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## **The Morning Star - volume 47 number 52 - December 25, 1872**

Freewill Baptist printers

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# The Morning Star

Volume XLVII.

DOVER, N. H., DECEMBER 25, 1872.

Number 52

## THE MORNING STAR

A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER  
FOR THE FAMILY.  
PUBLISHED 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.

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

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### NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

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

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

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

4. When Agents receive premiums, no percentage on money sent for the Star is allowed in addition. We send no books out to be sold on commission, or otherwise, with the privilege of returning them.

## The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1872.

### Release.

As one who leaves a prison cell  
A nd looks, with glad though dazzled eye,  
Once more on wood and field and sky,  
And feels again the quickening spell  
Of Nature thrill through every vein,  
I leave my former self behind,  
And, free once more in heart and mind,  
Shake off the old, corroding chain.  
Free from my Past—a jailor dead—  
And with the Present clasping hands,  
Beneath fair skies, through sunny lands,  
Which memory's ghosts ne'er haunt I tread.  
The pains and griefs of other days  
May, shadow-like, pursue me yet;  
But toward the sun my face is set,  
His golden light on all my ways.  
—S. S. Conant.

### New York Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Dec. 16, 1872.

#### THE GRUMBLER AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

At the breakfast table where the Vidi brains appropriate their daily supply of phosphorus from the fishballs and salt mackerel, there reigns—at one end—a privileged character. I suppose there is such a personage, in some measure, at most boarding-house boards. Most certainly there is room for but one, at any board. Usually he holds by a combination of superior pluck and prior occupation. I have noticed that none but the brave deserve the fane—the best of it, I mean. But what is that to the bravery required in him who shall criticize the fare? It is in a boarder a sort of supreme gift, scarce permitted to one in a thousand, and hence I compute, to about one boarding house in a hundred, at the utmost.

When we first went to board with Mrs. Fish, I was amazed at the quiet audacity with which the grumbler "grim faced" at the end opposite the coffee urn sauced the steaks and chops as he distributed them with a running critical commentary. Defects were sent home apologetically to the recipient with his plate, or congratulations were delivered, with a lucky portion, upon any virtue of meat or cook which it illustrated. Nothing in all the range of degrees, from bad to worst, from fair to middling, or from good to best, escaped note or comment, with terse oracular exposition of its cause, its good or bad effects, or by what means it might have been better or worse.

After the evening conversation, I observed, became more discursive but none the less critical. The newspapers, the politicians, the preachers, the police, whosoever and whatsoever happened to be going on particularly, came in for criticism. Sometimes he would be warmly eulogistic, but oftener severe. Once after he had thrust through several leading daily papers in succession, by their respective worse (and to him predominant) characteristics, one of the young men spoke up in amazement—"Why, Dr. Righter, what paper do you take?" "Allow me to recommend it to you, my young friend," said the Doctor. "I take the Press; and by sharp cross-examination and comparison, I manage to extort some truth from it on the whole. But if, as you seem to think, to subscribe is to swallow, why, then I subscribe to no paper."

In short, good Dr. Righter—when I first caught his name I marked with admiration the irony of Fate in stopping its development short of the superlative degree, a state of deficiency which he passionately abhors—appears to be a Perfectionist, not as being particularly credulous of actual perfection, but as insatiably demanding it of all men and things. "Good enough!" he would echo, when some one humbly ventured thus to mitigate his criticism of the

hash: "nothing is good enough so long as it can be made any better." This is his cardinal maxim. On this principle all his conversation hinges. Of his walk, I suppose it would be too much to expect so much, in a mortal.

Naturally, the servants call Dr. Righter the grumbler. Nevertheless, they have a good deal of respect for his criticism, for the simple reason that they can not give him warning. This accounts for what you may have imagined to be unaccountable in Mrs. Fish's indulgence. I grant you, no woman can keep a boarding house but temporarily, who does not know how to keep her victims in subjection as a sheep before her shears is dumb. "Gape, sinner, and swallow!" is the whole bill of rights for a well regulated boarder, who expects to contribute truly to the perpetuation of those priceless institutions that keep him above the condition of cook and chambermaid unto himself. But Mrs. Fish, I have discovered, has reasons in favor of the Grumbler. In fact, I have reason to think that she considers him a treasure; not only because he pays handsomely and promptly on the first of every month for her best suite of rooms, and never seems to think of moving, from year to year, but also because the servants involuntarily assimilate instruction and reproof from him which they would never swallow from her; while the other boarders enjoy a vent for all dissatisfaction, without relaxation of discipline, and are even rather induced to react against the rigor of the criticism, and stand up for the board; which, between the two potentates at the opposite ends of it, and to do them both justice, approximates fairly to good. Some of the grumbler's oracles would be useful to housekeepers, and Mrs. Vidi and myself have agreed to keep notes of them for reference in that imaginary good time coming when the growing prosperity of this correspondence shall enable us to keep house for ourselves.

For the present, I thought I would write you some of yesterday's table talk on the morning services of the day. We are, I am glad to say, a tolerably serious set on the whole, at Mrs. Fish's, and most of us having been to church on Sunday mornings, the conversation at the dinner table—we have noon dinners on Sundays, though the hour for dinner on week days is six o'clock—is in a manner sanctified to such subjects as the preachers, new churches, fashions, and other ecclesiastical matters. At such times, the Grumbler usually comes home well charged with objections and once in a great while with admiration, at what he has heard and seen. Yesterday, it seems, he had been to the church of the Rev. Dr. De Chorus, and though there was but a short sermon, it was followed by a long communion service, and the Grumbler was very nearly too late to carve and otherwise cut up, and serve the Sunday turkey. This did not improve his good humor, and with less remark than usual upon the fowl, of which, indeed, he admitted that there was *nil nisi bone-um* to be said, he launched into an invective on the tiresome and meaningless conventionalities of the De Chorus style of conducting public worship.

Just here I must explain that though I don't mind, as you see, giving the real names of us private people at the boarding house, it is a different matter when I come to repeat criticisms upon our metropolitan clergy, and I am obliged to translate the reverend gentlemen, by characteristic terms which they will not recognize or at least will not be ashamed of. I wish that our clergymen (so the Grumbler began) would try the experiment how the acts of public worship would go off by themselves, without explanatory preface. I don't object particularly to the invitation, "Let us pray," or, "Let us invoke the divine blessing." But suppose they should try the simple method of commencing to speak simply to God. There is a solemnity in worship that ignores all other presence but the Divine, such as might beguile some of conventional attendants into forgetting themselves for a moment. Since we must plan appearances, let them be imitations of the natural and spontaneous, rather than the reverse. Employ *ars celare artem*, and form to disguise form. The most impressive act of our minister and congregation to day, was that of the Apostolical benediction, because they silently awaited it, and it came like a solemn impulse. But I have seen the Doctor thrust it on them by proclamation—"Receive the benediction!"—and the effect was almost farcical by comparison. I say that prayer is affected in the Sanctuary. It may be my profanity, but these ceremonial directions remind me of a ball leader calling off the figures to a bewildered flock, who but for him would not know what to do next.

Now, when the good Doctor is going to read in the Bible, why can't he just tell his chapter and verse, and read, instead of saying, "Let us read for our instruction and improvement" &c. Then, "The words of my text will be found," or, "The Scripture to which your prayerful attention is invited" &c.—What impertinent surpluses are all this. I like to hear a preacher begin by uttering his text bare, as if it was a high and grand thing by itself, and he reverenced it; then state chapter and verse just as it would be set down in a citation in a book, and go on with the least possible ceremony to unfold it.

Concerning hymns, is it necessary still to go on explaining, after so many centuries, that the intention is to sing them? Is it a genuine or a ridiculous courtesy, to say "Sing if you please"? Is it a needful help toward intelligent devotion, to particularize in *extenso*, "Let us sing to the praise of God, in the use of the 150th hymn"? Where would be the harm or peril of pronouncing the bare words: "150th hymn," venturing it on Providence and the music committee's arrangements, whether the words shall be said or sung, and whether to the praise of God or of you fearfully and wonderfully artful quartette?

Then, again, why is it absolutely necessary in all cases to mutilate the hymn? I don't like to be made to feel wrath for devotion because the minister feels bound to stipulate that the very gem of the only four stanzas shall be omitted as too good for sinners. To-day a hymn of out sixteen common meter lines in all, was given out with strict injunction to omit this objectionable portion:

"Ye saints below and hosts above  
Join all your praising powers!  
No theme is like redeeming love,  
No Saviour is like ours!"

The omission of that stanza might rely on his judgment for the unerring elimination of all the poetry above a safe average of commonplaceness, from any hymn-book. But the most serious, really abominable fault I have to find with the Doctor is his plan of hoisting the Lord's prayer on to the tail of his own, as the subordinate member of a relative clause in his last sentence, wherein the whole of it figures as the indirect object of a neuter verb! He seems to think the Lord's prayer ought not to be quite neglected, so he winds up with asking all the fore-mentioned blessings in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, *who has taught us to pray*, "Our Father," &c.

It is not to be understood [correspondent *loquitur*] that the foregoing remarks were a continuous exertion. On the contrary, the conversation was rather animated, from which I have collected the Grumbler's prominent causes of dissatisfaction, having no room in this instance to report dramatically. For instance, one lady, an Episcopalian, remarked, "I can not imagine, Doctor, why you have not long ago found a refuge from these distresses in the unexceptionable solemnities of our church."

"Unexceptionable, I grant you," promptly responded the Grumbler, "but for one thing. I think I might have been an Episcopalian, if I were not always depressed by the predominance of the penitential and moral element in the liturgy over that of free grace, of faith, and love, and joy. And yet, in candor I can not say that I was much better cheered by the lugubrious communion service at our church to-day. I confess I always dread that service above most other regular incidents of this life. Probably the difference really is that the vices of our worship claim no sort of authority. I can grumble, and indulge my own ideal at will. I can not remember having ever heard in my life a blessing simply and sweetly asked upon the Lord's Supper in 'imitation of his example,' as they say but do not. The invariable rule is two prayers and two meditations, each of considerable length, prolonging the service most unreasonably, dulling it most impudently, and supplanting all its vivid personal significance with a heavy, meditative and even melancholy strain. Why should the Lord's Supper be a funeral ceremony? We 'show the Lord's death,' but why ignore his resurrection? We recall his anguish and humiliation, but why forget the joy that was set before him, 'The King in his felicity?' We remember also our sins, but surely his table is the last place to pile with those loathsome and sorrowful things that were washed away by his atoning blood and annihilated by his pardoning power."

"Why does not grateful joy illuminate the scene and throw all associations into a background, of lightening contrast, instead of allowing them to usurp this whole atmosphere with an inky pall? Ministers ought to cut down their interpolated addresses to a stirring sentence or two, and those long rambling prayers to brief invocation and thanks, thus binding the tangible acts together into a single continuous tableau. Their heedless anxiety to wring the occasion to its uttermost drop draws it out to a dead and oppressive length, and loads it with an oppressive emphasis fatal to genuine emotion, which will not be forced."

Another thing the Grumbler vehemently protests against, is the not unusual practice of sequestering the Lord's table practically, as a private affair of the communicants alone, by first dismissing the public congregation—and that with the apostolical benediction to the saints, forsooth—as if it were a matter in which they are not expected to take any interest. That through which the cross of Christ makes its most affecting appeal to the heedless world—is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?—that the church itself blandly waves them away echoing, "Nothing to you!" Our own children, if not communicants, grow their way, estranged more expressly from the church; or if detained by parental authority, blush and chafe and rebel at seeing themselves forcibly marked as exceptions from their fellows in a matter as to which they are most morbidly sensitive. But my report already exceeds bounds and will incur amputation perhaps, so I leave the grumbler speaking, and close.

Vidi.

### European Correspondence.

BRUSSELS, Nov. 21, 1872.

The favorable impression produced upon the French nation by President Thiers' Message, is evinced more plainly by the accounts which arrive from the Provinces. Addresses of thanks from the Mayors and Municipal Councils of different cities are daily received by M. Thiers, who can not but rejoice at so many expressions of confidence from the nation. Even those who are not Republicans can not but admire the firmness with which M. Thiers has declared in the face of all the enemies of the existing Government, that the Republic is the only Government which can satisfy the needs and aspirations of the nation. In the interview which took place the 16th, between the President and the delegates from the Left Center, the most perfect unity of opinion seemed to exist, as to the project of prolonging the powers of M. Thiers. Indeed, it is greatly to be questioned, whether this proposition would be seriously disapproved of by any party of the Assembly, for until the Right is in a condition to take some decided steps towards establishing some form of Government, more in conformity with their wishes than the Republic, its members would prefer to see M. Thiers at the head of affairs than to run the risk of a change which might give more force to the Radical party.

Last Monday's *seance* of the National Assembly was, as had been anticipated, of a certain importance, as it was then that General Changarnier was to call the Government to account for the speeches of M. Gambetta, delivered during the Parliamentary vacation. M. Gambetta had decided to remain quiet, and let the affair be conducted by the General and M. Victor LeFranc, the Minister of the interior, who was to reply to the interpellations of the enemy, in the name of the Government.

The moment having arrived, General Changarnier cleared his throat and mounted the tribune with a resolute air, which said as plainly as looks could say, that he was determined to conquer or die. If the valiant General did not do either, it was certainly not his fault. He opened by telling the Government that it had, until now, shown a lamentable and inexplicable want of decision, and that the moment had at length arrived, when he, the illustrious volunteer of Metz, felt it his duty to challenge the Government to take a decided stand and repudiate the theories of M. Gambetta and of the Radical party. M. Victor LeFranc, arising at this point, put an end to the harangue of the General, by reading the declarations made by M. Thiers, some time since, before the permanent commission, condemning the manifestations of M. Gambetta; but M. de Broglie, not finding the mere reading of these declarations sufficient, came to the rescue of the General and his cause, and entreated M. Thiers to come forward and repeat, *vice voce*, these declarations before the Assembly. This the President refused to do, and declared that the discourses of M. Gambetta furnished but a pretext to the Right for discussing the form of Government. "Since General Changarnier and his friends declare the present Government to be only provisional, let them vote for the dissolution," said M. Thiers; "the moment for establishing some definite form of Government will never be more favorable than the present one."

These words were hailed with bursts of applause from the benches of the Left, and after a little more discussion, the Assembly listened to the reading of several motions of passing the question. That of M. Mettelal was finally seconded by the Government and adopted by a majority of 150 voices out of 384 voters, the Right, in part, having abstained from voting, as this motion did not sufficiently blame the Radicals, and the object of General Changarnier's interpellation had been simply to force the Government to proclaim a rupture between it and the Radical party. M. Mettelal's motion was as follows:

"The Assembly, counting upon the energy of the Government, and repulsing the doctrines proclaimed at the banquet of Grenoble, passes the question."

Nov. 22. The result of the *seance*, above mentioned, is more serious than had been anticipated. It has produced a Governmental crisis, the extent of which can hardly be determined before the publication of the report of the Commission, chosen to deliberate upon the proposition of M. de Kerdel, who, it will be remembered, called the President to an account for the Republican principles expressed in his message. M. Thiers, justly feeling that the majority of the Assembly questions his acts, demands a vote of confidence from the Chamber, but owing to the importunities of his friends and partisans, he has decided to await the result of the deliberations of the Commission of Kerdel, before taking any decisive steps in the matter. In thus adjourning the solution of the crisis, M. Thiers has not only gained time; he evidently counts upon divergencies of opinion, in the ranks of the majority, and watches for a favorable moment to come forward and make use of his incomparable talent of entangling his adversaries, and drawing them up towards himself. Every thing now depends upon the turn which the proposition of M. de Kerdel takes. The members of the Commission are desirous of coming to an understanding with M. Thiers, and it is probable, that M. Thiers took part in their

deliberations to-day. Aside from this question, the most important parliamentary fact is the resolution taken by the Left Center to consider, without delay, the question of constitutional reforms. The danger of the present situation makes itself more apparent, day by day, and the necessity of strengthening the Government is felt by all parties who desire the welfare of France. Messrs. Casimir, Perier, Laboulaye, and Ernest Picard have been elected to draw up a plan and submit it to the reunion.

There is much reason to hope that the crisis will terminate satisfactorily, for the present situation is, in part, owing to a misunderstanding, and not to any real hostility on the part of several of the Deputies. The idea of the dissolution of the Assembly, so much agitated by the Radical journals, seems to be set completely aside. This must come, sooner or later, but it is instinctively felt, that it must be postponed until the complete liberation of the territory. Each new crisis, until this moment, will be necessarily followed by constitutional projects, which will be always more or less difficult to realize.

