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The Morning Star.

Volume XLVII.

DOVER, N. H., DECEMBER 11, 1872.

Number 50

THE MORNING STAR

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

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

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

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4. When a person receives premiums, no percentage on money for the Star is allowed in addition.

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

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but for the unprecedented employment of official authority, to the very highest, in the expression of public respect for one who was only by private right a public man. The graceful, unaffected tribute from the president, of kindness to the memory of his late antagonist and of national honor to one of the foremost of the nation's sons, is spoken of by all classes with peculiar pleasure and praise. To my own mind, so far as Grant is concerned, it simply contributes, though with most effective significance, to make the people better acquainted with a character that requires and rewards profounder study than most of them have yet given it.

While speaking of the President, who is not so common a sight to a New York as to a Washington correspondent, indulge me in the gratifying remark that he seems to be looking exceedingly well. And to readers who have never seen him, let me say that his face, full, fresh and florid with health, is as much better than the arid photographs and still more arid descriptions they have seen, as they could wish it to be. I wonder at the kind of eyes that find General Grant's face expressionless. It is rich in expression, though in a peculiar way. It is a face to turn again to, a face one wants to talk with, and to use a Westernism, it is of all things a face to "die to." If I should call it kindly, perhaps I should give it too soft a character; for it is, as they say, exceedingly impenetrable; if I should say benignant, that would make it too demonstrative for the life; but the word that seems to me fittest is humane or fatherly—and of that you can find a depth and magnitude and strength in Grant's face, all still, immobile, passionless, out of which, if you are a good face reader, you can read the Indian Policy, the capitulation of Appomattox and the author's subsequent commentary thereon, the generous and impregnable friendship, the motto "Let us have peace," the following of Horace Greeley's bier, and—as much more as you want of the same sort.

I admit that this may seem to be a digression. Yet it is what I saw at the funeral. To return then, to the people and their dead. The popular tribute was something memorable to witness. Making all allowance for more curiosity and sensational excitement, there was great honor and tenderness united in the great demonstration. Horace Greeley had long been the object of a deserved, and even more, a romantic appreciation as a man. To illustrate the touching simplicity which was even more unqualified by worldly guile in his admirers (as such) than in himself, a friend of mine, a very successful merchant and a very shrewd and critical judge of men, told me before the election, that although he had nothing in particular against Grant, he was going to vote for Greeley, just because he was so absolutely honest and sincere! Now if any body smiles at that, somebody else will be indignant: so let it pass. Nothing like this funeral has been seen since that of Abraham Lincoln, and it is hard to think of any body now, who if he should die in private life, could expect to receive so flattering obsequies. The double line of people pressing all day yesterday to look once more on so familiar yet memorable a countenance, averaged by an estimate I made with some care and measurement, 800 feet long. It was two deep and too long for me—I gave it up after half an hour wasted in moving 300 feet. Probably there were 1500 people in line at a time, and they were more than an hour getting through. Call it an hour, and there may have been 20,000, who paid their last respects to Horace Greeley in person during yesterday. Was not that enough? What need to exaggerate, as our reporters do, such a tribute as that? Trust me, I have taken care to be fully up with the truth in my statement. I said the obsequies could not be deprived of their imposing character. But the exaggerations and extravagances and ostentations of every sort, indulged in by those to whom Mr. Greeley committed himself so unfortunately in the last year of his life and who still unfortunately retained possession of his mortal remains and editorial seat, have been such as to detract as much as possible from the simple genuineness of the real honors, and such as would have offended Mr. Greeley's good taste and modesty intolerably, could he have foreseen them. It was a very common remark to hear, among the common people, "How gratifying it would have been to Mr. Greeley, if he could have known what honors were to be paid to him." Much of it, no doubt, would have been gratifying; much of it not so. Absurdity could no farther go than to say that the popular tribute to Mr. Greeley eclipsed that paid to Abraham Lincoln. And yet this is what Mr. Greeley's successor for the present in the *Tribune* has the effrontery to say. I suppose John Cochrane and our precious Mayor and Tammany officials were necessary to Mr. Greeley's downfall and death; but it does seem a supererogatory hardship that they must prolong their antics over his coffin, as chief managers of what should have been the decorous and modest duty of his near friends.

The motto on the City Hall, "We remember with pride his busy life," was no more than up to the moderate standard of aldermanic intellect and sentiment. But what shall we say of the palpable Cochraneism of the committee-proclamations, requesting, for instance, that the citizens close their places of business, hang them in

black and abstain from all secular pursuits during the day? Many disgusted citizens thought the style of the whole too much like a resurrection of the anti-election campaign committees and documents. There were no mourning decorations on the houses, to speak of, and no procession but in the carriages provided by the committee. On the news of the murder of Lincoln, the streets of New York began within half an hour spontaneously to robe themselves in black, and a vast multitude on foot walked after his funeral car when it left the city. Such demonstrations as these spring only from grief, not from sympathy and respect. To call for them, as our managers did, is really to insult the honored dead, if they could but have the sense to feel it.

The best thing I saw, and one of the best things of the kind I ever saw, was the act and pen crossed, with the motto, "It is done." What an exquisite epitome of the simplicity, the industry, the power, and the pathetic close, of Horace Greeley's life—that Titan son of toil! The floral emblems in the church were too profuse for the best effect. The words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," were very happily (but rather showily) arched over the front of the pulpit, and were also many times said and sung during the services. It seemed strange to a devout mind waiting on funeral solemnities, to sit through an hour and a half of oratory and oratory without a word of prayer; no recognition of God, no humiliation, confession or invocation of mercy; nothing to tell the plain truth (until the close) but fond reminiscence, and praise of mortal man: excepting, of course, and some of that, too, was pagan. Mr. Beecher's tender and touching address was worth all it cost to get an opportunity to hear it. So were Dr. Chapin's admirable discourse, and his prayer at last. I have nothing but admiration for these, as far as they went. But how anybody could "restrain prayer" for an hour and a half on such an occasion, preferring to talk and listen to music, seems painfully significant. However, it is a popular sort, this "religion of humanity," and I suppose I shall seem to many, "exactly" (quoting Dr. Chapin) as sour as sound.

Most sweet indeed it is to have heard from a death-bed, so sad in circumstances, the precious words "I know that my Redeemer liveth." It would be an error much more damnable than Universalism, not to hope that the faith that moved faint, breath to a last effort for that utterance, was more than a passively cherished conception of a God indulgent of impenitence and intolerant only of painful justice; albeit the contrition and self-renunciation, the prayerfulness and the spiritual warfare, of that "busy life," whatever they were, had been known only to God, and left no testimony for the benefit of other men. We can well hope that the heart may have gone beyond the head, and the practice beyond the preaching. And yet, for ourselves we had better remember that the rule and the probability with most men is just the reverse of that.

To me there is scarcely anything in history or in tragedy, more impressive than the last act in *THE LIFE AND DEATH OF HORACE GREELEY*. Most melancholy Act—most pathetic catastrophe! But probably nothing he could have done in a longer life would have gone so far to soften the judgment of mankind on his "last infirmity," as the tragical fall from the summit of expectant ambition into the abyss of rejection, and thence into the "lower deep" of death—the death of a broken mind and broken heart. He died, the doctors say, of "acute mania," which explains and justifies the mystery in which his whereabouts and condition were for some days enveloped from the public. Of the cause of his malady there can hardly be two opinions. Mr. Greeley was never a man to take defeat calmly, even for another. What it must have been for himself, at this supreme hour of his career as he fondly hoped, can only be imagined, from the grief to which he publicly abandoned himself on some former unfortunate occasions. Bull Run, if he could not have vented his anguish and self-reproach, as no other man ever did, through the *Tribune*. But this was exactly what he could not do at his personal humiliation and defeat. Every ounce of that terrible pressure had to be held without a safety-valve, and the iron gave way. If ever a grave was heaped with human charity enough to bury, not Mr. Greeley's few and mostly amiable defects, but a multitude of sins, it is the grave that draws to itself to-day the tender thoughts of millions.

Homeward.

One who has experienced a twelve years' exile can imagine the joy with which we looked forward to a return to our native land. We had never known a homesick or lonely feeling, and every day, freighted with its numerous cares and duties, had passed quickly by. We had hardly dared to anticipate such a journey, so it came like a pleasant surprise. The trip takes us through some of the most interesting countries in the world, and is the realization of one of the most cherished desires of boyhood.

Without relaxation of daily attendance upon daily duties the preparations had been carried on and were nearly completed when of a sudden it was thought best to leave on a steamer sailing the next day. What

could not be attended to in the short space of time remaining, was entrusted to faithful friends. Receiving many little tokens of affection and leaving not a few with tear dimmed eyes, we hurried on board the steamer, to have to wait an hour or two, for the tide to turn.

At last all was ready, the good byes all said, and the steamer moved off. It was not without some feelings of sadness that we turned our back upon the dear place we had for twelve years called home. How many memories of the past cluster here. How quickly these scenes pass in review. We had only time to get our things stowed away before we were outside of the river's mouth, and the vessel rolling and pitching in a way calculated to make a landsman sick. In a little over two days we reached Foochow, partially recovered from the sea-sickness. The steamer anchored at the river's mouth to wait for the tide to turn and raise the water on the bar, and we had a few hours to look at the shores and entrance to this beautiful river.

At length the anchor was taken up and we found ourselves in a narrow, crooked stream, with high mountains, in some places almost perpendicular, on both sides. Here, they are a little more sloping and terraced and cultivated to the top; there, they rise more abruptly, barren, rocky cliffs. A quarry is being worked near the top, and the products slid down a well-worn path to the water's edge, whence they are taken upon boats to Foochow, for building purposes.

These hills become more sloping and covered with verdure as we approach the anchorage, some ten miles below the city. As the steamer cast anchor and swung round with the tide a couple of us slipped into a Chinese boat which we chartered to take us to the city. With wind and tide favorable, our little craft flew over the water like a bird.

It was past the middle of February, and though milder than in Shanghai, still a cold day, and with overcoats on and wrapped in rugs we could scarcely keep warm. The boatman had his wife and family living on board in a little hole in the stern. There were two children—one about a year and another a little more than two years old, both with bare feet with cold, yet apparently used to it. The mother and children seemed cheerful and happy.

At the "Anchorage" the Chinese have a fine arsenal with extensive foundries and machine shops. Here they build line gunboats after the most approved models, and manufacture small arms and cannons. Here lie anchored all the large sailing vessels and steamers that visit this port. Small craft ascend to the city but can not go above on account of falls just there. From the "Anchorage" to the city the hills gradually disappear or come sloping down to the water's edge from a great distance. Orange and banyan groves dot the country in every direction, looking green and luxuriant. The winter grain is from eight inches to a foot in height, and the whole aspect of the country is more that of advanced spring than mid-winter.

As Foochow comes in sight, you see the chain of mountains surrounding it some ten or fifteen miles away, sometimes rising in abrupt and lofty peaks, then falling off into gentle slopes or undulations.

The scenery on the Min has been compared with that of the Rhine and Hudson. It is different, though in some respects, as beautiful as the Hudson. How it compares with the Rhine I shall be able to tell you by and by. In my next I will give you some account of Foochow. J. M. W. FARNHAM.

Jesus a Hiding Place.

What a beautiful appellation is this given to our Saviour! How rich and full of meaning! What a stronghold to run to for consolation in time of trouble! What a refuge wherein to flee as the storms of life beat hard upon us! What a filial confidence does it encourage, mingled with child-like simplicity! As a little child, wearied with its petty cares, runs to its fond mother for rest—as trials come too severe to endure alone, fears enlarged in its own weakness—how soon the throbbing head finds a hiding place in the mother's warm embrace! Faint emblem of the Christian's refuge.

The Ideal of Christ's Person.

The Christ of painters is blue-eyed and golden haired, and such a one never existed save in their imaginations. A blonde in the race of Syrian Jews is unknown. He was a brun (since we have no word in our language which describes a man with dark hair and eyes, and olive complexion) of that race. There are pious people who have recourse to a miracle to make him a blonde, with whom it is useless to argue. Generally, the stoutest defenders of his divinity believe that in taking on himself man's nature he subjected himself to the laws which govern it, and that he thus inherited the characteristics of the race from which he sprung. Leonardo, Guido, Raphael and other masters, created their Christ, regardless of historical requirements, and invested him with an ideal character he never possessed, according to their idea of the beautiful in art. This model, once imposed, has since been perpetuated by all painters, because they think blue eyes more spiritual than dark, and golden hair more godlike than black. They had an idea, too, that the

Jewish type of face was ignoble, which may have had some foundation from the degradation to which the race was forced for so many centuries by persecuting Christians, and they thus had their prejudices against investing the Saviour with the traits of a people whom they despised. But the Jew of Syria in the day of Jesus was, before his persecution and consequent debasement, perhaps the equal of the man of any other race in point of natural advantages. There are Syrian Jews now, in isolated habitations in Palestine, who are remarkable for their handsome traits.

A Religious Friend.

The minister must not be contented with being an ordinary friend. He is a religious friend, and he must not let his office sink into that of a gossiping neighbor. Ministers who spend most of their time in running about the parish, oftentimes sink into intellectual imbecilities. They love this easy work better than study, reading, the careful preparation of sermons, the considerate oversight of village interests and public improvements. A pastor must be a student to keep a really useful hold on his people; he must read, know, think more than they can, and feed them from an ever-growing mind and an ever-deepening piety.

Events of the Week.

HORACE GREELEY'S FUNERAL.

The funeral of Horace Greeley was from Dr. Chapin's church in New York, last Wednesday. Admission to the church was gained only by ticket, and the crowd that thronged the streets in the vicinity of the place was immense. The inside of the church was heavily draped in black, and so were most of the public buildings in the city. There were present Gen. Grant and hundreds of other distinguished men. Prominent among the pall-bearers were Senator Fenton, Erastus Brooks, the venerable Thurlow Weed, Wm. B. Astor, Wm. M. Evans, A. T. Stewart and others. Mr. Greeley's two daughters, the only surviving members of the family, were present, though nearly prostrated by grief. The ceremonies were very impressive, and the procession which followed the remains of the illustrious man to his tomb was of great length. Such men rarely die, because there are so few of them.

THE MEETING OF CONGRESS.

The last session of the forty-second Congress began last week Monday. The greetings were cordial, and the signs of bitterness over the results of the recent campaign were few. The House did a magnanimous thing in refusing to excuse Gen. Banks from the chairmanship of the committee on foreign relations, and a sensible thing in appointing a committee to investigate the Credit Mobilier charges. Charles Sumner appeared in his place in the Senate, but was attacked later in the week by his old heart difficulty, which caused him considerable pain and others much anxiety. The fears of his death haunt the minds of his friends like a ghost. The way in which business is taken up indicates a lively and straightforward session. Which the people would like to see.

MEETING OF PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

The presidential electors of New York, Pennsylvania, Maine, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Ohio, Arkansas, and Virginia met in their respective States Wednesday and cast their votes unanimously for Grant and Wilson. The votes of Indiana and Tennessee were thrown for Hendricks. In the Georgia college Gratz Brown received six votes and Horace Greeley three. The death of Mr. Greeley raises some question as to the proper course to pursue by the electors chosen to vote for him, which is not yet authoritatively answered. It suggests to the country the need of providing for a contingency like the present, for it is liable to occur at any time, and there is no constitutional way of meeting it.

ANOTHER POSTAL ANNOYANCE.

The Postmaster-General has decided that each copy of the Congressional *Globe* delivered to subscribers in Washington must be prepaid at the rate of one cent for each two ounces. Members of Congress, of course, do not pay, but those who receive the paper on their order do. This construction of the law is to be enforced for all newspapers delivered in the city where published. In the case of the *Globe*, as the size of the paper varies nearly every day, the rates of prepayment required continually vary, and the rule works great inconvenience all around. This, with the rule requiring double the unpaid rate on letters paid in part, is giving great and general dissatisfaction.

