

Bates College

SCARAB

The Morning Star

Muskie Archives and Special Collections Library

2-5-1873

The Morning Star - volume 48 number 06 - February 5, 1873

Freewill Baptist printers

Follow this and additional works at: https://scarab.bates.edu/morning_star

The Morning Star.

Volume XLVIII.

DOVER, N. H., FEBRUARY 5, 1873.

Number 6

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

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

L. E. BULLINGBROOK, Publisher.

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

Terms: \$1.00 per year; or if paid strictly in advance \$2.00.

REMITTANCES must be made in money or by check, or draft, if possible. When neither of these can be procured, send the money in a registered letter. All Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so. Money sent by mail will be at the risk of the sender. The regular charges for money orders, bank checks, and Post Office money orders may be deducted from the amount due, when thus sent. Agents are particularly requested to make their remittances as large as possible and thus save expenses. Papers are forwarded until an explicit order is received by the Publisher for their discontinuance, and until payment of all arrearages is made as required by law.

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

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

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

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

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

4. When Agents receive premiums, no percentage on moneys sent for the Star is allowed in addition. 5. We do not look out to be sold on commission, or otherwise, with the privilege of retaining them.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1873.

Gone Before.

There's a beautiful face in the silent air,
Which follows me ever and near,
With smiling eyes and amber hair,
With voiceless lips, yet with breath of prayer,
That I feel but I can not hear.

The dimpled hand and ringlet of gold
Lie low in a marble sleep;
I stretch my hand for a clasp of old,
But the empty air is strangely cold,
And my vigil alone I keep.

There's a stainless brow with a radiant crown,
And a cross laid down in the dust;
There's a smile where ne'er a shade comes now,
And tears no more from those dear eyes flow
So sweet in their innocent trust.

Ah, well! and summer is come again,
Singing her same old songs;
But, oh! it sounds like a sob of pain,
As it floats in the sunshine and the rain,
O'er the hearts of the world's great throngs.

There's a beautiful region above the skies,
And I long to reach its shore;
For I know I shall find my treasure there,
The laughing eyes and amber hair,
Of the loved one gone before.

European Correspondence.

BRUSSELS, Jan. 7, 1873.

There is little or no political news from France. All the members of the official departments are reposing themselves and dining out. To begin with, M. Thiers dined, Saturday, at the hotel of the English Ambassador; the day following, New Year's, he dined at the Austrian Ambassador's; the 4th of Jan., at the Prefect's of the Seine, and the 5th at the German Ambassador's. Monday, he received the corps of foreign Ambassadors, and last evening all the Generals of the Parisian army, with Gen. MacMahon at their head, were reunited at his table. No business of more importance than dinners and soirees is transacted at any of the numerous *ministères, prefectures or ambassades*; and the fine weather, which by a singular coincidence returned as soon as calm was restored at Versailles, has aided in giving to Paris a little of its old appearance. However, in spite of the holidays, the *sous-commission* of the 30th, was to continue its deliberations, and, in conformity with this decree, its members met at the palace of the *Elysée*, at Paris, where M. Thiers has installed himself for a few days. After this reunion, in which nothing was decided upon, a secret meeting was held at the Duke de Broglie's house. It appears that the members conversed together for more than three hours, and there was no end of suggestions, as to the best means of conquering the President. One would have said that it was the famous *council of rats*, in which the question of fastening a bell to Roddard's neck was discussed. Roddard was the eater of rats, and was believed by these animals, not to be a cat, but the devil. Now, M. Thiers is the Roddard of the Clerical Right, and the bell, which must at any cost be attached to his neck, so as to warn the rats, his enemies, of his doings, is the ministerial responsibility. All the members of the *sous-commission* are of one mind on this subject, but, as the fabulist says: "The difficulty was to fasten on the bell." One said: "I shall not go near him, I'm not so foolish." The other: "I can't." So without having taken any decision, they separated. And thus, Saturday evening, the members of the *sous-commission* separated sorrowfully from each other, without having advanced their cause, and adjourned until the 5th of Feb., which is the day preceding the return of the Assembly to Versailles. It is affirmed, that

if the Commission repulses the examination of the questions proposed by the amendment of Dufaure, that M. Thiers will turn his back upon it, and return directly to the new position of the partial renewal of the Chamber, in favor of which he is convinced that he would obtain a majority.

