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The Morning Star.

Volume XLVII.

DOVER, N. H. JULY 31, 1872.

Number 31

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

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

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

Terms: \$3.00 per year; or if paid strictly in advance, \$2.50.

REMITTANCES must be made in money or checks, bank checks, or drafts, if possible. When neither of these can be procured, send the money in a registered letter. All Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.

Money thus sent will be at our risk. Otherwise they will be at the risk of those sending them.

The regular charges for money orders, bank checks, and Post Office money orders may be deducted from the amount due, when thus sent. Agents are particularly requested to make their remittances as large as possible and thus save expenses.

Papers are sent by mail, and an explicit order is received by the Publisher for their discontinuance, and until payment of all arrears is made as required by law.

Each subscriber is particularly requested to note the date on the label for the expiration of his subscription, and to forward what is due for the ensuing year, without further reminder from this office.

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1. Any person who takes a newspaper regularly from the post-office—whether directed to his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

4. When Agents receive premiums, no percentage on money sent for the Star is allowed in addition.

5. We send no books out to be sold on commission, or otherwise, with the privilege of returning them.

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with of much that is said to us in the bazar. But, thank God, some begin to open their eyes to the alarming fact that the Hindu religion holds no hope for lost sinners. Such awakened ones are looking into the Bible for help and light.

But there is perhaps not a more troublesome class of persons in the bazar audiences than those who have just glanced at a few passages of the Bible, here and there, in Old Testament and New, wherever the book happened to open. One of these superficial readers accosted us in Sib bazar, the other day, with the following question: "Didn't Jesus Christ steal money from the Pharisees, and didn't they kill him for that?" He assured me over and over again, that he had read this in the Bible; and on my assuring him and the audience that nothing of the kind was to be found in the Bible, and handing over my Bengali copy for him to find the passage he spoke of,--fancy the coolness of the babu, who returned the book, after failing to find what he wished, with the remark that we Christians had a way of casting out all offensive passages from our Bible.

With loud, bold words he insisted that what he had stated was in the earlier editions of the Bengali Bible, but has now disappeared through the disingenuousness of the missionaries!

A very nice babu called at our bungalow several weeks ago. "Have you Sanskrit books in the *Debagri* character?" he asked, and being pleased with what were shown him, he bought several, among them portions of the sacred Scriptures. He lingered on the veranda, and we had quite a talk about the way of salvation. I found him thoroughly dissatisfied with Hinduism, and a nominal Brahminist. It so happened that but a few evenings before I had visited the Brahmin *Somaj* weekly, and found only six or seven persons in attendance upon their regular service. I therefore expressed surprise at not having seen him there, whereupon he responded promptly, "I never go; I don't care to associate with those who belong to the *Somaj*. They are openly and shamelessly vicious in their lives. I prefer serving God by myself to going into such company." We often hear the same thing from others, both at the station and in the district. The *Naib*, a petty native officer in the employ of the indigo planters at Dajudi, once gave me a very sad and revolting picture of these Hindu Theists.

This babu's frankness, and his apparent sincerity and eagerness for the truth, pleased me much. We had a long talk, after which he seemed to feel that he was not yet on the right track. How he listened to the story of the Cross! I shall not soon forget those bright eyes, and that calm face beaming with intense interest. Something called me off, a patient, I think, at the other door; but an hour afterwards I found the Babu quietly seated on the veranda, intently perusing the Gospel history. God bless him! my heart said it many times, as he walked away. I have not seen him, nor heard of him since. While I told him of the way of life, and whenever, since then, his face has come back to mind, I have thought of the one who came running to the Lord, of whom it is written, "Jesus beholding him, loved him."

J. L. P.

What we need in our metropolitan society is a declaration of independence. There are a great many good men and women in New York who lament the drinking habits of society most sincerely. Let those all declare that they will minister no longer at the social altars of the great destroyer. Let them declare that the indiscriminate offer of wine at dinners and social assemblies is not only criminal but vulgar, as it undoubtedly is. Let them declare that for the sake of the young, the weak, the vicious,—for the sake of personal character, and family peace, and social purity, and national strength,—they will discard wine from their feasts from this time forth and forever, and the work will be done. Let them declare that it shall be vulgar,—as it undeniably is,—for a man to quarrel with his dinner because his host fails to furnish wine. This can be done now, and it needs to be done now, for it is becoming every day more difficult to do it. The habit of wine-drinking at dinner is quite prevalent already. European travel is doing much to make it universal; and if we go on extending it at the present rate, we shall soon arrive at the European indifference to the whole subject. There are many clergymen in New York who have wine upon their tables and who furnish it to their guests. We keep no man's conscience, but we are compelled to say that they sell influence at a shamefully cheap rate. What can they do in the great fight with this tremendous evil? They can do nothing, and are counted upon to do nothing.

If the men and women of good society wish to have less drinking to excess, let them stop drinking moderately. If they are not willing to break off the indulgence of a feeble appetite for the sake of doing a great good to a great many people, how can they expect a poor, broken-down wretch to deny an appetite that is stronger than the love of wife and children, and even life itself? The punishment for the failure to do duty in this business is sickening to contemplate. The sacrifice of life and peace and wealth will go on. Every year young men will rush wildly to the devil, middle-aged men will booze away into apoplexy, and old men will swell up with the sweet poison and become disgusting idiots. What will become of the women? We should think that they had suffered enough from this evil to hold it under everlasting ban, yet there are drunken women as well as drinking clergymen. Society, however, has a great advantage in the fact that it is vulgar for a woman to drink. There are some things that a woman may not do, and maintain her social standing. Let her not quarrel with the fact that society demands more of her than it does of men. It is her safeguard in many ways.—J. G. Holland.

Peter's Repentance.

Follow that excited man as he rushes from Pilate's hall to be alone,—to be where he can wring his hands and beat his breast, with none to be the wiser, and none to hinder or to help. "And have I thus degraded him and blasphemed? Am I thus degraded and debased to hell? Did I ever think my friendship was to come to this? Could I thus forget, could I thus requite, the love that welcomed me, a stranger, and placed me near his person, and in his intimacy, and in his service, and beneath the smile of to furnish without danger to themselves

his favor? Is this my appreciation of that glory of his upon the mountain, when his face did shine as the sun, and when, God knoweth, I would have stayed there forever with him? Is this all that cometh of my gratitude, my admiration, kindled again on that dark and stormy sea, when, being ready to perish, I called upon his name, and his right hand held me up, and I trod safely on the waves along with him? Could neither his glory, nor his graciousness keep me from denying him? Oh! is it come to this? And now in my dread, dark hour, when I can not bear my own existence, when every word he ever spoke comes over my heart, with sickening aggravation of my sin and shame, where, oh, where shall I turn to find relief? Oh! this deadly crime. Oh! this burning, guilty conscience. And he warned me that I would do it. But I scorned his exhortation. I was mad upon my own good powers. And now there rings in my ears forever, as the death-knell of my hopes, the slighted warning, 'Simon, Simon, before the cock crow twice thou shalt deny me thrice.' And now in my anguish I have lost my Friend forever, and all the recollections of our love but shut me up in a darker despair. But,—I do remember still his words. Yes; I cannot be mistaken. He said, I would be 'converted.' He gave directions for my duty then. He told me to 'strengthen my brethren.' Ah! then I am not disowned by him, not cut off from them. They are still my brethren. I am still to be among them,—still to hold up my head among them, to serve, and to be owned as serving them. I am not cast off. He told me I would be restored. The Lord, then, is my Shepherd still; he restored my soul. Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy! When I fall I shall rise again; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me. O my guilty heart, what thinkest thou of love like this?—love that laid in the reviving hope and consolation, even before the guilt and scandal were contracted,—love that foretold that thou shouldst arise again to gratitude and peace, and faithfulness and duty? It is this love that thou hast denied, cast off, dishonored, and disdained. Flow, flow faster, ye bitter, scalding tears! break, break deeper open, thou false and faithless heart! and burn into tenfold heat this hot and guilty, yet believing and confessing blush of shame! Let me hide my face in the dust from thee, and hide thou thy face from my terrible transgression. Oh, turn thou me, and I shall be turned; convert thou me, and I shall be converted!"—Rev. Hugh Martin.

Meeting Ourselves.

Every traveler upon the road meets many travelers; but has it ever occurred to you that we sometimes meet ourselves? There is a picture in the library of one of my friends, not a large work,—in fact, it hangs upon one of the shelves against the books. But it is one of the most fascinating of pictures. The scene is a wood,—a kind of sombre bosage in which you are not to search for the veins of the leaves, but which is to suggest solitude to your imagination. There are two figures, a man and a woman, haggard, joyous, exhausted, and with that look of hopeless weariness which I suppose Heine saw in Alfred de Musset's face when he said that he had a great future behind him. These two, the woman leaning on the man, are suddenly confronted by two others, distinct, yet a little spectral, and apparently unconscious of the curious encounter. The two unconscious figures are those of a youth and maid, each, indeed, in the fullness of youth, with all its bloom and hope, and with an inexpressible repose of happiness in their attitude. They are lovers; young lovers; lovers in a world enchanted by their love; happy in the perfect purity of their passion. And upon these two the others stare with bewildered horror and yearning. Under the picture is the legend, "How they met themselves."

For the two are one. The one is the double of the other. This man, haggard, pitiful woman is that modest maid with downcast eye and cheek warm with the blush of joy. This dull, reckless wrecked man is that blooming youth whispering his love. And the two who meet them know it. The wretched woman feels that it is she. The miserable man knows that it is he. If we could continue the picture, as it were, how should we do it? What happened next? When the shock was over, did they move on? Was it a vision through which they passed? Did it glimmer and glimmer far behind them as they went, and at last, growing fainter and farther, fade away? Or did it glide by them, an attending presence, a picture on the air which could not melt, and which they could not choose but see? How would it be with us? If we should once see the brave boys that we were, could we ever help seeing them afterward? And you, dear lady crossing the street under my window, with that delicate rouge upon your cheek, and that costly shawl, for which your husband can not afford to pay, over your beautiful shoulders, wishing often and often that you had thought twice before marrying him,—if you should see the bright-faced, curly-haired darling that I remember bounding along the sidewalk, would you ever afterward fail to see her? You would meet yourself, but would you know her?—Harper's Bazar.

Let another's passion be a lecture to thy reason.

Science a Minister of God.

Science, too, is a minister of God,—an evangelist,—whose mission is to "show us the Father," and regenerate the world. With no conscious God in her perceptions, she yet refreshes and expands the idea of the heights and depths and infinite riches of the wonderful All. With no moral sensibility of her own, she yet deepens the sense of obligation in man, and solemnizes human life by showing how most exact is nature's frame in which that of life is set where the severe and geometrizing God suffers no transgression, and no defect that is not compensated by its just equivalent,—where every law is self-executing, and the wildest excesses,—the meteor's path, the earthquake's brief spasm, the comet's long but measured furlough,—are all minutely prescribed and timed. With no human sympathy in those eyes that look creation through, she yet strengthens the bonds of love by a wiser adjustment of human relations, by multiplying means of beneficence and extending opportunities of good. With no charity in her aim, she yet evangelizes the world by closer commerce of man with man, by furnishing wings to missionary zeal, and implements to charity, by dissolving the rocky barriers of prescription, by developing the vast resources of nature for the comfort and relief of the suffering, and the edification of human kind.—Dr. Dodge.

Events of the Week.

BURNING OF THE EMERSON HOUSE.

It is no worse for Ralph Waldo Emerson to be turned out of bed by a burning house than for the multitudes who are constantly meeting that calamity. But he is a public man, his home has long been the headquarters of a certain class of thinkers, it was something of a historic building besides, so that the burning of it is invested with peculiar interest. It happened last Wednesday morning, while the philosopher was yet in bed, and resulted from a defective flue. He came near losing all his valuable possessions, but fortunately his books and papers and the most of his furniture were saved. He has the sympathy of a wide circle of friends in his loss, and can have their pecuniary aid if he wants it.

THE NEW FRENCH MINISTER.

Marquis de Noailles, the new French minister to the United States, presented his credentials and made his speech last Wednesday. He said he was highly honored in being sent to so great a country as the United States, and that he should try to keep the peace between the two countries. President Grant replied that he knew all about it, that he himself was also honored in receiving so distinguished a man from so great a country, and that he should try to keep the peace too. We have no doubt that they will succeed.

THE INTER-COLLEGIATE BOAT-RACE.

Thirty-six young men, from six different colleges, pulled for dear life over a three mile course at Springfield last week, to see which six could pull it the quickest. It was found that the Amherst six could. Harvard came in second. Bowdoin, who rowed for the first time, and the Mass. Agricultural, who won last year's race, came in third side by side, while Yale, who had felicitously indulged in considerable mirthful talk about "the fresh-water crews,"—meaning Bowdoin, Amherst, &c.,—ingloriously brought up the rear. There is great benefit, both physical and moral, connected in some mysterious way with these races. So they say. Perhaps we shall all be convinced of it some day.

DEATH OF JUAREZ.

The Mexican situation is vested with new interest by the death of President Juarez lately by apoplexy. He had succeeded, by his tact and energy, in keeping up a constant revolution to save the country, and at the time of his death was reaping all the results that he could reasonably desire. The most of the districts were in a state of siege or of active or threatened warfare, and he was having his hands full to look out for them all. His death will prove a loss, for a revolution is food and drink to the Mexicans, and nobody could gratify them in that respect so well as Juarez. His successor is Lerdo de Tejada, late chief justice of the Mexican Supreme Court. Which office must have fitted him pretty well for the presidency.

THE CHOLERA IN RUSSIA.

Advices from St. Petersburg state that the cholera epidemic is gradually making its way from the eastern provinces of Russia, and gaining a foothold in the central and western portions of the Empire. The City of Moscow is now suffering from its ravages, and the disease there has assumed its most malignant form. The proportion of deaths to recoveries of those attacked is placed at eight to one. This terrible fatality has created a panic among the inhabitants, and thousands of the better classes are fleeing into western Europe. At St. Petersburg a few sporadic cases have appeared, and the authorities have taken the most rigid precautions to cut off communications between the capital and the infected districts.

A young man who allows himself to use one vulgar or profane word has not only shown that there is a foul spot upon his mind, but by the appearance of that word he extends that spot and inflames it till, by indulgence, it will pollute and ruin the soul. Be careful of your words as of your thoughts.

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The Mexican situation is vested with new interest by the death of President Juarez lately by apoplexy. He had succeeded, by his tact and energy, in keeping up a constant revolution to save the country, and at the time of his death was reaping all the results that he could reasonably desire. The most of the districts were in a state of siege or of active or threatened warfare, and he was having his hands full to look out for them all. His death will prove a loss, for a revolution is food and drink to the Mexicans, and nobody could gratify them in that respect so well as Juarez. His successor is Lerdo de Tejada, late chief justice of the Mexican Supreme Court. Which office must have fitted him pretty well for the presidency.

