the wanderer. You must be, if I may say so, little Christs. You must make a living sacrifice of yourself, again and again, against your instincts, humbling your pride, holding in desires, submitting to things you do not like, and doing things which are repugnant to your taste, for Christ's sake and for man's sake; learning to love to do it; and so interpreting, by your personality, what it means for Jesus Christ to have made a sacrifice of himself for the salvation of the world. What else did the apostle mean by saying "Christ in you"? And if he promises to abide in you, how can he abide in you in any other sense than that?—H. W. Beecher.

The Heavenly Jubilee.

Sometimes the skeptic seeks to pour contempt upon the Christian's idea of heaven, by assuming that heaven is supposed to be a place where a company of weak-minded people get together to sing psalms. And why should not music enter largely into the enjoyment of heaven? Here on earth music is the solace, the joy, and the inspiration of the untutored, and the most highly cultivated; music softly flows from the lips of loving mothers when they would soothe the sorrows of the helpless little babe that has not even learned to lispen a syllable of articulate language; music is a rest and refreshment to the weary and despairing; music has furnished strength to the wings of hope and nerve to the hands of faith; it has given joy to the dying saints of all ages, as they have laid down the weapons and the armor of their earthly conflicts; it has served to cheer the souls of the persecuted, who, in the darkness of night and the depths of dungeons, or amid the solitude of deserts and mountain fastnesses, and the dens and caves of earth, have sung of their future home and their present Saviour. Music has served to give expression to the last victorious utterances of dying martyrs who have been enabled, by God's grace, to sing amid the crackling faggots, the howlings of the mob, and the unspoken agonies of sympathizing friends. It was Shakespeare who said—

"The man who hath no music in his soul,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

And it is a sign of a bad heart, when a man attempts to scoff at what he pretends is the Christian's idea of heaven, because singing is expected to enter into the employments of that holy place. After all, it is most reasonable to suppose music may abound in heaven; for if men can find great enjoyment here, amid all their labors and weariness, in practicing difficult music for months, what unspeakable bliss may there be experienced in engaging in the songs of the glorified, where there is no irksome toil, and no distressing weariness! And how glorious when all the saints of God shall sing in praise together in one grand eternal jubilee chorus, while attending and encircling throngs of angels wonder at the scene, and admire the song they can never sing!

It is a revealed truth that there is to be in the future a vast convocation of pure and holy souls redeemed from earth and saved from sin. All nations and races and times will be represented. The multitude will be innumerable, more than the stars of heaven, more than the sands of the seashore, and in tones sweeter than the songs of the morning stars, and louder than the voice of many waters, this company, blood-washed, palm-bearing, and crowned, will join in singing the praises of God and the Lamb; and the universe, clear to the last, shall be filled with the notes of eternal victory, and will echo back the sound through all the boundless realms of God. O blessed hour! O happy company! Let every soul reading these words devoutly pray, Dear Jesus, let me be among that glorious company; let me bear some part in the chorus of the skies; let me know the rapture of those who shall sing the new song; let me, weak and unworthy as I am, have some humble place in the numberless hosts of the redeemed.

But there is danger of missing the jubilee of heaven. God men with the fairest hopes have fallen, and the best and holiest have had fears of coming short or making shipwreck; absolute safety there can not be outside the gates of glory. We know not rightly how to measure or estimate the loss that is infinite, but still it must be that the soul most favored with talent and opportunity, and taste and culture and religious training, and who has almost entered the portals of the kingdom, must feel a terrible weight of woe, if, sinking at last, from such heights of blessing to the realms of darkness and despair. How dreadful a thing, too, it must be for one gifted with the talent for music and song to go down to death; how dreadful for those who have sung the beautiful and holy songs of earth, to go where the voice of melody will never be heard! In hell there will be no music, no song, no joy, no gladness; but sorrow and sadness and weeping and wailing, and the ceaseless moaning of desolate and banished souls. Ah! heaven is a place to be desired, and no labor or zeal should be spared to reach its waiting, blissful shores. Its jubilee will take place for the ransom of the Lord shall return to Zion with songs, and there they shall dwell forever—

"Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
Where saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll."
—Zion's Herald.

Doing Good in Secret.

There are innumerable ways in which we may realize this ideal of Christian beneficence. All that we can do for others in the way of secret intercessions on their behalf is of this nature. The matter of literal almsgiving is most Christ-like and winning, when it puts on this soft and silvery veil of retiring delicacy. We send to a vacant larder a bag of flour, or to a cold hearthstone a load of wood, or to a ragged group of children a piece of cloth,—we find out when a poor man's rent is due, and satisfy his landlord, and none but God and ourselves know whose hand has conveyed such relief. We link some pleasant companion to our arm and make a quiet call upon some family of our fellowship feeling cold, and shy, and neglected, or upon some stranger newly arrived, isolated and

solitary, or upon some scene of sickness and suffering, where sympathy is so precious and strengthening, or upon some wanderer from his covenant, whose erring steps we visit and leads back to God, and duty, and Christian communion; and all this so silently and unobtrusively, without announcing or reporting our errand, that it is never suspected that we proposed to ourselves to accomplish it. In our homes we may study the special moods of each inmate, his temperament and his trials, and, without attracting attention, supply just the element that is needed to enliven, cheer and sustain.

And this method of Christian working deepens and sweetens our own humility, for we are not seeking the praise of men; strengthen our faith, for it brings us into more familiar intimacy with God, to whom alone we tell our secret; and makes our heart overflow with comfort, peace, and joy, for we have in our happy secret a fountain of glad consciousness.—Rev. A. L. Stone, D. D.

Mr. Beecher's Theology.

We shall never raise a question, says *The Watchman & Reflector*, as to Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's theological teachings; if he will keep persistently to the line of the following paragraph. It is of the very essence of the Bible teaching on the vital doctrine which is thus set forth:

If you go to the bottom, the nature of man is such that without Divine influence acting upon him, he will not rise and develop, any more than the kernel of corn will sprout and grow. Do you think because you tickle your ground with guano, that that is the reason why your corn grows? Can you say, "Sun, I do not want your help; I own this ground; I have sown guano over it, and the seed will grow?" Or can you say to the showers, "I own this ground; I know how to raise crops; I need not your help." I should like to see the farmer that could declare himself thus independent of sun and shower, and raise a crop. The seed needs the vivifying influence of the sun and of the shower to call forth its latent life; and the human soul needs a Divine power in its expansion, as much more than the seed as it is greater than a seed. There is no seed that is lifted up to the great human race except the arms of God reach down and lift it up. We are a godless race, but we are a race with a God, and it is by the grace of God that we are what we are if we have made one single step of upward progress.

Jephtha's Daughter.

Wherever I have seen or heard the vow of Jephtha alluded to, it has always seemed to me a settled conviction in the writer or speaker's mind, that the fulfillment of that vow involved the real sacrifice of his daughter, as a burnt offering; and I had long since learned to accept this as a fixed fact in Scripture history.

But recently, by the simple and faithful reading of this interesting story, in the English version of the Polyglot Bible, with marginal readings and references, these conclusions have been somewhat disturbed. Jephtha said (Judges 11:31), "Whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me, when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall surely be the Lord's; and I will offer it up for a burnt offering." In the margin I find the word or substituted for and; from which may be inferred that one or two sacrifices should be made.

Again, in the 40th verse, we read, "That the daughters of Israel went yearly to lament the daughter of Jephtha, the Gileadite, for four days." In the marginal reading I find the words, "to talk with her," substituted for "to lament." Now, how could they talk with her, if at the end of two months her father offered her as a burnt offering?—*New York Observer*.

Praying in Strange Tongues.

The missionaries learn to use a strange language in reading, writing, and talking, much sooner than they venture on it in public prayer. They sometimes need special encouragement to make this last hazardous undertaking. It seems not only difficult, but so peculiar that it is hard for them to meet me, when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall surely be the Lord's; and I will offer it up for a burnt offering." In the margin I find the word or substituted for and; from which may be inferred that one or two sacrifices should be made.

—Independent.

The Pastor.

"The power to please may be found anywhere, but the power to seize the conscience and bring the sinner face to face with his own worthlessness and condemnation, comes of simple faith and happy fellowship with God." So says the author of the *Life of John Milne*; and how true. And yet it is the former which most Christians and some preachers seem to covet most earnestly. It is that which some congregations chiefly value in a pastor. Above all, he must be able to please. And we would not be understood to suggest that this power has no value. There is no virtue in being disagreeable. Repulsiveness is far from being a grace. But, in one whose chief object is to bring souls to Christ, the power to please is by no means the prime essential. To think chiefly of that indicates a low state of piety. It is a sign, not of ardent, but of feeble love to Christ. It indicates but a secondary regard for God's honor, and a subordinate interest in the work of turning men to Him. And then, it is not at the root of that sensitiveness to the opinions of others which makes the worker in the vineyard so often unhappy? If one would live in spiritual sunshine, he must cease to live to please men. To please the Master is a noble ambition. To live for the end, and to bring back the wanderers to his fold is a higher and more satisfying purpose.—*Congregationalist*.

If the spirit of God did not awaken sinners and cause them to see their lost condition, perhaps not one soul would seek a preparation for heaven.

The Progress of the Years.

They do not go from us, but we from them, stepping from the old into the new, and always leaving behind us some baggage no longer serviceable on the march. Look back along the way we have trodden; there they stand, every one in his place, holding fast all that was left in trust with them. Some keep our childhood, some our youth, and all have something of ours which they will give up for neither bribe nor prayer—the opinions cast away, the hopes that went with us no farther, the cares that have had successors, and the follies outgrown, to be reviewed by the memory, and called up for evidence some day.—*The Moralist*.

The Heart.

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

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CALENDAR:
Spring term, of 10 weeks, begins Feb. 20, 1872.
Summer term, of 10 weeks, begins May 7.
Fall term begins Aug. 27.
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The institution will afford to both sexes a complete course of study; and no pains will be spared by the Trustees to make the school as generally worthy the confidence and patronage of all friends to a thorough and liberal education.
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Lyndonville, Vt., 1871.
J. W. SAMPSON, Treas. and Sec.

THE MYRTLE.

This semi-monthly, published by the Free-Will Baptist Printing Establishment, for the use of Sunday School scholars, was enlarged and much improved about the first of April, 1869. It is printed on paper of a very superior quality, and its mechanical excellence is equal to that of any other paper of its class. All communications intended for publication should be addressed to "THE MYRTLE," Dover, N. H.

All orders and remittances for the paper should be sent to L. R. BURLINGAME, Dover, N. H.

TERMS.—Single copy, 30 cents a year. Ten copies or more sent to one address, 20 cents each,—payable in all cases in advance.
POSTAGE.—The postage on a single copy of the *Myrtle*, under the new law, is 24 cents a year; and no more on 10 copies or any number between one and 10, when sent to one address, than on a single one. The postage is payable at the office of delivery. The volume begins with the first number in April. Orders are solicited.
No percentage is allowed on money sent us for the *Myrtle*.
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Single and by the dozen; also Postage on the same

	Single	Dozen	Postage	Total
Psalmody, 18mo, in Sheep, single, 1.00	1.00	12.00	1.25	13.25
do do do do do do, 9.60	9.60	115.20	1.25	

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 10, 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.

Successful Workers.

They will generally be found to be those who believe the most intensely. The effectiveness of an utterance can usually be measured by the force of the conviction that prompted it. The results of work depend largely upon the faith with which we pursue it. If a man's moral convictions are feeble his moral life will also be feeble. If he utters a truth it will convey the impression that he is in some doubt about it. And even the most palpable truism might be taken from his lips at discount.

And it is much the same with a man in business. Let him believe in his work, that it is honorable and may be made profitable, and he will put more enthusiasm into it; he will earnestly pursue it, and if there are dollars or honors in it he will be pretty sure to pocket them. A brick-maker with a firm conviction that there is a fortune in his bank of clay, would be much more likely to realize it than the owner of a gold mine who doubted the success of working it. Only let our convictions be strong enough to stand alone, and there need be few fears but they will make their way. Give them intensity, and neither our own doubts nor those of other people can baffle them. They will laugh at clouds, and come bounding into port on the very wave that croakers said would overwhelm them.

Of course, this implies that our convictions be wholesome, and aimed right. A hunter would not hit the bird in the air if he aimed at its image in the water. Much less, if his gun was loaded with sand. Let truth be in the heart, and it will aspire upwards instead of downwards. Then its beats will be blows, and every blow will drive falseness farther back. Surely, the person with even the narrowest experience doesn't need to be told that weak opinions beget sickly offspring, and that all vagabond morals are born of doubt.

There was Paul, who wrote to the Corinthians that his words were prompted by his belief. We all know what an effective speaker he was, how he proclaimed the truth to the Gentiles, and was ready to preach Christ at Rome even. Think of his service. How grand it was. What a mighty contribution to the Church is his example. How the inspiration of it has quickened effort during all the years. With what a clear eye he could look into the heavenly mansions, and how his feet seemed to tread their halls even while the sands of Palestine were ranking in his sandals. Recall the wonderful story of his life. Then remember that his belief contributed its best portions, and be like him, in that respect.

How many weedy parishes there are today because the pastor doesn't believe intensely enough in using the hoe. Or, what is nearer like it, how sin abounds because the sword of the spirit is wielded so hesitatingly. Look at the fence, with doubt in his eye and handling his blade timidly. He is soon pierced. How much better is the champion of truth, who keeps stepping back, or at least rarely advancing, and holding his weapon with an uncertain grasp? Let him cherish a royal conviction in his heart. Then we shall see fire in his eye, and vigor in his thrusts, and the sparks will fly from his blade as he goes on conquering and to conquer.