The public, like the Assembly, is divided into two distinct camps. The Right demands, above all, responsible Ministers, chosen from the majority of the Chamber, and covering the personality of M. Thiers. The latter, they say, would not lose the direction of affairs, but he would only rarely appear at the Assembly. In the future, a crisis would at the most be a Ministerial crisis, while it is now Governmental. The Left inclines, on the contrary, towards certain reforms, which would render it possible to change, by degrees, the present Government into something more stable and definite than what exists.

C. M.

### Events of the Week.

#### AFTER THE FIRE.

They had the small pox in Boston. Then they had the fire. Then all New England poured in to see the ruins. A good many of the visitors contracted the disease, carried it home with them, and the result is that it is prevailing quite generally. In Bangor, Portland,—happy Augusta, which has not yet a case,—Dover, Lawrence,—well, it would be useless to attempt to enumerate the places where it prevails. Red flags are abundant, and vaccinators have their hands full. But it is no light matter. The disease is usually fiercer in winter, and we are just beginning that season. Still it will doubtless be controlled. Let everybody keep their persons clean, be cheerful, shun all bad habits, get vaccinated, and above all don't get frightened. It might be well for the nervous to go to Augusta.

#### POOR ITALIANS.

New Yorkers hardly know what to do with the numerous poor Italian immigrants who are pouring into the city. They have nothing but indolence, and seem bent on putting that part of their possessions to its legitimate use. It is also said that the Italian government banishes its criminals to this country. Congress will look into this latter matter, and the city authorities of New York will see if some arrangement can not be made to set the poor, suffering, freezing immigrants to work. But why need we have so many of that class among us? That is a feature of our glorious free country that we don't like.

#### SECOND TRIAL OF STOKES.

The murderer of Fisk was brought into court for his second trial last Wednesday. He is said to look somewhat worn and anxious, as though being a murderer and looking into a murderer's future were not a very pleasant thing. The case this time will be tried before Judge Boardman, of Ithaca, the gentleman who presided before having got enough of it. Stokes's old counsel have deserted him, and he is to be defended by Hon. Lyman Tremaine, just elected Congressman at large for the State, and two other able lawyers. But there is a better sentiment prevailing in New York than at the first trial, and it is hoped that the public may reap the benefit of it in the result of this one.

#### COMFORT FOR LIBERAL POSTMASTERS.

Postmaster-General Creswell, in conversation with a prominent Representative of Massachusetts, distinctly announced his intention to adhere strictly to the rules of the civil service in the appointment and removal of all postmasters within his control, and make neither solely for political reasons. The conduct of officials during the last campaign will not be made a matter of inquiry except so far as it concerns their public duties and the management of official affairs. In plainer terms, participation in the liberal movement will not be a cause for removal. The Postmaster-General intends to observe the civil service rules in all offices which are under his control, including all those in which the salary is less than \$1000 per annum, and in those filled by the President on the recommendation of the Postmaster-General the same consideration will prevail.

#### REFORM OF THE POSTAL CODE.

Postmaster-General Creswell appeared before the House Committee on post-offices and post-roads lately and submitted an argument sustaining his ruling that double postage must be collected on letters not fully prepaid. He contended that to reverse the decision and return to the old practice would incur an annual expense of

over a million dollars, a large additional clerical force, and delay and confusion in the mail service. Upon the conclusion of the argument the committee voted, six to one, not to accept the Postmaster-General's construction of the law, and will probably report, when next called, several important amendments to the postal code, including the matter which has given cause for so much complaint.

### Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 18, 1872.

#### CIVIL SERVICE.

It is very apparent here, that the present plan of civil-service reform is not acceptable. Indeed, it is a failure, and will have to be changed in many essential respects to meet the approval of either the Congress or the people. The President desires reform, and will do all in his power to secure it. The people desire and demand it. This much is patent to all. The present methods, however, completely fail, and there is no possibility that any considerable improvement upon the old plan will be attained by the modes and methods adopted by the Advisory Board. There is an evil to be avoided, which has grown up under the old system, viz., the power which Senators and Representatives have been able to exercise in the appointment of clerks, and employees of the government. By this means, many incompetent persons have got into place, and the public service has been neglected, and many mischievous results have ensued. All this grows out of the custom of appointing public servants to high and responsible trust because, and solely because, they have done, or are supposed to have done, some political service. This is an evil to be avoided. But the present plan goes to an opposite extreme, and makes the capacity to answer certain questions the *sine qua non*, abjuring entirely political opinions and services. Such a procedure can never be in favor with the people in this country. If people feel it to be imperative to elect a man to any elective position, who is, in his political views, in harmony with the dominant party, they will not think it any the less important to require that appointees to place, shall also be sound in their political opinions. Due respect must, therefore, be had to the political views of the employees of the government, whether elected or appointed to positions.

The idea that because a man can answer correctly a series of questions propounded to him by an examining board, he is therefore a competent and useful clerk, or that he will become such, is preposterous, as many facts which have come to my knowledge here in Washington fully prove. Many illustrations confirming this view might be adduced. It is only necessary to be familiar with the routine duties of the several departments to understand this matter. There has been an examination within a few days, in one of the Bureaus of the Treasury, and the result is confirmative of the view here stated. Some eight or ten new, first-class clerks, in the Bureau, were examined, and the lot fell upon two, just the number to fill the second-class vacancies. Were these the best clerks, or were they the men whom the auditor, the chief clerks, and the heads of divisions, who may be presumed to know, and who do know, the clerks in the Bureau that are by qualification, most entitled and best fitted to do the work assigned to those vacant desks? They were not. That they answered more of the questions propounded by the Examining Board than any others of their competitors may be true. One of the successful men is a minor, as I am informed, a young man of character, and makes a fair clerk. The other is competent so far as knowledge of the questions submitted is concerned, and this is all. He is not prompt, nor attentive to business, is frequently absent from his desk, was, during the war, and has been since, controlled by southern views and proclivities; still, under the new civil service rules he wins, and neither the President himself, nor the Secretary, nor the head of the Bureau has sought to say, but the Examining Board has all to say.

In the examination there were several competent clerks who had shown themselves able and willing to do any work of the Bureau. Two or three of them were soldiers who served faithfully in their country in the hour of need, bearing on their persons honorable wounds. In accordance with the civil service system, they are passed by, and a man of whom questionable loyalty is taken. Will the people be satisfied with such a civil service reform as this? I trust not.

#### NEW INTERNAL REVENUE LAW.

A very interesting debate was had in the Senate the other day, upon the proposition to abolish the office of Assessor, and to turn over to the Collectors the entire business of collecting the Internal Revenue. Messrs. Sumner, Trumbull and Casserly denied that the decrease of offices in this department, heretofore provided for by law, had been made to any appreciable extent, and maintained that the proposed legislation to this end would not accomplish much. Messrs. Morrill, of Vermont, and Sherman, of Ohio, effectually disposed of the gratuitous assertions of the triumvirate, and showed conclusively, that the number of Internal Revenue officers had been reduced more than one-half, and that the expense of collecting the revenue in that department in like ratio. The present bill will reduce the number of collectors to one for each Congressional District, thus bringing the number down to less than three hundred. Moreover, the bill provides that the salary of none shall exceed \$4,500 a year. Thus the opposition to this instance, in their attack upon the administration, was floored. The bill was passed, and will show their figures. The bill was passed.

#### LOUISIANA MUDDLE.

The Attorney General has prepared a succinct paper upon this whole question, setting forth in a clear light the President's position. This paper of the law officer of the government, will remove all misapprehension in regard to the President's course, which may exist in any candid minds.

#### THE CREDIT MOBILIER.

The air is full at this time, with vague and mystical rumors respecting this *Credit Mobilier* investigations. Hon. P. M. B. Young will seek, as soon as opportune offers to introduce a resolution extending the scope of the Committee's examinations, so that others, besides members of Congress, may be included. Then fearful disclosures may be looked for. So it is said. Among other things which are to be proved is, that the Union Pacific Railroad Company has made through fraudulent transactions since June, 1868, \$25,000,000. We shall see what we shall see.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

The debt of the District of Columbia is \$9,000,000, as reported to Congress, but Congress is about to appropriate \$2,000,000, to meet the expense of improvements in, from and around the Public Buildings and Reservation. Senator Cramer has got the French spoliation bill before the Senate and made an effective speech upon the question on Monday last.—Mr. S. S. Cox made a violent attack upon the President by a speech and resolution in relation to his action in the Louisiana muddle.

PHAROS.



## Communications.

## Martin Luther.\*

BY HENRY REYNOLDS, M. D.

There is, in the life of Martin Luther, much that is worthy of thought and admiration. He was born in Eisleben, Saxony, Nov. 10, 1483. His parents were poor mine-laborers. He was reared in poverty. Carlyle, in his estimate of Luther's Character and Genius, says: "I find it altogether suitable to Luther's function in this Earth, and doubtless wisely ordered to that end by the Providence presiding over him, and us, and all things, that he was born poor, and brought up poor, one of the poorest of men. He had to beg, as the school-children in those times did, singing for alms and bread, from door to door. Hardship, rigorous necessity was the poor boy's companion; no man nor no thing would put on a false face to flatter Martin Luther." But it was his task to get acquainted with realities, and keep acquainted with them, at whatever cost; his task was to bring the whole world back to reality, for it had dwelt too long with semblance.

Hardships and necessity are powerful agents in developing and bringing out the powers and capabilities of man. With these to stimulate, many a man has become that which he never would have been had ease and wealth been his portion. Let no youth regretfully deplore his poverty, but let him regard it as a friendly spur to urge him onward and upward to higher attainments. Martin Luther, the poor boy, by his own efforts attained to that greatness which eclipses all the honors and glory of the greatest of military heroes. His was a victory of mind over matter. No blood of human victims flowed in his pathway.

Martin Luther had intended in compliance with his father's wishes to study law. But the sudden death by a stroke of lightning of his school-fellow, Alexis, who in an instant passed from life to death, and fell at his feet, changed the whole course of his thoughts. "What is this life of ours?—Gone in a moment, burnt up like a scroll, into blank Eternity! What are all earthly preferences, Chancellorships, Kingships? They lie shrank together there! The Earth has opened on them; in a moment they are not, and Eternity is. Luther, struck to the heart, determined to devote himself to God, and God's service alone. In spite of all dissuasions from his father and others, he became a Monk in the Augustinian Convent at Erfurt."

Becoming a monk, however, did not solve this great problem of Eternity. Fears and doubts assailed him. He feared that he was soon to die, and far worse than die. "It could not become clear to him how, by fasts, vigils, formalities and mass-work, a man's soul could be saved. He fell into the blackest, wretchedness; had to wander staggering as on the verge of bottomless despair." About this time he discovered an old Latin Bible in the Erfurt Library. He had never seen the book before. "It taught him another lesson than that of fasts and vigils." Luther learned now that a man was saved not by singing masses, but by the infinite grace of God: a more credible hypothesis. He gradually got himself fanned, as on the rock. No wonder he should venerate the Bible, which had brought this blessed help to him. He prized it as the Word of the Highest must be prized by such a man. He determined to hold by that; as through life and death he firmly died.

This great change which we call his conversion, was his deliverance from the bondage of doubts and fears. He was freed from the bondage of sin and death. "That he should now grow daily in peace and clearness; that, unfolding now the great talents and virtues implanted in him, he should rise in importance in his Convent, in his country, and be found more and more useful, in all honest business of life, is a natural result. He was sent on missions by his Augustinian Order, as a man of talent and fidelity, fit to do their business well." He was appointed Professor at the Wittenberg University.

The sale of Indulgences, licenses to indulge in wickedness with impunity, by the emissaries of the Pope, first constrained Luther to come forth and declare against these wicked practices of his Church. He proclaimed the sale of Indulgences a mockery, and that no man's sin could be pardoned by them. This brought him in direct issue with the Pope. The censure of a man's vices is pretty sure to awaken his enmity.

This manly remonstrance of Luther was the beginning of the reformation. This contest was not of his seeking; he the rather shrank from it, sought not strife, preferred peace. But the great truths of the Bible were deep in his heart and he must do right, rebuke error, and teach his flock the truth. "He remonstrated, resisted, came to extremity; was struck at; struck again, and so it came to a state of battle between them! This is worth attending to in Luther's history. Perhaps no man of so humble, peaceable a disposition, ever filled the world with contention."

The controversy waxing worse, the Pope, having tried various methods to silence Luther, determined to rid himself of him by taking his life. He was summoned to appear at the Diet of Worms. "Luther's appearance there on the 17th of April, 1521, may be considered as the greatest scene in modern European History; the point, indeed from which the whole subsequent history of civilization takes its rise. After multiplied negotiations, disputations, it had come to this. The young Emperor, Charles Fifth, with all the Princes of Germany, Papal nuncios, dignitaries, spiritual and temporal, are assembled there. Luther is

to appear and answer for himself, whether he will recant or not. The World's pomp and power sit there on this hand: on that, stands up for God's Truth, one man, the poor miner Hans, Luther's son. Friends had reminded him of Huss, advised him not to go; he would not be advised. A large company of friends rode out to meet him, with still more earnest warnings; he answered, "were there as many Devils in Worms as there are roof-tiles, I would go on!"

In a speech of two hours' length, he defended himself before this august assembly. In conclusion he said: "Confute me, by proofs of Scripture, or else by plain, just arguments; I can not recant otherwise. For it is neither sac nor prudent to do aught against conscience. Here stand I; I can do no other; God assist me!"

Our quotations in this sketch have been from Carlyle's estimate of the Character and Genius of Martin Luther, which is published with his Life by Bunsen, as one volume of the edition of choice biographies by distinguished Authors, issued by Hurd & Houghton. This series of eight volumes is of great worth, and should be in every family library. They are, besides the one already mentioned, Frederick the Great, and William Pitt, by T. B. Macaulay, Carlyle's Robert Burns, Liddell's Julius Caesar, Michelet's Joan of Arc, Trollope's Columbus, and Arnold's Hamlet. These books are very instructive and interesting, and may be read with profit by all.

## Homeward.

BY REV. J. M. W. FARNHAM.

CANTON.\*

We went immediately to the Canton steamer, without even lading. The walking beam was already in motion, and we had barely time to get on board before she moved off.

There are two of these steamers on the line, running alternate days. They call them "American steamers"—under English colors, might be added; they leave Hong-kong at eight o'clock in the morning, and reach Canton early in the afternoon. The change from the tumbling, pitching, rolling steamship, with its many disagreeable odors, to this clean, commodious, well ventilated "American steamer," moving along up the bay without the slightest "motion," seemed like being transported to fairy-land. The distance is ninety miles up the narrow bay, resembling a broad river, till you enter the Pearl River upon which Canton is situated. The river runs into the bay and the bay runs into the river, and how far they run into each other, or where one ends and the other begins, is difficult to say. The hills that bound the bay are barren and uninteresting, but, after entering the river, sloping hills and broad valleys meet the eye. A good tiffin was served at one o'clock; as far as soup and fish, entrees and courses were concerned, it might fairly be classed with that species of meat generally denominated dinner. After recent experiences of sea-sickness, we were prepared to enjoy anything, provided it was not on the sea, and we did enjoy the boat and society, the scenery, and especially the dinner.

Within about twelve miles of Canton you pass Whampoa on the left. Here are fine docks, a few foreign houses, and the larger vessels which enter the river, the water being too shallow to allow them to proceed to Canton. There are a few steamers and sailing vessels lying here, but not much appearance of business; several pagodas are to be seen, differing in their style of architecture from those in the north of China. There is a species of banyan tree, prevalent here; this and other evergreen trees make the country look quite cheerful for winter. A long line of low hills commences just west of Canton, running close past it on the north and extending to the east towards Hongkong. As you approach Canton, one of the first things you notice is, that the city wall runs up over one of these hills, and that just at the highest point there is a five-storied pagoda.

Numerous peculiar structures resembling towers attract attention as you overlook the city. They are high square buildings, with flat roofs. The substantial, unplastered brick walls are pierced with small iron grated windows. These are tower-like structures, and you wonder how so many are supported.

The next strange object that strikes the eye is still more unsightly. All over the city, in every direction, far above the house-tops, higher than the tower-like pagodas, perched upon the frailest kind of a bamboo structure, are little houses, just large enough to accommodate one man. These are watch-towers, erected and kept up only during the dry weather. The watchman's duty is to look out for and report the breaking out of any fire.

