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The Morning Star.

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DOVER, N. H., JANUARY 15, 1873.

Number 4

THE MORNING STAR A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER FOR THE FAMILY.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1873.

A Prayer.

BY BELLE WALDRON.

When my soul sinks down in sorrow,
When my heart grows sick with fear,
And no hope points to the morrow,
Then, O God, be very near.

When I see life's blessings fading
Like the golden clouds of night,
When through darkness I am wading,
Then, O God, be thou my light.

When the friends I've loved and cherished
Turn from mine to faces new,
And their love for me has perished,
Then, O God, thou still art true.

When my life seems waste and weary,
And my ray of hope I see,
When the path I tread is dreary,
Then, O God, my comfort be.

When my soul, with weary longing,
Sighs for joys which now are flown,
When the past is 'round me thronging,
Then, O God, be thou my own.

When my life and breath are failing,
And the shadows o'er me fall,
When across death's stream I'm sailing,
Then, O God, be thou my all.

Missionary Correspondence.

MIDNAPORE, INDIA, Nov. 28, 1872.

Five months have passed since I wrote you last. My writing day in July found me on the fever bed, and it was feared that I should never be well again. But the Lord heard prayer and raised me up, and now after a short vacation I am at my work. It was American ice, brought down on men's heads from Calcutta, that, by God blessing, helped me most, and I can do no less than record the fact that ice has wonderful power to subdue fevers of the brain. Judging from human appliances alone, I think I should have died had it not been for the ice. Expensive as it is here, half of it or more melting away on the 70 miles' journey, still it is indispensable in cases of this kind, and I thanked God for it a thousand times.

It might naturally be expected that I should speak this time of my vacation rambles, of the visit to Benares, the Hindu Rome, of the climate, scenery and people of Darjeeling on the lower slopes of the Himalayas, 7000 feet above sea level, and of the various incidents of travel that interest a missionary; but all these items have to give place to-day to facts nearer home, that press themselves into prominence as I take my pen for a *Star* letter. Of these vacation experiences I may speak now and then in future, when Mission matters are not urgent.

First, a word or two about our Conference. It was to have convened at Balasore, but Bro. Smith's illness prevented. So it was held at Patna. The attendance was, for obvious reasons, small, but the spirit was excellent and the work done significant and promising. Another young man was licensed to preach, a member of the Midnapore church, by name Jacob Mishra, son of our dear brother Rama of precious memory. This young man bids fair to rank high as a preacher, and he seems to have more of the pastoral gift than the other native preachers. All the literary parts that fell to him at this Conference were well sustained, and he gives promise of being a leader in some departments of Mission work. Owing to attendance upon Bro. Smith, I could not reach the meeting until the fourth day; but what I saw of the spirit of the native brethren during the last three days of the session gratified and cheered me much. Special topics, *e. g.*, Missions, Temperance, Sabbath Schools, Revivals, and Woman's Work, were assigned to them, and at the meetings for the consideration of these subjects the native brethren took the chair, and all entered heartily into the discussions. Bro. Smith's illness cast a gloom over the Conference, but even this, by God's blessing, did good, for it of itself suggested to our native brethren that they must be ready to bear heavier burdens now that a foreign laborer was smitten down. Your readers know of his death. They may recollect that he had repeated attacks of dysentery in the two or three years past. In Feb. he was very low, but God spared his life. During the past summer he was far from well, and in Aug. he was prevailed upon to go off for a change. He started Northwest, and found a comfortable home in the family of our friend and brother, Dr. E. J. Lazarus, of Benares. There I found him in Sept., prostrated by an attack of the *dengue* fever. Up-country did him no good, and early in Oct. he returned to Calcutta. There he suffered acutely for several days from his chronic trouble, but medical skill once more was blessed to his partial recovery. Reaching Midnapore, he began to improve fast, and again our hopes went up. We all tried to prevail on him to stay here a while, but to no purpose. He must hasten down to Balasore. Some of our number then felt that the good man was going there to die. Hardly had he reached his own house when the old enemy came upon him like a strong man armed. He entered his chamber never to leave it alive. I was scarcely rested at home from my return journey, when an urgent telegram summoned me to the poor sufferer's bedside. Dr. V. Richards, the kind and skillful civil surgeon, was attending him, and doing all he could for his relief. At the end of a week there seemed to be a change for the better, but soon he became worse again and hope was gone. He peacefully passed away from pain and suffering to eternal rest and peace.

This death takes from us a hard-working, patient, earnest and devoted missionary, and we feel the loss most deeply. Sister Smith stands by the work, bravely clinging to the post where her sainted husband fell. Heavier burdens fall upon all of us. Oh, for holier hearts to bear them cheerfully, successfully. And shall no more burden-bearers come to our help from America? Shall we never see a fresh face again? My dear brother, do speak for us. Do call for volunteers. Let our dear *Star* lift up its voice in behalf of this needy field. Those who have toiled long and are weary, look longingly to-day across the broad blue sea, praying God to send new helpers. The graves of our mission dead in mute but stirring eloquence plead for these benighted millions, sitting in darkness. "Who hath ears to hear, LET HIM HEAR." J. L. P.

English Correspondence.

DERBY, ENGLAND, Dec. 23, 1872.

For a few days this usually quiet and sober town of Derby has been the scene of extraordinary excitement. Royalty has honored us with a visit. The Prince of Wales has been amongst us, and his charming wife, the "sea king's daughter from over the sea." It is many years since the town was astir with so much life and commotion. In 1745 the young Pretender came with his Scottish Highlanders. His advent was dreaded rather than welcomed. The crier proclaimed him in the marketplace, the Mayor and corporation showed him a prudent respect, the bells of the churches rang merry peals, and bonfires blazed at night; but the men of Derby were heartily glad when the invading army of hungry Scotchmen beat a retreat, and left them in their pillaged and alarmed town to their normal steadiness and quietude. The Queen has called a few years back, and made a little flutter at the railway station, but not visiting any other part of the town, only small interest was shown in her presence. Never, for many years, has this ancient, historic and thriving country town presented the gay and animated appearance it wore last week. But for the weather, the scene would have been most brilliant. Unfortunately, however, for the pageantry of a royal visit, we have had a continuance of the damp, dismal, dreary, misty weather of the last few months, and not a single day or night during the whole of the week has sun or star appeared.

The occasion of the royal visit was the speech-day at our Grammar school. The head-master of the school, hearing that the Prince was about to honor the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth with his company for a few days, sent a humble petition to his Royal Highness to stay a short time at Derby on his way, and to distribute the prizes on the annual speech-day. His Royal Highness consented, and the event has come off with much satisfaction and abundant congratulations on both sides. The day will long be remembered in Derby, and the latent loyalty that showed itself will not be the least of its claims to remembrance. Englishmen, like other men, have two sides to their nature, one of calculating, sober, reasonable prudence, the other of sentiment and unreasoning instinct and passion. The former has nothing to do with an Englishman's loyalty. When he cheers Princes, and shouts, "God save the Queen," the latter has it all its own way. The nation that knows its Fourth of July celebrations can hardly afford to look down upon the mother-country with its traditional loyalty, the outgrowth of an attachment to a throne which has existed from generation to generation for a thousand years.

The Prince and Princess arrived punct-

ually from London an hour after noon. The municipal authorities and the Free Masons of the county met their Royal Highnesses at the railway station, addresses of welcome were presented, trumpets blew, bands of music played, and the Royal procession started on its progress through the town. Everywhere banners waved, flags fluttered in the breeze, triumphal arches spanned the road, windows emblazoned with scarlet and gold were crowded with eager faces, and the line of route was thronged with loyal burghers. The cheering was hearty and continuous, but not so loud and vociferous as it would have been had the Royal visitors appeared in an open carriage. The unfavorable weather and the length of the route made a close carriage necessary. The Drill Hall, where the procession stopped, and where the prizes were to be distributed, was gaily decorated, and glittered with beauty like a fairy scene. The most impressive part of the proceedings was the singing of an ode composed in honor of the Royal visit and the reading of a prize poem on the same subject. Both were written by scholars of the school, and were marked by indications of real poetic talent. The writers are brothers and of Scotch parentage, for bards still come from the "north country." Both ode and poem referred touchingly to last December when the Prince lay on a bed of sickness, and

"Anxious groups stood in the public ways,
Asking for tidings, 'Is it life or death?'"

The Prince and Princess were visibly affected by this allusion to the sad experience of last year. But the key-note of music and ode soon changed, and a joyous chorus rang out,

"What matters to us now
December's shaded brow,
The cold mist on the hills, the drenching rain!
Our Prince is with us here,
Give him an English cheer,
Thrice welcome to our homes and hearts again!"

The reading of a Latin address to the Prince by the captain of the school was followed by a ludicrous incident. The reader paused and said in English, "May it please your Royal Highness to grant us, the pupils of Derby school, an extra week's holiday in commemoration of your visit." Of course everybody laughed, and the Prince amongst the number, when the elegant and unfamiliar tongue was changed for polite, though common, speech, and when stilted words of congratulation were dropped for a request for a week's extra holiday. One need scarcely add that the Prince secured the desired boon by personal application to the head-master.

On returning to the railway station, the Royal party rode in an open carriage, and the reception was the more hearty and enthusiastic in consequence. The Derbyshire Infirmary was visited on the way. The building was elaborately decorated. Over the portico there was written, "He asked life of thee, and thou gavest it to him." The Prince and Princess were received by Henry Alsopp, Esq., of Burton ale celebrity, who is President for the year, and were conducted over the Institution. They visited the chapel, the principal wards and the children's ward; they conversed with some of the patients, and showed a kindly interest in the arrangements for their comfort; and they left the Institution amid the cheers of the officials and the medical staff. The departure from the Infirmary was the most brilliant out-door scene of the whole visit. It was now growing dark. The illuminations blazed out into the dusky, murky air, the military bands struck up inspiring strains, the light of a thousand jets of gas flashed on the faces of the crowd and glittered from the brazen helmets of the guard of honor, spectators thronged all the windows and terraces and platforms along the road, handkerchiefs waved and multitudinous voices shouted, and the Prince and Princess moved off towards the railroad station amid an outburst of applause, which was taken up and repeated all along the line of route, and which died away only when the Royal party had passed out of sight on their way to Chatsworth.

In the evening, the whole town was ablaze with light, and rockets in quick succession followed each other into the dark and starless sky, and rained down upon us their colored and variegated fire. As we wandered along the streets where the Prince had passed, and witnessed the illuminations, a passage from a lecture of Carl Schurz, delivered eleven years ago in Tremont Temple, Boston, came freshly to mind. The lecturer said he had just passed through the great manufacturing cities of New England, and seen "factory after factory lit up for evening toil. He had seen the capitals of the Old World on royal birth-days and royal visits brilliantly illuminated, but never had he witnessed before so grand a scene as those vast hives of industry, lighted up for honest labor, and elegant with assurance of comfort and happiness in a thousand homes. After all, industry and freedom were the true monarchs of the world."

The loyalty of Derby has received a new impulse. Everybody was pleased with the Prince and charmed with the Princess. Republicanism is abashed and crest-fallen. Even when a knot of the "Internationals" groaned, the Prince blandly lifted his hat and bowed. The womanly grace and simple dignity of the "sea-king's daughter" won all hearts; and the urbanity, good temper, and easy, gentlemanly bearing of

the Prince, coupled with the utter absence of anything in his appearance indicative of a fast life, led us to hope the best things of the future king of England.

THOMAS GOADBY.

Chicago Correspondence.

CHICAGO, Jan. 15, 1873.

THE FREE LIBRARY.

It is still fresh in the memory of our readers, that, when the great fire swept over our city, besides its desolation of trade-marts and homes, it destroyed the evidences of our culture accumulated by years. The fine and rare collections of the Historical Society, the Art Gallery and the Public Library were all destroyed. Scarcely, however, had the people turned from the contemplation of the smoking embers to rebuild, when a few leading citizens called a public meeting to organize a society for the establishment of a Free Library. Steps were taken to secure necessary legislation, and a year ago a bill was passed conferring the requisite powers, and the Library became at once the child of the people. Its interests are looked after by a Board of Directors appointed by the Mayor, and a spacious room has been fitted up for it in a fire-proof building used as a reservoir before the fire. For this reason the Library is sometimes facetiously styled the "big reading tank"—a not unapt designation for a fountain of knowledge. The thing which goes to make this Library of more than local interest is the fact that its first legacy was received from England, in the form of a valuable collection of books, the chief mover in obtaining which is Hon. Thomas Hughes. Rev. Dr. Burns has also been very active in this good work, and contributed personally to this collection, which numbers some 6000 volumes. Donations have been received from other sources, and it is now proposed to appropriate this year at least \$20,000 for additions. By next Jan. 15,000 volumes are counted on. Representative periodicals in nearly all languages are already upon the shelves.

The library was formally dedicated and thrown open to the public on New Year's day. An enthusiastic interest was manifested by the large company present. Chicago is not wholly absorbed in speculative wheat "corners," nor yet given entirely over to trading in "corner" lots!

SHALL THE LAW HANG MURDERERS?

For the past few months this question has been discussed by the press in Chicago with great earnestness, in view of the risk to human life as evidenced by the murders which are becoming perilously frequent. A score or more have been arrested, and yet not a single execution has taken place! Excitement has run high, meetings have been held, attended by our most conservative men, at which summary proceedings have been hinted at in dealing with this class of criminals. Public sentiment has imparted sufficient courage to our prosecuting attorney and the courts to cause more thorough work of late, and the result has been several convictions. But in two cases a *superseas* was granted by the court, one has been pardoned by the governor, and one or two taken change of venue. This stirs the public again. And now our retiring governor recommends the abolition of the death penalty, styling it a "relic of barbarism," &c. The only substitute suggested by his excellency, or anybody else, for hanging, is imprisonment for life, which means, practically, imprisonment on the average for a less term than for forgery or horse stealing! Judging from the almost universal tone of the press in the entire Northwest, legislators will be persistently reminded of the old fashioned doctrine that the "law is to be a terror to evil doers."

THE SUNDAY LAW AGAIN.

The friends of law and order are rejoicing over what is hoped to be a final victory for temperance in our new common council. Since the election of the new members of the council, much anxiety has been felt as to the fate of the ordinance prohibiting saloons from keeping open on Sunday. As before stated, the mayor has been seeking to enforce this law, and to a great extent has been successful.

The "Personal Liberty League," however, an organization to promote the flow of free whiskey, has threatened to repeal the ordinance through the new council, and fears have been entertained of their success. The strong German element has furnished the main strength of the disorderly movement. Although in the election the issue was in favor of law and order, yet men could not forget how weak-kneed politicians prove, and feared the result. Two weeks ago the crisis came. The anti-temperance men presented a substitute for the present ordinance, very skillfully drawn, with some good features, but practically stripping the law of its effectiveness.

A vote was pressed, and the substitute carried by a majority of one. A postponement was then secured for a final vote, which has now been taken, and the substitute lost by a majority of two—two temperance members being absent. This is a most significant victory for the right, and for the year to come settles the question. The fact that the Mayor had announced his determination to veto the substitute referred to, may have had something to do

with strengthening the good resolutions of vacillating members of the council.

One of the most effective pleas urged by the city papers, was the fact that, during the three months previous to the execution of the Sunday law, there were over fifteen hundred arrests on that day, while for the same period since its partial enforcement, only eight hundred such arrests have been made. Such an argument is unanswerable.

A. H. H.

Events of the Week.

THE WEATHER.

We seem to be getting farther away from Greenland. The very severe weather of the last three weeks has at length given way to milder airs. The mercury shows that it can still climb up the thermometer tube. The snow and ice do actually soften. The streets exchange solidity for slush, for the rains come to help the sun. As we write, there is almost every symptom of a real January thaw. While the mercury remained frozen in the thermometer bulbs, the thought of a general break-up was agreeable. But a few days of such atmospheric humidity and dismal streets as appear just now, may make us quite willing that Winter should again take the scepter and resume his stern but wholesome rule.

VIGOR IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

Boston has suffered a good deal, and is still suffering not a little, from small pox. Nearly sixty deaths a week, on an average, from this cause, for a month or two past, have aroused the people, and to some purpose. They have put a new Board of Health into office, and before the sun went down on their first day of service a wonderful revolution was inaugurated and carried more than half way to completion. An almshouse was taken for a hospital, the few inmates promptly removed, and several patients were receiving proper care in the proper place. They omitted parleying and debate, and proceeded to act. When some conservative and timid croakers began to question the propriety and the right of removing the poor inmates from the selected building without first formally assigning them fitting quarters, the new mayor simply said that there need be no delay, for if there were nothing else to be done, he would board them at the Revere House at his own expense. The building was therefore cleared of its old occupants and entered by the new ones in haste. This is a sample of the work entered on by the new officers. The city breathes freely again, and everybody feels sure that the ravages of the disease will be speedily arrested. It is pretty extensively prevalent in New England towns, but it excites no great alarm, and is for the most part quite fairly under control.

TRIAL OF TWEED.

The progress of Tweed's trial is not rapid, but it is real. As might have been supposed, his counsel resort to every expedient to harass and hinder. Challenging jurors and elaborately arguing the questions raised, quarreling with every count and paragraph in the indictment, filing exceptions, objecting to every step in the procedure, raising irrelevant points of law and precedent, and talking by the hour on the most needless and frivolous of technicalities,—thus they show their determination to stave off fair inquiry and defeat the ends of justice if possible. But some advancement is made, and it is hoped that another week may witness a steady if not a rapid movement toward the true result. It is a shrewd, strong and desperate man who has been taken in hand, but we trust he is to find forces greater than his own in the reconstructed courts.

THE TREASURY ALL RIGHT.

It will be recollected that, during the late campaign, considerable account was made of a marginal note of the Secretary of the Treasury, which declared that there was a discrepancy of \$3,274,051.69 between the books of the loan account branch and the public debt statements. This was seized upon by the opponents of the administration to show how loosely the books of the treasury are kept. It now turns out that there is no discrepancy, but that the books of the two branches agree to a cent.

FUNERAL OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Napoleon's funeral took place at Chiselhurst at 11:30, Wednesday morning. A deputation of Paris workmen at the head of the procession wore immortelles and carried wreaths of yellow flowers. On both sides of the hearse were the imperial arms, surmounted by the letter "N." A great crowd, which steadily increased, surrounded the party. In the funeral procession were a host of Parisians. Eugene was too ill to attend. A requiem mass was sung. All the Priests of the Tuilleries under Napoleon were present. The body was buried in the Catholic church at Chiselhurst, to be taken to France when Napoleon IV. can get there. Not less than 30,000 people were present, more or less of whom cheered Napoleon IV. But on the whole there was very little, either at the funeral, at Paris, or other towns and cities in France, to encourage the hope of the Bonapartists. The enthusiasm was mostly artificial and the tears seemed forced. Only the sullen despondency appeared natural. And this has no such meaning and represents no such power as to make the present rulers of France tremble or go without sleep.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 14, 1873.
CREDIT MOBILIER.

As I predicted, the investigation into the *Credit Mobilier* business with open doors, has greatly lessened the curiosity and anxiety of the people. As the report comes out in the morning papers, that everybody can read for themselves, so nobody cares much about it. The country knows that the chief operator in this stock is Hon. Oakes Ames, who has always been regarded, till a recent period, a man of high and irreproachable character. But just now he is under a cloud. The pertinent inquiry here is, what did Mr. Ames mean in his letter to Mr. McComb, saying that he placed the stock where "it would do the most good?" In his testimony, Mr. Ames speaks of the stock as being "bought" by Congressmen, in whose hands or whose behalf he had "placed" it. Moreover, it appears that some of these parties with whom Mr. Ames "placed" the stock, were not to pay for it in cash, but in dividends declared upon it, and one of these dividends was eighty per cent. This has very much the look of giving it away instead of selling it. It is well known that the *Credit Mobilier* was made up in large measure by active manipulations of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, and that this company had received from Congress \$27,000,000 in government bonds, and a slice of land from the public domain equal to an empire. This was placing in the hands of a few men great power, and it appears that it was used to get more power. This is only another proof that great power in few hands is always dangerous.

According to the testimony it will appear who "bought" this stock in this Pickwickian sense. One man is certainly free from any complicity or connection with this affair, and that is Mr. Speaker Blaine. His denial is direct, clear, and emphatic. He had neither stock nor dividends, and his denial, under oath, is corroborated by other testimony. This is gratifying, and places him just where he declared himself to stand in his denial of the charges made against him in the *New York Tribune* during the campaign. Mr. McComb says that Mr. Colfax "bought" twenty shares, and Mr. Ames's testimony confirms this statement. Mr. Ames also thought that Mr. Colfax had received dividends on these shares, though they had never been transferred to him. Mr. Colfax testifies that he agreed to take them, but afterwards refused, when he heard that there was to be a litigation. Mr. Dawes testifies that he gave Mr. Ames \$1,000 to invest for him in the *Credit Mobilier*, but on the information he obtained subsequently, he withdrew and refused to have any part in the matter. Judge Bingham says that he bought ten shares, upon which he received dividends. Mr. Schofield of Penn. bought ten shares, but on understanding the character of the institution, returned them. Both Mr. Boutwell and Mr. Wm. D. Kelly were requested to purchase, but would have nothing to do with the concern. James Wilson and W. B. Allison, of Iowa, each bought ten shares. Senator Wilson, the Vice-President elect, places himself square upon solid ground. Mr. Ames and Mr. John B. Allen "placed" \$2,000 to be invested in *Credit Mobilier* stock in behalf of Mr. Wilson's wife. When the character of the concern came to the Senator's knowledge, he returned the shares, saying that, though he was as poor as a rat, he meant to be honest, and would have nothing to do with it. Mr. McComb says that Mr. Alley sold to James Brooks of New York fifty shares. Both Mr. Brooks and Mr. Alley deny this charge. So much in regard to the charges against these members of Congress. We shall have other developments. It will be a good lesson to members of Congress. They must make their investments where they can not be charged with being bought up, and their votes secured in aid of corrupt monopolies.