THE REVIVAL OF AMERICAN COMMERCE.

Mr. Lynch's bill for the revival of American commerce introduced in the House last week Tuesday extends the system of drawbacks to all materials, of whatever kind, used in the construction of vessels, to all ship stores, and allows a bounty on domestic articles used equal to the amount of duty which would have been paid had the articles been imported. The bill also allows the government to charter any vessels for the transportation of the mails built under its provisions and to assign naval officers to their command. Another bill proposes to

increase the American commercial marine by extending the system of drawbacks to all materials used in the construction of vessels and to allow vessels receiving drawbacks to engage in the coasting trade for months annually, instead of two, as under the law of last session. We need the "revival." Let the bills come in.

THE FISHERIES.

The bill to carry into effect the provisions of the treaty of Washington relative to the fisheries has been made a special order in the House for January 28, and will undoubtedly be passed without serious opposition. The success of the Geneva arbitration, and the favorable issue of every question thus far arising under the treaty, have effected a perceptible change of sentiment among the members of the House, and, with the favorable recommendation of the President, make the proposed enactment morally certain. The question of bounty to or indemnity of fishermen who will suffer by the enforcement of the treaty, will probably come up later in the session.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 2, 1872.

The two Houses of Congress commenced their third and last session to-day, at noon, both branches having a quorum present. For a half hour before the call to order, it was interesting to witness the cordiality with which the members, without distinction of party, greeted each other. In the Senate, Mr. Sumner, Mr. Fenton and Mr. Tipton were welcomed as warmly on all sides as were any of their peers; indeed, it seemed to a looker-on from the galleries that the era of good feeling and generous friendships had fully come, and that the end of all partisan bitterness was reached. Mr. Sumner looked hale and hearty, and if he does not enjoy good health, his appearance is no indication of the fact. He looks the picture of a healthy, vigorous and strong man of some sixty years.

Little besides routine business was transacted in either House to-day. Mr. Banks resigned the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Affairs in the House, but it was not accepted. This indicates that the administration will not ostracize the "liberal republicans," and I think the sober second thought of the great mass of the republicans will sanction this peaceful policy.

"Let us have peace." We can afford it.

The Speaker called Mr. S. S. Cox to the chair, took the floor and made a neat speech, and demanded a committee of investigation into the charges made during the campaign, connecting himself with the *Credit Mobilier*, denying, of course, all connection with the alleged frauds and bribes growing out of that fast-faded and silly political romance. The committee are Poland of Vt., Banks of Mass., McCrory of Iowa, Beck of Kentucky, and Niblack of Ind., with power to send for persons and papers.

THE MESSAGE.

The annual committee was appointed to notify the President that the two Houses were in session, and were ready to receive any communication which he had to make, and after a proper length of time, the committee returned, and soon thereafter the President's private secretaries appeared in each branch with the looked for message. You will make your own comments upon this document and will therefore expect nothing from me.

THE SESSION.

Some ninety days only are allotted to the duration of the Forty-second Congress, when it expires by limitation. What will it do during this brief period—deducting some 16 or 20 days for the holidays? Speculation is rife, and many are predicting an uncomfortable and a somewhat stormy session. I think, on the contrary, that though it will be a hard working session, it will be a harmonious one. The enemies of the Republican party have predicted, and some of the friends of the organization have feared that, flushed with victory, the dominant party would even in this Congress carry things with a high hand and with a deplorable rashness, that might prove mischievous to a lamentable extent. There is no such spirit manifest on the part of the working majority. On the contrary, every question of a political character, and every measure of grave public importance, will be wisely and calmly considered. The Republican party is the conservative party of the nation, in the highest and best sense of the term, and its members in this and the next Congress are patriotic and considerate gentlemen, who not only have the good of the party at heart, but more especially the highest good of the nation in their keeping. The opposition, should it attempt it, will fall to procure through this or the next Republican Congress, any unwise or ill-timed or disastrous legislation.

The refusal to accept Mr. Banks' resignation will doubtless be distasteful to strong partisans in the ranks of the Republicans, but it is an indication that the majority in Congress is assured of its power and can afford to be magnanimous; and moreover, that this government is not in the future to be run upon a narrow personal gauge, nor are the friends of the administration afraid of those who may possibly differ in some measure from the dominant party.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

By the opposition this is thought to be the rock ahead upon which either the President or Congress will be stranded. There is no more prospect of a collision between the President and Congress upon this question of civil service reform, than there is that the executive and legislative branches of the government will take opposite sides in respect to the proper enforcement of the cardinal and fundamental principles of the Constitution. The President has no cast-iron theories upon this question; neither has Congress. Both are in favor of this much needed reform in the civil service, and a plan which the wisest heads can devise will be developed in due time. Everybody sees the need of reform, and the way is open for the satisfactory adjustment of this question. In my next, I shall discuss this question more at length.

The weather is fine here to-day, mild as an Indian summer. For a few days it looked as though the Potomac would even this early be blocked with ice, but the balmy weather of to-day forbids it for the present. The temperature curve is in a prosperous condition for Washington at this time. Next Sunday evening Senator Wilson will address a flourishing society here, known as the Dashways. It is fortunate to have another good temperance man in the Vice-President's chair when Mr. Colfax retires. PHAROS.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1872.

Built upon a Rock.

My anchor is within the veil;
Whatever may my soul betide,
Against me nothing can prevail.
For God the Lord is on my side;
Though heaven and earth shall pass away,
My trust shall still unshaken stay.
The Rock of truth I now have found;
Here shall I ever stand secure;
I safely anchor in the ground
That shall forevermore endure;
When all the things of earth are fled,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
Nor waves nor storms can bring me harm,
While on this Rock I place my trust;
My strength is in the Almighty arm—
The shield and refuge of the just;
Here shall I dwell, and dwell secure,
And life's every checkered scene
Though winds of hell against me rise,
Their looks of wrath I will not fear;
While on the Lord my soul relies,
He shall for my defense appear;
He is my fortress and my tower,
My helper in the evil hour.
My house I build upon this Rock,
Which shall forever be my stay;
To fire, nor flood, nor tempest shock,
Shall its foundations ever give way;
But here shall stand forever fast,
As long as eternity shall last.

—Martin Luther.

New York Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Dec. 4, 1872.

THE FUNERAL OF HORACE GREELEY.

The extraordinary public and popular honors paid to-day and yesterday to the memory of Horace Greeley, could not be deprived of the imposing character which the sincere respect and still deeper sympathy of his fellow citizens would naturally impart. Hardly any other American had lived so much in the public eye, for the period of a generation, and his individuality was too peculiar and striking in every way, for him to live in the public eye unnoticed or faintly noticed by any. Hence his death engaged of necessity universal attention, as that of no other unofficial personage of his times could have done. More than this, he was, in a sense, one of the most popular of men. The laboring people loved him as one of themselves, who had in high prosperity never outgrown any of his sympathy for them, or of the homely characteristics of their class. The humane and benevolent of all classes also looked upon him as one of themselves, and prized his fearless, ardent, often self-sacrificing, devotion to all human interests as an ornament and a treasure to humanity. And even to those who were conciliated to him by no fellowship of caste, or of humanity, or even of party, there was something humorous in the simplicity of his very passions, that often than otherwise took much of the bitterness out of what he meant to make most bitter, and if it did not make him love his enemies, enabled him wonderfully to placate them without consenting to do so. As Mr. Beecher said to-day, while no man ever had more antagonists, few have had fewer enemies. One who meant well by every fellowman, the bitterness of ill will on either side could have stood before very few of his survivors and his mournful grave. Add to these things, that by his masterly ability as a popular writer, and by his sympathetic, passionate and aggressive ardor as a popular champion, he had so long been one of the recognized powers of the land, and that his death had occurred in so tragical a connection with a grand national struggle and result in which he had led the opposition to the President's re-election, in such extraordinary circumstances were found good reason, not only for the outpouring of general sympathy,

Communications.

An Important Witness.

[MR. EDITOR: The following from a frank, outspoken Englishman, must, I am sure, interest your readers, as it will show Americans who their true friends are in England. It is from a Calcutta newspaper. J. P.]

Santipore, Sept. 19, 1872.]

THE GENEVA ARBITRATION.

We do not know exactly what to make of the telegram, published in the Calcutta daily papers yesterday, concerning the Alabama Arbitration. The decision appears to be that England is to pay a sum of £3,000,000, and as an award of money was expected the sum can scarcely be deemed large. But what is meant by Chief Justice Cockburn, the English representative, refusing to sign the verdict, and what is involved in his refusal, we do not know, though we suppose that it will simply be the verdict, covering more ground than England ever admitted to be valid ground for arbitration. The English representative refuses his assent to the principle, while at the same time the verdict will carry all the authority that is needed to give it legal effect. England, we need scarcely say, never has admitted her liability in any way even for the Alabama, and still less for the Florida and the other cruisers that followed her. If therefore, the decision, even though involving a small money payment, covers a large field of liability, Justice Cockburn would probably refuse on that ground alone, to affix the name of England to a verdict, which he knew she would not accept in reason and love, though she had bound herself to accept it in fact. We hope and believe that the difficulty is at an end, and that we shall at no distant day see a return to good feeling and cordiality between our own nation and the noble Republic of the West.

No Englishman who knew much of English life at the time the Alabama escaped, will ever forget the feeling that prevailed in different English communities, when the fact of the escape was known. The feeling of the wealthy classes in England was as unsound and as earnest, as feeling could be, with respect to anything. We say "unsound," not from a wish to assume any point at issue, but because we believe that there is no sane man, acquainted with the facts, who is not now satisfied that the declaration of Southern Independence was a declaration for slavery, in fact—it is history—the declaration of a Slave Empire. But long after Mr. Lincoln's election, long after great battles had been fought, even the English Quakers doubted, and would have recommended the President to go back to Washington, and leave Richmond to itself. Happily the Americans were not made of stuff so pliable. In other respects the feeling of our own nation was sickening. A great mass of our public men were simply dishonest. The Southern Clubs comprised a very great part of the "Upper Ten." Lord John Russell kept talking about "Municipal Laws," as if America had anything to do with our Municipal Laws. What she had to do with was this:—"Do not you send out, or allow to be sent out, from your ports, pirates to prey on our peaceful vessels. Put on the curb, in which way you please, but give us justice, if you refuse us friendship." England's course was the simplest imaginable. The Alabama ought never to have left port. Mr. Laird ought to have received a notification that if she escaped he would be held responsible. Ah, the House of Commons cheered him till the House rang again, when he said that he gloried in building that vessel. Next, the Alabama ought to have been chased by the British Government, instead of which, she was received in British ports, and her officers entertained under the British flag. Yet, we are astonished that the Americans grew bitter, as one by one, and dozen by dozen their noble mercantile vessels were swept from the seas, and their carrying trade and the carrying trade of the world transferred to British bottoms. England was not a noble nation at that crucial time, but an utterly selfish, ignoble nation, whom her children in the long future will blush to own. We hope and believe that a day will come, when a truer generation would give more millions than even America claimed, to tear out that one disgraceful page from our history. It was difficult to find the well-to-do classes anywhere in England able to admit some of the simplest facts of right and wrong ever put before a people—as simple indeed as any command in the Decalogue. Liverpool was madly Southern. Manchester was doubtful in high quarters. We know from experience how the tide ran. The writer of this article termed, in an English journal, the Southern cause a cause of "Slave-holders," and the orders to "stop my paper," came in like a shower. He termed the Alabama a pirate, and another shower came, and that in a town liberal among the liberalists, by profession. It all came right in time, as such things always do, if one can trust firmly, but it was a hateful time. If we had only had a man of simple, direct purpose in the place of Lord John Russell,—a man who hated quibbling as he would hate the devil,—the Alabama never would have troubled us more.

We have all but said that England was untrue at that time. But she was not. She was redeemed by her poor, half-hungry artisans. The writer of this article had occasion to pass Preston one day during the worst of the cotton famine, in the dead of winter; and he noticed some hundreds of mill-operatives (there was no mistake about them) breaking up a field outside of the town. Everybody knows how ill-fitted they must have been for the work, with hands as soft as those of a lady, and whiffly whiffly legs that could scarcely keep upright in the cold. The writer left the train and went through the town, a scene of

desolation. Night closed in, and the lamps were lit, as if to make the streets colder and the scene more desolate. We believe it was a night of steel, freezing as it fell. And, in all that, a public meeting was held to consider the question of breaking the Southern blockade, to secure abundance of cotton, an end to the hateful pickaxe and shovel, a return to the old times of cosy Saturday nights, and happy Sundays with the good Sunday dinner, and the clean white shirt—alas, at that time laid aside—and the Sunday clothes. A man of the Southern club folk talked, but the people would not hear him. The poor wretches, perishing for want of food, voted for the North and freedom. We saw many similar meetings after that, but never one like that, all things considered. It was grand. It was as high above Lord John Russell and Mr. Gladstone, and Lord Wharfedale, and the, at best, silent Tory leaders—taking all the good that came from the Southern Clubs, and saying nothing—as heaven is higher than earth! For it was earnest and true. Now we shall have to pay for the Alabama. Let us pay and be thankful. If we are humbled we deserve it, and it will be worth all the sacrifice, if it only remains as a beacon to warn those who come after that in politics as in individual life, the only safe and noble course is the course that is right.

FRIEND OF INDIA.

Fulton Street Prayer Meeting.

Our regular New York correspondent thus sketches some features and incidents of the gathering for prayer which has come to be recognized as one of the noted institutions of the country:

A good degree of interest prevails in the Fulton street daily noon prayer meeting, as I observe on revisiting it after a period of unavoidable neglect. The attendance was full, and the exercises spirited and fresh, consisting in part, as they very commonly do, of the first addresses of men just rescued from lives of sin and filled with the joy and wonder of a new existence. There appeared to have been a new feature established since I had been there, in the person of an eloquent missionary in the Fourth Ward, who was speaking when I came in. He was speaking of his own return to his parents from the life of a prodigal and an outcast. They said to his older brother—for all the clothes he had on were not worth twenty-five cents. "James, haven't you an old suit of clothes that Fred can put on, till we see whether he is in earnest about this?" I was grateful for their kind reception, but I tell you, my friends, Jesus did a great deal better than that. He didn't lend me any second-hand suit of human righteousness, such as some of you are trying to borrow for a while, just to make yourselves decent a bit, but he gave me at once the very best robe, his own—just as he is ready to do for every one of you—just as he is doing every day to wretches as filthy and degraded as I was, down in the Fourth Ward!

A burly, jovial-looking man, a boss ship carpenter, rose, remarking that the friends he had newly found here wanted him to say something. He had been a hard case until within a few days, but he had been led in here and met with a great change. That man (referring to the speaker above quoted) had spoken to him here, and said he, "I fell right in love with that man. I had been to see a man on his death bed who had got religion, and he was dying so happy, when I got home I told my wife about it. 'Oh,' says she, 'I don't believe any thing about this getting religion when people can't sin any longer.' 'Well, then,' says I, 'wife, suppose you and I begin now, before our time's up.' Well, I took hold and went ahead there to home, as well as I knowed how. My boys and girls did n't know what to make of it, they'd been used to see me come home a cussin' and knockin' around, and when I set down to the supper-table, lookin' pretty solemn, Will, my oldest boy, come first, and he took up his knife and grabbed a piece of bread, and says I, 'Will, you better wait a little.' Then Jim, the next one, he set down and took his knife and grabbed a piece of bread, and says I, 'Wait a minute, Jim.' Then I called my oldest daughter—the second one, she's away on a visit, she do n't know about this yet—and told her to set down to the table, and my wife came and set down, and I asked a blessing before 'em all. The next thing we started family prayers. Then when Jesus Christ came to me, it was in the middle of the night. I slept nicely till about two o'clock in the morning, and then I woke up and it seemed he was there! I never knew what feeling happy was till then. I just threw my arm around my wife, she was asleep, and says I, 'Kate, I'm the happiest man in the world.' And so I am now. I'm going on with this, thank God, and I hope you'll all pray for me."—I could not but think this piece of genuine simplicity and original experience worth setting down.