The river forks opposite the city, uniting near Whampoa. At the fork is a commodious and safe harbor, with a large number of steamers and sailing vessels at anchor. The river runs, nearly east, and near the north bank is a fine island containing most of the foreign residences and business places. It is entirely surrounded by a strong, well built, stone embankment. A broad street runs round it next to the water, and another through the middle from east to west. The buildings front on the water.

The city wall runs parallel to the north bank, but a short distance from the river, with a dense suburb between. There is another large suburb on the south side of the river. The streets are narrow, and in most respects resemble those of every other Chinese city. They are as narrow, but a little cleaner, and the shops are finer and the buildings much stronger and better constructed.

During all our residence in China, we could never divine how it was that the city of Canton, with its millions of people, could ever have been so clean and so well kept. Called City of Rams, because five, gentle once visited it flying on rams.

school geography we studied in childhood represented "the Chinese selling rats and puppies for pigs," but here was the solution. Almost the first thing we met was a market for puppies and kittens, and not far away were stalls—the identical ones from which the picture had been made—and here hung the rats in bunches. The rats are so dried and mummy looking that they might be the ones which hung for their picture some thirty years ago. But this food is said to make the hair grow upon bald heads, and may therefore be in great demand. It was late in the day when we visited the saloon where dog meat is served up. We were, therefore, unable to secure a puppy stew or dog cutlet. The vendor, who was in the act of washing up his dishes, assured us that he should have a supply on the morrow. We objected to the stall fed dog we saw tied up, saying we never ate black dog's meat. He replied that he should keep that one till fatter. Not far away, we visited a tea garden, or Chinese restaurant. The buildings were nearly new, a fine specimen of native architecture; the grounds were neatly laid out with walks and ornamented with flowers, shrubs, and trees. Immense mirrors, with heavy gilt frames, reflected and multiplied the saloons and courts. The kitchen attached was large and scrupulously clean. All sorts of dishes, in various stages, were being prepared on tables arranged along the sides of the room, but nothing to be seen to offend the eye of the most fastidious.

Learning that women, adjudged worthy of death, were crucified, we felt some interest in visiting the execution ground to see the crosses. This little spot, which in one year drank the blood of some sixty or seventy thousand, is in the midst of the city, about thirty feet wide and two hundred long. Forty persons had been beheaded a day or two before, and there were forty pools of clotted gore! Picking our way through them, we reached the further end, where, leaning against the wall, were three crosses, made of round poles, about three inches in diameter, and twelve feet long, the cross piece being at right angles, and four feet long. A new piece of wood had been introduced into the joint of one of them, and the large cracks at the lower end were filled with fresh sand. A little closer observation revealed the print of the rope in the wood, showing how tightly it had been drawn around the victim's feet or ankles. The neighbors told us a woman had been executed a few days before, and her sufferings at length terminated by choking. Large earthen jars contained the skulls of those most recently executed, and heaps of ashes and half-burnt rags revealed the spots where the clothes of the victims had been burnt. We never turned with more loathing and disgust from any spot.

In the temples visited, were multitudes zealously worshipping their idols. It is said there has been a great revival of idolatry, and several hundred thousand dollars expended in rebuilding and repairing temples.

The shops for the sale of articles manufactured from precious stones, gold and silver, ivory, &c., are very numerous, and display articles of great variety and beauty.

## The Use of Riches.

"And I say unto you, make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations." Luke 16: 9.

This word of Christ is thought by some to be very difficult to understand. But the chief difficulty arises from attempting to apply every part of the literal narrative to spiritual things. In understanding this or any of the parables that Jesus spoke, our study should be to ascertain what truth or principle he intended to illustrate or enforce. To the single point that he intended it should apply, we shall always find it strikingly applicable.

To understand the text at the head of this article, we must inquire what did the Saviour mean to illustrate by the narrative of the dishonest steward? He certainly could not mean to approve his dishonest act. The steward, when he saw that, on account of his unfaithfulness, he was soon to be removed from his office, resolved to use the pecuniary means he had at his command, so as to provide himself a home and support after his removal. His lord commended his sagacity in providing for his future needs; not the manner in which he accomplished his purpose.

By mammon of unrighteousness, Jesus unquestionably means worldly riches, or property, and says to those who have property, you are stewards, and the days of your stewardship are numbered; so use the property entrusted to your care as to secure you a home and comfort, when you are removed from your present position. He has the eternal home of the Christian in view. Riches are often a hindrance in the divine life, and Christ says, "how hardly shall they that have riches, enter the kingdom of heaven." And, yet, they may be used as a means of grace, to prepare us for, and secure to us, an inheritance among the saints in light.

But how shall property be used, to secure such glorious results? It should be used for the glory of God, or as God himself directs. I will indicate some uses to which it may be applied.

1. To provide for our own physical, intellectual and spiritual wants, and the wants of those dependent upon us for support. Every young man and woman, while blessed with health and strength, should labor to lay by something for future need. But do not make the mistake that many do, and think that you must lay up a great amount for your children. The history of the world shows that riches left by parents for their children, are often a curse than a blessing. Give them education, good

principles, industrious and economical habits, and they will, with the blessing of God, be prosperous and happy.

2. Use property to relieve the wants of the poor and needy. Christ says, "the poor ye have always with you, and when ye will ye may do them good." John asks a most significant question of those who have this world's goods, and no compassion for the poor. "How dwelleth the love of God in you?" And Paul teaches the Ephesians, that they should work with the hands the thing that is good, that they might have to give to him that needeth. We should make our calculations to have something to give to the poor. But the highest and noblest use of property, is the support of the means of grace, and the various institutions, the object and tendency of which, are to prepare the soul for usefulness on earth and happiness in heaven. The public worship of God, and social means of grace, can not be maintained without expense, and no investment of money, yields better returns than that appropriated to this purpose. The Sabbath school stands so closely connected with the worship of God, that wherever the gospel is preached successfully, the Sabbath school is sure to follow. The cause of Missions, home and foreign, has for its object, the glory of God in the salvation of souls. Christ gave the privilege of preaching the "gospel to every creature," in trust to the church, and every Christian should take a lively interest in accomplishing this work. Seminaries of learning and colleges, have this same end in view. Intellectual culture and knowledge are not the end to be secured, but a means to a higher and nobler end. Solomon says that the earnest, diligent seeker after knowledge, shall "understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God." To find the knowledge of God, and how to make it known to others, should be the end sought by every student and teacher. These higher institutions of learning need to be well-endowed with a permanent fund, to secure the largest good, and God is saying to men of large possessions, "I have given you prosperity in the world, and entrusted to your care the treasures you call your own. I offer you the opportunity of using your property, so as to secure to yourselves my blessing when you are removed from your stewardship, by contributing to the endowment of these institutions. Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, &c. At these institutions there are scores of young men preparing to preach my gospel. I have called them from the pursuit of wealth to this great and glorious work; they are seeking knowledge that they may be prepared to labor more effectually for the world's conversion. Many of them are poor, and unable to pursue their studies without pecuniary aid. I have entrusted to you the means to give them the needed assistance. Are you ready and willing to accept this privilege, and so lay up for yourselves a treasure in heaven? The days of your stewardship will soon pass. What you do must soon be done."

I entreat you, dear brethren, to hear the voice of God and to make yourselves friends of the unrighteous mammon, that when you finish your course on earth, you may be received "into everlasting habitation."

W.

## Benefits of Affliction.

Often do we grieve under the heavy hand of affliction that has fallen on some dear friend or ourself, but we forget the benefit it brings. Aside from the assurance of the Scriptures, we do know that such benefit does exist, and comes like oil to heal the wounded spirit. This is something that may be experienced by us all. Let us then suppose that prosperity and affliction are two separate schools for our instruction. And then look at the lessons we learn of each, and see the separate influences they exert upon us. Prosperity feeds all the desires of a merely earthly ambition, and fills the heart with vanities and visions of the world. Sensual and sordid are its creations within us, and gross and groveling are all the gains we gather from it. But turn to affliction, and behold the perfecting power it pours in upon the soul. In itself it is a furnace, that consumes the vanities and follies that have crept into the heart, and all that is good in the soul is purified by its fires. And there is still more truth than this;—God has so arranged his affairs, that where we can not find one who can bear prosperity, we can find ninety and nine who can endure affliction. They can stand up under its pressing weight, and they will grow strong as its burden increases. Let us then be thoughtful, that while affliction is in the world, we know its chastening influence, and its power to purify and bless the soul. In this light, affliction is a shadow followed by a sunbeam from that bright world. Then let not the Christian complain because afflictions fall upon him. They are for good, and will make him draw nearer the great Comforter.

J. L. H.

## Tuftonboro', N. H.

It is a great mistake to suppose that a woman with no heart will be an easy creditor in the exchange of affection. There is not on earth a more merciless exactor of love from others than a thoroughly selfish woman; and the more unlovely she grows the more jealously and scrupulously she exacts love to the uttermost farthing.—Mrs. Stone.

Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank him for it, the fountain of loveliness; and drink in it, simply and earnestly, with your eyes; it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.

Sophistry is like a window-curtain,—it pleases as an ornament, but its true use is to keep out the light.

## In Memoriam.

BY MRS. M. A. HATCH.

## INScribed TO A BEREAVED HUSBAND.

She has gone to her God, she has gone to her rest, She has peacefully passed to the land of the blest. Forever closed is the mild blue eye, No more to suffer, no more to die. Now "it is finished,"—her life-task done; How peaceful the sleep of our suffering one!

The hand of disease and wasting pain Had slowly worn life's wearisome chain, Till the chastened spirit, subdued and mild, Longed for its rest like a tired child. Now "it is finished,"—her life-task done; How peaceful the sleep of our suffering one!

Devotion and love had sought, but in vain, To soothe the anguish, to banish the pain; And earthly affection had no power To gain a reprieve from that fearful hour. In that mortal conflict, you still were nigh, And caught the last look of her closing eye, And received her last words, so peaceful and calm.

That return to you now like healing balm. Now "it is finished,"—her life-task done; How peaceful the sleep of our suffering one!

When the summons came, resigned to die, She sweetly passed to her home on high; Like a bird escaped from the fowler's snare, Her spirit soared to the upper air! So noiseless, so calm, was its heavenward flight To the "city above,"—the world of light.— You could scarcely tell when hushed was the breath.

When the angel had come,—the Angel of Death, Now "it is finished,"—her life-task done; How peaceful the sleep of our suffering one!

But not for her should we heave a sigh, For how blessed to her the change,—to die,— To be free forever from earthly strife,— The doubts and fears of this mortal life.— With a glorious victory gained o'er sin, And permitted the "pearly gates" to go in. Now "it is finished,"—her life-task done; How peaceful the sleep of our suffering one!

But however these earthly hearts may yearn, The precious dust to earth shall return, And molder away in the silent grave,— But "the spirit returns to God who gave." Let the casket perish, while the priceless gem Is gracing our Saviour's diadem! And in holy hope, and in humble trust, We turn away from the sleeping dust.— Since happy, thrice happy,—this boundless love, We shall meet her with joy in the world above.

## S. S. Department.

## My Old Scholar.

"We can't keep them" is a constant complaint made by Sabbath-school teachers of our older scholars. Well, perhaps we may never expect to keep very long more than a small proportion as regular attendants of our classes, but is that any reason why, if they give up us, we should give up them, and voluntarily surrender the little influence over them which we have gained? Is it sufficient to excuse our discontinuing to visit them, or, perhaps, ceasing to give them even a look of recognition when we meet them in the crowded street? We are sure that every earnest-minded teacher will admit that it is not.

The following narrative may encourage some teacher who is almost ready to despair of some special case as well-nigh hopeless:

M—H— was a member of my class for a considerable time—a lad full of frolic and mischief, so much so that he was regarded as the most troublesome boy in the school, and owing to his presence my class was decidedly the noisiest; and yet I could not help liking him. During an illness in hospital, as narrated below, he employed himself in writing a short account of his life, of which I shall here give an extract. He writes,—"I often stopped away from school, and one time for nine months, at the end of which time I fell into the canal. My brother was with me at the time. I was very near going to face my Maker. Oh, what should I have done! I was not saved, and I would have been lost forever! I still continued very wild, never thinking of my Saviour, nor of my soul."

He eventually ran away to sea, of which the following is his account:—"I let on I was going to work, and left home and started for K—, so when I got there, the ship's boat took me over, so I felt very old, and to think how they felt at home that night! I think it was one of the boys out of the shop that went and told where I was. I was told one evening that a person wanted to see me alongside of the ship in a boat. I went to see who it was, and found it was my dear mother—she had come to see me; she was fretting very much for me leaving home. She gave me some money, which I spent very bad."

He was for some years at sea, and I did not hear of him for a considerable time, until I met him one day quite drunk. I met him again soon after, and went to see him at his mother's—she was then a widow. After a little while I was able to get him a situation. On his mother's death, being the only survivor of the family, he set off for America, but the ship put back after a storm during which he was very sick of hemorrhage from the lungs, and he was left in Liverpool, where on his recovery, to use his own words, "Satan got right hold of him." Soon after his return home he again went into hospital, on leaving which I lost sight of him. Knowing he was in such a poor state of health, I was very anxious about him, and during a walk with a fellow-teacher mentioned the case to him, and we then and there united in asking, as we walked along in silence, that God would arrest him in his course, and reveal his Son to him as the Saviour of sinners. Oh, that we had more faith in the power of prayer! Truly, if in all our ways we acknowledged him, we would have more blessing, for he would direct our paths. To his praise be it spoken who no longer withheld the blessing, when I next saw the poor lad, he was again in hospital; but what a change, and how his face lighted up as he told me where he had found peace in Jesus! He grew rapidly worse. During his whole illness he seemed never troubled by a doubt, his soul was full of love to Jesus; though alone in that great hospital, and almost friendless, no repinings ever escaped him. He seemed to realize the constant presence of the Saviour, and loved to dwell on the text,— "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." When last I saw him alive, on going in, I found one of the convalescent patients sitting by the bedside, writing from his dictation a short couplet which he had composed, thanking God for his mercy and the sense of sins forgiven, "through the blood of Jesus." When I called again I found that all was over, and meeting the hospital matron, she said to me, "Oh, sir! he has had such a happy

death; for years we have not had such a happy patient."

Need we comment on the teaching of such an incident? Oh, that we teachers were alive to the realities of eternity, and the value of immortal souls!—prayerfully seeking more to live, "redeeming the time," "always abounding in the work of the Lord," and with living faith able more to realize that "our labor is not in vain in the Lord."—London S. S. Teacher.

PERSONAL AGENCY. "What the world needs more than anything—more than gifts of money, rules, speeches, theories, organization—is the revival of personal agency; the touch of a hand, the glance of an eye, the tone of a voice, the sympathy of warm, loving hearts, charged with all healing influences, to sow the desolate wilderness thickly with the good seed of the kingdom. We wish the sower to go forth alone, and by individual contact with the world, to remedy its evil by the influence of personal faith and living love."

These words of a writer whose name we do not recall, express an accepted decision of most Christian workers. The conclusion is based on the experience of ages. Personal agency, which is Christ-like in practical life, coming in direct contact with the individual, is more efficient for good than formal addresses or learned volumes. Every Christian may exert this power in the sphere he occupies; but the sphere of the teacher is especially promising. The Sunday-school teacher has a golden opportunity to impress himself upon the impressionable natures of his pupils, by that personal contact which is more potent than the scholarly lecture. But how important is it that the teacher be like Christ if he would have Christliness infused into the heart of the child!