The great crime of this age, especially among our public and business men, is this haste to be rich. The maxim is,—"Get money; get it honorably if you can, but get it." This can not be too severely denounced, and it must be repressed by our moral and religious teachers in no unmeaning terms.

LOUISIANA AFFAIRS.

There was a very spirited debate in the House on Monday, on the Louisiana muddle. It came up on the proposition to appoint a committee to visit the state and look into the situation of affairs in that disturbed commonwealth.

Mr. Butler of Massachusetts made a strong and characteristic speech, full of power, upon the whole case, showing not only brain power but great and masterly statesmanship. He goes to the root of the difficulty, and affirms that anarchy exists there, and that the turbulent state should be dealt with as all disorderly communities deserve to be; that the time has fully come for the government to interpose, and that under the constitution the government is bound to interfere. The constitution provides that "the Congress shall guarantee to every state a Republican form of government." The debate was exceedingly able, and protracted.—Hon. M. C. Kerr led off on the Democratic side with the usual clap-trap about state rights, &c.; in short, the usual Democratic fault-finding and special pleading fully cropped out on this occasion.

INDIAN CONTRACTS.

The Indian Committee, on the part of the House, will at an early day report a bill to regulate Indian Contracts. Should it pass, all these contracts will be looked after with much scrutiny, and whatever is fraudulent will be brought to light. Either the Secretary of the Interior or the Attorney General will decide the character of the contract.

COLORADO.

The friends of the bill to admit Colorado, as a state are somewhat discomfited by the situation. It has met with several obstructions which must delay it for a time, if they do not defeat it for the session. It was brought up several days since, and Mr. Claggett, of Montana, made an attempt to get a railroad bill tacked on to it, and afterwards, Mr. Hooper, the delegate from Utah, offered an amendment to admit the Mormon dominion as the state of Deseret, under a constitution framed last year, and under which Mr. Hooper and Hon. Thomas Fitch were elected Senators. Mr. Sargent, of California, offered an amendment, requiring that the State Legislature should never pass acts legalizing polygamy, and requiring each officer to take oath that he is not a polygamist. The Mormon delegate (Mr. Hooper) accepted the first amendment, but was opposed to the latter. The morning hour was consumed in this discussion, and the Colorado bill went over. If it be reached again this session, it must be made the special order. Certain it is that Deseret can never become a state in which the barbarism of polygamy is to be tolerated by law. Such a procedure would be a reproach to our Christian civilization.

PHAROS.

Communications.

Homeward.

BY REV. J. M. W. FARNHAM.
SINGAPORE.—POPULATION, &c.

The population of this place is about ninety thousand, nearly half being Malays, who are said to have taken possession of the island in the thirteenth century. The aborigines are now scattered over the peninsula and adjacent islands, much reminding one of the condition of the American Indians. There may be seven or eight thousand of them. They give very singular accounts of their origin. The following is likely to interest the disciples of Darwin:

"Among one tribe it is stated with all gravity, that they are descended from two white apes, who, having reared their young ones, sent them into the plains, where the greater number perished so well that they became men; those who did not become men returned once more to the mountains, and still continue apes."

These last words do not so much favor the development theory, though there may still be hope for them.

Another account is, that God, having called into existence a being of great strength and beauty, named him Batin. God, desirous that a form so fair should be perpetuated, gave Batin a companion, and sent them forth to dwell in the earth. Charmed with its beauties, they took up their abode in the island of Singapore, increasing and multiplying with a rapidity and to a degree now unknown. From these two they say all the tribes have descended.

Another tribe give the following account: "The ground," say they, "is not solid. It is merely the skin of the earth. In ancient times God broke up this crust so that the earth was overwhelmed with water, and destroyed. After this, God caused the mountains to rise, and sent forth to float upon the water a vessel closed up tightly, containing a man and woman that he had made. The vessel having floated to dry land, the man and woman nibbled a hole and came forth. At first, however, everything was obscure. There was neither morning nor evening, because the sun had not yet been made. By and by the woman became pregnant, not, however, in her womb but in the calves of her legs. From the right leg she brought forth a male child, and from the left leg a female. Hence it is that the issue of the same womb can not intermarry. All mankind are the descendants of the children of this first pair."

A somewhat similar account is given by another tribe: "They say their fathers originally came from heaven in a large and magnificent ship built by God, and set floating on the waters of the earth. The ship, sailing round and round the earth, at last grounded upon one of the mountains of the peninsula, where they declare it may still be seen. Their fathers disembarked and took up their abode upon the mountains, plains and coasts, but all under one chief."

The marriage ceremony is simple, and the new-made acquaintance of the morning is often the bride of the evening. It is more a matter of arrangement with the parents than courtship with the daughter; the form generally observed, reminds one of the old tale of Hippomenes and Atlanta. If the bride is on the bank of a lake or stream the damsel is given a canoe and a double-bladed paddle, and allowed a start of some distance; her lover similarly equipped starts off in chase. If he succeeds in overtaking her, she becomes his wife; if not, the match is broken off. The arrangements having been so far completed, it is seldom that objections are made at the last moment, and the chase is generally a short and successful one. Though the maiden's arm may be strong, her heart is warm, and she soon becomes a willing captive. If there is no body of water at hand, a circle is formed and the maiden, stripped of all but a waistband, is given a fair start. If she runs round three times before her lover overtakes her, she remains a virgin. But it is said that however far they start in advance, or however fleet of foot, "but few outstrip their lovers."

Rev. B. B. Smith.

[The following letter, bringing the sad intelligence of the death of Rev. B. B. Smith, one of our missionaries to India, was lately received at the mission office. We add also other communications on the same subject.]

BALASORE, Nov. 25, 1872.

MY DEAR BRO. LIBBY:

Notwithstanding the faint hope held out in my letter of the 20th inst., that our dear Bro. Smith might possibly recover, you will, I am sure, be prepared to receive the heavy tidings of his death.

Bro. Smith reached home, from his trip west in search of health, on Friday, the first of the month, took his room the same evening, and never left it alive. His death occurred at 2 1/2, p. m., of Friday the 22d. The apparent improvement, of which I spoke in my last, continued until the evening of the 21st, when, at sunset, the doctor called. Bro. S. greeted him with the cheerful remark, "Well, Doctor, you see I'm here yet." "And I think we'll keep you with us a while longer," replied the doctor. But hardly had the doctor left the house, when he was seized with violent pains, from which he could obtain no relief. These continued till midnight, when, under the influence of strong opiates, he fell asleep. During the remainder of the night and the next day he roused up a number of times, but spoke very little. What he did say, however, was most satisfactory. But a short time before he ceased to breathe, sister Smith read to him Ps. 103: 8, to which the dying man audibly responded, "Blessed be his holy name." The 12th verse, "As far as the east is from the west" &c., was repeated to him, but his mind had wander-

ed and no response was heard. When his weeping wife said, "Darling, it will be hard to part with you," his prompt reply was, "It will be only for a short time." At times, his mind was overcast and depressed, and he remarked, "It is human to err, I have erred in many things. I have done many things that I ought not to have done, and have left undone much that I should have done. My only hope is in the blood of Christ."

When the hour of final departure came, he passed away without a groan, or even a death rattle in the throat! All was calm and peaceful. The face of the good man was pleasant and beautiful even in the cold embrace of death. For him to live was Christ, to die was gain. To depart and be with Christ was far better than to remain in the flesh, subject to pain and disease. Our departed brother was a good man. We all loved him tenderly. He was an earnest, zealous worker, and greatly did we love his work. His plans were laid with care for permanent and extensive usefulness, and so intent was he in carrying them into execution, that, although the warning messenger had called, called loud and repeatedly, he appeared not to have heeded the call; and so far as I can judge, he had scarce a thought about dying until nearly the last. But his race is run. His work is done, and well done. A crown of life is laid up for him.

Our dear, afflicted sister feels her bereavement very keenly. So happily united and so dependent on each other in all their plans and arrangements, about their home, in the school, in the church, in the industrial and zenana work, in short, everywhere, the removal of one could not but create a void which nothing earthly could fill. This is an affliction that can be fully known only by experience.

We can, however, and do, bless God, for divine consolation, for he is himself "Our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble." Our bereaved sister sorrows not as those who have no hope. She gives way to no uncontrollable grief. So far from a thought of abandoning her high and holy calling, the every feeling of her heart impels her to go on with her work, trusting in God.

It will be some consolation to the friends of our lamented brother, to know that, although he died in a foreign land, amongst the heathen, he still received every attention in his last illness which love and kindness and medical skill could supply. Dr. Richards, the civil surgeon who attended him, is a skillful physician, and he was untiring in his attentions to the last, visiting his patient four and five times daily, doing all in his power to arrest the disease and relieve suffering. In fact, he seemed more like a family friend, than a mere professional man. And though, as he himself says, he is "a wicked man," he refuses to accept any pecuniary compensation whatever! "I am paid already. Smith was a good man. We all loved him." Not every Christian doctor would be willing to work day and night in this manner on such terms. Band Mamlee, the Hindu servant who had long been attached to the family, was most faithful and kind. He stuck by his kind-hearted master like a brother, doing everything for him by day and by night for the whole three weeks, or nearly so. When I saw the poor fellow wipe the cold sweat from the brow of the dying missionary, my heart went out to God in prayer for him, that he might obtain the salvation of God. The European residents at the station have been kind and ready to aid, and at the funeral came in to testify their respect for one whom they had both loved and honored. Verily, "the memory of the just is blessed;" it "is as ointment poured forth."

J. PHILLIPS.

Dying, Dying, Dead.

On the 22d inst., our dear brother Smith ceased to suffer. All his anxiety for the mission, all his dreadful pain, all his sorrows are forever passed.

And is this death? We call it so, but it is not, for Jesus said, "Whosoever liveth and believeth on me, shall never die." Our brother believed, hence he is not dead, but has entered upon eternal life. The dark cloud of sorrow is risen, and a freed soul has ascended to glory. We see not through the "Gates Ajar," but through the "door opened in heaven" to show "his beloved disciple" some of the inner glory. There we behold our brother with his palm of victory and crown of glory, in the immediate presence of the Lamb, with "ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands crying 'Worthy is the Lamb.'"

Our native preachers, Rama, Bhekari and Mahes, and many others from Orissa and every other land, blend their glad voices with his, and give glory to God and the Lamb.

How pleasant the walks, too, by the river of life, plucking immortal fruits. No more danger now, that food or drink will aggravate disease and cause suffering. But what of us who are left on earth? Wave after wave of affliction has rolled over us, but Christ walks these stormy billows, and we hear his cheering voice saying, "It is I, be not afraid." When He says, "Peace, be still," what a sweet calm fills the soul, and our hearts say "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth unto him good." Don't think us discouraged or despondent. If I may judge others by myself, each heart is saying,

"Arise, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And gird the gospel armor on."

Work, work, work while the little day of life lasts. Could our young brethren and sisters in America, who ought to be here, have stood by our dying brother and seen even amid his worst suffering, how his peaceful soul shone through his fleshless face, they might have coveted his position. A Missionary in Midnapore writes me saying, "Your letter of Aug. 3d has just come in the Star. Do write again, only

make your next letter ten times as strong." If I could, what would be the use? "They have Moses and the prophets," Christ and the apostles, and if they will not hear them, neither would they come here, though brother Smith himself arose from the dead, and pointing to Balasore said, "Go, occupy the place I have vacated." But it may be that some are longing to come. Come, then, quickly.

May God bless all the relatives of our brother. For his dear son Eddie, will not every Christian heart pray? Sister Smith, like the Christian heroine she is, has already resumed her labors for the mission. Pray for her. Yours for the good cause.

Nov. 25, 1872.

L. CRAWFORD.

An Appeal.

Honorable and dear Christian Brethren in America:—To you the sorrowful brethren in Jellalore send Christian greeting. Weeping we write to inform you that there is great sorrow in our midst. The reason of our affliction is the fewness of laborers, and that time after time our dear missionaries are ill and preachers are not enough to supply this field. Just now our sorrow is very heavy. The Lord has taken our dear pastor Smith away. Do please send more laborers to this country, for as in the time of famine the people die for want of food, so for the want of salvation the people in this country are dying by thousands. Do have pity and send our dear Bachelor sahib, and not him alone, but ten others with him. There are several places in our field entirely destitute of preachers, and help is greatly needed.

Do receive our petition with favor, and suffer us not to look to you in vain.

SILAS CURTIS,

CALEB HODSDON.

Jellalore, Nov. 25, 1872.

Don't Do It.

This is an age of newspapers.—Religious, Political, Literary, Medical, Agricultural, Educational, Monthly, Weekly, Dailies,—their name is legion. And of all this number very many are good, such as can be read with profit, while many are worse than worthless. And the offers of premiums to clubs, agents, and subscribers are so liberal and varied that the circulation of each is greatly increased. For this reason it becomes all the more necessary to use judgment and discrimination in deciding which papers we will subscribe for, and bring into our families, or put into the hands of our children. And perhaps some self-denial may be necessary, for too many papers may be positively injurious.

We may safely judge that many engage in the business of getting up clubs for the single purpose of obtaining the premiums, and that many subscribe for a paper or Magazine of which they know nothing, except what they can learn by a hasty glance at a single number, because they think the premium is worth what they pay for the paper, and if the paper is not worth much they will not lose their money.

But if the paper is not a good one, the evil does not end with the loss of the money. A paper of a doubtful character should not be brought into the family. Most of the stories with which many of the Magazines and papers are filled are founded upon some imaginary and extravagant love-affair, and the time spent in reading them is worse than wasted. With the exercise of just discrimination, we should decide what papers we will take, and if with these we may receive a premium, of course we would not refuse to accept it. But don't subscribe for yourself, nor aid in the circulation of a paper by getting up a club, simply to obtain a premium, unless you feel that the paper will be a means of good, and profitable to those who take it.

Better take the money and buy your pictures, or whatever may be offered as a premium, than to obtain them by means of something that will be an injury to yourself or your neighbor.

VESTA.

The Old Stove.

Not long since I purchased an old stove, and when I got it home I set about cleaning it up. So long had the dirt and filth been accumulating upon it, that the pattern of the figures was almost obscured. But by dint of scouring and scraping I succeeded in removing the filth, so that where there had been only uncouth bunches, there appeared beautiful flowers. And, while I was at work upon it I discovered the name of the manufacturer, and the place where it was manufactured. Ah! thought I, old stove, you are a good symbol of man. God created him and gave him a beautiful form and character, and put upon him the mark of the Creator and of his nativity. But the filth of sin has so disfigured him that he has almost lost his identity. The noble traits of character are all covered up in the slime. The mark of the Creator is obscured, and it is only after a thorough cleansing in the blood of Christ, that he is restored to his original purity. Then the Creator's mark may be seen. J. P. HEWES.

Clayton, Wis.

Rev. Cyrus Coltrin.

Rev. Cyrus Coltrin, a man who had spent the greater part of his life in the Free Will Baptist ministry, died of brain fever, on the 13th day of November last, at the residence of H. A. Thorpe, in the western part of Tama county, Iowa, in the sixtieth year of his age. His body, at his request, was taken to McHenry, Illinois, and there buried by the side of his former wife. Like a loyal soldier he died at his post, with his armor on, being taken sick while fulfilling an appointment in the neighborhood of Mr. Thorpe's. I have not the data at hand

which will enable me to give such a history of his life and labors as they justly merit. I know he commenced his ministry at the age of seventeen years, under circumstances which would have disheartened most men, for he was disowned by his parents and turned out of doors for embracing the ministry. He had been in the home missionary field during the greater part of his life, throughout Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa, and has probably established more Free Baptist churches in these states than any other man.

He leaves a son by his first wife in Illinois, and a wife and son about two years old here. The wife and child have since his death removed to McHenry, Ill.

He died poor in this world's goods, but rich in those treasures which, during all his life, he had laid up in that celestial city. "Where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

J. F. MEERER.

Reflections at a Cemetery.

SEPTEMBER 5, 1872. Visited a somewhat noted cemetery. A visit of this kind is well calculated to produce mingled feelings of emotion. In the chiseled marble are seen the names of loved ones, calling to memory scenes and associations of other years, when pure joys swelled the bosom. It points to the time when that vigorous frame became weak and enfeebled, sinking in the convulsions of death. Next follow the funeral obsequies, and the solemn procession of the mourners to the grave. These and other incidents naturally recur to mind, while beholding the graves of dear and intimate friends.

Here, too, is seen the consummation of all earthly enjoyments. Here the living learn that they must ere long share the gloomy fate of their predecessors; there kings and princes can see the humiliating end of their greatness, pomp and glory; here the proud, whose towering ambition knows no restraint, see that they must descend into the grave, and there find a level with the rest of mankind. He who glories in his riches, must become as poor as his more unfortunate neighbors. The devotee of pleasure, the votary of fashion, and the giddy aspirant, whose pursuits for earthly felicity can scarcely be checked, will be compelled to yield to the hand of death. Yes, death must put a period to all the dignities of life,—all its wealth and pleasures. All must be summoned by a voice, which no earthly power can withstand, to abandon their darling treasures, and forsake their fondest schemes of ambition.

No one can gaze upon the secret repositories of the dead, contemplate the ruins of pride and ambition, and the moldering relics of youth, beauty, and genius without indescribable emotions of heart-felt sorrow. No one can pass unmoved the lowly bed where repose the remains of the great and good, the spot where rests all that is mortal of those whom the world has honored with its loudest plaudits as the benefactors of their race, or execrated as the destroyers of mankind. The roseate hue, that bloomed upon the cheek of youthful loveliness, has faded away; the bright flashes of that eye, whose glance diffused happiness and light on all around, has sunk in its socket; the stern features of relentless tyranny, exulting in savage barbarity over the ruins of its innocent victim, have disappeared.

In view of these things, the gay visions of hope and the buoyant, elastic cheerfulness of the heart, are forced to give way to the gloomy shades of melancholy. The soul-moaning accents of friendship and sympathy lose their accustomed charm. Every avenue to joy seems closed. The eyes wander vainly over the expanse of life, and not a star of hope seems twinkling in the gloomy void. The tinsel joy of a vain world can charm no more, and the soul finds rest only in the arms of that religion, whose precepts are divine, and whose promises never can deceive.

To the good man, however, the grave presents no melancholy reflections. It is the mere repository of the decayed, worn-out body, mingling with its original dust. The immortal part survives the dissolution of the body. Though it be clothed in the habiliments of death, the spirit is not there. It is in a more congenial clime, free from care, free from its clay tenement. Well could the apostle say: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Closely connected with this subject is the doctrine of the resurrection. Though the body sleeps in the tomb, yet, when Christ shall appear the second time, the graves shall be opened and a reunion of body and spirit be effected. What wonder! displays will that be of the infinite power of God! Glorious, too, will that day be to the saints, robed in Christ's righteousness, and prepared for the never-ending work of eternity.

S. H. B.

Early Sketches—No. 33.

BY J. FULLERTON.

BIRTHPLACE OF ELDER JOHN BUZZELL.

It was Barrington, N. H. This town adjoins Dover, and lies about north-west. It was originally large, some thirteen miles long and 6 or 7 wide. In 1820 it was divided, and the west section constituted Stratford.

The early settlers in 1732 were from towns easterly, as Portsmouth, Dover, Madbury, &c. Some in going to a neighborhood on the south side, now the S. W. of Barrington, journeyed through what seemed "a great and terrible wilderness," as the Israelites of old did when going to the land of Canaan. The settlers reached it, and that section after a time was called Canaan. It bears the name still.

Some years later, and when the place was

mostly a wilderness, there came up a man named William Buzzell. His dwelling was in the thick forest, small and in all respects very humble, no other in sight nor very near. This Buzzell was the father of Elder John Buzzell, and there he was born. He had two brothers, Aaron and William, preachers of the gospel.

A year ago last May, being in Barrington, I was interested in finding the spot where the Buzzell house stood. No dwelling is there now, nor has there been for 50 years. It is still in the wilderness, half a mile from any road. The remains of a small cellar on land ledgy and poor are seen. But trees are growing even where the house stood, and all around.

Mr. Buzzell lived here a few years and moved, striking back farther into the wilderness, to the new town of Middleton. John was then but a lad, and went with the family. Educational advantages were very poor, and he in after life used to say that he went to school but one month and a quarter. His mother, however, taught him to read, and after arriving at the age of 12, Congregational minister was settled in town. His name was Nehemiah Ordway. He took an interest in the education of the young, and John used to go to him to be taught arithmetic and writing. After this he lived with a Mr. Ham, an old school teacher, who taught him still farther. He finally taught school himself, was converted in New Durham while teaching there, was baptized by Elder Randall, began to preach in 1791, was ordained in Middleton in 1792, in 1798 moved to Parsonsfield, Me., and died there March 29, 1863, aged 96 years. He was a minister 72 years. At the time of his death the Free Will Baptist denomination had existed 83 years, and he had been a member of it 73. When he united with it there were but one or two hundred members; at his death there were fifty-six thousand seven hundred.

