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## **The Morning Star - volume 47 number 41 - October 9, 1872**

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# The Morning Star.

Volume XLVII.

DOVER, N. H., OCTOBER 9, 1872.

Number 41

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

ISSUED BY THE  
FREWILL BAPTIST PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT

Office, 39 Washington St., Dover, N. H.

L. R. BURLINGAME, Publisher.

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

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3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncollected, 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.

## The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1872.

### Make the best of it.

Life is but a fleeting dream;

Care destroys the zest of it;

Swiftly it glideth like a stream—

Mind you make the best of it!

Talk not of your weary woes,

Trouble, or the rest of it;

If we have but brief repose,

Let us make the best of it!

If your friend has got a heart,

There is something fine in him,

Cast away his darker part.

Cling to what's divine in him.

Friendship is our best relief—

Make no heartless jest of it!

It will brighten every grief,

If we make the best of it.

Happiness despises state;

'Tis no sage experiment;

Simply that the wise and great

May have joy and merriment;

Rank is not its spell refined—

Money's not the test of it.

But a calm, contented mind,

That will make the best of it.

Trusting in the Power above,

Which, sustaining all of us

In one common bond of love,

Binding great and small of us,

Whatever may befall—

Sorrow or the rest of it—

We shall overcome them all,

If we make the best of it.

### Notable Things Across the Sea.

#### PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

Between Westminster Abbey and the Thames, and facing the latter, is the Parliament House. It is a massive structure of Gothic architecture, covering an area of nearly 8 acres. It has 100 stair-cases, 1100 apartments, and more than two miles of corridors. It is warmed by 16 miles of steam pipes, and was erected at a cost of over £2,000,000 sterling. Viewed as a whole, the effect is not imposing, for its great length,—900 ft.—is so disproportioned to its height, that it seems to be unusually low, while Victoria tower at the south end, rising to the great height of 340 ft., and the clock tower of 320 ft. at the north end, cause the whole to resemble two immense locomotives backed against each other; but viewed in detail, it possesses many attractive and imposing features. But not even Victoria Tower, which deserves to rank among the wonders of the world, nor the House of Peers, with its frescoes, stained windows, throne, and famous wool-sack, nor the House of Commons, dear to every republican, nor Octagon Hall, 80 ft. high, with its richly embossed ceiling, nor yet the hall of St. Stephens with its stone grained roof, and famous statues, possesses half the attractions of Westminster Hall. This is the old hall of the Palace of the Kings, which the architect, Sir Charles Barry, managed to incorporate into the new Parliament House as one of its main entrances. It was originally built during the reign of Wm. Rufus, and Pope calls it "Rufus's Roaring Hall," doubtless referring to the festive scenes which took place there. It is 290 ft. long, 68 ft. wide and 110 ft. high, and is the largest room in the world unsupported by pillars. The roof is of oak, supported by hammer beams. Pedestals stand on either side, which are to be occupied by figures of those eminent statesmen to whom Parliament may from time to time decree the honor of a statue. At the farther end, and running entirely across it, is a raised platform which is reached by four or five steps.

This Hall produces an effect upon the be-

holder peculiarly its own. It is not the sensation one experiences when entering a grand old cathedral. There are no clustered pillars with their softening shadows, no long-drawn aisles where footsteps die away in echoes, no high altar or side chapels, nothing but stone walls around you, a ground floor under your feet and a dark oak roof over your head. Not even chair suggests personal comfort. Indeed, you forget self. Mechanically you walk through the Hall up the broad steps and sit down on the dais. Members of Parliament brush past you on their way to the inner chambers, but you do not see them. This whole enclosure seems to you so much of space and time and incident cut out of the past, and preserved you know not by what power. Events that have been accustomed to congregate themselves in the past tense change naturally to the present, and things of which before you have only heard you now seem to see.

It is coronation day, and the great banquet is spread. The newly-created king, returning from the Abbey where holy hands have just placed the golden crown upon his head and the jeweled scepter in his hand, enters the wide open portal, surrounding him are his officers and ministers of state, and, following these, a long and stately procession of England's proud nobility. Scarcely are they seated at the banquet board when the king's champion enters on his richly caparisoned war-horse, and riding to the head of the long table where, on a temporarily erected throne, sits the representative of England's strength and glory, he throws down the gauntlet and challenges the world in behalf of his King. Immediately the oaken rafters ring with "God save the King," and the red wine flows from golden goblets. The scene changes. You witness the inauguration of stern old Cromwell as Lord Protector. He looks the King in his royal robes of purple, but four years later the gaping crowd will behold the ghastly sight of his trunkless head elevated above this same hall.

Again and again the scene changes, and you are present at the trial of the great, the good, the wise and the abandoned. Finally, the walls are hung with scarlet; the long galleries are filled with courtly ladies; the wit and beauty of the whole empire are present; even the queen herself graces the occasion; there sit the peers robed in gold and ermine; opposite them the members of the Lower House. It all seems strangely familiar to you, and yet you can not quite make out the occasion. Listen, a proclamation is being read; a culprit advances to the bar. Now it is all clear. Imagination is reproducing for you that wonderful trial, the details of which Macaulay's graphic pen has made as familiar as a twice told tale. Oh! it is something to look into the faces of Fox and Sheridan, but it is more to listen to those immortal words of Burke which ring out clear and decisive for Justice and Humanity. "Therefore, bath it with all confidence been ordered by the commons of Great Britain that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors."

"If we settle it by arbitration the United States will not get a dollar,"—breaks harshly upon your ear. And you wake to the consciousness of the present, and the fact that the House of Lords has just adjourned.

N. F.

### New York Central Park.

What ample grounds! A policeman says eight hundred and sixty-two acres. I should think so. And what a variety of scenery! Lakes, ponds, streams, fountains, scattered profusely around in all directions. Commons, base-ball grounds, cricket grounds, play grounds and fandangoes. Patches of dense shrubbery here, little groves there, and a fine forest yonder. There is the observatory, here a rustic retreat as large as a small city building lot. It surmounts an outcropping ledge. Just between this and that other ledge, is a beautiful little ravine filled with trees. Over yonder is a cozy summer-house. And dotted all around here and there with inviting nooks and glens, which we are only prevented from exploring by this ever-present and ever-unpleasant warning: "Please keep off the grass." This means in plain English, there will be a policeman's hand on your collar if you do not keep in the path. Here are sweeping, broad, concrete walks, winding among the ravines and ridges and over the bridges. Away down under these bridges are not beautiful cascades, but ample carriage roads. Here are driveways in profusion, and there are hundreds and hundreds of carriages filled with the gay and wealthy and beautiful of this great city. Here are many benches, seats and settees scattered all along beside the paths and carriage roads, inviting the weary to rest. Many of them are occupied by little parties, chatting, with smiling faces and merry hearts. One might almost lose his way among these winding walks and sweeping roads and tangled landscape.

Yonder are tents, and throngs upon throngs are going, coming, strolling, straying, standing, sitting. Let us move in that direction. Ah, here is a band of music, and a few acres of people are sitting under these canopies to enjoy it. Oh, yes, it is Saturday, and on that day there is ordinarily a band here.

But we travel to another portion of this extensive ground, and here we find one of the most extensive menageries we have

ever seen; one whose proportions and variety are worthy of Central Park. Squirrels, skunks, opossums, raccoons, woodchucks and rattlesnakes. Cats, looking for all the world like our great, gray, streaked mousers at home, only twice as large, and with stronger limbs. Camels and porcupines, buffaloes and panthers, wolves and zebras. Wolves, yes; look again. They resemble the most sneaking, villainous, black dogs and gray dogs you ever saw. Hyenas and bears—Asiatic and American; black, brown, white and grizzly. Some of them real monsters. One of the polar bears broke loose this morning and sauntered off to a little pond near Madison avenue, and got shot for his trouble. I think the keepers were cowardly, or they would have kept guard over him till a rope was procured to tie the monster and take him again into confinement. Lions, catamounts, panthers, and tigers in good round numbers. One little prairie dog, the first one I have ever seen, though I have ranged the prairies for years. Like the Indians, they disappear when the white settler comes. India cattle, elephants and llamas. And here are all sorts of monkeys. They gambol and squall and chase each other in merry sport. Like all others of this ancestral race, they excel the Blondins, the Sam Patches and the Darwins, and all their other descendants in the art and science of gymnastics and harlequinism. All are engaged in "low and lofty tumbling," except half a dozen or so, who sit and watch the exhibition with great interest, and grin and chatter awhile, and then, as though they, too, had suddenly caught the inspiration, they leap into the arena and out-do the whole.

Not through yet. Here are seals and sealions, and alligators. Some of them are diving and kicking in the water, and some are basking in the sun, dead, to all appearance, as though they had been dead a week. As I look on that shapeless mass of flesh or fish they call a sea-lion, and those alligators near him, I almost involuntarily raise my handkerchief to my face to exclude the odor which must be emitted from those dead carcasses. The stench of all these living animals is as much as I can endure. But stop a moment. A start, a grunt, and a plunge assures me that there is life, almost like lightning, in those carcasses that seemed so dead.

And here are birds, too, parrots of all sizes and colors, eagles, cranes, flamingoes, pelicans, swans, ostriches of different colors and dimensions. One huge fellow with legs as large as the wrist of a blacksmith and twice as bony, poises his great body on them, which looks almost as large as a hoghead. What a gait! And see how he pokes his large, long neck around. For a long distance about him he searches every inch of the ground for some object to help fill his capacious crop. Now he stretches his head above the top of my hat, and swings it one way and the other, and stares at me with his right eye and left eye, till apparently satisfied that he can not swallow me, and then quietly subsides. But the whistle sounds the signal, and we go.

God has made a great variety of animals, and beautified the earth with varied scenery, and thus shown his power and skill. The invisible attributes of God are manifested by the things he has made—his eternal power and Godhead—and his kindness in caring for man's pleasure and profit. To contemplate him in his works is interesting to the mind and profitable to the soul, for men, women, and children.

But who has ever known any animal kind, from a rattle-snake to an elephant, to develop into a higher species? Or who has ever known a hawk family, by associating with an eagle family, to become eagles, or by any natural or artificial improvement of the breed? Who has ever known any of the monkey tribe, by their own development, to make any approaches toward humanity? Though born and reared among men, they are monkeys still, and bid fair to continue so, in spite of Darwin. X.

September, 1872.

### Mr. Stanton as Secretary.

A visitor at Washington going to the War Department will find on the second-story range of offices a small room, possibly fifteen by twenty feet in dimensions, over the entrance of which he will find the figures "18," and in addition the words, "West Point Academy." This small office was through the war a point of the greatest interest; it was Mr. Stanton's public reception-room. The furniture was of the simplest kind, consisting of one or two lounges, some chairs, and a high office-desk, situated in the rear of the room, and directly opposite the entrance. The room was punctuated by ten, A. M., and was soon filled with an audience of excited people, generally made up of claim agents, contractors, friends of rebel prisoners asking for exchange, "army widows," anxious relatives of wounded and missing soldiers, influential United States Senators and Representatives, who were not allowed interviews at Mr. Stanton's private office.

Mr. Stanton, accompanied by an amanuensis, made his appearance punctually at eleven o'clock. His approach was always heralded by the noise of the rapidly disappearing feet of messengers and idlers, who were by some fascination always hanging about the vicinity.

Mr. Stanton passed on to and behind the high desk without recognizing any one,

and having poised himself, he cast a glance around the room which, while it sent a cold chill through the very bones of the speculators in the sufferings of the war, gave assurance of succor and redress to the widows and wounded soldiers.

Instantly a tall gentleman, supported by a bundle of papers, fawning and gushing, but with very weak knees and stereotyped smile, would approach, and, with a vulgar salute of presumed familiarity, would hurriedly utter, "Good-morning, Mr. Secretary; fine morning, Sir."

Mr. Stanton would give a nervous twitch as the familiar voice met his ear, and, turning abruptly to the speaker, would growl between his teeth:

"Sit down, Sir. I'll attend to you by-and-by." And Mr. Senator Mealy-mouth, with his papers about some "job," would disappear.

Next in presumed importance, a gentleman with a brand-new suit of military clothing, glistening like an ignited pin-wheel with stars and stripes:

"My card, Mr. Secretary—Major-General Brassbuttons."

Mr. Stanton would turn on the new speaker like a tiger at bay, would examine the caricature of Mars from head to foot, and thunder out:

"Come, Sir; what are you doing in Washington? If you are not needed at the front, I'll see about mustering you out." General Brassbuttons would gasp for breath, and his capacious boots, less sensitive than the man, would retain self-possession enough to carry the discomfited soldier from the field.

Constitution would now reign supreme in the room; even the widows and wounded soldiers would grow pale. When they beheld such great men as Senators and generals in good health so suddenly squelched out, they naturally asked themselves, "What is to become of us?"

By this time Mr. Stanton literally had his audience in hand; no one was now venturing enough to obtrude especially his person or wants upon his notice; so, at his leisure, he would glance around the room, then suddenly stopping to examine attentively a sick or wounded soldier, the poor fellow would attempt to rise from his seat in acknowledgment of the honor, when Mr. Stanton would mildly, musically say, "Keep your seat, my good man." And the iron Secretary would leave his place, walk over to the silent but eloquent applicant for relief, and taking him by the hand, would ask, "What brings you here?"

The story was the same so often told. Soldier in one of the Washington hospitals, suffering from a severe wound; can not identify himself, as his regiment is on the move, and no descriptive list can be obtained. Can consequently get no pay, draw no clothing; wants a furlough, and leave to go home. The hospital regulations keep him with the strictest severity in the narrow whitewashed walls, which have now become more offensive than a prison.

Order from Mr. Stanton. Advance of two months' pay, transportation home, and thirty days' furlough.

Soldier retires, his face beaming with satisfaction, and realizing keenly for the first time that he has a country worth fighting for, and men in the government who have a paternal care for its defenders.

"What do you desire?" would be Mr. Stanton's next question, addressed to one who was a soldier's widow or a soldier's mother, seeking information of relatives lost in the great national struggle.

"It is impossible, madam, to serve you as we could wish.—Take down the name of the soldier asked for and see what can be done."

And thus, in relieving the suffering, was this precious public hour consumed which Mr. Stanton remorselessly appropriated of the short-lived day, every moment of which, however industriously occupied, failed to meet the pressing responsibilities which each instant accumulated to challenge his personal notice. At the instant of twelve o'clock the audience ended. Contractors and rebel sympathizers had been overlooked.—*Harper's Magazine.*

### Silent Power.

The great forces of nature are silent. Light is noiseless, but every sunbeam is a rod of strength. Frost works so secretly, but the ponderous iceberg is its work of silence. Quietly the heat lifts the vapors of the oceans, they fall upon the mountains, and a thousand rivers roll forever to the sea. Unconsciously, and unheard, the heart every moment sends the current of life leaping along its channels, and we live, and think, and work. Thought is silent. In his chamber, the statesman secretly makes out the policy that lifts up or thrusts down nations. In his laboratory alone, the chemist communes with nature, and in the faintest whisper she tells him of her hidden riches. Nature does her great works in silence. The seasons come and go. The sun sweeps his annual circuit in the heavens. The forests and fields put on their gorgeous robes. The staff of bread for the nations comes as the daybreak.

When the Temple of Solomon was rearing, there was no sound of hammer upon the building. It was in silence. Only the about came when they put on the capstone. The movements of history are not the roar of cannon nor concussion of battle. Revolutions are not merely noisy tumults. Free-

dow has worked in the closet. She has struggled in the midnight of her sorrow with the strong one, till she has prevailed. God has not spoken with an audible voice. Omnipotence has not appealed to the ear. Power can not be heard. It has a more subtle revelation. The silent Word, the invisible Spirit,—they speak. Sinai was heard but once, but the still, small voice entrances the ages.

Faith is silent. "Only believe," and the new Creation rises within. The rapid tide of nature turns. Darkness flies away. The burden of guilt rolls off, and lightness sits upon the soul. The river of peace comes in. Jesus has all power. The Father has given it to him. The poor woman touched in silence the hem of his garment, and was healed. The silent power is here. We may wait for it, and our strength shall be renewed. "All things are possible to him that believeth."

Jesus is moving in our midst. He is the silent force of history. The fountain of love opened in the eternal hills, flows gently but irresistibly through the blighted fields of our humanity. We love to think of the power of the silent Man of griefs. His cross has become the symbol and the realization of power. We believe in Him.

### The Gospel for the Masses.

Few efforts to reach the masses of our cities by gospel influences, have been more successful than those made in Edinburgh by Dr. Guthrie. Mary will be interested in his account of his mode of operations:

Let me relate for example an experiment made by my own congregation.

We selected a district of the town named the Pleasance, and so called because in old times a religious house stood there dedicated to Saint Placenza. It embraced a population of 2000 people, of whom but a small number were Irish Roman Catholics. The mass were in a state of practical heathenism; very few attending any house of God, and about two hundred children wandering neglected on the streets. Along with Dr. Hanna and myself (the ministers of St. John's), its office-bearers—numbering some thirty elders and as many deacons—resolved to raise the money and provide the machinery necessary for cultivating that waste field. Having appointed a missionary and a teacher whom we undertook to support, we built a school where the children were to be taught during the week and the people to worship on the Sabbath. As the mountain would not come to Mahomet, it was resolved that Mahomet should go to the mountain. The people of the district must be visited in their houses, and so to speak, compelled to come in. But this work was not left to the missionary and the teacher. Having divided the whole district into portions so small that each contained only some six or seven families, we resolved that each of these minor divisions should have a visitor whose duty it should be to visit the families once or twice a week; to stir them out of their lethargy, to counsel them, to help them by teaching them how to help themselves, to improve their homes, to wean them from drunkenness, to encourage habits of providence, cleanliness and sobriety, to prevail on them to send their children to school and go themselves on the Lord's day to the house of God. Let it be particularly observed that the division allotted to each visitor was so small that the working of it could neither be a heavy demand on their time, nor seriously interfere with any of their other duties.

The plan having been arranged, Dr. Hanna and I explained it from the pulpit and made an appeal to our congregation, asking them to supply us with money, but above all with agents. The appeal was instantly and nobly responded to. The money was forthcoming and some forty or fifty persons offered their services as visitors. With the wealth and worth of St. John's we descended on the Pleasance. We had a devoted missionary, a capital teacher, and some forty or fifty Christian agents at work there every week. Each Monday Dr. Hanna met with this staff; progress was reported, and blessings of Heaven were asked, the counsels of wisdom given, the zeal of the visitors stimulated, and the whole machinery kept oiled and in the best working order. Behold the result. Ere long two hundred children were swept off the street into the school. On the Lord's day the school began to fill with worshippers. By and by the cry "yet there is room," with which our agents went forth week by week, was changed into a demand for increased accommodation. A church must now be built; and our congregation, encouraged by the remarkable success with which God had hitherto blessed the work, rose to the occasion and built one.