THE CHOLERA IN RUSSIA.

Advices from St. Petersburg state that the cholera epidemic is gradually making its way from the eastern provinces of Russia, and gaining a foothold in the central and western portions of the Empire. The City of Moscow is now suffering from its ravages, and the disease there has assumed its most malignant form. The proportion of deaths to recoveries of those attacked is placed at eight to one. This terrible fatality has created a panic among the inhabitants, and thousands of the better classes are fleeing into western Europe. At St. Petersburg a few sporadic cases have appeared, and the authorities have taken the most rigid precautions to cut off communications between the capital and the infected districts.

A young man who allows himself to use one vulgar or profane word has not only shown that there is a foul spot upon his mind, but by the appearance of that word he extends that spot and inflames it till, by indulgence, it will pollute and ruin the soul. Be careful of your words as of your thoughts.

Science a Minister of God.

Science, too, is a minister of God,—an evangelist,—whose mission is to "show us the Father," and regenerate the world. With no conscious God in her perceptions, she yet refreshes and expands the idea of the heights and depths and infinite riches of the wonderful All. With no moral sensibility of her own, she yet deepens the sense of obligation in man, and solemnizes human life by showing how most exact is nature's frame in which that of life is set where the severe and geometrizing God suffers no transgression, and no defect that is not compensated by its just equivalent,—where every law is self-executing, and the wildest excesses,—the meteor's path, the earthquake's brief spasm, the comet's long but measured furlough,—are all minutely prescribed and timed. With no human sympathy in those eyes that look creation through, she yet strengthens the bonds of love by a wiser adjustment of human relations, by multiplying means of beneficence and extending opportunities of good. With no charity in her aim, she yet evangelizes the world by closer commerce of man with man, by furnishing wings to missionary zeal, and implements to charity, by dissolving the rocky barriers of prescription, by developing the vast resources of nature for the comfort and relief of the suffering, and the edification of human kind.—Dr. Dodge.

Events of the Week.

BURNING OF THE EMERSON HOUSE.

It is no worse for Ralph Waldo Emerson to be turned out of bed by a burning house than for the multitudes who are constantly meeting that calamity. But he is a public man, his home has long been the headquarters of a certain class of thinkers, it was something of a historic building besides, so that the burning of it is invested with peculiar interest. It happened last Wednesday morning, while the philosopher was yet in bed, and resulted from a defective flue. He came near losing all his valuable possessions, but fortunately his books and papers and the most of his furniture were saved. He has the sympathy of a wide circle of friends in his loss, and can have their pecuniary aid if he wants it.

Communications.

Madame Guyon.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

HER IMPRISONMENTS AND HER INFLUENCE.

"My very dungeon walls are dear,
Because the Lord I love is here."

Madame Guyon was born at Montargis, an old town near the French Capital, on the 13th of April, 1648.

She was subject to deep religious impressions from childhood. When about ten years of age she found a Bible in a Dominican convent, and devoted whole days to the perusal of its pages, committing to memory the Historical portions entire. Her girlhood was wholly spent in devotion and in the pursuit of religious knowledge.

Her conversion and her religious history in connection with Madame de Maintenon and with Fenelon, have been told in many delightful volumes, among them the works of the late Thomas C. Upham, who was deeply influenced by her writings. We pass over this interesting period of her life to speak of her religious enjoyments amid the troubles and persecutions of her declining years.

She seemed to dwell, as it were, in Emanuel's Land, and to be susceptible to the influences of the celestial world. She speaks of her mind as fixed upon God alone, and of enjoying uninterrupted communion with him.

She wrote many poems at this period, which give us a view of her elevation of soul, and of her luminous experiences. Of her perfect resignation to the will of God, she says:

"To me remains no place nor time,
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there."

"My country, Lord, art thou alone,
No other can I claim my own;
The point where all my wishes meet,
My law, my love, life's only sweet."

Again, after imprisonment:

"Nor castle walls, nor dungeons deep,
Exclude His quickening beams,
There I can sit and sing and weep,
And dwell on heavenly themes."

"There sorrow, for His sake, is found
A joy beyond compare;
There no presumptuous thoughts abound,
No pride can enter there."

She thus sings the spiritual happiness that she found in communion with God, during the night season:

"Through the dark and silent night
On thy radiant smiles I dwell,
And to see the dawning light
Was the keenest pain I felt."

Again:

"Night! how I love thy silent shades,
My spirit they compose,
The bliss of heaven my soul pervades
In spite of all my woes."

"Nature silent all around,
Not a single witness near,
God as soon as sought is found,
And the flame of love burns clear."

After Madame Guyon, on account of her pure teachings, lost favor at the French Court, she suffered constant persecutions and imprisonment. Her last days were spent almost wholly in dungeons or in banishment.

One of her places of confinement at this period, was the Castle of Vincennes, once an old royal residence, situated near Paris, in the midst of a wood or park.

Her elevation of soul while imprisoned, endeared to her the very walls of her dungeon. The presence of the Saviour seemed to be so vouchsafed to her, that her soul doled in a heavenly atmosphere, and went out in rapturous strains of poetry and sweet, mystical songs. In her "Religious Experience," she says: "I passed my time in great peace, content to spend the remainder of my life there, if such should be the will of God. I employed a part of my time in writing religious songs. It sometimes seemed to me that I was a little bird, whom the Lord had placed in a cage, and had nothing to do but to sing. The joy of my heart brightened the objects around me. The stones of my prison looked to me like rubies."

The following poem is supposed to have been composed at this period of her history:

"A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases Thee."

"Nought have I else to do;
I sing the whole day long;
And He, whom most I love to please,
Doth listen to my song;
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still he binds me to his song."

"Thou hast an ear to hear;
A heart to love and bless;
And, though my notes were e'er so rude,
Thou wouldst not hear the less;
Because Thou knowest as they fall,
That Love, sweet Love, inspires them all."

"My cage confines me round;
Abroad I can not fly;
But, though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty;
My prison walls can not control
The flight, the freedom of the soul."

"Oh! it is good to soar,
These bolts and bars above;
To Him whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love;
And in thy mighty Will to find
The joy, the freedom of the mind."

She was next imprisoned in the Vanguard, then, for four years, in that gloomy old French fortress, the Bastille. Her cell here was next to that of the Man with the Iron Mask. What sufferings she here endured can never be known, for every prisoner, excepted, was compelled to make oath never to reveal what he had seen, heard, or experienced within its walls.

Only once in her autobiography, does she

speak of her imprisonment in this place of martyrdoms and tortures, but that one passage bears witness to her triumphant faith: "I being in the Bastille, said to thee, O my God, if thou art pleased to render me a spectacle to men and angels, thy holy will be done! All that I ask is that thou wilt be with and save those who love thee; so that neither life nor death, neither principalities nor powers, may ever separate them from the love of God which is in Jesus Christ. As for me, what matters it what men think of me, or what they make me suffer, since they can not separate me from that Saviour whose name is engraven in the very bottom of my heart? If I can only be accepted of him, I am willing that all men should despise and hate me. Their strokes will polish what may be defective in me, so that I may be presented in peace to him for whom I die daily. Without his favor I am wretched. O Saviour! I present myself before thee as an offering, a sacrifice. Purify me in thy blood, that I may be accepted of thee."

Her long confinement in the Bastille ruined her health. On being released, she was banished to Blois, where she died at the age of 67. She went down the declivity of life, cheerful and happy, as one whose face is turned to the sunset. Shortly before her release, she wrote her will, in which are the following words: "Thou knowest, O God, that there is nothing in heaven or on earth I desire but Thee alone."

Madame Guyon left behind her a fragrant memory which long has blossomed in the dust. The proud dames that shone in the splendid court of Louis XIV., are nearly all forgotten, but the sweet singer of celestial truth, languishing in the gloomy prisons of France, or living in solitude and banishment, still cheers the pilgrim on his heavenly journey by the example of her triumphant faith.

Her views, which, during her lifetime, were adopted by Fenelon, and by other luminaries of the Catholic church, and by that great body of Reformers before the Reformation, known in ecclesiastical history as the Quietists, were taken up by Wesley and the early Methodists under the doctrinal name of Perfection, or Perfect Love. There is no essential difference between Madame Guyon's "Spiritual Torrents" and Wesley's sermons and tracts on Sanctification. Madame Guyon taught the doctrine of the perfect conformity of the will to the will of God, and the immersion of the soul in Divine Love, an experience which she illustrates in her life, writings and mystical songs:

"Oh, glory in which I am lost,
Too deep for the plummet of thought,
On an ocean of Deity tossed,
I am swallowed, I sink into naught."

We have thought that perfect love removed all evil propensities and desires, and brought an ever-present heaven to the soul, a doctrine that has been maintained by its followers, and that has exerted an influence on other Christians, Quakers, Congregationalists, Baptists and Episcopalians, though such views have been excepted from these cases, being confined to individual members of the church.

We were led to write this article by attending one of Dr. Cullis's Tuesday afternoon meetings, on Devonshire street, Boston, where the doctrines of Madame Guyon and the Quietists are maintained in their primitive simplicity. Since the decease of Thomas C. Upham, whose "Interior Life" was but a modern rendering of the views of the Quietists, the most able defender of Quietism in our own country, outside of the Methodist denomination, has been Dr. Cullis, the well-known philanthropist, and the proprietor of the Consumptive's Home. He has for years held meetings at his own residence, on Tuesday afternoons, to which all who are aiming to live a higher Christian life, are invited, and which are always fully attended by people of different denominations, and frequently by pastors, laymen, and people from widely different sections of the country. No effort is made to advertise these meetings; they are well known to those who sympathize with their aim, and are always more than full.

Whatever may be thought of the doctrine here inculcated, it is a gathering of saintly men and women, who carry their aspirations and aims in their faces as well as in their hearts. As we gazed upon the scene, a perfect picture of devotion from which the world seemed utterly excluded, our mind went back, far back to the past, and we could not but associate it with the influence of that wonderful woman who, in prisons and in banishment, so impressively taught the lofty possibilities of Christian faith.

Among the Lowly.

Our work certainly is among that class. Not more than one native member of our church, numbering over fifty communicants, enjoys an income equal to \$10 per month, and no second member can boast of half this sum! Most of our people are cultivators, on a small scale, or in service at low pay, and with difficulty are able to make the two ends meet. This is a serious drawback in our work, as they are able to furnish very little pecuniary aid for any branch of the service. There is, however, improvement in this direction, though the whole amount contributed by the native members, last year, could not have exceeded \$200.00. Nor is the majority of our Hindu neighbors, much better off, as it regards the means of living. Squalid poverty is the rule, a competence the exception. The Santals, for whose especial benefit we have our location in Santipore, are still lower in the social scale, the majority of them literally living from hand to mouth. Ignorance, superstition and poverty characterize both Hindus and Santals in our district. Numbers of the former are, it is true, able to read, but with the exception of the cunning, crafty, covetous Brahmins, few make any pretension to learning. The task of enlightening, elevating and saving such a people may well

be pronounced an arduous one, yes, hopeless, without special divine aid.

Of late, I am thankful to say, we have been cheered to find our visits in the surrounding villages better received and more fully appreciated than formerly. After repeated trials, we settle on a central point in a village where the people naturally gather, and here take our stand, hearers or no hearers, and we seldom wait long for a congregation. We were at such a stand in Bhandarikul, this afternoon. The people were acquainted with us, and understood our business. We were scarcely seated under the large Tamarind tree, when our hearers began to assemble, and a score and a half, at least, could be counted, while several faces and voices were quite familiar to us. After singing a few minutes to start the work, Mrs. Phillips slipped away and had a good company of women to herself, at the door of a near neighbor, while I entertained the men under the tree. One man pleaded for the Shasters and the Brahmins for a time. "If these were not from God, then whence came they?" This disposed of the people listened and made inquiries and concessions of much interest. The story of God's love to man, shown in sending his son to die to save a lost world, was listened to with apparent concern. Numbers freely confessed the unsettled, disquieted state of their minds, and their entire disbelief in the Hindu gods. Said they were considering the subject. Little groups like this are now met with constantly in the villages, and the people seem glad to see and hear and confess. Just now the heat (mercury ranging from 88 to 100 degrees above zero indoors) is such as to make it somewhat difficult to get out in time to secure hearers. We can seldom leave the house until nearly 5, P. M., and then a ride of a mile or two out and the same back leave not much time for real work. But it is comforting to be able to report progress, and to be able to say even in this dark land, "The poor have the gospel preached to them."

Will not the friends of our mission unite their prayers with ours, for the abundant out-pouring of the Holy Spirit on this people, blinded by gross ignorance, superstition and deceitful sin, and hence are too indifferent to the things which belong to their place? Oh, when shall we learn that it is not by might nor by power but by the Spirit of the Lord that this work is to be accomplished, and that the Spirit is given in answer to prayer? J. P. Santipore, May 8, 1872.

Life's Uncertainty.

"I don't know where I shall be in the morning."

A few weeks since, I went to a neighboring town on an exchange, and stopped with a family with whom I was formerly acquainted, and where I had enjoyed many good seasons in Q. M.'s and other gatherings. Here I met four generations among them one who had seen ninety years go by, and seemed to be ripe for the final harvest. Before I retired for the night, his daughter with whom he lived, inquired of him if he would like to see me that night, to which he answered, "Yes, for I don't know where I shall be in the morning."

This answer was, perhaps, more real to him from the fact that his wife, a few months before, retired for the night as usual, and in the morning, when he awoke, was cold in death. This fact impressed me very seriously, and the remark of the good old brother has been constantly reviving in my mind: "I don't know where I shall be in the morning."

This is true of us all. We know not what a day may bring forth. To-day we may be in health, to-morrow in eternity. In the morning we may go out strong for the toils of life, at night all toil and care may have ended. Could we realize this truth, it might lead us to a more careful, and faithful service for God and man.

I would fain remember this when I preach, and preach so that if it should be my last message to dying men, it may leave impressed upon their memory some thought that may lead them to Christ. Would not our social meetings be more fully attended, and more interesting, if every Christian felt the force of this truth, "I don't know where I shall be to-morrow?"

How important it is, that those whom God has prospered, in temporal things, who are calculating to do something for God with their money when they die, to remember, they "don't know where they will be to-morrow," and so arrange their business, that their good purposes will be carried out by others, if any who read this are living without Christ, intending to seek his favor at a more convenient season, let me intreat you to ponder well this thought, "I don't know where I shall be to-morrow." W.

Early Sketches.—No. 31.