S. S. Department.

The Teachers' Meeting.

We frequently hear the remark: "We don't need Teachers' Meetings, now that the papers work out the lessons for us." On this plea, many Sunday-schools have already given up their Teachers' Meetings; and still others have their abandonment under consideration. But a Teachers' Meeting which should help one to study the lesson for himself, and so put him in condition to use the worked-out lesson intelligently, would be just as useful now as ever it was.

Is such a Teachers' Meeting an impossibility? We think not. We regard it as not only essential to the welfare of the school, but as altogether feasible. The following practical suggestions will indicate the plan on which we should hope to secure success:

1. We should hold the meeting in the chapel, or in the church parlor, and make it more like a prayer-meeting than a social gathering. The social nature of the young people should be elsewhere provided for; but they should be taught that they come to the Teachers' Meeting to study the lesson, and to consult in regard to the interests of the school. While everything is kindly, genial and pleasant, this should be made the sole business of the gathering.

2. We should insist on the investment of the teacher of the meeting with full power to repress unprofitable discussion, and check the reiteration of opinions already adequately expressed. It should be his duty not so much to impart instruction himself, as to draw information from others and help them to acquire information for themselves.

3. We should proceed on the assumption that all who were present had given no preliminary study to the lesson,—indeed, we should prefer to have them come to the Teachers' Meeting without especial preparation. We would make it, literally, a meeting for the study of the lesson, not a meeting for recitation to indifferent listeners of what a few already know about it.

4. Suppose a verse to be read—we would ask first, What facts are necessary in order to enable us to understand this verse? Necessary facts with reference to geography, manners and customs, biblical history, etc., we would have looked up and noted on the spot. Then we should ask: What does this verse teach? and should consult commentaries or versions of the Scriptures on the spot, if necessary to ascertain its meaning. Then the question would arise: How is the teaching of this verse modified or affirmed by the context, or by parallel passages? Of course there must be ample help at command, and only by division of labor, giving each one something to do and expecting it done promptly and efficiently, can the lesson be gone over in this way; but it strikes us as not impossible, and it is better to go over half the lesson well than the whole lesson in a slovenly way. Then follows the question: What practical lesson shall be learned from this verse? and still another, and most important question: How may this lesson best be brought home to different grades of scholars? Of course the lesson should be epitomized at the close, and its leading thought, or most important practical lesson, be set clearly and strongly before the minds of the teachers. That should, generally, be the task of the leader; though it may occasionally be delegated to some other competent person.

5. After sufficient time given to study, we would always give an opportunity for conference and prayer with reference to the wants of the school, or the trials and encouragements of different teachers. All should be urged to impart their Sunday-school experience freely to their fellows on such occasions. The few moments given to this conference can, conceivably, be made to the teachers the pleasantest and most useful half-hour in the week.

Our theory with reference to the Teachers' Meeting is that it can be efficiently and successfully maintained, and if it is made a real thing—if the teachers understand that they can get something there which they can't get anywhere else. They can be made to understand this, for not one teacher in ten can study a Sunday-school lesson as he could under competent supervision, and with earnest and intelligent fellow-students—not one teacher in ten can command the commentaries, encyclopedias, translations, &c., which might be made available to him in the Teachers' Meeting.—*E. C. and Chronicle.*

MATERIAL HELP INSUFFICIENT. "Old Man Miller," writing in the *Sunday School World* of his experience as a visitor among poor children, in connection with the New

York Times picnic movement, tells something of the spiritual and physical ministry of necessity co-operating for the aid of the lower classes of children. He says:

I was thankful to have it in my power to give soap and sugar and rice and bread to some of these dirty and starving ones, and to send a physician to those who were sick; but I somehow felt that this was, after all, only like putting a very thin poultice on a very deep cancer. It might be cooling and grateful for the moment; but if it were not renewed in a day's time the trouble might be worse than ever.

And when the physician came to a little fellow who had typhoid fever, and told the parents he must be taken out of that place or die, and offered to have him removed to a clean, quiet hospital, where life might come back to him, I read in their refusal to let him go a truth which seems most disheartening of all. That truth is that these poor people of the worst class have very little desire to be lifted out of their present life. They know nothing else, and will not reach up for anything better.

When that mother would neither wash the child, nor give him his medicine regularly, nor make the room tolerable for cleanliness, nor do any one of a thousand things for his comfort, nor yet let him be removed from that place, is it any wonder that we asked, "How, then, can money reach the case? What relief can we give?"

He adds truly as to the need of care for both soul and body:

Ah! something is needed which will go further and reach deeper than do grocery orders and soap-bones. And that something is alone the Gospel of Christ. Nothing short of converting power will raise these people up. Nothing less than Christ in the heart will sweeten their lives. People may talk of the folly of trying to reach the soul while the body is starving, and you may turn to them and talk of the equal folly of trying to reach the suffering body, for its permanent relief, while the perishing soul is hungry and in need of all things. Wherever possible, soul help and bodily relief should go together. Indeed, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, where we find suffering from destitution, were the soul cured, the body would be in comfort. Where it is not possible or desirable even to point toward truth, the true follower of the merciful Master will surely not be slower than others or less glad to aid simply the part which perishes. Certainly, nothing can forbid his silently praying for that part which is immortal.—*Independent.*

CLARITY IN TEACHING. The *Sunday School Times* gives the following timely hints to teachers:

"If your own knowledge is vague and uncertain, how can you expect to get the attention of your scholars? They will generally be keen enough to see whether you are well-informed on the subject of the lesson, and if you are not, vain will be your attempts to enlighten them."

When you explain anything to them, use the simplest words. Explain by asking questions of the class, whenever the thing to be explained will admit of it. Their attention will be much more closely given to you, if you can get some of the talking out of them. One single truth well-explained and illustrated, so that the class understands it, is worth more to them than many truths which have been, just touched upon, or dimly explained.

MAKING IT GO. A missionary of the American Sunday School Union in Missouri writes of a place on the railroad where a Sunday-school had never been known, and it was said: "You can't make it go here." When it was organized, some in the community who were brakenet got up on the train in opposition, and screwed on the brakes on an upgrade; but the engineer fired up the more, and it went.

In the fall, when many country schools go into winter quarters, an effort was made to throw this off the track, but it failed. The next spring \$20 were raised to increase the library, and in the fall \$45 more. The moral influence of this school has reached every family in the neighborhood. Many of the children have become Christians. Parents, who first opposed, read the library-books, and began to attend church. A deep seriousness and inquiry pervade the community. The field widens, and calls for the missionary multiply. In a tour of seventeen days, he organized three new Sunday-schools, aided four, visited fifteen superintendents, lectured twelve times, and sold fifty dollars' worth of books. At three places revivals have been enjoyed, and nearly all the accessions were from the Sunday school.

"LIKE MY TEACHER." The teachers who receive such commendation as the following generally feel that it is undeserved; yet it is worth while to make such an impression upon Sunday-school scholars:

"Mary, what do you wish to be when you grow up?" asked a little girl of her companion.

"I want to be like my teacher," was the quick, earnest reply.

"My interest was awakened, and drawing near, I said, 'Why do you wish to be like your teacher, my dear?'"

"Oh, because she is so kind and good. She knows a great deal, and she takes such pains to teach us! Then she is always trying to make us happy. I am sure she does good wherever she goes."

"Like teacher!" How much is expressed in those words!

DOCTRINAL TEACHING. The *Sunday School Journal*, speaking of doctrinal teaching, says:

Let us have it by all means if we believe in the Bible at all. We believe that Bible truth is approachable and appropriate. We may know and rejoice in it. This may be rendered an easier task by presenting it in short, formulated statements. These definitions (not "made by man," but collated from Scripture and condensed for convenience' sake) should be thoroughly taught to our children. We believe in the Catechism, and think that every pastor should, in special meetings and by the aid of superintendents and teachers in the Sunday school, and of parents at home, make all his young people perfectly familiar with the forms of sound doctrine, and with the Scripture passages which sustain and illustrate them.

Do not let us, in this age of infidelity, relax our hold upon the old faith, and the old forms of its utterance by which our fathers were fortified. Let us keep up family prayer, family catechizing, the pastoral visitations, the habit of children going to hear preaching, and all the good old customs by which the Gospel was made a reality and a power and glory to the last generation. Then let us add the still older custom of searching the Scriptures in the assemblies of the saints, and make our churches schools of Christian doctrine and of spiritual life.

Selections.

After the Shadows.—Morning.

BY E. A. G.

The clouds are gathering round;
From the arched vault above, an hour before
The sun shone forth in beauty, and earth bare
The semblance of enchanted ground.
Now, rain comes softly from the angry sky,
And all is shrouded in its wrathful lie.

The tempest onward pours,
And my frail bark by battling winds is tossed;
I cry for succor, but my voice is lost
Amid its deafening roar.
Till, weary, faint, and worn with useless task,
I yield all helpless to the sweeping blast.

Amid the clouds give way,
And tides of sunshine gild the earth again,
The token of God's promise cometh forth
To cheer the new-born day.
Hushed is the tumult, stilled the tempest's roar,
And peace and holy calm return once more.

So, on life's restless sea,
The clustering stars guide our peaceful way,
The music of the breezes round us play
Their sweetest melody.
Visions of beauty from the distance gleam;
Earth seems an Eden, love a blissful dream.

But soon, alas, too soon,
The shadows gather, clouds obscure our sun,
Our flowers are withered, and 'mid deepening gloom,
I grope my way alone.
My dreams are broken and my hopes are fled,
My household treasures slumber with the dead.

Is there no safe retreat,
No shelter from the sweeping blast? I cried;
No rest within this shadowy life I find;
And find oblivion sweet?
Savior, Redeemer, whither shall I flee?
He gently whispered, "Soul, come unto me."

On that dear Rock I lean;
Now, guarded by the watchful eye of Love,
Fanned by the breezes from the heights above,
All things bring joy serene.
Gladly I'll toil till, care and labor done,
My victory and crown are nobly won.

O city of the best!
By faith thy lofty towers I know behold,
Your many mansions and your streets of gold,
Where weary ones may rest.
Voices long hushed in death methinks I hear,
Yes, and my eyes behold them—but not here.

Then courage, fainting heart!
Christ is thy strength, his presence life reveals;
His voice from out the stillness gently steals,
And bids thy fears depart.
The morning cometh, shadows flee away
Before the light of an eternal day.
BONUS, III.

The eters of our Prayers.

A man is in prison. Strongly guarded,
under military care, bound with chains,
the keepers of the prison watching the
door, with a soldier on either side of him—
for to-morrow he must meet his doom—the
man sleeps. It is not the sleep of exhaustion,
nor of indifference; it is the sleep of
trustfulness. He has been in prison some
time. His friends have made no appeal
to the governor for his release, for that
would but hasten his end. But they have
borne him on their hearts, and have looked
constantly to God in his behalf. It has
been, however, all in vain. Days and
nights have rolled away, and the prison
has not yielded up its prey; and now it is
the night before the execution. Once more
they assemble, and, hoping against hope,
bear his cause again up to the throne
of grace.

That night the condemned man sees a
vision. A light shines in the prison. An
angel starts at his side. He rises to his
feet. The chains fall off his hands. He
binds on his sandals, girds himself, and
casts his coat about him, and follows his
celestial leader. Ah! how easy impossi-
bilities are in a dream! He passes one
ward, and then another; and even the
great iron gate that leads into the city
swings open of its own accord. Together
they go up the street; when lo! the angel
vanishes, and the man awakes. To prison,
on, and soldiers, and chains? No; but to
find his dream realized, and himself really
free, in the midnight, in the city.
He must seek a place of safety, and so
he goes to the house of a friend, whither,
in imagination, he will transport himself
before his arrival.

A goodly company is gathered to pray
for the prisoner. One petition after an-
other ascends. Their hearts are sad,
their hopes feeble, but still they pray.

Hark! Some one knocks. A girl goes
to the door; but on hearing the well-
known voice leaves it unopened, runs in,
and declares Peter is in prison! The mad
thing! Why, Peter is in prison! What
does she mean, disturbing their devotions
by such a story? "It is Peter." Well, if it
is Peter at all, it is only his angel!

But the angel kept knocking, and when
finally they opened the door, sure enough,
it was Peter. "And they were astonish-
ed!" The very thing they wanted, the
thing they asked for, a thing they knew
God could do,—when it happened to them,
was too much for their faith to receive.
The answer to their prayer knocking at
their very door, and hardly gaining ad-
mittance!

How many of the Peters of our prayers
are standing knocking at our doors, and
we not suffering them to come in?

For years the church has been praying
that God would open the heavenly world
to the gospel; and now it stands knocking
at our doors and crying out for aid, and
our missionary boards can hardly get
the money, and if the money, still more
hardly the men they need. And we keep
on praying instead of letting this Peter
in.

Every church has right about it a field
of the utmost importance. Prayers go up
repeatedly, "Bless our village, bless our
town, bless our church." But how few
rouse themselves to find the answers to
their prayers! How much easier it is to
pray for Peter than to let this Peter in!

Every Christian prays for sanctification.
Here and there one makes marked progress;
but the vast majority at least come
very far short. They pray and they pray;
but they forget to watch; and Peter stands
at their door in the shape of all the graces
the Spirit is ready to plant and nurture
in their hearts—knocking in vain for ad-
mittance. To let this Peter in requires
labor and painstaking—yes and suffering
too; and though we pray for him, are we
not rather willing often to let him stand
outside?

No, no! We must open the door, and
let Peter in, each into his own heart, all
into their respective churches, and into
the great field, the world. For if you pray
for Peter, Peter will come; but if it is
useless to pray for him unless when he comes
we let him in.—*Christian Weekly.*

It is your every-day experiences which
will cultivate you,—the little silent work-
ings within and without: slower, perhaps,
than the uprising of a coral island, but
just as sure. It may take years to bring
you above the surface, but every shell
that you throw off raises you so much
higher.

Little by Little.

This counsel is not specially new,—it
would be nothing in its favor if it were.
For there is more need to preach the old
truths over and over again than to discover
new ones.

God is never in a hurry, and Nature sel-
dom is. We indeed have not time to spare, as
God and Nature have; but we may as well
take things coolly and patiently as to be
in a hurry. Our best works are mostly of
slow growth. And those which seem to
be the offspring of a momentary impulse
have always their root in some delving and
disciplinary process which is easily over-
looked. When Dr. Lyman Beecher was
questioned how long it took him to make
a certain discourse, he instantly responded,
"Forty years." And it was true. With-
out that forty years of antecedent study
and labor he could not have wrought out
this one sermon in a single week.

We look upon some wonderful piece
of mechanism—a fine organ, a watch, a
steam engine, a printing press—and we
too readily ascribe all the glory of it to one,
or a few, while much of it is due to many
who have gone before, trying experiments
and laying foundations which others have
appropriated and built upon, in long suc-
cession.

Shall we not all learn to labor and to wait
in the sphere to which God calls us, and
not be too eager to reap before we have
well sown? And shall we not learn the
lesson of patient trust that, however we
may fail to win the approbation of the
superficial and undisciplined, we shall surely
receive the approval of all the just and gen-
erous, and the moral promise of the giv-
ing of a cup of cold water in the name of
a disciple?

The symmetrical and noble character
which we so much admire, the polished orator,
the chaste and vigorous writer, the skill-
ful artist, all reached their eminent positions
by great labor and slow processes. Just
over the way there stands a graceful fig-
ure, loaded with beautiful risset cones.
By slow stages and imperceptible growths,
year after year, it reached the period of
beauty and symmetry, and fruit bearing.
So stands here and there in the social world
the complete and accomplished man and
woman, purified by sorrow and prayer,
and bearing all manner of precious fruits
in their season.

On my table lies a volume, comprising
the fruits of more than a hundred years of
patient labor, shared by more than thirty
learned men, of whom Noah Webster was
the chief. From small beginnings, in due
degrees, it grew to its present unrivaled
completeness, not till its principal author
had gone to his reward.

The preachers and authors of our day
have need to consider their ways in this
regard, (1) that they may not faint nor be
weary in doing, even though the fruit
of their labors may not instantly appear;
(2) that they may not add to the already im-
measurable quantity of crude and unfinished
work, whether of the pulpit or the pen,
especially the latter, of which there seems
to be literally "no end." The counsel of
Mrs. Browning is certainly good and
worthy of all acceptance by brain-toilers
and all others:

—Get leave to work
In this world,—tis the best you get at all;
For God, in cursing, gives us better gifts
Than in benediction. God says, "sweat
For forwards"; men say, "crown"; and
so we are crowned,
Ay, gashed by some tormenting circle of
steel,
Which snags with a secret spring. Get
work; get work;
Be sure 'tis better than what you work to
get.

I ripped my verses up,
And found no blood upon the paper's point:
The least in it was just an embryo's
heart,
Which never yet had beat, that it should
die;
Just gasps of make-believe galvanic life;
More tones organized to any tune.

Lively books?—
The ash has livelier verdure than the yew;
And yet the yew's green longer, and alone
Found worthy of the holy Christmas time.
We'll plant more yews, if possible, albeit
We plant the graveyards with them.
—*Advance.*

Are You a Christian?

A missionary, some time ago, was travel-
ing in the wilds of Orissa. As he per-
sued his way he came in sight of an offi-
cer's tent. The officer, seeing he was an
European, invited him to dinner. He ac-
cepted the invitation, and after the repast
the officer said, "Mr. Wilkinson, you have
come out here to try and convert the Hin-
dus?"

"Yes, that is my object," answered my
friend.

"And a pretty wild-goose chase," re-
joined the officer, "you will make of it.
You don't know these fellows so well as I
do."

"Ah, sir, I think I myself know some-
thing about them already."

"Ah, but you have not had to deal with
them as I have. If you had been accus-
tomed to the command of a company of Se-
poys, you would soon find out their dupli-
city and faithlessness."

Mr. Wilkinson assured him he had made
some converts whose earnestness and sin-
cerity were beyond all question or suspi-
cion.

"Ah," said the officer, "I should like to
examine them."

"Your wish can soon be gratified, for
here is one of them coming up the avenue,"
Gunga," continued Mr. Wilkinson, ad-
dressing the native who entered, "here is
a gentleman who wishes to examine you
as to your Christianity."

"What right has he to examine me?" in-
quired Gunga; "and does he mean to do
so in anger or in ridicule?"

"So," said the officer, "you have turned
Christian?"

"Yes."

"How did you get your living before
you turned Christian?"

Gunga was astonished. His pride also
was hurt.

"I was a Brahmin," said he, throwing
back his robe over his shoulders and ex-
hibiting a mark that attested that fact. He
could not conceive how such a question
could be asked of him.

The officer, somewhat abashed, asked
how he had felt before he became a Chris-
tian.

He replied, "I felt that I myself, like all
my countrymen, was in miserable dark-
ness. I longed for the truth, but I could
not find it. At length I heard that the light
of truth was to be found on the padre side,
and thither I constantly repaired to light
my own taper at the source. I found what
I sought for, and carried my candle to the
bazaars and public places, that I might
communicate the same light to others."

As he went on, the officer admitted to
Mr. Wilkinson that this was indeed some-
thing which he had not expected to hear.
A tear stood in his eye as he spoke. He
had found in a Hindu a true believer, and

he was preparing to retire to indulge in
his own meditations, when Gunga said,—

"I should like now to examine you.
Are you a Christian? Are you indeed a
Christian?"

This was an arrow to the officer's heart,
and this question, in Christian simplicity,
became the means of his conversion.

The Unfolding Christ.

How do you know you have a perfect
picture of Jesus Christ? You have glimpses
and traits, and you can reconstruct him
in part. But how do you know there was
not a great deal more in his life and teach-
ing than appears in the Gospels? Of
course there was. These records are very
fragmentary. They do not tell you, for
instance, that Jesus Christ ever smiled.
Do you think the little children would ever
run after him if he had never smiled? Be
sure all that pertains to man was in
Jesus Christ, else he would not have been
the beloved. The common folk felt this;
they were very attentive to hear him. And
my Christ was one who knew the way to
their hearts. They were astonished at the
gracious words that proceeded out of his
mouth; they would follow him into the
wilderness, they would go up the mountain
to him, they would wait for him upon the
shore, they would climb the trees to see
him in his path. The dull eye of death bright-
ened at his approach, the palsied hand of
disease grew steady, and the poor outcasts
washed his feet with their tears, and wiped
them with the hairs of their head! Thus he
drew all men and all women and chil-
dren to him, because he loved them—loved
those whom nobody else loved, cared for
those who had none to care for them; and
when the time came, and there was nothing
more to be done, having loved them to the
end, he laid down his life for them.

That is Jesus Christ whom we must learn
to know, and we shall learn to know him.
From the highest heaven there comes down
upon the human heart—comes with the
voice of many waters, comes with the rush-
ing of mighty winds—the message of God's
tender humanity. That is the message
which Christ bore to earth, that is a mes-
sage which still incarnates itself in all
those who are filled with his Spirit,—"as
he was, so are we in this present world." For
the divine humanity in man is a token to
all men of the divine humanity in God.
In the highest heaven there pulsates a joy
with your joy, a sorrow with your sorrow;
so that the Spirit may be said to grieve
over those that go astray, even as there is
joy in the presence of the angels of God
over one sinner that repenteth. I believe
that there is reserved for this age a more
luminous unfolding of this truth; so that
at the very time when the outward uni-
verse is seen to be more and more me-
chanical, and the laws of being more and
more inflexible, a great, godlike sympathy
will be felt to reach across all these natural
developments, and the spiritual and eternal
love will break forth once more upon a uni-
verse wrapt in clouds and thick darkness,
until the glory of the Lord shall cover the
earth as the waters cover the sea.—*Rev. H.
R. Haws.*

The Religious Paper.