Joy and Sorrow.

Our Santal Prayer Meeting, on Tuesday evening, the 17th, was unusually interesting. I read the account of Jesus healing the leper, and as the exercises advanced, our Santal neighbors began to drop in, and continued to come until we had a fair congregation. After seven or eight prayers had been offered, in this strange yet musical language, I called on Supal, a late convert and a man of strong natural powers of mind, to tell us how he had become free from his leprosy of sin. Supal spoke to the point, for about ten minutes, and was immediately followed in an animated strain by several others. In fact, we had a good and very encouraging season. It seemed all the more so, as so goodly a number of our heathen neighbors had, without any special invitation, attended. The proposal to have meeting again on Friday evening was readily responded to, and for one I began to feel

cheered with the prospect that those who had so long known something of the gospel were now about to attend to the things which belong to their peace. Nor did I appear to be alone in this happy feeling. Just as I rose to close the exercises, Kandun rose to say there was still a matter that required attention. And what is that? I asked. It will be named after the meeting is dismissed! All right. We are dismissed, the new attendants draw near and seat themselves in front of me. This looks encouraging! Now friends, speak; let us hear what you have to say at once. My curiosity was awakened. Could it be my neighbors were about to declare themselves for Christ? The leading man began, "We are in trouble. A number of our children have died." I was aware of the death of a little girl and two boys, before, whose friends, and especially whose mother, had made great lamentation. Well, thought I, here is a fine opportunity to speak of the doctrine of infant salvation. It must cheer these poor, blind creatures to be answered that all is well with those who die in childhood. This, I tried to explain. My hearers listened with some impatience. Soon the truth came out! Oh, the wretches, the wretches! Would I aid, or at least give my consent to have the old bags expelled from the village? Not meeting with a Cotton Mather there was a denurrer. A debate ensued. Bro. Supal again took the floor, stated that his father had been a great *Afha* (half doctor, half juggler), and of course he had been inducted into all the secrets of the craft, which he had, however, found to be all a system of lies, and had renounced accordingly. "But," resumed the witch advocate, "I have seen with my own eyes. Can I disbelieve my own senses? I have seen an arm bitten," &c., &c. I proposed they should suspend matters and pray for light. The next day I learned that this same man had actually beaten and driven out his own wife, for being a witch and eating one of his own children.

Well, last evening (Friday), a good number came again to our meeting, women as well as men. John 10:27, was read, and the blessed comfort and security pointed out, of all those who believe in and obey the Lord Jesus. Several good speeches were made, after a season of prayer. I think a good impression was produced. It remains to be seen whereunto all this will grow. The poor, blind Santals seem far more wedded to their belief in witchcraft than they are to any faith in their *bongas*, or gods. Oh, for light and illumination from above to chase the darkness from these poor, pur-blind souls, and lead them into the truth.

J. PHILLIPS.

Santipore, Sept. 21, 1872.

Wandering in Church Members.

BY J. FULTON.

"As a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place," Prov. 27:8.

The nest of a bird is the place where its dearest interests are. It is where it can be most useful. It is where it can have its greatest enjoyment. The declaration as to a man wandering from his place, living like the bird that wandereth from its nest appears.

1. In the case of those who spend their time unnecessarily away from home. The place of one's home is where as much time is to be passed as possible.

"Home, thy joys are passing lovely."

There, as a general rule, not only domestic bliss is to be found, but the purest of bliss on earth. Those who wander away, spend time at shops, stores, taverns, saloons, billiards, cards, or at some place where the vain and gay are found. They seek enjoyment, but where it can not be found. They are restless because away from their proper place.

2. Change of locality. Emigration is wise. Our country was settled and its population is being increased by emigration. The vast West is to be inhabited by emigrants. By this, the circumstances of multitudes are to be made better, and good to the race come.

But sometimes supreme selfishness moves and controls. One is at home, surrounded by friends, and where there can be great usefulness. Wealth, honor, or a desire for leadership induces to break away from all and go into new parts, perhaps a strange country. But the result is, out of place, restlessness, discontent, and misery. Professed Christians should seek wisdom before changing localities. "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy steps."

3. Changing church relations. Sometimes it is necessary to leave one denomination and unite with another. But this is not justifiable, except, (1.) When having a home where there is no church of their own particular faith. They may unite to enjoy church privileges and be useful, but in general it should be under protest,—that is, stating that they are not in union with all the sentiments and practices of those with whom they unite. (2.) When there is increased light and progress in religious doctrine and the liberty of church usages. In this sense, Randall progressed. He found the church with which he had united, formal, without spirituality, Calvinistic in principle and unscriptural as to baptism and some of its usages. He left, and became a member of another. So did Tingley and others. And to this day our denomination has been strengthened by some who have advanced in the true faith of the doctrine of the General Atonement, Free Grace, the baptism of believers only, and that by immersion, unrestricted communion, the independence of the churches and a Scriptural, free form of church government.

But other changes are but wanderings from one's proper place, away from home, from usefulness and enjoyment.

Note the following: "Reforms never go backward." This is so true that it has

passed into a proverb. "Let us go on to perfection." But to go back in doctrine and usages does not savor of following the true light. To change denominational relations because of some little disaffection, or with the hope of more pecuniary benefits, or with the idea of more honorable or easy places, is unworthy of a humble follower of Christ. And moreover, to those who have nourished into being, and helped make them what they are, it is ungrateful, to say the least. In general, it is wandering from home like the bird from its nest.

Just notice a few facts as to the practical workings of this. In a certain place, a church of another denomination was established, and a number of the F. Baptist church united with it. Not one of them added to its spiritual strength, never taking part in the social meetings, and after a time several of them left attending any meeting. In B., three or four left in similar circumstances, and just the same came of it. In C., one preparing for the ministry was studying in their Theological Seminary, and had some mind to unite with them. Some of their experienced ministers hoped he would not, thinking if he was not true to the interests of his own sect, he might not be to any. In D., an aged minister stated he desired that those who changed denominations might not come to his, as experience had shown that such changes were not useful.

Workers with God.

There is pleasure in being a conscious worker with God. Whether our place is in the front on the battle-field, or in some castle fastness, God works on a plan so uniform, that we may confidently expect harvest to follow seed time, and that the ingathering will not discredit the seed sown. But, if we are not laborers with God, and sow the wind and reap the whirlwind, the harvest, though legitimate, will disfigure us. Though modified in its development by surrounding circumstances, as temperament and education, human nature manifests itself, and repeats itself as it did long centuries ago; and as the panorama of today is unrolled, it is so like the scenes enacted in that long ago, that space and time are annihilated, and the resurrected dead again play their parts on life's stage, and the husbandman "goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed," and "shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Workers with God perform their appointed tasks, and the winds may blow or lull, the rains fall or the heavens be brass, friends fail or die, but God remains true and faithful still, and though the field be Marah's brink, and their cup of loathing a full draught of its bitter waters, yet when they turn to "come again," they begin to gather the sheaves, and when next they pitch their tents, they shout harvest home by Elia's wells and beneath her palm-trees.

When you have planted seed it is not necessary to try to have the wind blow from the quarter you think is best, or to regulate the quantity of rain that shall fall. You may have settled all that, and say the plants are weak and sickly, and can bear no more. You may put in operation all the machinery at your command, and stand by and regulate it, and an unexpected movement disarranges all your plans and makes you aid in establishing the very thing you had pledged yourself to overthrow. And as you look at the shattered engine, and at the feeble plants, that were to have nothing but sunshine, covered with *debris*, your meditations will assume this refrain,—"Truly we can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth."

Remedy for Icy Christians.

The *Christian Weekly* thus discourses on a matter which it is well worth while to try and understand:

The same correspondent, whose question respecting the proper way of dealing with dishonest skeptics we answered last week addresses us another query, which is in effect, How shall we deal with a type of Christians, of whom there are more or less in every community, whose religion is one of conscience, whose allegiance is paid only to law, whose God is justice, but not love, and who rarely get nearer Calvary than the base of Mount Sinai?

We speak not, nor does he, of conscious hypocrites, of men who put on a pretense of piety to hide a life of selfishness, whose religion is at the best only a poor veneer covering a character whose heart is worldliness. We speak of men whose religion is honest, but without geniality; men who are by nature hard, unsympathizing, unrelenting toward others, but equally so toward themselves; men who, in the church, the household, and often in the store, do everything by rule, and neither forgive in others or make allowance in themselves for any deviation or dereliction; men whose character is like that of Paul before his conversion, save that they are not persecutors of Christ, but his professed followers.

These men are frequently drawn and more frequently caricatured in religious and irreligious romances. In the latter they are sometimes portrayed as though they were a true type of a religious character. Literature ridicules them; what can the Christian minister do to remodel them?

We put the question to a clerical friend the other day, being somewhat perplexed by it ourselves, and received for answer, "Nothing; you might as well try to put fire into ice." This metaphor he intended to emphasize his declaration that nothing could be done; but to our thought it suggested the true solution of the problem.

While the iceberg abides in the northern seas it remains ice. The sun shines on it, the waters caress it in vain. But when

the currents float it down into the warm embrace of the gulf-stream, and it enters the new atmosphere brought from the southern tropics, though the tropics themselves are yet far away, it yields and melts, and is no longer. The remedy for an icy Christian is a revival of religion. So long as he stays in a winter atmosphere the doctrines of the gospel affect him as little as the rays of the sun affect the iceberg; and if any influence can loose him from his moorings and bring him into an atmosphere and current that flow from the tropical warmth of God's infinite love, the gospel begins to melt him, and his nature to change, and religion ceases to be law and becomes love, or, rather, it ceases to be a law of unforgiving justice and becomes the law of divine love.

But the permanent effect of a revival of religion will depend upon its being founded in a right knowledge of God.

Where the prevailing type of religion in the community is hard and legal, a religion of intellect and conscience only, one remedy is getting into the heart a truer conception of God. Some one has said with bitter sarcasm that every man makes his God in his own image. There is some truth in it; that is, we are constantly inclined to idealize ourselves and worship the ideal. But it is also true that we tend to conform our character to what our ideal of character is—that is, to our conception of God; and if a man's conception of God has been derived wholly or chiefly from Sinai; if he has never learned that Jesus Christ is truly God manifest in the flesh; if he has never understood that the Lord bore patiently with the disciples, healed the sick, taught the ignorant, sympathized with the suffering, took the little children into his arms and blessed them, wept at the grave of Lazarus, rejoiced at the wedding in Cana, was in the most literal sense a friend of sinners, in part for the very purpose of showing us how broad, and deep, and wide, and full of healing are the sympathies of our God; if he has never comprehended that we have a sympathizing High Priest; if he has never understood that God is love, then it is no wonder that he lacks the sympathies whose very existence he scarcely apprehends.

In a community of such men the minister's first work is with himself; his first thought must be for himself to know the love of God that passeth knowledge, to be full and overflowing with it; his second study must be how to convey that love in his sermons, in his prayer meetings, in his daily walks and conversation, to the hearts of his parishioners. Let him be as a gulf stream fresh from the infinite heart of God, as a tropic wind, summer-laden because coming from Him who gives summer to all souls, and little by little the iceberg will melt in the atmosphere he carries with him.

The remedy for a loveless religion in others, so far as human influence can afford a remedy, is an abounding and superabounding love in our own hearts.

S. S. Department.

The Country Sunday-school.

THREE PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Whoever you may be already in charge of a country Sunday-school, or projecting the organization of one, remember that one consecrated heart can stir up a whole neighborhood. The one great need of any country school is an earnest leader. He will attract to himself the heart of every child. This will win every parent. Earnest, indefatigable love can keep up a Sunday-school under the most inauspicious circumstances. The magnet, in spite of wind and wave, and blackness and tempest, points steadily toward the pole. A force silently woos it from afar, and it trembles thitherward in responsive longing. So woos true Christianity love, and this may throbb in your heart, brother or sister, and win childhood and age from neglected homes to the school, the sanctuary, the Saviour.

2. Remember that to be a successful Sunday-school yours need not be a large school. Ten pupils and two teachers may have a session full of enthusiasm and profit. Instead of expending your zeal in futile endeavors after large accessions to your numbers, make the school itself so profitable and instructive that every pupil shall of his own accord become an earnest missionary, and from personal assurance of its value persuade his fellows to join your ranks.

3. Emphasize Bible study. This is the one great means by which the Sunday-school is to benefit any community. Resolve, therefore, that your school this summer, however small it may be, shall be a Bible school. We commend to your notice the uniform lesson. "This is as practicable in the country as in the city. You will find nothing better than the Berean Series. Fill the country with Sunday schools. Let highways and hedges, fields and forests, bloom with the truth and grace of the Gospel. *How good is the work!*"

ACCOMMODATIONS AND APPARATUS. Your Sunday-school room is not like St. John's in Brooklyn, Grace Mission in New York, Benton-street in St. Louis, or the model school-room of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Akron, O. Yours is either a small church with no class-rooms, or a country school-house of the plainest style. You have no railroad seat to turn over, no cane-bottomed chairs to arrange, no double doors to close, no fountain with its gold fish and water lilies, no frescoed walls, no stained glass windows, no organ, no carpets. Yours is but a plain, soiled, dusty, web-hung country school-house, very rough, very inconvenient. We have often been in just such rooms, and what glorious times we have had there! All this matter of apparatus and ornament is of minor importance. Of some importance it is, and so we suggest the appointment of a "Committee on the Room." How long, think you, will it take a bevy of smart country girls to convert a rude school-house into a rustic palace, fresher and fairer far than the majority of our city basements? Here are arms and fingers that for neither soap nor scrubbing brush. Here are taste and strength to make windows shine, exchange folds of spider webs for festoons of evergreens, suspend against bare walls wreaths and anchors and crosses of laurel and hemlock, and place on the superintendent's desk

every Saturday evening bouquets of flowers to fill the place with fragrance for the day of the Lord. Cleanliness and comeliness, even to the point of elegance, are possible in our roughest and most rural school-houses. We do not say that these things are necessary. Far from it. We do say, for we do believe, that these things have a mission not to be despised; and we congratulate the school whose superintendent and teachers have enterprise, taste, and skill enough to give the ministry of the beautiful a place in their Sunday-school work. As compared with Bible study, these adornments are but as the velvet case to the costly diamond cluster it contains.

True, in your school-house the infant-class has no room by itself. But it can have a corner. If its teacher has the title of a mother's tact, she will drill her ten or twenty little listeners by softly uttered responses and "whisper songs" so as not to disturb one else. Why not a temporary blackboard shield her from the rest of the school, and afford at the same time a surface on which to draw rude letters, sketches, maps, etc., to the perfect delight of her pupils?

We know also that in your little school-house the classes are of necessity placed very close together. But patient effort on the part of your superintendent will soon accustom each to speak in recitation so quietly that a partition will readily separate the classes, and give to the scholars an opportunity to prosecute its studies without interruption.

If you wish to know about cheap maps for your school, blackboards, the new Silicate Librarians' "Record," library books, a lesson system for three, six, nine, or twelve months, or anything else relating to the work, address a note of inquiry to the Editor of the "Sunday School Journal," 805 Broadway, New York. A little labor and a little money wisely expended will give the most unfavorably situated country Sunday-school a new life and new facilities for usefulness.