BY JOSEPH FULLERTON.

FUNERAL OF ELDER RANDALL. The death took place early in the morning of Oct. 22, 1868. That was Monday. It was desirable that not only relatives but ministers and churches be notified of the funeral as extensively as possible. Then there were not only no railroads, but stage lines in the country were few. The considerable towns had a mail once or twice a week, the small towns no Post Office. The funeral therefore was deferred till Friday. Messengers were sent in different directions, some to towns 30 and 40 miles away.

In the mean time all necessary preparations were made in the town. The family Randall had left was in moderate circumstances as to property, and the church arranged to assist in providing supplies for the funeral. I copy from an account book of Isaac Chamberlain, church Treasurer, now in possession of Rev. D. L. Edgerly, the following: "To cash paid to John Bickford for 50 lbs. of mutton, delivered at

the funeral of Eld. Randall, two dollars. To cash paid to myself for one bushel of wheat delivered at the funeral of Eld. Randall, \$1.34. To cash paid to John Foss for 10 lbs. of fresh pork, delivered at the funeral of Eld. Randall, .50. Bought of John W. Goggin and others to be used at the funeral of Eld. Randall, one gallon of rum, 75c.; one gallon of molasses, 35c.; one pound tea, 35c.; four pounds of butter, 35c."

It is painful to read of this account of spirituous liquor among the items. But such were the practices then. Intoxicating liquors were used on all occasions. In 1750 at the ordination of Rev. S. Lambard as the first pastor in Gorham, Me., among the supplies for the occasion were two barrels of cider, two gallons of brandy and four gallons of rum. Before the Temperance Reformation commenced in 1826, the use of these liquors at funerals and ordinations was judged improper by some ministers, and they were led to give their influence somewhat against the practice.

The time for the funeral came. The assembly was large, Samuel Runnels, Esq., superintendent. In a note in his hand writing it is stated that the attendance was like that of a Yearly Meeting, and on these occasions there were frequently two thousand or more. Probably few if any funerals in New Hampshire ever had so large an attendance. The modest dwelling convened but the relatives, the ministers, 17 in number, and a few others. The crowd was about the house outside. Randall had arranged for Eld. John Buzzell of Parsonsfield, Me., to preach the sermon. The text was, "I have fought a good fight," &c. The speaker stood near the door and a large part of those present were able to hear.

The religious services were somewhat long, but solemn and impressive. At the close were the usual formalities of such occasions, and then the procession was formed. The remains were borne on a bier, six of the ordained ministers being bearers. The burying place had been selected by Randall himself in his field, perhaps less than 50 rods southerly of his dwelling. The order of the procession, in the hand writing of S. Runnels, Esq., who superintended, is preserved, and I copy as follows: 1. Eld. John Buzzell, and widow Randall. 2. The other relatives in their order. 3. Ruling Elders, deacons and members of the church in New Durham. 4. The Physician of the town. 5. Civil and military officers of the town and other towns present. 6. Ministers of the gospel not engaged as bearers. 7. Citizens and people in general.

These made a very lengthy procession. When the foremost had reached the grave the rear had but just left the house. The whole was conducted with great quietness, decorum and with a simplicity and plainness in keeping with the character of him who was in life humble, and who had by the blessing of God founded the Free Will Baptist Denomination.

Those Five Families.

WILL YOU PRAY FOR THEM.

What families? Those married by brother Smith in the mission chapel in Balasore on the 6th inst. Two days after, they started for their mission homes beyond Bhudruk. The boys (men we should call them now) will be fifty-three miles from their orphanage home in Balasore and the girls eighty-three miles from their old Jellalpur home. Their new place of abode will henceforth be called Beames-sae, in honor of the Balasore magistrate, who has been very kind to them. They are, five young couples, surrounded by a dense population of heathen. Neither the school bell, nor the "church going bell" will there be heard to remind them of literary or religious duties. On the contrary, they will see that gross ignorance and moral darkness prevail, and God's holy laws are constantly violated. How much will they be likely to "grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth" amid such surroundings? Christian parents, under such circumstances, would you like to trust your children to serve God by doing good to their fellow men? These young people wished to be married and establish homes of their own, but many tears were shed, especially by the girls, before they finally left us, and now the tears unbidden fill our eyes while I think of them. Those girls were not perfect, but they were good. All of them were members of the church and the most of them teachers in the Sabbath-school. One was a member of our church committee and another, Saele, had been a valuable helper to Sister Smith for about a year. All the new husbands but one are members of the church, and he has commenced praying. The evening before they were to leave Balasore in the morning, "while it was yet dark," they all came into sister Smith's sitting room, where they heard much good advice, after which brother Smith led us in prayer. Earnest and fervent were his petitions, and every heart joined in yearning for the blessing he craved. Christian friends, will you one and all join us in praying for those five families? "Yes, yes," you will say, "certainly." Pray, then, not only that they may remain uncontaminated, but that they may be a mighty power for good. Plead that the little Christian community may be like an island of light amid the great sea of heathen darkness. If there can not daily be a "Fulton" street prayer-meeting around each of your family altars, do let prayers of equal faith to those offered in Fulton street, constantly go up for the salvation of souls in this moral desert. Let your arms, too, like sweet incense go up with your petitions, and send us more laborers. Northern Orissa is just now in want of more Christian sisters, with Anglo-Saxon energy and faith which counts no work impossible which God bids them perform. Sister Smith has lately sent her best Zenana teacher to Bhudruk as a pioneer. Yesterday I received a letter from a native gentleman in that place. The

writer said the work there was far more than one could perform. A lady of sister Dudley's experience, energy and self-reliance is needed to take the helm. If you will send her, I will, if spared, supply her a good board of native helpers so that the work may advance rapidly. On my late visit to Balasore I was cheered even more than last year, but have not much time to write of the blessed work. I left three more of my best girls to help sister Smith. Around our school here in Jellalpur we have six little schools for heathen girls, and those who go out from my school to instruct them are much interested. A Santal girl and six of my girls were received into the church here last month. Once more let me beg you to pray for us all. Pray especially that the two young men who are teachers in this school may become true men of God. Dear brothers and sisters, do not forget us. We greatly need your prayers to bring us spiritual blessings. Worn and weary and almost fainting we say, pray for us. L. CRAWFORD, May 20, 1872.

The High Rock.

"Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." Psalms 61: 2.

These words are the out-cry of the Christian heart, when it feels its own weakness, and the insufficiency of its own strength. How it pants for the living water that flows from that rock after trying to satisfy its thirst at the stagnant pools of earthly pleasure. The soul is seeking for something that is better than earth can give.

While taking a view of his former experience, the Psalmist seems to have a strong desire to return to the almighty rock from which, no doubt, he had wandered; and, to this end he invoked divine assistance. His language shows his determination, and also willingness to find it. He saw himself like the master of a ship, without rudder or sail, therefore he sought the rock. Let us follow the example of David and look back upon our past experience, and see if we have in any degree left our first love. Do we love the prayer-meeting, the penitential tear of silent prayer, and the society of Christian friends as we did when first we learned the merits of Christ? If not, let us ask God to lead us to that rock which is higher than we.

Do we feel the assurance in our hearts that Christ will be our rock of refuge, in the great day when God will take vengeance upon his adversaries? If not, let us seek the rock, which is Christ. R. L. P.

S. S. Department.

Seed by the Wayside.

"We should be happy to hear from any stranger present," said the superintendent of a little country Sunday-school at the monthly concert, "and I think that gentleman knows whom I mean."

"That gentleman" had been listening to the proceedings with much interest, and had repeated two very appropriate Bible verses after the children had finished their recitations. So all the little people and the larger people were ready to listen to him in their turn.

He rose at once, and spoke of going out to swim, when he was a little boy, and meeting a party of his schoolmates with white faces and scared looks, who ran back to the town, crying that Ned Fernald was drowned in Long Pond, and he told the children of the vain efforts that were made to recover Ned Fernald's body, and how it never could be found, because it had sunk in the soft deep mud at the bottom of the pond, and then he told them that bad company was like Long Pond to them, and bad habit was the mud at the bottom of it where they might sink and be lost; perhaps he so utterly lost that no effort of their friends could ever save them.

When the stranger finished his remarks, the meeting was closed; the good man went to his hotel, the children went home, and it was all over.

Was it all over? Will Dennis's mother sat in the twilight, praying for her boy, when he came in. "Have you had a good meeting, Will?" said she.

"Pretty good," answered the boy rather gruffly, coming up to take the hand she held out to him.

"Can you remember something to tell me?" she asked, as he stood by her side.

"No; not much, only—I won't go off with Jim Murphy ever any more. I'll promise you now, mother."

"I'm thankful to hear that, Will. You know I don't like to have you with him. Was this what you brought home from the meeting?"

"Yes—yes, ma'am. A man told us about a boy that was drowned, and then lost in the mud, and he said that bad company was like Long Pond, and bad habit the mud, where we'd be drowned. And I think there's something in it, and I shan't go off any more with Jim Murphy. I know he's a bad lot."

Into the cottage at the foot of the street a little fair-haired boy had rushed, as if he was escaping pursuit.

"What makes you run so fast, dear?" asked sister Mary, kissing the flushed face.

"Joe Miller wanted me to play with him," panted little Walter, "and I was afraid I should."

"Mother asked you not to play with Joe," said Mary, "didn't she?"

"Yes," answered the small boy. "I did, though, two days. I never meant to tell of it, and I meant to go some more. Joe'll be drowned in the mud, as the man said to-night."

"I don't quite understand," said his puzzled sister.

"Well, he said there was a boy drowned in the mud, and if we went and played with naughty boys, we might as well be drowned in the mud, too; and I'm going right off, and tell mother all about it."

spoken: "for we serve the Lord Christ,"—*Christian Weekly.*

DEAD CHILDREN.—The Independent publishes in its Sunday-school column this suggestive hint to all who talk to children:

"A little girl of our acquaintance in Illinois once came near having our sympathy in rebelling against the wishes of her good parents. Upon being urged and entreated to continue her attendance in the infant class at Sabbath-school, the child begged that she might not be obliged to go, 'because,' said she, 'teacher is always talking about dead folks.' We were reminded of this recently at a Sunday-school missionary meeting, where a missionary letter was read, containing a mention of at least three deaths, with particulars; followed by a speaker, who dwelt long and painfully and entirely upon the death of a good little girl; followed by the superintendent, who read at length a horrifying description of the roasting alive of two children (relieved, however, by a statement that the last utterance of one of them, was a line of the song 'I want to be an angel'); followed, in turn, and finally, by a speaker from the South who told us that his benighted children as he stood a few weeks ago by the grave of one of his good little Sunday-school girls.

No wonder that a lady remarked, at the close of the meeting: 'What a profusion of dead children!' While we have no sympathy with the attempt to make Sunday-school a hilarious and jolly place, and think it very desirable to draw occasional lessons of profit from God's solemn providences (would that it were often done in some schools), we yet deprecate the tendency on the part of certain good people to constantly hold up death before the children as a compensating the mention of each case of mortality by most solemn appeals to them to prepare to die. It seems to us a hardening process. Ought not our teaching, in the main, to look rather toward preparing children to live? Though we can not be certain of God's decrees concerning their length of days, nor our own; yet, if any of us are ready to live, we are not altogether unprepared to die. The uneducated preacher of an early day in some parts of our country, used often to address his audience, 'My dying congregation.' While we remember in our work that the children are really 'dying hearers' of the Word, we ought not to forget that they are yet living children, with the prospect of a hard life, beset with temptation, before them. With living children we are to deal, and possibly we can do it best without drawing all our inspiration from dead ones."

WHAT I HAVE SEEN. I have seen a teacher come into school late. "Better late than never," say such. "Better soon than late," say I.

I have seen a teacher allow his scholars to enter the class on Sunday morning without the slightest salute. How very friendly!

I have seen a teacher allow one of his scholars to pass him in the street unnoticed. How must he have loved him!

I have seen a teacher strike one of his scholars. If a scholar must be punished, it ought to be done by the superintendent only. And perhaps I ought to recommend to the superintendent who follows this practice, that the sooner he leaves it off the better.

I have seen a teacher engaged in giving his class lessons in spelling. Generally, I would recommend that this practice be discontinued, till every child knows all that it is possible to learn from the word of God.

I have seen a teacher fall asleep in his class. This needs no remark.

I have seen a teacher so devoid of respect for his own lungs as to monopolize the whole duty of the class. Preaching to a Sunday-school class is intolerable.

I have seen a teacher, by his loud speaking, attract the attention of neighboring classes. A noisy school is the necessary consequence.

I have seen a teacher allow more than one scholar to speak at once. This practice also tends to disturb the sweet quietude which ought to prevail in a Sunday-school.

I have seen a teacher continue his teaching after the bell had been rung. He ought, rather, to have ceased instantly, and to have taken care that his scholars did likewise. —An Old Superintendent.

THE FIRST QUALIFICATION. When a scholar is brought to my class, it is not that he may become thoroughly proficient in the Gospel of Matthew, or the four Gospels, or any other given amount of study, but that he may become a child of God and an heir of heaven. Let me fix it in my mind that this is my errand and business with every child committed to my care. I am to seek his regeneration and conversion to God. I am to feel that my work falls short of its appointed and expected end until this result is gained.

Has the teacher who reads these lines any feeling like this in regard to his scholars? Is there the burden of a great, inexpressible, unextinguishable desire? A longing that will not be satisfied by anything short of the conversion of each unconverted soul in his class? If not, give no rest to your soul until the desire is awakened. That is your first duty as a Sunday-school teacher. That is your first qualification. Have an unquenchable desire to bring the children of your charge to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ.—*Christian at Work.*

AFTER THE LAUGH. In his valuable work on "Object Lessons" Rev. H. C. McCook says of the laugh which is sometimes raised by the children in Sunday-school over questions from the desk they are answering, and which too often sadly disconcerts a superintendent, who was doing bravely before:

"Wait a moment for the waver to die away—a quiet smile of sympathy—if nothing else, in your own face—and then go on. Buffoonery, either on the part of teacher or scholar, children generally will despise; and they understand the ring of true earnestness well to be very long-mirthful in the presence of genuine real and love for souls."

I would then advise, in most cases of mirth in school, that the teacher let it alone. It will best take care of itself. An effort to quench it, by a frown, or halloo, or thump, or pull of the bell, or threats, or platitudes of counterfeit pious horror, will quench every other good emotion more surely than mirthfulness.

"THE PLEASURES OF SIN FOR A SEASON." Sinful pleasure is like the frame of wood put under the arch till the arch is complete, and set, and can stand alone. Then the frame of wood is taken away. So, says Jeremy Taylor, the devil gives men pleasure till they are set in sin, and then he finds they are sure to them, and then he takes longer care to please them with sin. His pleasures are "for a season."