Mr. Cochrane, the missionary, was ordained as a regular minister, and there he now labors assisted by a full staff of elders and deacons. "His congregation, mainly made up of those without God and without hope in the world, embraces 613 members in full communion, and of these not less than two-thirds reside in the immediate neighborhood. Once sunk, degraded, and irreligious, neglecting the education of their children, neither contributing to the support of religious ordinances nor even waiting on them, they now have a school overflowing with children and a church overflowing with worshippers. They pay fees for

the education of their children, and, with money saved from the dram-shop, come little short of providing a living for their minister, and meeting all the other expenses of divine worship. Christians have given their work and Christ his blessing. The desert is blossoming like the rose; and the lesson which I would press on my readers is that what St. John's congregation has done in the Pleasance may be equalled, if not surpassed, by other congregations elsewhere. This is no singular or solitary case. Edinburgh can produce at least half-a-dozen such.

### Events of the Week.

#### ANOTHER SAMPLE OF REFORM.

The N. Y. Tribune lately charged Speaker Blaine with having received, in 1862, \$1,930,000 of stock of the Pacific railroad company for his services and influence in Congress in securing the passage of the original Pacific bill. The circumstances of Mr. Blaine's being in Congress, and other particulars, were given. Behold, now, that it turns out to have been a false and malicious libel by the Tribune. Speaker Blaine was not in Congress in 1862. He had not even been nominated for Congress, but was only a member of the Maine legislature and speaker in the lower house. Moreover, he affirms on oath that he has never received a cent's worth of that or any other R. R. stock for such considerations as the Tribune names, and no one who knows him will doubt the truth of his statement. The great reform organ would better reform itself before it goes much further.

#### BURNING OF THE ESCURIAL.

Persons who have traveled in Spain, and those at all familiar with its history, will learn with regret that the celebrated Escorial palace and monastery is destroyed. It was a magnificent structure, commenced in the middle of the sixteenth century by Philip II., in fulfillment of a vow made by him if St. Lawrence would grant him victory in battle. As St. Lawrence was roasted on a gridiron, this building was made to take the shape of that instrument. Twenty-one years' labor and \$15,000,000 were expended in building it. It was called the eighth wonder of the world, and well merited its name. It was struck by lightning Wednesday evening, set on fire, and is now in ruins.

—A later dispatch states that the fire was subdued after raging nearly the whole night. Many valuables were saved, including vases, bronzes, &c., but the library is badly damaged. The roof is gone, and the inside frescoing is nearly obliterated.

#### DEATH OF DOCTOR LIEBER.

Dr. Francis Lieber, writer on international law and political ethics, died in New York Wednesday evening from heart disease. He was born in Berlin, March 18, 1800, and was educated in the medical profession. In 1815 he entered the Prussian army, and was present at Waterloo. The next year he returned to Berlin, took part in the democratic movements of the German universities, was condemned to four years' imprisonment and excluded from the schools of Prussia, though in 1820 he took his degrees at Jena, where he was prosecuting his studies, when he was forced by the police to retire to Dresden. In 1821 he went to Greece, took part in the war of independence, and after suffering great hardships succeeded in getting to Italy. At Rome he received the aid of Niebuhr, with whom he returned to Germany as his amanuensis. In spite of assurances to the contrary, he was again subjected to political persecution, but he finally escaped into England, and in 1827 embarked for Boston. Soon after his arrival in this city he began his "Encyclopedia Americana," which he completed in 1833. In 1862, at the request of General Halleck, he prepared for the use of the army an essay on "Guerrilla Parties," and in 1863 "Instructions for the Government of the Armies of the United States in the Field." He was very influential in upholding the government during the civil war, and was president of the Loyal Publication Society of New York. His literary works were quite numerous, and many of them have been translated into other languages.

#### CIVILIZATION GOING BACKWARDS.

A Washington despatch says that private advices from Japan report a crisis in public affairs, and indicate the ascendancy of the old Japanese party over the reformers, and an end for the present of the spread of western civilization in the empire. Minister Mori is to be succeeded by a representative of the non-progressives. Horace Capron, who went from Washington, as commissioner of agriculture, to fill the same position in Japan, has been discharged. Peschke Smith, who went to organize a law department there, has also been discharged. Information from Europe represents the embassy to the western treaty powers as stranded in London without funds or authority. Work on the Japanese war vessels in New York has been stopped for the want of funds on account of these complications. Mr. Northrup of Connecticut, State commissioner of education, declines a similar position tendered him some time ago by Japan. If these reports be true, they represent a state of things that will be deplored by every friend of human improvement.



## Communications.

### Fulton St. Prayer Meeting.

SEPT. 23. To-day was the 15th anniversary of the Fulton St. prayer meeting. The "Old Dutch Church" was crowded. Rev. Dr. Cuyler presided. He had just returned from Europe, and regaled the meeting with fresh news from the London daily prayer meeting which was the offspring of Fulton street.

Rev. Dr. Burchard followed, and in a spirited manner urged the prayer of Habakkuk, "O Lord, revive thy work." What God has done in answer to prayer offered here, ought to strengthen our faith.

Rev. Mr. Boole said that, though all nature and the miracles of past ages bear testimony for God, this was not enough. We need present answers to prayer, and this testimony God furnishes in answer to the prayers offered here.

Mr. Day, a lawyer, gave a few items in the history of the old Dutch Church, which had done great good in its day, but had, in establishing and conducting this meeting, done more than in all else. The church was located on the "Shoe-maker farm," six acres of which had been given to the church, whose income was to be appropriated for the support of the pastor. Now it is covered with buildings, and is in one of the most wealthy and business portions of the city. The prayer meeting had grown from the attendance of one man to its present dimensions, and God was here daily furnishing proofs that he heard prayer. This was most needed, for on this the church was most skeptical.

Rev. Dr. Ormiston said that prayer was natural. Prayer and its answers were not to be defined and explained by laws. The spontaneous outpourings of the heart to God, and the responses with which God meets them, are prayer and its answers—or personal communion which the soul holds with God. He had just come from the daily prayer meeting of San Francisco,—"as far to the West as London was to the East,"—and that too was a child of the Fulton St. prayer meeting.

Rev. J. Hyatt Smith rejoiced in this kind of close communion, the only kind in which he believed. He called attention to the great amount of unuttered and unexpressed prayer everywhere offered. The prevalent vices and consequent sufferings around us are a constant appeal to God and all good men for aid. God does hear the prayer of faith, and even work miracles in answer to it. One instance he would relate, which proved this. An infidel who had not entered a church for years, came into a prayer meeting in his own church, and said, "Pray for me, somebody, for my mother's prayers are bothering me." He became converted, and testified that, in spite of his will, his feet walked him into the church when he was trying to pass it. It was soon ascertained that his mother and a few female friends were, at that hour, by appointment, wrestling in prayer for him.

Rev. Dr. Wm. M. Taylor argued that we need nothing else so much as we need the Holy Spirit. By this, wonders were wrought of old. The apostles, after their baptism of the Spirit, were far more successful in winning men than was even their Master. In this prayer meeting the Spirit was often manifest. The influence of social prayer increases and strengthens faith. He had heard a man preach on the evidences that one was a Christian. One of them was that "he did not forget the assembling of himself together." This was near the truth. The business men, at this busy hour, come into this prayer meeting to gather up their scattered energies, and gird up the loins of their mind, and plead with God for aid. And God hears and gives his Spirit according to his promise.

Rev. Mr. McKiver believed the Psalmist struck the keynote of this enterprise when he said,—"O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come." Men must pray when in trouble, though they be unbelievers in prayer and infidels when in safety. Prayer is the legitimate work of all men.

Rev. Mr. Christopher, of Oxford, England, thanked God for being at this time in this place. The best of all anniversaries was that of the Fulton St. prayer meeting. He was grateful to God for the influence this meeting was exerting in Europe, and England especially. He earnestly desired prayer for Oxford.

The doxology, "Praise God," was sung, as all the Peace Jubilees in the world could not render it, and Rev. Dr. Tyng pronounced the benediction.

I should like to cover much more space with the report of the speeches and other exercises of this wonderful meeting, but pages of such poor words as mine could not do it justice. The Spirit of God was present, and all seemed thrilled with his power. I do not know how any one would have been impressed who was not in sympathy with the spirit of the meeting, but I think if men would be influenced to believe in religion and seek God anywhere, they would be so influenced here. The speeches were only ten minutes long, and were interspersed with prayers and hymns. Though these clergymen had been previously notified, and of course made previous preparations, their utterances seemed as warm and fresh as though the offspring of the present impulse. All seemed perfectly harmonious, though various denominations were represented on the stand, as well as in the audience. Many wept. Half suppressed groans and half smothered amens and half uttered hallelujahs were heard in various parts of the house, which told of hearts overflowing with emotion. To me it was the house of God, and the gate of heaven.

As well try to fill the yawning chasm with a few grains of sand as satisfy the gulf of the soul's desire with the pleasure of an empty world.—Macduff.

## Joy and Sorrow.

Verily, a mixed cup is poured out to us! A few weeks ago we were all rejoicing in a precious work of grace, and the friends of the Mission will have heard, with grateful hearts, of the pleasing ingathering of souls into the blessed Saviour's fold, both at Midnapore and Bimpore. On the 17th ult., a series of meetings was commenced with the church in Jellapore by "J. L. P." where I joined him, two days later. The meetings opened favorably, and the prospect seemed a bright one. James had, however, left his family in a very precarious state, the two elder children being very low, while he himself was sadly worn down by incessant toil and hard work. On the 20th ult., the 2d day after I had reached Jellapore, my old foe, the famine relic, got hold of me, and the same evening James was seized with a violent pain in the head, which well nigh crazed him, and he made a rush for home, 50 miles distant. Meeting with hindrances on the way, he was 24 hours on the road, and reached Midnapore, with a most excruciating headache, followed by a violent fever and delirium. For a time, brain fever seemed imminent, but by the blessing of God on the skillful treatment of the physician, and the free and constant use of ice, the fever was got under, and the pain in the head by degrees subsided, leaving the patient, however, in a very weak state. James is now able to walk about and ride out, and provided he can be kept from his work sufficiently long to allow his head to get well, he may recover and ere long be able to resume his work. For one almost never ill, and always so ready to go and to do the bidding of duty, so sudden a prostration can only be regarded in the light of a serious affliction, to say nothing of the poignant grief we all feel for the illness of one so dear to all our hearts. But the Lord be praised, that our worst fears have given place to joyful hopes!

On the 22d ult. my fever paroxysm returned, and held me through the day, and a miserable one it was too! By the use of strong remedies, however, the fever was soon broken up, though still liable to return at any time. Our meetings at Jellapore continued daily for 15 days, managed mostly by the native brethren, and good was accomplished, still confirming me more and more in the conviction that protracted meetings are admirably adapted to the circumstances of our native churches. Christians were revived and stirred up to labor for Christ, backsliders returned to the fold, and several professed conversion.

Bro. Smith at Balasore has lately been very ill, and though now better, is in a feeble state of health. Bro. Hallam has lately been down with the Dengue fever, which has for months prevailed in Calcutta, and is now becoming quite common all around us. He is better, but still suffers.

Mercifully the sisters in the Mission have all been blest with a good degree of health, in this season of great affliction, and while they have been incessant in their care and ministrations for the sick, they have been also untiring in their efforts to keep all departments of work in the mission moving. Much more might be said in regard to the mingled cup poured out to us. But this must suffice for the present. Will not our dear friends at home offer special and fervent prayer for the health of their missionaries in this uncongenial climate, and for the success of their labors to win the heathen to Christ?

J. PHILLIPS.  
Midnapore, Aug. 9, 1872.

## Waiting.

The church has always its struggles, failures and successes; its show of seeming, and its development of the real. A part of its membership will ask for righteousness, gospel discipline, and covenant keeping; a part will lean towards that Hildebrandt outward unity, which, though it may not now compel obedience by the fogot and the sword, will not fail to advocate, and baptize with holy names unchristian motives and arbitrary measures. It is the same old conflict between the son of the bond-woman and the free, once waged in the Holy land, and now in the holy place. If we look on the battle as it rages, and listen to the sighing of the prisoners and the groans of the wounded, and read the petitions sent to the final court of appeal, and find that the answer coming back again and again, is "wait," we may feel that Christianity is a failure.

But waiting is not sitting passively down; it is plowing and sowing; it is doing what we can to avert present calamities and retrieve ruined fortunes; it is fitting ourselves for future usefulness by learning the lessons of each day; and it has its illustrations in the husbandman planting the seed and expecting the showers, and then the harvest; in the early disciples toiling in one little garden-plot, whose waiting was being scattered abroad by a persecution intended to crush them and their doctrine, but the result of which was an extension of their field of labor; the bounds were therefore everywhere.

The dealer in pearls and gems exhibits his wares to his friends and neighbors, and they admire their glitter, and then becoming envious and covetous, and the man being tenacious about the price, they affix the assayer's mark to his wares, declaring them counterfeit, and himself an impostor; thinking that, branded with disgrace, he will accede to their terms or leave their precincts. Waiting would not be confessing that rubies and diamonds were colored glass,—reasoning that by and by they would become convinced that jewels are jewels; but it would be going to the proper authorities, and having each gem tested fairly and honestly, and then not only in conscious but approved righteousness, he need no longer offer his precious things to unappreciative patricians, but to kings; and the citizens would learn the very useful lesson, that the law must be used lawfully.

Satan is still sowing tares; they look as well, and perhaps give a larger yield than wheat; iniquity walks in high places, and righteousness sometimes wears the convict's garb, but who can tell whether principle be worth contending for, unless some suffer oppression? How shall theory be discerned from practice, without the test of the crucible? And who shall stand waiting in the breach?

ADA.

## Incidental Church Expenses.

Much difficulty is experienced by some of our churches in paying their incidental expenses. The very fact that the sum is small increases the difficulty. There is no trouble in paying the minister's salary, but the expense of Communion, Q. M. and Y. M. assessments, unless paid by a few willing brethren, usually drag. I write to suggest a complete, fair and Christian remedy, and one that has proved in actual practice successful and satisfactory. At every monthly conference let a penny collection be taken to defray incidental church expenses. If more money is thus secured than is needed for present use, it can be kept to assist the poor of the church. It may be thought by some, that taking a collection might lessen the already small attendance at monthly conference. It is a mistake; whoever will be frightened from the conference by fear of a penny collection, will always find a weightier excuse for staying away. It proves a means of grace, and interests every member in the work of the church. Of course, no one is compelled to give even a penny, and many grateful hearts will cheerfully give much more. Some churches take this collection at the communion, but I am persuaded, after practicing both methods, that the monthly conference is the better time.

S. C. K.

## Is Prayer Serviceable?

One would hardly have looked for Gail Hamilton to enter the lists in behalf of orthodoxy as against the scientists, and in answer to the challenge of Prof. Tyndall. But she is a woman who may do many unexpected things, and she will do them all in the exercise of a keen and effective brain and a pen that leaves traces wherever it moves. She does respond to the scientist's challenge in a piece of vigorous logic, and follows it with an illustrative incident effectively reported. We have room only for the latter. We copy from the *Independent*, as follows:

Shall I give you a little narrative that proves nothing and may go for nothing, if you like, but is nevertheless not unconnected with our theme?

Said my friend, a simple, unlearned woman: "I wanted a servant. My house was in order, and I was ready to set up house keeping. I went to the intelligence offices. The same shabby benches of shabby women, rough, untidy, repulsive. My heart sank within me at the thought of organizing a home on such a basis. It occurred to me, Would it do any good—in fact, would it be right—to pray over it? If good servants are not to be had, God himself can not bring me one. Moreover, the supply is extremely limited and the demand very great. I was not in sore need. There were a great many other women to whom a competent servant meant health, peace of mind, content with life. To me it meant only freedom from annoyance; and I was so rich in happiness, in comfort, in occupation, in satisfying friendships and natural life that it seemed selfish to be craving the good servant which other women needed so much. And with it all was a doubt whether God ever intended us to throw such things on him. Having given us ability to help ourselves, would it not be like indolence to ask him to help us? And, ignorant as we are, is it ever safe to set our hearts upon anything in particular? Still, I wanted the right one so much, and did not in the least know how to get at her. So all quietly, and with never a thought of breathing it to any one, I made a little arrangement with the good God, that if it could be done without depriving any one else of assistance; and if it were not a thing so much my own business that I had no right to trouble him about it; and if, in addition to all the rest of my satisfactions, he could afford to let me have the satisfaction of a good servant, why, I should be very glad and grateful. But I stipulated expressly that I would not presume on an affirmative answer, and that a negative answer should apply only to this particular case. If nothing came of it, I would perhaps be more backward about trying again; but I would not promise not to try again.

"On my way to the intelligence office, it came into my power to attempt a good service for an absent acquaintance. It would cost me two or three hours of time, a good deal of discomfort, and interruption of my present pursuit, and the woman in question had showed herself entirely unappreciative, not to say resentful of previous favors. I had a thousand minds not to go; but it occurred to me that here was I asking a doubtful favor for myself. I was not sure I was on legitimate ground there. Was it rather bribing the good God? Perhaps so. But I knew he could not be bribed, so there was no harm done. My errand over, I went to the intelligence office. Immediately a young woman was presented to me, so pretty, modest, and ladylike that I thought she could not be a servant; but she was: I put several questions, which she answered so satisfactorily and her whole appearance was so prepossessing that I was taken aback and actually sat and stared at her. I don't know what the poor creature thought of me; but I was thinking over and over again, 'I wonder if God did send you.' It seemed just like the Old Testament. And yet it seemed, also, somehow, as if God was making fun of me, you know. But

there was nothing to do but take her home. On my way home it came into my power again, by taking some trouble, to do another small kindness to certain good friends. I was just as uncertain where I stood as before; but I said: If there is any such thing as putting God under bonds, I will do it. He shall have no excuse for not obliging me in my indisposition to oblige others. Well, I have not got over it yet. Here is my pretty handmaiden, neat and trim and tidy, intelligent, capable, sweet-tempered, quiet, respectful, modest—a girl that I can really love, not with what theologians call the love of benevolence, but with the love of complacency—a servant who is in her place a lady. Now, as she moves about the house with noiseless footfall, as I see the brown hair put smoothly back from her delicate forehead, as I mark the varying flush in her round cheek, as I look into her deep, earnest eyes, it is not simply that a helpful, healthful Scotch lassie is making life pleasant to me; but I say over and over, again, in mute apostrophe: 'I wonder if God did send you.' It is such a perfect answer that it does not seem as if it could be an answer at all. But, if it is not an answer, should you think God would let it happen so?"