THE OBJECT OF THE TEACHER.

The prayer meeting of the New York Sunday-School Association, held Oct. 21st, the object of the earnest teacher was stated to be—1st, the conversion of the child; 2d, its instruction. Upon this topic, Rev. W. C. Steele said:

I do not understand by this proposition, that we are to undertake Christian instruction; but we assert that the Sabbath school teacher is not only a drill-sergeant, but a recruiting officer for King Immanuel; that the primary object of teaching is the salvation of the child. Instruction is right and proper. Everything connected with the school should tend to the one great aim of the teacher, the salvation of the precious child. His objects, as taught him by the Word of God, ought to be, by those connected with the salvation of his immortal soul. Is not the whole of religion summed up in love, and can not the child, with its clinging, loving heart, understand best the tenderness and love which Christ bears towards him? Can not the child love Christ and cling to him in greater faith than an older person? Here we have the affections and faith in their perfection. Whenever we wish to emphasize the degree and character of our faith, we use the term, childlike faith. The Spirit works more powerfully upon the mind in childhood, than at any other period, so that the teacher may, by God's blessing, more easily bring the child to Christ. The average age of conversion is from twelve to fifteen years, according to the statistics of the last fifteen years. On an average, 250,000 conversions were made during the year, for the last fifteen years. Therefore be encouraged, and work on with love for Jesus kindled in your hearts, and the work of faith in the ultimate result unshaken.

A POSSIBLE EXCESS.—*Heath and Home* points out a danger that is worth considering. Of this matter it may be said, "These ought ye to have done, and not have left the other undone."

Sunday-school work has become a profession, and the professional Sunday-school man must have something to give for his money. Hence there is a tendency to depart from the simplicity and spiritual character of the institution, to introduce novelties, and to overload with appliances. Shallow nominalists want to change the name to "Bible school," and to make capital out of the reverence for the Scriptures by the advocacy of what is called "thorough" teaching, but which is indeed nothing more nor less than a substitution of knowledge for those spiritual results which only are worthy of being sought. The fact that the river Jordan is a certain number of miles in length is of no more consequence in itself than that the Rhine or the Tombigbee are so many miles in length, and the fact that Cain killed his brother and that Hezekiah was king of Israel have, in themselves, no more to do with the religious life of a child than any facts in Rollin's *Ancient History*. When Sunday-school men lose sight of the fact that the real analogy of the Sunday-school is not with the common school, but with the church, that the Scriptures are not to be taught like geography, and that the culture of the religious and moral nature of the child through the Scriptures and the teacher's personal influence is the real objective point, we shall no longer be able to point with approval to the great results achieved. Not by a dead uniformity of lesson and a ponderous "curriculum" of study, but by the quick and living sympathy of teachers who are themselves living epistles, will the Sunday-school achieve its highest result. And as a home paper, interested in all that makes for the welfare of childhood, we hope to see the Sunday-school reach its highest effectiveness in the education of children.

A SMILE AND A KINDLY GREETING.

Never take your place before your class without a smile and a kindly word of greeting to each of your scholars. Many a teacher puts a barrier between himself and the warm-hearted, wide-awake boys of his class by taking his place in the Sunday school without seeming to recognize the presence of those already there, or to observe those coming in afterward, until he has to speak to them in opening the lesson. And many a teacher gets a fresh hold on restless, trifling scholars, and prepares them for an interest in the lesson he teaches, by the sunny look and loving word through which he shows sympathy with each scholar on his first meeting with him for the day. A teacher must show his love for those whom he would bring to see the love of Jesus.—*Sunday School World*.

KIND WORDS. The art of saying appropriate words in a kindly way is one that never goes out of fashion, never ceases to please, and is within the reach of the humblest. The teacher who would be successful must cultivate the gift. If it comes hard, pray earnestly over it, just as you would for any other spiritual grace. It is one of your greatest means for doing good.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1872.

GEORGE T. DAY, Editor.

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

The Premiums.

For a list of the Premiums offered to subscribers, see the seventh page of this paper. It is a rich and varied list, in which old and new subscribers are alike interested. Our present subscribers will see that the offers to them terminate with the year. Let them act promptly.

Derangements of business, suffered by other parties, may possibly occasion a little delay in sending a portion of the Premiums, but the names will be entered, and the pictures sent, in the order in which they are received. We mean that every subscriber shall have just what he is entitled to receive, and as promptly as possible. We shall take pleasure in sending to our patrons even a large number of the choice things offered, and we are sure they will give great pleasure wherever they go.

"The Little Star."

We again call attention to the need of sending in orders for this new Sunday School paper as soon as possible, so that the first number may be obtained. Not a single day's delay should be indulged. Remember the terms: Single copies, 30 cts. per year. Ten or more copies sent to one address, 20 cts. The year's volume will embrace twenty-six numbers. It will alternate with the *Myrtle*, and they are the cheapest papers of their class and quality published in the country. We need the orders at once.

Irreligious Cant.

In one of the leading Boston dailies a paragraph appears, giving an account of a well-known gentleman of that city who took a seat in a church pew last Sunday evening for the first time in more than forty years. The gist of the narrative appears in the following statement:

When he came to Boston, forty-six years ago, a boy clad in homespun, he was coldly treated at a fashionable church where he sought a seat, and making up his mind that there was a great distinction between genteel Christianity and true Christianity, he resolved that in future he would not attend church. This resolution he kept until he heard that Mr. Alger was going to speak about the good Samaritan, when he determined to go and contribute his share toward the alleviation of the poor and the suffering.

Now we have no apology to make for the cold treatment, if that is really what it was,—which the sexton or pew-holders of a fashionable church accorded to the boy clad in homespun. Nor do we wish to use a word in disparagement of the man's motive or act in affording aid to the needy and suffering in whose behalf Mr. Alger spoke. A pharisaic exclusiveness is always unlovely, and especially so in a Christian sanctuary; and a service or a gift which partakes of the spirit that moved the Good Samaritan to care for the sufferer lying by the road to Jericho, is always to be prized and commended. Nor do we mean to intimate that true religion exists only in churches, or that a man can be nothing but a reprobate who absents himself from stated public worship. There are grievous sinners without doubt among those who are most careful to seek the pew every Sunday, and whose attitude and words seem full of devoutness; and there are also pure and noble and reverent souls that seldom cross the threshold of a house of worship. So much, in the way of frank concession, truth and candor require.

But we abhor all cant, no matter of what sort it is. The fact that it is cant is enough to condemn it. And religious people are not always free from it, though it is often charged where it does not really exist. Wherever it appears it is fitting that it be exposed, dissected, repudiated. It may be solemn or saucy, formal or furious, parade in glossy satin or retire in dirty calico; lift up its voice amid the multitude, or repeat set phrases in the ear of the individual; still, it is always repulsive to sensible souls, and it discredits the faith in whose name it speaks. It is apt to be equally tonguey and heartless, and to carry as much actual pride as apparent humility. No, we have no good thing to say in behalf of religious cant. And the chief charitable thing to be said of those who freely employ it is, that they are not seldom victims of a false education, and are not aware how seriously they have been imposed upon by mere pious phrases, nor how largely they are still imposing upon themselves by an intense devotion to words and forms which once held a juicy and nutritious kernel, but which are now only shells and husks, very deceptive and very dry.

But we are not any more fond of irreligious cant than of that which is religious. That is a poor thing, too. And it is quite common. They who use it are not lacking in pharisaism, in meanness, in cynicism, in unreasonableness, in bad blood. They are resentful, repellant, sometimes sullen, not rarely passionate. They boast over their independence, their disbelief, their infidelity. They glory in their lack of

the things that go to make up the religion that is organized about them. Their zeal shows itself in criticizing the churches. Their inward intensity comes out in hatred to the usual forms and exponents of religion. They use anathemas more than beatitudes. They take their place on the craggy spurs of Ebal instead of the verdant heights of Gerizim. They can mouth curses skillfully, but their lips are hardly able to manage a blessing. They abound in sarcasms, but their speech is seldom sweet with encouragements, or kindling with promise. And this irreligious cant is, to say the least, quite as common, as unlovely, and as repellant as that other sort which so much often calls out the condemnation of the world.

And while we know nothing specific of the case above referred to, we confess that it seems to illustrate this cant of irreligion. Put it in the strongest way, and the provocation is a small affair. A plain and inexperienced young man, or boy, from the country goes to a fashionable church. He is unused to city customs; awkward it may be; very likely sensitive; probably somewhat exacting in his feelings; possibly a little presumptuous. Nobody knows him; perhaps nobody especially notices him. It is all so different from the little country church away back among the hills, with free seats inviting every comer, where every face was familiar and every voice had a pleasant greeting. He seems to see coldness in the treatment; he broods over the discomfort; he goes away sullen, resentful, sullen, egotistic; he resolves to turn his back henceforth upon all sanctuaries as being only citadels of aristocracy and inhumanity; he decides that the Christianity that is genteel can not be true; for more than forty years, he nurses his prejudice, his wrath and his self-complacency; he shuts himself away from all the temples where the real voice of Christ is breaking through the lips of his servants and saying, "If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink," and, if he thinks of it, thanks God at all, he does so because he is not like one of the genteel Christians about him, who go up to the temple with their regular offerings of prayer and praise.

Now if that is a fair statement of the case,—as it seems to be,—we know of nothing in the ritualistic service of the cathedral, or in the noisy extravagance of the backwoods revival meeting, that savors of a more reprehensible or puerile cant than appears in this stern, positive, prolonged and utterly unreasonable protest against all the organic institutions of religion, all the assemblies for divine worship, and all the united efforts for the spiritual culture of the soul, in the forms that have been found so serviceable by the best and purest of men, and through the period of many centuries. Religious cant is surely bad enough, but what must be said of the cant of irreligion? And if the man referred to was ready and active in giving publicity to this story of his resentment and self-exile from the churches, and this going to Hollis St. that he might play the Good Samaritan in a way to rebuke "genteel Christianity" which he had long taught his heart to hate,—does that make the cant any less conspicuous, or render it a nobler and lovelier thing?

We do not presume to judge men. We have no wish to condemn or accuse everybody who stays away from public worship or lacks faith in the truths which we hold as sacred and blessed revelations from heaven. There are honest and earnest doubters, whose want of faith is their misfortune, their burden, their cross, their prolonged agony, and at times almost their despair. They should have the charitable and generous help of men, as we are sure they have the pitying sympathy of God. Nor can we do less than grieve over and condemn the lack of true Christian love and helpfulness among the members of churches, which keep susceptible souls away from the redemption they need and long for. The churches should be full of hospitality, and love, and generous zeal.

But we can not forget that whatever soul comes into fellowship with Christ must be too much in earnest to be stopped forever by a little coldness, seeming or real. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." The blind man only called out the more and the louder when the disciples bade him hold his peace. The woman held resolutely to her purpose even though the disciples said, "Send her away, for she crieth after us." Only they who strive, enter the gate of salvation. And the plea, that we were taught to cast contempt for a life-time upon the temple of God by the lack of fervor in some canting attendant at the door, can hardly fail to reveal itself to us, in the light of the Judge's countenance, as a specimen of the weakest, flimsiest and most worthless sort of cant that ever cheated a witness or ruined a soul.

The Message and the Reports.

The usual official documents have been submitted to Congress. There is a good deal to be commended in them,—much to be satisfied with, and hardly anything to be scolded about, unless one has a confirmed habit of scolding.

The President's fourth annual message is a quiet, sensible and something of a statesmanlike document, discussing the situation in an intelligent way, and expressing opinions that must commend themselves to all thoughtful citizens. We give an abstract on our eighth page. Beginning with a good word for Boston in her affliction, he at once takes up our foreign relations, expressing gratification over the result of the Geneva arbitration, and recommending that Congress provide for the distribution of the award. He also urges legislation to provide for carrying out the fishery clauses of the late treaty, and for establishing the boundary lines between Great Britain and Alaska. The whole

tone of these expressions is manly but firm, showing gratitude where it is due, but quietly insisting that the right thing be done in each case.

Mexico is treated like an erring and unfortunate friend, being quietly reproved for her folly and urged to do better in future. The raids from that country upon our Texan border are alluded to, but the outrages committed are not considered sufficient cause of war. Peace and eventual harmony are preferred.

The treatment of Cuban matters is especially satisfactory. The President feels deeply interested in the island, but deems interference by the United States to be yet uncalculated for. He rather hopes that the liberal tendency of the Spanish Government will soon secure all needed results. One of the surest steps towards peace and prosperity the President thinks would be the abolition of slavery in the island, and he will always be interested in whatever tends to that condition. No friend of freedom can object to his statements concerning American slave-holders in Cuba. He would have their practices denounced in unmistakable terms.

Referring to our domestic relations, the President deals only with our greatest needs, desiring that the utmost harmony and prosperity be secured. Considerable attention is given to the condition of our merchant marine, and to such projects as would be likely to improve it. The connection of the Mississippi valley with the Atlantic at Charleston and Savannah, by canals and rivers, he regards as feasible, and urges Congress to get all possible information concerning it. Likewise in respect to the extension of the Kankawha and James river canal to the Ohio, and of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal. Certainly, the condition of our marine service is languishing enough, to merit all the attention that it can get.

The President's reference to the condition of the South is especially significant. Coming at the close of a campaign in which one of the prominent issues was pacification of that part of the country, there is a natural eagerness to read what he has to say about it. But the country will be likely to appreciate the courage and good sense with which he treats the subject. Fully believing that the masses of the southern people desire good government, and sincerely regretting the necessity of ever putting the Ku Klux act into execution, he nevertheless gives notice that his leniency will be in exact proportion to the good behavior of the lawless ruffians whose conduct made the law necessary. Although the election is over, so that there can be no reason for making the condition of the South to appear worse than it is, he nevertheless uses the same language as always: Good citizens do not fear the law. Needless laws produce their own repeal. Ruffians may expect the same treatment that was promised them before any campaign was entered on.

Mormonism is alluded to in a firm and outspoken way. Decisive action is requested on the question of polygamy, and the prompt passage of laws that shall secure political equality in that lawless community. Reform in the civil-service is also referred to, and although there have been intimations that the President would recede from his previous ground on that matter, we find him firmly keeping it, and giving Congress to understand that even the practical failure of the present existing rules for appointment to office would not cause him to abandon the reform on which he has set his heart. The franking privilege also receives attention, and if it can not be wholly abolished, its most prominent defects should at least be cropped off. The message is on the whole a valuable statement, in a brief compass, of our present national condition, and does credit to the solid and straightforward man who uttered it.

The Department reports are generally free of the preposterous stuff which had been asserted of them. The Secretary of the Navy sets forth the need of new vessels better adapted to our present needs than the antiquated models of past or even quite recent periods. The building of the Darien canal is strongly urged, and so are other matters that can hardly interest the public until the time comes for acting upon them. The appropriations for the last fiscal year were so carefully expended that a surplus remains in the treasury, and while the estimates for the coming year are slightly in excess of those of last year, they are shown to be quite necessary and reasonable.

The report of the Postmaster-General is the most important of all. It contains statistical and historical statements which are quite interesting, and show that the department has had an observing manager at its head. The mail service is coming to be one of the most important that we have. It involves great expense, and comes close home to every family in the country. It is gratifying, therefore, to know that its affairs are so well administered. The Postmaster-General renews his recommendation that the franking privilege be abolished, and that the telegraph service of the country be controlled by government. It is doubtful if we are yet ready for this last step, even if we ever shall be. It would be a remarkable power for government to exercise, and the temptation to use it for partisan purposes would not, it is feared, be always resisted. But any present alarm over the matter is doubtless premature.