1. A good religious paper makes Chris-
tians more intelligent.
2. It makes them more useful.
3. It secures better pay for the pastor.
4. It secures better teachers for the Sun-
day school.
5. It secures better attendance at the
prayer meeting.
6. It leads to a better understanding of
the Scriptures.
7. It increases interest in the spread of
the gospel.
8. It helps settle many difficulties.
9. It gives unity of faith and practice in
the denomination.
10. It exposes error.
11. It places weapons in the hands of all
to defend the truth.
12. It affords a channel of communica-
tion between brethren.
13. It gives the news from churches.
14. It brings out the talent of the de-
nomination and makes it useful on a wider
scale.
15. It throws light upon obscure ques-
tions of practical interest.
16. It gives light upon obscure passages
of the Bible.
17. It cultivates a taste for reading.
18. It makes the children more intelli-
gent.
19. It makes better parents.
20. It makes better children.
21. It awakens interest for the salvation
of souls.
22. It gives general religious news.
23. It gives the more important current
news of general interest.

All this is furnished at a very small cost
compared with its value.

Is It Firm?

One of the tributaries of the Nile is said
to have upon its surface a growth of vege-
tation, some three feet in thickness, tough
and firm enough to allow of being passed
over, if it be done quickly, without sinking
more than ankle-deep, while underneath
is deep water, and should the singular sur-
face give way, drowning would be inevi-
table.

To the daring adventurer there must be
a certain charm in treading this network
of weeds in the passage, from point to
point; but the most venturesome would
denounce as fool or lunatic, one who would
propose building on it. Are they any less
foolish who, despite the warning that "other
foundation can no man lay than that is laid,
which is Jesus Christ," are yet building
their hopes of salvation upon their own
merits, and walk through the days and
years, trusting to the negative goodness and
intellectual belief which, like the river
plants, are of worth and value as far as
they go, but like them, cover peril and de-
struction when relied on for more than their
legitimate purpose? The Most High
sends his voice through a thousand av-
enues of nature, making all his handiwork
to utter parables, and by every leaf of the
tangled network of the Nile he gives the
warning—Build on Christ, the Rock of
Ages. So, and so only, shall thou be safe
when the great day of his coming shall
scatter all false hopes to the winds.

The Father's Face.

At a rehearsal for a Sabbath school enter-
tainment, some time since, a little five-
year-old Basie was placed upon the plat-
form to recite a short poem. She com-
menced very bravely, but her eyes wander-
ed all around the church, gathering more
and more of disappointment into her face.
Soon the lips began to quiver and the little
form shook with sobs. Her father stepped
from behind a pillar, from which he had
been watching her, and taking her into his

arms, said: "Why, darling, what is the
matter? I thought my little girl knew the
verses so well."

"So I do, papa; but I could n't see you.
Let me stand where I can look right into
your face, papa, and I won't be afraid."
And is it not so with our heavenly Father's
children? We stand too often where we
can not look into his face. Darling sins,
and our pride, like pillars, rise up between
us and God, and disappointment and tears
are ours, until, casting these behind us, we
stand in the light of our Father's face.—
Athenian Observer.

Dead-Alive Men.

These stirring words are from the *Inter-
rior*:

Our churches are full of dead-alive men;
nor are such men absent wholly from the
pulpits of the land. Moral unproductiv-
ness of life is one terrible, spiritual blight
that disfigures everywhere the practical
Christianity of the day. "It is good," saith
God's precious Word, "to be zealously af-
fected in a good cause." What has become
of zeal, as one of the necessary elemental
forces of church progress in our day? The
cause of Christ never grows except under
its energetic influence, and it never fails to
grow with it. Not a single obscure indi-
vidual in any church can be thoroughly
awake to a true sense of "the powers of
the world to come," or abandoned to the
spirit of duty, or conquered completely by
his love for Christ and his cause, or fully
alive to "the beauties of holiness," and not
communicate speedily the sacred fire that is
in him to other hearts, which were dead and
dread to their moral interests and obli-
gations. How much is true life, "the life of
God in the soul of man," with some excess
of strength in it, better to its possessor, and
to all beholders of its precious worth, than
a dead-alive style of moral action any-
where and everywhere, however coldly
proper and spiritually fashionable in its
manifestations. Let us have life in the
church and plenty of it, even though with
some excess, rather than inaction and death,
however elegantly shrouded in appropriate
forms and ceremonies for the very burial of
the souls that are eternally deceived by its
false shows.

God Leading.

When the week is ended, when the year
is ended, and still more when many years
are ended, I look back and find that God
has laid out my path. It is like riding on a
railroad. While in the cars I can see no
track; I look out upon the country, and the
cars seem running without a track; I see
nothing as long as I sit there; but let me
look out at the rear of the car, and I see
the two rails of the track by which I came.
So it is with experience. I see the path by
which I have been led. Jacob went out to
Lebanon, and was gone for long years; but
when he came back, he saw how God had
led him by the way; he went out alone, and
came back a great band. When Joseph
dreamed that the sheaves bowed down to
him, he must have found how difficult it
was of interpretation; but when he looked
back over the events of a long life, he could
see how God's hand was in it. So the
specific events of life have been ordained
with reference to us. Every man is doing
work which God has prepared for him. We
must use the means God has put in our
hands; there must be no listlessness. These
two doctrines stand together, like the figure
of Diana. As you approach the temple
gates there is a frown upon her countenance,
but as you look back it is changed to a
smile. God tells us to bear our burdens
every day, and when we look back we
shall see that the difficulties that appeared
to frown upon us, as we faced them, at last
smiled upon us. So shall God nurture,
guide, and mold us, until He shall bring us
at last to the perfect stature of men.—*Rev.
J. B. Thomas.*

The Richest Premiums Yet!

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

1. New subscribers, sending \$2.50, will
receive the *Star* for one year, and a copy
of any one of the fine, good-sized steel En-
gravings which they may select from the
following list: "The Christ-Child," "The
Heavens declare the Glory of God," and
"Fairy Stories;" or,

2. New subscribers, sending \$1.25, will
receive the *Star* for one year, Arthur's very
excellent *Home Magazine* for one year, and
a large, new and very beautiful steel En-
graving, just executed, entitled, "The
Three Graces," or Faith, Hope, and Charity.
The regular price of the *Star* is \$2.50; of
the Magazine, \$2.50; of the Engraving,
\$5.00;—making a total of \$10.00. We will
furnish the whole for \$1.25; or,

3. New subscribers, sending \$3.00, will
receive the *Star* for one year, *The Chris-
tian at Work*,—one of the most vital and
practical monthly religious sheets publish-
ed,—for one year, and two very choice and
exquisite Chromos, each about 12 inches
square, entitled "Good Morning," and "Car-
ol in Mischief." At the regular prices,
what we thus offer for \$3.00 would cost
about \$12.00; or,

4. New subscribers, sending \$3.00, will
receive a copy of the *Star* for one year, and
a new and especially beautiful Chromo, 13
by 16 inches, entitled "Little Students,
or, Home Sunshine." This Chromo, which
has just been designed and executed at a
heavy expense, will be sent mounted and
ready for framing. It opens to us the
very heart of what is pure, beautiful and
suggestive in domestic life, and its merits
grow upon one by study.

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

Any present subscriber, renewing his
own subscription for another year before

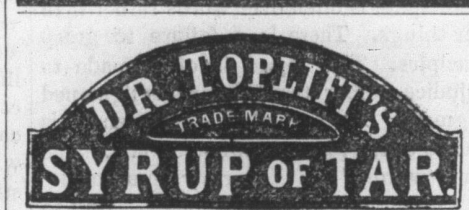
Apr. 1, and sending the name of one new
subscriber with the money, shall be enti-
tled to any one of the smaller engravings
mentioned in the paragraph marked 1.—
Sending \$1.75 additional, he shall be en-
titled to the *Home Magazine* for one year,
and a copy of the large engraving, as
specified in paragraph marked 2.—Sending
\$1.10 additional, he shall be entitled to
the *Christian at Work* for one year, and
the two chromos specified in paragraph 3.—
Sending 50 cts. additional, he shall be en-
titled to the chromo mentioned in para-
graph 4.—TAKE NOTICE. In each case the
name of one new subscriber must be sent
along with the renewal. And this offer
extends only to Apr. 1, 1873. The pre-
miums mentioned in this paragraph are
free to others.

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

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

Of course, no percentage is allowed and
no credit given when premiums are order-
ed.

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



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rank of curative agents, though it has been used
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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1873.

GEORGE T. DAY, Editor.
G. F. MOSHER, Ass't 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.

New Subscribers.—Premiums.

On our third page will be found a statement in which several choice premiums are offered for new subscribers to the Star. We ask attention to them. They have an interest for all our present subscribers.

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.

"Saved by Hope."

So says the great apostle.

Not that hope is to supplant Christ, the great Saviour. Not that it can properly take the place of repentance, or faith, or self-discipline, or obedience to the Master, or earnest and loving service to men. Not but we may be hopeful in such a way, and to such an extent, and under such circumstances, and in relation to such things, as to be cheated and hurt rather than blessed and healed. We may hope too much, and so grow heedless or presuming. For hopes are sometimes baseless. There is nothing to warrant them. They are born of ignorance or misconception. There is the hope of the hypocrite, that is like the spider's web, and wholly gives way when the first serious strain comes upon it. There is the hope of the backslider, who keeps quoting his bygone experience and confides in his wonderful conversion, while casting off fear and restraining prayer. His hope is likely to go suddenly out in darkness. So that hope may not be thought of as the only thing needed for the safety of the soul, and indeed it sometimes puts it in real peril.

What is the hope to which Paul ascribes such large and sacred power? And how are we saved by it?

The hope needs to be intelligent, rational, scriptural. It needs to have its basis in the truth and power and promise of God. It must rest on fact instead of feeling. It must root itself in a right character rather than be born of mere impulse. Tilt the conditions are met on which any good depends, the hope of attaining it can only disappoint. No matter how confidently one may reach out for a great boon, if he has not paid the price for it, the hand will remain empty and the heart be cheated into disappointment. The hope that saves must spring from the loving and dutiful heart, in glad and confident answer to the truth and promise of Him who can not lie, who knows all things, and who especially delights in leading the true disciple with the best gifts he has to bestow.

Hope saves in ways that are natural and easy to understand. There is a new spring to effort when the heart is full of hope, while distrust and despondency paralyze the arms. By hope we work for the future and count on success. By its aid we look out from the surrounding darkness and anticipate the dawn and the noonday. We carry to-day's burdens with patience, because, helped by hope, we see the point where we are to lay them down to-morrow. Cheered by it, we battle bravely through discouragements till we make them so many helps to victory, and smile through tears till the moistened eyes shine with a prophecy like that which lights up the storm-cloud where God has set his radiant bow. And so hope saves the soul from the doubt, the fear, the despair, and the listless inaction that are both its inward plague and its outward failure.

A hopeful spirit is what is everywhere needed. Happy are they who are liberally endowed with it by nature,—as they are to be pitted who lack it. Happier yet are they who find it thriving under the influence of their religion,—as they are to be wondered at and sorrowed over who carry the badge of their discipleship with a sad face and a tone that is despondent. For the gospel is the bringer of hope—a better hope, a hope that maketh not ashamed, a hope that is as an anchor of the soul, a hope that is not scared by cloud and toil and conflict, and that puts a prophecy of victory into the face and a song into the lips. A Christian is not only warranted in hopefulness; he is especially called to it. He honors his Master, and truly sets forth his religion, and gains influence over others, and becomes an effective worker in the field of effort, by being an example of steady and cheerful hopefulness. The God in whom he believes, the Saviour in whom he trusts, the Spirit with which he co-works, the promises to which he clings, the testimony borne by whole ages of Christian experience that comes down to him as a legacy,—all these bid him bear his burdens and take his crosses and go to his work with a hopeful spirit that forbids faintness, and silences complaint, and makes despair impossible. And thus does hope become a power to save in many ways and in the highest sense.

It is this calm, settled, ever-working hopefulness that we need, both as individual Christians and as workers together to build up the kingdom of Christ in our denominational sphere. We have discouragements; for they pertain to every lot. We have been more than once baffled; and so

has every Christian and every people. We have suffered losses, some of them sore ones; but that is the rule in human life. Our resources fall most sadly below our opportunities; yet in this we only copy the experience of the church in every century. But we have a right to be hopeful, in view of what God has helped us to do, of what he still bids us undertake, and of the pledges of favor and help which he never forgets or leaves unfulfilled. In church building, in missions, in education, in lifting weak churches into greater power, in planting and maintaining the Christian standard at new points, in helping forward the great work which is to be crowned when Christ is accepted as Lord, and man is to rise in the majesty of a redeemed nature,—in all these spheres we may go to work with an inspiring hope which becomes our own salvation while it supplies the energy that saves the lost about us.

The Question of Amusements.

Prof. Finney's recent articles in the Independent, on the relation of amusements to Christian character, are calling out inquiry and comment. That paper editorially takes issue against its venerable contributor; the Advance devotes nearly two columns to a discussion of his views and most emphatically dissents from them, and other religious papers quote and comment upon his articles with varying intent.

Prof. Finney takes the strong ground that worldly amusements are at war with the spirit of the gospel, and that, so far as a real Christian character appears, there will be no relish for, but a decided repulsion from, all such amusements. He uses some argument in defense of this position, though there is more of statement than logic in his papers; and he gives great prominence to his personal experience in the matter, quoting this as though it must be generally applicable and wholly decisive. He says he was passionately devoted to such amusements before his conversion, but religion cured him.

We are not sorry to see the question thus brought forward. There is great need of understanding it. Extreme opinions are held upon it. Here the rigidity seems to us too rigid, and there the laxity seems too lax. The definitions often lack clearness. The dispute is often over words rather than over things. There is a failure to grasp principles. The appeal is often made to prejudice rather than to an enlightened judgment. An exceptional experience is exalted to the place of a general law. The term "worldly" and the term "amusement" are used loosely and ambiguously. And so the discussions are often of little profit; they antagonize good men instead of unifying them, and befog the question instead of putting it into a clearer light.

If by "amusement" is meant a mere impulsive frivolity, and if by "worldly" is meant anything unprincipled and unchristian, the whole case is plain, and no argument is needed. But if by "amusement" is meant simply the element that supplies wholesome, recreative play, there is that in human nature that demands it. And if by "worldly" is simply meant that which is not technically religious, and which those who are not Christians freely illustrate, the case is quite different. Using the word in its legitimate sense, there is a tendency toward a need of play in Christians as well as others. A nature lacking this is defective, abnormal, unhealthy; and the life out from which this element wholly drops will be partial, warped, one-sided, relatively weak, and in danger of wearing itself out before its time.

Of course there may be excess in amusements, as there very generally is; and then it becomes weakness, folly, and sin. One needs to put conscience into it, as well as into preaching and prayer. But it is an element in every really healthy life, whether of the body or the soul. And if we understand the matter, Prof. Finney is no such exception as he might seem. While he does appear to have been, in some sense, especially charged by the Providence that fashioned him to be the incarnation and expounder of moral law and Christian obligation,—the living embodiment and the forcible expression of conscience,—yet, in his own way or ways, he has taken care to give the play element room and liberty and action. In familiar intercourse at home and with trusted friends, he unbends as naturally as a bow when the string is loosened, and mental exhilaration, and zest, and pleasantries, and wit that is oftener juicy than dry, make one forget what a moral gladiator he is in the pulpit, or at his table writing out a lecture on the sovereignty of conscience.

And in his more vigorous days, we believe it was a regular part of his occupation to shoulder his rifle and tramp off to the woods; and the game that escaped his keen and wary eye and his fatal skill was especially fortunate. And unless our memory is at fault, we think his eagerness sometimes prevented him from distinguishing between wild turkeys and the poultry that had strayed off from a neighbor's farm-yard into the adjoining woods.

That is to his credit. His earlier practice was better than his later theory. That was a genuine touch of nature,—of nature that had been permeated by grace, too. We believe he delivered a better theological lecture in the afternoon, after spending a reasonable part of the morning in bagging game; that the Sunday sermon was richer and healthier and weightier for his having thus exhilarated himself during the week; and that the Lord never set it down against him as a wasting of money or a piece of unfaithful stewardship when he paid his neighbor the value of the big gobbler which he had shot in the haste and heat of his undisciplined zeal. And so, on this question of amusements, we appeal from Prof. Finney the venerable and meditative Christian philosopher, to Prof. Finney the vigorous Nimrod, when he was "a mighty hunter before the Lord."

The Plea from India.

The death of one of our Missionaries in India is an event that can not fail to come home to us forcibly. The story is clearly, touchingly and variously told in the several communications relating to it that appear in this week's issue.

Death means much even here, where the circle of workers is comparatively large, when a true-hearted, earnest, faithful brother and laborer is struck down at our side, leaving his sickle lying in the whitening and half reaped field. How much more must it mean to the little sorely-pressed band in Orissa when one of their number falls so suddenly, in the very prime of manhood, and with such openings and necessities at their very doors! They have been earnestly and pathetically pleading for reinforcements,—the first part of the answer comes in the form of a providential hand that strikes down a brave helper who but yesterday was joining in the plea while he bent himself to his labor. It seems a strange reply. A faithless heart would find mockery in it, and perhaps a reason for utter distrust. But that little company bring a wiser interpretation to the lesson. They are chastened but not killed, perplexed but not in despair, faint yet pursuing, sore pressed but having no thought of surrender. Even she to whom the blow comes like a knife cutting to the very quick of the soul, rises from the last service of affection to pray for the bravery that can not be conquered, and comes back from the grave where she has buried her chief earthly treasure to give herself with a new fidelity to the work just fallen from the dead hands that were so dear. May God bless all the smitten ones, and give his infinite comfort to this chiefest of the mourners!

Bro. Phillips asks us to plead for the Mission. These facts make the chief plea. Our words are of small account beside this new and bereaving experience. The silence of that new-made grave supplies the argument and the pathos, and the facts told in the letters published herewith bring them home to us. We are wont to prize what costs. Our Foreign Mission begins to be expensive and taxing enough to call out love. And who knows but the response in the form of money and laborers, which has been longingly waited for by the living pleaders, will come forth promptly now in answer to the voice of the dead! If the cry from city and village and jungle, where idolatrous life is teeming, has often fallen on heedless ears, may it not be that the plea which comes up from this new Christian grave will master indifference, open sealed purses, stir stupid hearts, and set not a few lips trembling with the words, "Here am I, send me!" And this may be the way in which the call for reinforcements is to be made successful. God grant it, and that right early.

To speak very plainly,—this death makes a speedy increase of funds and laborers necessary. Bro. Bache's work in getting the means to pay the outfit and passage of himself and others should be cut short by abounding generosity. And the stream of gifts and prayer that flows toward our chosen field in India should gain in volume and steadiness. None of us think of giving up the Mission, or of allowing it to languish. It has cost too much for that,—it has also done too much for us, and it promises too much in the future. It has become too closely wedded to our hearts to be torn away from them now. Sorrows and sacrifices, such as this death brings, sanctify it in our eyes. And to care for it properly implies an enlargement of plans and generosity and effort. Mrs. Smith's redemption of herself to it, while the tears of bereavement are still flowing, tells us what use to make of this disaster, and sets the example. May the lesson find many learners and the example many copyists.

The Great Exposition.

With the month of May there will be opened in Vienna one of the most complete World's Fairs that it has yet been the lot of the world to witness. We judge, of course, from the preparations. These are of the most ample sort. A large tract of land near the city has been secured, parks and boulevards are being constructed in it, buildings of the largest dimensions,—there are two which are each a half mile long,—are being erected, the principal one to have a dome exceeding that of St. Peter's at Rome, and every effort is making to accommodate a universal exhibition.

This will make one of the great family of World's Fairs. That at London filled the continent with amazement. The Exposition at Paris in 1867 only increased it. And if Baron Schwarz realizes his ideal, this at Vienna will be the most complete of all. Every department of agricultural and mechanical industry; all the arts and the sciences; literature, &c.; whatever man has done or been the means of doing, will be represented in the great fair. There will be a department in the buildings for each country, and not only Europe and the West, but Asia and the Eastern world will contribute the rare and curious products of their skill. It will be a sight well worth going to Vienna to see.

Let no one cherish the belief that these great fairs are instituted to meet the wants of hungry purses. There is not much opportunity for individuals to enrich themselves. Governments are usually the managers; they contribute largely to the fund; and if there is money realized it is not often divided among private parties. They are rather undertaken in the higher interest of industry and art. The great benefits that the United States has realized from the two universal fairs already held abroad are easily seen. Every department of industry is stimulated. Mechanics and artisans are prompted to do their best. Whatever tends to successful competition with the implements of industry already in use receives highest attention,

and the humblest day-laborer may be materially benefited in his condition and prospects by the results of these fairs.