One of the principal topics of conversation with which diners-out regale themselves and neighbors is the affair of the Duke of Gramont, relative to the declarations of the Cabinet of Vienna, at the moment of the declaration of war. It is astonishing to think of the simplicity of the diplomatists of this fatal epoch, who counted upon a firm alliance, simply because the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Austria had promised to contribute to the success of the Imperial arms, within the limits of possibility! And upon this assurance, Olivier's Cabinet precipitated France into an abyss of calamities and disasters.

Bazaine's process, which was nearly forgotten during the last stormy days of the Assembly, now occupies its share of public attention. It is whispered that one of the Generals under his orders at Metz, has made an overwhelming deposition against him, and that the evidence of his treason becomes more and more striking.

But the real political news of the day comes from Rome. The indignation excited at Berlin by the violent language of Pius IX. against the Emperor of Germany, rendered it certain that the Imperial Government would not content itself with a simple exchange of explanations with the Vatican on this subject. We learn that it has interrupted its diplomatic relations with the court of Rome. The secretary of the German legation to the Pope left yesterday for Berlin, after having communicated to the Cardinal Antonelli a despatch which ordered him (the secretary) to take an indefinite leave. It is expected that the Catholic Clergy will profit by this new incident, to renew its attacks against the Empire, particularly at Posen, where its influence is very powerful. Thus the journals have been threatened with an immediate seizure, should they reproduce the attacks of the Pope against the German Government.

A difference of opinion may exist, as to the attitude of the Pope, but it is unfortunate, to say the least, that the liberty of the press should not exist in Germany as well as in several other European States. A government should be strong enough to bear all attacks directed against it by the press; if not, it is manifestly a government not based upon the liberties of the people. A despatch, just received from Rome, announces that the Pope received several of the Roman nobility yesterday. Replying to the Addresses which they presented him, the Pope praised the aristocracy for having remained faithful to him. He said that Jesus loved the aristocracy, and would have wished to be of noble birth himself. The aristocracy and the clergy are two supports of the throne; thrones which are supported by the lower ranks of society and by those who live in incontinuity, are very weak; if the most just thrones have not resisted the shock, how can those thrones resist which are founded by injustice, stealing and calumnies? The Pope terminated his discourse by recalling several facts from the Scriptures, and by exhorting his hearers to trust in God.

On a high bluff are the college buildings, overlooking the village and commanding an extensive and beautiful view. In the village there is an old and popular Female College, for more than a dozen years under the presidency of W. H. Kern. Since his resignation, the Rev. Mr. Webster has been in charge. Under his faithful and efficient superintendence it is sustaining a well earned popularity.

On Monday we rode to Newark, passing the famous Indian mounds in that neighborhood. Some are simple, round mounds, others are in the shape of birds, snakes or lizards. The one we examined consists of a circular ridge of earth thrown up like a fortification. The ridge is a perfect circle, containing about fifty acres. It seemed about twelve feet high and thirty broad at the base. Inside, and close to the bottom of the embankment, is a slight ditch, perhaps six feet deep and twice as wide.

The ridge is continuous, and in excellent repair, with a single opening or entrance on the east. From this point to the Marietta river, thirty miles away, is a straight road, and a slight elevation on each side can be traced, here and there, the whole distance.

The surface within the enclosure is nearly level, rising a little towards the center, where the earth has been heaped up to represent a spread eagle, in *bas relief*.

These peculiar earthworks are in the midst of a forest, and overgrown with trees

that look as though they had stood there for centuries—good evidence that the mound is very ancient. The ditch, being inside, has led many to believe that the place was used for religious ceremonies rather than a fortification. It is hard to believe that the Indians were able to inscribe such a perfect circle on so grand a scale, or throw up such extensive works with the implements they possessed. From these and other causes, they have been ascribed to a race supposed to have inhabited this continent before the Indians, and called Mound-builders.