More Love to Thee, O Christ.

"Bring him to Me."

before the blast. A single hard hit; a
hour of heating work; an evening of e

been to many a saved soul an excellent discipline of humility. Despite not little temptations; rightly met, they have often nerve-d the character for some fiery trial. And

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JOHN H. SHAPLEIGH

"There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed — MATT. 10: 26

it where the man saw it. He turned pale, trembled in every joint, and offered a large sum to purchase it, that he might put it out of sight. Thus, there is an invisible painter drawing on the canvas of the soul a life-likeness, reflecting correctly all the passions and actions of our spiritual history on earth. Eternity will reveal them to every man. We must all meet our earth-life again.—*Christian at Work.*

The ties which bind families together—families who all have a Christian hope—shall never be dissolved. Death comes among them, but we take the Bible in our hands and inscribe on their tomb-stones—"Pleasant in life, and in eternity not divided." One after another falls, until the last of the circle is carried to his long home but the grave can not retain them. By and by the family is to meet again; husbands and wives, parents and children, masters and servants are one day to stand within the gates of the New Jerusalem, all washed, and sanctified, and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of God.

If a day of great intellectual darkness, be favorable for Popery, so may a day of great intellectual light. We may as well fall into the pit with our eyes dazzled, as with our eyes blindfolded. Ignorance is no better element for a false religion than knowledge when it has generated conceit of our own power; and intellect, which is a defender when duly honored and employed, becomes a betrayer when idolized as omnipotent.—*Melville.*

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"The other day," says Norman McLeod, "I was requested by a brother minister, who was unwell, to go and visit a dying child. He told me some remarkable things of this boy, eleven years of age, who, during three years' sickness, had manifested

Here is a child just born. All the faculties of its higher nature are sleeping; memory, imagination, judgment, conscience and the affections, are as yet undeveloped. The physical and intellectual nature, like the stem and leaves of a plant, will begin to develop first, and then, like the flower, the beauty and fragrance of the moral life will be revealed. But the moral life, though latent, is in the child already, and its future

He Came to Himself."

"He came to himself." Hitherto he had been a man "beside himself," "out of his mind," acting without reason,—bewitched by the spells of some strong sorcery, moving in the somnambulism of some wild and wretched dream. But that dream is now broken. It is as if a spirit had returned from the sphere of the disembodied, to look upon the realities of the mortal life. He looked upon himself.

"I'm too Busy."

"But, sir, iniquity is on the increase among us," said his friend.

"Is it? I'm sorry; but I'm too busy as present to do anything."

"When shall I call again, sir?"

"I can not tell. I'm very busy. I'm busy every day. Excuse me, sir; I wish you a good-morning."

Then, bowing the intruder out of the office, he resumed the study of his papers.

Health of the Aged.

An old man is like an old wagon: with light loading and careful usage it will last for years; but one heavy load or suddened strain will break it and ruin it forever. So many people reach the age of fifty, or sixty, or even seventy, measurably free from pains and infirmities of age, cheery in heart, sound in health, ripe in wisdom and experience, with sympathies mellowed by age, and with reasonable prospects and opportunities for continued usefulness in the

Little Crosses.

Christ comes to us morning by morning to present to us, for the day then opening, divers little crosses, thwartings of our own will, interference with our plans, disappointments of our little pleasures. Do we kiss them, and take them up, and follow in His rear, like Simon, the Cyrenian? Or do we toss them from us scornfully—because they are so little, and wait for some great affliction to prove our patience and our resignation to His will? Ah, how might we accommodate to the small matters of religion generally those words of the Lord respect-

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 31, 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.

Like the Rain.

We are sitting at the open window on this July morning, watching the fall of moisture from the clouds. Again and again, through the night, we were half-awakened by the sound of the drops pattering on the pane, running down the sides of the house, dripping into the grass,—so steadily, so quietly, that it became a lullaby which gradually lulled the senses, and brought a sleep, sound, dreamless, refreshing.

In the deepest darkness and the general silence the needed work went on. Hour after hour passed, and still the clouds kept up their ministry. There was no haste, no boisterousness, no fury, no wild fierceness, no startling parade. And after day had dawned, the beneficent work was not stayed.

It is going on yet. There is no commotion. The winds are still. The trees stand almost motionless. The flowers bow their heads as if reverent and humble under the descent of a great blessing. The corn-leaves droop and drip, but only because the watery benediction is too large for them to hold themselves up steadily and carry the abundant gifts which fall upon them. The dust disappears from the roads. The fields, that were beginning to look crisp and brown, are clothing themselves in the fresh garments that made them look so beautiful in May. The little streams hasten with quicker motion and cheerier voices across the meadows on their way to the sea. The beasts seem to look up with a half-recognition of the goodness which comes so bountiful from above. Little children clap their hands and shout as if in ecstasy. Men and women, who have learned to see God in his works and providence, look out with grateful and trustful faces upon the beneficent result that is being wrought, smile to each other, and then think of Him and his grace who makes "his doctrine drop like the rain and his speech distill as the dew." And so the rain at once refreshes the thirsty earth, illustrates the sayings of the blessed God, and preaches an effective sermon to the human soul.

"Like the rain." So does the grace of God come to us. It is a beautiful and forcible simile. The rain continues to come year after year, as if it knew that its grateful work of yesterday would not answer for to-day. There is no forgetfulness. There is no much delay. There is no long continued lack. It comes as it is needed. The earlier and the later season alike rejoice in it. It respects both seed-time and harvest. It is distributed through the year. It does not drown with a deluge and then shrivel and choke with a drought. It woos the spring flowers from their hiding places, it nurtures the summer growths, it helps to round out and mature the products of autumn, it arrests the work of winter which is turning the streams into stretches of ice. It falls upon the rock that will not soften at its touch, and upon the greedy sand that absorbs it and returns no verdure, as well as upon the fruitful field that transforms it into fragrant blossom and golden grain and luscious fruit. It quenches the thirst of the dweller in the crowded city, and it revives the solitary sailor pining on the wreck. It comes to those who fail to use it wisely, or take no note of its value, or blaspheme the goodness which drops it from above. On the just and the unjust it continues to descend, a type of the infinite bounty, the tireless patience and the persistent appeals of a Father who would rebuke our heedlessness, conquer our wayward souls, constrain our love and trust, and nurture the growths of real goodness by his condescension and faithfulness. Thank God for the obvious work and the spiritual suggestiveness of rain!

Like this is the grace which he sends to the soul. That keeps on coming, it glorifies the years. It illuminates the centuries. It lights up continents and islands with its life-giving beauty. It turns moral deserts into gardens of grace. It is sent again and again to the same stony hearts and barren

lives. It seeks to mellow unyielding natures, and set the good seed of the kingdom, long since scattered and showing no signs of life, springing into promise and hastening surely into fruit. It falls freely upon childhood, manhood and age. It visits strength in its labor, and it comes to weakness lying prostrate on the couch of disease and waiting for death. And when it has called out the blade of the new life from the soil of the heart, it continues to come, all the long season through, in spite of hindrances and delays and smallness of promise, until the ear rounds up into distinct prophecy, and the full corn tells us that the hour is at hand when the great Husbandman will thrust in his sickle and fill his garner with sheaves amid the songs which welcome the harvest home.

We look again from the window, and the picture rivets the gaze. The clouds are breaking. Through their rifts may be seen stretches of bright blue sky. Every now and then the sun looks forth and smiles. The rain falls no longer. On every grass-blade the liquid diamonds sparkle, and half the pendant drops mirror the magnificence of heaven. The corn swings its long green leaves in the breeze like so many triumphant banners, and nods all its tasseled plumes as if there were a great army in the field marching to celebrate a coronation. The birds lift up their voices till grove and orchard are full of melody. Every moment the landscape grows brighter and richer, for the rain has revived all the vegetation, and cleared and sweetened the air, and the sun-burst that follows it is like a blaze of glory out of the infinite brightness.

Will not the glory that flashes upon the soul, when grace has completed the work of fashioning it into the likeness of its Lord, stand out in contrast with the cloud and storm of its earthly experiences as this transfigured landscape before us contrasts with the dullness that enveloped it only two short hours ago? When God shall say, "Let there be light!" and the vision of immortality breaks upon the Spirit, will not life's cloud and storm, its blinding mist and chilling rain, add by their ministry and their contrasts to the eternal splendor that answers the divine mandate? The rain is indeed welcome; but thrice welcome are the precious thoughts and the redeeming ministries of God's grace on the soul.

Editorial Excursions.

Editorial excursions are now no mere vagabond affairs. They have got themselves fixed as regular institutions. Almost every state has its "Editors, Publishers & Printers' Association," and nearly every one of these has its annual excursion. The Knights of the quill lay aside their potent weapon,—drop the adjective to suit cases,—and, joined by their indispensable allies, the publishers and printers, go off to get a long breath and one or two deliberate thoughts.

Let us look at these excursions and see what they suggest. First, there are the generous courtesies extended by the hotels and lines of public conveyance. To be sure, there is an eye to business in all this. But it is not all business. Take the railroads in New Hampshire, for instance. They have just given free passes over all their lines for a week's excursion to the editorial fraternity of the State. In several cases they have furnished special trains, and run them at their own expense. A good many of the editors will doubtless go home and write complimentary paragraphs about this generous conduct. But, considered as a mere business transaction, does anybody suppose that these paragraphs reimburse the railroads? If it was only one line that granted the favor, the case would be different. Puffs would tell in that case. But here it is all the lines in the State. Nobody doubts but the corporations could have won wider notoriety by refusing pointblank to let a single editor take himself and family over their roads without paying for it. But they elected otherwise. Knowing that the New Hampshire Press has come to be too independent to sell its influence for a free ride to the mountains, they nevertheless gave the rides, and asked no favors in return.—And what are the hotels to gain by their part in the matter? The public will travel where it pleases, and will not be particular to stop at a hotel that charged only half rates to members of a certain profession. Let them make all they can out of it. Still, there is a feature of generosity to the whole transaction, that is much more prominent than any appearance of shrewd calculation.

But while we are about it, let us examine the case of the railroads a little closer. The corporations are called mere monopolists of the privileges of traveling. Here is one who affirms that their favors are all for their favorites, while the great masses are at their mercy. That even their courtesies are only traps to ensnare fugitive dollars, and that every gratuity is expected to return laden with gains. Now, we personally owe the railroads of the country no favors, further than that they are public blessings. But these charges of selfishness and hard management can be disproved at numerous points. Think of the multitude of clergymen who are constantly traveling about the country. The most of the railroads carry these for half fare. They can hardly expect any pecuniary returns for this service, and yet it amounts to thousands of dollars annually. Many of them carry students at the same rate, and one road in Maine, the Maine Central, has been showing marked favors to the students in Bowdoin College during the past year, while they were visiting various sections of the State in pursuit of scientific knowledge. The reductions that are made to business men who are frequent passengers, the favors shown poor travelers which many of us have witnessed, and the various opportunities for cheap excursions to various parts of the country,—what does all this indicate but that there is a human heart beating somewhere in these "money-getting corporations"? Rochester

cannot be the patron philosopher of all the railroad companies.

But to return to these excursions. They also give rival editors a chance to learn that their brethren are not the bitter fellows in social life that they seem to be in print. Republicans and Democrats, Free-traders and Protectionists, Prohibitionists and License-advocates, these reverse a seat and sit down face to face in friendly intercourse,—hopeful indication that the lion and the lamb shall eventually lie down together. This personal acquaintance and social intercourse, this friendly exchange of opinion on debated topics and this peacefully talking over matters that invariably run into polemics if they are written about, afford strong reasons for continuing and popularizing these editorial excursions.

Perhaps we need not mention the rest that comes to tired energies during these trips. Those who would waste the Summer and themselves in dusty offices but for these reunions, go off to redeem both from a premature Autumn. They thus keep themselves from forgetting what glorious hues the hills and valleys wear, how the mountains lift one up towards the heaven to which they point, and how the sea discourses of eternity while it is still encouraging mortality by the invigorating atmosphere that it affords.

But we will not designate any farther. The reunions are helpful in a good many ways, and if time doesn't disclose their benefits the participants will probably realize and profit by them. And we hope to see the time when the courtesies of railroad corporations will be extended to other associations besides those of editors. What could be finer, for instance, than for the roads, once this Summer, to place a train at the service of all the ministers in the state, for a brief excursion, and then next Summer to serve all the teachers in the same way, and follow that by giving the lawyers a ride, and then the doctors, and so on? Perhaps the railroad Presidents may smile at the idea, but we should not be at all surprised to see it realized some day. These editorial excursions certainly show that they are capable of doing very generous things.

Current Topics.

REMEMBERING THE POOR. New York has at last done something worthy of its time of life. The citizens have raised several thousand dollars to be expended in giving excursions to its poor children. Philadelphia is following the example, and doubtless other cities will be copying it during this or coming summers. Verily, humanity isn't dead in those cities. How much this is in accordance with the Saviour's teaching. How those eyes must have sparkled that had grown dull looking on filthy alleys, when they saw the green fields and bright flowers and sparkling waters of the country. They will thus get a better opinion of their fellow men, and learn that there is something in the world outside of the filth and the evil to which they are daily accustomed. We hope that this movement in New York is only the beginning, and that a great number of poor children are yet to experience the generosity of kind-hearted citizens.

THE HASSLER EXPEDITION. Now that Professor Agassiz and his party are about to come home from their marine wanderings, the expedition is found to have turned out somewhat differently from what was expected. It seems that the boat in which they sailed was a shaky craft, needing frequent repairs, which consumed from six to ten weeks of valuable time. But the expedition was thus enabled to make short inland and coast excursions, examining the country and studying its striking features. Still, there has been a great amount of collecting done, and Prof. Agassiz has sent home fully one hundred and fifty barrels, boxes and cases, filled with interesting specimens. These, while we may not get all the results of sea-soundings that we had anticipated, will nevertheless answer useful ends when the Professor comes to manipulate and describe them before his classes. The party intends to be in San Francisco to attend the Meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which comes the fourth week in August, and then it will come home by the Pacific Railroad. Its results will doubtless occupy an important place in the annals of scientific history, and give us all something to wonder at.