Wise men of the East and of the West, this is not argument. It is hardly illustration. It is only a specimen of the way in which the minds of the unlearned work. You know perfectly well that God had nothing to do with it, but that it was the result of long trains of Scotch history, and American politics. But political and historical scholars are few, while the men and women are many in the world, who, not with gong and trumpet in the open squares, but silently in their own hearts, in a thousand modes and forms, are putting God to the test. There is no speech nor language. Their voice is not heard. They can give no physical nor metaphysical formula that can for a moment resist your logic; but it is borne in upon them somehow that God stands the test, and against this solid, deep-seated, life-long conviction, believe me, you will never make any headway.

## Clerical Office-seeking.

The following article from the *Christian at Work* is sharp, but to a degree truthful. It is time that a thorough reform were instituted in the matters here referred to. The suggestions at the close, both to ministers and churches, are wise and pertinent:

In most Christian denominations it is the custom for clergymen without employment to "preach as candidates" to parishes that are without pastors. As originally practiced, this custom had its manifest uses, but it has been so modified by the growth of the country in wealth and culture that it is hard to separate the use from a multitude of abuses.

Formerly, the period of trial was one of months rather than weeks. The object of it was to test the mutual adaptation of the minister and parish by actual acquaintance. Social and pastoral qualifications were quite as much considered as effectiveness in the pulpit. Both parties were disposed to sacrifice minor advantages for the sake of securing a substantial result. Now, however, everything turns on the impression of two or three pulpit performances. The "candidate" is invited to join race for a sudden and superficial popularity; and if his nose is too long, or his pantaloons too short, or if some one take a dislike to his wife's sister, the chances are decidedly against him. All is decided in a hurry; and capricious critics, of which every congregation has too many, find it easy to defeat a sober judgment on the real merits of the case.

The natural result of this change has been to raise up a crop of clerical stump-speakers and office-seekers—clergymen who make the ministry a speculation, who study the art of pleasing a capricious multitude rather than the one divine art of saving souls. Such tricks of rhetoric and gesture, such affectation of originality, such flights of eloquence in prayer, such brilliant displays of every sort as dazzle at first sight and promise to force a snap judgment, are stock in trade of ministerial place-seekers.

The performances of these unworthy servants have made the natural entrances to pastoral work almost impassable to men of high self-respect and delicacy of feeling. No noble, sensitive man will submit to the indirect insult implied in the present system of candidating. To set one's self against half a dozen salary-hunters, to be measured by shallow tests, and accepted or rejected on grounds honorable neither to the intelligence nor sincerity of either party, is not the kind of sacrifice to which Christ calls his under shepherds. Flirtation and coquetry are no part of their legitimate business.

Wherein lies the remedy? We would say, to the candidates, Take a seat in the lower room. Be sure that it is God's voice, not that of your ambition, that calls to go up higher. There are places enough where any messenger of the good tidings is welcome; go there and do your best, never fearing that your talents will be wasted. You will be lifted up as fast as you are able to bear it.

And could we gain the attention of any shepherdless churches, we would say, Deal deliberately, honestly and prayerfully with whosoever you ask to supply stated services. Judge, not by the appearance. Covet not a neighbor's minister. Ask no man to submit to odious comparisons. Remember that the question of settling a new pastor is a question which concerns the building of a holy temple, and is not to be bandied about as a subject of idle gossip.

Our religion is to be estimated, not by a few intensities, but by a vital and generous glow and activity throughout our whole life.

## Betweenities.

An exchange discourses under this head as follows:

A harsh word, difficult to articulate, and rasping the throat when at length the sound becomes vocal. Not in the printed dictionary, but in yours and ours—that is, in those as yet unwritten ones, which we make up to serve occasions, as children add to their slender stock of words, by curiously invented syllables. We use it to represent an uncomfortable class of people, uncomfortable to meet with and almost infinitely uncomfortable to live with. They are the class that are neither one thing nor the other—neither reliable nor unreliable. We respect the reliable, he whose word is as good as a bond. What a perfect treasure is such a person; friend or foe, we respect him. No "ifs" or "buts" in his statement, but all "ayes," and "noes." In a certain sense we respect the unreliable, he whom we know never means what he says; we respect him, because he leaves us in no doubt. We know there is not a word of truth in what he says, and so we put no trust in him. His utterances go in one ear and out of the other.

But he that is neither reliable nor unreliable—sometimes speaking the truth, sometimes telling a falsehood—sometimes blowing hot, sometimes blowing cold—sometimes on the field side of the fence and sometimes on the road-side, and not unfrequently on the fence, with a leg dangling on either side—a betweeniey—we pray to be delivered from all discourse with such a man, either on pleasure or on business, in politics or in religion. We want neither his enmity nor friendship; we desire to ignore him and to be ignored by him. Ask a betweeniey how he left a sick friend and he will tell you, "He was lying down," which might mean he was resting after a short walk, or might mean he was able to sit up. Ask a betweeniey if a certain institution is flourishing and he will tell you that "Prof. A. leaves at the close of the term," which might mean that he went because the funds were too low to pay him, and might mean he was called to another institution; whatever it does mean, you are no wiser than you were before you asked the question.

Ask the betweeniey how's business, and he'll say, "So-so," which may mean usually good or unusually bad. Ask a betweeniey if he is going to take a vacation, and he'll say, "I take a vacation," which may mean "Of course I do," or "Of course I don't." Ask a betweeniey if he believes in Allopathy or Homeopathy and he'll say, "We used to believe in composition in my father's house," which may mean he now believes in blue pills or in white pellets. Ask a betweeniey if he believes in Orthodoxy or Universalism, and he will tell you, "My grandfather was a ranting Methodist," which may mean that he is now a Ritualist or Rationalist. Ask him if he believes in the Darwinian theory and he'll say, "Do I look like a monkey?" which answer so annoys us that we turn hastily away to avoid telling him that he "acts like a baboon."

## S. S. Department.

### A Thought on Questioning.

At the close of the questions in a recent lesson paper we find this statement—"No one teaches well who does not question well." The delicacy and difficulty of this part of the teacher's work is clearly implied, and a consideration of one well-nigh universal error may suggest others and lead to the remedy of all.

It takes but little observation to discover the prevalence of questions containing the idea desired in the answer. Especially is this true of questions whose answers can not be directly gleaned from the text of the lesson. They occur mainly in three forms:

1st. Those containing the idea in the same language as expected in the answer. Thus in the lesson for June 16th, "Did the Lord hear the prayer and see the tears of Hezekiah?" The answer may be simply, "Yes," or expressing it in a full sentence, "The Lord said, I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears."

2d. Those containing the idea in different language from that expected in the answer, given above, "Did the Lord regard the petition and behold the grief of Hezekiah?" The answer is obviously the same as before.

3d. Those containing the idea in either of the foregoing forms, but in connection with the opposite idea, presenting a choice between the two, thus: "Did the Lord hear the prayer and see the tears of Hezekiah, or did he close his ears to his cries and turn away his eyes from his sorrow?" Here again the reply is as above. A variety of this last form is the presentation of the contrasted idea only.

But what objections to such questions? 1. They fail to properly exercise the varied powers of the soul; a fault so radical as to subvert the general aim and end of education. In the examples cited the faculties of memory and judgment should have been cultivated, but instead of a vigorous, self-reliant exercise, they were deprived of their due by the volunteered assistance. If memory has failed to perform her office, let the fact be clearly recognized, then the mind can apprehend what is necessary to repair the want.

In case of appeal to the perceptive faculty, the giving the information in the question takes the zest from investigation. Frequently it discourages all independent exercise of the power, and destroys that sense of self-reliance and self-respect so important to be cherished. The mind rests satisfied with the acquisition, unconscious of the feebleness of its tenure. Take for example a lump of loaf-sugar. We wish the children to observe and express in language its properties of color, resonance, odor, flavor, form, and size. We may ask, "Is it white?" "Does it resound when struck?" "Does it taste sweet?" but by every such question we restrain independent perception. To obviate this difficulty several courses lie open to us. We may give the general idea in the question, and the children state the specific variety, as "What is the color of the sugar?" "What is its shape?" Or, in cases where the children have not yet gained the general idea, as of resonance, strike the sugar with a hard substance, the children stating what is done and that they heard a sound. If the children have not command of language to express what they have ad-

ready perceived, the teacher must then supply it. Another way suggests itself: Direct the children to test it by one of their senses, as, to taste it and tell us how it tastes. Successful tests by the different senses if carefully conducted will lead to a clear perception of the various properties.

Analogous to this work in spiritual things if we would secure culture of the moral and religious nature. Peculiar difficulty arises here because of the abstract nature of spiritual truths. But although they can not be presented in direct appeal to the senses, they are none the less realities. And not only are they realities, they are also equally subject to laws by which we can secure their distinct apprehension.

The fact that moral qualities exist in actions determines that to awaken perception of these qualities we must present actions exemplifying the special quality we wish discerned. This can be done by relating the incident, by presenting a picture, or by causing an exhibition of the quality at the time of the lesson. Having done this, there is no necessity for the teacher to express in the question the result of the perception gained. Thus in the case of Hezekiah's prayer, after the children have learned the facts from the narrative they are as ready as the teacher to deduce his feelings of joy, gratitude, and love. These conceptions may, indeed, be as confused mass in their minds, but to be clearly defined they need only to be brought out in bold relief by directing the attention to each particular. In case of the emotion of joy the teacher may ask how Hezekiah felt when told that he must die; then, how he must have felt on being restored. There may be difficulty in expressing the ideas which are perceived, but in those cases give the terms as direct information. By putting the result into words himself, without definitely directing the attention to the important particulars, the teacher fails to secure proper supports for the fabric gained.

What has been said of the perceptive power and memory is equally true of the other faculties. No one of them can gain strength or skill without exercise, any more than can the hand or eye.

II. But a further objection to such questions is their failure as a means of imparting knowledge. Words can not of themselves impart ideas. They are merely representative in character. Ideas, to become the soul's real possession, must be gained by its own individual effort. What- ever is clearly perceived, then associated in its varied relations, and finally subjected to the higher processes of thought, is held with no feeble grasp. Indeed, the knowledge gained is in direct ratio to the right exercise of the powers in acquisition. Give us larger increase is the great cry of the laborers. To this end may we all improve our power of questioning well.—S. S. Teacher.

A TEACHER'S GLEANINGS. A plant, wilted, and seemingly lifeless, was brought me the other morning. "I wanted to bring you something, and this is all I have. I guess it will live if you take care of it every day," were the hopeful words of the little giver. And so the drooping plant has its place in my school-room among the many beautiful flowers, and every day my little friend watches carefully to see it live and grow beautiful as the others. I have a few wilted human plants that my Father has given me, with other choice ones, to care for as my summer's work. Their sad, appealing faces tell me they are all unused to warm sunshine, all unwetted by tearful prayer and sympathy, and I long for the child-faith to believe that the watchful care of a short summer may change them into blooming, fragrant flowers. His jewels for his diadem. "I may never find them, for I can not reach down so deep. Nor does he choose to show me the mines where they are hidden; but another, stronger for patient work than I, shall find them, and make them beautiful for him," stars in the crown of rejoicing. A humbler crown that never will glitter must be mine, for I can not reach so high. I can only look up, and wish, if it were God's will, I might soar higher, to a work nearer heaven and his throne. But he bids me stay where I am, doing the work I am able to do. His care points to wayside flowers, to neglected beauty, and says, "Weave these into a crown, and they shall be accepted as a worthy offering. Then I will take care to keep these wilted flowers so near me, that all the overflows of love from my heart shall water theirs. In the garden of the Lord there are no wilted flowers, but they are over blooming. How blessed the privilege of watching their growth and beauty here! Neglect so child, a careless touch so blights these fragile flowers, we tremble lest they die ere they are fitted to be transplanted to heaven."

MISSIONARY CABAGE. "A boy at the door wants to sell a missionary cabbage?" I do not think much of cabbage; but a missionary cabbage, I was sure, must have some extra qualities, which might make it worth buying. So I went to the door, and found it had.

1. It was raised by a poor little lame Sabbath-school scholar.

2. It was raised for the love he had for the Saviour, and from a desire to do something to spread his kingdom.

3. It was brought a mile, slung on his shoulder.

I bought the cabbage, and sent it to take out the dinner of a poor widow with four children. The little boy thankfully took the six-pence paid for the cabbage, and put it in his charity-box to give to some child poorer than he. Perhaps it may be the means of bringing one, two, three, to Jesus Christ; and the little lame boy may some time meet in heaven those who came there by this simple act of pious love.—Well-spring.

A DIFFICULTY—HOW REMEDIED. A writer in the *Sunday School Times* calls attention to a difficulty sometimes found to be in the way of success, and to the only effectual remedy for it:

A minister who finds that, for some reason which he can not remove, and perhaps not even understand, he is unable to gain the goodwill of the young, may well doubt his call to the ministry. A Sunday-school teacher who is unpopular, in spite of all his exertions to the contrary, is not at present fit for the work. He need not try to remedy matter's, by pretending what he does not feel, for the device would probably be detected and fail. He must ask of God the "wisdom that cometh from above," a portion of the love that so shone in the face of the Saviour, and was heard in every tone of his voice, that the multitude were drawn to him, and not only "heard him gladly," but held him in such reverence and affection, that those who sought his life were compelled to do their cruel work secretly, lest there should be a "tumult among the people," and active resistance to their murderous designs.



## Selections.

### Under the Cross.

I can not, not say—  
Out of my bruised and breaking heart—  
Storm-driven rain on a thorn-bush way,  
While blood drops start  
From every pore as I drag on—  
Thy will, O God, be done!  
Thy will, my God, be done!

I thought but yesterday,  
My will was one with God's dear will;  
And that it would be sweet to say—  
Whatever ill, my God, be done!  
My happy state should smite upon—  
Thy will, my God, be done!

But I was weak and wrong,  
Both weak of soul and wrong of heart;  
And pride alone in me was strong,  
With cunning art  
To cheat me in the golden sun,  
To say, "God's will be done!"

O shadow, dress and cold,  
That frights me out of foolish pride,  
O flood, that through my bosom rolled  
His billowy tide—  
I said, till your power made known,  
God's will, my God, be done!

Now faint and sore afraid,  
Under my cross—heavy and rude—  
My idols in the ashes laid,  
Like ashes strewed,  
The holy words my pale lips shun,  
O God, thy will be done!

Pity my woes, O God!  
And touch my will with thy warm breath;  
Put in my trembling hand thy rod,  
That quickens death;  
That my dead faith may feel thy sun,  
And say, "Thy will be done!"

### Leaving God Out.

One of the most significant traits of a good deal of the speculative thought of our day is its endeavor to get along without God. Elaborate schemes of life and knowledge are presented on every side, of which the characteristic feature, and it would almost seem the transcendent recommendation also, is that they are schemes which dispense with God. There seems in many of them an impatience of the very idea of a present supernatural element in affairs. Any attempt to recognize a moral intent in nature, or signs of an actual spiritual government in the world, is declared to be idle. Origins and purposes are forbidden problems. God is a being or a name which philosophy and science have nothing to do. Their province is to catalogue and compare the facts and sequences of the physical and intellectual worlds. Divine intents, spiritual uses, ultimate moral designs, are resultless questions and may better be forgotten.

That this is the position taken by many leaders of modern thought, requires no proof. The view is a popular one, and advocated by not a few.

But it is a view, nevertheless, which, however seemingly profound or wise, is narrow in its philosophy, unsound in its quality, and depressing in its results. That many of its advocates are technically learned and scholarly men, makes not their views one whit less earthly and sensual, and for that reason, if for no other, intellectually shallow and incomplete. And the holding of their views, in their application to the great problems of human welfare, tend to darkness and despair. They are none the less fraught with oppression and gloom, that they wear an air of wisdom. It is a wisdom without God.

Look, for example, at that melancholy conception of human existence popularly advocated by Bachelier and Draper, and many others, which finds in the mere physical conditions of climate and food, the sufficient and determining laws of human welfare or decline.

Look at that view of the probable future of the human family which for years has been like the skeleton in the house to many a political economist besides—the view which sees no relief from the ultimate overcrowding of the earth with swarming multitudes, starving through very redundancy of numbers, trampling one another under foot from sheer inability to find room. A view which finds war, therefore, a blessing, and pestilence an angel in disguise; seeing that they help to postpone that horrible time when the multitudes swarming this little globe shall be like rats on a sinking plank, crowding one another off in efforts to get foot-hold.

Certainly if there be one gloomier and more hopeless view of this world and its destinies than another, it is that view which comes through those eyes which decline to see anything but the reign of natural laws, and refuse to give God a place in the present government of the world. Cheerless, prosopopoeia, funeral, they are, with all their air of profundity and wisdom, sensual and irrational.

The mind which takes God into the account is not ignorant of these things. Whatever is true in the calculation of mathematics or the foretellings of political economy it sees full well. That climate and food do influence human progress it discerns perfectly. That the law of multiplication in the human family is slowly but surely conducting to an occupancy of the whole globe, and to questions arising from that overcrowding of the earth, unanswered yet, it sees plainly.

That mankind are prodigally spending their visible means of support, is a fact of which the decline of their Nantucket and New Bedford, the giving out of their oil-creeks, the exhaustion of occasional tin-mines and coal-beds, remind it as promptly as any one is reminded.

But the mind which believes in a present divine Ruler is not thereby disheartened. Its forecastings are not filled with fear.

They are not, because it remembers that one fact which the wisdom which dispenses with God forgets: the fact that God lives, concerns himself still with the world he has made. It takes God into each problem—ap element the other leaves out.

It recognizes the operation of divine influences above nature—an operation which the other disregards. It believes that the world's affairs are conducted by an immediate and all-loving Ruler in the interest of human welfare and spiritual perfection—a belief which the other, with all its studiousness, is too short-sighted to attain. And therefore it does not despair. It borrows no overwhelming gloom from the mighty agency of diet and climate on human well. It believes that there are higher agencies than these; and that it lies not in the power of northern cold or southern heat to defeat the best hopes of a race which education undertakes to elevate, and the gospel attempts to save. It disquieted not its confidence by the thought of burnt-out coal-beds and uninhabited seas. It believes that the God who tenanted by his creatures awhile the one, and stored up for ages unseen the supplies of the other, will, if need be, open yet other supplies for human want.