HOW TO HAVE GOOD TEACHERS. Superintendents can have as good teachers in their schools as they really want. They usually do have such. If teachers are not what they ought to be, and the superintendent realizes it, and he wants them improved, or better ones secured in their places, he should feel the responsibility on himself, to have just what is wanted. He is in his present place for the very purpose of getting good teachers, and of bringing them steadily to a higher standard of character and work. If they are not what they should be, he is to blame, if he retains them, and they do not improve. He can not expect to have them come to the high standard at once, nor all together; nor should he peremptorily dismiss those who are below the right measure, and likely to remain so. One by one, and in one thing at a time, they are to be brought up or dropped off. If he wants them at teachers' meetings, and they do not come, he must seek them personally, and bring a steady and gentle pressure to bear on them until they attend regularly. If they are in the habit of leaving their classes unprovided for in occasional absences, and he wants them to always secure a substitute to be approved by himself, the instruction they leave their places for a single Sabbath, let him have that point so clearly understood with each of them, that an unexplained failure will be recognized as a willful disregard of the unvarying rule of the school. If they do not study their lessons, or visit their scholars' homes, or pray for and with those of their charge; or if in any other way they fail to fill the place of a faithful teacher, as he understands their duty, it is for him to undertake, prayerfully, and in faith in God, (for whom he stands in this Sabbath-school work) the instruction of his teachers personally as to what is their duty, and the bringing them to the performance of that duty. In this process, those who are unlikely to be good teachers, will inevitably drop out. The pressure on them for progress, and for conformity to a right standard, will be such that they will withdraw from the school, rather than yield or longer resist. When a vacancy occurs, it is for the superintendent to look up another teacher—the best he can get, being most anxious to get one who is likely to gain and grow. But the trouble is that all superintendents really want good teachers. Too many of them do not think much about the way in which their teachers do their work; for they fail to count themselves responsible for their teachers' well-doing.—S. S. World.

GOING TO SLEEP IN THE COLD. One cold morning in January, my little girl, Anna, who is not quite four years old, came running into the breakfast room, and jumping into my lap, said: "O papa, I saw some ice out yonder in the tub!"

"How do you know it is ice?"

"Lucy told me so."

"Well, Anna, how did the ice get there?"

"Why, papa, you see, the water went to sleep in the cold, and it turned to ice!"

And so whenever I hear a man carping at the pastor, the superintendent, or the officers of the Sabbath-school, complaining of the little good done, and that, after all, too much stress is laid on the instruction and conversion of children, and too many methods adopted to interest them, I suspect he has "gone to sleep in the cold."

Whenever I see a man refusing to aid the people of God in their efforts to Christianize the heathen in our own, or in a foreign land; and do not find the fruitful graces of the Holy Spirit showing themselves in the life of any one who sits under the ministrations of the sanctuary; whenever I see a worldly-minded Sunday-school teacher, I say, he "went to sleep in the cold, and turned to ice," and I feel like praying, "The Sun of Righteousness melt him!"—S. S. World.

AID THE SABBATH-SCHOOL. Do something to keep up an interest in the Sabbath-school, and to increase it. Let all teachers and scholars, and church members, too, take this course, and the school will prosper.

What is wanted is work—strong, personal, united effort. Let the scholars, all of them, get their lessons, and be present every Sabbath to recite them. Let each try to persuade others—as many as can be persuaded—to come into the school, and thus increase its numbers.

Let the teachers prepare themselves by a study of the lesson they are to hear, and do all they can to illustrate and enforce it, and by this punctuality and faithfulness manifest an interest in the school.

Also, let every member of the Church consider the Sabbath-school as an important instrumental, and do all he can by his presence and co-operation, to contribute to its prosperity, and there can be no doubt as to the result.

Friends of Christ, just try these means, and you will have no reason to complain, in regard to a poor Sabbath-school.

WHO SHALL ASCEND INTO HEAVEN? "And Chimnam, say his examination for man's birthright, in response to the question, 'How did he find Jesus?' answered, 'I no find Jesus at all; he find me.'"







# The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 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! Attention!!

Let us add a word or two respecting the Premiums. Orders come in for them cheerfully, both from old subscribers and new. They are greatly admired, as they deserve to be, both for their real beauty and their value. This is especially true of the larger engraving and the Chromos, which will ornament any dwelling and bless any appreciative observer. We are ready to send still more. Our old subscribers have just another week in which to avail themselves of our offer. Let them not delay, but make their remittances before Jan. 1.

**EXPLANATIONS.** Our statements on the third page seem so perfectly plain to us that we can hardly deem it possible for any reader to mistake our meaning. But as two or three persons have done so, we try again.—Each of the offers, numbered 1, 2, 3, and 4, is distinct from the others, and complete in itself. Any subscriber may choose between them. Sending \$2.50, according to the paragraph numbered 1, he will receive the *Star* and any one of the engravings mentioned. Sending \$4.25, according to the paragraph marked 2, he will receive the *Star*, the Magazine, and the large engraving. Sending \$3.60, according to paragraph 3, he will receive the *Star*, the *Christian at Work*, and the two Chromos. Sending \$3.00, according to paragraph 4, he will receive the *Star* and the mounted Chromo. Our offers must be accepted just as we make them. We can not send the engraving entitled "The Three Graces" nor either of the Chromos with the *Star* for \$2.50. Our readers will please look over the list carefully as it appears on our third page, and make their orders conform exactly to our offers.

The Chromo, "Little Students, or Home Sunshine," is mounted and varnished ready for framing. We shall send this, as we do the others, by mail, post paid, when desired, and shall wrap it carefully so that it ought not to be injured in transportation, as it will not be if handled with reasonable care. It would be surer to escape injury if called for at the office, or sent by express. If subscribers prefer to pay the express charges, we will forward it thus when requested. When several copies are going to the same place, it will be better to order them sent in that way.

Let our readers act promptly for themselves. We wish each of them would also report our offers to their friends, and try to send another subscription with their own.

**N. B.** Our ministers and others who are disposed to undertake special service as agents to procure subscribers, are invited to write us at this office, and we will endeavor to make such arrangements with them as shall encourage them to take hold of this work. We hope to hear from a good number of them at once.

## Close of the Volume.

With this issue the forty-seventh volume of the *Star* is completed. It is already becoming a somewhat dignified and almost venerable institution, so far as these qualities are the legitimate attendants of age. The time for celebrating its fiftieth birthday is not far off.

But we are more anxious over its character and mission than over its years. We have sought to make it wise in Christian counsel, fresh and vital and stimulating in its thought, a help to true and earnest workers, a revealer of Christ to the spirit, a light on the way of perplexed travelers, a comfort to the smitten and sorrowful, a voice of cheer to those in the midst of life's great battle, a benediction in many home circles, and a real cheerful-faced friend to all who regularly peruse its columns. We are conscious of the lack in our service, and have longed every week to do wiser and better things. Trying to serve our patrons in high ways, we have found a sacred joy in the work, and have received not a few assurances, that the *Star* has helped and comforted its readers, with a grateful heart and moistened eyes. With regret over failures and small successes, with thanksgiving over the favor of God in permitting us to labor in his vineyard, and with a high appreciation of the sympathy and co-operation of so many readers who are daily thought of as personal and cherished friends, we end the year's work, and, hoping for equal clarity and a larger help in the future, send the record of

1872 up to the Great Master, and address ourselves to the duties of another year. An index to the ended volume will be found on our eighth page, which has been carefully prepared, and will be of no little service to such as preserve the *Star* for future reference.

## Christmas.

The great annual festival of Christendom is again at our doors. Christmas greetings are dropping from the lip into the ear of friend and stranger, and Christmas gifts pass from hand to hand blessing the heart of both bestower and receiver. There is a burst of gladness that stretches around the world. The dweller in the city and the country, the hoary grandsire and the golden-haired child, the prince and the peasant, the philosopher among his books and the mechanic at his bench, the Greenlander in his hut of ice and the tropical islander seeking the shade of his palm, the mitered church dignitary busy with the magnificent mass service in the cathedral and the poor seamstress in her unwarm attic,—all these give welcome, however varied in form, to the holiday which marries the thought of mankind to the babe of Bethlehem, who is at the same time the Saviour of mankind.

We do not forget that the evidence going to show that Christ's birth occurred on the 25th of December is far from conclusive. We are aware of the weak and mischievous superstitions that have gathered about the day, and whose stay is yet prolonged. We are not blind to the fact that more or less of the gladness nurtured by the day is a thing of the animal spirits rather than of the religious affections; that there is abundance of thoughtless and hilarious mirth where there is very little joyful adoration of the heart. We see too abundant evidence that the spirit which prompted the ancient multitude to follow Christ because of the loaves and fishes which they thus obtained, rather than for the sacred truths he uttered or the redeeming work he did, reappears in our own time, and merits the rebuke uttered by the Master,—"Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" There are multitudes yet who hail Christmas but spurn Christ.

After all, even this incomplete observance of Christmas is very suggestive and may well be commended. It is the annual declaration of a grand, fundamental fact. It takes our religion out from the realm of myth and legend and puts it into the domain of history. It makes Jesus of Nazareth stand forth as the great personage of the centuries. It reasserts the trustworthiness of the New Testament record. It declares the song which broke on the ears of the shepherds to be a real strain out of the skies, and charged with a wisdom and a love truly divine. It calls speculation back to the simple words of the Great Teacher. It confronts the doubt which is unwelcome with a new testimony. It challenges the denial that is rebellious with the offer of irrefragable proofs. It vitalizes the story of the evangelists till it seems a thing for the nineteenth century no less than for the first. Bethlehem and Nazareth and Capernaum and Jerusalem rise up to a fresh prominence.—Olivet and Tabor and Gethsemane and Calvary become charged with a rare depth of meaning. Palestine is a fitting shrine for pilgrims. But still more grateful is the fact brought home to us, that the Christ whose birth we celebrate has a mission so blessed and universal that all the earth is included in the Holy Land, all the succeeding centuries find the Redeemer coming to them, and even the remotest and humblest of the human race is welcome to a divine heirship and offered the crown of immortal life. It calls to mind the victories which have been won in the name and by the aid of Him who goes forth conquering and to conquer, and to whom every knee shall yet bow. It recalls the songs which the martyrs to his truth have swelled out of the dungeon and the flame. It brings up visions of our own cherished ones, who have walked in patience and brightness where others have stumbled despondingly along dark ways, and who have lain down to die with a joyful trust in the promise of a better life that made the death-chamber like a place of coronation.

All these things come freshly to mind as the Christmas bells ring out their proclamation, as the glad voices of children in the home and street fill the air with their greetings, as grave faces relax into smiles, as the loaded Christmas trees drop off their treasures into the hands of young and old, as the home-groups and Sunday-schools gather for their festive exercises, and as the old angelic song is caught up and swelled and repeated by thousands to whom Christ has been revealed as the soul's present Saviour and the world's great Hope.

Welcome then to Christmas! May it bring a large blessing to all our readers, making them devoutly glad while its hours go by, and inspiring them, with the blessed truths it embodies and suggests, for a richer experience and a nobler service in the future.

## Civil Service Reform.

Our Washington correspondent, as his letter proves, seems quite confident that nothing practical and valuable is to come of the agitation over the Civil Service, and the measures inaugurated to bring about a reform by competitive examinations, &c. He thinks it is not wanted, either by Congress or the people; and even if the President is really anxious for it,—which is somewhat doubtful,—he will be resisted, over-ruled and defeated.

This view may be correct. Our correspondent is at the national capital, and so can feel the pulse of the politicians easier than we. But we believe he is right only in part. We do not doubt that members of Congress generally would prefer to keep

the power they have long held and used. Many of them won their places by the use and promise of patronage, and they hope to hold these places by the use of similar means hereafter. It is not in average human nature to relinquish power and personal advantage readily; and Congressmen generally have a good supply of this average human nature. That portion of the people who hold office through the favor of Congressmen, or hope to get office hereafter by this means,—and especially if they are conscious that they could not stand a fair and pretty thorough examination,—this portion of the people is doubtless very hostile to the proposed reform. And this opposition may perhaps hinder, and delay, and even defeat the effort which has been inaugurated, and induce the President to surrender. We can not say.

But we are confident that the masses of the people, who are not looking for preferment, and are chiefly anxious for capacity and character in public office, for an economical administration of the Government, and for a generous patriotism to take the place of greedy self-seeking and intense partisanship,—these honest masses do want a reform. They expect it; they demand it; they understand it to have been promised them; and they are pretty likely to insist that the pledge be faithfully kept.

And the President is not a man of words and professions. In various ways,—in decisive language, and with deeds which signify more than any words could have done, he has committed himself to the measure, and shown that his convictions and sympathies are with it. We prefer to believe that he means just what he seems to mean, and we do not think even his enemies will accuse him of lack of resolute persistence. When he surrenders we shall be likely to know it from himself. Till then, we shall not join in heralding his defeat.

Our correspondent may be right. But it was less than two weeks ago that Mr. George W. Curtis, who is leading this movement under the President's general direction, stated to us, personally and emphatically, that his faith was large in the success of this movement for reform, that he had not the slightest doubt of the President's sincerity and earnestness and resolution in the matter, and believed that the opposition of the politicians would be forced to give way before the pressure of an aroused public sentiment and the quiet decision with which Gen. Grant has pushed his way to so many and so grateful victories.

We shall doubt and disbelieve when we must; but at present we shall not join the company of hopeless prophets, whose very fears often invite and induce the disaster which they predict.

## What Makes Reconciliation?

One might suppose that the complete reconciliation of the South was the simplest thing in the world. Strike off the names of all Northern victories from union battle flags, repeal the obnoxious Ku-Klux laws, give the rebels their old places in public office, and the thing is done. We should all become lambs together, and there would be no limit to the prosperity that would spring out of our loving condition.

But who sincerely believes that this matter of reconciliation lies all on the surface like that? It must be a slight obstacle that could be removed by a simple erasure of names; they must be strange transgressors who would be made good citizens by the repeal of a law that their lawlessness evoked. If the South has transgressed,—and the South itself doesn't deny that it has,—there must be something besides an ignoring of that transgression to bring its inhabitants to terms.

What, for instance, could be gained by striking off the names of "Gettysburg" and "Appomattox" from the union battle flags? Would it palliate the crime that brought them there? Would it show any real spirit of forgiveness on the part of the North, more than has already been shown? The extent of forgiveness was indulged when the rebel pirates were allowed to go unhanged, and the rebel chiefs to keep their company. Besides, we must keep the respect of the Southern head, at the same time that we win the favor of its heart, if we would witness any genuine reconciliation.

We doubt if the South needs to be reconciled by any ignoring of its crime. What it needs most, is to outgrow the chagrin of its defeat,—and not so much that, either, as to forget that it was ever so foolish as to risk the world's hope by an attempt to perpetuate slavery. And this chagrin can be outlived, this wicked folly can be forgotten best and surest, in the presence of these reminders of its strange attempt, and the failure of its consummation. A sin that is covered is not repented of. Favor that is gained by ignoring its consequences, is but transient at best. "I did not do so badly, after all, if there is all this straining to reconcile me."

Mr. Sumner's resolution, however fitting it might be as a sentiment, is hardly the thing for this practical life; and if it were, it appears at a very inopportune time. It will inevitably produce passionate discussion, stir up blood that may have settled to a decent condition, and cause more real dissatisfaction than would the addition of a dozen more names to the flags. And this at the close of a heated campaign, when the country ought to be allowed to cool off. The very introduction of the bill will remind the Southerners that there is a matter they ought at once to go to whining about; and if it is put into the arena of debate, it can hardly produce anything but discontent and vexation.

One needn't turn over many pages of his memory before he would come to a page or two chronicling a fierce debate in the U. S. Senate, when Mr. Sumner fought in the freest way the proposition to place the bust of Chief Justice Taney among those of the other Chief Justices in the Supreme Court room at Washington. That was because Judge T. had impliedly ruled that black men had no rights which white men were bound to respect. "But wouldn't Mr. Sumner have figured as well in advocating the proposition, just to keep the South good-natured, as he does now in moving that the names of glorious battles be stricken from Northern flags? A principle that was sound in 1860 ought to be as sound to-day."

And what is there but a false sentiment in the clamor for the repeal of the Ku-Klux law? The law is not directed against the South, but against the villains who infest it,—just as our criminal laws are not against society, but against the criminals who infest society. What if some supreme court Judge, in wig and ermine, should seriously move the repeal of the criminal code, as a means of reconciling the whole class of vagabonds with the conditions of good society? How much would that differ from the proposal to reconcile the South by repealing the law against the Ku-Klux? They are an organized class of robbers and murderers, that have sprung up at the South,—sprung directly from the late war perhaps,—but not for that reason to be allowed to rob and kill at pleasure. It is unfortunate for certain philanthropists that the existence of the Ku-Klux does have that relation to the late war. They can hardly bring themselves to regard it as a condition of crime in the South, needing as decisive treatment as all the other conditions of crime that the war brought upon us.

The South is chiefly responsible for its own reconciliation. The North has its part to do. But why should it apologize for the names on its battle flags any more than for having destroyed slavery? Both facts may be causes of displeasure, in certain places, but the displeasure will fade away, in proportion as the folly which established the facts is repented of and forgotten. The names, of course, must be given up in time, but just now would seem to be an unfitting time to erase them. The soldiers who gave their limbs to immortalize those names are too numerous to make their present erasure a peaceful undertaking. We might as well suggest the remodeling of the national flag itself, lest the idea symbolized by the stars and stripes awake unpleasant recollections of her colonial possessions in the mind of England.