To be sure, the mind is not always responsible for its vagaries. It seems to feed upon queer beliefs sometimes, just as certain diseased West Indians feed on dirt. But the person can use some influence in controlling his convictions. He can at least train them to be vigorous. He can hold them face to face with doubt, until they have looked it out of countenance and send it crawling away. If he can not always summon belief, he can at least add intensity to such as exists, and thus make it manifold more effective. What is each cable dispatch but a feat of triumph from the pulse of a strong conviction? It is this intensity of belief that could thrust itself for-

ward into space, knowing that it would rest on a continent; that could risk its reputation on locating a planet, and then turn the telescope to show our doubting eyes that it was not mistaken; and that can plan cities to accommodate the trade that it sees must center there.

Shall the Christian's faith be less strong than this? Will not the Red Sea part as readily now as it did then? Will not that spirit of readiness to preach Christ "at Rome also," witness as wonderful results? There are promises enough to the believer. And why? Because, belief,—the intense kind that is here meant,—inspires both the heart and the hand, and such are seldom conquered. What if others do see only darkness where you discern a light? Point steadily and earnestly, and by and by they will see it with you. Light is sure to dawn at sunrise. And the sun is sure to rise.

Believe in your work. Believe in humanity. Believe in Christ. Then speak and act in accordance with that belief, and all good things, both spiritual and temporal, shall crown your life.

Commencement at Bates.

Bates College held its sixth commencement week before last. We were expecting a report of the proceedings for our last issue, but having failed to receive it we give herewith what will be only a little more than a hurried account of the exercises.

These, by unanimous report, were creditable to the institution, and indicated that it is enjoying real and increasing prosperity. Diplomas were given to fourteen young men, who take these as their certificate as they go out to meet living issues. But not these alone. They have acquired a mental training, they have got a large faith and high purpose, and these are their real credentials. If they are as faithful in the real world as they seem to have been in their college duties, they will do good service. Of which there is great need.

The baccalaureate sermon, which began the commencement exercises, was preached on Sunday afternoon by President Cheney. It was timely, practical and effective, and the stimulus that it added to the purpose of its many hearers will not readily subside. —The exercises of the Theological department are reported in another place.

The Prize Declamations on Wednesday are well spoken of by those who heard them, as are the various examinations of the College classes. These occupied most of the time during the earlier part of the week, while the Trustees and Overseers were busy with the usual duties of the annual meeting, and with the still more significant work of providing for the existing wants of the College. As has been previously intimated, there is increased work laid out for the coming year. The faculty has received real additions, and the plans indicate pluck and venture that can hardly fail of good results.

The report of the President, read at the regular meeting of the Trustees, presented the condition and future wants of the College. The corporation has the management of three institutions, the Latin, or preparatory school, the College and the Theological School. New and pressing demands are made, in consequence of which pecuniary aid is wanted. There is a floating debt of some \$20,000 or more, which ought to be paid off, and additional funds are needed to meet current expenses. Pledges have been received to pay the amount of \$9,000 in salaries to two professors for the year ending in June, 1873, and a further amount of \$5,000 has been pledged for the permanent fund. Are not these needed funds being kept back by parties who could better afford to do without them than the College can?—Prof. Butler was elected Professor emeritus of Systematic Theology, and it is understood that his active duties will cease at the next commencement.

Of the exercises of Commencement day proper, there is no need to say much. They were highly creditable, and receive favorable verdicts from all who witnessed them. The presence of Dr. Burns, of London, concerning whom the most of our readers know something, was an interesting feature of the day. He, with Superintendent Philbrick, of Boston, received the honorary degree of LL.D., while that of D. D. was conferred upon Charles Howard Malcom, of Newport, R. I.

The Commencement dinner was an eminently gustatory occasion. Among the guests were Governor Porham, Congressman Faye, Dr. Burns, President Graham, of Hillsdale College, and others. The speeches were full of sense and merriment, mingled in about the right proportions to suit the time. Perhaps the most noticeable person present was Father Lucy, pastor of St. Joseph's Catholic church, of Lewiston. He spoke a good word for education, and expressed himself as highly gratified that he was permitted to make one of the dinner party. The remarks of Dr. Burns were received with applause, which was especially demonstrative when he alluded to the sufferings of the Lancashire workmen, during the cotton famine of the Rebellion, who preferred to starve rather than see the cause of freedom fail.

On the whole, the week was one that the best friends of the College may recall with delight, while the most lukewarm might be stirred by the signs of promise that were manifested. The prospect for the coming year is good, and the whole future of the College wears a promising look. May our hopes for its success be high, and then may they be more than realized.

THE REGISTER FOR 1873. It is hoped that every church and Q. M. clerk will exert himself to forward all statistics for the next Register at the earliest practicable time. Promptness now will save delay by and by. If there are churches without clerks, let some member interest himself to forward the proper statistics.

Work of the Church.

There is nothing mental or degrading in work; on the contrary it is an honor and a privilege. The greatest toilers have often received the most hearty homage. The inventions and discoveries in science, which revolutionized the world, were not the product of chance or indolence, but of intense, protracted effort. Howard was a most incessant toiler; so were Coan, Judson, Marks, Colby and a great number who rest from their labors and whose works follow them. Jesus made himself a servant of servants, claiming the example of God: My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.

The Christian church was founded for work. It is not an institution for rest, recreation, enjoyment; though these may be secured incidentally by its members. Its mission is to enlighten a dark world, to restore the fallen, to win the erring, to elevate the degraded, to bring sinners to the way of salvation. No employment can be more worthy of the human powers.

And this work is for all, not committed to a select few. As it is open to the most exalted, it is equally so to the most lowly. The offering and service of the humblest disciple are as acceptable and grateful to the Master, as of those in the highest position. There is no more honorable record of any one than that he hath done what he could. An angel can do no more. Nor is this work restricted. It belongs to the temple of worship and the prayer-room; it is equally essential outside of them. Often it is the special duty and privilege of a church to go into the highways and hedges, to those who feel that no one cares for them. It is too much neglected. The church in general needs a revival in this direction.

TRYING TO EXPLAIN. Through an oversight, we failed in our last issue to note the fact that a somewhat lengthy communication had been received from Washington, signed "George W. Hatton," whose general aim is to justify the part taken by himself and others in visiting Concord and working for the defeat of Senator Patterson. We see no good that is likely to accrue from the publication of the letter, and so withhold it.

We only say a few words to correct some singular misapprehensions which find expression in the letter. No word in the editorial in the Star intimated that any colored man or woman had visited Concord on this errand. The word "colored" was not used, nor any of its equivalents. We condemned the procedure, for we counted it in itself reprehensible, whatever might be the skin-tint of the accusers. —Mr. Hatton makes far more of "Prof. Green and myself" than we ever thought of making. They fill a much less prominent place in the eye and thought of New Hampshire people than the writer of this letter imagines. They were rather thought of as instruments and tools managed by other people, and plying mingled with whatever censures were meted out to them. They were not thought of as having gained or lost any especial consequence by their color; they were judged by their character and occupation. We trust they may appear better in both aspects hereafter.—We did know that Senator Patterson had been accused both in Washington and Concord before this last importation of orators arrived; we knew what the answer was to these accusations; but the mass of the members of the Legislature, living quietly in the country, did not know either of these things.—To suppose that Senator Patterson was eaves-dropping, when these orators were haranguing the crowd at the State House, and that he would descend to mingle in such a warfare, is an exhibition of pitiable and ludicrous egotism on the part of our correspondent.—That these men threatened Mr. Patterson with their active hostility if he did not yield to their wishes, is very likely true; but we fail to see how that previous threat of malicious warfare justifies the after assault.—We had nothing to do with inviting men from the South to aid in conducting the general political campaign last spring; we did not go out to hear a single speech, nor invite anybody else to do so. But if we had asked competent men to argue republicanism as against democracy at mass meetings, we don't see that this would justify such men as appeared at Concord from Washington, unasked by any parties having character and responsibility, in starting off on a crusade to blacken the character of a statesman whose fidelity to republican principles will not allow him to become a mere partisan, or puppet, or coward, or wrangler. Silence and a better behavior are the only things that can properly vindicate Mr. Hatton, his friend "Prof. Green," and the rest of this company of assailants. We commend both things to their attention.

Spirit of the Press.

The Sunday Library question is thus disposed of by the Watchman & Reflector:

We may now confidently look for a marked change in public morals, especially on the Sabbath. Saloons will be deserted, street-loading will be at an end, or greatly diminished, dissipation of various kinds checked and divers improvements will be manifest in our city life. And why? The Public Library is hereafter to be open on the Sabbath, and beer, and liquor, and cigars, and saloons, and the streets, and all questionable places will henceforth be forsaken, and the thousands of young men hitherto unprovided for will be found either in the now open reading-room, the first successful attempt to make a pint dish hold a quart, or demurely carrying books to their quiet rooms for Sunday perusal. This is the pleasing state of things to which our anti-Sabbath friends invite us. We only hope their expectation and their promises will be fulfilled. But we fear otherwise. The experiment in other places of open libraries on the Sabbath has failed to show any effect upon the classes above referred to; they do not care for books, and the reading-room, and the small bait thus thrown out does not attract them. But let us hope for better

things here; and let the experiment be honestly made, and the results honestly made public, and we will then see whether the movement is simply one step in an anti-Sabbath campaign, or an efficient and commendable means of doing good to the masses.

Judging from the following paragraphs, the editorial mind of the Christian Union is somewhat skeptical as to the advantages likely to flow from the measures of a one-term President. It says:

In sober earnest, we think that there was never so much absurdity and ignorance compressed in an equal space as in this proposal to cure the evils of ambition by electing to high office by prescribing a single term. It will take away from the people the power of re-electing a good officer if they wish, without taking away a particle of the power of a bad officer to use his position for the furtherance of personal ambition.—Kings, who hold office for life, and can not be re-elected, are prone to shape their policy for the succession of their heir or favorite.

A one-term President will want a successful administration. Shrewd leaders will say, "We will secure to you all that you want during your term if you will play into our hands for our candidate." A single term may prevent a President from intriguing for himself, but it will not prevent his intriguing for his favorites.

It is a remedy that leaves the disease where it found it. It does not diminish the temptations of ambition, nor restrain its power, nor even change its methods. It is a preposterous nostrum, fit for charlatans and quacks, but to be rejected with contempt by such men as Senator Sumner.

Zion's Herald thus exalts the Christian service:

Christ's yoke is not a badge of servitude, but the pledge of divine succor. For when without strength poor sinners were groaning in vain to rise from the dust moistened with their sweat under the burden of the grim task-master, the law, the great Helper came and said, "Take my yoke upon you, and you may lift the terrible burden;" and as he said this and moved heavenward again, the souls that accepted his proffered aid felt, resting down upon some strange, new power, of which they had hitherto been ignorant; and as they found themselves borne upward with their risen, transfigured Lord, they knew it was "the love of Christ which passeth knowledge," that had been given them; the yoke that surpasseth man's invention.

Which church can cast the first stone, if the Examiner & Chronicle has the right of this matter? It says:

We would we might burn into every Christian's brain and heart the conviction that the grab-bag of our church-fairs, with all its kindred train, is gambling, and gambling of the shabbiest and most paltry kind,—mean enough, certainly, to have begotten the Rochester Carnival, whether it did or not. If it did not suggest that magnificent enterprise, it has certainly made it possible, by familiarizing the minds of the people with the ideas of games of chance; habituating them to the trickery which is inseparable from such enterprises, and nowhere more apparent than in a shrewd observer than in the lotteries of the church; blunting the moral sense of the majority of Christians, and enervating the protests of those whose consciences are not thus blunted.

Let us have done with these appeals to the devil to build up the cause of God; and if, as it seems, such objectionable features are inseparable concomitants of church fairs, let us have done with church fairs themselves; which are, in the particular of never returning a fair equivalent for one's money, about as reprehensible as any gift-enterprise in the land. The true way to raise money for a church, is for every man, woman and child in it to give of their substance, in a straightforward, manly, Christian way, as God has prospered them. The system of humbug under which a man gives in eggs, flour, sugar and butter, manipulated into cake, twice what he could afford to give in money, and his wife sells it to a crowd of incontinent dyspeptics ten times what it is worth, is a more barbarous system which ought to be abolished, together with the grab-bags, post-offices, etc., etc., to which it has given rise.

The Independent, deeming that it has a message to the Christian young men of the country, delivers it with the utmost assurance, as though it couldn't be wrong and the young men couldn't be right. The message is concerning a supposed vote at the late International Christian Association Convention opposing the expulsion of the Bible from the public schools, and closes as follows:

It is for spiritual cowardice that we impeach a movement that asks the State to support religion. The man who asks such aid virtually confesses that he does not dare trust his religion and his church unless he can first manacle their enemies. The cry that the schools will become godless, that the children will grow up without Christian influence, is a confession that we are not willing to make. We will not own that our religion is a feeble invalid that needs to be propped with crutches. The turban who should confess that to win a race he had hired a servant to drug his rival's horse would be kicked out of the society of jockeys; and not one whit more honorable or chivalrous is the action of this International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, when, before beginning its fight against a rival religion, it equires the State to teach its own Protestant Bible to Catholic children, and compels Catholic parents to share the expense.