Above all it believes that God, who became incarnate in human flesh to save men, is not to be frustrated in the fulfillment of his design. Poverty, ignorance,

and disease are not to defeat the counsel of Infinite Love. Above their influences—nay, sometimes even by their means—the grace which stooped to Bethlehem and Calvary will work out a blessing for mankind which no "laws of nature" can effectually prevent.

And the mind which takes God into the problem holds such cheerful convictions without apology. It deems itself rational in doing so. It deems it irrational not to do so.

God is! That is the greatest of facts the universe holds. God is, and he is doing well for the world he has made: that is the most reassuring of convictions to the troubled mind.

To leave God out, is to leave out the chief factor of the problems of life and hope. To forget him, is not sinful only but irrational. The science or philosophy which does forget him is, as Scripture long ago said, science or philosophy "falsely so called."

And such schemes pay the appropriate penalty of their leaving God out, by arriving inevitably at conclusions which are full of hopelessness and woe.

To take God into the case is the only cheerful and wise way. To take him into the problems of life, is to make them clearer in their meaning and hopeful in their issue. That, and that only, is what can shed light on the world's else inscrutable and even horrible mysteries. God is, and he has not forgotten us; and he is doing well by us, whatever darkness surrounds us—that is the thought which brings us peace.—*Christian Union.*

### Saved by a Little Kindness.

A correspondent of a Western paper describes the following scene at one of the Tremont Temple meetings of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association:

The time of the meeting was up when a rough-looking man arose. He was plainly clad, and on his features were the evidences of long dissipation. He spoke under great embarrassment.

"My friends," he said, "for I may call you my friends, or I will if you will allow me to. You see in me a man who has been a burden to himself and a nuisance to others for years. I have been a drunkard for twenty years; I don't feel that I am worthy to stand here among these good people."

"But I want to tell you that, although I have been drunk every day for more than twenty years, God has spared my life, has had mercy on me and I believe he is going to save me, as he has I have been. I will tell you how he has begun to do it."

"Last Sunday night, God sent an angel to me in the form of a man. There he is—pointing to one of the young men of the Association—and he by the help of God, saved me. But for him I should to-day be dead."

The man, overcome by his emotions, paused and wept like a child. He proceeded—  
"I'll tell you how it was. I found myself after dark at the door of one of the depots of the horse cars. I was cold and wet, for it was a rainy night, and I went to the carshed and laid down."

A man came along and kicked me on the shoulder and said, 'Get up and out of this.' I got up and went out into the storm, and came up as far as Scollay's Building, that has open stairways running down to the pavement."

"I went in there to lie down; a police-officer tapped me on the head with his mallet. 'Out of this,' he said; 'you can't stay here.' I went out into the storm again, and came up along by this building, where the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association are. The door was open, the light was shining on the floor and I thought that it looked warm, so I ventured in and laid down there."

"I fell asleep, but was awakened by that man (pointing to the young man again), who came to me as he was going round to close up the building, and said, 'Get up and come up stairs and I will give you a better place to sleep.'"

"Such a kind word I had not heard for a year. It broke my heart. I again the poor man wept, and others wept with him. 'He took me into a warm room, and let me sleep on the carpet by the stove—the best bed I had had for a year. I was all rags. In the morning he took off my rags and gave me these clothes I have on. I had not had anything like this for years.'"

"He took me to the coffee house, and gave me breakfast, and brought me back here, and locked the door, and took up his Bible, and asked me if I would like to hear him read in that book and pray. I said I would. I wanted to thank God that he had sent an angel to save my life and snatch me from eternal death."

"I wanted him to pray. He did pray. He prayed for me, that God would forgive me, and help me to leave off drunkenness. This was too much. After doing so much for me, to go to God and ask him to forgive me—that was too much—it broke me down. I prayed too. I said, Lord forgive me, and I will never drink any more. And the Lord did forgive me. Right there I felt it. I felt in my soul an utter hatred to every drop of alcohol that I had ever drunk. I could not drink now, if it was offered me. The thought of it sickens me."

"This man has found me a place to work, and I am a happy man for I feel that I am saved from a drunkard's death. I feel that I may live now a few years, and do some good somehow, and every day bears testimony to the power of God in man—every day tells the world that a drunkard can be reclaimed."

"But it was all the Lord's doings through this society. But for it I should not now be here. While I live, I shall pray for them; and while I live, I shall pray for the poor drunkard, for I know now that he can be reclaimed."

"Christian friends, when you pray, do not forget the poor wanderers that are kicked from shed to shed; the poor drunkard that the world don't care anything for. The meeting closed, and many a friendly hand was reached out to greet the poor reformed man, who seemed to be already in the vestibule of heaven."

### Thy Kingdom Come.

A poor, wounded boy lay dying in a hospital. He was a soldier, but a mere boy for all that. The lady who watched by his bedside saw that death was coming fast, and placing her hand upon his head, she said to him:

"My dear boy, if this should be death that is coming upon you, are you ready to meet your God?"

The large, dark eyes opened slowly, and a smile passed over his face. "I am ready, dear lady, for this has long been my kingdom," and as he spoke, he placed his hand upon his heart.

"Do you mean," questioned the lady,

gently, "that God rules and reigns in your heart?"

"Yes," he answered; but his voice sounded far off, sweet and low, as if it came from a soul already well on its way through the "dark valley and shadow of death."

And still he lay there with his hand above his heart, even after that heart had ceased to beat, and the soldier-boy's soul had gone up to its God.

### Teach Us How to Pray.

How many of us who utter these words, stop to reflect upon their full import? Or do we consider that it may be by means of a discipline which shall try us "as by fire," that we shall be taught the lesson we seek?

A mother once knelt by the bedside of her child, dying, apparently, of malignant scarlet fever. "Spare, oh, spare my child!" she pleaded with streaming eyes and breaking heart. "I can not give her up!" Slowly God sent back the life which he had almost recalled to himself. Gradually the little sufferer recovered health and strength, but the ear was dulled forever; the eye had lost its former beauty, and the mind no longer retained its vigor and brilliancy. Years after, when fearing the approach of insanity, so often worse than death, that mother said: "I would never again pray so for the life of a child; I couldn't be refused."

"Give me wealth and I would do so much for thee!" sighs another, whose small, but carefully managed earnings help to relieve many of God's suffering poor. Wealth pours in upon the petitioner, but with it comes greed for more; the heart is fast closed, and the hand never opens with that charity which it had deemed such a privilege to bestow. God heard the prayer, but sent "leanness into the soul."

Two dear friends are at variance. Suspicion and anger have kept them long apart. They suffer, but hesitate, and in their pride they ask that the way of reconciliation may be made easy for them. God lays his hand on the idol of both. As he lies gasping in death, he takes the hand of each and folds it over his own still heart and breathes no more. The way is made easy now, petty grievances are no longer remembered in so awful a presence, and they are friends once more. Did they "count the cost" of the answer to that prayer?

Let us always ask with more than childlike submission, never limiting God in the time or ways, taking care that his no gratification may be made easy for them. We seek, and praying to be delivered from all evil, especially from that which our own blind, or short-sighted eagerness may procure.—*Advocate and Guardian.*

### An Incident and its Result.

It was a cold winter day, about seventy years ago, when a devout Welsh minister asked a little girl of his parish to repeat the text of the preceding Sabbath. She could not do so, and blushing pointed to the deep and drifted snow as an excuse for her inability.

Naturally anxious to understand the relation between the snow and the text, the good man asked her to explain. It soon appeared that the Bible out of which she was wont to learn the text was owned by a distant neighbor, and the unusually deep snow had prevented her from visiting. Having no Bible at her own home, she was thus dependent on friends living at a distance for the privilege of reading the word of God. This trifling incident started an inquiry in the minister's mind, which was not without result. He soon found that a large number of his people were without the Scriptures and unable to pray. With energy combined with piety, he set out for London, and appealed to the directors of the Religious Tract Society for some kind of organization to supply his poor countrymen with the Bible. His appeal was not in vain. While the thoughtless multitudes were jostling in the streets, and the din of London life deafening the ear, a few noble men retired to an obscure counting-room of the city, to devise measures for the formation of a society which should give the Bible to Wales. Their plan was nearly matured, when into the mind of one there flashed a thought—a thought as truly inspired as any in the canon; it was heaven-born, and simply sought human lips to give it expression. Up rose one of the small company; a glow was on his face, and a magnificent light in his heart. "If a Bible society for Wales," he said, "why not a Bible society for the world? Noble words were these. They fell on the few auditors like a voice from God—like a trumpet blast from the sky."

The British and Foreign Bible Society had its beginning at that moment. The lips which spoke it into life have been dead for many years, but who, save the Almighty, can measure the work they have wrought?—*Christian Union.*

### The Christian Gentleman.

He is above a mean thing. He can not stoop to a mean fraud. He invades no secret in the keeping of another. He betrays no secret confided to his keeping. He never stuns in borrowed plumage. He never takes selfish advantage of other mistakes. He uses no ignominious weapons in controversy. He never stabs in the dark. He is ashamed of innuendoes. He is not one thing to a man's face and another behind his back. If by accident he comes in possession of his neighbor's councils, he passes upon them an act of instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter at the window or lie open before him in unguarded exposure, are sacred to him. He invades no privacy of others, however the senny sloop. Boats and bars, locks and keys, hedges and pickets, bonds and securities, notices to trespassers, are none of them for him. He may be trusted alone, out of sight, near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no offices, he sells none, he intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than thrust them through dishonor. He will eat honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feeling. He insults no man. If he have rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, manly; he can not descend to scurrility. In short, whatever he judges honorable, he practices toward every man.

### Worldly Success.

There is a glare about worldly success which is very apt to dazzle men's eyes. When we see a man rising in the world; thriving in business; successful in his speculations; if he be a man out of our own line, who does not come into competition with us, so as to make us jealous of him, we are apt to say within ourselves, "What a wonderful man this must be, to rise so rapidly!" forgetting that dust and straw and feathers, things with neither weight nor value in them, rise the soonest and easiest.

In like manner, it is not the truly great and good man, generally speaking, who rises the most rapidly into wealth and notice. A man may be sharp, active, quick, dexterous, cunning; he may be ever on the watch for opportunities to push his fortune; a man of this kind can hardly fail of getting on in the world; yet, with all this, he may not have a grain of real greatness about him. He may be all we have described, and yet have no greatness of mind or soul. He may be without sympathy and fellow-feeling for others; he may be utterly devoid of all true wisdom; he may be without charity; without love, that is, either for God or man.—*Harc.*

### The Heart.

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

### The Tuneful Voice.

A German, whose sense of sound was exceedingly acute, was passing by a church one day or two ago. He had landed in this country, and the sound of music attracted him to enter, though he had no knowledge of our language. The music proved to be a piece of nasal psalmody, sung in the most discordant fashion, and the sensitive German would fain have covered his ears. As this was scarcely civil, and might appear like insanity, his next impulse was to rush into the open air and leave the hated sounds behind him. "But this, too, I feared to do," said he, "lest offense might be given; so I resolved to endure the torment with the best fortitude I could assume; when, lo! I distinguished amid the din, the soft, clear voice of a woman singing in perfect tune. She made no effort to drown the voices of her companions, neither was she disturbed by their noisy discord; but patiently and sweetly she sang in full, rich tones; one after another yielded to the gentle influence, and before the tune was finished all were in perfect harmony."

It is in this way a quiet and pure life brings other lives into its gentle sway. It uses no words of protest against prevailing discord, but sings on, its own sweet song of obedience and faith and joy, until others feel and thrill with its power.

### Origin of Some Quotations.

Many familiar phrases are supposed to have their origin in the Bible that are not in the good book, but the phrases are good and we love to use them. The following are some of the most useful to prevent misquotations of Scripture:

"God tempests the wind to the shorn lamb." From Sterne's Sentimental Journal to Italy. Compare Isaiah 26: 8.

"In the midst of life we are in death." From the Burial Service; and this originally from a hymn of Luther.

"Bread and wine which the Lord hath commanded to be received." From the English Catechism.

"Not to be wise above what is written." Not in Scripture.

"That the spirit would go from heart to heart as oil from vessel to vessel." Not in Scripture.

"The merciful man is merciful to his beast." The scriptural form is: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast."—Prov. 12: 10.

"A nation shall be born in a day." In Isaiah it reads: "Shall a nation be born at once?"—66: 8.

"As iron sharpeneth iron so doth a man the countenance of his friend." Iron sharpeneth: so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend.—Prov. 27: 17.

"That he who runs may read."—Hab. 2: 2.

"Owe no man anything but love." "Owe no man anything, but to love one another."—Rom. 12: 8.

"Prone to sin as the sparks fly upward." "Born to trouble as the sparks fly upward."—Job 5: 7.

"Exalted to heaven in point of privilege." Not in the Bible.

Eve was not Adam's helpmate, but merely a help meet for him; nor was Absalom's long hair, of which he was so proud, the instrument of his destruction; his head, and not the hair upon it, having been caught in the boughs of the tree. (2 Samuel 18: 9.) A London wig-maker once had a sign, upon which was painted Absalom suspended from the branches of the oak by his hair, and underneath the following couplet:

"If Absalom hadn't worn his own hair, He'd 'a' been found a hanging there."—*N. Y. Observer.*

### Family Recipes.

1. For repairing family jars.—Mutual love well stirred with forbearance, mixed with readiness to forgive, and general good temper, is an admirable cement. It is not well to let all family jars be shelved at once.

2. Preserving.—The temper is best kept by using as little vinegar as possible. The heart, by using abundantly of the oil of grace. Treasures, by laying them up where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt.

3. Creams.—The milk of true faith if it stands long enough, yields the cream of assurance; if flavored with the essence of love, it is a delicious dish.

4. Stews.—These are best avoided by leaving our troubles with Him who sent them.

5. Pickles.—Those persons get into them most, who meddle with other people's business, or who act on the rule of policy rather than that of truth and unswerving honesty.

6. Dressed-peacock.—This is too common and poor a production to be introduced into Christian families.

7. To cure cold and heartburn.—Do all the good you can, live near to God, love your neighbor as yourself.

8. Fritters.—Novel-reading, silly conversation, gossiping, ceremonial visits and late rising, soon fritter away time. Christians have not a moment to waste.

9. Tart.—Some think tart replies to be smart, but it is never so wise to let our wit wound other people's feelings. Soft answers turn away wrath, tart speeches lead to general sourness.

10. Sauce.—Never to be tolerated in

children; a vulgar and evil thing in any one. Generally found to go with goose.

11. Crabs.—Need grafting with some sweeter fruit. He who can do it is named in John, 15: 1.

12. Toasts.—Least likely to affect the head when drank in water. Toast and water is far better than healths drank in wine.

13. Mincing.—Only practiced by very silly persons; natural manners are best. See Isaiah 3: 16, for a warning against those who are described as "walking and mincing as they go."—*Spurgeon.*

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GEORGE T. DAY, Editor.

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## What Then?

We alluded last week to some of the radical methods of destructive criticism. There are a few more words on that subject that may be fittingly said now that the topic is under discussion.

I. The hold which evil has upon the world is too firm to be finally loosed by any mere surface change or simple expedient. It is easy enough to see defects and faults and wrong. Anybody with half an eye can find unpleasant things. Anybody with a single nerve in the soul can feel unhappy over them. Anybody with moderately developed common sense and a slight acquaintance with the dictionary can complain of or scold about them with some force and effect, and with apparent propriety and justice. All that is easy enough. To do it requires only the most ordinary capacity and a very moderate amount of real virtue.

But to cure or properly get rid of them is quite another thing. That is not easy. It calls for a rare wisdom, for a tireless patience, for a vital faith, for a brave hope, for a heroic purpose, for an alliance with infinite forces. They who lack these elements of success generally achieve little, no matter what they may have besides. It is not hard to construct theories of social and moral regeneration. Such theories have ever abounded. They were never more numerous than they are to-day. They come from all quarters. Science and philosophy have offered us a legion of them. And though so many of them have been exploded, or proved worthless and mischievous in practice, yet human invention and credulity are still busy in bringing them forward, and asking the world to believe in and try them. They come in the shape of new schemes of religion, fresh theories of government, reconstructions of society, labor leagues, communism, woman suffrage, promiscuity for marriage, Brook Farms, Salt Lake cities, &c., &c. The Old is to be abolished, and the New put in its place. By such means as these, men and women seek to lift off the burdens of life, to make the world's briars and thorns give place to enriching products and fragrant flowers, to bring in a millennium, and change the wail of humanity into a jubilant shout or a blessed psalm of peace. It is so easy to make a perfect world in theory! It is so pleasant to dream golden dreams and imagine that they are going to become true in experience! It so gratifies our vanity to persuade ourselves that we have found the way to bring in the golden age!

But theories are not facts. They are often utterly at war with facts. And these schemes for reconstructing the world have often turned out very poorly, sadly, ludicrously. Corruption does not come to an end by a change of administration or the election of a new man for President. Satan does not hasten to vacate the earth in answer to a vote inviting him to retire. Sin tarries after the laborer's wages have been doubled, and his family have gone into a better tenement, and somebody has hung a Chromo of Beatrice Cenci on the wall of his sitting-room. The food of anxiety and suffering does not finally roll from the shoulders when the enfranchised citizen goes to the polls to carry his first ballot. After the Bible has been voted a fossil, a tyranny and a bore in the free thinkers' club, its members go home carrying all the old unrest, and repeating the heart-cry of the ages,—"Who will show us any good?" No! Leviathan is not so tamed. Only a divine voice, that rings through the ages, and is interpreted and made emphatic by the human energy and faith that co-work with Him who comes to make all things new, only this can put holiness in the place of sin, and turn the wailing heart of humanity into a temple of gladness and praise.

II. Before setting about the work of making radical changes, it is fitting to ask what they are likely to effect. Before abolishing what is, it is well to consider what will be when the end is reached. For all changes are not for the better. Not a few of them are for the worse. Nature abhors a vacuum; and before one occupant is driven out it is well to inquire about the probable successor. The new comer may only aggravate the evils. France took Louis XVI. from the Tuilleries to the guillotine, but only to make room for Murat and Robespierre. She exiled the Bourbons, but only to install Napoleon. She paid an enormous price to get the German troops beyond her gates, but only to let loose the wild and brutal vandalism of the Commune. When one evil spirit is so dismissed from the soul of a man that he can speedily come back to abide in company with seven others more wicked than himself, it is not hard to see that the last state of the victim is worse than the first.