Let the South accept honest industry, and free schools, and churches, and Sunday-schools, and rely upon its own hand and heart, just as it used to rely upon the toil of slaves, and reconciliation needn't be any longer a party rallying-cry.

## Medical Practice.

True medical science must be most difficult of discovery, if we may judge of it in the light of the enormous strides taken from one extreme to the other, in practice, even during one's life time. It is easy to recollect the time when dosing with powders, and pills, and syrups, both in quantity and frequency, was truly appalling. Now, the practice of administering medicines in small, if not in infinitesimal quantities, is growing in popularity, and becoming more and more common every day.

Not half a century ago, bleeding and blistering and purging were as universal as the practice of medicine. Now, these are rarely and sparingly resorted to. Then, water as a drink was persistently withheld from the sick, especially in case of violent, burning fevers. Now, similar patients are allowed its use, cold and icy even, almost *ad libitum*.

Some forty-five years ago, we had a dear relative dangerously sick of fever. It was during dog days when she suffered most, and yet the poor creature was put into a small bed-room, and carefully and heavily covered with clothes. The only window in the room was kept tightly closed, and a woolen blanket hung before it, as if for fear a breath of God's invigorating air should steal into the room through some unknown if not imperceptible crevice. There is n't a sensible physician of to-day, who would not, upon entering such a sick-room, first of all tear down and fling that blanket under the bed, and throw up the window to its full height.

So palpable were the defects in the practice of medicine, at the time of which we are speaking, that quackery came in for its day, and what a day it had! About that time the steaming process came into vogue. The patient was seated in a chair over heated water, or more commonly spirits, carefully surrounded by blankets, and kept in the hot steam until the flesh was fairly parboiled, or, as in one case we heard of, till it became loose on the bones!

And then came the water-cure-all. And such bathings, and pourings and dousings with icy cold water! It makes the very teeth chatter to think of it, especially in the case of one who managed by the aid of an inflexible constitution to live through it all! And that means us. It is true we never had the misfortune to be boiled; but we have been half-drowned a good many times! But, happily, the discovery has been made, to the general satisfaction, that though cleanliness is one of the cardinal virtues, as well as a promoter of health, yet man is not an amphibious, much less a genuine water animal!

Then came patent medicines, whole troops of panaceas, and one kind of medicine for all the ills to which poor flesh is heir. This latter is quackery sublimated. As well prescribe one kind of food for the supply of all parts of the body, bones, muscles, sinews and nerves; or one kind of punishment for every species of crime, say hanging, or fine, or so many dollars for adults, and so many for children! Doubtless, many of these medicines might be useful in specific cases, and so know how to understand the cases, and so know how to prescribe. But alas! such knowledge is too rare. Admitting the progress, the medical art has made during the last half century,—and

certainly it has not been inconsiderable,—possibly, even now, all the laws and conditions of health are not fully understood, and some notions of universal prevalence may at least be questioning.

Locations where a damp atmosphere is common are generally supposed to be unhealthy, engendering, I do not know how many kinds of diseases. Yet multitudes of pleasure-seekers, and even invalids, each season resort to St. John, New Brunswick, a place notorious for its dampness of climate. Its fog is said to be so dense, a considerable portion of the time, as to necessitate the wearing of overcoats to prevent a drenching.

The valley of the Connecticut, in some parts, is remarkable for its fogs during the latter part of the summer, and most of the autumn months. And yet its villages are accounted among the healthiest in New England. Possibly, dryness of the atmosphere is more deleterious than dampness, provided always the latter springs from clear, rainy water. May not the deterioration of health on the part of that portion of our people, who spend most of their time in-doors, be in part due to a too dry atmosphere, especially since the introduction of stoves? May it not be true, that the lungs need moderate bathing, as well as other parts of the body?

Again, there is no end to the clamor raised against Americans for bolting their meals in silence. We raise no question about the bolting part of the process, but possibly the silence complained of may bear a little catching.

Light and cheery conversation is recommended during meals, as a promoter of digestion, and, in consequence, a health expedient. Doubtless this is preferable to a melancholy mood, or to hard thinking. But is it the highest dictate of nature? Let us see. God has given the appetite as a condition of life; and a sort of pleasure in its gratification to the same end. This is a sufficient reason for eating, and at the same time an adequate answer to any objection that may be raised to a suggestion about to be made, as though it were a material consideration, and as such, unworthy of intelligent beings.

Now, may it not be true, that silent attention given to the physical gratification attendant upon partaking of wholesome and nutritious food, is stimulating to the digestive functions, and in consequence tributary to their healthy action? Possibly, those derive the greatest physical benefit from eating, all other things being equal, who enjoy their meals more than the conversation. If it were proper, we could cite instances, in which simply directing the mind to an internal operation, supposed to be wholly involuntary, has an effect, that would astonish those who have never given attention to such things, nor attempted any experiments of the kind.

While no quarters are intended in the above strictures, to quacks and mountebanks, we design no disparagement to the medical profession. Owing to the complicated structure of our frames, and the multiplied and subtle causes of diseases, the science of medicine is eminently profound, and its practice exceedingly difficult. Much study and lecturing, close observation, and a large experience are indispensable to any considerable success in this science.—J. F.

## Current Topics.

**—STANLEY AS A LECTURER.** The discoverer of Livingstone seems to be out of place on the lecture platform. He first advertised to tell his story in New York. After the first evening or two he felt compelled, by want of hearers, to give it up. Then he came to Boston, where he seems to be doing a little better, but not much. He has a dull, hesitating way when he speaks, and does not put half the interest in what he says that one would suppose he might with such a theme. And then there is a shade of suspicion that still throws itself about a good many citizens, and the fear lest they may eventually be shown to have been taken in, causes them to shun his lectures altogether. But Mr. Stanley seems to be honest enough. He is said to have a certain straightforwardness that quickly gains the confidence of those who hear him, so he is not left entirely without listeners and defenders. But his attempt shows that a man may be a persistent explorer, and still fail in a literary way. Which did n't need to be proved by illustration.

**—IN MEMORY OF HORACE GREELEY.** A committee has been appointed in New York to raise money to erect a bronze statue in memory of Horace Greeley, and also to erect a monument over his grave. It is not stated whether the statue is to be a likeness of Mr. Greeley or not. Andrew N. Green acts as treasurer of the fund. There is also a movement among the iron merchants of Philadelphia to erect a monument, probably of iron, in his memory. Horace Greeley would be held in memory without these statues, but they are fitting and honorable. They will attest the public appreciation of a man who faithfully used his life for the public good. A character so interesting as his is a rare thing, and the country honors itself in honoring the memory of his useful career.

**—LOOK OUT FOR FAIRS.** If there was a church Almanac, that would be one of the prognostications for about this date. Nearly all of the city and most of the village churches are holding them. Many of the charity institutions are doing the same. There is need of money, and this seems the surest way to raise it. But the churches especially should guard against the temptations offered by these fairs. Raffle, lottery-schemes, and most of the games of chance, should be rigidly excluded. That is, it seems so to us, and if there are those to whom it appears differently, let them give the matter prayerful consideration before deciding. The interests of the church

are too high to be compromised by any doubtful practice. There are legitimate ways enough of raising money without resorting to any schemes that may give citizens points of argument. Let fairs be conducted on fair principles, and the churches will surely receive in spiritual riches more than the equal of what they lack of worldly possessions.

**—THE COST OF EDUCATING.** Those young men in college who daily spend hours at the glass getting themselves up, who ride to recitations, of which they know next to nothing, in coaches that are fit for princes, and whose chief aim is to make a great show of wealth,—these would hardly relish being called charity students. And yet, President Eliot of Harvard, in answer to an inquiry, states that as nearly as can be conveniently estimated, "in the year 1871-72, each of the 621 under-graduates cost the college about \$100 more than he paid, and that in the year 1870-71, each under-graduate cost about \$95 more than he paid." This puts a plain face on the matter. It shows that the cost of educating is no trifling thing. It should also put to rest any undue scolding about exorbitant tuition. If the colleges depended on that, they would soon become bankrupt. Their life is drawn from the funds that wealthy gentlemen create, which indeed are far too small in most of our colleges. In the statement lies the strongest appeal for more of these funds, as well as the best reward of those who give them, for it shows that they are the ones who really pay for our educating. These under-graduates whom President Eliot mentions would doubtless scorn to have their board bills paid by outside parties. But it seems that they fail to pay their way in college; which is not so much to their discredit as it is to the honor of those who enable the colleges to exist.

**—GIVING TO THE FUTURE.** Each year is witnessing more and larger gifts to promote education. Hon. W. W. Corcoran, a wealthy Washington banker, has made himself an honorable place among these liberal givers. In addition to his previous princely gifts to the Capitol, he now proposes to devote the balance of his still immense fortune to the establishment at the national capital of a scientific university, embodying the best features of European institutions. The first step towards this end was the endowment of Columbian College with land valued at a quarter of a million of dollars. This institution Mr. Corcoran proposes to make the basis of his projected university, which, if the scheme is successfully carried out, seems destined to take a first position in our educational system.

**HILLSDALE COLLEGE.** The catalogue of 1872-3 is received, and the evidences of prosperity are neither few nor small. The courses of study provided are numerous, and for this reason, in part, the number of graduates and students in the usual course of collegiate study is not very large, and taken by themselves, would give a very inadequate view of the extent of the educational work done at Hillsdale. The whole number of students reported in attendance during the year is 606, of whom 391 were gentlemen and 215 were ladies. A large Board of Instruction is reported, the catalogue supplies an ample amount of varied information, and the testimonies to the prosperity of the college appear on almost every page.

**TO BE READ.** Let nobody who is interested,—and every one of our readers may properly feel that he is among this class,—fail to read carefully what is said about subscribers, premiums, &c., at the head of our editorial columns. Nor should they omit the fuller statement on our third page. We are quite ready to receive many and long lists of new subscribers and remittances from old ones, and shall try to forward the premiums that are sent for as rapidly as possible. The offers to our old subscribers extend only over another week. Let nobody suffer through delay.

**BATES COLLEGE.** The meeting of the corporation of Bates College last week was quite fully attended, and several significant items of business were promptly and harmoniously disposed of. The needs of the Institution are large and pressing, but as it has a large work before it, many true and earnest friends who have its welfare at heart, and shares the manifest blessing of God, there is strong ground for believing that a noble and cheering future awaits it.

## Denominational News and Notes.

### Home Mission Items.

A brother in Lawrence, Mass., writes: Enclosed please find \$60.00 for the H. M. Society, from the Mission Society in Lawrence, Mass.—We sent \$40.00 the first of the year, making \$100 paid during the year. We are going to commence the new year with zeal, and expect to raise our full appropriation.

The following explains itself: Your check for \$100 has lifted a heavy burden from my shoulders. For some time past we have been hard pushed to meet our expenses, but now we can see our way clear. I thank God and the Home Mission for this very timely aid.

The work in Lewiston, Me., is going on, as the following attests: We have just taken a collection in the Pine St. church, Lewiston, of \$30.75, which completes the amount apportioned to our church. Our people take a deep interest in the parent H. M. Society, which has accomplished so much for the denomination, and the cause of Christ. We fully believe in its wisdom and impartiality. The churches in Maine, as in other states that have been aided, and in some instances brought into life by its influence, are too numerous to doubt its beneficence and necessity to the churches. Embracing as it does the whole country, equally interested in all parts, it







## Poetry.

## The Voice in the Twilight.

I was sitting alone in the twilight;  
With spirit troubled and vex'd.  
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy,  
And faith that was sadly perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing  
For the child of my love and care,  
Some stitches half wearily sewing  
In the endless need of repair.

But my thought, I was about the "building,"  
"The work some day to be tried,"  
And that only the gold and silver  
And the precious stones shall abide.

And remembering my own poor efforts,  
The wretched work I had done,  
And even when trying most truly,  
The meager success I had won:—

It is nothing but "hay, wood and stubble,"  
I said, it will all be burned,—  
This useless fruit of the talents  
One day to be surely returned.

And I have so long'd to serve Him,  
And sometimes I know I have tried,  
That I'm sure when He sees such building  
He will never let it abide.

Just then, as I turned the garment,  
That no rent should be left behind,  
My eyes caught an odd little glimpse  
Of mending and patchwork combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender,  
And something blined my eyes,  
With one of those sweet intuitions  
That sometimes make us so wise.

Dear child, how she wanted to help me,  
I knew 'twas the best she could do;  
But oh, what a betch she had made me,—  
The grey mismatching the blue!

And yet, can you quite understand it?—  
With a silent smile and a tear,  
And a half compassionate yearning,  
I felt her growing more dear!

Then a sweet voice broke the silence,  
And the dear Lord said to me,  
"Art thou tender for the little child  
Than I am tender of thee?"

Then straightway I knew His meaning,  
So full of compassion and love;  
And my faith came back to its refuge  
Like the glad returning dove.

For I thought when the Master-builder  
Comes down his temple to view,  
To see what rents must be mended,  
And what must be builded anew;

Perhaps, as he looks on the building,  
He will bring my work to the light,  
And seeing the marring and bungling,  
And how far it all is from right,

He will feel as I felt for my darling,  
And will say as I said for her,  
"Dear child, she wanted to help me,  
And love for me was the spur;

"And so for the love that was in it,  
The work shall seem perfect as mine;  
And because it was willing service,  
I will crown it with plaudits divine."

And there, in the deepening twilight,  
I seemed to be clasping a hand,  
And to feel a great love constraining,  
Stronger than any command!

And I knew by the rare thrill of sweetness,  
'Twas the Hand of the Blessed One,  
Which would tenderly guide and help me  
Till all my labor was done.

## The Family Circle.

## Tab's Trial.

Tabitha was her name. It was hers because it had been her grandmother's for many long years, and had attained dignity and honor by the association; and if the name seemed old-fashioned, the cup which came with it was of the latest pattern, and a silver cup and a golden promise may sometimes serve to make an unusual name very euphonious, you know.

But Tab thought very little of her name, or of her beautiful, dark eyes, or straight nose, or well-shaped head, or of anything else about herself, in fact, save of one unfortunate peculiarity, and that was her trial. Was she lame, did she stammer, was she freckled, brown or sandy? No, dear little questioner, she was afflicted by an ill you would never think of guessing, so I might as well tell you at once. Poor Tab! she was unhappy, and often utterly miserable, because she was so very, very fat.

I think Tab thought very little of herself during the first five years of her prosperous young life. The wretchedness began when Aunt Eunice came down from the "hill country," like a wolf on the fold, and ejaculated, as she peered down through her spectacles at the child, "Sakes alive! Tabithy, what a whopper, you be!"

Tab kept out of Aunt Eunice's sight as much as possible after that, but for days and days she puzzled her brain over the new name.

"I'm a whopper. I wonder what that is—it must be something dreadful," was all Tab could make of it, and finally, she went confidentially to her cousin Will, a literary youth of fourteen, and asked.

"What's a whopper?" answered Will, jocosely, pinching her cheeks, "why, it's something uncommonly large. In short, Tab, you're considerable of a whopper."

Tab never ventured after information again, but she began to dread the approach of friends and neighbors, and to fear the visit of a relative or former friend of her mother's, as older girls do the entrance of the examining committee at school.

Unfortunately, Tab's father, having been successful in business, concluded three years later to re-furnish their parlors, and introduced two long mirrors between the windows at either end. It was Tab's first view of herself from her broad shoulders to her round, cushiony feet, and she gave one long stare at the double reflection. What a square, solid figure it was! but nothing of which to be ashamed, if people had been polite enough to remember that little girl

have ears, and feelings also, somewhere beyond them. Tab looked and looked, and finally turned about like a lay figure in the shop windows, and when she had seen herself as she fancied others saw her, she thought, "Hateful Aunt Eunice was right, and cousin Will was right; I am a whopper!" and she ran to her room and cried the whole afternoon. Of course, she was foolish enough to wish she might die, and after a while she gradually stopped crying, to speculate as to whether anybody would be sorry if she did die, and to wonder if she would come out a thin, graceful little angel. Then she went to sleep and awoke very hungry, and ate such a supper as only lean children who wish to be plump, and to have good-natured dimples that come and go whenever they are called, ever ought to eat.

Not long after, Tab, who, like all people who allow themselves to get wrongly proud and sensitive, was beginning to expect disagreeable things, passed round the corner on her way to Ella Smith's.