The Interior comes to the defense of church-members in the following words:

While all sound religion teaches and insists on a thoroughly scrupulous life, it is too true that, practically, the distinctively religious and the strictly moral do not always go hand in hand. Zeal for the name of God, and brilliant "experiences" often are far in advance of the moral sensibilities. Jacob's desire for the birthright, and his willingness to live even in order to procure it, is not an exceptional discrepancy between current piety and a lofty moral tone. Such incongruities have characterized every age of the Church. Licentiousness, drunkenness, venality, political intrigues, pious frauds, and the most astonishing cruelties, have, each in their turn, nestled close to the very altars of religion. Each age has had its peculiar temptation, its own style resisting the absolute authority of the law of God. Our day is not an exception. Church members are not licentious. With a very few exceptions they are not drunkards. They have probably fewer sins, which, if laid open, would seriously impair their standing among men.

Denominational News and Notes.

MISSTATEMENT.—In last week's report of the Central O. Y. M., the amount raised for the Cleveland Mission church should have been reported as nearly \$600 instead of \$60.00. Com.

Maine Central Correspondence.

Commencement week at Lewiston presented unusual attractions this year. The prize debates by the students were of high order, characterized by scholarly dignity and ability. The sermon on the Sunday morning preceding Commencement by Dr. Burns, at the Main St. church, was a specially fine effort, presenting Theism and Christianity in their relations to human salvation.—The baccalaureate sermon in the afternoon by the President profitably discussed the mutual relations between the Public man and the Public.—In the evening Dr. Fullerton delivered a very able discourse before the graduating class of the Theological department.—Tuesday afternoon the Theological graduates, six fine, noble young men, performed their parts in a creditable manner.—On Wednesday fourteen young men, of large promise, graduated from the College. Their public exercises were in the best sense worthy of applause.—At Commencement dinner the usual speaking, with perhaps the usual felicity attending such occasions, brought to a happy close a day of great promise for the College. The Alumni held a meeting on Thursday and were addressed in a very able manner by Mr. O. C. Wendell.

Some changes were made by way of supplying vacancies in the boards of Overseers and Trustees. Among the appointees we find the names of Revs. Heath and Durgin, and Bros. C. H. Latham and Joseph W. Perkins. The resignation of Dr. Butler of the Chair of Sacred Rhetoric and Homiletics was accepted, to take effect in one year. Rev. W. H. Bowen was elected to fill the vacancy so occasioned. Rev. C. H. Malcom received the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

The churches in Lewiston and Auburn are in a prosperous condition under efficient laborers. Rev. J. S. Burgess recently received five to membership by baptism; twenty-five were last month added by baptism to Main St. church, W. H. Bowen pastor.

On the 12th of June the Bowdoin Q. M. met with the North St. F. B. church in Bath, E. W. Porter pastor, and held a spirited and profitable session. Essays upon practical topics were presented, and sermons of freshness and power preached. Bro. Porter was succeeding beyond expectation in efforts to liquidate an oppressing debt, with a strong probability of the entire amount being soon swept off.

Prof. Howe enters upon his duties in the Theological department at Bates in August. Prof. Rich, recently teacher of Hebrew in Bangor Theological Seminary, has been engaged as instructor in Hebrew at Bates, who will bring to that department real ability and signal enthusiasm.

Hope to keep you better posted in future. BOWDOIN.

July 1, 1872.

Theological Anniversaries at Lewiston.

The first Anniversary-exercises of the Bates College Theological School took place week before last, a running account of which can not be without interest to both old and new friends of Theological education in the denomination.

The sermon before the school, having special reference to the graduating class, was preached to a full house, at the church, Sunday evening, June 23, by Prof. Fullerton. The aim of the discourse was to set forth the utter failure of natural religion to recover mankind to virtue and to God, and the authority and value of divine revelation; concluding with a brief reference to the duty and obligation of the members of the class faithfully to preach this word of hope and life to men. After the sermon an appropriate ode was sung by the class, composed by one of its members.

On Monday forenoon, the examination of the several classes of the school took place at Seminary Hall, in the presence of the regular College examining committee, consisting of Revs. J. A. Lowell, G. W. Howe, and C. S. Perkins. There were in attendance, also, several visiting brethren from abroad, both ministers and laymen, whose presence and interest in the exercises were very welcome to both teachers and students. Indeed, during all the general exercises of this College commencement, there were in attendance an unusual and encouraging number of friends, especially from out of the state, from New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, &c.

On Tuesday, P. M., following, the regular graduating exercises of the class took place at the College chapel, in the presence of a intelligent and appreciative audience, and passed off to the full satisfaction of all. The class consisted of six, four of whom are graduates of the College. As a concluding part of the exercise, Pres. Cheney, with a few fitting words, presented to each a diploma. Also diplomas were furnished to two brethren, who completed the course last year, one of whom was present. Thus these eight young men, the first fruits of this new arrangement at Lewiston, give more prominence and success to our Theological enterprise, go forth to their work. The high stand as a class they have taken during their protracted course of study, and the devotion and enthusiasm they carry with them to their chosen work, can not fail with God's blessing to add an appreciable weight and efficiency to our ministry, and we trust will prove an earnest of larger accessions in the future.

The members of last year's class are located as follows: Rev. G. W. Knapp, at Coitocookville, N. H.; Rev. W. G. Willis, Jefferson, N. Y.

The present graduating class have all re-

ceived calls from churches, their relation to which, at the present writing, is as follows:

Mr. L. Dexter has accepted a call from the church at Sabbath, Me., where he has been supplying for some time, and will be ordained on the first Sabbath in July. Mr. A. Given has received a call from the church in Bangor, Me., not as yet accepted. Mr. C. W. Griffin will probably go to West Albany, Vt., having been called to the church there. Mr. A. L. Houghton has accepted a call to the church at Lawrence, Mass., and will probably be ordained in Sept., at which time he enters upon his labors there. Mr. G. S. Ricker, who has been supplying the church at Richmond, Me., will remain there and be ordained soon. Mr. H. F. Wood will remain for the present at West Waterville, where he has been supplying the church for the year past.

The arrangement for instruction in the Theological Department for the coming year has been completed, and means progress. Rev. J. A. Howe, who was chosen Professor in Systematic Theology a year since, will enter upon his duties at the opening of the fall term. Mr. Rich having been chosen Hebrew Professor in the College, will, should he accept, teach that language in the Theological School. The other Professors, being thus relieved from a portion of their former duties, will be able to give additional attention to exegetical instruction, both in the Old and New Testament Scriptures, as well as to their other departments of instruction. Hopes are entertained that an encouraging accession will be made to the school the coming year. EYE WITNESS.

East and West.

It is cheering to those that desire to see the churches of our denomination strengthened and their number increased, to read the letters that we receive from the East and from the West, encouraging the H. M. to go forward in its good work, and pledging their prayers and money to aid it to the utmost. The following extract is from a letter of one of our most faithful ministers in one of the cities of Maine:

"My church will do all and more than you ask. I will help you in the H. M. work what I may be able. If it would not be too much trouble I wish you would send me the amount asked from each church in this Q. M. Some of our churches are small and weak and without pastors, but the most of them can easily do their part if interested. I hope that with the help of God and the aid of the churches you will be able to wake greater zeal in the H. M. work."

A good minister in Michigan writes: "We are very weak, much weaker than reported in the Register, and we may not be able to raise our apportionment, but we will do our best."

We have no fears about that church, but that it will pay its apportionment to the last farthing.

A working and influential pastor in Ill. writes:

I have just received the H. M. circular, and would say that I am in full sympathy with its contents, and as a church we pledge ourselves to cooperate with the Board as best we can."

Another pastor in Ill., one that has labored long and done much for the denomination in the west, writes:

"Enclosed find draft for \$10.00 for H. M. to be credited to — church. We will try to raise twice the amount apportioned to this church, but may fail, as the Western plan on this subject is to expend under the direction of the Q. M. all money raised therein. I have always opposed this plan believing it mischievous and depleting in its tendencies upon beneficence. It has done more to disintegrate than all other evils. I am met with this statement, that we are in need of all we can raise at home. I answer, we likely shall be, until we have faith enough to trust something beyond our local services."

Our next extract is from a working pastor in Wisconsin:

Enclosed find \$12.75 to be credited to —. Please send me the amount apportioned to all the churches in the Honey Creek Q. M., as we propose to raise the amount of all the churches in this Q. M. during the year. We like the plan."

The Wis. Y. M., at its last session, passed resolutions highly commending the H. M. work, and it will do all it promises. We were greatly encouraged by the hearty reception the brethren gave us. The session was well attended, union prevailed in their deliberations, and we believe that this Y. M. the ensuing year will make greater advancement than in any year of its past history. It would be difficult to find a better class of pastors in our denomination. The State mission is given up, and a Y. M. committee, or board, is appointed in order to legally hold some logcages, and to look after the interest of the H. M. in the Y. M. The Y. M. is in sympathy with the parent Society, and will pay every dollar apportioned to the churches. Some of the Q. M's have their collections credited to the weaker churches, and thus fulfill the Gospel command, to bear one another's burdens. A collection of \$217.88 was taken for the Freedmen's mission.

A. H. CHASE, Cor. Sec.

Maine Western Yearly Meeting

This body, composed of the Cumberland, Ousfield, Parsonsfield and York Co. Q. M's, held its last session with the 1st N. Berwick church, June 18—20.

The meeting was called to order by the clerk. After prayer and singing, Rev. J. Nason was chosen temporary chairman.

The committee on credentials gave us the names of the members of conference, and the committee on permanent organization made the following report, which was adopted:—Rev. J. Nason, Chairman;—Assistants, Revs. A. A. Smith, M. Folsom and S. W. Perkins; G. W. Howe, Assistant Clerk.

Cor. Del's were invited to a seat with us, and to participate in the deliberations. The letters from the different Q. M's gave some interesting intelligence relative to the progress of the Redeemer's Kingdom in

Poetry.

Friends Far Away.

Count not the hours while their silent wings
Thus wait them in fairy flight;
For feeling, warm from their dearest springs,
Shall hallow the scene to-night.
And while the music of joy is here,
And the colors of life are gay,
Let us think on those that have loved us dear,
The friends who are far away.

Few are the hearts that have proved the truth
Of their early affection's vow;
And let those few, the beloved of youth,
Be dear in their absence now.
Oh, vividly in their faithful breast
Shall the gleam of remembrance play,
Like the lingering light of the crimson west,
When the sunbeam hath passed away!

Soft be the sleep of their pleasant hours,
And calm be the seas they roam!
May the way they travel be strewn with flowers,
Till they bring them in safely home!
And when we whose hearts are overflowing thus
Ourselves may be doomed to stray,
May some kind orison rise for us,
When we shall be far away!

—Horace Weiss.

A Rainy Day.

Dear! how the wind and rain together
Rattle the blinds this stormy weather;
Down in the garden the roses red,
Wet and dripping, hang down their heads,
Poor Mrs. Biddy, the fussy old thing,
Cuddles her chickens up under her wing,
Shakes her wise head and cackles away,
"Who ever saw such a strange summer day?"

What shall we little folks do for our fun,
All the long hours till the rain shall be done?
All our old puzzles and games have been told,
Books are too stupid and pictures are old.
Come to the garret, where every old rafter,
Smoky and black, will receive our laughter.
Nobody will warn us to "hush!"
Nobody cares if we go with a rush.

This is the room where our grandmother White
Wove the stout homespun, from morning till night.
This is the saddle she rode to the town,
Covered with cobwebs, and dusty and brown;
This is the high chair in which father sat,
Eating bean porridge to make him grow fat;
This is the cradle they rocked him in may be;
Isn't it funny that he was a baby?

Hark! if you sit without speaking a word,
Here, in this corner, as still as a bird,
Something will peep from that hole in the floor—
That's Mr. Rat, looking out at his door.
See how he stares with his shining round eyes!
Even his whiskers look knowing and wise.
He's an old citizen, stately and fat,
How he would fun if he only said "scat!"

—The Little Corporal.

The Family Circle.

The Boy.

I can see that day. White cumuli were
heaped over the wood tops, but the middle
sky was blue and clear. Though I was
dozing on a saloon step, this day of beauty
got even through my wavering sight. Per-
haps I sat there an hour, perhaps an age,
in which the blinks I got were the recurring
days.

It suddenly occurred to me that such a
long continuance of fine weather ought to
be enjoyed more actively. But the world
whirls, as everybody knows. I mumbled a
number of jokes on nature as I staggered
aboard. After a tiresome journey, I came
upon an alley and a group of boys travel-
ling through a game of marbles on their
knees, like penitents stumping through
Jerusalem. And in their midst was Billy.
Billy was a noble looking boy. I paused
and tried to get in position to look at him.
I felt a maudlin pride in Billy. He had
Nora's blue eyes. (Blessed Nora! She
was gone where she couldn't be cursed any
more; poor little broken-hearted thing.)

As Billy photographed himself in my eyes,
his bright hair blowing, his lusty fingers
gonging a pit for the center marble, the
contrast between what he and I were born
to be, and what we were, struck me like a
bullet.

I had tried to reform. Oh, yes. And
every failure was a link in my chain. I
was utterly given over to the snakes and
the furies.

Now here was Bill, walking in my va-
grant steps; a vicious Arab under a beau-
tiful Caucasian guise.

"Say, Bill," begged one of the tribe,
casting a covetous eye on his industrious
jaws, "let me chaw your wax a while."
Bill, with graceful generosity and con-
tempt of gain, tossed it over, saying:—
"There, you can take it and keep it; I
don't want it no more."

While I stood in the drunken dolo-
r against the fence, the group whirled
suddenly into a maelstrom. The center to
which they were all sucked, was a steady
rock with churning fists and a yellow
top.

"Bill!" I shouted in fury, "come here,
you young scoundrel!"
Hearing my voice over the broil, he
dashed through the boys and came, crying,
bloody and ruffled.