REVELATIONS OF THE WAR. The report of the rebel J. Thompson upon his operations along our northern frontier in 1863-4 has been prepared for the press and was given out last week. It is dated December, 1863, and indorsed by Judah P. Benjamin as received by him February 5, 1864. It details the attempt to organize rebellion in the North-west, and proves the existence of and gives considerable of the history of the Sons of Liberty, and this order is stated to have been abandoned because a democratic candidate on the Indiana State ticket threatened to expose the whole thing if it was not given up. The certainty of a conspiracy to burn New York and other northern cities and those of the frontier is established. The names of parties entrusted with the project of burning Cincinnati are given and the amount of money to secure this end is stated. The successful burning of steamboats at St. Louis and the partial success on the Ohio are reported. The details for plans for releasing prisoners on Johnson's Island are set forth. In one part of the report Thompson writes that he had been considering the propriety of starting south until he saw by Benjamin's "personal" in a New York newspaper that it was not desired that he should. Those in charge of the preparation of the document are said to be very reticent about it, but the above are believed to be the main points. They show how lawless was the spirit that animated the Confederacy, and how much

of pillage and devastation the North escaped at their hands.

ANOTHER BOX OF CONTENTION. And now the politicians are beginning to throw up to the Jews. They were of little account while they were small in numbers; and General Grant could afford to issue a slur order concerning them during the war, when he didn't want their votes. But the situation has changed since then. Perhaps it began to change a year or two ago, when the President seemed so anxious to atone for his past slight by interesting himself in the welfare of the Jews in the East. Be that as it may, there is now quite a bid for the Jewish vote, and the usual tricks are employed to get them. And they seem to be partially successful, for the Hebrew Leader, the Jewish organ in New York, is saying some very handsome things about the President's efforts for the Jewish welfare. The movement is interesting as suggesting the growth of the Hebrew element among us. For it must be something, if politicians begin to tune their utterances to please the Jewish ear.

CARL SCHURZ'S PHILIPPIC. The speech of Senator Schurz in St. Louis Monday evening of last week was second only to Charles Sumner's in the Senate, in the bitterness and extravagance of its utterances. It was a review of the Administration that could only be drawn from the most vivid but reckless imagination. President Grant is hardly allowed common honesty and intelligence, and almost every act is denounced as autocratic. His four years' office are declared to be full of failures, blunders and crimes, the Republican organization is said to be debauched and the masses of the party deluded; while an impressive picture of the evils of personal government was kept continually before the audience. It makes no difference that Mr. Schurz did not attempt to substantiate his assertions. He says the people understand the case, and that is enough. We are inclined to believe that the people do understand the case, and that a more reasonable and less extravagant course must be pursued if they are to be turned from the support of President Grant.

A REVIEW OF THE CONTROVERSY. Secretary Fish has prepared a full review of the controversy with England over the indirect claims. He holds that there is no ground for the assumption of the British government that historically there is no evidence of the United States ever having contemplated the presentation of these claims. The action of the Geneva tribunal itself is evidence of the fact that these claims were and have been constantly a question for arbitration between the two governments. In regard to the decision, he says that this government accepts that decision as at once the settlement of the question of liability that will hereafter attach to acts of vessels illegally fitted out to operate against the commerce of a country with which we may be at peace, and as an admission of the point so long and consistently insisted upon in this discussion, that the indirect claims formed a question which must have a definite and final solution. The rule adopted by the governments of reciprocal non-liability in accordance with the decision of the tribunal, settles, therefore, not only the question of indirect losses as the basis for pecuniary remuneration, but also confirms the position taken by this government throughout in the presentation of these claims as a part of the question of damages to be decided upon by the tribunal.

In the meantime, the Geneva tribunal is steadily attending to the duties assigned it. Its transactions are strictly private, but it is known that the arbitrators are now fixing the damages to be awarded in the case of each privateer. It is said that \$2,600,000 is the sum allowed for the depredations of the Florida, and that the case of the Alabama was taken up last Wednesday. This may be conjecture, but it is not likely that perfect secrecy will be maintained throughout. Perhaps it is best to be prepared for any hitch that may occur.

Denominational News and Notes.

Letter from Dr. Burns.

To the Editor of the Morning Star:

In renewing my observations respecting the objects that have drawn my attention, I may notice the great oneness that seems to distinguish our ministerial brethren. This I noticed at Manchester and at Me. Western Y. M. The latter held their session in a rural spot, away from village bustle and noise. The friends seemed of one heart and mind, and I was greatly edified by Bro. Whitcher's discourse on the Church's obligation to educate her ministers for the great work of civilizing and saving the world. The hearty, genuine reception given me by the friends here, cheered me much, and made me quite at-home and happy.

At N. Berwick I lectured on Temperance, and also next evening in our large and handsome church at Great Falls, but the evening was so intensely hot as to prevent a very large attendance. I was gratified with Bro. Malvern's people, where I was privileged to preach the Gospel. I hope our dear brother's work will be crowned with great success.

I had long desired to be present at the commencement exercises of one of our colleges, and my anticipations were manifold surpassed by my visit to Bates College at Lewiston. The College edifices are remarkably handsome, and the situation all that can be desired, while the staff of Professors, with their earnest-minded President, would do no discredit to any similar institution in this or any other land. It is common in Europe to speak of the surface character of American colleges. I had never doubted their thoroughness and sterling

efficiency, but I confess the estimate I had formed was greatly surpassed by what I saw and heard during my four days' visit at Lewiston. The Lord's day exercises were direct and effective, and of a superior order. Pres. Cheney and Dr. Fullerton are of a very different temperament, but the sermons of both were admirable and deserved the close and devout attention which they received from crowded and most respectable congregations. One of the happiest Sabbaths I ever spent was this memorable one in our spacious church at Lewiston. How greatly God has honored my dear Brother Bowen ministering here, and how especially important is this sphere of ministerial and pastoral labor.—The *Oratio Salutatoria* was a first-class production, in style so perspicuous, in pronunciation so faultless, in spirit and tone and elegance so masterly. The other orations were more than ordinarily excellent; some of them displayed firstrate ability, and not one of them rose above mediocrity. The same eulogies are partly due to the exercises of the theological department. There was not one weak or crude oration delivered.

I had especial pleasure in listening to the discussion as to whether England would become a Republic within the next two centuries. The talented gentlemen on both sides did both themselves and their theme great honor, and very little more could have been said, or said better, on either side of the question.—The Prize declamations were really of a telling character, exhibiting superior intellectual acumen with great oratorical force. In one word, in all the exercises there was thorough and self-evident mental power, and real educational distinctness and skill. I am sure the young men mean to be able scholars, and useful and telling in the various spheres they shall eventually occupy. Self-respect, with proper modesty of demeanor, a consciousness of their responsible positions, with an evident purpose to excel, distinguished one and all. And I am sure they will make a deep and abiding impression on the age in which they work. How more than satisfied may the devoted Professors feel after examinations so searching, and fruits so rich and abundant, as the result of the year's solicitude and toil. The denomination need not be nervously anxious about Bates College; it can not fail to serve and greatly promote the high interests of education and the still higher ends of divine truth in the world. I hope God will put into the hearts of your worthy friends the importance of supplying the silver and gold to complete the other College buildings, and so fully to endow all the departments that the toiling and self-sacrificing President may be free from all further pecuniary solicitude. The day I spent under his hospitable roof will never be forgotten, and my sincere prayer is that light and joy may cheer them always, and that they may ever abide under the peaceful shadow of the Almighty.

I left Lewiston with regret, and to one and all who showed me such abundant kindness I say, may our God of unfailing love bless you a thousand fold. I have been greatly refreshed by seeing my old friends once more in the flesh. My spirit was exultant to observe Bro. Woodman, so fruitful and able in old age; to see dear Silas Curtis, really an ever-green, a true olive in the courts of the Lord's house; to find Brethren Butler, Cheney, Quimby and others still able and willing to work in the Lord's vineyard. Many dear ones have gone to their rest and reward since I was last here,—holly Bro. Hutchins, our excellent and indefatigable Bro. Burr, and dear, genial and loving Noyes, with strong-minded Perkins, and many others, who fought the good fight, and finished their course, and await in the land of the blessed the reunion of the friends they left behind, still in the thick conflict of the Saviour's holy war. May we remember their Christ-like excellences and self-denying devotedness, and ardently follow them even as they followed Christ.—I find I can not finish my wandering, cursory thoughts without another paper. Yours ever,

J. BURNS.

Freewill Baptists in Nebraska.

MINISTERS.

Nebraska somehow has peculiar attractions for Freewill Baptist ministers. Of the imported article, there are at least seven, of whom I have knowledge, viz., K. R. Davis, A. Curtis, S. G. Davis, Peter Lansing, Lyman C. Chase, C. O. Parmenter, and A. D. Williams. Of these, Bro. Chase is giving his whole time and energies to the ministerial work, and Bro. Curtis is devoting himself partially to preaching. The rest preach occasionally,—giving their principal attention to something else. Bro. Lansing is farming, but has been appointed State Missionary, and is longing to get into the harness again. He will give the coming winter to missionary work, if he can receive but a comparative pittance, just enough to meet his bare necessities. Father S. G. Davis is going "Out west," to the new Red Willow settlement on the Republican river in the south-western part of the state, as yet mostly inhabited by buffaloes, &c. Bro. Parmenter is busy as a beaver, making buggies for the prosperous men of Lincoln, the capital of the state. Bro. L. J. Thompson, formerly a Tutor in Hillsdale College, also resides in this state, at Alma city.

Besides these resident ministers, there are quite a number of others, who have purchased farms or other property in the state, and seem to be looking in this direction for a future home. Among these are O. E. Baker, G. W. Baker, A. H. Chase, J. L. Collier, &c. Ransom Dunn also has a farm here. Obviously, therefore, there is no lack of ministerial numbers, for so new a state. And yet, two live men, whose whole souls were in the work of preaching and of leading men to God, giving their whole time and energies to the work, were worth more to the cause than the whole of us put together. Providentially, or other-

wise, we are a pretty considerable batch of supernumeraries or supernumeraries.

CHURCHES.

So far as I know, there are but three Freewill Baptist churches in the state, one at Salem in Richardson Co., one at Palmyra in Otoe Co., and one, recently organized, at Bennett in Lancaster Co. The one at Salem is growing strong, and will probably soon erect a creditable house of worship. Brethren Curtis and K. R. Davis live there. The church at Palmyra is also prospering, though the organization of the Bennett church in the vicinity may take away some of its members. Bro. Chase preaches and ministers successfully to these two interests, and the cause is prospering in his hands. These churches are on the Midland Pacific railroad, and in promising villages, not far from the state capital.

PROSPECTS.

There are Freewill Baptists scattered almost all over the state, and there are probably a number of points where, with sufficient effort, promising churches might be gathered. But there is no concert of action, and in most cases, no knowledge of each other's whereabouts. I suggest that each member of the denomination in the state at once write to Rev. L. C. Chase, Bennett, Lancaster Co., Neb., stating their location, and the prospect for organizing a Freewill Baptist church in their vicinity, and whether they are desirous to have and to sustain Freewill Baptist interests. Such correspondence will be productive of much good, and can hardly result in any evil.

At Lincoln, the capital, there are quite a number of resident Freewill Baptists, enough to constitute a very respectable church. Could the Home Mission Board be induced to take hold of an enterprise there, in the spirit that intelligently hopes for large results because it puts forth large efforts, with a discreet forecast and a determined enterprise, it is morally certain that a strong and commanding interest can be speedily raised up there.

Sufficient numbers for a church are already there. A desirable lot for a church edifice can now be had free of cost, and considerable money can be raised there toward the erection of a building. One firm will give \$500. But it would be folly to erect some inferior, barn-like structure, in some out-of-the-way locality of the city, or to send a minister there who thinks it a sin to cultivate taste or to omit the old-time "holiness."

But, unless the Home Mission Board does speedily take hold of this work, it is more than probable that this rare opening for the planting of Freewill Baptist interests in the beautiful and rapidly growing capital of this rapidly growing state will soon pass from within our reach. The members will join other denominations and will not return, a lot in a respectable locality will soon cost thousands of dollars—a business lot, without buildings, was recently sold for \$10,000—and the social influence that we can now command will also be allied to other influences and not subject to our command. A. D. W.

Green Mountain Seminary.

This Institution of learning, located at Waterbury Center, Vt., has been in operation three years, and is a F. Baptist school. The Seminary Building is nearly new, and elegant, one of the finest structures in the state. It is 90 feet in length, 47 in width, and three stories high. The recitation rooms are neat, large and convenient. The Chapel is a splendid room, 69 by 44 feet. Commodious rooms are provided for a Library, Cabinet and Laboratory. Eleven rooms in the building are designed for students. The whole building is warmed by two large Lawson furnaces set in the basement. Good board can be obtained in families at short distances from the Seminary. The school is located in a village of 500 inhabitants, pleasantly nestled among the green hills of our state, and surrounded by natural scenery unsurpassed in its beauty and grandeur. Mount Mansfield, Camel's Hump, and all the spurs of the Green Mountains, from Addison, through Chittenden, Washington and Samville Counties, appear in full view from the Seminary. The school is intended to rank among the first in New England, of similar grade. It is provided with an able board of Instruction. The Institution affords to Ladies and Gentlemen a full course of study, and special attention is given to all desiring a thorough course in music. The fall term will commence Sept. 3d, and continue 13 weeks. Students from abroad, coming on the cars, will stop at Waterbury, on the Vt. Central R. R., and 40 minute's pleasant ride by coach, and the place is reached. We are receiving assurance from different places in our state of students the ensuing term; also from Northern New York, and Canada, and friends in Ohio are asking for information respecting our accommodations for the board of families, and character of the school.

If friends from abroad are interesting themselves in patronizing this school, should not its friends nearer home give increased attention in encouraging a larger attendance? Not until three years ago were we favored with an opportunity of enjoying the advantages of a school of our own in the state, and as the privilege so long desired is now afforded, may each show their appreciation in earnest effort for its success. Students are a necessity as well as money, to make the school what its friends desire, and the public demand. In order to accomplish our purpose, each minister and church occupying territory favoring this school, should feel that its future prosperity depends much upon their co-operation. The time has come when there should be a thorough canvass for students, as the opening of the fall term is at hand. It will afford much pleasure to our worthy Principals and friends in the place, to welcome many of our young friends to the Green Mountain Seminary.

Poetry.

My good, old-fashioned Mother.

They brought home the portrait last night to me,
On the parlor walls it is hung;
I gave to the artist a picture small,
Which was taken when she was young.
It's true to life, and here's a look in the eyes
I never saw in another,
And the same sweet smile that she always wore—
'Tis my good, old-fashioned mother.

The hair in the picture's wavy and dark,
Twice taken before she was gray,
And the same short curls, at the side, hang
Down,
For she always wore that way.

Her hand on the Bible easily rests,
As when, with sisters and brother,
I knelt at her knee, reciting my verse
To my good, old-fashioned mother.

Her dress it is plain and quite out of style,
Not a puff or a ruffle is there;
And no jewels or gold glitter and shine,
She never had any to wear.