But what gives this approaching Vienna fair a pre-eminence of its own, is the honorable place that is to be given to woman and her industries. That at London and that at Paris failed in this respect. There was the work, but it was mostly men's, and even then the men were not generally present to show how it was done. But in this case, Baron Schwarz, the organizer and director of the fair, proposes to have the machines operated on the spot, and notably those operated by women. Woman's handiwork will also be exhibited. Whatever she has done or is capable of doing will have a fair exhibition along with that of the other sex. It will be the aim to show that woman is not incapable of doing a great deal; that the prevailing belief that industrial labor is unfit for and obnoxious to her springs from prejudice; and that the best way to correct the belief is to bring together working women from all countries and let them answer for themselves.

It is believed that an impulse will spring from this feature of the fair, which will establish more schools for female industrial labor than now exist throughout Europe and America. In spinning and weaving linen, cotton and silk in Europe, women have usually done the work; but it is proposed to enlarge the field. There has been a tendency to hire only their hands, as if they had no brain-power to bestow. But the chivalrous Baron believes that they possess much of the latter, and he wishes to stimulate it to action.

Unless we are greatly mistaken, here is a great opportunity for women. We believe that the most they need, in order to show that they can compete successfully with men in many departments of industry, is only the opportunity to do it, with perhaps a little encouragement from the whistled sex. How many thousands of them are at work to-day, not only in our cities but abroad, for one, two or three dollars a week, and actually paying every cent of that for board. Let the leaders among all these classes of female laborers,—sewing-machine girls, telegraph-operators, milliners, mill hands, &c. &c.—go to the great fair, there do their work,—for they will have an opportunity to,—during the six months of its session, and it will help considerably towards vindicating their ability, and calling more favorable attention to their condition.

In the meantime, our government is preparing to afford every needful facility to exhibitors from this country. Modes of free conveyance will doubtless be afforded for all machinery that will be sent; or at least, there will be marked fairs shown, and everybody will be encouraged to exhibit the skill of his hands or his wits with the rest of the world. There will in all probability be an unparalleled competition among the principal nations of the earth, and we believe even large expectations may be realized.

Miracles.

How are we to account for the fact that, while the divine authority of the Scriptures is conceded throughout Christendom, the miraculous evidences which are the basis of the credibility are denied by many? Nothing is clearer in every part of the inspired volume than the record of miracles wrought to attest the mission and teaching of its authors, so that the competent inquirer is reduced to the alternative of either believing the Scriptures as attested by miracles to be the word of God, or to reject both miracles and revelation. No one can consistently separate the two, though numbers undertake it. In explanation, several remarks are pertinent.

1. Some misapprehend the nature of miracles. With them a miracle is equivalent to an impossibility, an absurdity. We do not refer to those who deny the existence of God. If there is no God there can be no miracles, no divine revelation, no religion. But some who believe in God deny miracles. They aver that as the infinite Creator governs the universe by uniform and immutable laws, miracles are a contradiction, inconsistent with his attributes and government. Perhaps the definition of miracles, as being a violation of the laws of nature, has contributed to the misapprehension. The laws of nature are the laws of God, and how can he violate his own laws? Or if he interposes to change their operation, then his immutability, omniscience and wisdom are impugned. Now the true doctrine of miracles involves no such consequences. They are not violations of law, and involve no contradiction. A miracle is a work of God for a specific purpose. Rational beings have general principles and modes of action; but under different circumstances they wisely vary their procedure. They do in one condition of things what they would not do in another. The infinite Being is not an exception in this respect. He adapts his administration to the changing condition of his creatures. Miracles are one mode of his operation, as much as the ordinary laws of nature are another. Hence they involve no limitation or imperfection in God, no inconsistency or absurdity.

2. Allowing miracles are possible, others dispute the proof of their existence. Superstition and deception have abounded in all ages. The ignorant and credulous suppose many things to be supernatural, which those of better understanding know are not so. The more knowledge, the fewer marvels. Gross imposture is practiced in the name of religion. On this point we give an illustration. It is from an Italian skeptic, born in Rome, and partially educated for the papal priesthood. One day he said, while pursuing his course of study, his mother, a devout Catholic, returned from church sobbing as if her heart would break. She had seen tears trickling down the face of the blessed virgin, because so meager

contributions were given to the priests! This circumstance aroused him to inquiry and investigation, and the more he sought, the more the evidences of fraud and imposture multiplied. He soon concluded that the Catholic miracles were all mere pretense, and soon after that all miracles are incredible. Many have had a like experience.

The objection is a plausible one, and has misled the most acute minds. Yet it is utterly unworthy and baseless. Because some are guilty of falsehood, are there no men of truth in the world? Because knavery is practiced, is there no honesty? Because there is counterfeit currency, is there no good money? How could there be a counterfeit without real coin? So spurious miracles are an indication and evidence in favor of genuine miracles.

3. Another way to account for incredulity respecting miracles is a consideration of the fact that many professed religious teachers are not experimentally acquainted with the most vital truths of religion. Numerous critics and commentators on the Scriptures are not true believers, but skeptics and infidels. Such men often make their own experience or lack of experience a test of sacred doctrine; and is it strange that they find some ingenious method of doing away with the supernaturalism of the Bible? A unlearned man or a backslider undertakes to preach the gospel. Can you expect such a one to preach the truth, and the whole truth, faithfully? Preachers rarely go beyond their own experience, and so in the case in view it comes far short or wide of the truth. Here is a prolific source of error at the present day. We can not depend on any teacher in the pulpit or elsewhere, except as he speaks what he knows and testifies what he has seen. What is most to the purpose on this point is, that you never find one who is a subject of the miracles of grace, who rejects the miracles of revelation. No such instance can be adduced.

The miracles of Scripture are credible and reasonable. Their record pervades the sacred books, and is intimately blended with the doctrines of revelation. No fair interpretation can explain them away, or make them less real and forcible than they have appeared in all ages to the Christian world. They are presented under such circumstances, and with such variety and abundance of unexceptionable evidence, that they can not be rejected without logically involving universal skepticism. The objections against them, however specious or arrogant, have no substantial basis. They lie not against the miracles of Scripture merely, but against the Scriptures as a divine revelation, and the entire Christian system. Both stand or fall together.

This subject is one of great importance at the present day. Great efforts are made, not only outside but in the bosom of the nominal church, to undermine faith in miracles. The consequences of this course are most disastrous. If the miracles of Scripture are discredited, what becomes of the Bible itself, what of all our vital doctrines,—the divinity of Christ, the atonement, the work of the Holy Spirit, repentance, faith, regeneration, immortality—all the hopes and consolations of the gospel—all supernatural and spiritual religion? Hence we should firmly resist these beginnings of error, and expose it in its true light and consequences. Stand fast in the faith once delivered to the saints, and embraced by them. Inquire for the old paths, walk therein, and you shall find rest and safety.

—J. J. B.

Current Topics.

—THE SWEDENBORGIAN CREED. There appears in a late number of the Swedenborgian Messenger, a summary of the doctrines taught by the eminent man whose religious views still constitute the doctrinal basis of the sect that bears his name. It is not always easy to get a clear idea of this peculiar theology. The language is often what might properly be called transcendental. There is a good deal of fancy, imagination and sentiment in the literature of this church. There is some mist too, and it is apt to act like sea-fog instead of golden haze. The doctrine of correspondences seems to lack definiteness, for it is not easy to find two teachers whose symbolism is the same. But the following statement is measurably clear and interesting:

1. God is One in Essence and in Person, in whom there is a distinct and essential Trinity, called in the Word, the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, and the Lord Jesus Christ is this God, and the only true object of worship.

2. In order to be saved, man must believe in the Lord and strive to obey his commandments.

3. The Sacred Scriptures, or the Divine Word, is not only the Revelation of the Lord's will and the history of his dealings with men, but also contains the infinite treasures of his wisdom expressed in symbolical or correspondential language, and therefore, in addition to the sense of the letter, there is in the Word an inner or spiritual sense, which can be interpreted only by the law of correspondence between things natural and things spiritual.

4. Now is the time of the second coming of the Lord, foretold in Matthew xxiv., and the establishment of the New Church, signified by the New Jerusalem in Revelation xxi., and this second coming is not a visible appearance on earth, but a new disclosure of Divine truth, and the promulgation of true Christian doctrine, effected by means of the Lord's servant, Emanuel Swedenborg, who was specially instructed in this doctrine, and commissioned to publish it to the world.

5. Man's life in the material body is but the preparation for eternal life, and when the body dies, man immediately rises into the spiritual world, and after preparation in an intermediate state, dwells forever in heaven or hell, according to the character acquired during his earthly life.

6. The spiritual world, the eternal home of men after death, is not remote from this world, but is in direct conjunction with it, and we are, though unconsciously, always in immediate communication with angels and spirits.

—ABOUT LIFE INSURANCE. The recent proposal of one of the leading Life Insurance companies of New York to reduce its rates 20 per cent; has had one favorable outcome. The whole subject has been thoroughly discussed in the papers, and is better understood by the public than it was. The proposal is withdrawn, and it seems to us wisely. Eliza Wright, of Boston, has developed a new scheme of managing the details of this business, so as to make it equitable and just to all parties; and he now offers a prize of \$1000 to any body who will prove that any other method is equal to his own, for settling the following vital points:

1. How to ascertain the proper commissions to be paid to agents, if any are paid.
2. How to assess the office or working expenses, including commissions, on the members of mutual companies.
3. How to ascertain the equitable surrender-value of a policy.

It is a liberal offer, it shows his confidence in his new scheme, and it can not be properly ignored.

—PUTTING IT ON THICKLY. Irish orators, from Dan O'Connell and Curran to Father Burke, deal freely in panegyric when setting forth the Irish character. If praise could really save or absolutely spoil a people, the Irish ought long since to have gone up to sainthood or down to knavery. The papers echo the orators, and the later panegyrics lose nothing of the earlier extravagance. Here is what the New York Tablet says in a late issue:

When God made the Irish people, he made them as he made no other race. He gave them bodies unmatched in vigor; intellects without an equal in vivacity; blood divinely chaste; the bravest and warmest hearts ever formed; a beautiful country to live in; a mission which corresponds to that which distinguished the Hebrews; and a spring of vitality which nothing has been sufficient to impair. It is the stoutest and the most brilliant, the most enduring and the most chivalrous race of all the family of mankind.

Which raises the question whether the race has not somewhat degenerated; or whether the virtues are not buried so deep in the nature that they rarely work their way to the surface.

—RELIGION AND BUSINESS. Somehow there must be less antagonism between Sundays and week days, the church and the secular sphere, the claims of religion and the operations of business, if Christian character is not going to be struck through and through with weakness and fatal disease. Here is an extreme case, reported by the New York correspondent of one of our daily papers; but some of the same elements are quite too prominent and active in other spheres than those pertaining to horse railroads. There may be some exaggeration here, but it suggests a state of things that has more sad reality in it than imagination. One can hardly read the following without an indignation that flushes the cheek and a painful grief that starts the tears:

In one of the churches there has been quite a revival of religion. Among the converts was a street car conductor. When urged to unite with the church his simple reply was, "I must either leave my business or keep out of the church. Nobody expects us to do business honestly. The only question is the percentage of stealing. We are paid by the trip, and no man can live on the earnings of the week. The conductors are paid twenty-five cents less a day than the drivers, and the reason is that the drivers have no chance to steal, handling no money, while the conductors have. The low wages of omnibus drivers—\$10.50 a week—is put at that small figure because it is known that they help themselves. There is an average taken daily by car conductors. A percentage of this has to be given to the starter, a portion to the bookkeeper, and the driver is not forgotten. It is an understood thing that on the steam cars the money that is paid in the cars is 'knocked down' by conductors. If the corporations would pay living wages they would make money."

—ANOTHER NEW PAPER. A new religious periodical, in the form of a monthly quarto sheet, and called *The Working Church*, has just been started in New York. The price is \$1 per year. It is edited by Rev. Messrs. Tyng, Hepworth and Miggins, with a good list of contributors. The first number appears well, in its mechanical and literary features, and in its general make-up. It is evangelical but non-sectarian, and its name suggests its aim and character. It recognizes the need of the divine appointment of churches, quarrels with none that now exist, where the vital truth is held and the one Lord honored, but would vitalize them all, draw them together, and make them real, practical, nineteenth-century laborers together and with God. It is a most worthy and desirable object, whatever may be said about the need of a separate paper to promote it. But the sheet can hardly fail to do good where it is carefully and sympathetically read. It defines its aim and work thus:

Its one mission is to set the people to work in their own local churches, with the most profitable methods, and the most lasting motives. It will not encounter a single prejudice. Its object challenges the co-operation of all pastors and people, who long to honor the Lord in his Church. There is a need for its inauguration. Therefore, without possible collision with other papers, with courtesy to all co-workers through the press, in charity to lost souls and lazy saints, it enters upon its history of toil and hoped-for success.

—BAD WORK OF BEER. A State Temperance Convention was held in Boston last week, at which a mass of testimony was presented, showing the practical working of the beer clause in the prohibitory law. The evidence seemed all of one sort, and proved that the making of beer an exception to the prohibited liquors, took a large part of the vitality and practical value from the law. It was shown that men can get drunk on beer; that a beer saloon has nearly all the morally evil elements, as a place of resort, that belong to a full-blown

Poetry.

"Died."

She passed in quiet from our sight
What time the autumn winds were bright;
As gently as the falling leaf,
And with a life almost as brief,
She fluttered to the earth, and lay
Unmarked, to mingle with the clay.

No pompous train, no wide lament,
No chiseled shaft or monument
Her virtues told; but ah! the few
Who knew her tender heart and true,
Felt that the world would be no more
What it had been to them of yore.

Her sweet young life had glorified
The paths of all who walked beside;
They knew not why the day was bright
Until they missed the heaven-sent light,
And as they left her in the tomb,
They bore away with them its gloom.

And yet death seemed not all unmeet
For one so perfect, so complete;
The briefest day may brightest be,
The lily, lovelier than the tree;
The humblest life that swiftly flies
May fairest seem to heavenly eyes.

Two Homes Are Waiting.

BY MARILLA.

I am tossing in the darkness,
On the couch of weary pain;
Languishing for a restful morning
With a hope that must be vain.

While my brain is wildly throbbing,
Comes a voice so dear, so sweet:
"Even now two homes are waiting
For the coming of thy feet."

Wakened by a dear-loved mother,
Who would count no treasure lost,
Could it bring me back all safely,
Ere the waves of death are crossed.

Angel voice, oh, softly whisper
Of the ties so sacred there;
Well may'st thou with bright tears linger
O'er a love so heavenly fair—

O'er a love which death must sever,
While the children long may wait
For the coming of their mother,
Now so near the golden gate.

There my other home awaits me,
And my soul hath loved-once there,
Who with joy will come to greet me,
E'en amid those mansioned fairs.

Oh, I know they'd not forget me
While they pass the river o'er,
And I trust they still will love me
'Mid the brightness of that shore!

Oh, the flesh is weak and weary,
And my tears will not be stayed,
Though my joyous spirit longeth
For the home which Christ hath made.

Slowly dawns the radiant morning,
But no rest can come to me—
O my God! my heart is crying,
Take me home to rest with thee!

Then I hear the sweet evangel,
And the whispers nearer come:
"Art thou one of God's own children?
Then he longs to call thee home."

"Think! He never called our Saviour
From the way by heaven ordained,
Till his toil on earth were finished,
And the cup of sorrow drained."

Ere another night of slumber
Shrouds the earth in silent gloom,
Christ may light the vale of shadows,
God may call the sufferer home.

Should the call be still delaying,
And the waves roll darkly near,
I will trust thee—O my Saviour!
Thou dost love, and thou canst cheer.
Money Creek, Minn.

The Family Circle.

Nettie's Christmas.

BY IDOLA.

(CONCLUDED.)

It was Christmas eve; merrily went the sleighs over the white frozen ground, the gayly caparisoned horses almost seeming to realize that joy and festivity ruled the earth.

"Peace on earth, good will to men," the anthem chanted by angel choristers eighteen hundred years ago o'er Bethlehem's plains, seemed again to be echoing over the land, for it was earth's gala time. A casual observer watching the throng of gayly-dressed people hurrying through the brilliantly-lighted streets, might have imagined that Sorrow with her slow, heavy footsteps, had vanished away, and left the earth to the sole care of her light-footed sister, Joy.

Was it so? Were there no aching hearts, no desolate homes on this joyous Christmas eve?

In a small, poorly furnished room of a crazy old dwelling, in a retired part of the city, sat a woman and little girl. The woman, who was busily sewing, was pale and care-worn, but despite her lowly surroundings there was an air of refinement about her, which showed that her lot had not always been cast amid poverty and destitution. The girl was a fair, frail-looking child, with little of the buoyancy and elasticity of childhood. Her sweet blue eyes wore a sad, dreamy look, pitiful to see in one so young; and there was a shrinking in her whole aspect, as at the slightest noise, she started and drew closer to her mother as if for protection. Alas for the child who listens for the footsteps of a father, in dread and fear, instead of his coming being the signal for joy and gladness.

"Mother," said the little girl, breaking the silence which had continued for some time, "does God love poor people as well as he does the rich?"

"Certainly, dear," answered the mother, "why do you ask?"

"Because, mother, when I went down town for you to-day, every body seemed so happy, and I saw so many little girls buying the most beautiful things, that I thought God couldn't love us very well, else he

would have sent me a little money to buy something for you and father; I thought perhaps if we had some nice presents to give father, he wouldn't go to that bad place so much. I should think God would want everybody to be happy at Christmas time, for you know this is the time he sent the Christ-child to the earth."

"Poor little one," said her mother, fondly, "you are puzzling your brain over a problem that has troubled wiser heads than yours. Yes, my darling, she continued, laying aside her work and taking the child in her arms, "God does love us. If I didn't know this were so, my burdens would be greater than I could bear. I can not tell why he permits all these sorrows and disappointments, but some day, dear, we shall know. It is hard for you, I know, little one; mother would gladly spare you all these disappointments; she would like to carry her pet lamb in her bosom, and shield her from every harm; but this she can not do," and bending down she fondly kissed the little face upturned to hers.

"But, mother," said the child, "I do not care so much after all, for the nice pretty things that other little girls have, but it hurts me so to have them call me a drunkard's daughter."

The mother's eyes flashed; involuntarily she drew the child closer. "Never mind, dear," she said, "the girls that call you so are unworthy of your notice; all the girls are not unkind to you, are they?"

"Oh no, mother! the most of them are very good, and Minnie Warren I love dearly; but Emma Haskell is so proud, she will hardly look at me; and it seems so hard when it is her own father that makes my father so bad."

"Well, Nettie dear, think no more of her cruel speeches. I would rather have my plainly-dressed little Nettie than a thousand like Emma Haskell with all her finery. As to her father, he is a wicked man; but we will leave him in God's hands. But now, dear, let us think no more of these things. It is late, and my little daughter must go to bed; hang up your stockings, first; perhaps Santa Claus will give us a call as he passes by. But Nettie must try to be happy, for Santa is a merry old fellow, and don't like to see sober faces when he comes along jingling his bells."

"Well, Nettie, look here; this also came last night," and she brought in the turkey. "A turkey! a turkey!" said the little girl. "Oh, won't we have a famous dinner, mother?" Then her voice changed suddenly. "Has father come home?"

"Yes, dear, he will spend Christmas with us; and here are his gifts to his little girl, with mother's also; not so beautiful as those which were sent; but my Nettie will value them I know, for they are brim-full of love from father and mother."

"You darling mother!" exclaimed the child, throwing her arms around her mother's neck; "I guess, I shall love them; and father is at home; oh, I am so glad. Won't this be a happy Christmas?"

"Well, does my little girl think now that God does not love poor people?" said Mrs. I., smiling. "But come, breakfast is ready, and father wants Nettie to show her presents to him."

That Christmas day! how full of joy to the happy child! Nettie was never tired of gazing at her treasures, and displaying them to her father, who spent, as he had promised, the day at home, and seemed more like his former self than for a long, long time before, so that his wife as she gazed upon him felt her heart bound with hope that this happy day might be the commencement of a new and changed life.

The Christmas dinner with its unwonted luxuries was highly enjoyed by all; and it is difficult to tell which was the happiest, Minnie in her luxurious home, surrounded by everything that love delights to bestow, or little Nettie in her plainly furnished room, with nothing but the bare necessities of life, with the exception of the gifts that Minnie's self-denial had procured.

My young readers, what think you? Did Minnie regret her decision? Would the doll, beautiful as it was, have given her half the pleasure that the thought of Nettie's delight caused her? Relinquishing the coveted doll was indeed a sacrifice, but it brought, as such sacrifices always do, its own large reward.

Johnny Holcomb.

"What on earth is the matter with Johnny?" asked an anxious mother of her father as she found that her bright little two-year-old boy was losing the use of his limbs.

"Why, what has happened? Maybe he had a fall." An examination was made by the family, then by the physician, and then the conviction settled sadly upon the mother's heart, that Johnny was a cripple for life, his legs had become paralyzed.

"Mamma, does God love Johnny now?" often asked the little, patient sufferer, as the warm, weary days came and went.

"Yes, my son, God loves Johnny all the time. Why do you ask me that?"

"Then, why don't He make my legs strong, so that I can walk? Frankie Saunders can walk, and all the little boys can walk."

"My darling, God will make your legs strong again, and take the lump from your back, and make you well and strong."