"What are you fighting about?" I asked,
standing in tremulous judgment over him.

"I can't tell you, father," he answered
bravely.
What! Even the boy despised and dared
me! I lifted my hand and felt that I could
kill him.

"Take that, then,—and that, you little
wretch. I'll show you how to be a bully,
and turn against your own father."

My muscular hand brought a frightful
blood gush out of his bruised face. I
thought he should feel that his father was
a solid man in one respect. If the rest of
my body was a mass of moist wretched-
ness.

The boy, the boy. I groan when I re-
member it.

"Oh, don't, father," he begged, wringing
his little dirty hands. "O, father, please
don't strike me, and I'll tell you all about
it. The boys said you was a drunken old
bloat. And I'll fight anybody that calls
you that, father; I will if you kill me for
it."

I sat prone down upon the ground. That
was the hardest blow I ever had.
"Get up, father," said Billy, casting a
bloody and warlike glance behind him,
"and I'll help you along."

I took hold of him, but a weakness met
born of rum kept me at his cracked, stubby
little feet. There was no one in the world
who cared whether I rose or went on down
but him. He cared. I put my arms
around the boy and cried against him. No
more drunken, glaring repentance for me.
Every tear was hard as a pearl with resolu-
tion. The good Christ appeared that
instant in his love and long, suffering,
through the boy, as plainly as he appeared
to dying Sir Launfal through the leper.
When on earth, He was always going
about picking up the abominable, and
since He has left the earth, He sends for
them by messengers that they can not help
knowing.

Men should respect in me that spark
which the boy respected. I would show
him what a grand and over-mastering thing
is that soul which the God of glory values.

"Don't cry, father," begged Billy,
while he ceased not to paint bloody sunrise
on his face. Better than a sunrise was that
little face to me. His eyes looked bluer
and more heaven-like than the sky.

"Do you love your father?" I asked,
holding to him like a woman.

"Yes, sir, I'll lick any body that calls
you names," the bright, tender firmness
in his face gushing with another shower.

A horizontal hail of mud and pebbles hit
us while he was speaking. Billy reared up
like a charger snuffing the battle afar off.
But I made him retreat from the enemy's
lines.

When the boy and I were laid at night in
a low tavern which was our only home,
I asked, with my face turned from him,
"Billy, will you help your father to try
once more?" Upon which he bounded up
and pumped my arm with all the vigor and
familiarity that the street had put in him.

"Yes-sir-ee! I will that, you bet," vowed
Billy.

A very few minutes after he subsided, I
heard his soft breath going in and out the
doors of his lips in regular cadences.
While he slept and started up to fight his
skirmishes over, I flogged my weak brain
to work, and planned, and planned, and
planned.

When I look back at that wretch in soiled
tavern sheets, glaring into darkness
with watery eyes, my legs tremble under
me, though they have gone stoutly these
many years. It was such a very straight
path up from that place, and I came so near
falling, time after time.

The next day I got work on the railroad.
From the gutter I could not go directly
back to the bar, since drunkenness is one
of the vices which is not tolerated in law-
yers. It was hard to shovel dirt in the hot
sun. I sat down half fainting. A good
natured Patrick came slyly with a bottle,
and bade me "whist at it," which I put
forth the will to do,—like a weak beast,—
when Billy swooped down from a passing
freight and squared himself before that
Irishman, while the very tatters at his elbow
bristled with wrath.

"Look here, now!" threatened he, send-
ing the bottle far over the track, "if you
get my father to drinkin' again, I'll kick
you."

It would have been so very hard for the
boy to fulfill the threat with his baby legs,
on Patrick's high breeches, that my Irish-
man took jolly compassion on him, and
roared a vow never more to put his slimy
temptation to my face.

After I had dived awhile, Billy had a
new suit, a set of books and school privi-
leges. Then a situation as copyist was
opened to me. The boy and I fell into
the habit of striking hands and going to
church on a Sunday. Some of my old
friends began to notice me. Oh, I tell you,
it makes a man's heart swell like a green
bulb to have an honest hand come seeking
his.

Finally, I got into practice. Sometimes
the thirst came on me and I stormed up
and down in my office, and twisted out little
drops of hair, as if the curse hung to the
roots of that. Once I locked the door and
threw out the key, and was a prisoner till
my associate came.

Passing a saloon one evil time, the clink-
ing of glasses and the breath of mine enemy
penetrated my senses. That saloon door
sucked me just half-way in, when I was
shocked through my coat-skirts and quite
knocked into the street.

"Here, father," pleaded Billy, charging
me with a second jerk, "come out of this,
—come out of this, we're a-going to make
men of ourselves, father."

"Yes, men, Billy," I subscribed. So I
didn't run into that side track, because I
had such a faithful tender.

Coming up socially, often does much for
a man morally. Cases multiplied, and I
seemed to grow with my trust. The boy
and I had smart lodging up town. He rose
in school. I was so proud of him.

I've heard how women love their children
with close, peculiar devotion. I think I
must have loved him with a mother's love.
There's no other way of expressing how
near the boy is to me.

When he came from school and met me
on the street, he was often carrying the
satchel of a smooth-haired, dark-eyed
girl, to whom he would exclaim, as he
loyally patted his cap: "That's my fa-
ther!" with such a proud accent that the
blood leaped in my veins.

Oh, my good fellow, it's a glorious day
for you when your child is proud of you.

We all live together, now; Billy, his
dark-haired Nora, the little rowdies and I,
in a home with no end of verandas and

vines. The respectable handle of judge is
set to my name, but Billy's children, who
give the echo to his former street training,
stand in no more awe of it than they do of
the venerable Roman handle to my counte-
nance. We tumble like wild colts in the
grass. But they have no idea that their
ancestor ever lay in a lower bed.

Blessed be enduring love.
I think often I may be in my dotage, for
quiet matron-Nora often looks up from her
baby's surprise at my walking the veran-
da and maundering in a sort of ecstasy.

"The boy! The boy!"—*Wood's House-
hold Magazine.*

The One Stringed Fiddle.

"Hel-lo! here's father's old fiddle, to be
sure."

We were up in the garret. What is a
house good for without a garret? What is
a garret good for, unless it has old things
in it? What are old things good for, un-
less you can go and rummage them, and
"oh!" and "ah!" about them, when it
comes a rainy day?

"Well, well, here's the old fiddle.
Many's the time you have played 'Merrily,
Oh!' and 'Hunter's Chorus,' and 'Pompey
Duckles.' I'd been wondering what had
become of you; and here you are! Well,
well!"

By this time the fiddle woke up and be-
gan to want things.

"Merrily, oh! Play 'Merrily oh!'
Play on me! Make me laugh! I want
something. I ain't happy."

"But," said I, "you are not ready to be
played on. You have but one string, and
that is a G string, green and good for noth-
ing, there is no 'Merrily, oh!' in you, and
I can't get it out."

"Yah!" yelled the fiddle, "I don't like
it. I want to be waked up. I want to be
happy. Play on me. Make me merry."

"I tell you I can't play on you. You
haven't strings enough. The string you
have won't bear tuning."

"Yah!" said the fiddle, like a cross ba-
by.

So I set the fiddle up on the button of its
tailpiece, and put the bridge in place, and
the G string, and as near as I could guess
without a tuning fork, began to strain it up.
Throoom, throoom, thrump, thrum. And
when it made a little noise something like
music, I put the fiddle under my chin, and
took the old bow and sawed away on the G
string, playing a slow tune with five notes
in it.

The fiddle was pleased, and said, "Do so
some more."

So I played him again and again, just as
you whistle to a baby to amuse him, or tell
stories to little boys.

By and by the fiddle snarled out, "I'm
tired of that tune. Play something else."

"But I can't play much on one string,"
I said. "If you will have two strings, I
will play six tunes; but on one string I can
not play much."

"Well, I want six tunes," said the fiddle.

"Very well, when you have two strings
you can have six tunes; and with three
strings, sixty; and with four strings, six
thousand,—all the tunes in the world. But
you are nothing but a poor, one-stringed
fiddle now. I can't do much with you un-
less you have more strings."

"Well, I want more strings," said
the fiddle.

At that I put the fiddle back into the bar-
rel, and went down stairs.

"What was that noise up stairs?" asked
the children.

"Oh," said I, "I was playing on father's
old, one-stringed fiddle."

"Where is it? Bring it down," they
said.

So I told my boy where it was, and let
him bring it down. And I heard the fiddle
say, "Now this is something like. I shall
see something of life. Now I'll have a
good time."

And as he came into the warm parlor, he
made a noise on his one string like the
purring of a cat. The fiddle was contented
for as much as a minute, and lay on his
back on the table, looking round with its
four black pegs of eyes on each side of its
throat, and really seemed quiet and satis-
fied.

I talked with the children about the tunes
that the old fiddle had played, and as long
as I talked about it, the fiddle purred.
Then I played the five-note tune to the
children and they said,

"Is that all?"

Then a young lady sat down at my piano
and played a splendid march. And the
fiddle stopped purring, and tried to twist
off behind a pile of books out of sight, and
said,

"Play on me. Make noises on me like
that."

"Why, I can't," said I. "Just see!"
So I opened the piano and showed the
discontented fiddle more than two hundred
strings in the piano, and more than eighty
hammers to strike these strings. "You
haven't strings enough to sound like the
piano. You can't be a piano, if you try."

"Well, what can I be?"

"Only a fiddle."

"Am I a fiddle now?"

"Not much! You have but one string,
and that the lowest, the G string. You
need a D string, an A string, and an E
string; and when I have time I will get
them for you. But nobody can make much
out of you as long as you have but one
string."

"Well," said the fiddle, "if I can't be a
piano, I don't want to be anything."

And snap went the old, rusty rotten G
string, and down fell the bridge, and there
lay the fiddle, like a sulky boy that has just
thrown down his book into the corner, and
don't want to be a man.

"Well," said I, "some of the finest music
in the world I have heard from violins.
For when a fiddle has grown up, and has

four strings, and behaves itself, we call it
a violin. One string is better than noth-
ing; but if you choose to lie there, I can't
do anything for you. Here, my son, take
it up garret again, and put it in the bar-
rel."

As they went up the stairs, the sound
post got loose and rattled round in the
bowels of the fiddle, "I don't care!" And
so the fiddle went up stairs and was forgot-
ten.

"Mamma, what shall I do? I don't
know what to do."

"Don't you want something to eat?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, do you want to play marbles?"

"I can't play marbles."

"Well, here, take this towel, and learn
to sew, and I will give you two cents if
you hem the towel."

"I don't want to sew. I ain't a girl."

"Well, what do you want to do?"

"I want to do something. What shall
I do?"

Then mamma burst out laughing, and
said,

"You are nothing but a one-stringed fiddle,
and we shall have to put you in the
barrel up stairs in the garret, unless you
get more strings to your fiddle. The only
thing you like to do is to eat and sleep;
and when you have eaten yourself full, you
don't want anything except something
more to taste good. Now you would bet-
ter get some more strings to your fiddle."

And the boy opened his big eyes, and
said, "Strings to my fiddle? I wish I had
'em."

"Well," said mamma, "reading is one
string. When people have learned to read,
they can enjoy hours and days and weeks
and years, and have gentle music every
minute, and be just as happy as the days
are long. Work is another string. If you
learn to be a carpenter, or a mason, or a
machinist, or a cabinet maker, and learn
to do your work well, it will keep you con-
tented as long as you live. Drawing is
another string. If you learn to draw well
with a pencil or pen, you can go through
life and see pictures all day and draw them
all night. Writing is another string. See-
ing is another string, cooking is another,
and making garden is another. Every
time you learn to do anything, and learn to
do it well, it is one more string to your fiddle.
And when you have as many strings
as a piano, you will have a new tune for
every hour in the day. But if you have
but one string, a G string,—a glutton string,—
you will soon get through that tune, and
there is no place for you except the barrel
up garret. The more you can do, the hap-
pier you will be."

"For unto every one that hath, shall be
given, and he shall have abundance; but
from him that hath not shall be taken away
even that which he hath."

Snap! goes this one string, and off goes
the fiddle to be thrown among the rubbish.
"I don't care! I don't care!"

Yes, but he does care. For it is better to
be a violin full of all music, than a no-
stringed fiddle, thrown away and forgot-
ten!—*T. K. Beecher, in Little Corporal.*

The Iron Man.

A convict pressing his cheek against the
iron bars of his cell,—did you ever see that
sight? Did you ever hear the dismal clank,
clank, of rusty iron against moldering
wood, or the regular tramp of six hundred
men, all of them wearing the badges of sin
and disgrace? Did you ever feel the cold,
damp touch of the great flag stones; look up
to the dim roof through the interstices of
damp stairs; feel that all that great space
throbbed with human hearts, trembled with
human woe, and were not ready to weep at
thought of all the bitter tears that had been
shed beside the hard pallets? Some say that
the most of such a congregation are given
over to hardness of heart. Yes, if one
reads that stolid face and the dull eye, care-
lessly.

But this prisoner, with his lantern jaws,
his fierce, hollow, death-bright eye, his
wide, white, seamed forehead, the gray hair
standing back as if the hand had often pressed
it with some burning feverish impulse,—
what do you think his age was?

"Seventy."

A poor guess; not yet forty-three. Oh,
what a hard, stony face it was.

"The man has no feeling," said the jail-
er, "neither shame nor grief. He dares
any glance; he sneers at sympathy; his
heart is flint itself. Monsters are some-
times born,—I think he is one."

"But his crime?"

"Wife murder,—at least he caused her
death. She was a terrible woman, and
neglected a little child, I think, so that it
died, I believe; and he hated and finally
killed her."