This is a view which our radical, heated and headlong reformers in church and state may well consider. Before deciding to abolish, it is fitting to ask what is to be substituted. The tearing down may properly be delayed till it is seen whether it is practicable to build better. What next? is a question urged alike by common sense, moral principle and Christian duty. There is such a thing as being too radical. When a poultice will relieve an abscess, or splinting and rest put a fractured limb in the way to soundness, it is not very wise to slash with the lancet, or call the surgeon's knife and saw into play. He is a foolish man who goes into his orchard with his ax when there is only need of the pruning-knife

and patience, or who tears up his choicest fruit tree by the roots to get rid of the caterpillars that have hung their nests on its branches. And are the politics of a country to be revolutionized because some government employe has proved a defaulter, or some disloyalist sulks or storms under the discipline which his errors and crimes have invited? Is labor to fight capital because it gets tired in its toil before the sun goes down, and doesn't get rich on its wages fast enough to satisfy its ambition? Because an ill-assorted marriage is burdensome, is the evil of it to be guarded against by abolishing the family and the home? Because there are moral problems that plague the brain of the church-goer, and bitter and audacious men and women who answer the Sabbath bell with a sneer and an oath, are we to assume that the ministry is a nuisance that ought to be at once abated, or the institutions of Christianity so many grievous burdens that humanity must throw off ere it can hope to rise? When these are gone, the question returns, What next? After the revolution, the banishment and the exile of what is so vitally bound up with our life and its interests,—after all this, what?

We may not answer that question in full. But the partial answer and the doubt alike urge caution and care, and an effort to improve in the rational and providential ways, instead of heedlessly revolutionizing, abolishing and destroying. We do know some things. It is not very hard to judge respecting some others. He who hastens to cut down his trees must for a time go without fruit. Needlessly casting away a limb makes it necessary to depend on the senseless wooden substitute or the treacherous crutch. The laborer's strike makes the hand of want heavier and the lot harder to bear. To fight true marriage is to open wide the gates of licentiousness. And what, in all the world of study and fancy, have those who would drive out the gospel of Christ, turn his truth into a lie, dissolve his miracles into myths, and make its glorious promises only so many cheating words,—what have they to offer to the laboring and heavy laden hearts that crowd the world and hasten to the grave, when Christ's assurance of rest and life forevermore ceases to drop out of heaven and to fill the air of the centuries with a divine music? All the substitutes thus far offered us are like reaching out husks to the prodigal's hunger,—like answering the piteous cry of children for bread with the stones of the street.

We do not deny that evil is here and abounds,—we rather give new emphasis to the fact. We do not plead for contentment in this imperfect and sad lot;—we rather urge a prompt and resolute struggle to make it better, richer, sweeter, nobler. We do not say a word to nurture hopelessness in this search for redemption;—we rather bid every earnest soul toil with high faith and hope, as we assure it of the alliance of Him who travel in the greatness of his strength and is mighty to save. We only urge every reader who is tempted to discard our choicest possessions and best instruments, because the Millennium tarries, and because men will still make themselves sinners against their own souls instead of the cheerful servants of God, to stop and ponder with serious and honest heart the frequent question,—WHAT THEN?

## Military Science in College.

The President of Bowdoin College has just issued a document, styled, "Regulations for the interior Police and Discipline of the Bowdoin Cadets." It begins by stating that, "for instruction in Military Science, the students of Bowdoin College will be organized into a Battalion of four companies," and then proceeds to give instructions for officering these companies, uniforming and drilling them, and the general rules of behavior that would be laid down for the government of soldiers in the regular army.

This, we believe, is the nearest approach to real military instruction that has lately been undertaken by any college of purely literary pretensions. For at Bowdoin there is a regular instructor in military science, detailed from the regular army, having the rank of Major, paid by the U. S. Government, and required to drill his men as faithfully as though they were in barracks and he a regularly detailed drill-master. All the students, with a few exceptions, are required to drill twice a day when the weather is favorable, and to be uniformed (though we understand this to be optional, as it involves considerable expense) after the style of the West Point Cadets. There is dress-parade and guard-mounting daily, and no cadet can be absent from any military duty without the permission of the President, unless excused by a surgeon, in consequence of sickness or disease.

Hence it will be seen that the students are subjected to regular military discipline. Besides the duties in the field, they are expected to observe all those compliments and acts of courtesy that usually pass between military men. Respect to superiors is not confined to obedience on duty, but must be extended on all occasions. Even the members of the Faculty are to be treated as in some sense honorary officers of the battalion, and to receive the customary salute on all proper occasions.

Besides the infantry drill, for which the best pattern of Springfield breech-loaders is furnished by the U. S. Government, there is artillery drill, a regular battery of six brass cannon being furnished along with the rifles. These must be kept in serviceable condition, subject, like the other arms, to official inspection, and "never to be removed from the grounds without permission."—Is it feared that the boys might try to slay these six-pounders home in their trunks, to be used in partridge or woodcock hunting?—Not to specify farther, these are the main points of the military regulations in the College. Add to this, that the cadets are ranked for proficiency in drill and

for general military deportment, and we have an adequate idea of the regulations referred to. Now for the benefits.

If these are to be estimated from a Freshman's view-point, they would be something like this: "Showy uniform, military bearing,—attract attention when I go home. Besides, I needn't fear a ducking, for that would be against the regulations." With the Sophomore, they would consist of the added opportunities for spread and noise, with a gleeful chuckle over the thought of letting off the battery some night and giving thoughtless sleepers a sudden start. With the Juniors, they would be the real advantages derivable from such a source, the physical development, the mental discipline and training, the manly deportment, and the rare ability to keep the individual forces under proper restraint. But with the Senior, the whole thing would be a bore, the regulations anathematized, the drill an insult to his dignity and an outrage on his ease, while there would be constant danger that he would precipitate a rebellion that would require all the other military force in the College to subdue.

But, doubtless, in the end, the Junior's estimate will be the popular one. Take these young men out to drill daily, and they can't help being benefited by it.—Where is the graduate but has sorely wished that either he had been less lazy in college or that his gymnastic regulations had been more severe?—It will develop a manly bearing, straighten up and strengthen the spine, induce promptness of motion, and give the mind a much better body to dwell in. A knowledge of military science can not harm the student, and may in numerous ways be of great advantage. The Geneva award has not done away with all need of soldiers in the Republic.

There will also be considerable benefit in point of courtesy and mutual respect. For if the requirements concerning the former are observed, the latter will be pretty likely to follow. Each student is, as the regulations express it, presumed to be strictly on honor in the performance of military duty, and to report all offenses that may come under his notice. This can hardly fail to tone down the rough and often clownish conduct of certain college students, and to induce a respect for superiors that is, to say the least, but rarely overdone by the rising generation. It would certainly be something gained if the frequent habit of blowing a tin horn behind the back of the Faculty could be succeeded by a manly approach and a polite touch of the hat.

Of course, there can be, as there is, fault found with the regulations. There are irrepressibles in almost any company of a hundred young men, and to put these into the straight jacket of military discipline will bring out some protests. The novelty of the whole matter will detract at first from the interest in the regular studies of the course, and there will doubtless be some who will never be enabled entirely to get their eyes and mind off from the drill and the cannon, and fixed upon the dead classics and dry metaphysics. It may also be urged that this is allowing military tactics, with their show and parade, to trespass too much upon the quiet of a literary retreat. But we doubt if those students who would be seriously disturbed by it, would be likely to do much better if there were no such requirements made of them. We can not but regard it as, on the whole, an interesting and profitable addition to the college course, and one which could be beneficially adopted by all those institutions that can so arrange their hours of study that they would not be materially infringed upon by it.

## English Lecturers among Us.

As though remembering the defeats on former fields and wishing to retrieve them, the English are about to meet the Yankee in the lecture field, and, as usual, they are coming to meet him on his own ground. There are already set down the names of James Anthony Froude, editor and historian; Edmund Yates, critic and novelist; George MacDonald, poet, novelist and orator; and Professor Tyndall, not to mention the curious Mr. Stanley of Ujiji fame, and a few others of lesser note.

It will certainly be a treat to listen to any one of these men. Their fame has already preceded them, and they will be met by audiences who have met them before in their works, and exceedingly enjoyed the interviews. Mr. Froude has just been introduced to us in an interesting way, by Justin McCarthy, in the September No. of the *Galaxy*. He is now about fifty-five years of age, but still vigorous, as the people of his country are apt to be, and as capable of interesting an audience as ever was. He has had religious controversies enough, with Prof. Newman, Dr. Pusey and the rest, to make him quite a theologian; and his papers on Calvinism and kindred subjects have shown how well he conceived and appreciated the spirit of the fiery preacher. But it is chiefly as a historian that he is known here. His history of England, from the fall of Wolsey to the death of Elizabeth, shows him to be a master of the historic pen. To be sure, he apologizes warmly for Henry the VIII., and presents Queen Mary to us as a wondrous combination of charms and guilt, while the royal Elizabeth becomes an incomprehensible character of littleness and greatness. But these aberrations from the old opinions only mark the independence and originality of his mind, as well as the vigor with which he uses it. He is also much interested in the relation of the English government to Ireland, and that, it is understood, will form the topic of his lectures in this country.

Mr. Yates has already arrived among us, but we have not noticed that he has yet begun to lecture. He is known here only as a novelist, though he is said to have a position on the editorial staff of the *London Daily News*, which he has served here-

tofore, if not now, in the capacity of art critic. His first literary article of any note, or at least one by which he first became famous, was a severe criticism upon Thackeray, which caused a great row in the literary club to which he belonged, and his final expulsion. He is a pleasing, graceful writer, but not remarkably strong, as indeed literary strength is not apt to characterize the productions of our most voluminous novelists. His stories have been rather widely read by Americans, and they have left, on the whole, a rather pleasant impression of the author. These will help to advertise him; but the fact that he is a foreigner will help still more, and it will be no surprising thing if he carries home both pockets full of money in the Spring. A humorous lecture on "Modern Society," a lecture on "The British Parliament," another on "The Princes of the Pen," &c., are among those with which he proposes to get this money.

While George MacDonald is also known as a novelist, it is chiefly as a writer of moral and religious stories, and such as serve to illustrate his thoughts upon various mental phenomena, that he is particularly remembered. His attempts at poetry have hardly struck a popular vein in this country, and of his claims to oratory we have yet to judge. As editor of *Good Words for the Young*, he has won a creditable reputation, and we shall expect to see a good many bright-eyed, eager-faced children among his audiences. He is especially fond of the Scottish scenery and character, and it is not strange that he should choose as the subject of his first lecture in this country, "Robert Burns."

There is yet no authority for saying that Prof. Tyndall will lecture here, although it is confidently expected that he may. Among the whole list, he is the one whom a certain class of Americans would best like to hear, and we certainly hope that they may not be disappointed.

The fact that these lecturers are offered sufficient inducement to come here is especially creditable to the American people. For they are, certainly among the first literary men of their country. They do not deal in trash. Their lectures are all on a high plane, giving valuable information and teaching useful lessons. And it is for such lectures as these that American audiences are eager to pay encouraging sums. That we can assemble listeners to these gentlemen, as well as to the many who make up our home talent, ought not to be overlooked in judging the literary capacity of the masses of the people. It is certainly creditable, whatever else it may be.

MAINE CENTRAL INSTITUTE. We are prompted to say a word by way of calling attention to the statement and appeal of the agent of this institution, found in another column, and encouraging the movement already set on foot to sweep off the remaining indebtedness at once. That this institution is needed,—that it is in just the right place,—that it is doing a noble work,—that its opportunities for the future are gloriously large and excellent,—that it has many friends who have done most liberal things for it, as if they counted sacrifices a privilege and a joy,—that the agent's service in raising more than half the amount due two years since, is a fine example of persistent devotion which ought speedily to reach a final triumph,—that the thing now proposed can be done if resolutely undertaken,—and that a complete victory within the next eight months would be worth twice as much as though it were to drag itself feebly through two or three years,—that all these are so many vital facts seems to us beyond question. Our brethren and friends in Maine, do indeed know what it is to carry heavy loads, and to be constantly occupied with undertakings that are numerous and large, and enough to frighten feeble and timid men. They have a good deal on their hands now. But they have often shown themselves brave, and steady, and strong, and effective. We might distrust others, but we believe they will not falter even now with this task before them. They will, we are somewhat confident, take firm hold of this load, heavy as it is, and lift it, saying,—

"What must be done must be; neither delay nor complaint will help the matter; let the Institute be rid of its incubus and the agent find gladness in liberty." That will be like Maine, a deed worth a record, and sure to stir noble impulses beyond her borders that shall react on her in blessing.

A MURDERER SET FREE. It is supposed that we all recollect that Mrs. Laura Fair killed Col. Crittenenden. The deed was committed in broad daylight, on board a harbor steamer at San Francisco, while the victim was sitting beside his wife and daughter. We remember, too, that she was tried soon after the murder and sentenced to be hanged; that she laughed and said she would never be hanged, and that she went right to work to verify her statement. Finally, by one means and another, she got another trial, and this time she is acquitted. The plea set up was that of insanity; the jury, according to our best information, were idiots; and the whole trial was a burlesque on justice. Meanwhile, Mrs. Fair has had the open sympathy of the "advanced women" of the age. They have visited her in prison; they have called her a brave woman; they have longed for an opportunity to shoot some horrid man themselves, just for principle and liberty's sake, and now they join Mrs. Fair in a wild hurrah over her acquittal. What is life worth at this rate? How much longer will the law be a terror or even a check to evil doers, if this is the manner of administering it? It would be no special gratification to see Mrs. Fair hung, but it would relieve us of some uncertainty to be assured beforehand that every murderer is not therefore necessarily a lunatic. The lesson set by the east seems to be finding faithful imitators in the west, and the easy habit of coughing down justice in New York has found its parallel in San Francisco.

## Denominational News and Notes.

## The Printing Establishment.

The Corporators of the Freewill Baptist Printing Establishment held their twenty-seventh annual meeting in this city, Sept. 18 and 19. This corporation is denominational, and made so by its charter, which says, "all the profits of the said Printing Establishment, not necessary for publication purposes, shall be sacredly appropriated to benevolent purposes connected with the Freewill Baptist denomination; and the members of this corporation shall always be members in good and regular standing in said religious denomination." It is therefore assumed that all Freewill Baptists are interested in the Establishment, and, for their information, the Board, before its final adjournment, directed the Secretary to prepare a statement of facts and figures for publication in the *Morning Star*.

The members of the board were all present save one, and the annual reports were received and referred to special committees for examination, as follows:

The Executive Committee's Report, to E. Knowlton, S. D. Bates and J. L. Sinclair; the Treasurer's Report, to C. H. Latham, G. T. Day and D. Waterman; the Agent's Report, to T. Stevens, G. W. Bean and A. K. Moulton; the Editor's Report, to L. B. Tasker, I. D. Stewart and S. Curtis.

After an hour and a half had been spent on these reports, they were unanimously accepted, and several suggestions made by the Committee were adopted. Among the items of business presented in the report of the Executive Committee were the following:

1. The Agent had been advised one year ago to use so much of the invested funds as would soon become due towards the payment of the debts of the Establishment.

2. He had been advised to sell all the old stereotype plates of books now out of use, and all the printed sheets for books not likely to be called for.

3. A small edition of Burr's Life has been printed for Mrs. Burr.

4. Reports of 431 Sabbath-schools have been received through the Agent, and so far as they report on Sabbath-school papers, 20 were against a weekly *Myrtle*, and 56 were in favor of another paper to alternate with it, and these 56 were among the largest schools. About 11,000 copies of the *Myrtle* were reported as taken, and 7,000 copies of other papers.

5. A tract would soon be issued containing a summary of our doctrinal views, and it is proposed to follow it by the publication of others.

6. The establishment of a Book Depository in Chicago had been before the Committee at every meeting; and the Board directed the Committee to complete their work as soon as it could be done in safety to the Establishment, and for the best accommodation of our brethren in the West.

7. The inventory has been taken with very great care, every article in and about the Establishment having been appraised. The whole inventory is found in the following items:

Real Estate,	\$20,300.00
Press Room,	9,881.94
Composing Room,	5,636.80
Book Room,	5,582.58
All other Rooms,	3,010.43
In the Book Business, with D. Lothrop & Co.,	9,388.47
Investments,	20,388.97
Book accounts,	14,107.49
Sundries,	498.00
Cash on hand, Aug. 31,	321.87
Total Inventory,	\$89,116.55
Liabilities,	7,255.68

Valuation of the Estab. \$31,860.97  
This is an increase of \$3,267.99 above the valuation of last year.

8. No new books have been published the past year in connection with D. Lothrop & Co., and the whole number of different volumes in which we have a joint interest is 44.

From the Treasurer's report the following items are taken:

CASH STATEMENT.	
Receipts for <i>Star</i> ,	\$20,678.07
" " <i>Myrtle</i> ,	3,865.43
" " Books,	3,769.37
" " Advertising,	2,446.42
" " Job Work,	1,216.49
" from all other sources,	18,787.19
Cash on hand Aug. 31, 1871,	1,308.99

Total Receipts,	\$52,081.96
Disbursed for <i>Star</i> ,	15,759.38
" " <i>Myrtle</i> ,	1,956.18
" " Books,	3,186.46
" " all other things,	30,808.07
Cash on hand Aug. 31, 1872,	321.87

The net gain of the Establishment for the year is \$4,223.24. Under the head of Donations, \$2,055.72 are reported as given away in cash to Benevolent Societies; and to meet the bills of the last General Conference, in advertising our denominational schools at the usual rates, &c., &c.

The Book Business with D. Lothrop & Co., is reported to have been less profitable than in preceding years, and explanations of the cause of such a result were given.

The Agent reported the business of the Establishment as enjoying a fair degree of prosperity. The boiler has been pronounced so much worn as to be not worth repairing, and as the engine is attached to it, there is a necessity of purchasing new ones without delay. It is decided to place them in a small building outside the present structure, and will require an expenditure of some \$2,000.

The Editor's report discusses several points in connection with the management of the *Star* and *Myrtle*, and says, "the additions made to the office Library during the year, chiefly through works sent for review by the Publishers, are, perhaps, more valuable than those of any previous twelve months, amounting at a low estimate to about \$250." This library has been entirely gathered within the last five years, con-

tains a large number of new and standard works, and is appraised at \$1,000.

The Corporators are now so classified that the term of office of one class expires every year. The following persons were elected for four years,—G. T. Day, Silas Curtis and C. B. Mills. Bro. Mills, of Mich., comes as a new member of the Board.