Three months passed. One day his grandpa was taking off his shoes, and rubbing his feet, when Johnny screamed out: "O, grandpa! I think I move my toe!"

He did move his toes several times, and then how happy he was. He said:

"God did come and make my legs move, and I want to say my prayers again, mamma, so that I can ask him to make me well."

His mother writes: "Johnny was a little Christian; he talked constantly of religion and heaven." Certainly he was a Christian. About two weeks ago, he said:

husband, this is the best of all." For some little time the husband, and wife sat talking, till, startled by the clock's striking the midnight hour, they placed Nettie's gifts on the bed where the child was sweetly sleeping, and retired.

Christmas morning dawned bright and clear. In many a happy home, little feet were early astir, dancing over the carpeted rooms to seize the treasures Santa Claus loves to bring to the light-hearted children of earth. But little Nettie, to whom Christmas was seldom a season of joy, slept till the sun peeped into her window and kissed her cheek with its warm beams; then she started up hastily. "How late it must be," she said. "Oh, it's Christmas morning; mother told me to hang up my stockings. I wonder what she has put into it." Just then her eye fell on the pretty thing spread upon the bed. "Oh," she exclaimed, seizing the dress. "How pretty! how pretty! Where could it come from?"

Next she spied the box, opened it with fingers trembling with excitement, and took out the little hat. To describe the child's delight would be impossible; it rendered her almost speechless; and when her mother softly opened the door, a pretty picture it was indeed that appeared before her. Nettie sat on the bed, her cheeks crimson with excitement, her eyes beaming with intense delight, one hand holding the little hat, while in the other was a pair of kid gloves, her first pair of kid gloves; and every one who has had anything to do with children, knows what a precious possession the first pair of kid gloves is to a little girl. The other articles were scattered all around her, and her dancing eyes went from one to another, as though it were impossible to realize that all these beautiful things were indeed hers.

"O mother! mother!" she exclaimed. "O mother, look! Are all these splendid presents mine? What can it mean? You could not get them, I know. Where could they come from?"

"Well, dear, they came last night, but I only guess who was the kind friend that has given my Nettie so much pleasure."

"Oh," exclaimed Nettie, as a sudden thought came into her mind, "Minnie Warren must have sent them. She told me she guessed Santa Claus would bring me some pretty things. Oh, how I love her."

"Well, Nettie, look here; this also came last night," and she brought in the turkey. "A turkey! a turkey!" said the little girl. "Oh, won't we have a famous dinner, mother?" Then her voice changed suddenly. "Has father come home?"

"Yes, dear, he will spend Christmas with us; and here are his gifts to his little girl, with mother's also; not so beautiful as those which were sent; but my Nettie will value them I know, for they are brim-full of love from father and mother."

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His mother writes: "Johnny was a little Christian; he talked constantly of religion and heaven." Certainly he was a Christian. About two weeks ago, he said:

"Mamma I wouldn't like to die alone. If I should ask God, wouldn't he take us together?" I told him, no; God would take us one at a time. If he took him first, he would take care of him till I came; and if he took me first, I would be watching and waiting for him. He said, "Mamma, I want God to take you first, and then, when he comes for me,—just as soon as he puts my wings on, I will fly right into your arms; and oh, mamma, we would be so happy;" and then she adds: "I feel that I am not now the mother of a little, afflicted, deformed sufferer, but the mother of a beautiful and perfectly formed angel. Heaven has a much stronger attraction for me now that God has taken Johnny."

At two o'clock in the morning of April 9th, 1872, Johnny awoke and asked for water. His mother gave him water, and then said: "Good-night, my precious child."

"Good-night, my precious mamma." And both mother and child went to sleep, and while they slept the angels came and put the wings on Johnny, and when his mother awoke at daylight, he had plumed his wings and fled, not into his mother's arms, but into the arms of Him who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

Johnny was very smart, good, quick, and pure. He could sing many Sunday school songs, knew the Catechism, and had a remarkable knowledge of the Scriptures. He was the son of Mattie A. Holcomb, the grandson of Hawkins Wickersham, and an angel with wings before he was five years old.

Golden Links of Kindred.

Blessed is the home that holds in its midst one central magnet, about which thronging hearts, reddened by the same blood, move with never-failing attraction. When golden links of kindred, circling that human loadstone, are strong, and bright, and many, who can measure the wealth of love that lies within their holy compass? With every shining fether added to the precious round, new joys spring into existence; new interests bind us to sacred memories of the past, or sweet associations of the present; new affections bend us earthward, towards those who come to make earth dearer, or lift us heavenward, with those who ascend to the skies.

The commonest events of life, events of every-day occurrence to all humanity, send an electric thrill of pain or pleasure through that far-reaching chain of kinship, and, stirring sympathetic pulses, draw the bond of union closer.

A little child opens its sinless eyes upon the day,—behold! another link put forth for tender lips to kiss into brightness,—for loving arms to welcome,—for swelling hearts to give room,—for voiceless benedictions to cover!

A youth, or maiden, stretches out a hand, with heart within; and lo! another link is clasped, by wedding-ring, upon the kin-bond chain,—and nuptial gifts and festive gatherings, and fond congratulations, greet its admission!

The Angel of Death descends, and singles out the purest link, and softly bears it to a home invisible. Tears of agony

must flow, and grief-wrung hearts must ache; but tears that fall from many eyes, weeping together, lose their bitterness; and heavy hearts that lean on one another find their load of pain and sorrow lightened.

Other less mournful partings come; some of the close-knit band must make their homes on foreign shores; but ocean cables are less strong and true than bonds of union, that no seas can sever; and rapture grows out of the very pangs of absence, when wanderers return, with tiny links hanging, like diamond pendants, from their own.

Birth, marriage, death, parting, meeting; these are but brief and every-day events, yet through the golden link of kindred they send a current of emotion that stirs many hearts, and makes epochs in many lives! Oh! keep the links pure and bright, however long the chain; and burdens of sorrow will be lessened because shared, and sources of joy will swell in number, because they reach as far as blood extends.

Children.

I think them the poetry of the world,—the fresh flowers of our hearts and homes; little conjurers, with natural magic, evoking by their spells what delights and enriches all ranks, and equalizes the different classes of society. Often as they bring with them their anxieties and cares, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get on, very badly without them. Only think,—if there was never anything anywhere to be seen but great grown-up men and women! How we should long for the sight of a little child!

Every infant comes into the world like a delegated prophet, the harbinger and herald of good tidings, whose office it is "to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children," and to draw, "the disobedient to the wisdom of the just." A child softens and purifies the heart, warming and melting it by its gentle presence; it enriches the soul by new feeling, and awakens within it what is favorable to virtue. It is a beam of light, a fountain of love, a teacher, whose lessons few can resist. Infants recall us from much that engenders and encourages selfishness, that freezes the affections; roughens the manners, infuses coldness; they brighten the home, deepen love, invigorate exertion, infuse courage, and vivify and sustain the charities of life. It would be a terrible world, I do think, if it was not embellished by little children.—T. Binney.

At night thou must go in prayer as a beggar, if by day thou wilt carry thyself as a king.—Saadi.

Literary Review.

How I FOUND LIVINGSTONE: Travels, Adventures and Discoveries in Central Africa; including an account of Four Months' Residence with Dr. Livingstone. By Henry M. Stanley. Traveling correspondent of the New York Herald. With Maps and Illustrations after Drawings by the Author. Published only by Subscription. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1872. octavo, pp. 736.

It is generally conceded at length that Mr. Stanley did find Dr. Livingstone, and no reader of this book will complain of any lack of pains-taking on the part of the author to explain how it was done, or of any failure to exalt the undesigned sufferer, but the mother of a beautiful and perfectly formed angel. Heaven has a much stronger attraction for me now that God has taken Johnny.

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Let the sources of the Nile go—do you come home and rest; then, after a year's rest, and restored health, you can return and finish what you have to do.

"But ever the answer was, 'No, I should like to see my family very much indeed. My children's letters affect me intensely; but I must not go home; I must finish my task. It is only the want of supplies that has detained me. I should have finished the discovery of the Nile by this, by tracing it to its connection with either Baker's Lake or Petherick's branch of the Nile. If I had only gone one month further, I could have said, 'The work is done.' But Dr. Kirk has kept on sending me slaves over and over again; and he ought to know, too, what slaves are. Why have I been gone to Baniyas for men I can't make out?"

STRIKING FOR THE RIGHT. By Julia A. Eastman, author of "School-days of Beulah Home," etc. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 1873. 16mo. pp. 414.

SILENT TOM. By N. I. Edson. Same Publishers. 1873. 16mo. pp. 377.

MARGARET WORTHINGTON; or, Holding forth the Word of Life. By Katherine Prevost. Same Publishers. 1873. 16mo. pp. 380.

Striking for the Right is a book that has a history and a character lying behind its fitting title. The Publishers illustrated their enterprise and their high aim by offering, not long since, the magnificent prize of one thousand dollars for the best juvenile volume that should meet certain specified conditions. There were many competitors, and a huge pile of manuscripts that came into notice. This book stands at the head of the list, and the author takes the money. The reader will not be likely to feel surprised. It is admirable in all respects. It lacks no element of a thorough success. It throbs from beginning to end with genuine and healthy life. It sparkles with brilliancy. Its wit is full of keenness and surprises. Its humor is of the truest and juiciest sort. Its pathos will now and then blur and blind the eyes of cool readers. Its character-painting exalts nature and interprets art. Its sympathy is magnetic, masterly, and all-pervading. Its moral tone is exceptionally high. And while giving no hint of cant or mere religious sentimentalism, and routine, it perpetually puts God, and duty, and soul-culture into the very heart of its sketches and lessons. Its special aim is to get justice and mercy exalted in the treatment of brutes, and so is an ally of Mr. Bergh in his enlistment of the boys and girls on the side of humanity. But, beyond this, it is a noble, needed, and timely plea for a true, domestic, and moral training of the young, put into the form of a story, whose interest, magnetism and power are something as rare as they are admirable. This is high praise, but it is not extravagant. Its merits seem almost certain to secure for it a very wide reading and a noble mission.

Silent Tom takes rank among the best of the always excellent issues of this enterprising house. It stands next to "Striking for the Right," for while that most attractive volume took the first prize of \$1000, this took the second. The name of the author, as given on the title page—"N. I. Edson,"—seems to be a new one in literature, but it is evidently a practiced hand that penned these pages, the servant of a trained and fruitful brain. There are not a few things in the book that suggest a popular writer, over whose pages many of us have bent before now, thrilled, magnetized and fearful. At any rate, here is a book that merits a wide reading, and will get it. Silent Tom is at once a grand and fearful character, with noble endowments and a high sense of honor, a natural intellectual leader, or but a pungent cynic and a fierce and open infidel, who fights the truth with his forcible logic and imperious will till he is conquered and won by the patience, and gentleness, and purity which it nurtures in the souls about him. There is some fine character-drawing. Mr. Eggleston and his noble daughter Ruth, Dr. Willis, the wide-awake physician, half-demented Mit and the strange child Sandy, Mrs. Riggs, the old Scotch housekeeper, and Gracie Warwick, the refined and heroic wife of Tom—all these are personages that stand out with all the reality of living acquaintances. The aim of the book is high; its teaching is not less effective for being indirect, and it honors true religion as much as it exalts literary art.

Margaret Worthington is also one of the \$1,000 Prize Series, and deserves its place. It gives us a finely drawn portrait of a young lady, the daughter of a college Professor, who spent a winter with the family of an uncle in the city, where she found wealth, culture, taste, domestic sympathy and a high social honor, but where the vital spirit of religion was quite wanting; and the books sets forth her wise and faithful and loving and efficient service as a disciple of Christ and a modest but successful worker with her Master in this particular sphere. The book is written with a high aim and a thorough appreciation of the quiet, modest, womanly but heroic spirit in which fidelity to the claims of the gospel sometimes gets itself embodied in social and domestic life, and which this young girl so beautifully and forcibly illustrates. There is nothing fish-wrought and sensational, but much that is mentally vivacious and morally elevating. It is a charming and excellent volume for young ladies, and its indirect work for true religion is likely to be all the more effective because it never sets itself up in the capacity of a pulp or formal preacher.

All these volumes are issued in a style at once suggestive, chaste and beautiful, and their popularity would seem to be assured beforehand.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is always sure of deserving a welcome. It is never weak, not often dull, frequently fresh and brilliant, and always scholarly and strong. The issue for Jan. is remarkable for the variety of its papers. The first article gives us a thoughtful, just and well written statement on the topic chosen, and there seems little that has not been previously well thought out and forcibly said, and no especially new or timely lessons are drawn forth. The second article is a good fragment of history, made a little more than usually interesting by the recent lectures of Froude and Father Burke. The third article involves an able discussion of one of the most significant of social topics, and deserves a thorough reading.—The view of French politics in the fourth article seems intelligent and is forcibly stated; then the dramatic qualities of Bjornson are skillfully set forth, and the topics considered in other articles will secure them interested readers. The Book Notices are less keen, critical and exhaustive than they sometimes appear. The contents are as follows: The Rise of Napoleonism; Henry Flood; Capital and Labor; Causes of the Commune; Bjornsjerne Bjornson as a Dramatist; The Rationale of the Opposition to Capital Punishment; Mixed Population of North Carolina; Critical Notices.—Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

THE BIBLICAL SACRA is fully itself in its last issue, inasmuch as it deals mainly with the very class of topics which it was established to discuss and expound. It is full of critical theological scholarship, and adapted to broaden the field of thought and study which the intelligent ministry of the country are called to investigate. The first, third, fifth and eighth articles in this issue deserve special attention. Contents: Christian Esoteric Lutheranism; Reformation of the Bible; as to the Design of St. John's Gospel; The Doctrine of the Chinese Language; Doctrine of the Triumph of Christ's Kingdom Distinguished from Hellenism; The Natural Basis of our Spiritual Language; Paul's Panegyric of Love; Unconscious Greek Prophecy; The Purifying Meal; Contributions to History; Notices of Recent Publications.—Andover: W. P. Draper.

Literary Miscellany.

A Story of Society.

About forty years ago, an heir was born to one of the families claiming Brabine cast in this country. If any such claim be just, we might grant it to the traditions, the culture, the thorough breeding of this man's race. Culture and traditions and breeding were facts assured to them for so many generations that they were the least self-assured of human beings. Philip, having reached manhood, lived with his mother in the quietest of stately old mansions, on the quietest street of the gravest of American cities. The house stood back among century-old hemlocks and oaks; it held a fair proportion of the few really fine paintings there are in this country; there were in it also, one or two fine marbles, and on the walls some priceless etchings. The old-fashioned rooms were full of bric-a-brac; the closets of marvelous china. Philip was a tall, dark, lean man, with the erect carriage and high features of an Indian; something he had too of the gravity and reticence of the red man. Rook, the liquor-dealer around the corner, seeing the faultless fit of his boots and gloves, and the thoroughbred grays he drove, sneered at him every morning for a "bloated aristocrat." The porter and tract distributor looked at bric-a-brac and horses, and inquired why these things were not sold and the money given to the poor. Some of us, perhaps, in bitter mood, watching him come out of church, might have questioned whether he and his class were not serving God and Mammon. Neither Rook nor colporteur understood that to Philip, paintings, luxurious surroundings, and well-fitting clothes since his birth, had been common-place necessities, to be assessed or dispensed with as little as daily air or light. If Philip was a hero, he had none of the car-marks by which the gods of men are known in ordinary life. He was not heroically cynical, nor heroically enthusiastic; apparently he had never discovered human nature to be corrupt or society based on falsehood and tyranny; he had not evolved from his inner consciousness the ghost of a theory to set the world right; he had never hinted reform in a lecture, or even a leading article; he was not a member of a society of any sort; his name was found on a subscription list; the apparent tenor of his life was strictly that of his class; he read law enough to enable him to manage his estates; he was a hard student in such branches of science as suited his whim; his companions were well-bred men, refined, beautiful women; he had a keen appreciation of the best music; he went to balls, to the opera, in winter; he hunted or sailed his yacht in summer. If any of his compatriots had been asked for Philip's story, they might have quoted: "Story, God bless you! there is none to tell, sir." But few of them noticed the one singular trait in the man, the entire absence in his talk or thoughts of all mention or remembrance of himself. Whether the peculiarity was hereditary, or whether some unwelcome accident had given to him in early life the second sight, which showed him how insignificant each human atom was before God and among his fellows, no one knew; but the result was a quiet, life-long ignoring of Philip by Philip, as far removed from conscious humility as vanity. "I saw him mentioned in an English journal as one of the first three chess-players in this country," said one friend, "I had been intimate with him for nine years, and never knew before that he understood the game." "He had the healthiest, sweetest moral nature I ever met with," said one of the first of our Christian teachers, "but no man ever heard him talk of his religion or his creed."

There was to be a private concert one winter's evening, and among the artists and artists were to be present. They waited for Philip, for his verdict was important to the debutant; more than one fair, fastidious face, turned impatiently to the door, watching for him. Some one then brought the word that Philip lay dying of a foul disease contracted in visiting a jail. The shock of surprise was as great to his friends as that of pain, we can easily believe. These fair, delicate women could not associate jail and death from foul disease with the Philip they had known. After he was dead it was told quietly (people spoke of Philip quietly, alive or dead) that there was not a jail, nor almshouse, nor a prison of vice and misery in the city with which he had not been familiar for years. How much of his income had gone to his poorer brother, only God remembered.

The story is, after all, one of negatives. Assuredly Philip made no mark in the world, no bruit among men as Americans are taught it is the highest aim of life to do. But we tell his story because we believe this type among his class of our countrymen is not uncommon, and in these days, when a man so easily becomes his own demigod, it is as worth while to suggest it to our boys as to admonish them with cheap glory, or advertised philanthropy. Nobody would call Philip a successful life; the mention of him in the newspapers even was the briefest; he dropped silently out of the circle of his friends; but they who knew him are startled even yet to find how his memory remains, unlike that of others who are dead; how, remembering him, it is easy to do right, to take their proper humble place before God and among his creatures; how he seems even in the silence of the grave to live with Nature, fulfilling God's word with the breath of every summer day, healthful, potent, calm.—N. Y. Tribune.

Prof. Agassiz's Protest.

At the late meeting of the National Academy of Science held at Cambridge, Professor Agassiz defended himself against the domineering spirit of the materialists who have attempted to read him out of the ranks of modern scientists. When such a man as he is regarded as a fossil, by this new school of self-asserting teachers, we may easily define the issues of their so-called science. The Professor threw down the gauntlet to them, in this declaration:

As I grow older in the ranks of science, said the Professor, I feel more and more the danger of stretching inferences from a few observations to a wide field. I see that the younger generations among naturalists are at this moment falling into the mistake of making assertions and presenting views as scientific principles which are not even based upon real observations. I think it is time that some positive remonstrance be made against this tendency. The manner in which the evolution theory in zoology is treated would lead those who are not special zoologists to suppose that observations have been made, by which it can be inferred that there is in nature such a thing as

change among organized beings actually taking place. There is no such thing on record. It is shifting the ground of one field of observation to another to make this statement, and when the assertions go so far as to exclude from the domain of science those who will not be dragged into this mire of mere assertion, then it is time to protest. He thought it was intolerant to say that he was not on scientific grounds because he was not falling into the path which was occupied by those who maintain that all organized beings have been derived from a few original progenitors. Other supporters of the transmutation doctrine assume that they can demonstrate the changes that have taken place by showing certain degrees of resemblance; but what they never touch is the quality and condition of those few first progenitors from which they were evolved. They assume that they contained all that is necessary to evolve what exists now. That is begging the question at the outset; for if these first prototypes contained the principle of evolution, we should know something about them from observation, and it should be shown that there are such organized beings as are capable of evolution. I ask, Whence came these properties? If this power and capacity of change is not inherent in the first progenitors, then I ask, Whence came the impulses by which those progenitors which have not this power of change in themselves, acquire it? What is the power by which they are started in directions which are not determined by their prime five nature? From the total silence of the supporters of the transmutation theory on these and other points, he did not think it worth while to take the slightest notice of this doctrine of evolution in his scientific considerations. He acknowledged what the evolutionists had done incidentally in scientific research; none had done more than Mr. Darwin. He believed he had been injured woefully by his adherents. He was a far better man than most of his school made him.

British Museum Reading-Room.

The great reading-room of the Museum is the almost daily resort of many of the men and women whose names are famous here as there, yet such is the democracy of its government, the humblest and obscurest of authors, would-be authors, amateur dabblers in books, and more pleasure-seeking novel-readers may, by complying with certain forms, jostle the world-renowned poet at the threshold, or sit cheek by jowl with an essayist and reviewer in the luxurious, leather-bound arm-chairs provided for all the world. One, as he sits there, is sometimes startled, as he refreshes his eyes a moment by glancing off his book and round upon his neighbors, to see just beside him a familiar face—a face that has many a time looked out on him from frontispieces of half-calf volumes, or in the windows of photographers and bookstores. So cosily ensconced in a spacious fauteuil, with a pile of books which have been summoned from the vasty ocean of surrounding shelves scattered about the desk, have I many times recognized these historic faces. More than once the rotund figure, and fat, red, Falstaff features of Mark Lemon bustled by; I have seen the tall, boyish form, daintily white and thoughtful, yet youthful face of Swinburne, sitting close over his books; Browning, true poet's face, calm, deep, large, dark-eyed, gray-haired, and bearded; Lewes, the philosopher, and his illustrious wife, George Eliot; Fronde, seeming like a scholarly New Englander, with fine, contemplative, pale, thin features, and a sharp, penetrating, brown eye; once, the venerable and never-to-be-forgotten head and form of Carlyle, with large brow, deep-sunken eyes, and shaggy white hair and beard; Charles Reade, with his full face, small eyes and bald crown; and Wilkie Collins, with full beard and mustache, large, round, blue eyes, and quick, prompt manner.—Harper's Magazine.