Ambition for wealth, or love of display,
We could not even discover,
For poor in spirit and humble in heart
Was my good, old-fashioned mother.

Her life was crowded with work and with care,
How did she accomplish it all!
I do not remember she ever complained,
And yet she was slender and small.

Motives of life that were selfish or wrong,
With Christian grace did she smother,
And lived for God, the loved ones at home,
My true, good, old-fashioned mother.

The years of her life were only three score,
When the messenger whispered, low,
"The Master has come and calleth for thee,"
She answered, "I'm ready to go."
I gaze alone on her portrait to-night,
And more than ever I love her,
And I thank the Lord that he gave to me
Such a good, old-fashioned mother.

—Mrs. T. T. Perry.

Grandfather's Darling.

Grandfather is past ninety, and little May but
four;
Yet they love to sit together beside the cottage
door;
And as the old man dances his darling on his
knee,
He tells her of the far-back time when he was
young as she.

Those long and rambling stories May oft before
has heard,
But she listens with wide-open eyes to every
well-known word;
And in her mind she wonders if he remembers
too.

The man who lived in Noah's ark, when this old
world was new,
Grandfather's hair is scanty, and white as driven
snow,
While May's rich curls are golden, kissed by the
sun's warm glow;

But as the young head nestles fondly against the
old,
You see the sunlight blending the silver and the
gold.

Grandfather is not book-learned, but from his
early youth
He has striven to walk heavenward, and loved
the way of truth;
And now he clasps his darling as the day is
getting dim,
And both together murmur a simple evening
hymn.

His stalwart sons come round him—all well ad-
vanced in years—
And tell him how the world goes on, with all
its hopes and fears;
But from their modern gossip he turns away to
hear
The childish prattle little May is whispering in
his ear.

Folks call the old man childish—it may be even
so—
His heart is as a little child's, and this we love to
know;
And somewhere it is written that not the wise
alone

But those who live in child-like faith, our Father
calls his own.
Grandfather is past ninety, and little May but
four,
So they will not sit together long beside that
cottage door;

But we know when the old man from earth is
called away,
His God and hers, will still protect his darling
little May.

The Family Circle.

Servant-seeking.

My wife is a delicate little woman. She
was esteemed a great beauty when I mar-
ried her. Her mother told me that, if I
would preserve the roses in her cheeks, I
must be very tender of her, and shield her
from too much care. For that reason I
have always advocated the dismissal of serv-
ants who were not absolutely perfect.

One morning, last week, Jane omitted to
put the large spoons on the table, and the
cruets were entirely empty. I took the
matter in hand, as a good, kind, consider-
ate, thoughtful husband should, and spoke
sharply to the girl. She undertook to an-
swer me back, and I sent her straight out
of the house.

"That is the way to do it," I said. "If
one girl doesn't suit, try another." "But,
my dear, Jane was a good servant in
most respects."

"That is what you say of them all. I
tell you, and have told you repeatedly, that
it is just as easy to get those who are right
altogether. You are too gentle a mistress,
and your servants impose upon you. If I
had the charge of the house they would
have to toe the mark. I am tired of see-
ing you so overshadowed by household
affairs. Even now there are wrinkles set-
tling in your forehead, as if you were forty-
five instead of twenty-seven."

"Ah! the wrinkles due back of
Jane's forgetfulness. I am not sure but
they have been produced by the frequency
of my visits to intelligence offices. I
thought, the last time I went to one, that
my hair would turn white before I got
away."

"Why don't you follow up some of those
girls who advertise in the Herald? My
mother used to, and was very successful."

"I have, a score of times. I got Delia

from an advertisement—the one who sat
down on the baby, thinking he was the rag-
bag—and Alick, who stole all my best tow-
els, and Julia, who would take her beaux
into the parlor every time we were out in
the evening, and I don't know how many
more. I have come to the conclusion—that,
when a servant is neat and honest, it is
best to overlook trifling shortcomings. If
my husband was just a little more patient,
I think I could manage very well. I am
worn out with servant-hunting."

"Servant-hunting! I should think it
would be a pleasure. I can't imagine any-
thing so very dreadful about it."

"Suppose you try it? I really do not
feel well enough to make the effort; I had
rather do my own work for a month."

My wife did not usually speak with so
much earnestness, and it surprised me.
Besides, she looked pale, and, as I said be-
fore, I am a model of husbands.

It was a pleasant morning. I had enough
to do; but then I might as well be hindered
a half an hour to oblige my wife as to
waste so much time smoking after lunch.

"I will, darling. Lie down and rest
yourself, or read the papers. Take no
more thought about the matter; and now,
good-morning."

I kissed her, and went on my way. I
bought a Herald at a stand on the corner.
Glancing at the list of "Situations want-
ed," I smiled at the absurd idea of putting
up with incompetent servants when such
an army was in the field. I selected two
numbers, which I thought would suit.

They each contained three figures, and, of
course, were some distance away across
the avenues. It was not an inviting look-
ing neighborhood, and the building into
which I entered was far from prepossess-
ing. I knocked at the first door on the first
floor. A fat, red-faced woman left the
wash-tub, and opened it.

"Did a girl advertise from here for a
place this morning?"

"Not as I know on. May be it is in
the back room."

I knocked at the next door. It was
opened by a little girl of nine or ten, bare-
footed and ragged, and her mouth full of
baked potato. Four other children, of var-
ious sizes, came running to look at me.

"Is your mother in?" I inquired.

"No."

"Is there a girl here who wants a
place?"

"No."

"Do you know whether there is one in
the building?"

"No."

"Maybe it is up stairs!" screamed an
old crone from a bell in the corner of the
room, as I took out the Herald to see if I
had not mistaken the number.

I ascended a narrow staircase, and passed
along a dark, gloomy corridor. I knocked
at a door, and repeated my inquiries to
a yellow, sickly-looking woman, with a
babe in her arms. She knew nothing of
any such advertisement, but it might be in
the next room. At the next room they
thought that perhaps it was up stairs. So
I was handed along from one to another until
I reached the fifth floor. There I
gained the extraordinary information that
it was probably in the back yard. Reaching
the ground-floor in safety, I proceeded to
the rear, where there was a three-story
house on the same lot, with a space of only
about ten feet between. An old man sat
on the pavement smoking.

"How many families are there in the
building?" I asked.

He cogitated a moment or two before he
replied:—

"Twelve, sir."

It was true! The hall ran through the
center of the building, making four rooms
on each floor, and each room contained a
family. One man, a shoemaker, had a
wife and seven children. I visited every
room before I found the one the girl had
advertised from. It was the most respect-
able looking one of the lot, and the occu-
pant was a young, tiny, well-dressed
woman. My spirits rose like foam, and
went down as quickly. The girl herself
had not come yet. She lived over in
Brooklyn.

I wheeled very abruptly and hurried to
the sidewalk. Ugly words rose to my lips,
but I did not speak them. I wondered if
Effie had ever visited such an abode. Tak-
ing out the Herald again I read:—

"No. 333 West—street—a young girl
who understands her business, and is neat
and obliging."

It was only two blocks off. This time I
was fortunate enough to hit the right room
at the first knock. The girl herself opened
the door. Her manner was a little forbid-
ding. Ifancy she belonged to the snap-
ping-turtle order. Nothing daunted, how-
ever, I explained my business.

"How many be's there in your family,
sir?" she asked, as she surveyed me from
head to foot. I dress well as a general
rule; but it was a windy day, and I was in
a part of the city where the streets were
not watered. Consequently the damsel
before me could not make up her mind on
the instant whether I made answer for a
master or not. I gave her the number she
would be expected to serve.

"Do there be a carpet on the girl's
room?"

"Yes. Now please inform me if you
know how to take care of the whole upper
part of the house and dining-room, and
will do it well?"

"Do there be any fires to make?"

"One or two, I think."

"I guess the place wouldn't suit me. I
never makes fires. Boys always does them
where I lives."

I was again afloat. I didn't fold and put
my newspaper in my pocket any more. I
read as I walked. According to my print-
ed information, the most desirable person
for me to visit was "a smart, capable, will-
ing girl," in the neighborhood of Second
Avenue. Quite a stretch from the west
part of the city, but I went. It was a five-

story tenement-house again. I gave a
dirty boy a quarter to run up stairs and
make inquiries for me, and he never came
back to report. Near the third landing I
found the maiden. She was staying with a
"friend," in a little room twelve by four-
teen. The "friend" was a dealer in old
clothes, and was just sorting over a cargo.
The smart, capable, willing girl had seen
full sixty-five summers, and her hair was as
white as snow. She was sitting with her
feet in a pail of water, trying to cure corns,
so she said. I left.

I was getting slightly out of temper
when I reached the sidewalk. A dog hap-
pened into a small cart obstructed the way.
I raised my foot and removed the whole
establishment into the street. After that
I felt better. Turning for comfort again to
the Herald, I found "situations wanted" by
several in that immediate vicinity; and I
rendered unto all the light of my counte-
nance. One girl had just "engaged."

Another did not like to go where they did
not keep a "full set of help." A third
seemed qualified for our purpose, but her
cousin was dead, and she couldn't come
for a week. The fourth didn't like our lo-
cation. The fifth made very pointed in-
quiries about the number of girls we had
during the last year, and then declined en-
gaging "where they changed help so often."

The sixth didn't ever "negotiate" with a
gentleman; "the madame must come
hussel." The seventh wanted too many
privileges, and had lost her front teeth.

The eighth asked my name and place of
business, but, never having heard of me be-
fore, very dryly remarked that "she only
lived with the first families." The ninth
was a fair-haired, blue-eyed German, who
was not only willing, but exceedingly an-
xious to undertake anything. She promised
to go to my wife in the course of half an
hour; and I, thoroughly disgusted with
this world, and particularly with the por-
tion of it which I had just explored, looked
at my watch and found it was two o'clock,
P. M.

When I reached home, at the usual din-
ner hour, Effie met me, smiling.

"Did the new girl come?" I inquired.

"No, I haven't seen any."

I did not give vent to my pent-up emo-
tions. I only played the sympathizing hus-
band, and, somewhat crestfallen, started
on another tour of the same nature the next
morning.

Without confessing it to Effie, I deter-
mined to save time and steps, and try the
intelligence office. A polite clerk at the
entrance stopped me and registered my
name, then I passed into the main room.

A clerk sitting by a table numbered me and
gave me a card. I was to take a seat cor-
respondingly numbered. The room was
filled with ladies talking to servants, and
all sorts of persons hurrying hither and
thither. A clerk spoke through a tube and
called for a chambermaid and waitress for
number twelve. In the course of ten min-
utes a tall, greasy-looking Irish girl came
toward me.

"If you are sent to speak to me," I said,
"go back and tell them you won't suit.
Let another come as quickly as possible."

Instead of obeying, she dropped into the
chair near by.

"Won't suit, eh? What ails me?"

"You are not neatly clad."

"Oh, that stuff on my dress is nothing;
it will come out with a little sponging."

I stalked across the room, and advised
the young man in attendance to send a de-
cent girl to me in short order. I conferred
with six before I gave my address and sent
one to my wife. The little performance
occupied an hour and a half, and my office
work crowded me the rest of the day. I
dined down town. Having lost my key,
I rung the bell of my own door about half-
past nine. The discarded Jane admitted me.

"Effie, how is this?" I asked, before tak-
ing a chair.

"Oh, nothing extraordinary. The girl you
sent came. She seemed perfectly sat-
isfied with the place, but, in the course of
an hour, we heard the lower door slam,
and saw her running down the street.
Toward evening Jane came for her money,
and not having enough by me, I detained
her until you should come in. She went
to work of her own accord, has put the
house in order, and assisted me in every
way possible."

"Keep her, if she will stay. I will
promise never to complain of anything
hereafter, short of hair-pins in the gravy.
A dishcloth or two in the pudding will be
a trifling grievance compared with what I
have been through during the last six-and-
thirty hours. And, Effie, say to your lady
friends that, if their husbands are too ex-
acting in little things, and meddle in do-
mestic matters where it would be more
sensible for them to mind their own busi-
ness, you know of a remedy."

"I have always been a model; I am now
one of the most docile of husbands. And
it pays. Effie looks five years younger,
and the servants no longer creep round the
house in constant fear of my making dis-
coveries to their disadvantage. A few
words of well timed commendation have
cured Jane of her chief fault, and, since I
have seriously thought about it, I believe
her to be a most excellent servant.—Ap-
pleton's Journal.

Charlie's little Cart.

"Oh, dear! I want a little cart!" said five-
year old Charlie, lying on his back on the
floor and kicking his feet up in the air.

"I don't know what to do, Gran'ma. I
want a cart, and nobody ever gets me carts.
I want one as big as a mountain, like Un-
cle Peter's, to carry my marbles to market
in."

Gran'ma looked round from the little
jacket she was cutting out, and saw the
marbles rolling all around on the door-
step.

"It is time they were gathered in for
market, I declare," she said. "Next

thing some one will step on them and fall
down. Let's see if we can't find a cart
somewhere. How will this do, Charlie?"

And she took down from the corner cup-
board a low box without any cover. It
was about eight inches long and five inches
wide, and an inch and a half deep. Gran-
ma had used it to keep seeds in through
the winter; but the seeds were all in the
ground now looking out for themselves,
and the box was empty.

"Ho!" cried Charlie, who had jumped
up and run after her, "There ain't anything
for the horse to drag it by!"

"Oh, you don't know!" said Gran'ma.
"See here!" And she took a gimlet from
the shelf and bored two holes in one end
of the box, and then fastened a long cord
in the holes, so that Charlie could harness
himself in, and be a little horse.

Charlie was a very happy little gallop-
ing horse for a minute; but Gran'ma had
no sooner got back to the jacket, than there
he came and stood pulling the corner of
her apron.

"Gran'ma," he said, soberly, "my little
cart ain't a cart. It says it wants wheels,
and wants four, and they must turn
round."

"Oh, that's what it says, is it?" said
dear Gran'ma. "I didn't understand what
it said. Well, then, Charlie, run and get
me those two little long pine sticks I see
in the kindling box."

Then Gran'ma took a sharp knife, and
whittled the ends of the sticks out small,
and with four of her little carpet tacks
she nailed the sticks on the bottom of the
cart, so that the sharp ends stood out on
each side.

"There are the axletrees," she said,
"and now for the wheels."

Charlie couldn't think where the wheels
were coming from; but Gran'ma found
four empty spools in her work-basket,
which she slipped on the slender axletree
ends, and then drove a tack gently by each
one, so it would not come off.

"There, now, it is a real little cart," she
said; "go and gather your marbles for
market."