The officers elected for the year are as follows:

D. WATERMAN, President.  
I. D. STEWART, Secretary.  
I. D. STEWART, }  
S. CURTIS, } Executive Com.  
T. STEVENS, }  
C. H. LATHAM, }  
L. B. TASKER, }  
L. R. BURLINGAME, Treas. and Agent.  
S. CURTIS, Auditor.  
G. T. DAY, Editor.  
G. F. MOSHER, Assistant Editor.

It was voted that a portrait, or a large colored photograph, of Wm. Burr be procured and hung in the Committee room of the Establishment.

It was also

"Resolved, That we approve the efforts of the General Conference to collect and preserve all the publications of the denomination, and of our denominational men; and that we will co-operate with the Historical Committee in this work."

Other questions were considered, but they were of no great public interest, or no conclusive action was taken on them.

I. D. STEWART, Secretary.

## The Central Correspondence.

The Bowdoin Q. M. has just closed a very well attended and interesting session at Lisbon, Me., First church. This church was organized into a church of the F. Baptist faith fifty-four years ago, mostly by the influence of Elder Nathaniel Purinton. Its entire membership has been nearly 250; and it has been a unit in its position and sympathies, with all the educational, reformatory and missionary movements of the last half century. It has given to the church and world seven earnest and devoted preachers of the gospel; and by their faithful instrumentality hundreds, if not thousands, have professed faith in Jesus.

The meeting house, of brick, has been put in excellent repair of late, reflecting much credit upon the members and friends who have liberally contributed to the much needed and very satisfactory work of rendering the house of the Lord beautiful and attractive to all. The first house has been the scene of many precious revivals of religion, never to be forgotten, though many of its active promoters have passed away.

During the meeting, Rev. N. Bard, who is now very feeble in health, was affectionately remembered by the conference, in prayers and touching remarks.

The division of the Q. M. was well considered, and referred to the churches for final action.

A resolution was passed indorsing the recommendation of the Me. C. Y. Meeting that aid be furnished the Maine Central Institute at Pittsfield, equivalent to one dollar per member in its several churches, and to be collected by them. The Home Mission work was ably presented, and something raised, though far less than is demanded at such gatherings.

Most of the sermons preached were exhortatory, able and earnest. The prayer-meetings were spiritual and deeply interesting, evidently indicating the Divine presence and saving power. Bro. Elisha Purinton is now the faithful and much loved pastor of the church.

The meeting closed under favorable auspices for a general out-pouring of the Holy Spirit, greatly desired by the pastor, and many of the brethren. Shall not this oldest and mother church of the Q. M. have a refreshing from the presence of the Lord, that shall effectively and gloriously reach every church and community within its borders? So let us pray and labor.

J. S. B.

## The State H. M. Society of Maine.

The existence of this Society sprang from no dissatisfaction with the work of the Home Missionary Society of the denomination at large. But catching the spirit and aim of that Society, and confessedly dependent upon it for places of work, it set out to do a much needed service for Christ in the State.

In our Quarterly and Yearly Meeting gatherings, the deficiencies and need of many churches and of entire Quarterly Meetings became painfully apparent. For years the question has been asked, How shall we save dying interests, how shall the waste be stayed that is destroying the life of so many Quarterly Meetings?

At length it was resolved to see if any organized effort could be made for the purpose of building up destitute fields and planting new churches wherever needed. Each Yearly Meeting chose a Com. to confer together over the matter and digest plans for operation. A year since, at Auburn, an organization of a State Home Missionary Society was effected, with officers, favorably and widely known, from different sections of the State. In February following, a charter was obtained, and March 1, an agent, Rev. G. W. Howe, was put into the field to raise money and labor with destitute churches and sections. In the six months already past, a thousand dollars have been paid into the Treasurer, and further amounts subscribed.

Thorough, systematic inquiries have been instituted by the Agent, the Corresponding Secretary and others, in regard to the actual needs and prospects of churches supposed to be in an unfavorable condition. Pastors have been consulted, clerks of Q. Meetings have been inquired of with respect to their fields of labor and those in their vicinity.—Visitation of needy localities has been made with view of rendering substantial aid. Efforts have been wisely made for arousing the interest of Quarterly Meetings in their own destitute churches.







## Poetry.

## Eating Bread and Milk.

The daintiest, prettiest picture  
 'Twas ever my lot to see  
 Was one of four beautiful children,  
 On a door-stone *vis à vis*;  
 With eyes as bright as diamonds,  
 And hair as soft as silk,  
 Out of an old-fashioned porringer,  
 Eating bread and milk.

In the background, near the door,  
 Sit the father and the mother;  
 And when the laugh goes 'round,  
 They glance at one another.  
 What need is there for speech,  
 The eye so much has said,  
 As they watch the little children  
 Eating milk and bread?

The household pet, old Botnie,  
 Is sleeping in the clover,  
 And in his dreams again  
 The hunt he's living over;  
 When'er the spoons click on the dish  
 He lifts his shaggy head,  
 And seems to say, I envy you  
 Your sweet new milk and bread.

Through the trees, the low sun-shadows  
 Were shifting here and there,  
 Lighting up each winsome face  
 With a beauty almost rare;  
 While the tired birds came trooping  
 To their leafy eaves overhead,  
 Softly twittering, good-night,  
 To the girls with milk and bread.

What artist hand can catch  
 The smile-light coming, going;  
 Or tint the restless tresses  
 On the dimpled tresses flowing;  
 Or give the arching lip  
 So fine a shade of red,  
 As it takes a drop of milk  
 And then a bite of bread?

Oh, happy little dreamers!  
 Upon that doornest step,  
 No shade of care has crossed  
 Their sunny paths as yet.  
 Oh, would their lives might ever be  
 So free from care and dread  
 As now while twilight gathers,  
 Eating milk and bread.

—Rural New Yorker.

## The Faults of the Hearers.

Some are so dull, and some are so careless,  
 Some are so hardened, and some are so prayer-  
 less;

Some are too proud, and some are too humble,  
 Some hear the Word, and over it stumble;  
 Some are too refined, and some are too coarse,  
 Some want the calm truth, some want its force;

Some talk all the time, some take to sleeping,  
 Some go for pasture, but few are found weeping;  
 Some are too sordid, and some are too gay,  
 Some go for custom, how few go to pray!

Some go to see others, and some to be seen;  
 Some go dressed fine, and some go dressed mean;  
 Some hear the Word joyful, and when it is  
 grown,  
 The cares of this world show where it was sown;

Some hear it with sadness, some hear it with fear,  
 Some scarce hear at all, nor care to be there;  
 Some go because sent, and some because others,  
 Some go to please fathers, and some to please  
 mothers;

Some go to make fun, and hence it arises,  
 How few are converted, how few the Word  
 prizes.

—Primitive Methodist.

## The Family Circle.

## What Happened.

A thick carpet had lately been put down in the dining-room of the squire's residence, which was found to prevent the door from opening and shutting easily, so Wedge, the village carpenter, was sent for to ease it. At six o'clock, while he was still at work, carriage wheels were distinctly heard, and the squire's lady with her children came down into the hall, ready to welcome home Mr. Cary, who had been that day to town. Wedge, who was working inside the dining-room, listened with astonishment as he heard the shout the children gave when their father stepped out of the carriage. He saw, also, through the door crack, that the two eldest had caught hold of his hands, whilst the younger ones were clinging like little barnacles to his coat-tails; all dragging him along as if, once having got him in their net, they meant, spider-like, to bind him hand and foot, and devour him, as that interesting insect would a great blue-bottle, at their leisure.

That the squire's return should cause such delight was a puzzler for our worthy friend; for had he not, with his own eyes, seen this gentleman go off at half-past nine in the morning. No one could have persuaded him otherwise than that he must have been away a month, to put it at the lowest figure. He saw, moreover, that the squire was holding tightly in his hand a little parcel, shaking off the children by a number of little dodges of which loving fathers only know the secret, he quickly untied, for all the world as if he were a boy of five years old (and not a great man of fourteen stone weight), who could not wait a moment for anything. In a shorter time than we take to write it, he pulled out the contents and gave them to his wife, with three distinct kisses. Wedge could swear there were three, for he counted them, and wondered how many more there were to come!

Soon the merry party went upstairs, the echo of their voices died away, and Wedge was left to finish his work on the door, whilst his heart and conscience began their work on him. He, too, had a home, and wife, and children; he, too, had been away all day; but the thought struck him uncomfortably, that his welcome home, if, indeed, he got one at all, would seem poor and cold after that which he had just witnessed. This reflection was not so sweet as to make his work go smoothly; his saw seemed as blunt as a double-bladed six-penny penknife, and the wood of the chair whose legs he was cutting down, as hard as bog oak. In fact, he was feeling jealous of the squire, and discontented with his own

wife and children. Why were not they eager to rush out and welcome him, after the fashion of the squire's family? He frowned as he thought how badly he was used, and his saw grated away as though very dull.

But conscience had a word to say to him, and said it loud enough too for him to hear, although he was making noise enough to prevent any one from trying to gain his attention. It told him the fault was chiefly in himself; for if his wife and children were not like the squire's, neither was his likeness to that gentleman particularly striking. He couldn't blame his wife for not making enough of his presents, for he well knew he never gave her any; nor did he greet her with those kind words which would not have failed to draw the same from her.

Wedge was a good husband without being a kind one, spending his money for the most part on his family in a hard, business-like kind of a way, but showing no affection toward his children, who consequently did not love him.

As Wedge walked home, his tools on his back, he came across an old friend, carrying carefully a dainty bunch of snow-drops in his big, rough hand.

"Here, Will," he said, walking along by the carpenter's side, "I've just given a trifle for these flowers—pretty bits of things, ain't they?—for my wife makes so much of any little present I take her home; she never minds what I bring her, so long as I give it, to her myself; for, to be sure, I always tack on a little something, in the shape of a few kind words, which makes the thing seem valuable in her eyes. I don't know how I should get on, sometimes, if it weren't for having flowers pretty handy; you can get them for a little or nothing at any time, and yet they are more beautiful than anything we could make."

Wedge's road now lay in a different direction from his friend's, so they parted company, Joe Sparks putting a couple of snowdrops into Will's hand, supposing he would know well enough what to do with them.

Wedge turned the snowdrops over in his hand, and looked after Joe, who had nearly turned the corner; what could the man mean by giving him the snowdrops and never saying a word? He couldn't have known what had just happened at the hall; yet it seemed strange that he should come up and say all this about presents just when Wedge was thinking about that very subject, and enjoying the excuse, too, that he couldn't afford to buy his wife anything. But now having the snowdrops, and having heard so much about them, it seemed as if nothing else would do but that he must give them to his wife, and this proceeding would be such a new and extraordinary one, that the very thought made him feel sheepish.

Wedge's wife was a nice woman, but family cares were weighing her down, so that the light was fast dying out of her eyes, and the color fading from her cheeks. She would not have minded them half nor even a quarter so much, if, when Wedge came home, she could have told him all about them—for ten to one he could have set things right. But he always pooh-poohed when she ventured to begin the subject, so that she left off looking for help where there was none to be got. It seemed to Wedge, that if he paid down in hard cash for clothing, feeding and schooling the family, he had done his share toward their bringing up. Such being the state of things, you may well imagine how surprised was Mrs. Wedge when she heard a cheerful voice call out, "Where are you, Mary?" But greater still was her astonishment, when, on going to the door, her husband presented her with the snowdrops, declaring, as he put them in her hands, that, "beautiful as they were, he thought the rosebud on her arm beat them out and out." Wedge had done many a handy bit of work with those tools on his back, but he did a neater job now with those snowdrops than he had ever done with all of them put together, for he, so to speak, saved Mary's heart right in two, and got to the very inside, and planned down no end of knots and rough places, and French-polished her off, as if she had been some choice piece of cabinet work to be sold for nobody knows what.

That day was the beginning of brighter times; Mary's heart having been, as we before said, sawed right open, never closed up again, by reason of her husband's continually putting in one little thing and another on purpose to keep it open; and warm streams of affection came gushing out that nobody knew were ever there at all, they were hidden down so deep. And as to Wedge, he never knew before how many pretty little speeches he could make. With-out any notice beforehand, whatever they seemed to come from somewhere inside already made, packed and directed, ready to be delivered "with care, this side up," to his wife, whilst the contents of these said parcels, or sentences, generally brought a smile on Mrs. Wedge's face, and made her as lively as a cricket for some time to come.

—British Workman.

## Fretting.

This morning I got up cross as a bear. I felt as rough and tingly as a chestnut burr. I was all out of sorts, and it seemed to me it would be a pleasure to snap off anybody who spoke to me, as short as I could.

Most likely I would have done so, and set the whole household by the ears for the rest of the day, but that I have had such moods before, and learned by experience the best way to manage them.

"Now," thought I, "my best plan is not to influence the whole family, but to remain neutral, and let them influence me." Accordingly, I tried to control myself a little, and await events.

Well, the two older children got up merry and chipper as crickets; papa was in a pretty good humor; and the baby sat in her high chair and displayed all her little airs

and graces, and her newest funny little capers, and we must all look and admire; and so, by the time breakfast was over, I was laughing and smiling as cheerfully as the rest, and passed a pretty comfortable day after all.

And as I was thinking of it this evening, I thought how easily a little fretting might have upset the whole family, and spoiled the day.

Now fretting is both useless and unnecessary; it does no good and a great deal of harm; yet it is almost a universal sin. More or less we are all given to it.

We fret over almost everything. In summer because it is too hot, and in winter because it is too cool; we fret when it rains because it is wet, and when it doesn't rain because it is dry; when we are sick, or when anybody else is sick.

In short, if anything or everything doesn't go just to suit our particular whims and fancies, we have one grand, general refuge—to fret over it.

I am afraid fretting is much more common among women than among men. We may as well own the truth, my fair sisters, if it isn't altogether pleasant. Perhaps it is because the little worries and cares and vexations of daily life harass our sensitive nerves more than the more extended enterprises which generally take the attention of men. Great wants develop great resources, but the little wants and worries are hardly provided for, and like the nail which strikes against the saw, they make not much of a mark, but they turn the edges terribly.

I think, if we looked upon all the little worries of one day as a great united worry, self-control to meet it would be developed. But as they generally come only one or two little things at a time, they seem so very little that we give way, and the breach once made in the wall soon grows larger.

Now, I don't believe in the cant that a woman must always, under all and any circumstances, wear a smiling face when her husband comes home, or that she need take her hands out of the dough, or drop the baby on the floor, to run and meet him at the door. But I do believe, nay, I know, for I have seen it with my own eyes among my friends,—that many a woman has driven a kind husband away from her, away from his home and its sacred influences, and caused him to spend his time at a billiard-table or in a drinking-saloon, amid their profane influences, simply by her ceaseless fretting over trifles which were not worth a word; much less the peace and happiness of a home.

I know that many a mother has turned her son against her own sex, and made him dread and dislike the society of women, by her example, constantly set before him.

I know that many a mother has brought up and developed a daughter just like herself, who in her turn, would wreck and ruin the comfort of another family circle.

And knowing all this, my sisters,—and brothers, too, if they need it,—I know that we ought to set our faces like a flint against this useless, sinful, peace-destroying and home-disturbing habit of fretting.

## Take Care of the Fox.

"I am glad of one thing," exclaimed my little Helen, with a sigh of relief. She had been sitting very still for a good while, holding a picture-book in her hand.

"Glad of what?" I asked.

"That I am not a hen," she answered, lifting her serious eyes to mine.

"Not a hen! Why, darling! what do you mean?"

She brought me her book, and I saw at a glance what had disturbed the quiet of her mind. She had been looking at the picture of a mother hen frightened at the appearance of a fox.

"Poor thing! How scared she is!" said the child, tenderly. "Will the fox eat her up?"

"Unless she can escape him," I answered.

"Oh, I'm glad that I'm not a hen, to be frightened or killed by a fox! It is so dreadful!"

"Maybe you are in as much danger as the hen," I said.

"Me? There are no foxes about here. Why do you say that, mamma? And, any how, a fox wouldn't hurt a little girl."

"I heard Mrs. Clare say something about foxes when she was here yesterday."

"What did she say, mamma?"

"She said, 'Take care of the little foxes.'"

"Oh, yes, I remember now; and I couldn't help wondering what she meant."

"She didn't, of course, mean live foxes that run about in the woods."

"I knew she didn't mean them. Are there any other kinds of foxes?"

"Yes."

"What kind? Where are they?"

"Inside of you."

"Oh, mother!" Helen exclaimed, a tremor of surprise in her voice. "Foxes inside of me?"

"Yes, my darling. And you are in as much danger from them as the hen you so pitied just now."

There was a half-scared, half-wondering expression in my little girl's face.

"Oh, I understand!" she said, a faint smile playing about her lips. "By foxes you mean naughty feelings."

"Yes. Foxes are cruel and cunning. They hurt and destroy. You know how cruel Herod was, and how our Lord called him 'that fox.'"

"His evil thoughts and wicked acts made him cruel and cunning as a fox. And this same thing is happening now and every day. I have seen a great many people—children even—who appeared to be more like foxes than lambs, more like hawks than doves, they were so full of anger and cruelty toward each other. Oh, my child, take care of the fox! Don't let him get in among the gentle and loving things of your soul, or he will hurt and, may be, destroy them."

## Children's Spectacles.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling! Ting-a-ling-a-ling! That's the children's bell. Come on, little ones! We're going to tell you something that we told long ago to just such a rosy, laughing set of youngsters as you are. Are you all here? None of your great big boys and girls for this class—they know too much—but only the little fellows who have just put on trowsers, with pockets in them, (real pockets, remember,) and have heels to their new boots—heels that make such a noise in the hall that everybody thinks it is father coming. And girls, too, who are learning to hem and dress their own dolls, and who know which is the thimble-finger, and what s-c-h-o-o-l spells.

And now, children, do you want to hear it? YOU HAVE ALL GOT SPECTACLES ON!

Ha! ha! But you have, though; and, what is stranger still, you own not only one pair apiece, but about a dozen pairs, and sometimes you wear one kind and sometimes another. For instance: This morning, when Willie Winkie, the little fellow, you know, who every night

"Walks through the town,  
 Up stairs and down stairs,  
 In his night-gown"—

well, when he kissed the children's eyelids this morning, they jumped out of their beds, one after the other, and some of them looked out of the window to see what kind of a day it would be.

The sun was crouching away off in a corner of the sky behind a thick, gray cloud, and all the children, mind, had on their spectacles.