When I passed through Ohio and Indiana many years ago, my way lay past old settlements, and I saw but little difference between these states and New England, except that the country was very level, generally slightly undulating, and more fertile. But now, to our great surprise, we travel half a day at a time, through fine old forests of oak, ash and black walnut, with trunks tall and straight, and not a limb or knot for the first thirty or forty feet. Now and then, at a great distance, a settler has got up a log cabin and made a little clearing. At many of the stations there were but half a dozen such houses, and perhaps one a little better which shelters a steam engine rapidly cutting up this rough timber into boards, shingles, clapboards, &c.

It is astonishing to see how much of the country is still unsettled even in these old states, to say nothing of vast tracts on both sides of the Mississippi, and stretching away to the foot of the Rocky mountains, and perhaps as much more beyond. For some years yet we can easily accommodate all the Europeans disposed to make a home amongst us, and not feel crowded either.

Our pleasant visit at Wabash College will not be soon forgotten. Its extensive brick buildings are nearly surrounded by a grove of forest trees. The village has increased and often seemed ready to encroach upon these beautiful grounds. More than once the advice of some has been, "Cut down the trees!" But better counsels have prevailed, and there they stand where they first grew, and where some of them seem to have stood for hundreds of years. If this may be taken as a fair specimen of a western college, the young men have little excuse for going to our eastern institutions. In grounds and buildings, in apparatus and faculty, it will compare favorably with any college in our land, while the students enjoy more friendly intercourse with the president and professors than is usually allowed in eastern colleges.

We listened with deep interest to Dr. Hovey's account of trials and privations when he first came to Indiana. Some thirty years ago he came, with his young wife, to engage in home missionary work in the Wabash country. Privation and hardship were encountered during the long journey, and for many years after they reached Indiana. Yet they seem to be happy in it all, and to see God's mercy and goodness following them continually. It was a pretty picture that Mrs. Hovey gave us of her first home in a log hut—with scanty furniture, but neat and tidy;—the little one, her first born, playing around the door, her husband preparing his sermon or making pastoral calls on neighbors miles away, or expected home from a distant preaching station, while she is busy and happy at her various employments. In the early history of the College there was much to try their faith and patience, but the Lord has now raised up for it wealthy and liberal friends.

There is a deal of advice given to ministers. If it were not for modesty, respect, or timidity, there would be a good deal more given than there is. But that is only natural. When the pulpit does so much in the way of giving advice, it is not strange that the pews should now and then follow the example. Here are some kind, thoughtful and fitting words copied from an article in the *North British Review*, and which we think our clerical readers will not quarrel with:

Supposing all other more fundamental requisites, spiritual and intellectual, present, then, first of all, speak to the people in a manly way. Speak to them as a man to men. Let your thinking be clear, and your words wise and strong. Let there be in your discourses the genuine ring of sound sense and healthy, manly sentiment. Let their frame be muscular, not soft and flabby. Don't speak down to the people. For one thing, many of them are not below you; and if they were, it is no compliment to them to tell them so. Avoid feeble and mawkish sentiment. The feminine style of thought and feeling, or even the infant-school style, may have its admirers in Belgravia or May Fair circles, but assuredly it is no favorite with the brawny sons of care and toil. Then speak in a brotherly manner. Make them feel, in every word you speak, and in your whole intercourse with them, that you are not only a man, but a brother. Show that you understand them, that you feel not for them only, but with them. Identify yourself as a true priest of God with the people of your charge, sharing their griefs, bearing their sorrows, fighting, if you can, their battles. They think that you are men of a class, and therefore suspect you, and keep aloof from you; make them feel that they are wrong in this—that you are men not of any class, but of

every class—you are men, and deem every man your brother. Learn what they are thinking about, what they are most deeply interested in, what they are aiming at and struggling for; and when they come to the house of God, let them feel that they are hearing the voice of a friend and not of a stranger—one who understands them, and is at least trying to help them, in bearing their life-burden and fighting their life-battle. Thus shall you indeed drink into the spirit and follow the footsteps of Him who was not only a man, but pre-eminently the Man—who therefore deemed everything human His own—who was our brother born, and born most of all for adversity.