Two naughty, idle boys stood in the door of a grocery's shop. As she turned up the street, one of them poked his elbow between his companion's ribs, exclaiming: "Look, Bill. My eyes! a'n't she a buster?"

Tab bit her lips and forced back the tears, and instead of going to Ella's rushed around the square, ostensibly to find her brother Bob, an enterprising boy of five.

Bob was making mud-pies with a new inhabitant of the town.

"That's my sister," said Bob, as Tab approached.

"Well, she's fat," said the strange boy, with a broad smile.

"Yes," answered Bob, composedly; "but mother's trying to thin her up."

To be told that she was a "buster," and that her mother was endeavoring by some unknown process to "thin her up," and to be told it all in the space of ten minutes, was too much for our Tab; and when an acute attack of conundrums, looked at her meditatively and asked his sister why something on the street made him think of an elephant, she gave up entirely, and was obliged to go to her friend Ella for comfort or consolation.

It was a sudden burst of confidence, and as Ella was two years older, Tab had some hope of being helped in her misery.

Now Ella, I am sorry to say, was always reading very foolish stories, and when Tab had exhausted her sorrow she said:—

"Tabbie, dear, if you could only have a fever and get well, you know, it would be lovely. My cousin Jane had influenza fever all summer, and was out of her head, and it was ever so funny, and now ma says she's so interesting. But then, you might die, you know."

"I wouldn't much care," said silly Tab.

"How do they get fevers and things?"

"Oh, by catching cold, I guess. Ma says catching cold will do almost anything. I'm awful sorry for you, Tabbie. Let me see, somebody said the other day drinking vinegar would make one dreadfully poor."

Thoughtless, romantic Ella little knew what dangerous seeds her words were sowing; for that very night Tab, bitterly recalling the ridicule of the afternoon, began a raid on the vinegar-jug, and even went so far as to expose herself to a dangerous cold by sleeping in a strong draught.

The natural result of an unwholesome diet and temperature soon made itself manifest, and in a few days Tab actually lay at the point of death, and it was a long, long time before she knew the dear ones about her, and longer still before she could raise her head or realize what had happened during the weeks that seemed only a strange, blank space in her memory.

When she first raised her own hand, she thought it belonged to some one else, and as her brain was not quite clear, she looked up and said, "Mamma, quick, quick; unhook this horrid, skinny hand, and give me mine." And the tears ran down her mother's cheeks as she stroked the thin hand wholly bereft of its old dimpled beauty. Tab remembered it all then, and the tears came into her own eyes.

"O mamma, I'm afraid I have been very wicked!" she said.

"I know all about it, darling," answered the dear mamma, who had learned Tab's trial, and suffered it over and over in those days of delirium. "I am afraid I have been thoughtless and wicked too in not helping my little girl to be a brave daughter of the Lord, glad to mind him, and suffer what seems disagreeable."

"If they only hadn't made fun of me," sighed Tab.

"That's only because they thought so little," answered mamma. "We are all so apt to forget that anybody under twenty has trials."

"Was it a trial?" asked Tab.

"Why, yes," answered mamma. "The Lord made you just as he thought best, and if you had remembered that, when ill-natured things were said, you would not have cared very much. You would have known it was only to make you more beautiful and graceful in spirit."

"Oh!" was all that Tab answered, for she had never known before that she had a trial, but she kissed her mother's hand softly, and smiled contentedly.

By-and-by she said, "Have I spoiled my trial because I wasn't brave, mamma? I mean, will the Lord think I'm a coward, and never give me another?"

"He will surely give you another, never fear, dearest," answered mamma.

Through all the days of convalescence Tab was on the lookout, and everybody was so kind and thoughtful in gratifying every wish, she almost began to doubt the truth of mamma's prophecy, and thought to herself, "I was such a little coward, I'm not fit to be trusted."

Aunt Eunice came down late in the autumn, appearing just in time for Thanksgiving. Tab was in the sitting-room as their visitor entered by the wing door.

"Sakes alive! Tabithy," said Aunt Eunice, "what a bag o' bones you be."

So Tab found another trial, and smiled, as perhaps you are smiling, little reader.—*Christian Union.*

## Stupid Boys.

Some of the grandest spirits that the world has ever known—men whose works and memory are enduring—were regarded in youth as dunces. They flowered late, but bore the rarest fruit. It is somewhat discouraging for a boy of moderate abilities, who aims to do his best, to be told that others accomplished in childhood what he can do only by hard study in the best years of his youth. But such a boy should not relax his efforts. He will succeed if he gives his heart and mind to the work.

That distinguished teacher, Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, after speaking of those who zealously cultivate inferior powers of mind, said of such a pupil, "I would stand to that man hat in hand." He once spoke sharply to a dull boy, who replied: "Why do you speak angrily, sir? Indeed, I am doing the best I can." Dr. Arnold said he never so fully rebuked in his life.

Sir Isaac Newton was a prominent dunce in his early school days. He stood low in his classes, and seemed to have no relish for study. One day the "bright boy" of the school gave him a kick in the stomach, which caused him severe pain. The insult stung young Newton to the quick, and he resolved to make himself felt and respected by improved scholarship. He applied himself diligently to study, and, ere long, stood in his classes above the boy who had kicked him, and ultimately became the first scholar in the school. Newton owed his pre-eminence in his philosophical studies more to perseverance and application than to any marvelous natural endowment.

Oliver Goldsmith, than whom no boy could appear more stupid, was the butt of the school. A school dame, after wonderful patience and perseverance, taught him the alphabet—a thing which she deemed creditable to her skill, and which she lived to mention with pride when her pupil became famous. He made no progress in exact studies, but liked history and Latin poetry. He was a sore trial to his ambitious mother, who made many fruitless attempts to quicken his wits by her sharp words. His relatives, teachers, and schoolmates all told him that he was a fool, which verdict he did not dispute, but took good-humoredly. Even when he had produced the "Traveler," an eminent critic said to a friend, "Sir, I do believe that Goldsmith wrote that poem, and that, let me tell you, is believing a great deal."

Sir Walter Scott was a dull boy, and when attending the University at Edinburgh, he went by the name of "the great blockhead." But he wasted no time on trifles, and pursuing a study that he loved—as, for example, history or the classics—he was persevering and methodical. He was one of those whose knowledge on a subject interested increased until it lay like a great volume in his mind. When Walter Scott began to make use of that knowledge, society gave him another name, somewhat different from the Edinburgh appellation. It was, "The Great Magician."

Hutton, the antiquarian, whose knowledge of books was deemed remarkable, was slow to learn when a boy. He was sent to school to a certain Mr. Meat. He thus tells his experience: "My master took occasion to beat my head against the wall, holding it by the hair; but he never could beat any learning into it."

Sheridan found it hard to acquire the elements of learning. His mother deemed it her duty to inform his teacher that he was not bright to learn like other boys. Adam Clark was pronounced by his father to be "a grievous dunce," and Dr. Chalmers was pronounced by his teacher to be an "incorrigible" one. Chatterton was dismissed from school by his master, who, finding himself unable to teach him anything in a satisfactory manner, settled it that the boy was a "fool."

Teachers are apt to become impatient over dull scholars, and predict of them that they will never come to anything. Such uncalculated prophecies ought to discourage no scholar who tries to do well. A certain Edinburgh professor once pronounced upon a student his severe opinion: "Dunce you are, and dunce you will ever remain." That student was Sir Walter Scott.

## Babies that Live in a Ball.

Is not that a droll place to live in? And the ball no bigger than the one you play with, and six or eight babies inside?

Of course they are not so big as your baby brother. In fact, their mother is not half so big as a little brown mouse, and the babies themselves are tiny bits of mice.

This airy nursery of theirs is a curious affair, made of narrow grasses woven together into a beautiful, snug ball, and hung to the stems of two or three stout grasses or wheat straws. There it hangs all summer, rocked by every breeze, and when men come to cut down the wheat, they find the cunning little ball, and say they have found a harvest-mouse's nest. Funny as it seems, the mother doesn't go into the house herself—indeed, it isn't big enough, it is just stuffed full of babies.

I don't suppose any place was ever so full of babies, unless it is the tin boxes packed full of little fishes (which we buy, and call sardines), and they are dead before they are packed, and don't mind being crowded.

The harvest-mouse's ball is made very open; and although you and I couldn't find any door to it, Mamma Mouse manages to feed and take good care of the little ones inside, while good Mr. Mouse is quite ready to do his own marketing in the grass near by. How she does it not even the wise

men have found out yet; for she is very shy, and does not like to be watched.

These curious little creatures are no common brown mice. Their coat is reddish brown on the back, and white on the under side. As I said before, when full-grown they are not half so large as a common mouse; so you imagine how very little the babies in the ball must be. Often those nests, babies and all, are carried into the barn with the harvest, and then the babies grow and thrive as well as in the field, though of course the open-air nursery is far more pleasant.

Mr. and Mrs. Micromys Minutus—that is their names in the big books, you must know—have a very nice way of getting up to the nest, though they have neither stairs nor ladder. They just run up a straw or grass-stem as easily as you run up stairs. Besides the long, finger-like toes, which they have on all their four feet, they have a very useful tail, which is as a hand to hold on with. When they want to go down, they curl this little tail around a straw and slide down before you can wink.—*Hearth and Home.*

## English Mothers.

It is a marked feature of social life in England, and certainly one of its especial charms, that mothers and daughters are so uniformly seen together at their own home. Not only is the mother the first lady to whom you are introduced at the house where you visit, but mistress of the ceremonies throughout; not only does she preside at the dinner table, but in the evening party she sits as queen. Whatever may be your first impression of such an arrangement—if it happens that your sympathies are with the younger ladies—you will soon learn to think that the mother's absence would be very sincerely regretted by the daughters.

As a picture, all must admit the arrangement to be perfect. The portly form and matronly dignity of the mother are an exquisite foil to the youthful beauty and maiden coyness of the daughters. And you will find nothing to mar, but everything to enhance, the interest of the picture. The mother's presence never seems to operate as an unwelcome restraint. Between her and the daughters you will mark the most joyous, playful, loving freedom, without the sacrifice of a tithe of parental dignity and authority on the one hand, or of sweet and graceful filial duty on the other. It may be said of English families, generally, that these two things are eminently characteristic, to wit, uniform parental authority and the most charming freedom of intercourse between parents and their children.

## Don't, Boys.

Don't be impatient, no matter if things do sometimes go wrong.

Don't give the ball a kick and send it into the nearest mud-puddle, because it won't go straight when you throw it. Don't send the marbles against the fence and break your best glass alley, because your clumsy fingers could not hit the center. Don't break your kite string all to pieces because it will not bring your kite down from the tree with the first jerk; it will take you full three times as long to get it down afterwards. Don't give your little brother an angry push and a sharp word if he can not see into the mysteries of marble-playing or hoop rolling with the first lesson. You were once just as stupid as he, though you have soon forgotten it.

What in the world would become of you if your mother had no more patience than you; if, every time you came to her when busy, she thrust you off with a cross word? dear, kind, loving mother, who never ceases to think of you, to care for you, who keeps you so nicely clothed, and makes such nice things for you to eat. What if she were to be so impatient that you would be half the time afraid to speak to her, to tell her about your troubles in school and at play? Ah, how you grieve that mother by your impatience and crossness!

## Which?

"Yes, mother, I know; but then, you see, my good feelings only last half a jiff."

So said my boy to me last evening, in answer to my appeal.

"I know it, Henry," said I; "but how long does it take to switch off a locomotive on to the wrong track? Once started on the wrong track, no matter how smoothly and swiftly it may run, it is running to destruction. On the other hand, a moment only, and the switch-tender will have put the locomotive on the right-track, and the cars will go on safely."

"So with the heart. It takes only a moment to pray sincerely, 'Lord, save me.' It takes only a moment to say, 'Keep me from this sin, O Lord.' It takes only a moment to say from the heart, 'Lord give me thy Holy Spirit; make me thy child; do not leave me; let me not leave thee.'"

"On the other hand, it takes but a moment to say, 'Pshaw! what's the use? I don't care.' It takes but a moment to say, 'I'm not going to be laughed at for being a Christian, I know.' It takes but a moment to drive the Spirit of God away, by simply diverting the mind, which may be done in many ways.

"And so the soul may be switched on to the right track, or on to the wrong track in a moment of time, and either run safely to the end of life by God's grace, or run swiftly and surely to destruction."

Is my soul on the right or wrong track?—*Morning Light.*

Not a tempest sweeps through the earth that is not needful; not a trouble breaks upon the shores of a human heart that is not necessary. If so, let us take heart and rejoice that we are in the road that leads upward to God, that we bear the signature of his children, and if children, then heirs of his God and joint heirs with Christ.

## Literary Review.

ORIENTAL AND LINGUISTIC STUDIES. "The Vedas; the Avesta; the Science of Language." By William Dwight Whitney, Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology in Yale College. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1873. 12mo. pp. 416.

Prof. Whitney's contributions to the philological literature of the country and the century are eminently creditable to him and an honor to American scholarship. He is less daring and brilliant than some other writers, chiefly in England and on the continent, who have distinguished themselves in the same field. But there are few if any of them who have carried to their investigation a more candid, discriminating or vigorous mind, or who have brought away larger and richer and more definite results. He has been equal in this country as a philologist, scholar and writer. He is thoroughly familiar with the results of other men's investigations, and it is plain that he reads in a spirit of open criticism and candor. His judgment is eminently calm. He never allows his enthusiasm to run away with him. He gratefully recognizes the valuable service of every man who has aided to set forth the essential qualities and unfold the true philosophy of human language. But he always discriminates between facts and theories, and while gladly welcoming the one he now and then subjects to a most pungent and sometimes annihilating criticism the baseless or extravagant assumptions that enter into the other. And so Max Muller, and Bleek, and Schleicher, and Stenhal come in each for his share of plain, manly, vigorous and damaging criticism, when they give a free rein to the imagination in a field that nothing save patient study, laborious comparison and the scientific reason are adapted to explore.

The contents of this noble and unique volume have heretofore appeared in various publications devoted to science and the higher literature. There are thirteen of them, of unequal length and ability, varied in subject and specific aim, but all bearing directly upon the general topic suggested by the title of the book. The papers are richly worth collecting in a volume; they furnish an immense amount of curious, interesting and valuable information bearing upon a field of inquiry that is full of significance, that is sure to be freely traversed by the thinking men of two continents, and in which there is very likely to be more or less earnest logical fighting between the exponents of science and the defenders of the Bible as a divine revelation. Prof. Whitney is doing excellent service in clearing the questions of needless complications, in giving us an exact understanding of the facts that have been gathered and classified, in pointing out the legitimate work of the explorer, in protesting against dogmatism and crude theories, and insisting that methods truly scientific and a candor that is at once modest and courageous must be carried into the new department of inquiry, and maintained in every attempt to expound the newest as well as one of the most important of all the sciences. We most heartily commend this volume to the attention of all thoughtful readers, and we trust that the author may be left in no doubt as to the desire of the public for another similar volume, which is virtually promised in answer to an awaited call.

CHRIST AT THE DOOR. By Susan Hayes Ward. New York: A. D. P. Randolph & Co. 1873. 12mo. pp. 232. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co. DERWENT; or, Recollections of the country. By John Chester. Same Publishers, &c. 12mo. pp. 365.

Beautiful in appearance and choice in contents are these two volumes from a House whose imprint is a guarantee that the book which bears it has both character and literary art. They would be welcome at any time, and could never fail to be seasonable. But they will prove especially fitting as gift-books for the winter holidays on whose threshold we now stand.

Christ at the Door is chiefly a collection of poems closely related to the central thought carried by that most suggestive and teaching passage in the Revelation:—"Behold I stand at the door and knock." &c. The poems are classified under two heads:—Christ Knocking at the Door, and Christ a Guest. They are also now and then introduced and joined to each other by brief and fitting notes, which help to unfold their deeper meaning and impress the lessons which they carry. Quite a number of them are from the Latin and German, and appear here both in their foreign tongues and in an admirable English translation. Every way, the collection is an excellent one, embracing the very richest, deepest, sweetest, tenderest and truest utterances of Christian faith and love and inspiration that have blossomed out in genuine poetry in different lands and through a period of many centuries. The book is really a thing of beauty, in its smooth tinted paper, its clear, open type, its green marlin and its rich gilt; and every one of its pages holds an aroma that suggests the fragrance of heavenly aims.