The Resources of Japan.

A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, speaking from personal knowledge of the natural resources of Japan, says:

In minerals the country is very rich. The precious and useful metals are found there in large quantities, as well as coal, and a few mines are already worked on an important scale. Rock crystal is abundant, pearls and corals are fished along the coast, not to diamonds, or indeed any other stones of value, have yet been found. We all know how able the Japanese are in metal working, especially in cutlery and gold and copper; we have but a general idea of the matchless finish and subtle delicacy of the handiwork, and of the talent which that handiwork reveals. With the skill which they have so long possessed, and with the capacity of imitation (let it be remembered that they built their first steamboat and their engine solely from a description in a Dutch book), it may be expected that they will soon produce all the hardware with which we now supply them. In manufactures generally, there has not, so far, been much development, though several European articles, such as window glass, grape wine, and beer are beginning to be made on a small scale. In the staple products of Japan, in lacquer, porcelain, silk and straw, no change can be possibly wished for; they are so perfect that foreigners have not learned to equal them. Indeed, the secret of good lacquer and of weaving silk with the same pattern on both sides has never been discovered outside Japan.

The Dread of Death.

The dread of death is universal and instinctive; and yet how many rush into its arms! Suicide is a most impressive fact in this connection. The disappointed lover, the discouraged adventurer, the suspected clerk, the child wounded in its self-love or fear of punishment, faces the great enemy and invites his blow. Every now and then the community is shocked by suicides so unprovoked and so frequent as to make us pause to ask what the natural fear of death is passing away. The inconsistency is easily explained. Lord Bacon says there is no passion that will not overcome the terror of death. For passion is thoughtless; occupied wholly with an immediate suffering, it makes no estimate of any other kind of pain; absorbed in an instantaneous sorrow it takes no other sorrow into account. The mind entertains but one passion at a time, whether it be joy or fear. But men are not always or generally under the influence of passion. Ordinary life is calm, calculating, considerate, and it is to ordinary life that death is terrible. It is the thought of death that is terrible, not death. Death is gentle, peaceful, painless; instead of bringing suffering, it brings an end of suffering. It is misery's cure. Where death is, agony is not. The processes of death are all friendly. The near aspect of death is gracious. There is a picture somewhere of a friendly face, livid and ghastly,

which the beholder gazes on with horror, and would turn away from, but for a hideous fascination that not only rivets his attention, but draws him closer to it. On approaching the picture, the hideousness disappears, and when directly confronted it is not any more seen; the face is the face of an angel. It is a picture of death, and the object of the artist was to impress the idea that the terror of death is an apprehension.

Chinese Visiting Cards.

Visiting is made a serious business in China, and every individual of respectability must have a servant to carry and present his cards. A Chinese card is not a white, glazed little bit of pasteboard, but a huge sheet of scarlet paper with the name inscribed in large characters; the more man-mould-like the character the more grand and respectable it is. Cards are of several kinds. There is the plain kind—a single sheet of scarlet paper—with the name written or stamped nearest the right hand and topmost side. This is employed on common occasions. Then there is the official card, mostly used by mandarins on visits of ceremony. This is also a single sheet, and it contains the name preceded by the entire title, written down the center, from top to bottom. Then, again, there is the full card, which is only produced on very grand occasions, such as New Year visits, visits of congratulation or condolence. The full card is folded, and must contain ten folds. It does not give titles, but simply contains the name of the individual written in the right hand and bottom corner of the first fold, prefixed by the words, "Your stupid younger brother," and followed by the words, "bows his head and pays his respects." Where the person visited belongs to a generation senior to the visitor, the latter styles himself, "Your stupid nephew." If to two generations, the visitor takes to himself the name of "uncle" instead of "nephew," meaning, however, the deplorable appellative of "stupid." There are still further varieties of self-designation, according to the particular gradations of relationships; but these we have quoted will suffice to give an idea of the punctilious rules peculiar to Chinese visiting. We may add that the card last described is, as a matter of etiquette, always understood to be returned to the visitor, it being, presumably, expensive to have such voluminous proofs of regard with such a number of friends.—Every Saturday.

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 specially important. Not more than a single square can be afforded to any single obituary. Verses are inadmissible.

ROXANA HOVEY, relict of Thomas McConnell, and of the late Philip Fiske, by her second marriage, died at the residence of her son, Lieut. Col. John McConnell, in Hatley, P. Q., Nov. 1, 1872, aged 92 years and 14 months. The subject of this notice was born in Holland, Conn., and in 1799 her father's family moved from Charlotte, Vt., to the then limits of Hatley. She possessed physical and mental powers of great endurance and elasticity, indomitable energy, sterling integrity, a kind and benevolent disposition, added to a Christian profession in connection with the Free Baptist church, of which she was a consistent member for many years. She finally took her departure from this life as quietly as she came, the babe reposing upon the maternal breast. Our church, of which she was a member, I think was the first Christian church organized in the eastern township.

NATHAN TAYLOR, one of the first inhabitants, died in Hatley, P. Q., Aug. 11, having lived quietly on his old farm, a life of 84 years. He was a good man, he died in peace, and has joined, as we trust, his departed companion who passed away a few months before. He leaves to mourn 3 sons and 1 daughter.

JOHN HARVEY, Jr., died in Hatley, P. Q., Dec. 18, after some years of severe suffering, quietly on his old farm, a life of 84 years. He was a good man, he died in peace, and has joined, as we trust, his departed companion who passed away a few months before. He leaves to mourn 3 sons and 1 daughter.

SARAH DAVIS, died in Fairfield, Dec. 17, 1872, in the triumph of faith, aged 57 years and 8 months. She experienced religion some 30 years since and united with the Free Baptist church, and maintained a Christian life to the end.

IDA MAY, only child of Ira and Hadasah Buzzell, died in South Dover, Dec. 23, aged 4 years and 3 months. Her sickness was short, and though parents fondly loved and clung to her, the Saviour took her to himself. She has only just crossed over to the other shore, to wait for loved ones left behind. T. A. P.

CHARLES, only child of George and Josephine Bradburn, died in Farmington, N. H., Dec. 11, 1872, aged 1 year and 11 months. D. L. EDERLY.

BRO. STEPHEN HARRIS died in Sherburne, N. Y., Oct. 9, aged 56 years. Bro. H. was thrown from his wagon while on the way to the factory with his milk, and fractured his skull. He lived 20 hours, but was not conscious of his suffering. Death did not take him by surprise, since he fell with his armor on. He was unusually fervent that morning in prayer at the bedside, and he had expressed to his friends his impression that something important was about to take place. The community, the church, and most of all, his family mourn their loss. J. M. LANGWORTHY.

BETSEY, widow of Jeremiah Merrill, formerly of Corinth, Vt., died at her son-in-law's in North Tisbury, Mass., Dec. 18, 1872, aged 90 years and 5 months. The deceased experienced a change of heart under the labors of Rev. Nath. Bowles, and was baptized by the same. She died peacefully in prospect of heaven. G. W. RICHARDSON.

SARAH BARTLETT died in Gifford, Jan. 3, aged 80 years. Her life was retired, quiet and peaceful. After enjoying unusually good health to ripe old age, she peacefully departed this life, leaving a hope to her friends that she has joined that immortal company where the robes are washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. S. C. K.

CHANDLER B. ALDRICH died in Farmington, Mass., Dec. 11, 1872, aged 38 years. Scarcely can we look upon death as otherwise than sad. But when there is a willingness to persevere up to the end, and to be in the hands of God, as in the case of the departed, not only the memory of the dead, but the event itself, leaves bright and pleasant associations. May the cloud of God's glory rest upon those whose hearts are made sad by this event, and may they realize the fullness of the promise: "My grace is sufficient for thee." A. M. F.

CORDELLA, daughter of Rev. Thomas Jackson, died in Cabot, Aug. 15, aged 44 years and 9 months. Her life was retired, quiet and peaceful. After enjoying unusually good health to ripe old age, she peacefully departed this life, leaving a hope to her friends that she has joined that immortal company where the robes are washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. S. C. K.

watched over her by day and by night. Her feeble frame seemed overburdened with care and sorrow and she never regained her health. Calmly and gently she has passed away to her everlasting rest. L. E. H.

LIZZIE A., wife of Hiram Newman, Esq., died in Mt. Pleasant, Wis., Jan. 4, of pleuro-pneumonia, aged 35 years and 8 days. Fifteen years ago, united with Rev. J. M. Woodman, sister Newman gave her heart to God. Five years ago, she and her now bereaved husband were baptized by Rev. S. Bathrick and united with the F. B. church. Since that time she has done a large work for the Master and has steadily ripened up for glory. Always able and willing, and full of activity and energy, her place in the walks of our Zion will not be easily filled. The blow was so sudden and heavy, the providence so inscrutable, that we almost refuse to be comforted. But through patience and comfort of the Scriptures we have hope, knowing that the Master whom she loved so well will not fail us in our sorrow. R. L. H.

Academies, &c.

HILLSDALE COLLEGE.

REV. DANIEL M. GRAHAM, D. D., President, and Prof. of Mental Philosophy and Biblical Literature. REV. RANSOM DUNN, A. M., Burr Prof. Systematic and Pastoral Theology. REV. SPENCER J. FOWLER, A. M., Prof. Mathematics and Nat. Philosophy. GEORGE M. LANGRISH, A. M., Prof. of the Greek and Latin Languages. DANIEL M. FISK, B. S., Prof. Nat. Science. REV. R. L. HARRIS, A. M., Prof. of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres. MISS H. LAURA BOWE, A. M., Prin. of the Ladies' Department. ALEXANDER C. RIDEOUT, Prin. Com. Department. WARREN A. DRAKE, Asst. Prin. and Instructor in Penmanship. GEORGE B. MASTER, Instructor in Painting and Drawing. MELVILLE W. CHASE, Instructor in Instrumental and Vocal Music. REV. JOHN S. COOP, Instructor in Theological Department. MISS ALMA H. FISK, Ins. in French and German. MISS MARY A. STRATTON, Asst. Prin. in Ladies' Department.

CALENDAR, 1873.
March 19—Spring Term begins.
June 19—Commencement.
September 3—Fall Term begins.
December 1—Winter Term begins.
For College Catalogue apply to
L. P. REYNOLDS, Secy. & Treas.

LAPHAM INSTITUTE.

The SPRING TERM will commence on Monday, Jan. 27, 1873.

Complete courses of study for both sexes.
C. H. EICKER, Prin.
North Scituate, R. I., Jan. 1, 1873.

NORTHWOOD SEMINARY.

The FALL TERM of eleven weeks will commence on WEDNESDAY, Dec. 4, 1872.
WILLIAM H. COTTON, A. B., Principal.
The tuition will be as follows:
Primary Branches, \$4.00
Common English, 5.00
Higher English, 5.50
Classical, 6.00
Board and Rooms can be obtained at reasonable rates.
For further particulars address the Principal, or
THOMAS TUTTLE, M. D., President.
Northwood, N. H., Aug. 12, 1872.

YNDOL LITERARY INSTITUTE.

LYNDON CENTER, VT.

Faculty:
J. S. BROWN, A. B., Principal, Latin and Greek.
Miss LIZZIE CALLEY, Preceptor, French and Natural Science.
Miss IDA E. MERRILL, Mathematics and Rhetoric.
Miss MARY E. MOREY, Music.
Miss ELLEN A. PERKINS, Penmanship.

CALENDAR:
Fall Term of 13 weeks, begins August 27, 1872.
Winter Term of 13 weeks, begins December 3, 1872.
Spring Term of 13 weeks, begins March 4, 1873.

Tuition:
Common English, \$5.00
Common English, 5.00
Higher English, 7.50
French (extra), 2.00
Instruction on Piano or Organ, 10.00
Instruction on Piano or Organ (extra), 10.00
Instruction on Guitar, 1.00
Vocal Music Lessons, 1.50
Penmanship, 1.50
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-boarders.

LOCATION.

The new commodious building, suitable in its arrangements, recently erected for the use of the School, is situated on a gentlemanly farm, the village of Lyndon Center, and is in the midst of the universally admired hill scenery of Vermont. The Lyndonville station, on the Passumpsic railroad, is but a minute walk from the Institution. It is thus easily accessible from all parts of the country, and at the same time removed from the distractions and temptations of the world, and the attention and corrupt the morals of the young in our cities.

For further particulars, address the Principal at Lyndon Center, or W. C. SAMPSON, Secretary, at Lyndonville.

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. COLGROVE, A. M., President.

GREEN MOUNTAIN SEMINARY.

WATERBURY CENTER, VT.

Faculty:
C. A. MOORE, A. B., Principal.
I. D. SMITH, Principal Commercial 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. 25, 1873.

Board may be obtained in private families at \$3.50 per week, or may be obtained for self-boarding at reasonable rates.
Complete courses of study for both sexes. Special attention given to those desiring to take a thorough course in Music.
For further particulars, address the Principal.

WHITESTOWN SEMINARY.

The WINTER TERM of this institution will open Dec. 9th. Six complete courses of study for both sexes, and all departments are prepared for college, for teaching and for business.

The Music Department has just been enlarged, and is now under the supervision of Mr. J. S. GARDINER, Principal. 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 is under the control of the Wisconsin Yearly Meeting, and has been in successful operation for three years. The coming year promises more enlarged usefulness. The village of Evansville is finely 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 Nov. 22.
WINTER TERM opens Dec. 10—continuing 13 weeks, closing Feb. 28.
For further particulars, address
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 cannot be surpassed in healthfulness, beauty, and freedom from corrupting influences.
Expenses only \$175 for College year of 40 weeks, including Tuition, Boarding, Washing, Rent, Fuel and all heavier Furniture.
For Catalogue or further information, address the President, Rev. J. CALDER, D. D., or the Preceptor, Miss MARY W. HOOD, A. M., Agricultural College, P. O., Center Co., Pa.

WILTON COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

WILTON, IOWA.

Commences its Fall Term September 2, 1872.

Catalogues sent to inquirers.

PARSONSFIELD SEMINARY.

The SPRING TERM of this institution will commence Tuesday, Feb. 11, and continue eleven weeks, under the instruction of J. LANSFORD, recently Principal of N. E. Masonic Institute, Center Ellingham, N. H.

Tuition from \$3.00 to \$6.00.
Rooms for self-boarding may be obtained at reasonable rates.
For further information address ISA A. PHILBRICK or IVORY MARCH.

DR. MOSES E. SWEAT, Secy.

NEW HAMPTON INSTITUTION.

A. E. MESERVEY, A. M., Principal, with eight associates.
Six regular courses for both sexes. Four terms of ten weeks each.

CALENDAR:

Fall Term begins August 26, 1872.
Fall Term closes November 1, 1872.
Winter Term begins November 18, 1872.
Winter Term closes January 24, 1873.
Spring Term begins February 3, 1873.
Spring Term closes April 11, 1873.
Summer Term begins April 28, 1873.
Summer Term closes July 1, 1873.

For further particulars, apply to the Principal, or E. C. LEWIS, Sec. Trustees.
New Hampton, N. H., July 22, 1872.

BATES THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

The next Term of this school will commence Aug. 4, 1873. The Faculty for the next year is organized as follows:

Rev. O. B. CHENEY, D. D., President.
Rev. J. Fullerton, D. D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology.
Rev. J. J. Butler, D. D., Professor of New Testament, Greek and Homilies.
Rev. F. Hays, A. M., Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.
Rev. J. A. Howe, A. M., Professor of Systematic Theology.
Thomas S. Rich, Professor of Hebrew.
Two Courses of study are prescribed: one embracing the whole of the Bible, and the other omitting the ancient languages.
Liberal aid is rendered to those needing it.
Lewiston, Me., July 16, 1872.

AUSTIN ACADEMY,

STRAFFORD CENTER, N. H.

The Fall Term of this Institution will commence Tuesday, Aug. 29, and continue eleven weeks, under the instruction of I. P. Quimby, Jr., recently Principal of Greeley Institute, Cumberland Center, Me.

Tuition from \$2.50 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, combine to offer the best inducements to those desiring a thorough academic education that the school has heretofore offered.
For particular information address the Principal, I. P. QUIMBY, Jr.

NICHOLS LATIN SCHOOL.

SPRING AND SUMMER TERMS begin Jan. 13 and April 7, 1873.

L. G. JORDAN, A. B., Principal, with three Assistants.

The special work of this school is to fit students for College, and it is open for both sexes. The school being composed of only one department, a thoroughness in doing their work is secured from both teachers and pupils, which is not ordinarily found in schools where so many kinds of work are done. The students are thoroughly drilled in Latin and Greek, and Geography, Ancient History, Algebra and Geometry. Special attention is given to reading, declamation, composition, Greek and Latin poetry, and the location of the school so near the College and Theological School, affords advantages of association with students of a higher rank and culture. The public lectures of these institutions are invaluable.

MAINE CENTRAL INSTITUTE.

PITTSFIELD, ME.

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

Fall term commences Aug. 25, 1872.

Winter term commences Nov. 7, 1872.

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

Mrs. A. ROLINE M. FILES, Teacher of French and Mathematics.

Miss ORA A. NOELL, Teacher of German.

Miss CLARA A. FORBES, Associate in Normal Department.

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

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

Prof. D. M. WATT, (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 middle of the term.

The price of board, in clubs, varies from \$1.50 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.

RIDGEVILLE COLLEGE.

The FALL TERM will begin Aug. 20 and close Nov. 5, 1872.

EXPENSES.

Tuition and incidentals, in advance, \$7.00

Room rent, per term, from \$2.40 to 4.00

Board, per week, in private families, 5.00

Board, per week, in clubs, 2.00

EXTRA CHARGES.

Instrumental Music, twenty lessons, \$10.00

Use of Instrument for practice, 1.50

Vocal Music for Gentlemen, 1.50

Ladies, 1.00

Penmanship, fifteen lessons, 1.50

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News Summary.

CONGRESSIONAL.

On Monday, in the Senate, nothing of importance was accomplished, the time being principally occupied in the discussion of a resolution for the sale of government lands for the benefit of agricultural colleges. No action was reached. In the House, a resolution directing an inquiry into the conduct of Judge Durell, and providing for his impeachment if he has usurped the jurisdiction not vested in his court, was adopted. The greater part of the session was occupied in discussing a resolution for the appointment of a joint special committee to inquire into the Louisiana troubles, resulting finally in the adoption of a substitute referring the President's message on the subject to the judiciary committee, with instructions to report whether any action on the part of Congress was required.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, a bill was passed to allow national banks to loan to any individual or corporation ten per cent. upon their surplus profits as well as on their national capital. In the House the resolution repealing the ninth section of the army appropriation bill of 1871, to retain only one-half the earnings on Government business, was adopted.

On Wednesday, in the Senate, a minority report on the question concerning the release of currency by Secretary Boutwell was received from the finance committee. In the House of Representatives the post-office appropriation bill (\$32,500,000) was reported and made a special order for Tuesday next. The bill amending the bankruptcy act was passed. The legislative appropriation bill was considered.

On Thursday, the business of Congress was comparatively unimportant. In the Senate, Mr. Sherman spoke in favor of the Buckingham bill for the resumption of specie payments, and offered a substitute therefor. The bill for the admission of Colorado as a State was discussed in the House, but no action taken.

On Friday, in the Senate, the Vienna Exposition bill, appropriating \$300,000 to aid American representation, was passed. Mr. Morton's resolution for an inquiry into the defects of the present electoral system and the best remedy, was called up by the author, who made an elaborate speech on the subject. The business in the House was not of special importance, being chiefly preliminary to future legislation.

The Senate was not in session Saturday, and the House of Representatives transacted no business of special importance.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The financial exhibit of Comptroller Green of New York shows an increase of seven and a quarter millions in the city debt during 1872.

The total cost of the Hoosac Tunnel to Jan. 1, 1873, is about nine million three hundred thousand dollars. When completed it will cost the State about thirteen millions of dollars.

New Hampshire is one of the nine States in which the post office receipts exceed the expenditures; the surplus on her behalf last year was over \$30,000.

During four months, ending October last, \$22,000 were paid for extra legal services against New York ring thieves.

The Erie Railroad directors have voted to re-issue \$10,000,000 of bonds to repair the road and lay a double track.

The New Hampshire republican State convention met in Concord Jan. 14, and nominated the Hon. E. A. Straw of Manchester for re-election as governor, and Edward P. Hodson of Dover for railroad commissioner. The most complete unanimity prevailed.

Nearly 50,000 pounds of old type have already been sent in for the Greeley monument.

The National Prison Association assembled in Baltimore on the 21st instant.

Later reports concerning the storm in the north west indicate that the earlier reports of its severity and of the loss of lives were not exaggerated.

The Postmaster General will issue a batch of postal cards just as soon as the appropriation for \$50,000 for that purpose passes.

A combination against the Western Union Telegraph Company has been formed by all the other companies in the country.