Last of all, speak to them earnestly. The common people, of all classes, like earnest speech. In their whole life they have to do with earnest work and with earnest things, and they have little sympathy with anything else. Their life is necessarily, at least as regards this world, a life in earnest—earnest wants, earnest toils, earnest cares, earnest sorrows, nothing of mere finesse, and form, and conventional ceremony. They combat with life in its sober, stern reality; there are few flowers, few sunny bowers on their path; mostly a plain, rough, dusty highway. Therefore whoever would speak suitably to them must speak in earnest. He must speak in plain, honest, downright fashion; the more plain, honest, and downright the better. He must be a real man speaking to real men, or he is nothing. Other desirable qualities may be dispensed with, but this is essential. He may or may not be a man of taste; he may or may not be a man of learning; he may or may not be a man of eloquence; but he must be a man in earnest, and speak like a man in earnest, or he never can be the friend of the poor—a shepherd of the people. How pre-eminently was this the case with our divine Master! If ever man on earth was in real right earnest, it was Christ. If ever man looked on life, and on the world, and on the sins and sorrows of men in their reality, and spoke as one that did, He did so. No one that heard Him could ever feel that He was trifling with him, that He was mocking his misery, that He was playing with his disease. He spoke as one who felt himself in the presence of awful powers of death and woe, who knew all, and in the depths of His soul felt all. This the common people loved; this they welcomed as the only thing that met their case. Therefore they heard Him gladly. Let His servants go and do likewise, and they will hear them gladly too.

The Curse of Drink.

Dr. Holland sends out these forcible words through *Scribner's Monthly*:

The appetite for strong drink in man has spoiled the lives of more women—ruined more hopes for them, scattered more fortunes for them, brought to them more sorrow, shame and hardship—than any other evil that lives. The country numbers tens—nay, hundreds of thousands—of women whose widows to-day, and sit in hopeless weeds, because their husbands have been slain by strong drink. There are hundreds of thousands of homes, scattered over the land, in which women live lives of torture, going through all the changes of suffering that lie between the extremes of fear and despair, because those whom they love, love wine better than they do the women they have sworn to love. There are women by thousands who dread to hear at the door the step that once thrilled them with pleasure, because that step has learned to reel under the influence of the seductive poison. There are women groaning with pain, while we write these words, from bruises and brutalities inflicted by husbands made mad by drink. There can be no exaggeration in any statement made in regard to this matter, because no human imagination can create anything worse than the truth, and no pen is capable of portraying the truth. The sorrows and horrors of a wife with a drunken husband, or a mother with a drunken son are as near the realization of hell as can be reached in this world at least. The shame, the indignation, the sorrow and the sense of disgrace for herself and her children, the poverty—and not unfrequently the beggary—the fear and the fact of violence, the lingering, life-long struggle and despair of countless women with drunken husbands, are enough to make all women curse wine, and engage unitedly to oppose it everywhere as the worst enemy of their sex.

Hints to Clergymen.

There is a deal of advice given to ministers. If it were not for modesty, respect, or timidity, there would be a good deal more given than there is. But that is only natural. When the pulpit does so much in the way of giving advice, it is not strange that the pews should now and then follow the example. Here are some kind, thoughtful and fitting words copied from an article in the *North British Review*, and which we think our clerical readers will not quarrel with:

Supposing all other more fundamental requisites, spiritual and intellectual, present, then, first of all, speak to the people in a manly way. Speak to them as a man to men. Let your thinking be clear, and your words wise and strong. Let there be in your discourses the genuine ring of sound sense and healthy, manly sentiment. Let their frame be muscular, not soft and flabby. Don't speak down to the people. For one thing, many of them are not below you; and if they were, it is no compliment to them to tell them so. Avoid feeble and mawkish sentiment. The feminine style of thought and feeling, or even the infant-school style, may have its admirers in Belgravia or May Fair circles, but assuredly it is no favorite with the brawny sons of care and toil. Then speak in a brotherly manner. Make them feel, in every word you speak, and in your whole intercourse with them, that you are not only a man, but a brother. Show that you understand them, that you feel not for them only, but with them. Identify yourself as a true priest of God with the people of your charge, sharing their griefs, bearing their sorrows, fighting, if you can, their battles. They think that you are men of a class, and therefore suspect you, and keep aloof from you; make them feel that they are wrong in this—that you are men not of any class, but of

Events of the Week.