A history to make one shudder.

"He has never expressed remorse, and
our chaplain sees him only for form's sake;
it is impossible to keep up an interest in
him."

And yet there were some remnants of
nobility about him. Even this man had
been young and innocent at his mother's
knee; he had known sorrow; he did feel
remorse, perhaps. Who can tell?

"Let her have it," said the jailer, as my
little Minnie picked a beautiful flower from
the forbidden ground.

"Little Minnie is naughty to day," said
the child, with a subdued look. "Mam-
ma, put Minnie in prison?"

Such a horrible revulsion passed over
me at those words. Had not children as
beautiful grown into,—what? My very
soul shuddered. It was with an effort that
I entered the gloomy halls with some friends,
the child still prattling. And yet I thank
God for that day of my existence.

The stony face was there; the great hol-
low eyes looking eagerly. Seldom was a
child seen in that deathly gloom.

"Man, do you want a pretty flower?"
cried Minnie, holding it up. She was

lifted to his level. To my astonishment
he took it; his lip quivered.

"Man, you want a kiss?" chirruped the
little bird-voice. A sob that was almost
terrible was the answer. He withdrew from
sight as if he had been shot. We all stood
transfixed. A child's voice had stirred
the locked up waters of his soul, and we
ended our visit silently.

The next day the warden came to my
house.

"Jenner hasn't been off his bed since
yesterday," he said; "he begs you will
see him." In less than fifteen minutes I
stood in the cell. The man's face, no longer
defiant, had grown death-like.

"Oh! thank God,—thank God!" he
cried fervently; "till yesterday, I thought
my heart was dead,—but that child,—that
child," he choked again.

"Would you like to see her?"

He passed his hand over his face.

"No; let me die with those sweet words
ringing in my ears. Oh! my own little
one,—my own little darling,—your wicked
father will never see you,—never,—never."

When the strong anguish had passed he
told me the history of his life, and such a
history! Deep pity was in my heart long
before he finished.

The iron man was flesh again. He only
lived three months after the defiant will
was broken. Deeply did he repent, hum-
bly pray for mercy, and when his wasted
face shone with the divine light of forgive-
ness, he said to me, "you may bring her,
—only once."

So my darling brightened the dreary
hour, and on his dying lips her fluttering
kiss fell softly,—the last life-throb that
touched him as the soul went out, leaving
a smile behind.

A Journey to Confess Sins.

An Indian missionary tells us that he
could refer to many instances of success in
the mission schools. One instance shall
suffice. A little girl was taught in them,
and she became impressed with the truth.
The mother carried her away some two
hundred miles into the interior; she, her-
self, having forsaken Christianity, and re-
lapsed into idolatry. She wished her little
girl to marry a heathen. But that girl had
been taught to love the name of Jesus. She
loved that name. She was borne against
her will into the jungle. Fever seized upon
her and she died. Just before her depart-
ure, as the angels were coming to carry her
away into Abraham's bosom, she called her
mother, and said: "Mother, I am going to
die. There are two things I want to say to
you before I die. First, I am going to
Jesus; and putting her arms, reduced by
fever to a skeleton, round the neck of her
poor, sorrowing mother, she said again, "I
am going to Jesus! But, the other," she
said, "oh, forgive me! I can not die till I
have told you that you are living in sin.
You know that Christ alone can save you,
and you are a heathen." The child then
passed away. A week or two after that,
a carriage was driven up to my house, a
woman descended out of it richly dressed,
and covered with jewelry. She said, "I am
come two hundred miles to confess my sin.
I have come all the way to thank you for
giving my child the saving truth, and to
confess to you that I have been a sinner
above all sinners; but I am resolved to re-
pent." That woman was thus saved by the
tuition given to her own dear child.

God Takes Account.

A brother and sister were playing in the
dining-room, when their mother placed a
basket of cakes on the tea-table and went
out.

"How nice they look!" said the boy,
reaching to take one.

His sister earnestly objected, and even
drew back his hand, repeating that it was
against their mother's direction.

"She did not count," said he.

"But perhaps God did," answered the
sister.

So he withdrew from the temptation,
and, sitting down, seemed to meditate.

Literary Miscellany.

A Saunter in Saint Antoine.

Faubourg Saint Antoine is the birth-place of revolution. It was that quarter that heaved forth the human lava which overwhelmed the palaces in 1789; thence came the revolutionists of 1830, and those of 1848; and now the "insurrection," which has revived the Reign of Terror in Paris, came from Saint Antoine and its neighbor, Belleville, joining hands with Montmartre on the north. What a satire on the place which it designates is this name of Belleville. For the "beautiful town" is squalid and ragged and cramped, to whose streets and lanes even the cheap beauty of sunlight seldom penetrates. The Mount of Martyrs is more significant; its history is repeated in newer martyrdoms.

I had often heard said that in obscure, faubourgeois Paris, were scenes of wretchedness and want nowhere to be surpassed; so, selecting the neighborhood of worst repute, I set out one day, rather more than a year ago, and found myself sauntering in the famous faubourg of revolutions. There, at the eastern end of Paris, toward Vincennes, and beyond the squares where once stood the towers, and now stands the column of the Bastille; a thickly-settled, crowded, dismal, dark-looking jumble of rickety streets and tumble-down houses. Saint Antoine was still in a state of poverty—as poor, hard-working, lantern-lit as ever. The revolutionists have not achieved plenty, or thrift, or occupation, or suiting prosperity for Saint Antoine. She still dwells in dirt, and goes about clothed in rags. She was not as badly off as five years after the revolution of '89. There has been better government in France for the past half century than there was under the old Bourbons, or even under the great Emperor. Everything in Saint Antoine is healthier, brighter, more cheerful, than it was in days of yore, if history is to be trusted. Penetrating into that dark network of narrow and ever-twisting streets, I was somewhat disappointed with what I discovered there. The houses were rickety and tumble-down enough; most of them very old and visibly decrepit. All sorts of devices had been resorted to, to patch and prop them; there were beams and posts holding them up, and irregular blotches of plaster daubed over them; the windows were supplied with tatters of the usual amount of rags, old hats, and newspapers in place of panes. To many of them there were no doors, often only a rude wooden bar to keep the wretched little brats in their night-gowns from the street.

There were small grog-shops, which the *amour-propre* of their proprietors had induced them to christen "restaurant," and "café," where were boozing idlers, lazily away the day at the doors, on rickety benches; there was the usual quantity of dirt, shoes, unbrushed, groveling children, poor little miserable, whose highest happiness is the gutter; there were slovenly, slatternly women hanging out of the windows, or crowding on the sidewalk, or bustling about the doors and streets, half-dressed, loud-voiced, red-faced, staring, screaming creatures; bony dogs and scraggy cats and wheezing pigs, mingling with the human population as of equal right. That money was tight hereabouts, —tight as the gallows, and all the year round,—would not be doubted for an instant. That many of these creatures were over-worked, was evident enough by their weary looking faces. That there were drunkenness, vice, and crime hidden in the depths of Saint Antoine, was apparent, too.

Yet, notwithstanding these unfavorable appearances, I was agreeably disappointed with Saint Antoine. In the more wretched parts of London, there are houses swarming to overflow with human beings of all sexes and ages; four families often live in a little, filthy room, one family in each corner. They sleep in rows on the bare floor; crowded together, half-clothed and in perpetual stench. The sick are often without bed, or air, or healthy food; or even the quiet so needful to the sick. There are rooms full of drunken men and women, fighting, swearing, and staggering, in the midst of babies and little children. Saint Antoine is better than that. Entering some of the more wretched houses I found that they presented to me a very favorable contrast to corresponding London localities.

In no instance was the same apartment occupied by more than one family, and in great majority of cases, each had two, and in some cases, three apartments to themselves. Of course these were dingy, scant, and dreary enough; still there was room, light, and air. There was also the great boon of privacy. Then the apartments indicated attempts at neatness; the floors were not, as in many houses in London, crusted with dirt; the window-panes (that were left) were not black with smoke and dust; the walls were not all broken and disfigured. They were certainly cleaner, more comfortable, more healthy, and more cheerful than those occupied by the same class in London. These wretched creatures seemed to have some faint idea of home comfort, some notion of domestic well-being.

I found a poor fellow, who seemed more intelligent than the rest, detained in the house by a recent illness, and he talked freely about the condition of the very poor of Paris. He said it was the ambition of the lowest to have apartments of their own separate from others. There was a strong inclination among the poor to marry; and, as is the case in other countries, that class are prolific propagators of the earth. They marry very young, and as soon as they are married, they rent one or two rooms that they may live by themselves. Those who give the most trouble in this wretched community are unmarried men and women, who are almost invariably drunken and thievish and idle. When the single workmen get their wages at the end of the week, they usually spend it for drink and in debauchery; and often, on Sunday nights, they make the neighborhood hideous with their yelling, fighting, sometimes breaking into the apartments of the peaceable people, and insisting on the married men joining in their orgies.

My informant talked well, but was deplorably ignorant on all subjects except those relating to what was going on around him; and when I spoke casually of America, he asked me "in what part of France that was." He could not read or write, and had never been ten miles out of Paris. The general appearance of the poorer classes in the street, and in their shops and dwellings, contrasts favorably with that of the English of the same grade. There is an evident effort to keep up an outward air of respectability. Men and women in rags are never met with here as in London, and on every street in Liverpool. But the common overcoat or workman, usually exhibits a certain care bestowed upon his dress; his shirt, if coarse, is generally clean, and always whole; the universally-worn blue blouse is generally well-washed and ironed, and kept as free as possible from con-

tact with dirt in working; and except when excited by wine, the conduct of the ouvrier is sprightly, yet decent and proper. Their gait on the street is brisk; they are constantly chattering and laughing; at their work, they work cheerfully and with a will. But they are men who will not submit to oppression; they will labor if they are left free to enjoy its fruits, and keep the peace if they are able to procure the necessities of life with their earnings.—*Golden Age.*

The Family of Burns.

The death, in February last, of Colonel William Nicol Burns, the last surviving son of Robert Burns, has once more called public attention to the family of the great poet of Scotland. A writer in the *Leisure Hour*, who spent the summer of 1853 in Dumfries, and lodged in the house immediately adjoining that in which Robert Burns lived for several years, and in which he drew his last breath, gives some interesting reminiscences of his widow, the immortalized Jean Armour, who was then still alive, and occupied the same dwelling. For thirty-seven years she had quietly and unostentatiously held on the even tenor of her way, without once changing her abode or any habit of her life. She saw little company, and never aimed at mingling in society. "For several months I saw her almost daily, standing at her door, or sitting at an open window, knitting a stocking or doing some similar piece of simple work. She appeared to me very like the widow of a humble Scottish farmer, both in her dress and personal appearance. Her dress was plain but neat and respectable, and she wore that old-fashioned Scotch female cap, or head-dress, called a *nutch*, the equivalent of the German *mu*. Round this was tied the usual appendage, worn by widows and elderly women, a broad, black ribbon. Mrs. Burns had doubtless, in her younger days, many real attractions, and in the eyes of her husband she was beautiful; but when I saw her, she could not be said to possess any remains of beauty. Her face was evidently more of a square than an oval shape, and her features were of a somewhat hard character; yet there was something in her figure and expression that seemed to tell that she had a history, and that her life had not been that of ordinary womanhood. It did not occur to me an uncommon stretch of imagination to figure her as the charmed, fifty years before, the youthful and impassioned Robert Burns, who saw in her all that his heart and fancy prized, and who made her the subject of 'a' th' airts the wind can blow,' one of the purest and tenderest of all love-songs."

In the course of the same summer her eldest son, Robert, retired from the Stamp Office, London, where he had held a situation for nearly thirty years. Of the three sons of Burns who survived him, Robert resembled his father in form and features as well as in many mental characteristics. He was a man of varied accomplishments, and possessed excellent conversational powers. He had a good knowledge of music, and a turn for poetry. He was also a fair mathematician and classical scholar. "I spent not a few hours in his company, and was struck with his great knowledge of London and London life. From him I derived my first correct information regarding the great metropolis and its multitudinous inhabitants. He derived his vast and varied knowledge, derived from his own observation and experience, and I feel bound to say that, though he was not a man fitted to take any high social position, and never held a place in public esteem like that attained by his two other brothers, he always spoke like one who knew and valued the proprieties of life. He was, indeed, a kindly, well-informed and social man, who had a real love of learning, and was no stranger to the higher delights. . . . Honored and esteemed by many as the eldest son of Burns he died at Dumfries, in 1857, and was buried in the Dumfries mausoleum that covers the family dust."

The year after my summer residence in Dumfries, Mrs. Burns departed this life, having survived her husband 38 years. "She has been," says Mr. McDowell, the ingenious author of "Burns in Dumfrieshire," "an object of universal respect, on account of her many virtues and the interest which attached to her as the Bonnie Jean of her husband's verse, and the uncomplaining, fond and faithful companion of his wedded life. A great company of mourners surrounded her remains as they were deposited in her husband's grave. During her long widowhood she had been enabled to live in simple comfort, beyond the fear of want. The fund raised by Dr. Currie's 'Life of the Poet' and edition of his works, joined to subscriptions from various quarters, had given her the means of respectably supporting and educating her young family. Her eldest son got a clerkship in the Stamp Office, and the two younger Indian cadetships. But as in time her resources began to fail, the late Lord Panmure, father of the present Earl of Dalhousie, having solicited a pension for her from the British Government, settled upon her an annuity of fifty pounds out of his own pocket. This income, so generously given, she was enabled to surrender when her son, James Glencairn Burns, having received a good appointment in the Indian Commissariat, had it in his power to make a suitable provision for his mother."