There is an effort on the part of the Bank of Louisiana to recover the \$95,000 in specie captured from Jeff. Davis in his flight, which still lies in the Treasury, despite Andrew Johnson's efforts to turn it over to the Richmond banks.

Senator Sumner does not improve, and is not likely to appear in his seat during this session. There are grave doubts as to his ever recovering.

General Emery reports the situation in New Orleans as becoming more and more complicated. Kellogg and McEnery were both inaugurated Monday, the latter drawing a large crowd to Lafayette square.

Pinchback (colored) has been elected Senator from Louisiana.

It is very singular that James Fisk died at 9 minutes past 11 on the morning of January 6, 1872; at that hour, precisely to a minute, one year thereafter, his murderer received his death sentence.

Rev. Joshua Leavitt of the Independent, one of the oldest and ablest of newspaper managers in the country, and Mr. D. C. Ballard, connected with the Boston Advertiser for more than forty years, died during the past week.

The Maine and the New Hampshire editors and publishers' associations held their annual meetings Friday, the former at Augusta and the latter at Nashua.

FOREIGN.

Additional reinforcements for the army in Cuba have sailed for Havana.

The weather at Christmas in the east of England was so mild that the blackbirds were singing their love songs, and roses, pansies, laurelins, and other flowers were in full bloom.

The first execution in Madrid since the revolution of '68 occurred Wednesday. The crime of the condemned was a triple assassination. The customary procession through the streets was prohibited, but an immense crowd gathered to witness the execution.

The Due de Gramont has published a letter claiming that in 1870 Austria promised to help France against Germany.

One of the persons who went from France to attend the funeral of Napoleon took with him some soil dug from the garden of the Tuilleries, which he strewed over the coffin after it was deposited in the sarcophagus of the chapel at Chislehurst.

The Pope complained, at an audience given by him lately, of the treatment that the church has received at the hands of the European powers.

The relations of France to the Vatican were discussed in the French Assembly.

Senator Zorrilla denies that there has been any exchange of notes with the United States in regard to slavery.

The Committee of Thirty of the French Assembly had under consideration a report on constitutional changes.

The Shah of Persia will start in April from Teheran on his European tour.

Lord Lytton, better known as the novelist and dramatist Bulwer, is dead.

A terrible earthquake is reported to have taken place in India. In the town of Soonghur, 114 miles north of Bombay, 1500 lives were lost. Nothing has yet been heard from the surrounding country.

All actors and wrestlers in Japan are notified that they can pursue their professions three years longer, after which they must follow some more useful and honorable employment.

Paragraphs.

Darwin is in poor health.
Eggs are six cents a dozen in Columbus, Ga.
Colorado has doubled in population and wealth since 1870.

The busy musk-rats damage the Erie canal to the amount of \$50,000 a year.
Successful experiments in silk worm culture have been made at Beaufort, South Carolina, and the experimenter is coming north to seek encouragement for enlarged operations.

The California fish commissioners have appointed an agent to go east in April, and bring back lobsters, eels, white-fish from the western lakes, wall-eyed perch, black bass and other valuable fish from all over the United States, to be propagated to that state.

It is a notable fact that more spinning wheels are sold in Boston at the present time than in the days when they were indispensable adjuncts to every New England household. They are mostly exported to Nova Scotia and the other British provinces.

A new locomotive, named the Anthracite, which has been placed on the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad, has six driving-wheels and carries its water above the boiler. A tender is thus dispensed with. The firing apparatus is stated to be so arranged that the fires last all day without replenishing, and the furnaces only require damping once a week.

Lieut. Fred. Grant, having had a better time sight-seeing in Europe than ever a West Point cadet got before so soon after graduation, has joined his regiment in Texas. His brother Robert, a senior at Harvard, has been elected class-pot, which indicates that in some respects the latter can scarcely be called "a chip of the old block."

"Sand-spouts" on the Twenty-two Mile desert are thus described by the Virginia (Nevada) Chronicle: They waited about, keeping always about the same distance apart, and moving in the same direction, each apparently a solid column ten feet in diameter and 1000 feet high. The top of these columns seemed to be cut off by a brisk breeze from the west, which carried the dust in clouds over the range of mountains lying to the east of the sink of the Carson. Sometimes two of these "sand spouts" or whirlwinds—call them what you may—come together, when they explode with a loud report, and both instantly disappear.

When three Irishmen dug a ditch, for which they were to receive four dollars, the trouble was how to divide four among three and have it equal. One of them remained quiet and the other two at last deferred to his judgment, as he had been to school, and knew arithmetic, to make the division. He did it at once, saying, "It's ay enough! Sure there's two for you two, and two for me, too." "Begorra," said one of his co-laborers, "what a great thing it is to have learning!" "And," said the other, who is pocketed his single dollar, "and to know 'trichmetrie' too! It's the like of us two'd never divided their four dollars aqually."

Thiers was once a dramatic critic.

Only nine per cent. of the population of Russia can read.

Ralph Waldo Emerson will pass the winter in Egypt.

The saloon carriage of Prince Bismarck is to be forwarded free of charge on all German railroads, whether state or private.

A society for the protection of animals has been formed in Turin, Italy, and Garibaldi is president of it.

An abbey in Ireland exhibits two skulls of Shakespeare—one of him when he was a little boy and one when he was a man.

The lemon groves of Corsica are suffering from a curious disease. The fruit dries up and becomes as dusty as the "smoke-balls" in our country pastures.

The Princess Louise has been made president of the English National Union for the improvement of the education of women. The object of this Union is to deliver women from the piano, the globe, the blackboard and bad French, and make them fit for the exigencies of modern life.

The celebrated comic actor Arnal, who, at the age of seventy-eight, has just died at Geneva, was scarcely known to the present generation of English play-goers. Some idea of his style may be formed from the fact that his most characteristic parts were thought fitted by some "adapters" for Mr. Charles Mathews, by others for the late Mr. Keeley; and it is to be observed that nearly all the pieces in which Arnal became famous found their way to the English stage, "Yellow Kids," "Lend me Five Shillings," "Used Up," may be mentioned among the pieces which, in the original versions, contained excellent parts for Arnal. Besides an excellent comic actor, Arnal was a poet—he at least wrote poems; but, before leaving the stage, he had already published "Euphrate Bouffé" (1840) and "Boutades en vers" (1861).

There is a deal of gossip in London about the forthcoming marriage of a Gentleman farmer with a daughter of the Hebrew millionaire, Sir Anthony Rothschild. There are frequent marriages in this country between Jews and Gentiles, but in most cases, so far as we notice, the Gentleman gives up his or her religion and adopts the Jewish faith. The ex-chairman of the democratic national executive committee, August Belmont, is of Jewish blood, and married a Gentleman lady, a daughter of Commodore Perry. The late S. N. Pyke, who was of Hebrew extraction, married a Gentleman lady, who remains a Christian. The Jews in this country are getting more liberal in this matter than the Jews are in European countries. In course of time the American Jews may be absorbed in the other elements of the population. In the marriage between the Rothschild lady and Mr. Yorkie she will retain her Jewish faith and he his Christianity.

The hand-made lace of France is principally produced at Caen, Bayeux, Chartilly and the surrounding districts, and is executed with regularity and skill. This is true of the fine and rich articles as well as those of an inferior quality. The articles manufactured at Chartilly are ordinarily very costly, and within the command of the wealthy; but the Bayeux silk lace closely resembles it. There is no such assemblage of hand-lace workers in Ireland or Scotland as there is at Caen and Bayeux, where upwards of 50,000 females are engaged in the occupation. The value of the annual export of Saxony lace approaches \$250,000. The workers in the north of Ireland and Scotland have a special aptitude in producing difficult work, and the fact of its acceptance on the continent is a tribute to its delicacy and perfection of execution. The lace articles made in France by machinery are admirable imitations of those made by hand, but the difference in price is seventy-five per cent. All French lace is made with bobbins, upon a small portable cushion, except at Alençon, where the needle is employed and working on parchment is the rule.

Rural and Domestic.

Nebraska Horticulture.

KENESAW, Jan. 8, 1873.

I have just returned from attendance upon the winter meeting of the Nebraska Horticultural Society, at Omaha. Eastern readers may be glad to learn results.

VARIETIES OF APPLES.

There were on exhibition, all Nebraska growth, the following kinds of apples, viz: Snow Apple, Yellow Twig, Limber Twig, Newtown Pippin, White Pippin, Wine Sap, May Apple, Striped Pearmain, White Winter Pearmain, Northern Spy, Smith's Cider, Otter Red Streaked (a Nebraska apple), Poughkeepsie Russet, Gabrielle or Jamming, Ben Davis or Swaar, Espus Sittenberg, Red Canada Beauty, Rhode Island Greening, Jonathan Detroit Red, Hubbardston-Nonsuch, Romanite, sweet Romanite, and Tallman sweet, with perhaps a few others.

SIZE.

Of these there now live before me, a Northern Spy, measuring eleven and a half inches in circumference, and weighing eleven ounces; a Roman Beauty, measuring eleven and three-quarter inches, and weighing ten and a half ounces; a White Winter Pearmain, measuring eleven inches, and weighing nearly ten ounces; a Ben Davis, measuring ten and a half inches, and weighing nearly eight ounces; a Yellow Bellefleur, measuring ten inches, and weighing eight ounces; and a Hubbardston Nonsuch, measuring ten and one-eighth inches, and weighing nearly eight ounces. These were among the larger specimens on exhibition, and yet are not greatly above the average size and weight of those varieties. They are also among the larger varieties. But all the varieties were noticeably large. Eastern friends, having the Hubbardston Nonsuch, can by comparison form some estimate of the comparative size of eastern and Nebraska apples.

QUALITY.

The only two eastern varieties on exhibition, affording a direct test of quality, were the Nonsuch and the Rhode Island Greening. The former is nearly or quite up to the eastern standard of quality, while the latter was noticeably inferior to its quality in its native habitat. Eastern varieties deteriorate generally in the west, from two causes. 1. From the general principle that all cultivated fruits are best only in their native localities; and 2. From another principle, that cultivated fruits do not keep up their quality in new and more unutilized soils. The quality of the Northern Spy is, however, hardly equalled anywhere, and of the Newtown Pippin the same may also be said—they being varieties native to the middle States.

Varities originating in the west are generally better here, in quality, than eastern varieties raised here. And yet, while there is a constant improvement in the quality of western apples, as the country becomes more cultivated and fruit-growers more experienced, they are still hardly up to the eastern standard in quality—though not now far behind it. In time, they will no doubt surpass in quality as much as they do now in size and bearing capacity.

PEACHES.

There were, of course, no peaches on exhibition. But perhaps I may as well speak of them here. They are grown in Nebraska in large quantities, but are mostly seedlings. Both for size and quality they excel any seedlings ever sown anywhere; and some of them are not inferior to much of the budded fruit of the middle and southern States. While I have not as yet found any fully up to some I have seen elsewhere, still I have nowhere seen a higher average quality of peaches.

The winters here sometimes slightly affect the peach, but a worse enemy is the borer, which is often very destructive. And yet, I know of no place, anywhere, where peaches are more easily, surely, and profitably grown than here in Nebraska.

PLUMS, CHERRIES, &c.

Wild plums of fine quality—finer than in Minnesota, or anywhere else I have been—grow along the streams and elsewhere, in all parts of the State. The cultivated varieties also grow well, but, as yet, little attention has been given to them.

Only two or three varieties of cherries flourish here, and they only indifferently. Even where the tree grows, it seldom bears well.

SMALL FRUITS.

All the small fruits, as currants, gooseberries, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, &c., grow finely here—as almost anywhere else.

ARBORETCULTURE.

Although hardly coming under the head of horticulture, yet it may not be amiss to say here that great attention is everywhere bestowed upon tree planting and forest culture. Every year, immense numbers of young trees are set out, and generally cultivated a year or two like corn, and then allowed to shift for themselves. The only other need is to keep the fire away from them.

Of the kinds planted, the Cottonwood is foremost, because most easily obtained, and also for its rapid growth. It also makes fair common lumber, while it is by no means the poorest wood for fuel.

Large quantities of the Soft Maple, Acer Rubrum, are also planted, and in some places the Box Elder, Acer Negundo, is set in large numbers. The Black Walnut, Juglans Nigra, is also a favorite, and grows rapidly in this western soil.

For hedges, the Osage Orange and Honey Locust are generally used, while a few use the Gray Willow and the Buckthorn.

As I see the young trees, so rapidly growing up into such beautiful groves and forests, all over our beautiful and productive prairies, I long to belong to the young generation, that I might see this country, as it will eventually be, the garden of the world—an earthly paradise.

A. D. W.

Shall We Feed Straw?

The progressive farmer, intent on using all his resources most economically, now regards his straw stack in questioning mood. What will he do with it? He has doubts as to the propriety of treading under foot a product harvested with labor and care, and yet at the same time doubts if his cattle can profitably be subsisted thereon. Just now the importance of this question is felt, not only throughout our own country, but in England, France and Germany, chemists and practical men are turning their attention to new methods of utilizing straw. While we regard their experiments and deductions with respect, we must not be led astray by disregarding the peculiar elements which exist in our own case. In those countries, large quantities of straw are fed, but under what conditions? There store stock and fattening animals are abundantly supplied with roots, or the pulp of the roots. Turnips of various kinds, mangles and beets, the refuse pulp of the hundreds of thousands of tons of sugar beet from which sugar is manufactured, are all fed to such stock, and in addition, much rich, oleaginous feed, such as oil cakes. All this creates

an intense appetite for dry, pulpy, and comparatively unnutritious food, which is exactly met by straw. Here, these conditions are wanting, and when we feed straw it has to be forced upon our stock. Their appetites do not yearn for it. They loathe it. Starvation alone will compel them to make a meal of it. Under such circumstances, can we feed it profitably? We are not now prepared to deny or affirm positively that we can or cannot, but admit that there are cases in which absolute loss results from feeding it. An argument for its use, often advanced, is that we make more manure by feeding it. But this is plainly incorrect. By no process of feeding can anything be got out of straw more than it originally contained. If the animal gains anything from it, the refuse loses just so much, and the manure is impoverished to that extent. Bedding or litter for stock, and absorbents, must be used, and where no substitute for straw can be procured, the manure heap absolutely demands every straw that can be supplied to it; and where substitutes can be found, there has as yet probably no case occurred in which straw could well be spared. If meal or bran is to be purchased to feed with the straw, as a means of forcing stock to eat it, nothing is gained from the straw on the one hand, that is not lost on the other; and it is questionable if it is not more profitable to buy hay, if feed must be purchased, than to buy grain with which to raise the straw to an equality with hay. At any rate, until we have more straw than we can use in the manure pile, under our present circumstances, except in rare cases, that seems to be the best disposition that can be made of it.—N. E. Farmer.

High Prices.

Extravagance in living is a phrase in common use and one well understood; but extravagance in dying sounds strangely and means little or nothing. The high prices in England, however, which appeared first in connection with those articles whose production depended upon the abundance of coal, are gradually affecting everything, from the broad one cats to the coffin one is buried in. The latest advance is in the cost of burial, the board of managers of one of the London cemeteries announcing in forcible though bad English, that hereafter "first-class interments" will cost a dollar and a half more for grown people than heretofore, while the rates for a similar kind of burial of children are increased by one dollar. This burial-place is not patterned in the least after the scriptural idea of heaven, but, as Mr. Froide said of some of the Irish clergy, is managed on the principle of dividing the bodies of the sheep from the bodies of the goats in this world, the division being made on a money basis, and the dividing lines being designated in the expressive way before alluded to, as "second class," and "third class."

The burial rates are advanced in each of these departments, also; those who take their chances in a "third class" grave, whatever that may be, being forced to pay fifty cents more for the luxury of lying until the "crack of doom" in the poorest part of the cemetery.

In cases where a person is very poor or has been ill for a long time, his friends will undoubtedly find great difficulty in procuring this additional fifty cents, and under such circumstances to die on the part of a poor man would be the height of extravagance, unless he made up his mind to live in less expensive ground.

We read the other day that the price of masses for the souls of the dead had been advanced by certain Roman Catholic priests. This seems to indicate that the high prices in Europe are affecting the peculiar commodities of the other world, which are assumed to be under the control of this particular branch of the church. Surely, if the cost of getting one's dead body into the ground and one's soul into heaven is to depend on the production of coal or the scarcity of bread-stuffs, a great many poor people will find themselves utterly unable to die, which will lead, we are afraid, to an alarming increase in the pauper population of the world. Perhaps, however, the course of nature will not be stopped by the rules of the priests and of the grave-diggers, and women and children will keep on dying just as usual, no matter what its costs.

Save Your Manure.

A correspondent of The Cincinnati Times and Chronicle writes:

I am an old man. Was born in a land where schools were few and far between, so I was not brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, neither have I read Greeley's books on agriculture. What I have learned I have studied from the field of Nature. Young men, I write to you. Take it for what it is worth.

First, all lands produce their own manures if farmed right. The best of land can be made worthless by bad farming, and any land can be improved every year. The soil is made of decayed matter, and this it is necessary to renew.

Some men object to stable manure because it brings weeds. I don't care if they are up to your horse's back, turn them under with a heavy plow, and a good crop of grain may be looked for, as the land will be improved. You may turn under some decayed matter. Turn it deep—the deeper the better.

The drought will not hurt your crops, for the ground will hold moisture. My father made us wait a month for dry weather in the spring to burn off the ground for the plow, but the fact was the ground itself was burned. Never burn anything you can plow under. Bad use is made of a fire on a farm. Don't burn a grub, fodder straw, weeds, nor any vegetable matter. Haul it all to some place on your farm. Let it rot there, and in a few years it will be as good land as you have got. My farm has been farmed for forty or fifty years, and it is as good to-day as when first settled. If I was to live a thousand years my farm would improve, and I never need to buy one pound of manure.

I am spinning my article too long, but may tell you in another how I make my land rich with brush and weeds.

Fruit Growing.

The proper way for the farmer is to pursue a system of mixed husbandry. He should not throw all his strength into any one crop. He should raise a variety—not too great a variety, but such crops as will not interfere with one another. He ought to raise some grain, and he ought to have some orchard also. He should raise some hogs to sell, and cattle also, or horses, or sheep, or some of all these—though one has generally better success in making a specialty of some particular kind of stock, especially if he takes pains in breeding it.

We see no reason why fruit should continue permanently low. The past season was a remarkable one. There has never been such an abundant crop of fruit all over the country. Such a season we are not likely to have again in a score of years. Fruit was never so low before as this year, and it is not likely to be so low again. We beg our fruit-growing friends not to be discouraged. It may be well enough to have some other strings to their bow, if they are able to have them. And there is nothing much better adapted to be an adjunct to a fruit farm, than a small dairy. More or less help is required about fruit, as there is about the dairy, and they work together very well. The secret of success in fruit-growing, as in everything else,

is unwearied care and attention. Many think if a tree is put out, that is the end of it; but it is no such thing. It needs almost as much nursing as an infant. The ground must be plowed and re-plowed, and then plowed again. Judgment must be used in pruning and shaping. The insects that infest the trees or fruit must be destroyed. Every want of the tree must be supplied. Trees thus cultured will thrive and be a pleasure and profit to the owner.

Modes of Walking.

An ingenious cotemporary gives the following summary of the different modes of walking adopted by those who go to and fro upon the earth:

Observing persons move slowly, their heads move alternately from side to side while they occasionally stop and turn around.

Careful persons lift their feet high and place them down slowly; pick up their little obstruction and place it down quickly by the side of the road.

Calculating persons generally walk with their hands in their pockets and their heads slightly inclined.

Most persons generally step softly for fear of being observed.

Timid persons often step off the sidewalk on meeting another, and always go round a stone instead of stepping over it.

Wide-awake persons "toe out," and have a long swing to their arms, while their hands move about miscellaneous.

Careless persons are forever stubbing their toes.

Lazy persons scrape about loosely with their heels, and are first on one side of the sidewalk and then on the other.

Very strong minded persons place their toes directly in front of them, and have a kind of a stamp movement.

Unstable persons walk fast and slow by turns. One idea persons toe in.

Cross persons are apt to knock their knees together.

Good natured persons snap their finger and thumb together every few steps.

Fun-loving persons have a kind of a jig movement.

Glossy Shirts.

The following recipe to make glossy shirts is highly recommended: Put a little common white wax in your starch, say two ounces to a pound; then, if you use any thin, patent starch, be sure you use it warm, otherwise it will get cold and gritty, and spot your linen, giving it the appearance of being stained with grease. It is different with collar starch—it can be used quite cold.

Now, then, about polishing shirts: starch the fronts and wristbands as stiff as you can. Always starch twice—that is, starch and dry; then starch again. Iron your shirts in the usual way, making the linen nice and firm, but without any attempt at a good polish; do not lift the plaits. Your shirt is now ready for the polishing, but you ought to have a board the same size as a common shirt-board.

Weather Rhymes.

Old settlers of New England preserved some of the old English rhymes and prophecies of coming weather. Some of them are curious, if not correct. Some of them are so often true as to be now considered almost infallible.

When the glow-worm lights her lamp,
Then the air is always damp.
If the cock goes crowing to bed,
He's sure to rise with a wet head.
When black snails do cross your path,
Then black clouds much moisture hath.
When the peacock loudly bawls,
Soon we'll have both rain and squalls.
When ye see the gossamer flying,
Then be sure the air is drying.

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