"Pshaw!" said one poor little fellow, who wore an ugly, grizzly, green pair, made by Ill-Nature, "it's going to storm. I don't see what it had to be unpleasant to-day for."

"Perhaps it's going to snow, Sandy, and make good coating for us," put in little Clem, who nearly always has on rosy spectacles.

"Oh, snow! who cares for snow? I want to try my new skates. Where's the use of having skates, if there's never to be any ice?" growled Sandy, as he began to dress. But he had a shocking time getting on his shoes and stockings, and he said some very ill-natured things, and couldn't see the sorrowful look in his mother's eyes—all on account of his bad spectacles.

Away off in another part of the town, a little girl, named Eliza, was peeping through the window-blinds. She had on a bright, blue pair belonging to Hope, so she called cheerfully to her mother:

"The sky's very dark, mother, but it's going to clear up. I can just see the sun shinin' in the smoke!"

(Bless her dear heart! she always will see something "shinin'" as long as she lives.)

"Well, even if it doesn't, Edy," said her brother Charlie, "we'll get along in-doors. Come, let's see who'll be dressed first." His glasses were made by Cheerfulness, and they brightened up every room he went in all day.

So all over town the wee folk were looking at the morning through their spectacles; and when they stopped talking about it, the sun gave two or three winks, and then pulled his big cloud-cap over his eyes, and settled into a long day's nap. In the meantime the children, (and you, too, every one of you) went about the houses and streets and gardens with their spectacles on.

Some looked at dark things and made them bright. Who? Was it you?

Some looked at bright things and made them dark. Who? Was it you?

Some have picked their way through the day, helping this one and that one, doing no harm, speaking no cross word, and smiling on all the household through their clear, loving spectacles. Oh! I do hope that was you.

And others because they were dingy, cross-grained ones, have stumbled about in everybody's way; and instead of sunny sparkles, their eyes have been filled with rain-drops from crying clouds nearly half the time. Who? No, no, I'm sure it was not you.

But even if it were, the end of the day has not come yet. Even if it is bedtime, and you are just about kissing for "good night!" there is time enough for you to change your spectacles for a better kind. You can whisk them off, if you try, in less time than it takes grandmother to put on her glass and gold ones. For, you see, she has first to fumble in her pocket for a morocco case; then she has to open it and get out her glasses, and open them carefully so as not to break the hinges; then rub them with her handkerchief, and then put them on, squarely and evenly, over her nose, taking great care not to tumble her cap or her curls.

But you little ones, why, your spectacles-cases are your own hearts, ready for you at an instant's notice, and full as they can be of every kind of spectacle a little child can need.

But if I were you, I'll tell you what I'd do. I would keep only the good kinds, and I would throw away all the poor ones. Whenever I jumped out of bed in the morning with a pair on that made me see things in a crooked way, I'd take them off as soon as possible, and I wouldn't put them back in my heart again; that I wouldn't, for fear, by some mistake, they might do more mischief another time.

For bad spectacles will make little feathery troubles look like heavy stones. Bad spectacles make you feel as if all the people in the world were making faces at you.

Bad spectacles will turn even kisses into snaps.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling! Ting-a-ling-a-ling! There's that bell again. The class is dismissed. Good-by. I think I've told you what to study for to-morrow.

God bless you, little rosy cheeks, one and all, and help you to learn your lesson.—*Heath and Home.*

## Literary Review.

CONCORD DAYS. By A. Bronson Alcott. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1872. 16mo. pp. 276. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

Mr. Alcott says: "Freedom from affairs, and leisure to entertain his thoughts, is the scholar's paradise." That sentence opens to us the spirit of the author and strikes the key-note of his book. It is a sort of diary, not of the outward life but of the inward, running through half the year 1869, and giving us the thoughts, the reflections, the fancies, the pictures of friends and men of note in the world of letters and action whom Mr. Alcott reveres, extracts from his favorite authors, recollections of earlier life, choice bits of description in which his own home and its surroundings figure conspicuously, occasionally a little philosophy, a fair amount of fresh and genial criticism on men and books and affairs, rhymes of his own that are meant for poetry but sometimes fall short of the aim, some real poetry written by genuine bards and not dependent on rhyme or rhythm, some fine and appreciative talks about Emerson, Thoreau and others who have impressed him strongly, considerable rhetoric that is both unique and artistic, a few specimens of expression where so much attention is paid to the sound that the sense is well-nigh sacrificed, &c., &c.

And yet we should do injustice both to the volume and its author if we gave the impression that we have here only a mere medley of literary products. In his way Mr. Alcott is a most interesting man, genial, serene, philosophic, loving all that is beautiful and noble with a quiet enthusiasm, charitable toward human frailties, going about like a bee in search of honey whenever he leaves the hive of his quietude at home, very slightly affected by the turmoil and struggle and strife of the great world around him, making a pleasant calm for himself in the realm of his own thoughts and feelings, discarding on just such topics as chance to come up, and ever in a tone that suggests a voice out of the silence of a beautiful summer evening. And this book embodies him admirably. It is thoughtful, suggestive, calm and soothing. One can hardly read a page, let him open the book where he will, without a sense of breathing a quieting atmosphere. The very pulses grow steady, and the nervousness subsides. The vexing cares pass out of the mind, and the spirit relaxes and becomes receptive, as when one is listening to a strain of rich and delightful music. There is nothing that rouses either to heroic purpose, or any resistance, or critical intensity, or explosive mirthfulness; everything tends to an optimistic acquiescence and a self-contained peace. It is rare to meet such a man as the author in these days of intense living, and equally rare to find such a book in an age of literary sensationalism. It is grateful to get the volume, and pleasant to read it in fragmentary snatches. It has some drawbacks. It echoes Emerson too much and too feebly; its material is too indiscriminately gathered together; it has too many weak and commonplace places among those that are admirable; it has too many indifferent quotations along with such reward reproduction; its childlike spontaneity wears the aspect of egotism and garrulity at times, and then it loses its attractions; it runs to the verge of doggerel and bathos in some of its rhymes; its different thoughts antagonize; and when it touches the highest themes it fails to treat them adequately. But in its way it is a rare and choice book, the fine and unstrained art of its contents being equally noticeable with its high mechanical excellences.

THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM, and other Poems. By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872. 16mo. pp. 129. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

Sweet, and mellow, and artistic, and reverent, and full of fine humanity and appreciation as ever, is the Quaker poet in this new product of his meditation and his muse. The leading poem gives us a fine and most attractive picture of one of the eminent Friends who came over and settled in Germantown, Pa., in the early days of the colony at whose head stood William Penn. It is Francis Daniel Pastorius who is drawn forth from the obscurity of the past and set before us in so clear a light and so attractive a guise. Imagination has greatly helped in executing the portrait, and Mr. Whittier has set before us, perhaps unconsciously, his ideal man,—an enlarged and perhaps improved edition of himself. It is a very charming picture in its way, and some of the separate features of it are as exquisite as anything heretofore coming from the same source. Lack of room alone prevents our quotation of some of the richer and more beautiful stanzas. But it is better to send the reader to the volume itself where he has the entire product before him. The briefer pieces have nearly all appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and most of them have been quoted in these columns. There is not one but deserves the distinction here accorded to it.

STORIES AND POEMS, by Mother and Daughter. —Caroline Gilman, and Caroline Howard Jervey. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1872. Square 16mo. pp. 293. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

THE CHILD OF THE ISLAND GLEN. By Elijah Kellogg. Illustrated. Same Publishers, &c. 1872. 16mo. pp. 336.

PICKED UP ADRIFT. By Prof. James DeMille. Illustrated. Same Publishers, &c. 1872. 16mo. pp. 335.

The first of these volumes is a collection of just such stories and poems as will always prove welcome to children who read. They do not lack in vivacity, imagination, sweetness, humor, information, and a quiet and attractive pathos. The number is large, the variety great, the zest all-pervading, and the pictures full of suggestiveness and spirit. It will make the little people quietly happy for many a day.

Mr. Kellogg adds a fourth volume to his Pleasant Cove Series, which, on the whole, is the best among his always excellent, wide-awake and stimulating books. He has speedily attained a high place as a writer for boys, and he is likely to hold it. He knows what boys desire and need, and deals with them accordingly. This last volume is racy, full of information, and while having a serious undertone, effervesces with animal spirits and jollity.

Prof. DeMille is readily pronounced a capital fellow by wide-awake and adventurous boys. It would be strange if it were otherwise. His B. O. W. stories, of which this is the fifth installment, are almost unequalled in the qualities that take with such readers. It abounds in narratives of peril and escape, somewhat after the Robinson Crusoe order, and has similar things to recommend it. It exalts the heroic and resolute, sets the rough and vigorous above the polished and dainty, and its occasional jets of audacity and rollicking humor are quite in keeping with what is peculiar to Young America. It is a tonic for young minds, as camping out in a storm or a pedestrian excursion to the White Mountains is to the muscles and nerves.

THE ADVENTURES OF A BROWNIE, as told to my child. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1872. 18mo. pp. 139.

Miss Mulock has really made out a most charming and suggestive account for the young people, having just enough of the fairy, imaginative and wonder element to excite and keep alive interest. It embodies superstitions that still have a strong hold upon life in some portions of Great Britain, and they are made to serve real ends. Her skill is not less noticeable here than in dealing with higher and more serious themes.

THE YOUNG DECLAMER: Being a collection of pieces in Poetry, Prose and Dialogue, designed for the use of pupils in intermediate schools. By Charles Northend, A. M. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1872. 16mo. pp. 205.

There are merit, variety, adaptation and genuine life in these exercises. Nothing on the same plane has appeared perhaps which is really better; nothing is likely to appear that is above severe criticism. The fault we seem to discover is a stilted stiffness and propriety in the style of many of these pieces, and a lack of the freedom and vim and vivacity which the young demand. But the book is worth buying and using.

THE FIRE FIGHTERS. By Mrs. J. E. McConoughy, author of "The Hard Master." New York: National Temp. Socy & Pub. House. 1872. 16mo. pp. 294.

EVA'S ENGAGEMENT RING. By Margaret E. Willmer. Same Publishers. 1872. 16mo. pp. 189.

These two temperance tales would bear a large amount of emphatic approval and even of specific praise. It may, however, be enough to say that the first is one of the best among the many excellent juvenile books of the same class that even this House has published. And that is very high commendation. In vividness of portraiture, absorbing interest, power of impression, and effective dealing with the evils of drinking, it stands very high.—Its companion is every way excellent, and sets forth both the mischief and the peril of that species of indulgence in the cup which is deemed moderate and called fashionable. The issues of this House ought generally to find a place in all the libraries to which the young have access.

THE LIFE OF HENRY WILSON, Republican Candidate for Vice-President. By J. B. Mann. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. octavo. paper. pp. 120. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

It is a poor portrait of Mr. Wilson which faces the title-page of this book, grievously failing to do him justice. But the biography is well done. It is plain and straightforward as became the subject, telling the story of his noble and manly career from the unpromising beginning until now, keeping mostly free from extravagant panegyric, exalting only what deserves honor and making the lesson of his life at once plain, practical, valuable and cheering. Putting out of sight the special political ends which its issue just now is meant to serve, it is only just to say that it is such a story as will do the boys and young men of America good to read.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, an illustrated magazine for the people. October, 1872.—This issue closes the fourth volume in a way hardly less than magnificent. Six of the articles are illustrated; its five poems give out genuine music; some of the papers are of high and special excellence; the variety is great, and the editorial work is done in Dr. Holland's best style. The programme for the next volume, beginning with the issue for November, is one that promises still better things. We rather expect them too, for the promises from that quarter are likely to be kept.—New York: Scribner & Co.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. October, 1872.—Harper is bound to lead. To do this it is ready for an outlay and enterprise that would have frightened the boldest publisher fifteen years ago. In its illustrations it defies all competitors. And in securing such regular contributors as Castelar, Miss Thackeray, Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade, all of whom are employed, and contribute to the present number, it shows what it can do and means to do. Down the Danube and Nathaniel Hawthorne are very fine papers, and the usual variety and interest run through the number, making it both rich and entertaining.—New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, devoted to literature, science, art and politics. October, 1872.—The Atlantic may be always counted on with confidence. It never seriously disappoints. The resources on which it draws never fail to yield what is worthy of







## News Summary.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

The finance committee of the projected jubilee in Cincinnati in May next, have resolved to raise \$50,000 guarantee fund. The festival will last six days.

The opulent stranger has boarded out \$2,500,000 worth in New Hampshire this summer.

St. Augustine, Florida, is brushing up for the expected influx of northern visitors.

There are about 25,000,000 feet of lumber in the Bangor, Me., docks now.

Mrs. Stenhouse, the wife of a Mormon bishop, has taken the lecture-field against polygamy.

The ladies of Texas will provide a monument for the grave of General Magruder.

A well-dressed young man, revelling drunk and reeling in the streets, was a spectacle offered the citizens of Bangor, Me., the other day.

The stoppage of the oil production in Pennsylvania is creating a great deal of local excitement, and its effect is already very apparent in the market.

The second trial of Mrs. Fair for the murder of Colonel Crittenden has resulted in her acquittal on the ground of insanity.

The stamp duty has expired, and hereafter no stamps will be required on any legal document except bank-checks, drafts or orders to be drawn at sight.

It is stated that the Spanish government proposes to submit to arbitration its claims against the United States on account of damages sustained by filibustering expeditions leaving our ports for Cuba.

Secretary Fish has returned to Washington. He and Secretary Belknap are the only cabinet officers in the city.

Louis Zellner, sentenced to the Albany penitentiary for six years for counterfeiting, has been pardoned by the President, on the recommendation of David Dudley Field and other gentlemen.

General Francis A. Walker, commissioner of Indian affairs, has been offered the professorship of the Sheffield scientific school of Yale College.

A despatch from Salt Lake City says that the Indians have all returned to their reservations, and are peaceful and quiet.

The workmen on the Mount Washington-Railroad have a way of adjusting a board to the rails, and sliding down very fast. On Saturday a Frenchman was descending rapidly, and a heavy mist prevailing, he ran into a locomotive, killing him instantly.

A long list of disasters on the lakes, the result of the storm on Saturday and Sunday, is reported. Many lives were lost.

Andrew Hunter is the liberal republican candidate for governor of Arkansas.

The decrease in the national debt during the month of September was \$10,377,343.00.

The Hon. Joel F. Asper, member of the forty-first Congress from the seventh Missouri district, died in Chillicothe Tuesday, 1st. He was born in Adams county, Pennsylvania, April 20, 1822.

The Hon. E. R. Hoar was nominated for Congress at the republican convention of the new seventh congressional district held in Lowell, and the Hon. C. C. Esty of Framingham was nominated by the representatives of the republicans of the old seventh district to serve out the unexpired term of the Hon. George M. Brooks of Concord, resigned.

Government has received information of extensive smuggling on the Gulf coast, from Key West to New Orleans. The manner of perpetrating the frauds is by running goods along the Gulf shore and thence into the interior to railroad points.

The reported anti-progressive movement in Japan is denied by late and official advice. Minister Mori has resigned, but against the wishes of his government, he has raised his rank to that of minister resident. He will, however, remain in Washington at present. A disagreement between Prince Iwakura and Minister Mori is reported.

The British and American Mixed Claims Commission is rapidly finishing up its business.

The President has called for the Department reports, that he may prepare his annual message.

Among the claims of British subjects against the United States is that of an Irishman, who seeks to recover \$900,000 for six hundred days' imprisonment during the rebellion.

Buckley, a police justice in Brooklyn, has been indicted for intoxication while on the bench and dereliction of duty.

A large number of miners have returned to San Francisco from the Arizona diamond fields, their expedition being unsuccessful. They denounce the diamond excitement as a fraud.

An arch of the iron bridge in course of construction across the Kansas River between Wyandotte and Kansas City, Mo., fell on Friday, killing Mr. Walker, superintendent of construction.

The government has taken no recent action under the Ku-Klux law, no complaints being received which would have authorized it.

There were seventeen deaths by small-pox in Boston last week, and eighteen new cases reported on Saturday.

The chief of police and a detective of Jersey City have been arrested on the charge of implication in an attempted bank robbery in that city.

## FOREIGN.

Spain is about to send more troops to Cuba.

Eighteen thousand persons left Metz the last fortnight to seek homes under the French jurisdiction. The population of that city now numbers only 10,000.

During the past three months 54,000 emigrants sailed from Liverpool for America.

Nine persons were killed and a large number injured by an accident to a passenger train on the London and Edinburgh Railroad Wednesday.

There is an epidemic among horses at Toronto, Canada, of a fatal character. Almost all the horses belonging to the street car companies and livery stables are afflicted. Over 700 horses are now sick.

A son of Sir Stafford Northcote died in London on Friday.

The journals of Paris have opened subscriptions for the relief of the Alsations who left their homes and retained their French citizenship.

It is reported that Russia is dissatisfied with the attitude of the radical party in France and has withdrawn the congratulations extended to President Thiers.

The report that Spain had claims against the United States, which she proposed to submit to arbitration, is denied.

The Queen of Sweden is a novelist. She writes for the press over the nom de plume of Almie Arden.

Liverpool has half a dozen self-styled American bar-rooms, and all a very profitable business.

## Paragraphs.

The movement in favor of the higher and more thorough education of women is surely progressing in Germany. Industrial associations and schools for women have been established in Breslau, Leipzig, Hamburg, Prague, Vienna, Berlin and Bremen. The one in Vienna has already given instruction to 700 women.

The Japanese government has taken a decided stand in the coolie question. The Peruvian ship Maria Luz, having been driven into Yokohama by stress of weather, the government has seized her as a slave, and will, it is said, release her after freeing the coolies, who say that they were deceived, and supposed when they signed the papers that they were not going to a foreign country. There can be little doubt but that the coolie trade is little better than a whitewashed slave trade, and the example of the Japanese government should be followed by those of other nations.

A papyrus more than three thousand years old has been found in an ancient Egyptian tomb. The papyrus, which is one hundred and twenty feet long by eighteen inches wide, contains an address to his people by Rameses III. (the Ramesis of Herodotus) on the great events in the reigns of himself, his father and his grandfather. The king particularly speaks of his restoration of the ancient Egyptian religion and re-erection of the temples. The king's address has been translated by Dr. Ebers of Leipzig, and as it sheds a great amount of light on the study of the Mosaic law and religion, it will doubtless be extensively published.

Lady Burdett-Coutts has an income of £200,000. It is told of her that recently a certain bishop with whom she had been acquainted for many years, applied to her for money to help to build a church. She had no such confidence in him, she said, as much as two or perhaps three thousand pounds. The bishop filled it up with thirty thousand, and that was the last money or the last word he ever got from Lady Burdett-Coutts.