The Secretaries of the Interior and of War have each presented favorable reports. The former points with much satisfaction to the results of the Indian policy of the Administration, and the latter to the general administration of army affairs. The Secretary of War also devotes some space to a consideration of the benefits derived from the signal-service weather reports, and states that the system is to be considerably extended.

The Treasurer's report shows that the

finances are in a good condition, that taxation and the public debt are being steadily reduced, and that continued success has attended that department of Government during the year. Some interesting figures under this head appear on our eighth page, which merit a careful reading.

One can not but be impressed, on reading these documents, with the magnitude of our Government. The interests of 40,000,000 are in the keeping of these men whom we have put in office, and while the fact shows us something of their responsibility, it should also call us to their cordial aid and support.

The Nation's Loss.

We are confident that our readers share in the general grief over Horace Greeley's death. The sad telegram, for which the country was too wholly unprepared, came when our issue was too nearly ready for the press for more than a brief notice last week. We would therefore say a late word in his memory.

Without seeking to pay any compliment, it may be fairly said that Horace Greeley was one of the greatest of living Americans. There is hardly any one left who can just fill his place. Starting in life a poor country lad, with nothing but the earnest spirit and willing hands that New Hampshire has given to so many of her sons, he at once grasped his own destiny and shaped it to the noblest ends. In doing that, he determined the destiny of multitudes of others, and died with as noble a record of his kind as could reasonably be desired.

His life was singularly free from cant, or shams, or lies, and though he was often ready to call people "lying rascals" when he thought the truth demanded it, similar epithets could not in justice be hurled back at him. Acquainted with toil, and interested in whatever would most really benefit his countrymen, he soon became their earnest champion, and if he erred, it was only because he had a human heart and head. There has hardly been a reform begun or finished during the last forty years but he was its earnest advocate, if not its leader. The Anti-slavery cause, the Temperance cause, the rights of the workmen, the interests of agriculture, and whatever tended to the material prosperity of the country and the purification of government,—all these he most ardently championed. It is easy enough to forget his follies in contemplating the great work he has achieved.

Mr. Greeley's philosophical mind led him to favor several peculiar theories,—which were also the results of a peculiar system of philosophy. Grahamism and Fourierism are among the systems with whose acceptance he is most commonly charged. But that he accepted even these is doubtful, it being more likely that he aimed only at giving the systems a fair showing in his paper, anxious only that they pass for what they were worth. Religiously, he was a Universalist, but tempered his belief with a charity that rarely allowed him to scold other sects. It is still in the memory of older readers of the *Tribune* how earnestly he entered into a great revival of religion which prevailed some time ago in New York, attending the meetings and opening his paper to the interests of the good work. And his dying hours, cheered by that calm trust in the Saviour, and his last audible expression, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," point to a faith whose author is God.

The circumstances of Mr. Greeley's death will always attach a melancholy interest to it. At the close of a campaign unparalleled in our political history, having suffered ridicule and caricature and abuse to the greatest extent, and then finally crushed by an overwhelming defeat, he went a stricken man to his tomb. But the event will soften the judgment of his later career, and help to give him his true place in our national history. He has left lasting monuments of his greatness, and these will always forbid us to consider him an ordinary man.

The country showed its sense of loss by the observance of his burial day. Almost every city and village tolled its bells and put its flags at half-mast, government offices and most of the leading journal offices of the country being draped in black. President Grant and several members of the Cabinet, besides many Congressmen, attended his funeral, which was from Dr. Chapin's church in New York, last Wednesday. Many grateful tributes were offered by the staff and employees of the *Tribune*, and the sense of a great loss rested with heavy weight upon the whole country. After a life full of service, he has gone to meet his reward.

The Mount Vernon Estate.

It is presumed that the ladies of the United States know that they own the old Washington estate on the Potomac. Those who have forgotten it are reminded that it was purchased in 1858, by a "Ladies Association," with funds that lady solicitors procured, and the most of which came from their own sex. The sum paid was \$200,000.

This being the case, all the ladies in the land are respectfully requested to get ready to offer a protest. For there is a plan a-foot, which threatens to walk straight through the Estate, cutting up the grounds, disarranging the house, and marring many of the most interesting features connected with either. The plan has already gathered quite a company of advocates about itself, and they propose to lay out walks and drives through the grounds, passing over the most sacred spots, even uprooting the identical Magnolia that Washington's own hands planted, if need be, and making a sort of public park of the grounds, instead of keeping them as a place of sacred pilgrimage for the American people. It is proposed also, to break up the old and historic arrangement of the rooms, in a way that we haven't known of being done in any similar case this long time.

We can hardly doubt that the ladies will promptly rebuke this up-start of a plan. It is only an offspring of the family whose name is legion, and whose occupation it is to go about breaking up every old association, and crying out "progress," in the face of every protest. In this case, it would lay its hands on a sacred possession of the American people, destroying its chief value as an heirloom of Washington, and furnishing no real equivalent in return. For there is really no good reason offered for making the proposed change. It would furnish a fine field in which a few tireless riders could exercise their hobbies, and for that privilege they would almost put the old Virginia mansion itself into the Potomac.

It is quite desirable that the mansion should be kept from decay by all proper means, and that the grounds should not be allowed to grow up to weeds and bushes. Care to that extent is desirable. But to add walks and drives, where the fresh green grass is much better; to put all flowers and hedges, where the best adornment is the plain trees and shrubbery that Washington left; to remove from the mansion that old glass case containing his army breeches and saddle bags, his silk hose and knee buckles, his sword and cocked hat; to upset his library; to tear down the rare marble mantel that still attests the almost universal esteem in which he was held abroad; to disturb the repose of the room in which he received Lafayette; and, above all, to invade the chamber in which he died;—we would laugh at progress when it clamors for these changes, and contend for the dear old place as it is.

The advocates of this new "plan" can present no claims as against the present management of the Estate. The "Ladies Association" has not only canceled all debts against the place, and removed other incumbrances, but it has shown commendable tact and enterprise in keeping everything in so good a state of preservation, and the expenses of managing it at so low a figure. Great credit for the present condition of things is due to the South Carolina lady (Miss Cunningham) who originated the idea of the Ladies' Association, provided for raising the funds and purchasing the estate. We understand that she is still at her post. During the war, the Estate ran in debt, but by Miss Cunningham's personal and gratuitous attention, it is now free from debt, and the whole expense of the property, in labor, repairs and providing for the entertainment of strangers, amounts to but \$850 yearly. This ought to go for something in favor of keeping the concern in its present shape.

Finally, it is doubtful if there is anything like a popular demand for the changes alluded to. The popular demand would in all probability be quite to the contrary. The matter is agitated by such as can never keep quiet so long as there is an old and dear association remaining unmarred. We trust that the effort will soon die, smothered by a public protest, and that the Estate will remain as Washington left it, which condition indeed gives it its chief significance in the eyes of his countrymen.

Current Topics.

—THE CONDITION OF MORMONISM. In connection with the President's square statements in his message, there comes a report that enemies have appeared in the Mormon camp itself. The "peculiar system" is hotly condemned in the very capital of the Saints, and a strong society is formed, called "Utah's Liberating League," composed of the most reliable and determined citizens, who bind themselves to resist to the very last, the admission of Utah as a state unless Polygamy is first completely killed. They claim to know the demoralizing results of the system better than most people, and are therefore the more earnest in condemning it. It begins to look serious for the Mormon welfare. Brigham Young is already in failing health, his household is divided against itself, and seemingly must soon fall. May its fall be hastened, and something much better take its place.

—THE SERVANT-GIRL QUESTION. The ladies of Montreal, sharing in the common experience of such as employ house-servants, are trying a kind of mutual-benefit plan. It is to establish a "Servants' Home," to which those who can go who are out of employment, and find cheap but comfortable quarters, and whither the ladies themselves may repair to find help. It is not intended in any sense as an asylum for indigent or vagabondish servants, for its first purpose after affording shelter and food is to put the girls in a way to get new employment. Properly managed and protected from abuse, the mistresses believe this to be a measure which will better the condition of their hand-maidens—and this they claim is their primary object—and hope that it will have the effect to lessen some of the evils to which they themselves are subjected. The plan is in a way for a fair trial, and from its operations such as are interested may be helped to a solution of their own difficulties. It might be well if American ladies would take the matter in hand in the true English style of the Montreal ladies. Barring the one-sided organization, it ought to be the surest and shortest way of getting out of the difficulty. For it professes to seek the best welfare of all concerned, and that should awake a confidence on the part of servants which could not prove less than beneficial.

—THE BUREAU OF EDUCATION. As President Grant suggests in his message, it is no doubt true that the rapidly increasing interest in education in this country is due in great part to the efforts of the Bureau of Education. That office is continually receiving tokens of approval and appreciation from all parts of the country, including educational institutions of every kind.

The bill now pending before Congress, providing for using the net proceeds of the sale of public lands to promote the education of the rising generations, is a part of the results of the work of this Bureau, and is of so much importance, and so favorably regarded by the most prominent friends of education, that the President recommends it to the favorable attention of Congress. Our national welfare is in a measure bound up in this matter, and there should be a general interest in promoting it.

—MR. BLAINE AND THE CREDIT MOBILIER. Soon after Congress had got in working order last week, Speaker Blaine took the floor of the House and moved that a committee be appointed to investigate the Credit Mobilier business, and especially the charges that were made against the Speaker himself during the late campaign. After some opposition, the committee was appointed, and we shall now probably know the facts in the case. There has been scandal enough connected with the matter. If the charges were made out of pure malice, the country ought to know it; and if there was good cause of the charges, the country ought to know that, too. Mr. Blaine, as heretofore, denies all knowledge of the affair, and Judge Black, counsel for parties implicated, wishes to have the investigation postponed, suspended, or in some way arranged to prevent further publicity. We shall doubtless know what this means as the investigation proceeds. It looks as though there might be more in the matter than some of Mr. Blaine's enemies care to have exposed.

—PLANS AND PROGRESS AT HILLSDALE. A brief call from Rev. Dr. Graham, President of Hillsdale College, received a few days since, furnished fresh testimony to the pleasantness, efficiency and encouragement with which the work goes on at that institution. The Fall term is reported as eminently cheering on many accounts. The accessions to the Board of Instruction are proving very valuable. The work of endowment goes forward with steadiness and promise, though less rapidly than would be pleasant. The effort to endow another Theological Professorship, to which it is proposed to attach the significant name of MARKS, is a fitting one, and deserves the active co-operation of all who know and prize that eminent F. Baptist leader and laborer, as well as of the friends of the denomination and college generally. Can not the needed sum be raised speedily, and the new chair occupied by a strong, well-trained teacher?

—THE NEW LITERARY ENTERPRISE AT BATES. Our readers will not overlook the announcement, appearing in another column, of the purpose and plan of the Juniors at Bates College, to issue a monthly periodical during the year 1873. They who know them certify to their ability, and their prospectus testifies to their enterprise, their pluck and their calm confidence. A true and large success to them!

—THE SAFEGUARD is a new and neat little anti-tobacco and temperance paper for young people, well worth the attention of parents who wish to keep their sons from using tobacco as well as intoxicating drinks. It might also do a good work in Sabbath-schools. It is published monthly, by Rev. R. Crittenden, Bellefonte, Pa.; at 25 cts. a year, with the usual reduction to clubs.

Denominational News and Notes.

Annual Report of the H. M. Society.

The F. B. Home Mission Society held its thirty-fifth annual meeting in the Winter street church, Haverhill, Mass., Oct. 17th, 1872. The President, Rev. S. Curtis, took the chair, and prayer was offered by Rev. A. H. Mortell. The Treasurer made his report as follows:

Report of the Treasurer of the F. Baptist Home Mission Society, for the year ending Aug. 31, 1872.

RECEIPTS.
Contributions for H. Missions, \$2,738.37
For Freedmen's Mission, 2,385.83
Bequests, 938.21
Borrowed for Permanent Fund, 1,683.11
Total, \$6,745.52
Balance against the Treasury, 80.93
Total, \$6,826.45

EXPENDITURES.
Paid appropriations to Mission Stations, 2,157.61
" Mission in Shenandoah Valley, 1,009.24
" for school at Harper's Ferry, W. Va., 85.00
" Loan to church in Winchester, Va., 50.00
" for Western Freedmen's Mission, 672.94
" on old debt of Western F. Mission, 1,129.96
" B. G. Holmes, for services and expenses as Western Missionary Agent, 843.15
" for money borrowed for Lynn ch., 1,259.50
" S. Curtis, for services as Cor. Sec. for part of the year ending Aug. 31, 1872, 20.83
" C. O. Libby, for expenses as Agent on several Will cases, 88.25
" for Revenue Tax on bequests in 1870, 90.00
" Expenses of Executive Com., 77.09
" S. Curtis, for services as Cor. Sec. since Aug. 31, 1871, 30.83
" Salary of Treasurer, 275.00
" Traveling expenses of Treasurer, 368.71
" A. H. Chase on salary and expenses as Cor. Sec., 288.03
" L. B. Tasker, for services and expenses as Agent in Vt., and related, 19.25
" Postage and Stationery, 17.25
" H. Quinby for services, new ed. and 17.75
" J. S. Burgess, for services and expenses, at a grand jury, and related, 4.60
Lost in mail, 50.00
Total, \$6,803.30

At the time of our last Report, the Permanent Fund was, \$2,559.80
During the past year there has been added to this fund by bequests, 222.50
Total, \$2,782.30

This fund now stands as follows:
Due from the H. Mission Society, 2,478.80
Note of G. H. Ball, 600.00
Total, \$3,078.80

LIABILITIES OF THE SOCIETY.
The Society now owes the Per. Fund, for borrowed money, \$2,559.80
Balance due the Treasury Aug. 31, 1872, 39.93
The Society owes for money borrowed of different persons for the church in Lynn, for which notes of the Soc. are given, 5,250.00
Interest due July 1, 1872, 127.50
Total, \$6,957.73

Poetry.

"In-as-much!"

"Blow, wild winds of the winter, blow!
What care I for the storm?
What care I for the whirling snow?
My fire burns bright and warm.
Without are tempest, storm and night,
Within are light and cheer;
The hungry cold may gnaw and bite,
It ne'er can reach us here!
Shutters are closed, the curtains drawn,
My children in their beds;
Thank Heaven that never one is gone
From the row of golden heads!
Howl, wild winds of the winter, howl!
Nothing have I to fear;
Though storms may rage, and skies may scowl,
My fire is bright and clear."

Stay, but one moment, selfish heart!
Bar not the doors so tight!
Stay, for thy master Jesus walks
Our city's streets to-night.
Of Judah's lonely lanes he walked,
Homeless, in days of old,
And still by city homes he waits,
Shelterless, worn and cold.
Faint, suffering, tempted still and tried,
With quivering lips and white;
Is there no room at thy fire-side
To welcome him to-night?
Oh, thou, some angel-hand would tear
The scales from blinded eyes,
That we might know the dear Lord Christ
Beneath His beggar guise!
In every alley, and lane and street
His suffering poor we see—
As ye did it not to one of these
Ye did it not to me!"

NELLIE A. STILLMAN.

Three Kisses of Farewell.

Three, only three, my darling,
Separate, solemn, slow;
Not like the swift and joyous ones
We used to know.
When we kissed because we loved each other,
Simply to taste love's sweet,
And lavished our kisses as the summer
Lavishes heat—
But as they kiss whose hearts are wrong,
When hope and fear are spent,
And nothing is left to give, except
A sacrament!
First of the three, my darling,
Is sacred unto pain;
We have hurt each other often;
We shall again,
When we pine because we miss each other,
And do not understand
How the written words are so much colder
Than eye and hand.
I kiss thee, dear, for all such pain
Which we may give or take;
Buried, forgiven, before it comes
For our love's sake!
The second kiss, my darling,
Is full of joy's sweet thrill;
We have blessed each other all ways;
We always will,
We shall reach until we feel each other,
Past all of time and space;
We shall listen till we hear each other
In every place;
The earth is full of messengers,
Which love sends to and fro;
I kiss thee, darling, for all joy
Which we shall know!
The last kiss, oh, my darling,
My love-I can not see
Through my tears, as I remember
What it may be.
We may die and never see each other,
Die with no time to give
Any sign that our hearts are faithful
To die, as live.
Taken of what they will not see
Who see our parting breath,
This one last kiss, my darling, seals
The seal of death!