NEW YORK MORTALITY RECORD.
The whole number of deaths in New York city last year was 32,647. The newly named disease, "cerebro-spinal meningitis," took away 782 lives. There were 320 fatal cases of sunstroke, the greatest mortality that the city ever experienced from that cause. Scarlatina, diphtheria, and croup increased their per cent. from 50 to 100, as compared with that of 1871; while 5197 deaths are attributed to diarrhoeal complaints. Considering that no especial epidemic prevailed in the City during the year, this is certainly a large rate of mortality. The only comfort some of the living citizens derive from it is the fact that "in this respect we are ahead of either Boston or Chicago."

REPORT ON THE BOSTON FIRE.

Last 26th of November, when Col. Thomas Russell, A. Firth, E. S. Philbrick

and a few other gentlemen were appointed a Committee to investigate the causes of the Boston fire, we supposed we should know all about it when the report was made. It has just been published, and we know as little about the causes of the fire as we did before. Two members of the Committee try to fasten some blame upon Mayor Gaston for not bottling up the fire at once, but the others are confident that he did as well as he could. There is a general agreement that the chief of the Fire Department did well, and that he deserves a little complimenting. But on the origin of the fire there is no light. It spread, not because Boston hasn't the best Fire Department in the world—you can't get that idea out of the Bostonian mind—but because they had so many high buildings with French roofs, which invited the flames to an unchecked revel. But the firemen finally fought it out, when it got where fighting would avail anything. All of which we knew before. But the Committee recommends a better water supply, improved hydrants, protected elevators, better control of gas, and the appointment of engineers by the Mayor and their confirmation by the City Council. Which are very good recommendations.

THE TRIAL OF TWEED.

The trial of Tweed is completed, for the present at least, and the case was given to the jury Thursday evening. The jury were in consultation at an early hour Friday morning, and that is the latest we have at this writing. The trial has been a searching one, seemingly establishing the fact of Tweed's guilt, but the defense have made a desperate fight, and perhaps the verdict is still uncertain. But if the jury doesn't convict him, we shall want to be tried before it ourselves, if we ever get in a wicked place and don't want justice done.—S. S. The jury failed to agree.

THE TRADE IN MOVABLES.

If Oakes Ames establishes the statements he has already made, and Colfax and Patterson still persist in their denials, it will be a very deplorable matter. For Ames says they both invested in Credit Mobilier stock, and they both say absolutely that they didn't—at least, to the extent that is charged against them. Mr. P. says he thought it was Union Pacific stock that he was receiving for, and Mr. Colfax hopes to show that the inevitable twelve hundred came from some other source. The investigation, which still continues at the Capital, is absorbing the attention of Congress, and putting that body in a very pitiable light before the inhabitants of both worlds. For certainly neither celestials nor mortals can learn with any degree of composure that the guardians of this model Republic have been engaged in a business that they are ashamed of.

THE COLDEST CUT OF ALL.

It becomes our painful duty to record the fact that "Old Probabilities" has again told the truth. Or not quite that, for he said it would be very cold. Whereas, it has been most bitterly frigid. The fall of the mercury produced a very touching sensation, affecting many to tears. It began on Wednesday morning, going down plump to 40 below zero in Wisconsin and other western States, while on Thursday morning in some parts of New England it was the coldest of the season. Think of 22 below zero in Dover, 40 below at various points in Massachusetts, 42 below at Lancaster this State, from 30 to 32 below in different parts of Maine, and a corresponding temperature in various parts of New England. There are not many cases of freezing reported, but this is no fault of the weather. Let us hope that Boreas has no more such salutations in store for us.