Recollections of the Country are put into a volume whose style is much like that of the book mentioned above, and the contents are worthy of their place. The writer has lived many years, for he tells us that some of these recollections take him back into the last century. But there is nothing feeble or prolix or suggestive of the garrulity of second childhood in these pictured reminiscences, these sketches of country life, this narration of incidents, these groupings of facts that belong to Natural History, that make every field and forest suggestive, that fill the every-day life with animation and interest, that show the keenness of the author's observation, and often make his book a teacher of needed truth and high philosophy. The style is charmingly simple, natural and attractive, and one turns the last leaf of the book with about equal gratitude and regret,—thankful for what has been afforded but hungry eager for more.

ROBIN TREMAYNE. A Tale of the Marian Persecution. By Emily Sarah Holt, author of "Isolt Barry," &c. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1873. 12mo. pp. 378. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

MATTHEW FROST, CARRIER; or, Little Snow-drop's Mission. By Emma Marshall, author of "Three Little Sisters," &c. Same Publishers, &c. 1873. 16mo. pp. 214.

THE WHITE RABBIT. By Joanna H. Mathews, author of the "Bessie Books," &c. Same Publishers, &c. 1873. 16mo. pp. 240.

THE MASTER'S HOME-CALL; or, Brief Memorials of Alice Frances Bickersteth. By her father, Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, M. A., author of "Yesterday, To-day and Forever." Same Publishers, &c. 1873. 24mo. pp. 86.

The author of Robert Tremayne is no stranger in the world of letters, and she wields an effective pen. Her contributions to the popular religious literature of England, for some years past, have been such in quantity and quality as to give her a creditable place and a recognized influence. She is an intense Protestant and an equally intense anti-Romanist. She sees in the imposing ritualism that marks the High church party in the ecclesiastical establishment at home, and in the consequent constantly carried on between the Catholics and a portion of the Anglican clergy, as in the plans for tolerance and the general influence of the English people to the English party, a great and growing peril to both religion and liberty. She cannot be at ease in such a state of things. She seems to see crime in this tacit connivance, and surrender in this cool toleration. And so she writes this story of the sixteenth century, to show what was and is the real spirit of Romanism, and how it gains power chiefly to enable it

to play the effective dogmatist and the iron-handed tyrant. She would thus warn and rouse her countrymen to a vigilant and resolute and timely resistance. Whatever may be thought of her logic or her motive, or however she may be criticized for appearing as the heated advocate when claiming to be the calm historian, it must be confessed that she has wrought a good deal of valuable information, vivid portraiture, thrilling adventure, dramatic intensity, genuine pathos, intense conviction and fervid appeal into a volume that is all alive with interest from beginning to end. There are no dull pages, and the protestant woman, with her soul on fire with religious zeal, is never pushed aside to make room for the mere literary artist.

Matthew Frost is a very pleasant story, full of human tenderness and bravery and trust, and showing the high work which a pure and sweet-souled child may do even in the midst of rough and trying types of life. It is a reprint of an English book, and it deserves the distinction accorded to it.

The White Rabbit is meant for quite young readers, it deals with little people, and perhaps quite enough shows the results of an effort to exalt the crudity of thought, feeling and speech which belongs to early childhood. But it is by no means a bad specimen of the Doty Dimple species of literature, which, it must be confessed, has proved eminently entertaining to both older and younger readers, and which has not outgrown its popularity.

Mr. Bickersteth's little volume is an affectionate, touching, tender and Christian tribute to a daughter, recently deceased in her twentieth year, and who seems to have been distinguished for eminent religious elevation and excellence as well as for literary and poetic promise. A few of her poems are inserted in the volume, and they breathe a spirit at once cultivated, devout and affectionate. It is a chastened soul and a submissive and sanctified sorrow which her father here embodies in his sermon and his narrative.

THE INGLISHES; or, How the Way Opened. By Margaret M. Robertson, author of "Janet's Love and Service," &c. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. 1873. 12mo. pp. 420.

There is a series of quiet, natural, life-like pictures of family experience in this book, which one dwells on with satisfaction and profit, not only while turning the leaves, but even after the narrative has been read and the book closed. It is a minister's family, out from which the husband and father passed at the end of a burdensome, self-denying and faithful service, leaving the widow and children in the midst of sorrow and anxiety to battle with the world. It is a touching and suggestive story, adapted to reprove the souls that falter and fear and faint under the first burden, to cheer and encourage those who must find life a long and earnest struggle, and to confirm the faith of believers in the gracious Providence whose hand so often and so wonderfully opens the way out of perplexity into a plain and luminous and blessed path.

LITTLE TOSSE. By Captain Carnes. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Dover, N. H.: G. T. Day & Co. 1873. 16mo. pp. 301.

Little Toss is a striking and suggestive story gathering about the little orphan girl who bears this peculiar name. Her sad experiences at the almshouse, and as the maid-servant of Miss Pegg, the gradual opening of what is beautiful, noble and sacred in life, through the rough but genuine sympathy of Uncle Peter and the wise Christian love of Margaret Bighelow, her toll in the cotton mill through which she won independence and gained the educational advantages that made her an honored and efficient teacher,—these things are all brought out in ways that are natural, forcible, and often touching enough to start the tears. It is a story that makes an indirect but powerful appeal for the unfortunate, and teaches most impressively the nobility and value of Christian trust. Like all the issues of this House, the book is beautiful to the eye as well as stimulating to mind and heart.

FORCE. By Jacob Abbott, author of the "Franklin Stories," &c. With numerous engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1873. 12mo. pp. 300.

We have here the fourth of the series of volumes devoted to the work of presenting the latest results of science in a popular form, and for the especial benefit of the young. The author is at home in the field which he has chosen, he is in the fullest sympathy with the young whom he has so largely served with his pen in years past, and he mixes scientific statement and discussion so happily into colloquy and narrative that scientific learning is largely divested of its reputed dryness and made to minister to exhilaration of spirit. The various sources, forms and phenomena of Force are clearly presented in the present volume by means of careful statement and an abundant supply of illustrative diagrams.

The fourteenth thousand of FOSTER'S CYCLOPEDIA OF PROSE ILLUSTRATIONS, also the third thousand of the CYCLOPEDIA OF POETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS, have just been issued. This demand shows the general appreciation of the work.

Mr. Beecher, in his Yale lectures on preaching, insists on the value of illustrations, and so justifies the use of such things as these Cyclopedias. They are equally valuable to Sunday school and other speakers and teachers. In their own line they are unsurpassed and unequalled.—New York: W. C. Palmer, Jr., & Co.

AT HIS GATES, by Mrs. Oliphant, is the serial story which has been running through the successive numbers of Scribner's Monthly during the past year, and now put into a substantial and excellently printed octavo pamphlet of 281 pages. To say that it is from Mrs. Oliphant's pen is to assure those who have read her of her high literary excellence and pure moral tone. To high literary excellence and pure moral tone, she has added the first literary effort to assign it a very eminent position. And that is just what we are fully warranted in saying. We believe this is the first



## Literary Miscellany.

## What is a Chromo?

As chromos are becoming so general and popular, and as few, perhaps, understand the process by which they are produced, we subjoin a clear explanation of the *modus operandi* of their production, which we take from the *American Agriculturist*:

The stone used is a popular limestone, capable of receiving a polish, and yet absorbent of water. To paint a lithograph, the stone is first polished, and then whatever design is required is drawn upon it with a pencil made for the purpose, and which contains some greasy matter. Let us suppose, that the artist draws a picture, or what is simpler, prints out the words "American Agriculturist." The stone is then wetted, and the water sinks into the pores everywhere except the place where the greasy ink formed the words. Ink, or paint, is then applied to the whole stone with a roller just as it is to types. This ink does not adhere to the stone where it is wet, but to the words drawn with the greasy pencil the ink will stick. Then a sheet of paper is laid over the stone, and the whole passed under a press; when the paper is lifted off, it will be found to have taken up the ink left adhering to the words upon the stone. This process can be repeated over and over indefinitely by taking the stone and keeping wet. Now, let us suppose that we wish the word "American" printed in black and the word "Agriculturist" in red ink. The lithographer would take two stones, one for each word, and paint the black ink with one stone and the red ink with another. He will take care to have the word on each stone in such a position, and to put his paper on the second stone in such a manner, that the words will be in their places. Now, let us suppose that we wish the word "American" in black and yellow instead of all black, and "Agriculturist" red, as before. This will require three stones. The artist will draw with his greasy pencil, *American* upon the stone for the black, and *Agriculturist* upon the stone for the red, and *Yellow* upon the stone for the yellow, taking care to leave such spaces between the letters, that when the black is printed, and the paper placed on the stone for the yellow, the letters will be in their proper places.

This is a very simple case, but it will enable us to understand how the chromos are made. An artist paints a picture, using the colors, and blending them in such a way as will produce the effect he desires. It is the business of the chromo-lithographer to take this picture and reproduce a copy by means of printing in the manner we have described. There must be as many stones as there are colors and tints in the picture. One stone must have all the red parts drawn on it, another all the blue, another all the brown parts of the picture, and so on. Sometimes one color is printed over another in order to get the proper shade, so that to reproduce the picture, the chromo has to be printed a color and a bit at a time, on from ten to twenty or more stones, every touch of the painter being faithfully copied. When the chromo picture has received 16 or 18 printings on so many different stones, so that it is shaded every way like the original, it is finally pressed upon a clean stone, which has been cut in grooves like the threads of canvas, and it now has all the appearance of being real painting on canvas. The reader will see that it is an immense work to prepare the different stones at first, so that each shall have some of the picture in just the right place and color. It takes three to six months to prepare a set of stones for one picture, even if but one copy was to be printed. But after the stones are once prepared, copies can be transferred to other stones in a few minutes, and after that they can go on and print as many thousands, or tens of thousands, as are desired.

## Complete Marriage.

The following wise words of Theodore Parker on "Complete Marriage" deserve repetition:

Men and women, and especially young people, do not know that it takes years to marry completely two hearts, even of the most loving and well-sorted! But nature allows no sudden change. We slope very gradually from the cradle to the summit of life. Marriage is gradual, a fraction of us at a time. A happy wedlock is a long falling in love. I know young persons think love only belongs to brown hair and plump, round, crimson cheeks. So it does for its beginning, just as Mt. Washington begins at Boston Bay. But the golden marriage is a part of love which the bridal day knows nothing of. Youth is the tassel and silken flower of love; age is the full corn, ripe and solid in the ear. Beautiful is the morning of love with its prophetic crimson, violet, purple and gold; but the golden marriage is to be come. Beautiful also the evening of love, with its glad remembrances and its rainbow side turned towards heaven as well as earth.

Young people marry their opposites in temper and general character, and such a marriage is commonly a good match. They do not do it instinctively. The young man does not say, "My black eyes require to be wed with blue, and my over-vehement requires to be a little modified with something of dullness and reserve." When these opposites come together to be wed, they do not know it, but each thinks the other just like himself. Old people never marry their opposites; they marry their similars, and from calculation. Each of these two arrangements are very proper. On their long journey, these opposites will fall out by the way a great many times, and both get away from the road; but each will charm the other back again, and by and by they will be agreed as to the road they will go by, and become reconciled. The man will become nobler and larger for being associated with so much humanity, unlike himself, and she will be a nobler woman for having mingled beside her that seeks to correct her deficiencies and supply her with what she lacks, if the diversity be not too great, and there be real piety and love in their hearts to begin with.

The old bridegroom, having a much shorter journey to make, must associate himself with one like himself. A perfect and complete marriage is, perhaps, as rare as perfect personal beauty. Men and women are married fractionally, now a small fraction, then a large fraction. Very few are married totally, and they only, I think, after some forty or fifty years of gradual approach to experiment. Such a large and sweet fruit is complete marriage, and it needs a very long summer to ripen in, and then a long winter to mellow and season in. But a real, happy marriage of love and judgment, between a noble man and woman, is one of the things so very handsome that if the sum were, as the Greek poets in-

bled, a god, he might stop the world in order to feast his eyes with such a spectacle.

## Changes in Language.

While individuals and nations have their days of youth, maturity, old age, and are swept away by death, the languages of the earth are subject to the same mutations. They have their birth, their youth, attain their growth and then begin to decay, and finally are recorded in the dead languages, whence they undergo another metamorphosis, and are swallowed up eventually in other tongues, which successively rise and revive.

While it is not improbable that a language in being shorn of its redundancies loses some valuable and expressive words, yet it is not a fact that it necessarily deteriorates through every change, for that would argue a retrogression in every age. Such is not the case. A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* has gathered together the preterites that have been suffered to become obsolete in the English language, the loss of which has occasioned much inconvenience to English writers and speakers. We take some examples:

The preterite of the verb *beat* we use in the same form as the present: *beat, beat, beaten*. Children often make a preterite of their own, acting unconsciously upon the analogies of the language, and say *beat, beat, beat*. The following verse from Piers "Ploughman," if considered good English, supports the correctness of the children's preterite:

"He laid on me with rage,  
And hitte me under the ear;  
He buffeted me so about the mouth  
That out my teeth he beat."

The present participle is often used too for the past; thus:

"Their horse was *beat* severely."—*Temple Bar Magazine*.

This practice is wholly unjustifiable. The preterite of the verb *blend*, *blend*, is only preserved by the poets, the best euphonious *blend* being used instead in conversation and prose writings. In Byron's "Battle of Waterloo," the preterite is used with fine effect in the line:

"Rider and horse, friend and foe, in one red burial bent."

*Cast*, to throw.—This verb in English formerly had the preterite *cast*, and its past participle *casten*, but they are now entirely obsolete except in Scotland and the north of England. Burns uses it in some of his works:

"Maggie *cast* her head for high,  
Looked askint and unco sleek,  
Gart poor Duncan stand sleek."

*Deem*, to judge.—This word has lost its preterite *deem*, and, as used now, rather signifies "to think" than "to judge." The last preterite *deem*, some three hundred years ago was invested with a new meaning, and is now used to signify a severe sentence, and has its regular preterite, *doomed*.

The verb *glide* has lost its preterite and past participle, *glide* and *gliden*. They have been superseded by *glided*:

"His good steed he all bestrode,  
And forth upon his way he *glide*."—*Chaucer*.

A reviewer of lost preterites, regrets that the past participle of *hold*, *holden*, has become obsolete, on the ground of the excellent rhyme it affords to "golden," "embolden," etc.

The preterite and past participle of *help*, *holp*, *holpen*, are now scarcely used:

"And blind men *holpen*."—*Piers Plowman*.

*Let* has lost its *loot* and *looten*, but they are still extant in the Scottish dialect:

"Ye've *loot* the ponie o'er the dyke."—*Burns*.

*Laugh* now forms its preterite and past participle in *ed*. The ancient forms were: *lough*, *leugh*. In this case the change can hardly be said to be a deterioration.

The preterite of *quake*—to tremble with fear—has become obsolete:

"The whole land of Italy trembled and *quake*."—*Dante*.

The preterite and past participle of *snow*, although they still survive in America, are considered vulgarisms. *Snow*, *snowen*, give place to *snowed*, a doubtful improvement.

*Wax*, *waxen*, *waxed*, *waxen*, used to grow, to increase.—This word has lost its ancient preterites *wax* and *waxen*, and is preserved in English chiefly for the reason of its frequent occurrence in the Bible.

## Obituaries.

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

JENNIE E. JACOBS, daughter of Ann E. and step-daughter of David Wait, died of consumption in Vienna, Aug. 15, aged 16 years and 5 months. Scarcely by any philosophy can we look upon death in youth as otherwise than sad; but when, as in this instance, there is willingness, hope, resignation and confidence, not only the memory of the departed, but the event itself, leaves bright and pleasant associations. May God sanctify it to the good of all who mourn their loss. F. EDGEMOND.

FANNIE, wife of Lewis Clark, died in Waterbury, Vt., Nov. 30, aged 63 years. In early life she indulged hope in Christ, but did not receive baptism until 28 years of age. Our sister in her daily life was exemplary, and her love for Christ and his people strong and sincere. She was one of the original members of the recently formed church at the Center, and first removed by death. During her sickness, she often expressed great pleasure in the presence of her family, and to her dying moments tenderly embraced members of her family, and bid them a sweet good-bye. M. C. HENDERSON.