"O Gran'ma! you're the best gran'ma
for little boys ever I saw!" exclaimed
Charlie; and he was a nice little horse trot-
ting off, and then he was a little man by
the door-step, picking up marbles, and
loading his cart, and then he was a little
horse again, drawing them steadily to
market under the big arm-chair in the
corner.

Now wasn't she a real bright gran'ma,
to know how to make such a nice little cart
for Charlie!—School-Day Visitor.

Glass-makers.

When men began to build warm houses
instead of living in tents and caves, they
had no way of shutting out the cold and
keeping in the daylight. They left open
places in the walls, instead of putting in
glass windows; or if the weather was too
bitterly cold, they closed them up, and
either sat in the dark, or burned tallow-
dips and rushes all day long.

Very few people in the world knew how
to make glass in those days, and no one
had ever thought of using it for windows.

You have all heard of Egypt,—that coun-
try in Africa which lies by the side of the
Red Sea, and has so many pyramids and
towers and ruined cities of the desert, that
men and women go there from all parts
of the earth to see those wonders. The Egyp-
tians to-day are not very wise; but there
was a time when they knew more than any
other nation. In those days they found out
how to make glass; and that was four
thousand years ago.

But Egypt is a very hot country, and the
houses have to be made so that the air can
go through as much as it likes; so no one
ever dreamed of needing tight windows.

But what lovely glass cups the Egyptians
used to make! They cut them out of
blocks of solid glass, and gave them bright
colors, and gilt them beautifully.

Afterward the people of Rome, in Italy,
learned to make glass cups and vases, and
when they had fought and conquered
France, they taught the art to the French.

Six hundred and seventy-four years after
Christ was born, some Frenchmen went
over to England to help the Christians there
build a great church, and, anxious to show
what wonders they could do, they made
colored glass and set it up at the open
places in the walls, where the sun could
shine through it and show how beautiful it
was.

That set the English to thinking, and
rich men began to put glass windows in
their houses, partly for beauty and partly
to keep out the cold and yet let in the day-
light. But the glass was very costly, and
the kings, who did not want even rich men
to have too many nice things, made them
pay a certain sum of money every year for
each pane of glass they had; so it was hun-
dreds of years before the poorer families
could have the benefit of the smallest win-
dow of it. What would my readers think
of our President and Congress, if they
should decide on making each one pay for
the sunlight in that way?

Do you wonder why glass should be so
costly? It was because very few men
knew how to make it, and they did not like
to teach others, for fear of getting too
much of it in the market, and lowering the
price. But men never gain anything in the
end, by being so selfish. Many persons
went to trying experiments in order to find
out how the beautiful, shining, brittle stuff
was made, and more than one taught him-
self the way, for there are few things so
hard to do that real thinking men and
women can not do them.

While the rest of the world eats, sleeps,
trades, and grumbles, these thinkers go at
hard work till they can guess out, or study
out a way to give the people what they
need. I want to tell you about one of these
thinkers.

About three hundred and thirty-one years

ago, a little family moved into a town in
France, and, oddly enough, the folks of the
town were angry about it. They did not
want strangers among them; but when they
learned that the man who had brought his
wife and children there was the great
Bernard Palissy, who could paint on glass
better than any other man, they were very
glad, for they thought perhaps he would
paint their church windows for them.

Palissy did not know how to make the
glass he painted, but he was most anxious
to find out, and to make it more beautiful
than any yet seen. So he stopped his paint-
ing, and went to working over earth, and
to baking it. Common glass, you know,
is made of sand and potash; but he wanted
uncommon glass.

For twenty years he worked over his
earth, only stopping now and then to earn
a little, so that his family should not starve.
Sometimes they were so poor that his wife
and children would weep and wring their
hands, and beg him to paint again, or they
should die of hunger. The neighbors
thought he was crazy, to stop earning mon-
ey, and burn out so much wood, trying to
melt the mixtures he would make.

At last he began to think he should soon
find out the secret he was searching for,
when, one day, all his wood was gone. If
his fire should go out now, and leave his
last experiment unfinished, all his twenty
years of study and work would be lost.
He ran out into the garden, like one out of
his senses, and pulled down all the wooden
trellis work. That soon burned out, and
then he took the chairs and other furniture
down into the cellar where his oven was,
and burned them, one by one.

His poor wife, who was trembling with
fear and sorrow, suddenly heard a great
cry in the cellar, and rushed down, think-
ing her husband was indeed crazy.

There he stood, in amazement, looking
at a piece of the most splendid glass ever
seen. It glittered with all the colors of
the rainbow.

Oh! how happy was the poor glass-mak-
er then, and how proud were all his family,
and even his neighbors. The King sent for
him, and took him into his great palace,
where he lived in splendor.

He did not die there, though, for this man
did not think as the King did about
religion, and very soon he was dragged off
to a terrible prison in Paris, called the Bas-
tile, because he would not lie, and say he
believed what he did not.

The King went to see him in prison, hop-
ing to change his mind, but this is what
Bernard Palissy told him:

"You have said that you are obliged to
leave me in the hands of my enemies—that is
not like a king. I will show you that I am
more a king than yourself, for neither you
nor all your people shall oblige me to kneel
down and worship images. No, I will die
first."

So the great man, who found out how
to make the most beautiful glass ever
known, died and went to heaven. That
was better than living in a palace.—Bright
Side.

Exercise for Girls.

A writer in the Putnam, discussing ex-
ercise for girls, expresses these opinions:

The child who should be compelled every
day to swallow a breakfast and a dinner
composed of objects disgusting to it, would
never be expected by any sane person to
thrive thereon. But it is often assumed
that same girl will obtain all the benefit
of exercise if obliged to walk solemnly up
and down a terrace for so many hours, or to
use the dumb-bells and perform calisthenic
exercises in her dull school-room. Real ex-
ercise, especially in youth, must be joyous
exercise, spontaneously taken, not as a medi-
cine, but with the eagerness of natural ap-
petite. Rumping games in childhood,—puss
in the corner, blind-man's buff, and battle-
door,—and all with screaming permitted
ad libitum, are for indoors. Out of doors,
Come hunt the hare, hide and seek, and hoop,
and ball, and cricket, and kite-flying, and
above all, that blessed thing, "Playing in
the hay." Are these all "dreadfully un-
lady-like," and calculated for the production
of tom-boys? Never believe a word of it!

The most high-bred of women have been
the most free and joyous of children. Then
come a little later, or almost as soon, the
two great exercises of ladies, whereby more
health and vigor can be gained by ladies
than by any other way,—namely, gardening
and riding. Oh, fathers of daughters who
will-by-and-by ask you to spend thousands
in paying their milliners' bill, taking them
to fashionable resorts, and giving them rich
settlements; will you not spare a few tens
of hundreds, to give them the scrap of gar-
den, or the rough pony which will secure
for them health and bloom, and years of
strength and life, which all your thousands
can not buy a few years hence? Of all the
penny-wise, pound-foolish policies in the
world, is that which grudges the girl of
fourteen her pony, or her half rood of
ground, and lavishes on her, four years
afterwards, silks and jewels, and all the
costly appurtenances of fashionable life.

What a kind Word Did.

There was once a schoolboy named Robert,
who passed for a very dull one among
his companions, and was ridiculed and called
"blunderbuss," etc.

It happened one day that some members
of the school committee were examining
pupils in drawing. With downcast eyes
Robert timidly held up his specimens amid
the half-suppressed laughter of his com-
rades.

"Don't be ashamed, my boy," said one
whom we will call Mr. Curtiss. "I made
worse looking trees and horses when I be-
gan to draw. Go on, you'll conquer—will
even surpass me, I'm thinking." He then
drew a sketch and gave it to the boy, say-
ing, "There, see what can be done by per-
severance."

Little words, not eloquent speeches nor
sentences; little deeds

extra, 24 cents. Special to agents who sell 100 or more. Wholesale orders solicited.

News Summary.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The French band will not return until August 10.

Commissioner Van Nort has ordered fountains for the use of man and beast to be placed on all the leading avenues in New York.

Josef Mandel, who is in Saratoga to testify in the Barnard impeachment, was refused admittance to the Grand Union and Congress Hall.

The Japanese embassy will leave Washington July 27, New York August 1, and sail from Boston August 6.

W. H. Hill, an employee of the Methodist publishing house at Nashville, Tenn., has been arrested, charged with stealing a valuable mail of that house from the post office.

It is reported that ten more members of the Fannie filibustering expedition have been killed in an engagement, and four captured and executed, and that five escaped.

The cotton wire is doing great damage in Mississippi.

General Julius White of Illinois has been appointed United States minister to the Argentine Confederation.

The damage by the recent flood in Alabama is estimated at \$5,000,000.

General Burnside has resigned the presidency of the National Rifle Association. Vice-President William E. Church will succeed him.

The excitement caused by the riotous acts of the striking mill workers in Williamsport, Pa., is about over, although the military is still out.

A list of distinguished generals will address the soldiers and sailors' national convention, to be held in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, September 17.

A competitive examination will be held on the 20 of August for the purpose of filling a vacancy in the office of the deputy controller of currency.

All the prizes at the recent commencement of the Chicago high school were taken by girls.

There will be enough wild grapes in Texas this year to make more wine than was ever manufactured in France in one year.

The "Blind Preacher," Milburn, is to deliver the commencement address at the University of Georgia.

One-third of the Texas cattle which went into winter quarters in Kansas have already been lost by straying away or by death.

The steamer New England of the International line, which runs between Boston and St. John, N. B., was wrecked on the "Wolves" last week, Tuesday, while on her passage from St. John to Eastport, Me. The passengers and crew were saved. The boat, which was valued at \$200,000, is probably a total loss.

The troubles in Pope county, Arkansas, are getting more complex if not more serious. The cases have been brought into the circuit court, and an editor has been ordered to appear and answer to a charge of contempt expressed in an article in his newspaper. The editor's friends advise him not to appear, fearing that he may be killed, and altogether a most strange and exciting state of affairs exists.

The colored supporters of Grant and Wilson of Boston held a ratification meeting Tuesday night at the Phillips-street Baptist church, which was filled to overflowing, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. Speeches were made by George L. Ruffin, Charles L. Remond, William Wells Brown, John Oliver of Richmond, Va., and others, and resolutions were passed severely denouncing the democratic party.

An ex-Confederate officer traveling in Maine recently frankly told a fellow-passenger that he should vote for Greeley, confidently anticipating in the case of his election, a restoration of the ante-bellum condition of affairs in the South, as far as possible, and a payment from the national treasury for their slaves and all other property destroyed by the war, relying upon the "magnanimity" of their candidate and upon the Tribune's advocacy during the war of such payment as a means of settlement.

The damage done by the heavy rain-storm on Friday in and about New York city, on Long Island and in New Jersey, by flooding buildings, injuring railways, will, it is estimated, reach \$250,000 or \$300,000.

FOREIGN.

Importations of Chinese continue at Havana. Paris is overrun with counterfeit gold coin manufactured in Spain.

An imperial decree has been issued in Russia dismissing M. de Gatacazy from the diplomatic service of the empire.

Three of the would-be assassins of the King and Queen of Spain, and twenty-seven of the alleged accomplices have been arrested.

The potato disease has again made its appearance in Great Britain.

A feverish state of affairs is represented to exist in Hayti.

The cholera is reported to be abating throughout the Russian empire.

Richard Beardslee, now United States consul in Jerusalem, will succeed George H. Butler as consul-general in Egypt.

The price of coal has advanced so rapidly in Great Britain that the ocean steamers have increased their rates, and importation from Belgium has begun.

The coal-miners and others on a strike are creating disturbances in various parts of France. The military has been called upon to suppress their riotous demonstrations.

All the powers have accepted the invitation of the French government to send representatives to the congress in Paris to consider the metrical system.

Intelligence is received from Mexico of the death of President Juarez, which occurred on Thursday of last week. The cause was apoplexy. He will be succeeded in the presidency by Lerdo de Tejada, now chief justice of the supreme court.

Two children in a boat were carried over Niagara Falls Friday.

The luxurious offices in the Grand Opera House have cost the Erie Railway Company \$55,000 per annum.

A heavy storm with wind passed over Van Wert, Ohio, on Thursday evening, doing great destruction to property. Several lives were also lost.

A singular accident occurred upon the White Mountain Notch road about four miles above the Crawford House Wednesday afternoon. A stage coach on its way from Ammonoosuc Station to the Crawford House was struck by lightning during a heavy shower; the horses being thrown down but not killed and two passengers sitting on top of the vehicle were somewhat injured. Their clothes were burned, their gold watches and watch-chains melted in their pockets, and one of the men was burnt upon the breast, the electric fluid also completely encircling his body.

Paragraphs.

A million of dollars is invested in the manufacture of lamps in New York city.

California expects to send five thousand tons of butter and cheese to China annually.

Senator Sumner has taken quarters at the White Sulphur Springs, Virginia.

St. Louis now extends for fourteen miles on the Mississippi river, and has an area of fifty-two square miles.

The Vermont Central Railroad Company controls 800 miles of railway, employs 4500 workmen, and makes use of 170 locomotives, 170 passenger cars, and 4264 freight cars.

It is said that by the expenditure of \$36,000,000 for levees on the Mississippi river, 7,000,000 acres of cotton land and 2,500,000 acres of sugar land would be reclaimed, the annual product of which is estimated, would amount to \$150,000,000 in gold.

The lumbermen in Maine predict that five years hence, at the present rate of destruction, the forests of the State will be wholly cleared of lumber. The lumber crop this year is estimated at 700,000,000 feet. Of this amount, the Penobscot lumbermen cut 425,000,000, and the Kennebec men over 100,000,000.

Following the pattern set by New York, Philadelphia has raised a fund of several thousand dollars to provide free excursions for the poor children of the city during the summer, and committees of its foremost citizens have undertaken the superintendence of the charity; and Baltimore and other cities are preparing to do likewise.

A milestone in Wenham, Mass., bears this inscription: "J—T; B—20; Job 30, 23: 'I know that thou wilt bring me to death and to the house appointed for all living.' A. D. 1710." The first part means Ipswich, 7 miles, Boston 20 miles. The text was added for the spiritual improvement of passers-by.

Red Cloud seems to be really on the road to reform at last. He declares his intention of remaining at peace with the whites hereafter, and has sent messengers among the tribes announcing his pacific resolution, and advising them to abstain from giving the Great Father any more trouble. It is to be hoped that the wily Indian may persevere in his good behavior.

Mr. Stanley, of the New York Herald, who has succeeded in discovering Dr. Livingston, is said to be a native of Denbigh. His mother keeps a tavern in St. Asaph, and is very proud of her son, but states that his name is not Stanley, but Thomas—plain John Thomas. He adopted the former name before he started on his African expedition, and becoming connected with the New York Herald, acted as its correspondent in Abyssinia with the expedition. He is said to have paid a visit to his mother since his return from Abyssinia.