A New York company manufactures 100,000 pies each week.

The number of passengers conveyed over the European and North American Railway for the month of August was 30,322, an increase of about \$8,000 over July.

Iron ore is found in large quantities in Northern Arkansas, and parties from New York and Pennsylvania have visited that vicinity the past season with reference to the manufacture of iron.

If a person "faints," place him on his back and let him alone; he wants arterial blood to the head; and it is easier for the heart to throw it there in a horizontal line than perpendicular.

None but a Vermontor, they think in Washington, would have written to the pension office as follows: "Have my name dropped from the pension rolls, as I can do nearly as much work as ever, and feel in my heart that I can do without it better than the government can pay it."

Atlanta, Ga., is the coming great inland city of the South. Its railroad lines, diverging to all points, make it a great distributing center, and its rolling mills, machine shops, flour mills, cotton establishments, car works and other manufacturing establishments give it articles of its own product to distribute broadcast over the country.

The general superintendent of the Michigan Central Railroad has forbidden the sale of whiskey, ale, beer or other intoxicating liquor along the line of that road in any of the eating-houses attached to the stations. This action was induced by the frequency with which accidents and mishaps occurred through the use of intoxicating liquors.

A Stockbridge boy recently attended the Episcopal service for the first time. When the rector appeared with his white robe, our juvenile's curiosity was excited, and watching the minister with open-mouthed wonder until the close, he asked his mother, as they came out of church, "Does he put that on to look like the Holy Ghost?"

Chicago has discovered an addition to its list of attractions in a cemetery which possesses the property of petrifying bodies interred therein. A baby lately exhumed there was so perfectly "marbled" (Chicago vernacular) that its relatives wanted to take it home as a mantle ornament, and it is now suggested that a company be formed to bury people in artistic attitudes and thus establish a statue-factory to supply art galleries throughout the world.

There are not a few young people who find both enjoyment and profit in keeping a scrap-book. One difficulty with which they have to contend is in getting a paste which will neither mold nor stain the paper. For the benefit of such we pass along the statement that the best paste for scrap-books is made of corn starch. Dissolve a small quantity in cold water, then cook it thoroughly, using care not to have it too thick. It should be thin enough when cold to apply with a brush. This is the kind used by daguerreotypists on "gem" pictures.

Tobacco has many things to answer for in this world. When left around loose it makes inquisitive children sick; when it is burnt the smoke smells badly and taints the clothes and the curtains. And now the *Courant* of Edinburgh, Scotland, records an additional evil of its use. Two young women were out walking one evening recently, arrayed in those gossamer garments so dear to a woman's heart. By chance they met a young man who was smoking a cigar, from which a spark of fire was wafted upon the summer wind to the fluttering robe, the breeze fanned it to a flame, and before the fire was extinguished the young woman was severely burned. As a climax to this, an English journal reports that recently in Canterbury a woman's dress caught fire from the ignited remnant of a cigar—technically known as a "stub"—and before help arrived she was burned so severely that it was feared she would die.

There are 3785 confectionery shops in Paris.

A German musician has set his last will and testament to music.

Charles Reade will write the Christmas story for the *Graphic*.

The twelve great nations of the world own 285 iron-clads.

The German women in Dresden now imitate the gay elegance of the American ladies who, through that city, and the quiet costumes that used to prevail are seen no longer.

The European monarchs are generally fond of horses, and good ones, too. Queen Victoria's horses are valued at \$50,000, King William's at \$65,000, Francis Joseph's at \$140,000, Victor Emmanuel's at \$100,000, Czar Alexander's at \$93,000, Leopold's of Belgium at \$90,000 and the Sultan's at \$500,000.

Diamonds have been found in nearly all gold producing countries. Two have lately been found near Placerville, California, one weighing nearly one carat, and the other three times as much as that.

Miles Boisgontier, a Parisian architect, died recently in the hospital. She at one time lived in great splendor. She possessed a silver bath which she regarded as a sort of fetish, and believed that it secured her good fortune so long as she kept it. One day, however, she sent it to the mint to be coined, and invested the proceeds in Immobile shares. From that moment she began to descend, until she fell into the greatest misery, and finished her days in a hospital.

## Rural and Domestic.

## Cheap Ditching.

An English laborer, with a large family, who settled in Canada on a large tract of wet land, has made it dry and productive, and has in proportion become prosperous and comfortable in circumstances. His system of ditching as detailed by himself may be of value elsewhere, hence we condense it. The land, when he took it, was one mass of strawberry plants when it was dry, and there was a great swale across the hundred acres; so that with foulness of dry peat, and the flooded state of the wet, he did not realize any sort of profit, and hardly expenses, from his first crop; so that although it was rented land, he determined to drain it, and did so.

He plowed out as much as he could, and then went to work with scrapers. He took out the loose soil with the scrapers, and removed it to the low places, so that he both ditched and filled up depressed places at the same time. After removing all the loose dirt with the scrapers, he plowed again and scraped out. He says: "I never leave steep sides to my ditches, but prefer depressions in the ground; and for that purpose, wherever it wants it, we cross the ditch with scrapers, as well as go lengthways. This saves further trouble, and all danger to sheep or cattle or horses, by getting on their backs in the ditch, and so being lost—Besides, I find that I get better grass in the slope than in the flat, and it all bears a heavy crop, except just in the water way, and when I put it into grain it bears a splendid crop right down to the water furrow in the bottom. Moreover, when I do it in this way, I can always plow across the ditch if I want, and take it altogether it is a much better plan. A pair of horses with a scraper will remove an immense quantity in a day, and besides can put it just where it is wanted; but if I ditch with a spade, the earth can only be thrown out on each bank, as far as a man can heave it; and if you want it to go further you must cart it, and then you have to move it all again, so that it is twice the labor it would otherwise be. And besides all this, myself and my boys think it a deal the better plan for the horses to do the hard work rather than ourselves. I have in other places made ditches three and even four feet deep, through rising ground; and although they are wider than the actual flow of the water requires, yet I find the profit of other ways. The ditch in question across the 100 acres was fully sixty rods long; it averaged two feet deep and was wide enough for the team all through; it was well sloped on the sides, it only took us three days to finish it—three men and two horses, with plow and scraper. This year I have a splendid crop, and good promise for future years. I have all the hollows near by filled up, have got rid of all the strawberry and other weeds, and now have a fine field in stead of a rough pasture, that was a scandal to the farm. This is not the first work of the kind I have done either for myself or others, and I have always succeeded well, and the work done in this way has given the best satisfaction. You will see that this ditch has cost me, even at a dollar a day wages for the men and two dollars for the horses, not quite twenty-five cents a rod; and we have moved from three to four times as much earth as we could have done with spades and shovels; besides doing it for all time, for this will never founder or be trodden by cattle, and all it can ever want again is a double furrow in the bottom of it, and generally a single turn-water furrow will be sufficient. Besides, at the above rates you will see that we have earned excellent wages, although of course we don't found much on that."—N. Y. World.

## Plant Food.

If we make chemical examination of wheat, we find that what we are able after moistening to rub off from the kernels with a coarse towel, is made up of woody fiber and differs but little from the dry straw of the plant. The next wrapper, which is a continuous one, contains the most important constituents of the seed, holding the phosphate salts and the nitrogenous ingredients. Here are stored up the little atoms of phosphorus of lime, magnesia, soda, and potassa, which fibers have the microscopic mouths of the root sucked from the soil in which it grew. The office of the plant has been simply of transference; it has transferred from the soil the earthly particles—lifted them from their low estate to the highest within its power to attain—placed them in position to meet the requirements of men and animals. Now, can the plant grow, and the seeds mature, unless the soil contains these salts? It may grow, and even luxuriately; but shriveled and imperfect seeds, few in number, will occupy the little pockets in the head, where, under the nourishing influence of a properly adjusted soil, the grains would round out with that plumpness that causes the husbandman to rejoice.

It follows, then, that phosphoric acid is needful for the proper development of wheat seeds, and moreover, as the gluten which holds the salts in nitrogen, that element is essential to its growth. The truths are a part of those which chemistry reveals to us respecting the constitution of the wheat berry. New England soils are deficient in these elements. Lime and the phosphates were never stored up in them in abundance, and through the successive croppings carried on by our fathers, men and animals have absorbed into their bony frameworks the little which had accumulated during the ages. The inference which seems to follow from these considerations is, that we have only to supply soil deficiencies, sow our wheat, and casting aside all doubts and anxieties, patiently await the abundant harvest.

And why should we not do this? Have we not solved all necessary problems? Have we not learned by analysis what food is wanted, and have we not furnished it? Have we not learned precisely the constitution of the vegetable structure, and its needs? Do we not understand the nature of its appetite, and how it must be fed? Certainly we do. Why then should we meet with failures? Because, we can not bring under control all the conditions of vegetable growth. We could better command success, were there no uncontrollable influences to be taken into account. The chemist can not order meteorological agencies. He finds in his examination of plants, that they contain an abundance of water, and he also learns that vast quantities are constantly being exhaled during growth, and still another most important fact stands out for recognition; the food he supplies, must be soluble in water, and by its agency, voyaged through the microscopic canals to its appropriate resting place. Water, then, is needful for perfect development of plants and seeds. Heat must also be supplied. The clouds must let drop the rain, and solar rays supply the diffusive warmth, else the husbandman returns from his harvest in sorrow, and Science fails to aid him. Let us not unjustly condemn its teachings, because it is unable to control the caprices of the seasons.

It is seldom, however, that crops utterly fail from the withholding of heat and moisture. Our fields are clear because of starvation, because we do not supply through the soil the food which plants require. Chemistry teaches what had already been learned from observation and experience, that in feeding vegetable growth, the kind of aliment depends greatly in different organisms. There are certain great families of plants which have

diversified appetites, and they must be gratified in their tastes or they refuse to bring forth their like. We know what they require, and we obtain hints as regards the best method of supplying their wants.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

## Vitality of Weed Seeds.

I venture the assertion that the efforts usually put forth to destroy the chickweed always result in increasing the pest for the stelleria family, of which there are seven or eight varieties, possess the power of ripening their seeds, if need be, before they are half matured in size; so that when the plants are chopped up by the hoe and left to die on the surface of the soil, millions of these seeds will ripen sufficiently to retain the germinating power, and that, too, when the seeds are so small as to be scarcely visible. The *S. Media*, as botanists name the chickweed that infests our gardens, produces seeds as hard as shot. The same, too, may be said of the purslane and many other weeds. Now, if these weeds be merely taken up and carried to the dung heap, the seeds will not rot in an ordinary compost, but will be brought back to the garden where they will grow again. To fight weeds successfully, they should be chopped or pulled out as soon as they appear above ground, and should be at once removed, not to the dungheap, but to some separate limbo in a corner, expressly set apart, and there undisturbed let them severely alone, year after year to rot, seeds and all, on the surface of the ground.

## Steam Plowing.

It is a singular fact that, with all the practical progressiveness to which as a nation we are justly entitled, we are behind all Europe, and even behind old Egypt, in availing ourselves of the very important advantages of steam plowing. In the cultivation of large tracts of land, steam plowing is undoubtedly more efficient, as well as more economical, than the present system. Our English cousins fully appreciate this. There are in England several different establishments employing over twelve hundred men each in the manufacture of steam plows. The plan found to work best in Great Britain, is to have organized companies who hire out their steam machines and do the work by contract, and it is said that more than five hundred steam plows are thus held for hire. The success of the experiment is proved by its working on a tract of five hundred acres near London. So poor was this land deemed that it would not bring a rent of three dollars per acre, but after being plowed by steam it brought a clear profit of \$18,000 on grain crops. Scotland also finds no difficulty in making steam plowing "pay." In Germany the same mechanical force meets with general approval, while further in the East the Pacha of Egypt employs four hundred of these plows.

In those countries the lands are old, and thoroughly freed from all obstructions, which may account for the more extensive use of steam plows. Then, again, the land being held in immense estates, the proprietors are able to purchase and use them with great economy, and their expensiveness would preclude small land owners from the possibility of availing themselves of their advantages.

But our western prairies are naturally level and free from obstructions, and there seems to be no existing reason for their not being plowed by steam other than the reason which causes the Turk of Asia Minor and the Greaser of Mexico to use a wooden plow instead of an iron one—to wit, thriftless ignorance. The use of the steam plow is no longer an experiment, as the above English statistics prove. It but remains, therefore, for our western farmers to club together and purchase them, using them first for themselves, and then doing their neighbors' plowing by contract, making money by the operation. If the members of a new colony, for instance, would combine and purchase one of these plows, it will do more plowing in a single day than all the men together, leaving the laborers free to perfect all the other details necessary to establishing themselves; or private individuals might purchase them and plow by contract, as is now done in many instances, with reapers and mowers, and almost universally with threshing machines.—*The Free Lance.*

## Effects of Stagnant Water.

A year or two since, a paragraph went the rounds of the papers, and among them published in these columns, relating the fact that a young physician in Central New York had been experimenting on himself by drinking stagnant water. He found that after drinking it, his blood contained the same particles of organic matter that are seen by the use of the microscope, floating in the water, and concluded that fevers might be induced by the use of such water.

Not long since, we published in our agricultural columns an article containing facts in English experience and given in the *London Milk Journal*, showing how contagious diseases were spread by the careless exposure of milk to the atmosphere of the room where patients were sick, and by persons milking the cows and handling the milk just as they were recovering from small-pox, scarlet fever, or other contagious diseases. It also gave instances of fevers caused among the patrons of milkmen who used bad water in washing their cans and milk-pails.

These were startling revelations, and showed the importance of care and caution in the management of milk. We now have an instance, nearer home, showing the necessity for the same care and caution in the production of milk, or in the food and drink of cows. It has long been known that the flavor of milk is very much affected by the food which the cow eats. Every family has had, at some time, the taste of leeks in their milk. The drink of the cow has an equal effect on the character of the lacteal secretions.

Prof. Law, of Cornell University, has recently had his attention called to milk that had an unusual rosy and bad appearance. Applying the microscope, he found it full of the vegetable organisms called fungi, peculiar to stagnant water. On inquiry, he learned that the cows of the dairyman had only stagnant water to drink. An examination of the water revealed the same class of fungi. Carrying his investigations farther, the blood of the cows was found teeming with these fungi, and the animals were in a feverish, unhealthy condition.

This is an instance of tracing effect to cause which is conclusive and convincing. Prof. Law deserves the thanks of the community for the thoroughness of his investigations, and our dairymen should be wise enough to profit by his discovery and see that their animals have plenty of fresh, sweet water to drink. Using the milk of cows having access only to stagnant water may produce not only sickness but fatal results. In such cases, there is indeed death in the milk pail. Dairywomen will see that it is impossible to make anything but a poor quality cheese out of such milk, and that one such mess as that examined by Prof. Law must inoculate and spoil a whole vat, producing cheese, filled with the seeds of rotteness and dissolution, which must be very unwholesome to the consumer.—*Utica Herald.*

A French girl, only twelve years old, neatly and tastefully dressed, has surprised the people of Vermont by her skill in the use of an axe. She cuts and piles up a cord of wood daily.

## Deep Plowing Done Gradually.

A correspondent, who has one of the finest and most productive farms in Western New York, who keeps in a high state of fertility by thorough cultivation and the growth of red clover, makes the following sensible remarks in regard to deep plowing.

A sudden bringing up to the surface of many inches of heavy clay, that has never been punctured by the roots of plants, and this too in the spring of the year, would probably injure the first crop. Clay subsoils are best brought to the surface two or three inches at a time, and that in the fall, so that the frosts of winter may mellow them down. The next spring, plow say twice as many inches deep as the clay subsoil is thick. This will mix things up so that even a crop of corn would be much improved by a deep fall plowing. If we had the power and tools necessary to go on with this process of bringing up the subsoil, and mixing it with the surface soil, until we had one foot or more of mellow soil that had been enriched by turning under repeated clover crops, and then under this foot or more of soil, we could run a subsoil plow of three feet, and so break the clay to a depth of three feet, the clover roots would have a chance to bring to the surface of our lands, a now lies dormant under the surface of our lands. This is the theory that I have constructed on the experience of a life-time as a farmer; and I have no doubt of its applicability on our lands here. I do not think it would do on all lands, but it is practicable here, or at least will be when we get the Steam Plow that can do the subsoiling for us. In the meantime we are doing the best we can in the direction I have indicated.

## Increase of Heart Disease.

The tendency of modern investigation into the influence of civilization on longevity seems to show a two-fold series of agencies at work. On the one hand, sanitary improvements and the lessened mortality from epidemics undoubtedly tend to diminish average death-rates; but on the other hand, there is practically much less improvement in total death-rates than might be expected if these ameliorating causes were not counterbalanced by the increasing fatality of other classes of disease, such as diseases of the brain and heart. It is important to recognize the precise facts. The excess may, probably, to some extent, be regarded as an unavoidable result of the great mental strain and hurried excitement of these times, in which steam and electricity mark time for us, in an overcrowded community, where competition is carried to the highest point, and where the struggle for existence, not to say for intellectual and other distinction, is carried on with sleepless and exhausting energy. But an evil recognized is half cured, and the intellectual classes, looking at figures such as those Dr. Quain has displayed at his interesting Luminous Lectures at the College of Physicians on Diseases of the Walls of the Heart, may well consider the propriety of attending to the hygiene of their lives, as well as of their houses; and to remember that, to enjoy and benefit by even pure air, soil, and water, they must avoid disabling heart and brain by the incessant labors which too often make useful lives joyous, and embitter the harvesting of the crop which has been too diligently sown. These warning figures tell that during the last twenty years, the total deaths of males at all ages from heart-disease has increased in number from 5,746 in 1851 to 12,428 in 1870. The percentage of deaths from heart-disease for 1,000 of population living was .738 between the years 1851 and 1855; it has risen to 1.068 from 1866 to 1870. This increase, it must be observed, too, has taken place wholly in connection with the working years of active social life. There is no change in the percentage of deaths from this in males under 20 years of age. Between 20 and 45 years of age it has risen from .553 to .709, and that almost exclusively in males. For females there is almost no increase in the percentage of deaths from heart-disease during the last 25 years of life from 21 to 45. These figures convey their own lesson, and warn us to take a little more care not to kill ourselves for the sake of living.—*British Medical Journal.*

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## The Markets.

BOSTON WHOLESALE PRICES. For the week ending Oct. 2, 1872.

CANDLES. MOLASSES.

Molds