ETTA M., daughter of G. M. and M. A. Dixon, died of consumption, in Farmington, Feb. 4, aged 11 years and 9 months. Etta was a lovely, interesting child, and much beloved by parents, brothers and sisters. She suffered much, but bore her pains with a patience seldom seen. She loved Jesus, and although fondly attached to home and friends, was willing to leave them, to go to Him. She died trusting in Him. Her absence has been greatly felt in the family circle, but Jesus has sustained. May the whole family be prepared to go, when the Master calls, where she has gone.

STEPHEN COLBATH died of consumption, in Farmington, Feb. 14, aged 32 years. This young man spent the years of his life, regardless of the claims of religion. His sickness was long and his sufferings severe. But during his sickness he was brought to consider religion and his dying moments tenderly embraced members of his family, and bid them a sweet good-bye. M. C. HENDERSON.

grace we have ever seen. He conversed with each of his brothers and sisters, and with many friends who came in to see him, entreating them to live as he had, but to seek Christ and prepare to meet him beyond the river of death. Thus happy in Christ he sang, "When I can read my title clear," "In the Christian's home in glory," and "I'm going home to die no more," and passed over the river, leaving the bright evidence of forgiven sins. May the brothers and sisters never forget his dying admonitions and entreaties.

STEPHEN WIGGIN died in Farmington, Feb. 19, aged 61 years.

MARY FRENCH died in Farmington, Feb. 19, aged 66.

GEO. M. WOOD died in Farmington, March 12, aged 3 years. His death and removal left a sad vacancy in a pleasant home. His sickness was short, and the Lord took him unto himself. He is now waiting on the other side for the loved ones left behind. "My grace is sufficient for thee."

ANNIE M. WENTWORTH died in Farmington, March 13, aged 28. She was suddenly snatched from her home, her husband and little child.

BERTIE, infant child of Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Delano, died in Farmington, March 4, aged 4 months. Parents fondly loved and clung to him, and God took him. He lives "safe in the arms of Jesus." May this cheer, and still sustain.

JOSEPH B. RICKER died in Milton, April 4, aged 28 years.

SARAH, wife of David S. Bateholder, died in Deerfield, Nov. 27, of cancerous humors, aged 43. In youth sister B. sought the Saviour and with the Methodist church in Chichester. After her marriage she became a resident of this town, where by her exhibition of the Christian character she won the respect and esteem of all. Some three years since she was baptized by Rev. G. S. Hill and joined the F. B. church. During these years of life, family cares and failing health hindered her at home. But here were developed those traits of character that mark the true Christian. Here was seen the power of faith to sustain in the hour of trial, in that patience and charity submission to the divine will. Patient, fortitude and trust in her last days, seemingly wrought their perfect work. Her sufferings were great. The ties binding to earth were tender, yet strong. A husband, four young children and other friends mourn her death. Her greatest desire was that her husband might be a Christian. She said to her father-in-law, just before her death, "Go into the prayer meeting and from me exhort sinners to seek the Saviour."

NANCY PAGE died in Deerfield, Oct. 15, aged 92 years. At a very early age she gave her heart to Christ, and through her long life was one of the faithful. At the age of 16 she was baptized by Rev. Dr. Shepherd, of Nottingham. The latter part of her life was spent here, where through life's varied scenes, she most clearly exemplified the Christian character, retaining her faculties of mind to the last in a remarkable degree. A mother in Israel has thus at a good age gone to inherit the promises and a member of the church on earth joins the church above. IRA EMERY.

JAMES DUNTON, having attained a good old age, died in Woolwich, Me., Aug. 9, 1872. Intelligent, conscientious, devout, kind and hospitable, he won the esteem of a large circle of Christian friends. His death was peaceful, and his life and character are held in grateful remembrance. COM.

## Academies, &amp;c.

## BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

## Medical Department.

THE annual course of Lectures at the Medical School of Maine, will commence JANUARY 9th, and continue Twenty Weeks.

Circulars containing full information may be obtained on application to the Registrar, D. F. ELLIS, M. D., or to the Secretary, G. C. F. BRACKETT, M. D., Secretary.

## MAINE CENTRAL INSTITUTE.

PITTSFIELD, ME.

Furnishes College, Preparatory, Normal, Academic and Ladies' Full course of study. Terms, 10 weeks.

Full term commences Aug. 27, 1872. Winter term commences Nov. 7, 1872. GEORGE B. FILES, A. M., Principal.

REV. A. L. GERRISH, Principal Normal Department.

Mrs. ARLOINE M. FILES, Teacher of French and Mathematics.

Mrs. ORRA A. ANGELL, Teacher of German.

Mrs. CLARA A. FORBES, Associate in Normal Dept.

Miss ADDIE SAWYER, Teacher of Drawing, Painting, Wax-work and Wood Carving.

Mrs. J. E. STEPHENSON, Teacher of Music.

Prof. D. M. WAIT, (from the Commercial College, Augusta), Teacher of Penmanship and Book-keeping.

No deduction for less than half a term, except on account of sickness. Half terms commence at the beginning and end of the year.

The price of board in clubs, varies from \$1.00 to \$2.00 per week. Ladies' clubs as well as gentlemen's are formed.

Rooms and board in private families at reasonable rates.

For further particulars, address the Secretary, at Pittsfield, Maine.

C. A. FARWELL, Secretary.

## YEOU LITERARY INSTITUTE.

LYNDON CENTER, VT.

Faculty:

J. S. BROWN, A. B., Principal, Latin and Greek.

Mrs. LIZZIE CALLET, Preceptress, French and Natural Science.

Miss IDA E. MORRILL, Mathematics and Rhetoric.

Miss MARY E. MOORE, Music.

Miss ELLEN A. PIERCE, Penmanship.

CALENDAR:

Full Term of 13 weeks, begins August 27, 1872.

Winter Term of 13 weeks, begins December 3, 1872.

Spring Term of 13 weeks, begins March 6, 1873.

Tuition:

Primary Studies, \$3.00

Common English, 7.50

Higher English, 8.00

Latin and Greek, 8.00

French (extra), 2.00

Instruction on Piano or Organ, 10.00

Use of Piano or Organ (extra), 2.00

Instruction on Violin, 6.00

Vocal Music, 15 Lessons, 1.50

Penmanship, 15 Lessons, 1.50

Ag-Clergymen's children and students relying on their own exertions for an education, received at reduced tuition.

Board from \$2.50 to \$3.50 in families; in clubs at lower rates, and rooms furnished for self-board.

LOCATION:

The new, commodious building, ample in its arrangements, recently erected for the use of the school, is situated on a gentle eminence in the village of Lyndon Center, and is well adapted for the purpose. The building is admirably well situated, and is easily accessible from all parts of the country, and at the same time removed from the activities and temptations which surround the students, and corrupt the morals of the young in our cities.

For further particulars, address the Principal at Lyndon Center, or J. W. SANBORN, Secretary, at Lyndonville.

Lyndon Center, Vt., 1872.

WEST VIRGINIA COLLEGE.

AT FLEMINGTON, TAYLOR CO., WEST VIRGINIA.

This Institution offers to students important and peculiar advantages. For particular information, send for a Circular to

Rev. W. COLEBROOK, A. M., President.

GREEN MOUNTAIN SEMINARY.

WATERBURY CENTER, VT.

Faculty:

C. A. MOORE, A. B., Principal, Classical Department.

E. C. SMITH, Mrs. E. C. SMITH, G. A. STOCKWELL, Miss Lizzie Maxwell, L. H. Butterfield.

CALENDAR:

FALL TERM, 13 weeks. Opens Sept. 3, 1872.

WINTER TERM, 13 weeks. Opens Dec. 3, 1872.

SPRING TERM, 13 weeks. Opens Feb. 3, 1873.

Board may be obtained in private families at \$3.50 per week, or rooms may be obtained for self-board.

Complete courses of study for both sexes. Special attention given to those desiring to take a thorough course in

For further particulars, address the Principal.

LAFAYETTE INSTITUTE.

THE WINTER TERM will commence on Monday, Nov. 11, 1872.

Complete courses of study for both sexes.

For further particulars, address the Principal.

North Scituate, R. I., Oct. 14, 1872.

## WHITESTOWN SEMINARY.

THE WINTER TERM of this institution will open Dec. 1st. Six complete courses of study for both sexes, in which the students are prepared for college, for teaching and for business.

The Music Department has just been enlarged, and now has eight new rooms, new instruments and experienced teachers. The school is one of the largest and best in the State.

Terms moderate. Send for Circular.

J. S. GARDINER, Principal.

Whitestown, N. Y., July 2, 1872.

## EVANSVILLE SEMINARY.

This institution under the control of the Wisconsin Y. M. C. A. has been in session for several weeks, and operation for three years. The coming year promises more enlarged usefulness. The village of Evansville is healthily located, and few places in the West surpass it in point of moral and religious influences.

Expenses are reasonable.

Prof. JACOBS will have charge of the Music Department.

CALENDAR:

FALL TERM opens Aug. 27, continuing 13 weeks, closing Feb. 28.

WINTER TERM opens Dec. 10, continuing 13 weeks, closing Feb. 28.

For particulars, address the Principal.

Rev. G. S. BRADLEY, A. M., Principal.

## AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Open to both sexes. Three full courses of study: AGRICULTURAL, SCIENTIFIC and CLASSICAL.

Ten Professors and Instructors, Not sectarian, but thoroughly Christian.

Location can not be surpassed in healthfulness, beauty and freedom from distracting influences.

Expenses only \$125 for College year of 40 weeks, including Tuition, Boarding, Washing, Rent, Fuel and use of heavier Furniture.

For Catalogue or further information, address the President, Rev. J. CALDER, D. D., or the Preceptors, Miss JAMES W. HOTT, A. M., Agricultural College P. O. Center Co., Pa.

## AUSTIN ACADEMY, STRATFORD CENTER, N. H.

The Fall Term of this Institution will commence Tuesday, Aug. 20, and continue eleven weeks, under the instruction of J. P. Quimby, Jr., recently Principal of Greeley Institute, Cumberland Center, Me.

Tuition from \$3.50 to \$5.00.

Rooms for self-boarding may be obtained at reasonable rates. Board in private families from \$2.50 to \$3.00.

The location of a permanent teacher, and the continued interest of the Trustees in the Academy, render the instruction of the best inducements to those desiring a thorough academic education that the school has presented for years.

For particular information address the Principal, I. P. QUIMBY, Jr.

WARREN FOSS, Sec.

## HILLSDALE COLLEGE.

Faculty:

REV. DANIEL M. GRAHAM, D. D., President.

RANSOM DUNN, A. M., Prof. Bib. Theology.

SPENCER C. FOWLER, A. M., Prof. Mathematics and Nat. Philosophy.

GEORGE MCILLAN, A. M., Prof. Ancient Languages.

HIRAM COLLIER, A. M., Prof. Nat. Science.

F. WAYLAND DUNN, A. M., Prof. of Rhetoric and English.

H. LAURA BOWE, A. M., Prin. Ladies' Department.

ALBION C. RIDGEBY, Prin. Com. Department.

GEORGE B. GARDNER, Instructor in Drawing and Painting.

MELVILLE W. CHASE, Instructor in Instrumental and Vocal Music.

JENNIE DE LA MONTAIGN, Teacher of French.

CALENDAR, 1872.

March 20—Spring Term begins.

June 20—Commencement.

September 4—Fall Term begins.

December 4—Winter Term begins.

For College Catalogue apply to L. P. REYNOLDS, Sec. & Treas.

## NORTHWOOD SEMINARY.

The Fall Term of eleven weeks will commence on Wednesday, Dec. 4, 1872.

WILLIAM H. COTTON, A. B., Principal.

The session will be as follows:

Primary Branches, \$4.00



[illegible]

says 377 White river 365 Woods of New England  
 94 Year in the country 6 Yesterdays with friends  
 94 Year lectures 319 Young declaimer 326.

### MISSIONS.

FOREIGN—Foreign mission 305 4 108 140 297.  
 Among the lowly 242.  
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 377.  
 Philanthropy at Cuttack 162 In a straight line 114  
 Missionary's Journal 32 9 106 114 138 154.  
 Encouraging 370 Behold they come 378.  
 Bhuddrick 189 In the jungle 210.  
 Love's labors 133 162 P 135 M 135 soc 235  
 Joy and sorrow 323 Bright spot 365.  
 Sambhalpore 178.  
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HOME—Mission work in Me. 33 100 Ws  
 mission work 117 Home M circular 133 H W  
 appropriations 173 East and West 320 H M w  
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 FREEMEN—What of the South 197 Freed A  
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 Knight Jas. 58.  
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 Nutting Wm. 58.  
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 249 Anticipation 362 A greeting 818 A pr  
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Markets		BONNIE HOLBROOK	
For the week ending Dec. 15, 1916.		CANDLES.	
35	Molds.....	12	15
60	Super.....	35	60
60	COAL.....		
er	Canal.....	25	00
ion	Picot.....	50	00
60	Pat.....	50	00
er	COFFEE.....		
60	Java.....	21	24
Our	Arabia.....	16	18
60	Rio.....	16	18
299	COITING.....		
99	Ordinary.....	16	17
Cal	Good Ordinary 181a.....	16	17
347	Pat.....	16	17
er	Low Middling.....	18	19
60	DOMESTICS.....		
227	Sheetings and Shirtings.....		
er	Medium 44.....	15	16
60	Drills, Brown.....	13	14
331	Print Cloth.....	15	16
383	Conotton Flannel.....	15	16
er	Medium 44.....	15	16
60	Prints.....	11	12
331	Ticking.....	10	11
383	Gingham.....	10	11
er	Medium Delaines.....	10	11
60	Lowell sup. 8-ly.....	10	11
383	Extra Superfine.....	10	11
er	Superfine.....	10	11
60	FISH.....		
ion	Cod—large.....	50	55
60	Medium.....	45	50
383	Small.....	40	45
er	Do, more.....	700	425
60	Salmon, etc.....	700	425
299	FLOUR AND MEAL.....		
99	St. Louis.....	50	55
Cal	Extra.....	50	55
347	Westra sup.....	50	55
er	Pat.....	50	55
60	Medium do.....	75	80
227	Illinois and Indiana.....	50	55
er	Choice extra.....	50	55
60	Rich.....	50	55
383	Corn Flour.....	50	55
er	Rye Flour.....	50	55
60	FRUIT.....		
331	Almonds.....	10	11
383	Soft Shell.....	10	11
er	Curran.....	7	8
60	Citron.....	45	47
ion	Pat.....	45	47
60	Figs common.....	12	13
er	Case.....	14	15
331	Orange.....	10	11
383	Raisins, bunch.....	10	11
er	Box.....	10	11
60	Layer.....	10	11
299	Southern yellow.....	7	8
99	Western max.....	60	71
Cal	Barley, west.....	60	71
347	Wheat.....	90	120
er	Barley.....	45	56
60	Pat.....	45	56
227	Fine Feed.....	300	427
er	Middlings.....	350	427
331	Eastern and Northern.....		
383	Pat.....	100	428
er	Hay.....	175	185
60	Straw.....	125	135
ion	HIDES AND SKINS.....		
60	California Cows.....	21	22
331	Green Salt.....	16	17
383	B. Ayres, dry.....	31	32
er	Pat.....	31	32
60	Western, dry.....	31	32
299	Do, wet.....	12	14
99	IRON.....		
Cal	Com. ad.....	130	410
347	Ex. ad.....	130	410
er	Do, sheet.....	100	410
60	Do, refined.....	64	71
ion	Do, sheet.....	64	71
60	LEAD.....		
331	Pig gold.....	61	7
383	Sheet and Pig.....	61	7
er	LEATHER.....		
60	Sole.....		
299	Armo.....	27	29
99	Oak Sole.....	35	42
Cal	Pat.....	35	42
347	Do, shoe.....	60	60
er	Dry Hide.....	60	60
60	In Koute.....	60	60
ion	LUMBER.....		
60	Clear Pine.....	60	65
331	Concord do.....	21	24
383	Shipping.....	15	17
er	Oak.....	15	17
60	Oak.....	15	17
299	Do, Spruce.....	60	65
99	Shingles, pine.....	15	17
Cal	Do, Spruce.....	20	22
347	Laths, pine.....	20	22
er	Do, Spruce.....	20	22
60	S. box shooks.....	3	4
ion	GOLD AND STOCK MARKS.....		
60	AMERICAN GOLD.....		
331	U. S. FIVE-TWENTIES OF 1857.....		
383	U. S. TEN-FORTIES.....		
er	U. S. COFFEE SIXTIES, 1857.....		
60	Two Musical		
ion	EVERY MAN'S GIFT		
60	No parent or teacher can find a more		

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