The Pittsburgh Commercial says the recently published Life of Abraham Lincoln was not written by Ward H. Lamon, whose name appears as the author, but by Chauncey Black, son of Jeremiah Black. Mr. Buchanan's attorney-general Lamon gathered much of the material, and as a close friend of Mr. Lincoln, permitted his name to be used by Black as the author. The two have had a falling out, Lamon being of the opinion that some things in the book should have been omitted,—which is to his credit.

A lady teacher inquired of the members of a class of juveniles if any of them could name the four seasons. Instantly the chubby hand of a five-year-old was raised, and promptly came the answer, "Pepper, salt, vinegar and mustard."

The Chicago fair, assuming that the labor that produced it was equal in value to \$2 per day, the loss was equal to the combined production of 50,000 men working 165 days, or five years of 330 days each. Assuming that the average surplus of production is ten per cent. above what is needed for consumption, it will require the labor of these 50,000 for fifty years to produce a surplus or accumulation of property equal to that destroyed in the twenty-four hours of the Chicago conflagration.

A Canadian correspondent says of the copyright act recently enacted: "Under the imperial act, American publishers could reprint and import into Canada English copyright works on paying 12-1/2 per cent. duty, which went to the author, but Canadian publishers were prohibited, under heavy fines and imprisonment from reprinting English copyright works. The object of the bill just passed is to permit Canadian publishers to reprint English copyright works on paying the author 12-1/2 per cent. on the whole sale value of the issue. The effect of this law, when called into operation by the proclamation of the Governor-General, will be to revolutionize the trade of printing. Importations from the United States into Canada of American reprints of English copyright works will entirely cease, and very likely the tide will turn the other way, because we shall not submit to the eight-hour rule of the advance in wages."

Pope Pius IX. sleeps thirteen hours daily, and eats four hearty meals.

One of Napoleon Bonaparte's teeth was sold at Brussels recently for 165 francs.

The Swiss Parliament proposes to declare it a misdemeanor for any one under the age of fourteen to smoke tobacco.

The "honey-moon" takes its origin from an ancient people of Germany, who used to drink mead, a beverage made with honey, for thirty days after marriage.

Late statistics show that the amount of shipping engaged in the trade of France last year, was 11,000,000 tons, of which no less than 4,000,000 tons carried the English flag, the remainder having been distributed among other nations.

The authorities in Brussels have placed in all lunatic asylums safety belts, letter-boxes, accessible to all patients, from which the subordinates of the Procureur du Roi are to collect every week the letters addressed to him.

A Russian agent, Mr. Soldatenko, has nearly concluded a tour of observation in this country for the purpose of examining our reformatory institutions, preparatory to introducing reforms in the Russian prison system.

Grain elevators are not much used in England. Liverpool only has one at work at the docks of the Mersey dock board. The warehouses are very extensive, their capacity amounting to about 40,000 tons.

South American tourists should hasten to ascend the Andes while yet there are any Andes to ascend. The highest peaks have sunk from 200 to 250 feet within the last 125 years, and the process is going on with increased rapidity.

The Strasbourg official Gazette publishes a ministerial decree for adding the use of French names for streets in the city, and giving a list of the new German names by which they have been replaced. A clique of anti-German tradesmen have met the innovation by having the old French names painted on their signboards.

Lord Wentworth, who has just warned London that he is not responsible for the debts of his wife, is a son of Lord Byron's daughter Ada, from whom he inherits the Barony of Wentworth. The papers allude to the affair as another Byron scandal.

Rural and Domestic.

Symptoms of Sun-stroke.

The symptoms of sun-stroke are at once uniform and diverse,—uniform in their general outline, and diverse in their special details. In the ordinary form,—that which may be spoken of as the cerebro spinal variety,—after more or less warning, in the shape of such premonitory symptoms as headache, disordered vision, intense weariness, etc., the subject becomes unconscious, sometimes more suddenly, sometimes more gradually. The laborer will fall senseless in the street; in the hospital the comrades of a sick man will have their attention attracted by his heavy breathing, only to find that natural sleep has passed by insensible degrees into fatal coma or stupor. With this insensibility there is always associated intense heat of the skin.

To the hand the surface feels intensely hot; nor is the sensation a deceptive one,—the heat of the body exceeds that attained in almost any affection. A thermometer placed in the armpit, instead of indicating 98 degrees Fahrenheit, the temperature of health, rises generally to 100 degrees, in some cases even to 113. From the peculiar pungency of this heat the technical term *Cutis Morida*, or biting heat, has been applied to it.

The surface may or may not be pale; very often it is dusky, with a livid, bluish-purple hue. The eyes are sometimes wild and restless, sometimes fixed and glaring, sometimes dull with the leaden hue of approaching death. The pupils at first are generally contracted; in the later stages they are often widely dilated. With these symptoms of intense fever are others that betoken nervous disturbance. In some cases these are of the nature of paralysis, the patient lying apparently in the deepest sleep, not a muscle moving, not a limb raised, not an eyelid quivering. In other cases, this peaceful though deadly calm is replaced by a wild tempest,—raging delirium, wild screams as though of intense agony or uncontrollable passion, furious convulsions, following one another, the rapid discharge of a galvanic battery, throwing the body in all directions, twisting it into every conceivable shape, the countenance mocking the derisive laughter of the maniac, or knotted into an expression of agony. In another and perhaps more common class, of cases the unconscious patient is simply restless, muttering coherent words, tossing about on the bed, showing, perhaps, also signs of local paralysis. There appears to be a curious connection between this variety of symptoms and difference of races. The Anglo-Saxon rarely becomes wildly delirious, whilst this is the most common symptom amongst the Latin nations. Frenchmen thus attacked often become melancholic, and develop an irresistible tendency to suicide, so that soldiers on the march will suddenly shoot themselves.

Whatever be the form of the attack, generally the minutes pass, the symptoms are intensified, the quick pulse of the onset becomes more and more feeble, the labored breathing noisy and stertorous, the surface darker and darker as respiration fails; and death at last is brought about by asphyxia, or sometimes by the almost instantaneous fading away of respiration and circulation.

The one great symptom, the center of the group in all forms of the disease, is the high temperature. If the skin is cool, the case is not sun-stroke. After the death high temperature continues, and it is sometimes known to rise higher. Decomposition follows with exceeding rapidity. On post-mortem examination the only appearances of striking importance are, a condition of blood similar to that seen in low fever, a contracted state of the heart, in which it feels almost like wood, and a great tendency toward the rapid but transient development of that peculiar stiffening which at some time after death takes possession of the muscular tissues. —Lippincott's Magazine.

Summer Drinks.

Ice-water should be drunk but sparingly. A most excellent substitute for it is pounded ice taken in small sumps into the mouth and allowed to dissolve upon the tongue. This will prove very refreshing and much more enduring in its effects.

Lemonade is a simple, grateful beverage. To make it, roll the lemons on something hard till they become soft; grate off the rinds, cut the lemons in slices, and squeeze them in a pitcher (a new clothes-pin will answer for a squeezer in lieu of something better); pour on the required quantity of water, and sweeten according to taste. The grated rinds, for the sake of their aroma, should be added too. After mixing thoroughly, set the pitcher aside for half an hour; then strain the liquor through a jelly-strainer, and put in the ice.

Travelers who find it inconvenient to use lemons can carry a box of lemon sugar prepared from citric acid and sugar, a little of which in a glass of ice-water will furnish quite a refreshing drink, and one that will help oftentimes to avert sick-headache and biliousness. Citric acid is obtained from the juice of lemons and times.

Cherry is a delicious beverage made from cherries, and will keep a year or more. Take six pounds of cherries and bruise them; pour on a pint and a half of hot water, and boil for fifteen minutes; strain through a flannel bag, and add three pounds of sugar. Boil for half an hour, or until the liquid will sink to the bottom of a cup of water (try it with a teaspoonful of the liquid); then turn into jelly-cups and cover with paper dipped in the white of an egg.

To prepare the drink, put a spoonful of the jelly into a goblet of water, and let it stand about ten minutes; then stir it up and fill with pounded ice.

Currants and raspberries made into "shrub" furnish a pleasant and cooling drink when mixed with ice-water. Pounded ice is also an agreeable addition to a saucer of strawberries, raspberries, or currants. Pound it until it is almost as fine as snow, and spread it over the berries. With fruit it is also an excellent substitute for cream.

Water ices are always acceptable. Those made of lemon, orange, currants, strawberries, raspberries, and pineapple, are much improved by adding the stiff-beaten whites of four eggs to every two quarts of the liquid. Put it in just as it is turned into the freezer, and it will freeze into a foam.

Feeding for Eggs.

A writer in the *Working Farmer* gives the following advice, to which we invite the attention of our readers:

"Hens can not produce eggs unless their feed contains the elements of which the egg is composed. The kind of feed that is offered to hens must be determined by the object to be attained in feeding them. Hens intended for the market should be fed that kind of grain which is known to contain a large percentage of the fatty or oily substances. But hens kept as layers should be fed on that kind of grain which contains a larger share of the albuminoids or egg-producing elements."

"In addition to the essential quality of albumen required in the organism of the fowl, the laying hen requires an extra amount for ovation

—the white of the hen's eggs being about twelve per cent. of albumen,—and this must be furnished in her feed. By referring to a chemical analysis of the different cereals, it will be seen that corn contains the greatest amount of fatty substances, whilst wheat contains a larger amount of albumen than any other cereal. To fatten hens, therefore, feed corn. To procure eggs, feed wheat. Meat, once a day, in winter, will prove beneficial to laying hens.

"I allow my hens to have free access to troughs always kept well filled with wheat screenings from the mill. If allowed to choose their own time for eating, hens will eat often and but little at a time,—never too much. Chickens should be furnished with plenty of limestone-gravel. Some say pure water is essential to laying-hens; I prefer to give them milk, as that fluid not only serves to moisten their food, but also contributes albumen, which goes to the formation of the egg."

Sun-baths.

Sun-baths cost nothing, and are the most refreshing and life-giving baths that one can take, whether sick or well. Every housekeeper knows the necessity of giving her wooleens the benefit of the sun, from time to time, and especially after a long rainy season or a long absence of the sun. Many will think of the injury their clothes are liable to from dampness, who will never reflect that an occasional exposure of their own bodies to the sunlight, is equally necessary to their own health. The sun-baths cost nothing, and that is a misfortune, for people are still deluded with the idea that three things only can be good or useful which cost money. Let it not be forgotten that those of God's most beneficent gifts to man,—three things the most necessary to good health,—sunlight, fresh air, and water, are free to all; you can have them in abundance, without money and without price, if you will. If you would enjoy good health, then see to it that you are supplied with air to breathe all the time; that you bathe for an hour or so in the sunlight; and that you quench your thirst with no other fluid than water. —Journal of Health.

Effects of Salt.

Dr. Stevens, a French physician, saw a butcher killing a pig. He observed that he stirred the blood of the animal, and added a handful of common salt to it while stirring, which immediately made it crimson, and the stirring being discontinued, remained fluid. The change of color awakened his curiosity. The butcher could give no explanation of the phenomenon, except that it kept it from jelling and spoiling. Dr. Stevens seized a vessel, caught some blood, and made several experiments by putting salt into it, and found that the blackest blood was instantly changed to a bright vermilion by salt. "And," said he, "here is a fact that may lead to a practical rule." He had observed, in cases of yellow fever in the army, that the blood drawn was very black and fluid, and on adding salt it became vermilion, and retained its freshness; whereas, putridity of the blood is one of the characteristics of yellow fever. He therefore abandoned the usual mode of treating it, and gave his patients a mixture of various salts, and in a very short time reduced the mortality of fever in the West Indies from one in five to one in fifty.

Iron in the Blood.

Probably no fact in medical or chemical science is more widely understood than that there is "iron in the blood." As a fact it is no more remarkable than that this fluid holds potassium or sodium, or that the brain is permeated with phosphorus. The popular curiosity, and interest regarding iron as it exists in the circulation, have been excited by the vendors of quack remedies alleged to contain some combination of the element. While there is much that is very absurd in the statements popularly presented, it is impossible to overlook the importance to the well-being of the individual of the few grains of iron found in the blood. If the quantity is diminished from any cause the whole economy suffers serious derangement. We have reason to believe that when the normal quantity (about 100 grains) is reduced to 10, the system is sensibly affected, and the health suffers. How sensitive to all the chemical reactions going on within and without, is this complex machine which we call the body!

Bones, which form the mineral constituents of the body, do not stand alone in its important relationship. The metals exist combined with other bodies, or they are locked up in the form of salts which are vital to the economy. There are five pounds of phosphate of lime, one of carbonate of lime, three ounces of fluoride of calcium, and a half ounce of common salt, all of which have important offices to fill. Not one of them must be allowed to fall in quantity below the normal standard. If the lime falls the bones give way; if salt is withheld, the blood suffers, and digestion is impaired; if phosphorus is sparingly furnished, the mind is weakened, and the tendency is towards idiosyncrasy. —Freside Science.

Temperature in Butter-making.

In midsummer the temperature of cream will often be far in the seventies, and sometimes get into the eighties. If it gets into the eighties, the butter will be rancid, more or less, according to the amount of heat and the length of time exposed. But the main result of an elevated temperature is the difficulty in bringing the butter. There will be a frothy mass, and it will often continue so for hours; the butter is a soft, white, greasy affair. It is the heat that does this. Often a dash of cold water will make the butter come.

Sometimes, however, when the dash is large and the water cold there is no improvement; the cream is then too cold. But get to the temperature of about sixty degrees, and there will be no difficulty. The best way is to keep your milk at the same temperature after the animal heat has been abstracted, and the butter will be pure, sweet, and solid, provided always that no impurities or bad odors have had access to it, and the milk comes sweet and pure from the cow. The temperature is the all-important point, summer and winter.

Those who have their milk near the stove, in a warm room, are sure to get bad butter. The temperature getting above eighty degrees, as it will in such a case, decomposition will set in, and there will be a rancid taste. There will also, in almost all cases, be the flavor of smoke, and always an undefinable bad taste besides those mentioned. This comes from the breath of the inmates of the room, the air of which is fouled in this way. At other times there is the onion taste. All these joined together, and we have,—winter butter.

Buy a thermometer; buy it as soon as you can get it, if you have milk, and keep it in your milk-room at the figure of sixty or a few degrees from it. Then your cream, the year round, will be fit to churn without changing the temperature. In summer, appliances will have to be used to keep down the mercury, or a cool room secured, and a good cellar properly kept; windows open when cool, and shut when warm, will answer the purpose. We must abide by the temperature, or suffer loss.

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