TEMPERANCE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

A convention of temperance men was held in Concord last Wednesday, to organize a "State Temperance Union" on a Christian and moral basis. The call was signed by President Smith of Dartmouth College, and other prominent temperance men, and invited all Christian churches and all temperance organizations in the State to send delegates to the convention. The meeting was well attended, and the transactions were of an important nature. The resolutions recommended that all Christian and moral men unite in earnest work for the temperance cause, to help the drinker and to prevent the seller. The convention memorialized the N. H. Senators and Representatives in Congress to do all they honorably can toward such national legislation as shall prohibit the importation and manufacture of intoxicating liquors. A resolution was also passed calling for the swift and rigid enforcement of the temperance laws of the State. Officers of the "State Temperance Union" were finally chosen, of which Rev. A. D. Smith, of Hanover, is President. What a glorious thing it would be if conventions and resolutions would only save people from drunkenness. New Hampshire can point to scores of these means, with only small practical results thus far.

ANOTHER BANK DEFAULTER.

Mr. N. A. Shute, Cashier of the National Granite State Bank of Exeter, N. H., and Treasurer of the Savings Bank in the same place, has suddenly absconded, and it is found that he has robbed the banks of about \$190,000. Speculation in stocks is supposed to have been both his temptation and his ruin. The loss from the Savings

Bank falls heavily, for many poor people will lose largely. Mr. Shute has always been considered an honorable and upright man heretofore, sharing the complete confidence of the community. He is now a vagabond from justice, hunted by detectives, while a reward of \$5,000 is offered for his apprehension. He leaves a wife and children, who feel keenly the disgrace that he has thus brought upon himself.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 29, 1873.

CREDIT MOBILIER.

I fully believed that, after sending my first note respecting this Credit Mobilier business, I should not be called on to say more about it. The general belief here was, that this investigation was ended, or the same ended—that is, that not much more time would be consumed in developing what appeared to be of little consequence to the public. Judge Poland had given out, that the investigations were about ended, and that his committee would simply report the facts to the House, and leave that body to take such action as it deemed proper. But within the past week, a change has come over the minds of the members of this committee, and also over the public mind, brought about by some startling revelations of Mr. Oakes Ames. We read of the effect of a thunderbolt from a clear sky, and we can imagine what would be the effect of such a phenomenon; but I can not attempt to detail the effect of Mr. Ames's testimony, when he produced his misplaced memorandum book. Some men have been brought suddenly to the front, and the revelations respecting their speculations in this stock are anything but pleasing to the country, and must greatly redound to the discredit of the parties to cover up, and by prevarications and denials shield themselves from any participation in a speculation that, though it was unusual and possibly not justifiable in itself, nevertheless did not appear to furnish any real proof that these members had been subsidized by the Pacific Rail Road, and induced to cast their votes corruptly. They should have met the charge and truthfully stated the whole case. This was the thing to be proved, and had the members, charged with holding Credit Mobilier stock, told the whole truth, though they might have been blamed, they could not have been convicted before the bar of public opinion of acting corruptly, or of selling their votes or influence to a swindling scheme or a monstrous monopoly.

Their attempt to make their friends, the country and the world believe that they had nothing to do with the matter, their equivocal statements, and more especially their disposition to cast all the blame and odium upon Mr. Ames, have brought that gentleman to the front, and some of his testimony is very damaging to several public men who have, up to this time, stood before the country with unblemished reputations. The prevailing opinion here is, that, though speculation in Credit Mobilier stock was a questionable transaction for a member of Congress under the circumstances, yet it was as nothing compared to the studied attempt of these parties to clear themselves by evasions and denials. Mr. Ames, it is now apparent, does not mean to shoulder this entire load. He is evidently mad, and hence his revelations during the last few days, if they are to be received as the truth, must essentially damage several gentlemen, and his statements present his own character in no enviable light. To some extent, the grave charges brought by Mr. Ames against the "victims" now undergoing a rigid cross-examination, will rest for their reliability upon a question of veracity, and the public will be left to decide, as to the degree of condemnation it will bestow when all the testimony is in and carefully weighed.