—Scotcher's.

The Family Circle.

The Fern older than Adam.

"O uncle!" exclaimed Herbert, bursting into the library. "I've found the strangest thing! In the coal, too. I want you just to look at it!"
"By all means, my boy. What is it like?"
"Like? Why, it's shaped exactly like some sort of a fern. But it isn't green; it's jet black!"
Uncle George put on his eye-glasses, and took the flat fragment of slaty coal between his fingers.
"That's as handsome a fossil, Herbert, as I ever saw," he said, holding it up so that the light from the window might fall upon it.
"Fossil?" asked Herbert. "What's a fossil, sir?"
"It is the remains or a part of the remains of a dead plant or animal found in the rocks," replied his uncle. "This is a fossil fern, older than Adam."
Herbert's big black eyes opened wide. "I assure you, dead plants and animals found in the rocks! A fern! Older than Adam! Why, here was something new to think of—more wonderful, too, than the strangest fairy tale!"
"I can't make it out," said Herbert. "Do plants and animals ever live and grow inside of stones? I didn't think that was possible."
"And it isn't possible, my boy. But, then, what you call 'stone' was not always stone. Many of the rocks were once nothing but mud or sand, and in the course of years acquired their present hardness. The plants and animals, grew in the mud, or roamed over the sand, or else were drifted there. They died just as other plants and animals die, and the clay or grit gradually accumulated about them, and finally covered them, at last changing into rocks, and preserving the bones of the animals, and the casts or impressions of the plants."
"I see," said Herbert, greatly interested. "I hadn't thought of that. But then this is coal, and coal isn't exactly a stone, is it?"

It can't be that this ever was clay or sand, I should think."

"Well, Herbert, there is more clay in this fragment than you imagine. It isn't true coal. That is almost wholly vegetable."

"Vegetable?"
"Formed by the decay of vegetation—plant-life. And the plants, which formed the coal were very largely ferns. This is a fern impression. The substance of this bit of vegetable vitality went to make coal, and left its imprint exactly as you have found it."

"But how do you know that, sir? How do you know that this is a fern leaf?" asked Herbert, not quite satisfied with his uncle's assertion.

Mr. Alston smiled. "I think," said he, "that I had better answer your last question, Herbert, in the old-fashioned Yankee way of asking another. Hand me the little volume you see lying upon the table yonder."

Herbert brought to him the book his uncle had indicated. It was quite an old copy of Milton's "Paradise Lost," bearing upon its title page the date 1812.

Mr. Alston opened it, and showed Herbert something pressed between the yellow pages, which were spotted and stained.

"What do you call those, my lad?" he asked.

"Two leaves," answered Herbert, quickly. "And they're geranium leaves—horse-shoe geranium."

"How do you know they are?" asked his uncle, with an amused look. "Now, I contend that they're flakes of pastry. Prove that they're not."

Herbert laughed loudly.

"Why, anybody'd know better than that!" he exclaimed.

"But how would they know?"
"Why, to begin with, they don't look any more like pastry than they do like molasses taffy. I'd as soon think of calling them pressed grasshoppers. Besides, pastry don't come in the regular shape these have."

"But it might be out into the same shape."

"It wouldn't be likely to be, and it couldn't be cut so thin. You couldn't cut flakes of pastry into that form to save yourself. Besides, pastry would have left grease spots upon these pages, where these have left brown stains; and you'd be able to see the wheat flour it was made of, too. Another thing, pastry has a very different color from these."

"You'll make a lawyer one of these days, if you live, Herbert," said his uncle, patting him good-naturedly upon the shoulder. "You're right to want to find out the ways and the wherefores, and to look into the reasons of things. You say these yellow, crisp, lifeless forms are leaves. Now leaves are not so thin as these—geranium leaves, particularly—and those on your mother's bush are green, and bright, and fresh-looking."

"So they always are when they're alive," replied Herbert. "But when they're dead, and have been dead some time, they look very much like these. See, the little hairs are on them yet, and they haven't quite lost the geranium smell," bending close to them to catch their odor. "I know they're geranium leaves, uncle, and horse-shoe geranium at that."

"I'm satisfied," said Mr. Alston, "and they are just what you think they are. I plucked them myself, more than twenty years ago, and placed them between these very pages. You've answered your own question, Herbert, about the fern. Now, if we were to inspect this impression with the aid of the microscope," taking up the fragment of coal-slate, "we should discover the same evidences of vegetable origin which you have detected in the geranium leaves, and of an unmistakable family likeness to the ferns. A further chemical examination would confirm us in our theory—you will understand how when you are older, and can study chemistry—and so thoroughly confirm us, that you would declare with even more confidence than you have with regard to the geranium leaves, 'This coal must have been once growing vegetation. This little impression upon it, I know, was left by a fern leaf.'"

"But, uncle," asked Herbert, "what makes it so black?"
"Decay," he replied.

"But elm leaves, and maple leaves, and oak leaves don't turn black when they decay," persisted Herbert.

"No, except in dense forests on low ground, where only a few straggling rays of sunlight can pierce, and it is nearly always damp. There you will find leaf-mold almost as black as this bit of shale."

"That's true," said Herbert, thoughtfully. But looking up after a moment, he added, "Leaf-mold, though, isn't like coal. At least, I never thought of its being like it."

"Not greatly. Peat resembles it, however, and peat is leaf and stem and root mold under the same conditions probably which marked the first stages of the formation of coal. Decay under water is very different from decay in the air, Herbert. Plants decay much more slowly in the former case than in the latter, and don't lose so much of their carbon as they do in the open air."

"Carbon?" asked Herbert. "What's that?"

"It is the breath which plants give out when they're growing, and give up when they're dying," replied Mr. Alston.

"Do plants breathe?" inquired Herbert, in extreme surprise.

"Certainly, though not quite as we do, my lad. You will know about that when you study botany. Under the influence of the sunlight they breathe out oxygen, which is good, health-giving air; but in the shade or at night, they breathe out carbon, which is heavy, bad air, and poisonous to human lungs. Decaying plants discharge carbon in immense quantities, particularly in warm,

damp localities; and that is the reason why the swamp lands of the Carolinas, and the everglades of Florida, and the forests of the Amazon valley are so unhealthy."

"And isn't it on account of the carbon," asked Herbert, "that mother shuts the conservatory door at night, and takes the bouquets out of Helen's chamber and mine?"

"Yes. But I was going to tell you that when this decay takes place under water—that is, if a swamp or forest should be overflowed to a considerable depth, for any great length of time, the carbon could not escape as freely as it does in the open air. Now, that is the way coal was formed. Vast woodlands, rich in foliage, growing so densely that scarce a ray of light could penetrate through the thick-spreading branches of the tall trees, were overflowed while they were in their prime, and with all their wealth of ferns, and brakes, and weeds, and strange, jointed grasps, sank slowly to decay, perishing where they grew. The years went on, and their leaves, and stems and trunks rotted and blackened under the water, which held in suspension the carbon they gave out in dying. The tides drifted in mud upon the dead forests, which settled upon them in layers. By and by the waters retreated a little, or the earth was lifted, and the top of the mud was laid bare. Then sprang up another forest on the spot where the old one had perished, and that grew and grew through centuries, every year shedding thousands of leaves, and taking on fresh luxuriance. There were gigantic palms, lifting their tall stems like columns, each column surmounted by a heavy-tuft of long growing plumes; then there were other trees with trunks fluted and curiously marked in beautiful forms—trees such as are unknown to us now; immense fleshy mosses, some of them three or four feet in height; ferns which lifted themselves up to the stature of trees, and shut out the heavy light from these strange solitudes; and rank flags and sedges, taller and more luxuriant than the Indian bamboo. At last the time came when this wonderful growth found its burial in the water as the other had done, and the great wood-land made another coal seam, slowly and quietly passing into rottenness and blackness, while the mud in which it grew hardened into coal-slate or shale, just like this piece in which you have found the fern. Why, my boy, this little leaf is probably thousands and thousands of years old," said Mr. Alston, as he handed it back to Herbert to examine more minutely.

Herbert was dazed. Thousands and thousands of years old! How could that be? Why, the age of the world was only sixty centuries. He could not comprehend it. At last, drawing a long breath, he looked up and asked,

"But isn't that different from what the Bible tells, uncle? The first chapter of Genesis says the world was made in six days, and Adam was made on the sixth day. If this fern grew, and was turned into coal before Adam came, it couldn't have been so many centuries about it, for God created the first bit of vegetation that ever sprung up, on the third day."

Mr. Alston smiled.

"And Genesis is right," said he. "But then, Herbert, God's days are not like our days. Don't you know, my lad, that the Bible also says with Him 'a thousand years are as one day?' These six days, then, may and probably do stand for vast periods of time, in each one of which God completed some special design in the grand plan of creation. And so the beginning and the finishing of that design were 'the evening and the morning' of that particular 'day.' So, too, very early in the history of the world, God created vegetable life, and centuries on centuries followed before man came. God was preparing the earth for him—clearing away the poisonous gases that had hovered over it—hardening quarries of stone for his use in building, and mines of coal for fuel, and burying tin, and copper, and iron, gold, and silver, and other metals to promote his civilization. He was fertilizing unproductive lands with the ashes and minerals discharged from active volcanoes; filling river beds and ocean beds out of the waters which had covered them ever since the dawn of creation, and clothing them with verdure; peopling air, and earth, and sea with living things, which should serve him as food, or whose skins should furnish him with garments; upheaving mountain chains whose snows should become the perpetual sources of great rivers, and spreading out wide plains for the homes of the various races of the human family. I wish I had time, Herbert, to interest you still further in these things; but," taking out his watch, "it is already four o'clock, and I must leave for Worcester in ten minutes."

"Thank you," said Herbert. "And, uncle, may I look at the specimens in your cabinet, sometime?" he asked.

"Certainly, my lad. I shall be very happy to show them to you. Among them are quite a number of fossils, you will find—shells, fishes, reptiles, insects, and corals, as well as plants, all taken out of or else still imbedded in the solid rock. I have a fern resembling the one you have found, and others very different from it, with bark, and cones, and nuts, all coal fossils; and beautiful in their forms and tracery. Then, among the minerals there are quartz and other crystals, and not a few gems; and among the metals some ores that are curious, and worth looking at. I have a small box, too, made from canal coal."

"From canal coal?" interrupted Herbert. "What's that?"

"Genuine coal, my lad, but unlike that which we burn in our stoves. There are a great many kinds of coal, you must know, and each seems to have its special use. Canal coal will light immediately in a flame. The Scotch in some districts employ it in place of candles, and its name is, I believe, a corruption of 'candle coal.' It makes very fine illuminating gas. But we will talk about that to-morrow, if you like. Meantime, think about our conversation,

and if it suggests to you any more questions to ask about coal, save them up, and I will do my best to answer them satisfactorily, when I return."

"Thank you, Uncle George, I will," replied Herbert. —Little Corporal.

Our Little Newsboy.

Hurrying to catch a certain car at a certain corner, late one stormy night, I was suddenly arrested by the sight of a queer-looking bundle lying in a doorway.

"Bless my heart! it's a child! O John! I'm afraid he's frozen!" I exclaimed to my brother, as we both bent over the bundle.

Such a little fellow as he was, in the big, ragged coat; such a tired, baby face under the fuzzy cap; such a purple little hand, still holding fast a few papers; such a pathetic sight altogether, was the boy lying on the stone step, with the snow drifting over him,—that it was impossible to go by.

"He is asleep; but he'll freeze if left so long. Here, wake up, my boy; and go home as fast as you can," cried John with a gentle shake and a very gentle voice; for the memory of a dear little lad safely tucked up at home made him fatherly kind to the small vagabond.

The moment he was touched the boy tumbled up, and before he was half awake began his usual cry with an eye to business:

"Paper, sir? Herald?—Transcript? Last edition?" a great gasp swallowed up the "last edition," and he stood blinking at us like a very chilly young owl.

"I'll buy 'em all, if you'll go home, my little chap; it's high time you were abed," said John, whisking the damp papers into one pocket and his purse out of another as he spoke.

"All of 'em? why, there's six!" croaked the boy, for he was as hoarse as a raven.

"Never mind, I can kindle a fire with 'em. Put that in your pocket and trot home, my man, as fast as possible."

"Where do you live?" I asked, picking up the fifty cents that fell from the little fingers, too benumbed to hold it.

"Mitt's Court, out of Hanover. Cold, ain't it?" said the boy, blowing his purple hands and hopping feebly from one leg to the other to take the stiffness out.

"He can't go all that way in this storm—such a mite, and so used up with the cold and sleep," John said.

"Of course he can't, we'll put him in a car," began John, when the boy wheezed out:

"No; I've got ter wait for Sam. He'll be along as soon as the theater's done. He said he would, and so I'm waitin'."

"Who is Sam?" I asked.

"He's the feller I lives with. I ain't got any folks, and he takes care o' me."

"Nice care, indeed, leaving a baby like you to wait for him here such a night as it is," I said crossly.

"Oh, he's good to me, Sam is; though he does knock me around sometimes, when I ain't s'p'ry. The big fellows shove me back, you see, and I gets cold and can't sing out loud, so I don't sell my papers, and has to work 'em off late."

"Hear the child talk. One would think he was sixteen instead of six," I said half laughing.

"I'm most ten. Hi!—ain't that a o'er?" cried the boy, as a gust of sleet slapped him in the face, when he peeped to see if Sam was coming. "Hollo! the lights is out! Why, the play's done and the folks gone, and Sam's forgot me."

It was very evident that Sam had forgotten his little protégé, and a strong desire to shake Sam possessed me.

"No use waitin' any longer; and now my papers is sold, I ain't afraid to go home," said the boy, stepping down like a little old man with his rheumatism, and preparing to trudge away through the storm.

"Stop a bit, my little Casabianca; a car will be along in fifteen minutes, and while waiting you can warm yourself over there," said John with the purple hand in his.

"My name is Jack Hill, not Cassy Banks, please sir," said the little party with dignity.

"Have you had your supper, Mr. Hill?" asked John, laughing.

"I had some peanuts and two sucks of Joe's orange, but it wasn't very fillin'," he said gravely.

"I should think not. Here, one stew; and be quick please," cried John, as we sat down in a warm corner of the confectioner's opposite.

While Jack shivered in the hot oysters, with his eyes shutting up now and then in spite of himself, we looked at him, and thought again of a little rosy-face at home, safe in his warm nest, with mother-love watching over him. Nodding toward the ragged, grisly, forlorn-looking creature, dropping asleep over his supper like a tired baby, I said:

"Can you imagine our Freddy, out alone at this hour trying to 'work off' his papers, because afraid to go home till he has?"

"I'd rather not try," answered brother John, winking very hard as he stroked the little head beside him, which, by the by, looked very like a ragged yellow door-mat. I think brother John winked hard; but I can't be sure, for I know I did, and for a minute there seemed to be a dozen newsboys dancing before my eyes.

"There goes our car, and it's the last," said John looking at me.

"Let it go, but don't leave the boy," and I frowned at John for thinking such a thing.

"Here is his car. Now, my lad, both your last oyster and come on,"

ing round" might not await him at his journey's end.