Egotism.

Undoubtedly, a man of genius is usually dissatisfied with his own work; his ideal is either so lofty that he can never hope to reach it, or he sees, in the great minds of the past, masters that he can not excel. His best efforts are given to the world with a sense of their fragmentary nature and want of unity. Ask a great painter whether he has ever been able to place upon the canvas the gorgeous images which pass through his mind. Cross-examine the statesman, and you will find, perhaps, that he has his Utopia which no statesman can read; and of the man of science it may be said, as Newton said of himself, that he is conscious that he is merely picking up a few pebbles from the sea-shore, whilst the vast ocean of truth remains unexplored. Men such as these can scarcely stumble into the vice of egotism, for, even in moments of triumph, they are oppressed with the idea that they could do better if they chose. But in the mind of the egotist the sense of reverence is wholly extinguished, or developed in an abnormal direction. He worships himself, and regards his own works with a degree of awe, which is the spectacle were not so eminently ridiculous. He sees nothing in the world but the shadow of his own greatness, and is quite blind to the influence and talents of other men. Tell him, in guarded language, that you do not see the effect he is producing on society, and he either extinguishes you with a pitying look, or answers that his influence, although unseen to vulgar eyes,

is working silently upon the abuses he hopes to kill, and that his speeches and writings always produce an immediate effect upon the political or social barometer. The mercury of public sentiment falls or rises as he wills, and he has power to pull the strings by which powerful Governments are moved.

Perhaps the egotist is, in reality, a political or social parasite, or quack, who hangs upon the skirts of a party, the tail of which may use the poor, vain creature for their own ends. There are a number of political crabs in town who have just sense enough to fetch and carry for their masters, and are satisfied with an occasional bone, or the questionable character of being good dogs. Some of these creatures are mercenary enough; but others, in whose nature runs a fine vein of egotism, are more completely satisfied with flattery than with current coin. Such men commonly do the dirty business for our legislators, and are handy agents for the transaction of any and every kind of business. Such men are to be got on obscure platforms, or from the worship of an obscure audience, may be theirs.

The egotist and parasite cherishes the half contemptuous praise which he receives from the men who make a tool of him. He knows a host of public men who would vote him a bore if they could not use him to their own advantage. But he is necessary, and they endure him while he speaks to them with the easy bearing of an equal, and blurs out his theories or his crude notions of social reform. He talks of Jones, the M. P. for Fiddlington, as if that worthy were a printer's devil; and of some eccentric peer, who once wrote a letter to the persevering egotist, with the familiarity of an old acquaintance. Give him the least chance in the world, and he will bore you by the hour with a recital of his doings. It was he who laid the train that ended in the explosion of sundry abuses in certain quarters. It was his pen that prepared the way for the return of an obscure Liberal for an obscure borough. He ignores the fact that a shield-bearer, in the shape of an action-sporting agent, what before the political Goliath, and clenched the masterly arguments of the *Edinburgh Gazette* with a golden rivet or two. It was not bribery, but reason, that prevailed. The show of hands was not won by the aid of rowdies, but by that masterly speech that the egotist wrote for the candidate, not one word of which was audible to any but the local reporter. And now Radicalism will be triumphant, not because a Goliath has come to do battle for the cause, but because the rickety giant is attended by a David who conquers with a sling and a stone.

The egotist might go into Parliament himself if he chose, but he does not think it wise to cast himself into the bear-garden of politics. A clever man can do so much more in the quiet seclusion of the study. The political future is indeed clouded, and the public look to him as the coming man; but he will not throw aside the weapons he has wielded so well for a mere trifle. And so our egotist lives on amid his conceits, his mind resolutely bent upon the aerial architecture, which pleases him more than any of the solid structures of life. In society he is a bore of the most odious type, and could apparently talk forever without fatigue. You have but to listen, while he dreamily recounts his imaginary triumphs, or sketches out the grand measures which he intends to hammer into shape for "his party." He knows the secret of the Cabinet; and, if you are foolish enough to take a "wrinkle" from him, you will find yourself scouted as a false prophet by your friends. The failure of his prediction, however, never damps this apostle of political second sight. The fault of failure does not rest on him, but on those who baulked the events that must have happened, as he foretold. If addled-headed folly had not marred them.

In love, as well as in political and social war, our egotist is irresistible; and, although his attractions are chiefly of the mental order, he can boast of such conquests as fall to the lot of few. He might marry an heiress; he might elope with a certain charming young lady who would any day lay her fortune at his feet. If you express astonishment that he cares to remain in comparative poverty while a brilliant marriage is possible, he shakes his head, and affects to believe that a man who has so many opportunities may readily be expected for not making up his mind. There is, too, a certain philosophical dignity about single blessedness, which looks well in the character of so mighty a stone-thrower as himself. His Diogenes tub, too, has its charms, and he should not care to have his den set in order by a woman. Furthermore, he would have to give way to the whims and oddities of his wife or he might find himself mastered at home while controlling the destinies of the nation, and the anomaly to his logical mind can not be contemplated with any degree of composure. And so our egotist remains something of a misanthrope and cynic to the end, full of dreams of power, and to the last a believer in his own ability to control the irresistible movements of the age.

Hans Andersen.

Hans Christian Andersen's early home was Odense, on the Island of Fuhnen. Here his "little mother," as he loved to call her, and the poor shoemaker, his father, watched over him until, when four years of age, he was alone to Copenhagen, saying, "I shall become celebrated." Those words were prophetic. His books of thrilling interest and excellent influence have won the very hearts of people of all ages. "Only a Fiddler" was read by a wealthy lady, who was moved to say that if in the course of her life she should fall in with a poor child possessed of a great musical talent, he should not be permitted to turn out like the poor fiddler. A musician overheard her, and by-and-by brought to her, not only one but two poor boys remarkable for musical ability, and reminded her of her promise. The noble lady took them into her house, educated them, and finally sent them to the Leipzig Musical Conservatory, where they both became accomplished musicians. No wonder young people feel the kind-hearted author to be their friend.

Just at the height of his success as a romanticist, Hans Andersen began to write little tales for children. His friends tried to dissuade him from it, thinking it a great pity for so wonderful an author to spend his time at such small work; but he said that he must write them, for they came into his mind in crowds, and would be written.

But not only does this charming author write fine books and exquisite tales in which one may hear birds and flowers talking, understanding well their meaning, and see the very fairest fairies ever imagined, but he delights to read these beautiful things to his young friends, or step into a circle of children repeating to each other the wonderful experiences of "The Ugly Duckling," or discussing the question whether delicate wax-flowers could really

ever speak, and astound their eyes and ears by telling some of his own pretty stories. Kings and nobles now do honor to the good Hans Andersen, but when he was a little boy in poverty, one day his mother took him with her and other people who needed bread, to glean in the field of a harsh and cruel man. Soon they were filled with alarm by his approach, and all began to run away. Poor little Hans wore clumsy wooden shoes, which came off, and his tender feet were torn by the stiff stalks of grain left by the reapers. He could not keep up with the rest, and the rough owner of the field drew nearer and nearer with his heavy whip. Suddenly the brave little boy turned round, and looking straight into the man's face, said, "How dare you strike me, when God can see you?"

The angry man stopped instantly, struck with the fear of harming a child guarded by his Heavenly Father, gently stroked the childish face, asked his name, and gave him some money.

Sometimes Hans Andersen charms away pain and thoughts of disagreeable medicine by reading to a suffering child; a pleasant story seems to be going on in the sick room. Does not the children's best friend love to look upon such a scene?—*Freeman.*

Ducking Scolds.

Mr. Thomas Hartley, a relative of Gov. Endicott of Massachusetts, visited Virginia in 1684, and thus wrote of a local custom in that State:

"They have a law which reads somewhat in this wise: Whereas it be a sin and a shame for scolding and lying Tongues to be left to run loose as is too often the way amongst women, be it therefore enacted by any woman who shall, after being warned three several times by ye Church, persist in excessive scolding, or in back-biting her neighbors, shall be brought before ye Magistrate for examination, and if ye offence be fairly proved upon her, she shall be taken by an Officer appointed for ye purpose, to ye nearest pond or deepe stream of water, and there, in ye presence of sd Magistrate and of her accusers, be publicly ducked by said officer in ye waters of said pond or stream until shee shall make a solemn promise yt shee'll never sin in like manner again."

The day before yesterday, at two of ye clock in ye afternoon, I saw this punishment given to one Betsey, wife of John Tucker, who by ye violence of her tongue had made his house and ye neighborhood uncomfortable. She was taken to ye pond near where I am sojourning by ye officer, who was joined by ye magistrate and ye minister, Mr. Cotton, who had frequently admonished her, and a large number of people. They had a machine for ye purpose yt belonged to ye parish, and which I was told had been so used three times this summer. It is a platform with four small rollers or wheels and two upright posts between which a lever by a rope fastened to its shorter or heavier end. At one end ye longer arm is fixed a stool upon which sd Betsey was fastened by cords, her gown tied and fastened around her. The machine was then moved up to ye edge of ye pond, ye rope was slackened by ye officer, and ye woman was allowed to go down under ye water for ye space of half a minute. Betsey had a stout stomach, and would not yield until she had allowed herself to be so ducked five several times. At length she cried piteously, "Let me go! let me go! by God's help I'll sin no more!" Then they drew back ye machine, untied ye ropes, and let her walk home in wetted clothes, a hopefully penitent woman.

Methought such a reformer of great scolds might be of use in some parts of Massachusetts Bay, for I've been troubled many times by the clatter of ye scolding tongues of women, yt like ye clack of ye mill seldom cease from morning till night.

Costumes in the House of Lords.

Says Justin McCarthy in the New York Evening Mail:

It is a singular thing that, to see genuine curiosities of old-fashioned costumes, there is no place so good as the House of Lords, or perhaps the House of Commons. There are plenty of old men in either House who seem to have permanently adopted some favorite fashion of their youth and clung to it fondly and faithfully through all time and change, as more romantic souls cling to the memory of a lost love. Look at the stooping peer, the color of whose coat comes up behind so far as almost to touch the curly brim of his high crowned hat. The coat has a fur collar; it is long in the waist and long in the skirts, plumped out in front like the breast of a pigeon or a pantomime Prince. I suppose that coat was in fashion when George the Fourth was Regent here. See here a tall old Compeer in a blue coat with gilt buttons, a buff waistcoat and tight grey trousers. Look at another, who wears "ducks," as they used to be called in the days of our fathers,—black, I suppose, to dress after the fashion of the Duke of Wellington, and has not noticed any change since then. Talk of the costume of Horace Greeley. Why, our brave and dear friend would be a glass of fashion and a mold of form when compared with some of these legislative eccentricities. As a matter of fact, hardly any of our leading statesmen ever dress well. Gladstone's clothes seem to be thrown up with a pitchfork, as the old phrase was. Disraeli looks like an ancient picture of a dandy from a book of moldy fashions. Bright dresses like a plain country squire. The Marquis of Salisbury is as shabby looking as an old clothes man. Earl Granville and the Duke of Argyll alone seem to care much about maintaining the sartorial dignity of British statesmanship.

The Prison of Socrates.

But a few more steps, and from the pulpit of the Christian preacher we pass to the prison of the Pagan sage, or what is said to have been so. This is simply a narrow rock cave, about eighteen feet high, apparently, running up into a small furnace-shaped aperture on top, whence proceeds the only air and light when the opening in the front is closed. The rock walls make all egress except by the door impracticable, and a safer prison cell not even the Castle of Chillon could boast. The sage, with all his philosophy, must have been so very uncomfortable in this hole in the ground as to have received his final draught of hemlock with Pagan fortitude. At present the cave is used as a sheep-pen, and we disturb the repose of several of those amiable animals by our visit, they evidently fearing that the fate of Socrates was to be theirs, by this unwonted intrusion on their privacy. With regard to the authenticity of this spot we had no means of verifying it, but the tradition has fixed it as the genuine place whence—

"Athens' best and wisest looked his last!"

and we see no reason to doubt the fact. The pleasures of an undoubting faith in sites of historical interest are so superior to those of skepticism that it is always better to believe than to doubt, when there is a reasonable margin for such credulity. The tendencies of our time incline the other way, it is true; but it is more than doubtful whether Smollett's "Smelingus," who run over the Continent turning up his nose in dissatisfaction at everything, were a happier man than the easily satisfied Yorick, whose

Sentimental Journey is still the fruitful source of smiles and tears to generations unborn when he penned it. So let us believe Socrates drank his hemlock just here where the drowsy sheep now enjoy their peaceful slumbers, for the place is eminently adapted for a prison, and suits the historic record of that tragic event. I neglected to state that the temple of Theseus, as well as the Parthenon, is built of rose-colored marble; and this roseate tinge, which adds to the beauty of this material, giving a soft, warm flush to the cold marble, is attributed by experts to the manganese in the marble.

The Temple is not used as a museum of antiquities, and is filled with statues and other relics of the old city. Among other objects of art which strike the visitor is an unfinished head of a Greek woman with her hair coiffed *à la Grecque*. Who she was or who the sculptor no one now can tell.

A Pleasant Anecdote.

Rev. Thomas Alexander, of the English Presbyterian Church in Chelsea, recently died of apoplexy. A London correspondent to the *Presbyterian* vouches for the truth of the following anecdote:

This winter Mr. Alexander observed a curate frequently passing his window in the cold mornings without a great-coat, cold and uncomfortable, with that look of gentle penury which too often attaches to the poorly paid curates of the English Church. He went out to his tailor:—"Can you make a coat without seeing the man who is to wear it?"

That was doubtful. "Can you make the coat if you see the man, without measuring him?"

The tailor thought he might. "Then be ready when I call for you." The next day, accordingly, when the curate was seen approaching, Mr. Alexander hurried out to the tailor, and the two walked for some little distance behind the unsuspecting man.

"Now take a good look; make sure of your measure. Are you satisfied?"

"Yes." "Then," said Mr. Alexander, "make that poor fellow a good coat, of good cloth, at once. Ascertain his home, and send it to him; but mind you, if you give him the slightest inkling that I sent it, you shall never do me another stitch."

So the two parted. Mr. Alexander lived to see the curate often go by his house with the great-coat on, an excellent fit, and well buttoned up in welcome warmth.

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.

PHIBEE J., wife of Matthew Thresher, and daughter of Deacon James and Rachel Hall, died in Hamburg, Livingston Co., Mich., Jan. 20, aged 34 years. Sister Phibee experienced religious faith in the year 1840, and was baptized at the early age of eleven years. She was baptized by him and united with the Hamburg Free Baptist church, of which church she remained a member until her death. For several months before her death she was a very great sufferer, but she bore her sufferings with remarkable patience and fortitude. She will be greatly missed by a large circle of relatives and friends. In her were united large social powers; a kindly, generous spirit; and a cultivated musical talent. She was a very decided Free Baptist in sentiment, and was never absent from the stated meetings of the church, unless prevented from attending by sickness. A discourse was delivered at her funeral by the writer, founded upon Numbers, 23:10. H. A. BARBER.

SUSAN B., wife of N. K. Sargent, Esq., of Kennebunk, Maine, departed this life in the hope of a glorious immortality, June 11, aged 77 years. She leaves an aged companion with whom she had traveled her journey of life, and a devoted son, who mourns her loss. Efficient in the discharge of life's active duties, patient in the endurance of life's sufferings, a faithful helpmeet, a devoted mother, a kind neighbor, Mrs. Sargent, through the grace of Christ in whom she trusted, acted well her part, did nobly her work, and has entered upon her ample reward. During the past six years, the light of the sun and the dearer light of the faces of loved ones has been shut out from her sight, but only that her inner vision might grow purer and more soul-illumining. And now her whole existence gave sight to the blind, has touched her eyes and lo! she sees again and as never before, in the world of eternal day. The funeral services were conducted by the writer. W. E. DARTING.

MARY A. WESTWORTH, granddaughter of the Rev. John Russell, daughter of the Widow Lougee, of Parsonsfield, and the deceased wife of A. Westworth, of Brownfield, died June 7, of inflammation of the stomach, aged 61 years. She had been a member of the F. B. church in Brownfield for many years, and has always been faithful, and true to its interests and the cause of God generally, living and dying in full faith in Jesus Christ.

ANDREW NEAL died in Vienna, Me., May 23, aged 80 years and seven months. He experienced religion when 23 years of age, and has been a constant subscriber for the *Star* since its commencement. He was a worthy citizen, respected by all. He was a member of the Vienna church. He leaves a wife, five sons, and other relatives to mourn their loss. They know that he will pay for them no more, but their loss is his eternal gain. Funeral services by the writer, assisted by Rev. J. Nore. F. BEAN.

CLARINDA, widow of E. N. Johnston, was born in Dickinson, Franklin Co., N. Y., April 11, 1820, and died in Douglas, Bremer Co., Iowa, April 18, 1872. Her disease was dyspepsia, and she suffered greatly at times, but she bore all uncomplainingly. Though anxious to live for her children's sake, yet, resigned to the will of the Lord, she calmly waited the summons to cross the river. Four children are left orphans. M. H.

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News Summary.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Chicago and Alton road is setting hedge plants out along its line.

The property of the Northwestern University at Evanston, Illinois, is valued at \$1,268,800.40.

Alaska sealions are displacing all other varieties of this fur.

There are 96,942 scholars in the public schools of New York.

The hair on a healthy camel weighs ten pounds and is worth a hundred dollars.

Since Dr. McCosh took charge of Princeton College, it has received gifts amounting to \$700,000.

Norman B. Judd has been appointed collector of customs at Chicago.

The New York strikers appear to have given up all idea of success in their demands for eight hours.

The New York senate has voted for the removal of Judge McCunn. The vote stood 28 in the affirmative and none in the negative.

Judge Joel Parker of New Jersey has written a letter dealing the labor reform nomination for the Vice-Presidency.

The public debt statement shows a decrease of \$2,061,035.32 during the past month. Decrease since March 1, 1872, \$34,329,104.36; decrease since March 1, 1869, to March 1, 1872, \$299,649,762.03. The coin balance in the Treasury to date is \$88,140,108.56.

A Maryland man has 300 acres of watermelons. Last year he made \$14,000 from it.

A fire occurred in an Ohio coal mine on Wednesday, and nine men and a boy were smothered to death.

It takes six hundred dollars' worth of gold leaf to decorate a first-class sleeping-car.

The aggregate amount filched by dishonest postmasters last year was three hundred thousand dollars.

It cost Chicago half a million of dollars to restore her fire department.

An artesian well at the corner of State and Washington streets, Chicago, has been sunk to the depth of 1,220 feet, and discharges 500 gallons of water per minute. It is to be sunk still deeper.

The annual meeting of the New England Association of Soldiers of the War of 1812 was held on Thursday, and the old officers re-elected. But one member has died during the last six months.

It is estimated that the cost to this government for the cable correspondence on the subject of consequential damages up to Saturday last, is upwards of eighteen thousand dollars in gold.

Governor Hoffman has issued a proclamation ordering an extraordinary general term of the Supreme Court for the Third Judicial Department, to be held on the 16th of July at Albany, at which will be heard the appeal suits brought in the Tweed and other New York cases.

Advices received on the 28th ult., from General Angra, in Texas, are to the effect that he has sent all his effective troops into the reservations of the Indians engaged in plundering emigrant trains and molesting settlers in that State, with orders to destroy all villages of hostile tribes, sparing only the lives of women and children.

Judge McCunn of New York, who was last Tuesday removed from office by a vote of the State senate, died on Saturday morning. He had been ill for several days, and the heat and depression of spirits caused by his impeachment combined to make fatal the malady which affected him.

It now appears that Dr. Howard is not yet at liberty, and that sharp notes regarding the affair are passing between Minister Sikes and Senator Morton. The latter wants General Sikes to ask for Dr. Howard's pardon, but this he refuses to do, the position assumed being that the prisoner is not guilty. A letter, written last March by Secretary Fish to Vice-President Colfax, has appeared, in which the case is reviewed in a manner not favorable to Dr. Howard.

The master of the American schooner James Bliss has written a letter which effectually disposes of the sensational stories about the affair. He acknowledges that he was fishing in Canadian waters and the consequent justice of the seizure, although at the time he believed that all restrictions had been removed by the treaty. He thinks that the placing of our flag with the union down was accidental or done through the ignorance of the second officer in charge. His treatment by the officer making the seizure, and by the officials in Quebec has been uniformly courteous.

Eight hundred rare foreign evergreens, the gift of Mr. Corcoran, the Washington banker, have been set out at Mt. Vernon.

The Bismuth mine in Utah is the only one in the world.

Senator Harlan has purchased one-half interest in the Washington Chronicle.

FOREIGN.

Gen. Trochu has resigned his seat in the French National Assembly.

The general council of internationalists in London has suspended all English-speaking sections in the United States.

A rumor prevails in Matamoros that General Rocho has captured Monterrey after a severe fight.

The republicans in Spain have resolved to acknowledge no monarchal authority and to abstain from all elections while monarchy exists. The members of the majority in the Cortes and the former members of the ministry belonging to the conservative party have determined to withdraw from politics.

The Cuban filibustering expedition which went out in the Fannie has come to grief and disaster. She landed and buried her cargo of arms near Guanamao and then got aground and was burned. The expedition was attacked by General Valera, and Peralta, the chief of the filibusters, was killed. Nearly half of the adventurers have been captured and the others are pursued.

The determined stand taken by President Thiers is said to have weakened the opposition from the right in the French Assembly, and the excitement is subsiding. There was a story that a conspiracy among the royalists for the overthrow of the republic has been discovered, but it is pronounced to be without foundation.

It is intended to rebuild Luther's cell in the Augustinian monastery at Erfurt, destroyed by fire some months ago. A general subscription is publicly invited for the purpose.

von Moltke's engineers are preparing detailed topographic plans of the battlefields of Spicheren, Worth and Metz.

The sublime Porte has interdicted the publication of the Levant Herald for three months, because that paper had the temerity to state that the financial affairs of Turkey were not in as favorable a condition as they might be.

The Empress Eugenie has been ill for some time with a disease of the facial glands, and it is said that her physicians think she will have to undergo an operation that may disfigure her face for life.

The French assembly on Saturday ratified the treaty for the evacuation of French territory by the German troops, and an exchange of ratifications has been made. The Bank of France is to loan the government 40,000,000 francs.

Paragraphs.

Tom Scott has invested \$100,000 in saw-mills at Apalachicola, Florida, to get out cypress from cypress and juniper, which will be chiseled in some way to be rendered fire-proof, and used on the Southern Pacific Railroad.

The leading feature in the *Overland Monthly* for July, is a most audacious but clumsily managed literary theft. In an article on the "Tribune Dole," the writer has coolly appropriated a long description of the English country gentleman of the seventeenth century, from Macaulay's History of England.

It is said that when Audubon, the distinguished naturalist, was a resident of Henderson, Kentucky, his inseparable companion was a petted wild turkey, that would follow the great naturalist in all his walks, and remain in his study as long as a dog.

Tanaka, the Japanese Minister of Education, has been several weeks in New Haven, studying the educational institutions of that place, and more lately at Amherst and South Hadley. While at the latter place he is reported to have said, "Japan must have Christianity."

Unlike other Indians, the Apache chiefs whom General Howard has just brought to Washington, are destitute of war paint and clad in suits of modern costume. They are almost as black as negroes, and, with the exception of their long, black hair, resemble their very much. They are short in stature, slow in movement, and seemingly pugnacious in temperament. Santo, an old chief, has the most pleasant face, and evidently possesses the best temper. No two are dressed alike, as on their native heath they do not wear clothing, and as they now have been picked up promiscuously on the trip to the East.

The painting executed by Thomas Moran, representing the Grand Canon of the Yellowstone, which is now on exhibition in Boston, having been purchased by order of Congress, is to be placed in the Senate wing of the Capitol at the head of the half flight of stairs on the east side leading from the Senate floor to the galleries.

This is the first work of art that has ever been purchased by the government strictly on its merits, all the other paintings, statuary, &c., about the capitol having been executed upon orders before the work commenced—a fact which makes the present action of Congress doubly complimentary to the talented artist.

The Boston *Journal of Chemistry* has been analyzing the paper on which its exchanges are printed, and finds that the paper-makers mix a white clay with the paper-pulp to add to the weight. Its own paper has less than half of one per cent. of this matter; that of the *Independent*, 8.71 per cent.; and that of the *Scientific American* has 14.50 per cent. As the paper sells by weight for more than ten times as much as does the clay, the profit on the clay is very large, the *Scientific American* having to pay, at paper price, for eleven tons of it annually.

Fourteen millions of dollars are invested in daily newspapers in Paris.

Many of the salmon rivers in Norway are leased by English sportsmen, who go over once a year for the fishing.

Some of the younger members of the English aristocracy have taken to driving four-in-hand as a diversion, and have organized themselves into regular public carriers, driving their coaches themselves between London and Dorking and other suburban places.

The Duke of Wellington was once in danger at sea, when, just before bedtime, the captain came to his cabin, and announced that in a very few minutes all would be over. "Very well," said the Duke, "then I shall not take off my boots."

The House of Lords has unanimously decided in favor of the claim of the present Earl of Aberdeen to the British peerage. It will be remembered that this is the younger son claiming the peerage on the ground of the loss at sea of his sailing incop, in an American ship.

In a recent lecture by the celebrated Dr. Schwabe, of Berlin, he states that, out of 1,000 school children that had been questioned on the subject, in that city, 777 never had seen a rain-bow, 733 a potato field, 502 a butterfly, 403 a corn field, 347 a flock of sheep, 364 a forest, 264 an oak, and 263 had never seen plowing.

Dr. Hartwig says that earthquake shocks are either vertical or undulatory. A vertical shock which is felt immediately about the seat of focus of the subterranean disturbance, causes a movement up and down. Like an exploding mine, it frequently jerks movable bodies high up in the air. Thus, during the great earthquake in Rio-bamba, the bodies of many of the inhabitants were thrown upon the hill of La Culla, which rises to the height of several hundred feet at the other side of the Lican torrent; and during the earthquake at Chili, in 1897, a large mast planted 30 feet in the ground at Port San Carlos, and propped with iron bars, was thrown upward so that a round hole remained behind.

The statements were made in a recent series of lectures before the Edinburgh College of Physicians, that from 90 to 70 per cent. of the children in England were not born so, but were victims of accidents in childhood, and that the objection to the marriage of consins was found in no mysterious influence intrinsic in consanguinity itself, but in the fact that the consanguinity increases the danger that undesirable or morbid peculiarities may be transmitted to children in an intensified and dangerous form, since the father and mother, when related by blood, are more likely to possess the same transmissible qualities than when they are not so related.

We thought we had had our last laugh at John Bull for his slowness in adopting our simple and effective means of communication between different parts of a railroad train—a cord. It now turns out that the companies which tried the system either put the cord out of the reach of passengers or boxed it up so that no one knew where it was, how to get at it. Consequently the cord system is pronounced a failure, and the board of trade has withdrawn its provisional approval of it as a means of communication. Nothing has been substituted for it, and the English railways, which are compelled by law to have some official sanctioned method of signalling on all their trains, are absolutely without any such precaution for the lives of their passengers.