Didn't mind the storm much as we plodded home, and when I told the story to my father next day his interest quite reconciled me to the sniffs and sneezes of a bad cold.

"If I saw that poor little boy, Aunt Weedy, I'd love him lots!" said Freddy, with a world of pity in his beautiful child's eyes.

And believing that others, also would be kind to little Jack and such as he, I tell the story.

When busy fathers hurry home at night, I hope they'll buy their papers of the small boys who get "shoved off," the feeble ones, who grow hoarse and can't "sing out," the shabby ones, who evidently have only forgotten Sam to care for them; and the hungry-looking ones, who don't get what is "fillin'." For love of the little sons and daughters safe at home, say a kind word, buy a paper, even if you don't want it; and never pass by leaving them to sleep forgotten in the streets at midnight, with no pillow but a stone, no coverlet but the pitiless snow, and not even a tender-hearted robin to drop leaves over them. —Merry's Museum.

Literary Review.

In the closing paragraphs of his work, "Four Phases of Moralism," noticed last week, Prof. Blackie has some very just, discriminating and suggestive words, dealing with the Utilitarianism which has not a few able exponents and brilliant advocates among the scholars of to-day. They will repay a careful reading, and we copy them below. The author says:

"It does not by any means follow that Utilitarianism has proved utterly useless in the world, or that its power for good is exhausted. It is only as a philosophy of human thought, feeling, and action that it is weighed in the balance and found wanting; as an aspect of social morals, and in the hands of good men like Bentham and Mill, as an amiable half of moral truth giving itself out for the whole, it has done good service in its day, and may be expected to do more. No man certainly can quarrel with the zealous endeavor to promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number, provided it be made clear, in the first place, wherein human happiness and the true dignity of human nature consist. And though thinking men abroad, who take a cosmopolitan view of our insular sects and parties, will continue to look upon Paleyism and Benthamism as only the natural product of the uneducated garden of Locke's empiricism, practical men in this country, who are more politicians than philosophers, and more anxious to reform their institutions than to remodel their thinking, will continue to find in the Utilitarian principle a useful war-cry against traditional abuses, and a motto of which no lover of his kind requires to be ashamed. Selfish men also, working correctly with Baconian tools on the forces of the external world, may be ready to ally themselves with a system of ethical philosophy which professes to make no assumptions, to proceed by cautious induction; and to reduce the rule of right not from dim feelings, flaming passions, and lofty aspirations, but from statistical tables and other externalities that can be felt and measured."

"As a practical power, therefore, in this country, Utilitarianism can not be considered as existing on the contrary, the recent upheaval of the democratic element which Whigs and Tories have conspired to produce, can not but carry along with it, for a season, the glorification of that maxim which so felicitously seems to forestall the doom of all aristocratic privilege and oligarchic abuse. To deal with men in one gregarious mass, counting them only by units without respect to quality, seems characteristic no less of Benthamite philosophy than of democratic policy; the element of number is made prominent in both; and both seem to aim at a sort of general level of social bliss, which can be most easily attained by taking the superfluities from the few and dividing them amongst the many. The heretical and anti-theological tendencies of the age; also, will aid the Utilitarian movement; partly, no doubt, because theologians have not always sufficiently considered that a clean cut is sometimes necessary for the well-being of a people as a clean conscience, and partly because those who find in the several creeds of Christendom ground of moral offense, may not be unwilling to welcome in the Utilitarianism of the present day an ethical system which jealously shuns the contagion of piety, and warily with a cold and distant reverence recognizes God."

"But this manifest hostility to religion which so characteristically separates the modern Utilitarian writers from Locke and Hartley, will in all probability be the first thing that shall excite a salutary reaction against them. For religion is as essential to human nature as poetry; and however violent men may attempt to stamp it out, or supercilious men to overlook it, or meager men to deny it, it will always know how to assert its own place, and even more powerfully from the void which its absence has occasioned. With democracy, presenting as it does, from every point, the most flattering appeals to individual self-importance, the masses of men readily become intoxicated; but from absolute frigidity, except in fits of social madness, they revolt and stagger back from the brink of the black abyss which it reveals. The difficulties of the Church Articles may be removed by judicious pruning or happy inoculation; but in Atheism there dwells no healing: it is sheer emptiness and despair."

LITTLE CANARY SERIES. By Mrs. M. A. Osgood. 4 vols. Illustrated. 1. Little Canary's Daisy. 2. Little Canary's Cousin Eugene. 3. Little Canary's Black Cat. Boston: Lee & Shepard, 1873. 16mo. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

DICK TRAVELS ABROAD. By Miss A. F. Samuels. 4 vols. Illustrated. 1. Palm Lands. 2. The Lost Tar. 3. On the Wave. 4. Little Cricket. Same Publishers, &c. 1873. 16mo.

In spite of the great fire which swept away so much of the property of this House, and more or less delayed their plans, there is no apparent falling off in their enterprise, and there is likely to be no real curtailment of the large autumn and winter work which they had projected and announced. While issuing works so varied that they cover almost the entire area of wholesome literature, some of their publications touching the highest intellectual and moral levels, they make a specialty of wide-awake and captivating juvenile books, which come in a strong stream from their hands at every season. But the stream is wont to rise almost to a flood in the late autumn and early winter. Their publications always abound in vital forces. They pay no premiums to dullness, and send out nothing to the young people that chloroforms the spirit. Whatever other criticism may be invited or called out by the issues of this House, they are never charged with lacking red blood or exhibiting a feeble circulation.

These two series of juveniles are fair samples of their products for the younger readers. The authors have made themselves a place and a name. Mrs. Osgood wields a vigorous and graceful pen, and she knows what will truly minister to the tastes of the smaller people, and help to impress the wise lessons which she has to impart. Her Little Canary Series is very admir-

able, life-like, sympathetic, appreciative, lacking neither brilliancy, humor nor pathos, and warm and quick with a genuinely human element. She knows the children through and through, and she has by no means got beyond the experience that almost make her one of the jolliest of them all. She is sure of a loud-voiced approval from a host of boys and girls who will hardly get through with their enthusiastic praise of what she here gives them, before they will be eagerly asking when her next set of volumes may be looked for. And we shall have no wonder over their eager gladness and out-reaching desire.

Miss Samuels is less vivacious and magnetic, but she is always interesting and has something of consequence to say. She very happily blends entertainment with instruction in what she writes, and her readers are always wiser as well as happier at the end of one of her books. This new Series of hers is perhaps the best product of her pen. She works a large amount of useful knowledge of geography, natural history and specific information into her pleasant stories, and so blends it with the best and most attractive parts of the narrative that it can hardly be pushed into the background or divorced from the adventures that are sure of remaining in the memory. The experiences of Dick Travers will be the theme of discussion by many a fireside, and the described life will be repeated in the dreams that follow the eager reading.

Each of the sets of books is put up in a neat box, and the whole mechanical work is such as to make them attractive.

Pamphlets, Magazines, &c.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE is one of those things upon whose steady movement and high work we have come to count with a glad confidence akin to that with which we anticipate the rising of the sun or the stimulus of a thoroughly tried teacher. In the uniform appreciation and good judgment with which its contents are selected from the leading, and best foreign periodicals, it has merited a confidence, reached a distinction and won an aspect that separate it from, and lift it above all its rivals and contemporaries. It was never before managed with so large and catholic a wisdom as now. One needs to receive and read it from month to month, and look over the accumulated treasures at the end of a year, in order to realize the largeness and excellence of its offerings. It is the oldest, simplest and best of our eclectic periodicals.

The following is the table of contents for the number bearing the date of Nov. 30: Immortality; The Burgomaster's Family; A Swiss Sanctuary; Off the Skelligs; Our Great-Grandmother; The Native Press of India; Physical Prejudices; Constitutional Changes in France; The Brimham Crags; Beautiful Leaves; Release; The Dead; Boston: Little & Gay.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, a very wholesome, pleasant and well-managed monthly, and which we have offered to our subscribers at a reduced price as a premium, comes with its usually pleasant supply of reading matter, and with intelligent promises of entering upon the new volume with added elements of interest and value. It always furnishes a good supply of pleasant reading for the family. The table of contents for Dec. is as follows: Giving in Marriage; "Winged Gongs"; Wales; A Persecuted Race; The Freshet; In a Dream; An Open Polar Sea; Jonathan and Nancy; The Courage to Live; To the Unhappy One; Six in All; The Gronto of Antiparos; Other People's Windows; An Old Bachelor's Love Story; Put the Agreement in Writing; The Social Benefactor; Religion; Reading; Mother's Department; The Home Circle; Evening with the Poets; Editors' Department; Publishers' Department.—Phila.: T. S. Arthur & Sons.

THE LITTLE CORPORA has been a success from the first. It is alive all over and all through. It is fruitful in genuine instruction. It is eminently high-toned. It throbs with a true and healthy sympathy with the young and energetic life which bounds through the bodies and souls of wide-awake boys and girls. And its illustrations are fine specimens of art, and all its mechanical qualities are such as to make it attractive even to a glancing eye. It is cheap, too, at \$1.50 per year. The last issue offers the following variety: Uncle Dick's Legacy; Croll and his Nap; A Merry Christmas; Our Little Mulberry Tree; A Letter to Santa Claus; Christmas Eve Under Ground; Preserving; Dora; One of the Days; The Story of Minot; A Close Reader One Roof; The Christmas Rarities; Editorials; Prudy's Pocket; Work and Play.—Chicago: John E. Miller.

Another lot of sheet music appears from the prolific House of Ditson & Co., Boston & New York. The pieces mentioned below are all pleasant, some of them peculiarly so. None of them are difficult, and every one is quite removed from dullness. They can be mastered without any great expenditure of time or patience or skill, and the necessary work will meet a reward. Here are the titles, &c.:

KITTY AND BEN. Words by Hope Ardor. Music by J. E. Webster.

MESSAGE FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD. Song. By John Hullah.

FALSE HEARTED. Ballad. Words by Charles E. Hurd. Music by William Adria Smith.

MOTHER'S DEAD AND GONE. Words by Phil. H. Mowry. Music by Harry Percy.

ARCADIAN GALOP. By Wm. B. Van de Water.

STARRY NIGHT GALOP. One of the Silver Ripples. By E. Mack.

BIRDIE'S SONG. Nocturne. By J. Chris. Donlin.

ECHO VALE. Polka Redowa. By J. W. Turner.

HARPER'S PUBLICATIONS. The three periodicals issued by Harper & Brothers, New York, and which are elsewhere advertised in our columns, are such things as it is a pleasure to commend. The patronage which they have secured, and the high degree of favor which they have found in the better portion of the reading community, furnish good evidence of their value and of their adaptation to real and general wants. Their circulation is very large, and still increasing.—THE MAGAZINE is remarkable for its variety, the large amount of reading matter offered for a moderate price, and the numerous and splendid illustrations which appear in every issue. It naturally leads all the monthlies in the country.—THE WEEKLY is by far the finest, ablest, choicest, most varied and most influential of all the periodicals. Mr. Curtis's political and more general editorials are hardly equaled in their way anywhere; many of the illustrations are superb; and it is here where the marvelous genius of Nash in the sphere of the comic-drawers out in its freshness, and fullness, and highest effect. He does sometimes overdo things. There are larger liberties taken, and more audacity is displayed, and caricature is now and then pushed to a greater extreme than the highest sense of propriety can sanction in the products of his burlesquing pencil. But, on the whole, he serves morality, and adds not a little to the value and power of the sheet.—THE BAZ

Literary Miscellany.

Jules Favre.

French eloquence has never been without its living representative; and it is eloquence and not rhetoric which has made the reputation of the great orators of France. To-day the leader of the opposition in the French Chamber, the aggressive liberal, to whose talents the imperialists are not able to oppose a man of equal power, the boldest and bitterest orator of France, the Wendell Phillips of the French Republic, is Jules Favre. By his early training, his serious youth, his political aim, he is closer to us than any living Frenchman, save Laboulaye. He represents the severe and strenuous of the French character. In private life he is one of the most amiable, in public life one of the most dreaded and irritating of men. He was born at Lyons, in 1809; the son of a merchant, he was brought up in a pious household and taught the most pure and rigid principles; he is serious as Guizot, but without his ascetic nature. When he left his paternal home, to complete his studies in Paris, he associated himself with all the religious societies of the epoch, and was one of the warmest, if not the warmest, of the "Society of Good Reading." Does not this read like the story of a good young American? Those who were edited by his irreproachable conduct as a student in Paris, were scandalized later to find him among the revolutionists of 1830. Confounded with the "mutual workmen" of Lyons, whom he defended on coming from the Palais de Justice, he fell into the midst of the fight between the soldiers and workmen, and narrowly escaped the shots that were directed against him. He gained his name, which was at once besieged; after four days of confinement, he sought to reach the house of the prefect, but was made prisoner on the street; a court-martial was at once improvised to decide whether he should be despatched on the spot or carried to the prefect; it was determined to take him to Prefect Gasparin, who gave the order to liberate him.

A biographical bat, who flaps his wings freely and intelligently only in the twilight of tradition and amid the ruins of royalty, turns from the negative virtues of Jules Favre's first years to his bold and laborious service in the cause of the new principles, and discovers only that the great advocate and the eloquent republican had forgotten the holy teachings of the paternal hearth. He failed to see that the exercise of reason and the exhibition of moral courage are the finest witnesses of a superior mind and heart, and justly education far more than the docility which keeps so many well-born Frenchmen in the enfeebling leading-strings of Church and State.

Jules Favre's first public appearance in Paris was in 1834, as one of the defenders of the accused of April. The majority of the accused, instructed by advocates and journalists who had been summoned, contested the legality of the prosecution and determined not to make any defense unless they were allowed to choose their own defenders. The court had excluded all but licensed advocates from the list, thus violating an old right which permitted the accused any defense they might summon. Favre, from Lyons, comparatively unknown, but even then "master of an incomparable eloquence and of a fine intelligence," opposed the decision of the committee for the defense. With great personal courage and tenacity, he withstood the will of the professional and political committee, and announced his intention to plead for all who wished to employ him. The prisoners from Lyons judged it best to accept his offer; he then made his famous defense of "the accused of April," charging the government with having "nourished insurrection, and prolonged the struggle between the soldiers and the people."

If Favre was a man merely seeking a theater for the display of his talents, no finer occasion could have been more audaciously seized than this. His part in the famous *proces* made him as well known as an advocate of Paris, and the career which he has so admirably filled was fairly opened.

Under Ledru Rollin, Minister of the Interior, he filled the office of Secretary-General, he was associated with George Sand in editing certain celebrated historical circulars, which compromised the republic and disturbed the lovers of order in France. Elected representative of the Loire, he resigned his office. He opposed President Napoleon, sustained the prosecution against Louis Blanc, and was unfriendly to Carnot. After the coup d'etat he did not participate in political life for six years. Elected member of the *Conseils Generaux* of the Loire and Rhone, he refused to take the oath prescribed by the new constitution. In 1857 his own party vainly opposed his nomination in Lyons for the *Corps Legislatif*.

As an advocate, his career has been full of brilliant efforts. In one of his most famous suits he pleaded for the *Marquis de Y*, who demanded to be divorced from a young wife of sixteen, for the reason that she had taken "the strongest determination" in marrying him for the sake of a marquis, to be wife only in name. Her family had encouraged and sustained her decision. The court of Rome had declared the marriage null, the civil marriage remained to be broken. Favre's plea against the civil marriage made a profound impression.

In 1858 he pleaded for *Bresciani* and later for *Bel-Adji*, an Arab chieftain, who was condemned to twenty years of forced labor. He went to Napoleon, at the camp of Chalon, with the young son of *Bel-Adji*, and supplicated pardon for his father; it was granted. The following year he defended *Orsini*—probably his most celebrated defense.