Prof. Cope attributes the origin of the numerous and extensive caves in the limestone rock of Virginia and Tennessee, to the action of currents of running water. These excavating floods were probably at the close of the great glacial epoch, as the caves contain no fossil remains of an earlier date than the drift. The blind fish and crustaceans found in the underground waters of such caves, are of a similar species to those in the upper world, only modified by their peculiar circumstances. They were not created eyeless of blind, to dwell in dark caves; but the species having found its way into subterranean waters lost its vision; the visual organs diminished and almost disappeared, and other sense-organs became developed proportionately.

Rural and Domestic.

Manners at the Table.

FOR THE BOYS.

A lad dined with me one day; he was twelve or fourteen years old. He had a pug nose, red hair, and a freckled face. His coat was patched at the elbows, and his pocket-handkerchief was a cotton one and coarse at that. After he went away, the lady of the house said, "I like to entertain such company, he has such beautiful manners." At another time, a woman left her son with me for a day, and I took him with me to dine. His face was very handsome. He had splendid eyes, a fair skin, and was finely dressed. His mother was a rich woman and had every advantage that wealth bestows. When the day was over, a friend remarked, "How very much relieved you must feel?" "Why?" asked I. "Didn't that boy annoy you exceedingly? He has such disagreeable manners. He is only fit to be shut up in a pen with wild animals?"

"But that boy's mother was to blame," you exclaim. Certainly, and so are many of yours, and for this very reason you must take the making of your "palaces and fortunes" in your own hands. One gets tired of talking to mothers about their duties, especially when they are more concerned about your spring jackets than your manners. Then possibly many of them say, "I heard one say the other day, 'Oh, Johnnie will come out all right! It will be time enough for him to learn ten years hence.' An ill fruiting tree may be grafted to bear good fruit, but one can always detect the joining of the stalks. Very much so it is with manners acquired late in life—they have a stuck on appearance. But if acquired in youth, taken in when the body and mind and heart are especially alive and open to influences, they become a part and portion of him, and of such a one we say, 'He is a real gentleman.' And to be a real gentleman, is to be more than king or president, prince or potentate. It will serve you when money fails, when position is of no avail. Like air, it costs no money; every boy can be it. The poor lad with his badge of good breeding is made the peer of the rich one.

The importance of good manners is what I would have you first comprehend. The main-spring of all good manners lies in the Golden Rule. The "address" Emerson speaks of, is something more than manners; it comes from self-possession, from courage, and from contact with polite people.

I think one of the very first things a boy should acquire is self-possession; to speak clearly and frankly when spoken to; to ask in a prompt and straightforward manner when he wants to ask; never to suck his thumb when he has an errand to do; nor to skulk behind doors when he should be in the street. To enter a room with his hat on, or accept of a kindness without a "thank you," are both common faults, and very bad ones, as regards manners. Boys may turn somersaults, climb trees and fences, play ball, wrestle, jump and shout, and have excellent manners, too; but they will not indulge in such things in their mother's parlor, or in the front hall of their next door neighbor's house.

To illustrate some of the violations of good manners, we will sit down at this table, where men and women are dining. This man, at my right, came in with a noise, bringing his feet down as if he were threshing corn; and draws his chair back with a screech, and jerks himself up to the table with a vengeance that makes the dishes clatter. Do you ever do that way? Do you think nice people would like to have him at their table? He shouts to the servants, and is enraged if he is not served at once. He eats with his mouth open, and you can hear him gulp and champ, as if he were a hog, and he shovels it in with his knife as if his mouth was an enormous gash that had no bottom. To eat with such a beast is disgusting and sickening to well-bred people. Such a creature may be kind and good, learned and rich, but these qualities will not atone for his ill-breeding. It is like a very bad odor to a well-colored flower.

Leaving him with his sucking and gulping, we will look at the man opposite. He is a slovenly wretch. Dirt lies under his finger nails, he brushes his hair with his coat on, and hairs and dandruff are lodged on his shoulders and collar. A man who comes to a table in such a condition should be taken out and served like a dusty carpet—beaten with rods. Are you ever guilty of such carelessness? Before he gets through with his meal, you will observe that he has a "cold," and that he blows his nose and clears his throat until the delicate lady near him leaves the table, to save herself. What else could he do? Why, leave the table, to attend to his head, or have begged permission to sit by himself.

Farther on is a nice, frank-faced, tidy looking fellow. What all his behavior? He likes to pull at his beard. Now and then a hair loosens, and, drawing it through his fingers, he sits it to the floor. If he were thoroughly well bred, he would not do that. Even if that did not betray him, picking his teeth with his fingers would, unless indeed he is in pain, and hides his mouth with his napkin. He is not as ill-bred as his neighbor, who puts his knife to the butter dish, and concludes his dessert by the use of a toothpick while at the table, or even in the presence of others, and sometimes burrows his finger in his ear, or picks at his nose, or at a napkin. He has a proper *vis-a-vis*, who coughs straight in his face, yawns, puts his hands over his head, sprays his legs out, sticks his elbows in to his neighbors, and has on a dirty shirt. Are you any like these fellows?

A burly young man, at the farther end of the table, talks in a very loud voice, which is offensive, while the subject matter of his talk is simply unbecomingly vulgar. Well, what is he talking about that is so bad? Small-pox, fever, sick-rooms, dead people, boils, wounded soldiers, sanitary measures, and the like. After exhausting such topics, he will treat of his own personal business affairs, and perhaps detail social incidents of some friend which he should hold sacred as his own. Or perhaps he indulges in some heated discussion, which wears and annoys all at table. Socially, he is a monster, and should have his own special sphere, and herd with his own kind.

There is but one man at the table I can commend to you as an example. He came in, and seated himself quietly. He is very "nice" in the sense of being very tidy. His teeth, nails, hair, clothing, and all, have been brushed and cared for. He eats without perceptible noise, eats slowly, and devoid of haste. He speaks clearly but not loud, and only on cheerful topics. He is not content at most abashed; makes requests in a way that makes one feel honored to serve him; assists the ladies in his neighborhood to what they may need without any display of officiousness which is always to be avoided, and overlooks faults both of cook and servant. Can you not imitate him at the table? To eat well is one of the strongest tests of good manners. I would, you for no man's gentlemanliness until I had seen him at dinner. Leaving the dining room, we may meet these people again in the parlor, the street, the audience room, and the rail car.—*Prairie Farmer*.

When you see a fence down put it up; if it remains until to-morrow, the cattle may get over.

The Law of the Winds.

The statement, "Thou canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth," has ceased to be true of the wind since the discovery of "Ballot's Law." The simple announcement of it threw a flood of light upon the wind-maps and gave the clue to their labyrinth. "The winds always blow nearly parallel to the isobars" (lines connecting places where the atmospheric weights alike, as measured by the barometer)—"a word analogous to isothermal"—"with the highest pressure on their right hand in the Northern Hemisphere" (but on their left in the Southern). To illustrate: Suppose a nucleus of lowest pressure (say 29.3) to be central over Long Island, and stationary. Such was actually the case at midnight on the 4th inst. per weather report. A circle connecting Portland, Burlington, and Cape May would represent the isobar of 29.29. Now, if the wind has the higher pressure at its right, it must blow around Long Island "backing,"—i. e., in a direction the reverse of watch-hands. Thus, at Portland and Boston it blew from the east; at Burlington, north-east; Cincinnati north; Cape May, Washington, Lynchburg, etc., north-west; and at New London south-east. Three facts contribute to confuse the simplicity of this law as applied to the interpretation of our weather-maps, exclusive of mistakes; first, the observers divide the compass into only eight points, making but one between each pair of cardinals; hence winds from north-east and north-north-west might both appear in one region recorded as north, and in another on the same map as north-east and north-west respectively. Secondly, the words "nearly parallel to the isobars," explained more at length, mean that the wind blows across the isobars at a small angle from the higher to the lower pressure, thus producing an immense spiral whorl (which also ascends around the core). Thus, at the time of our illustration, the wind was reported north-west at several places due west of Long Island, indicating a centripetal as well as circular impulse. Thirdly, it is only when the area of low barometer is stationary that the wind blows around it with uniform velocity, and that the calm is at its center. If the whole area moves, the apparent directions alter, though still uniform relative to the moving center. Thus, if the nucleus is moving eastward, the wind to the south of it has double work to do; its velocity eastward equals its motion round the center plus the speed of the center. Conversely, the wind northward of the nucleus has its apparent westward velocity lessened by the amount of motion of the center eastward. If the storm moves very rapidly, the wind may appear west under its whole extent, being lightest at the north and heaviest at the south. (In the tropics, storms move to the west, and hence it is the east winds there which have their speed supplemented by that of the centers, while the west winds are almost neutralized, "trade winds.") Where the pressure is lowest the air always moves in the same direction as the storm, thus preserving its position beneath the core, while the apparent calm is in the region where the opposing directions and velocities balance each other. (Hence the equatorial belt of calms and variable winds.) With these facts in mind, the wind records become a soluble enigma.—*The Nation*.

Ancient Americans.

Frederic Muller, in his Origin of the Civilization of the Native American Race, takes the position that, in spite of their apparent common parentage and their morphological resemblance, the dialects of the native American tribes possess roots which are absolutely distinct; and consequently, that they have not descended in any way from a single language as their original source. Supposing the red man to have been primarily red, and even without the faculty of speech, his civilization, if it was not developed on the ground, must have been communicated to him by immigrants of new colonies or by the arrival of adventurers or shipwrecked sailors. If American civilization owes its origin to Asiatic colonies, it would, to a greater or lesser degree, reproduce the advanced civilization of those people. Isolated mariners, besides the traces their arrival would have left in legendary history, would certainly have brought with them domestic animals and useful vegetables,—in limited number, at least,—which would have multiplied and have been perpetuated. Finally, the change from a state of rudeness to that of civilization by contact with foreigners could not have been made without repeated disciplinary jarrings and trials, which would have created a certain teachableness or receptivity among our native races which they do not seem to possess. From these considerations Herr Muller concludes that the civilization of the American tribes is wholly self-derived and original to the continent.

Alaska.

Late Alaska advices received at San Francisco report a remarkably mild winter, with very little snow, and only three inches of ice on the lake near Sitka, and that only for a few days. Potatoes, turnips, gooseberries, and currants yielded fairly, and a market having been established at which all the natural products as well as imported luxuries can be found, there is no scarcity of food. A vessel just arrived at San Francisco from Sitka brings specimens of gold and silver quartz from the mines lately discovered on Indian River, near Sitka. They will be assayed at San Francisco and upon the result will depend the prosperity of Sitka the coming year. If the specimens are the pure gold they will be a flight of miners to Sitka, and if not, that metropolis will continue to wag in the old way. The discovery of mines created a great deal of excitement, and at the time of sailing the mines were all the talk.

To Preserve Books.

It is not, perhaps, so generally known as it deserves to be, that a few drops of any kind of perfume will secure books and manuscripts from the deteriorating effects of mold and damp. The species of leather so extensively used by book-binders owes its powers of withstanding the effects of these destructive agents to the tar of the birch tree,—betula alba. The preserving of books, written on papyrus and parchment by means of perfumed oils, was known to the ancients. The Romans made use, for this purpose, of the oil of cedar; hence, and undoubtedly, the expression of Horace, "Digna Cedra," meaning any work worthy of being anointed with this oil. It is frequently the case that valuable collections of books are greatly damaged by the effects of damp, and manuscripts to which great importance attaches are often wholly spoiled. The hint may be worthy of notice.

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Price \$1.25. Sold by all Druggists. *cow3m6*

Alaska.

Late Alaska advices received at San Francisco report a remarkably mild winter, with very little snow, and only three inches of ice on the lake near Sitka, and that only for a few days. Potatoes, turnips, gooseberries, and currants yielded fairly, and a market having been established at which all the natural products as well as imported luxuries can be found, there is no scarcity of food. A vessel just arrived at San Francisco from Sitka brings specimens of gold and silver quartz from the mines lately discovered on Indian River, near Sitka. They will be assayed at San Francisco and upon the result will depend the prosperity of Sitka the coming year. If the specimens are the pure gold they will be a flight of miners to Sitka, and if not, that metropolis will continue to wag in the old way. The discovery of mines created a great deal of excitement, and at the time of sailing the mines were all the talk.

It is not, perhaps, so generally known as it deserves to be, that a few drops of any kind of perfume will secure books and manuscripts from the deteriorating effects of mold and damp. The species of leather so extensively used by book-binders owes its powers of withstanding the effects of these destructive agents to the tar of the birch tree,—betula alba. The preserving of books, written on papyrus and parchment by means of perfumed oils, was known to the ancients. The Romans made use, for this purpose, of the oil of cedar; hence, and undoubtedly, the expression of Horace, "Digna Cedra," meaning any work worthy of being anointed with this oil. It is frequently the case that valuable collections of books are greatly damaged by the effects of damp, and manuscripts to which great importance attaches are often wholly spoiled. The hint may be worthy of notice.

It is intended to rebuild Luther's cell in the Augustinian monastery at Erfurt, destroyed by fire some months ago. A general subscription is publicly invited for the purpose.

von Moltke's engineers are preparing detailed topographic plans of the battlefields of Spicheren, Worth and Metz.

The sublime Porte has interdicted the publication of the Levant Herald for three months, because that paper had the temerity to state that the financial affairs of Turkey were not in as favorable a condition as they might be.

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