Last year Favre was elected member of the French Academy.

Jules Favre is certainly one of the boldest and most incorruptible of contemporary Frenchmen in politics. For several years he has been the unquestioned leader of the opposition in the French chamber. In him eloquence holds its throne in elegant and sober French. His enemies say that "Nature has gifted him with a particular eloquence," that "his lips let flow in honeyed words the gall of his heart, and distill a poisoned ambrosia," that "he would condemn to death with the choicest language,

with an imperturbable elegance of expression, his dearest colleagues."

Those who know him best bear witness to his goodness of heart, to his unostentatious generosity; and it may be said that a generous heart alone could nourish his eloquence, which is bitter only to the oppressors of the people, and withering only to those who deceive them. Since Ledru Rollin, Favre's voice has been the sweetest and bravest of the extreme left of the French Chamber. He is called "a skillful dialectician, a rude struggler, a dangerous adversary in debate." His chief strength is his use of methodic and cold argument, and the clear narrative by which he conducts his hearers to the issue of a question.

He has been called the ugliest-looking man, but one, of the French bar. Time, and the pre-occupation with noble thoughts, have given a beauty of their own to his irregular but sympathetic face, the most striking trait of which is the projection of the lower lip; the mouth is scornful. The anger, thought and the gravity of life are expressed in his face, which is sad but not ascetic. His voice is winning and clear. He may well be said, for all the music of his voice, and all the persuasiveness of his tongue, have not saved France from organized injustice and unscrupulous power. Organization is stronger than eloquence in the long run.

Jules Favre, Victor Hugo, and Alexander Dumas, are the three men most frequently caricatured in Paris; the fact indicates that they are the three best known and most interesting men in France. Caricaturists take pleasure in representing Favre as a man grasping his thunder-bolts and scowling from the Olympian calm of his eloquence.

The style of his eloquence, and the statement of his thought, are closer to Wendell Phillips than to any other American orator with whom I am acquainted. He is neat, clear, incisive; but he has at times more heat and more sensibility than Phillips, yet the same hardly-contained scorn, the same pointed and penetrating phrase fatal to its object. It seems as if no intellectual heat could be greater than that which burns under the calm front of the French orator. He has what the French call a noble rage, but he is never violent, and he does not saw the air with his arms; he is not a gesticulating Frenchman; he is not voluble in his eloquence, like Mirabeau; nor tormented, like Victor Hugo; he is not pell-mell, like Beecher; he is serious, ironical, chaste, indignant, questioning and accusing—a type of intellectual force and artistic expression between Benjamin Constant and George Sand; something between Theodore Parker and Phillips. He appears to have that rarest courage, the courage of opposing his own friends and party. He has never preferred anything to his own conviction; it has always been his master, always sacred to him. Jules Favre, in the French Chamber, the caustic critic, the indefatigable censor, the watchful aggressor of imperialism in France, is a noble figure among the chief agents of agitation and progress who goad and threaten arbitrary power with words of matchless eloquence. Favre in France, Castelar in Spain, Bright in England, and our American agitators, speak for the people, and resist all invasions of personal liberty; they are the leading advocates of representative government, which is the only government possible for an instructed and self-respecting people.—*Appleton's Journal*.

Instinct in Chickens.

A chicken at the end of six minutes, after having its eyes unveiled, followed with its head the movements of a fly twelve inches distant; at ten minutes, the fly coming within reach of its neck, was seized and swallowed at the first stroke; at the end of twenty minutes, it had not attempted to walk a step. It was then placed on rough ground within sight and call of a hen, with chickens of its own age. After standing chirping for about a minute, it went straight toward the hen, displaying as keen a perception of the qualities of the outer world as it was ever likely to possess in after life. It never required to know its head against a stone to discover that there was "no road that way." It leaped over the smaller obstacles that lay on its path, and ran round the larger, reaching the mother in as nearly a straight line as the nature of the ground would permit. Thus it would seem that, prior to experience, the eye—at least the eye of the chicken—perceives the primary qualities of the external world, all arguments of the purely analytical school of psychology to the contrary notwithstanding.

Not less conclusive were experiments on hearing. Chickens hatched and kept in the dark for a day or two, on being placed in the light nine or ten feet from a box in which a brooding hen was concealed, after standing chirping for a minute or two, uniformly set off straight to the box in answer to the call of the hen which they had never seen and never before heard. This they did struggling through grass and over rough ground, when not able to stand steadily on their legs. Again, chickens that from the first had been denied the use of their eyes by having hoods drawn over their heads while in the shell, when the hoods were removed, and they were placed within call of the mother concealed in a box or on the other side of a door, after turning round a few times ran straight to the spot whence came the first sound they had ever heard. Clearly, of these chickens it can not be said that sounds were to them at first but meaningless sensations.

One or two observations favorable to the opinion that animals have an instinctive knowledge of their enemies may be taken for what they are worth. When twelve days old one of my little proteges, running beside me, gave the peculiar chirp, whereby they announce the approach of danger. On looking up, a sparrow-hawk was seen hovering at a great height overhead. Again, a young hawk was made to fly over a hen with her first brood of chickens, then about a week old. In the twinkling of an eye most of the chickens were hid among grass and bushes. And scarcely had the hawk touched the ground, about twelve yards from where the hen had been sitting, when she fell upon it, and would soon have killed it outright. A young turkey gave even more striking evidence. When ten days old it heard the voice of the hen for the first time, and just beside it. Like a arrow from the bow it darted off in the opposite direction, and crouched in a cor-

ner, remained for ten minutes motionless and dumb with fear. Out of a vast number of experiments with chickens and bees, though the results were not uniform, yet in the great majority of instances the chickens gave evidence of instinctive fear of these stinging insects.—*From Paper Read before the British Association*.

Laughing.

Laugh, boys! a hearty, joyous, ringing laugh, that sends the blood coursing through the veins and arteries, giving life and vigor to every nook and corner of the system. "Laugh and grow fat," and plump, like the gay lambs that frisk and gambol on the hillside in the joyous spring, or like the rollicking kittens, as they roll and tumble on the mat, as if to show their proud mother, sitting near, and watching their movements, how really and how naturally they learn their first lessons in cat gymnastics. Laugh, but you need never indulge in a coarse "horse laugh," a simple roar, reminding one of the braying of a donkey, or the steam-whistle! Laugh like a boy, a wide-awake stirring boy, one ready for business, labor, errands; ready to bring a pail of water for mother, gather flowers for sister, or any honest and useful labor, physical or mental. Laugh, but not simply to make a noise, or because it is expected that you will, but because you can not help it; because you are overflowing with good nature, with not a cubic inch of room to contain your joyous feelings, almost ready to burst; filled with kindly feelings towards brothers and sisters, parents and friends, schoolmates and playmates, all with whom you come in daily contact.

Yes, and let the girls laugh, and expand the chest, inflate the lungs, rouse the energies, enkindle kindly emotions, enucleate the whole countenance with an ample wreath of smiles. Give me the boy or girl that smiles as soon as the first rays of the morning appear, and such a smile as such a boy or girl, and such a girl, will be fit to "make up" into a man, or a woman, contrasted with a sullen, morose, "crabbed" fellow, who snaps and snarls like a surly cur, or growls and grunts like an untamable hyena, from the moment he opens his red and angry eyes till he is "comforted" by his breakfast. Such a girl, other things being favorable, will be good material to aid in gladdening some comfortable home, or to refine, civilize, tame and humanize a selfish, gloomy, and morose fellow, such a look at such a joy-inspiring girl, such a woman bud, and see the smiles flowing, so to speak, from her parted lips, displaying a set of clean, well-brushed teeth, looking almost the personification of beauty and goodness, singing, and as merry as the birds, their morning concert long before the lazy boys dreamed that the glorious sun was approaching, and about to pour a whole flood of joy-inspiring light and warmth upon the earth. Such a girl is like a gleam of shower to the parched earth, bestowing kind words, sweet smiles and acts of mercy all around her—the joy and light of the household.

It has been well said that "there are two muscles to raise the upper lip; in laughter, and only one to draw it down; therefore we should laugh twice to crying once." There may be a time for weeping, and even for mourning and melancholy; yet cheerfulness, good nature and joy are far more favorable to the health of the body and mind. Excessive grief often arrests the action of the stomach, and produces disease. The cheerful and hopeful are far more healthy than the morose, the sour, the fretful, and the scolding mortals; never see the sunlight of cheerfulness or social blitheness, but who scowl and frown, "look daggers," and feel two-edged swords to ward all who dare to come within reach of them.—*Oliver Optic's Magazine*.

Obituaries.

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

SAMUEL CAIN died near Mainville, Ohio, Sept. 18, in the 77th year of his age. Bro. C. was a native of Avon, Me. He emigrated to Ohio in the year 1829, was married to Hannah Church, 1830, and with his companion, a unit with the Hamilton (now Mainville) F. B. church soon after its organization. They were always found with the working members of the church, first to rejoice at the prospect of Zion, and the days of adversity and trial only bound them more closely to the people of their choice. Bro. C. was a man of few words; life with him meant work, faith, hope, charity. He was warmly attached to all the interests of the denomination. His death was caused by being thrown from a wagon, which, falling upon him, produced injuries which he never recovered from. He was buried at the home of the following day. But the messenger found him waiting, and as the weary traveler found down his burden at the close of day, so Bro. C. heard the "Come up higher" of the Master.

HARRIET N., wife of Dea. John E. Rand, died in Steep Falls, Oct. 1872, aged 32 years and 7 months. Her sister Rand professed faith in Christ some six years since, was baptized by Rev. A. Hobson and united with the Free Baptist church of this place, and continued a firm believer to the last.

MARY J., wife of Dea. John E. Rand died in Steep Falls, Oct. 1872, aged 32 years and 7 months. Her sister Rand professed faith in Christ some six years since, was baptized by Rev. A. Hobson and united with the Free Baptist church of this place, and continued a firm believer to the last.

JAMES W., son of Wm. F. and Elvira C. Whitman, died in Smithfield, Me., July 7, aged 20 years and 7 months. He was a member of the F. B. Sabbath-school, and under my care. He told me two years ago he meant to be a Christian, but was not ready then. He patiently bore his sickness, which was short but severe. In his sickness he sought Christ, and as the cold waters of death were dashing around his feet, he sang and prayed, and said, "Jesus will forgive me." When dying he said to his friends, "Do not weep; there will be no weeping in the better world." May the Lord bless and support his relatives in their loss, and help his friends to prepare to die.

LILLY, daughter of Sherburne N. and Keziah Rowe, died July 7, in Smithfield, Me., of cancer in her head, aged 12 years. For weeks she was totally blind, and died in one ear, yet she never complained. She often wished to die and be at rest.

her interest in Jesus. Sister P. was one of the sweet singers in Israel, her voice being often heard in prayer and conference as well as in class meetings, giving expression to the joy of her heart or encouraging others with soul-stirring words of the poet. As the hour of dissolution approached, her faith in Christ triumphed, and with a sweet calmness of soul such as the presence of Jesus alone can give, she bade farewell to her husband and tenderly-loved children, and passed to her glorious home in heaven. Now while husband and children, with many relatives and Christian friends drop the tear over her memory, she sings the praise of God before the throne of glory. W. T. F.

JENNIE L., daughter of John Neal, died of typhoid fever in North Berwick, Nov. 8, aged 21 years and 5 months. She embraced a hope in Christ about three years since, under the labors of Rev. C. H. Kimball, but for reasons not easily defined she never united with the church. She possessed a gentle disposition, beautified by the Christian religion. She was loved and highly esteemed by all who enjoyed her acquaintance. She was a sweet singer and an ornament to society. She seemed conscious from the first of her sickness, and even before that she had not long to tarry with earthly friends. One who had chosen her for a companion in life and expected soon to be united to her in marriage is left to mourn with father, stepmother, several brothers and sisters, besides other relatives, and a very large circle of friends. J. NASON.

The Richest Premiums Yet!

We have offered rich premiums before now to our subscribers, and they have been varied and valuable as well as attractive. At the end of no little thought, inquiry and planning, we have decided to offer a new list, which we are sure must be set down as both generous and choice. Look at what follows:

1. New subscribers, sending \$2.50, will receive the *Star* for one year, and a copy of any one of the fine, good-sized steel Engravings which they may select from the following list: "The Christ-Child," "The Heavens declare the Glory of God," and "Fairy Stories," or,
2. New subscribers, sending \$4.25, will receive the *Star* for one year, Arthur's very excellent *Home Magazine* for one year, and a large, new and very beautiful steel Engraving, just executed, entitled, "The Three Graces," or, Faith, Hope, and Charity. The regular price of the *Star* is \$2.50; of the Magazine, \$2.50; of the Engraving, \$5.00—making a total of \$10.00. We will furnish the whole for \$4.25; or,
3. New subscribers, sending \$3.00, will receive the *Star* for one year, *The Christian at Work*,—one of the most vital and practical monthly religious sheets published,—for one year, and two very choice and exquisite Chromos, each about 12 inches square, entitled "Good Morning," and "Carroll in Mischievous." At the regular prices, what we thus offer for \$3.00 would cost about \$12.00; or,
4. New subscribers, sending \$3.00, will receive a copy of the *Star* for one year, and a new and especially beautiful Chromo, 13 by 16 inches, entitled "Little Students, or, Home Sunshine." This Chromo, which has just been designed and executed at a heavy expense, will be sent mounted and ready for framing. It opens to us the very heart of what is pure, beautiful and suggestive in domestic life, and its merits grow upon one by study.

We shall not probably be able to hold out these inducements for more than a limited period. Hence the need of sending the orders and the money promptly.

SOMETHING ELSE. To all our present subscribers who, before Jan. 1, 1873, shall settle all arrearages,—if any exist,—renew their subscriptions and forward us the payment for another year, we will send any one of the several smaller engravings mentioned above, which they may select and order. Or, if they prefer it, after such renewal of subscription and payment for another year, for \$1.75 additional, we will send them *Arthur's Magazine* and the Engraving entitled "The Three Graces." Or they may send us \$1.10 additional, and we will send them *The Christian at Work* and the two Chromos above mentioned. Or they may send us 50 cts. additional, and we will send them the Chromo entitled "Little Students," &c.—N. B. Let it be understood that this offer to old subscribers expires with Dec. 31, 1872.

Should any persons, ordering the Chromos mentioned in connection with the *Christian at Work*, wish them mounted and ready for framing, they will need to send 40 cts. in addition to the sums specified above.

In making payments and ordering the premiums, care should be taken to specify just what is wanted, and to write the names and orders plainly, so that there need be no mistakes, misdirection, or losses by the mails.

Of course, no percentage is allowed and no credit given when premiums are ordered.

We need say nothing in the way of commending these offers. The statement of them suffices. That the remittances and orders should come in promptly, and abundantly, is what may be expected as a matter of course. That our readers will promptly take pains to show these offers to their friends, may be safely assumed. But we shall seek to fill all orders with despatch.

Academies, &c.

PINE SEMINARY.

The FALL TERM of this institution will open Aug. 28, 1872. The Boardman Fund is almost secured, and will be raised the present year. A new classical and scientific course of study has been arranged, and classes in the same will be formed at once. The Seminary has been repaired at much expense. Now it is made the school one of the best. Teachers have been employed, and no pains will be spared to make the school one of the best. Good accommodation for board. Mr. Farrington, one of the best teachers, has spent nearly two years in Europe, and on his return enters upon the position of teacher of Modern Languages in this institution. Free tuition for Teachers. Teachers' class formed at the opening of the Fall term.

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CALENDAR, 1872.

March 20—Spring Term begins.

June 20—Commencement.

September 4—Fall Term begins.

December 4—Winter Term begins.

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