Mr. Ames's evident anger, displayed in the committee room during the last few days, is having the effect upon many minds to diminish the force of his testimony, and the parties charged are rather released in public estimation. It is now very difficult to say what is coming, and what will be the end of this business. Even Judge Poland, the Chairman of the committee, seems to be somewhat in the fog. In conversation a day or two since, the Judge remarked, that "there has either been a great difference of recollection, or some very extraordinary tampering with the truth." "Well," said some one, "Judge, who is telling the most truth?" "That is a difficult question to answer," was the reply. And further the Judge says, "I think that perhaps Mr. Ames is as honest as any man living. He is a railroad speculator, and so are the men with whom he dealt. They had as much right to buy Credit Mobilier, as any other kind of stock. What I object to, is that they don't come out like men and own up what they have done. Instead of that, they come whinpering around the committee trying to wriggle out of it." The Judge thus expresses the average opinion of political and business circles at the Capital. It is well perhaps to state that the two committee rooms at the Capitol where this Credit Mobilier investigation is proceeding, are just now the centers of sensation. Judge Poland facetiously calls his committee room, "the Police Court." And certain it is, that the air is anything but pure there just now. Nothing has transpired to erminate Messrs. Blaine, Boutwell, Eliot or Fowler in these transactions, or to mix them up with the concern.

POSTAL TELEGRAPHY.

Mr. Orton, the manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company, is doing his best to defeat the Postal Telegraph measure. He has paid no inconsiderable sum to the newspapers, to publish the argument of D. A. Wells. He has also published a pamphlet of 200 pages, containing his own and Mr. Wells's argument, and the document is laid on the desk of every Senator and Representative. A monopolizing company that makes a profit of \$3,000,000 annually can well afford this trifling expenditure, to keep in its hands this almost unexpended income. If the government may take charge of the mails, why not of the telegraph lines? Especially why not, if it will greatly cheapen the cost of this mode of communication and save vast sums to the people?

REPEAL OF THE FRANKING PRIVILEGE.

The House, on Monday, repealed the Franking Privilege, by a vote of 142 yeas to 48 nays, and when the measure receives the signature of the President it becomes a law, and will go into effect in July. The Republican party thus redeems its pledge given to the country by the Philadelphia Convention. The bill is sweeping in its application, including the President, heads of departments, and all officials. Of course Congress, before it adjourns, will provide that these officials have an appropriation to meet the expense of the transmission of official matter through the mails. Otherwise, they must pay from their meager salaries this expense, or cease to transact the public business. PHAROS.

Communications.

Homeward.

BY REV. J. M. W. FARRIS.

SINGAPORE TO PENANG AND CEYLON.

On Tuesday, the 12th of March, at 4 o'clock, the steamer east off her moorings and left the wharf. Her course lay among a thick cluster of small islands* and through the straits of Malacca to Penang. Nothing could excel the luxuriance and tropical beauty that everywhere met the eye as we sailed among these islands. The next day we were in the straits, with Malacca and Siam on the right and Sumatra on the left. Thursday morning about ten o'clock, we approached off Penang. Here the steamer stopped to receive cargo and more passengers, while those on board availed themselves of the opportunity to take a run on shore and see something of the island. The inhabitants, products, climate, &c., much resemble Singapore. It is intimately connected with other English possessions on the main land, separated by a narrow strait only two or three miles wide. As you land and walk up the streets, you are besieged as by Albany hack-drivers, to ride to the mountains, see the cascades, or ascend and from the summit get a view of the whole island and the sea on both sides, looking down on the town and the shipping in the harbor.

But we contented ourselves with a visit to some of the principal institutions, schools, libraries, &c.; bought a few curios and went on board again. After dinner, we sat down under the awning, on deck, and took a long look at the shores of Province Wellesley, across the narrow strait, upon the main land but two or three miles distant. Here large sugar mills and sugar plantations have been established by Englishmen. First class machinery, run by steam, is employed in crushing the sugar cane and in doing other parts of the work. Singapore, Penang and Province Wellesley are usually called the "Strait settlements." They are Provinces of England, and though the government is in the hands of Englishmen, yet natives occupy various official positions. England has conferred upon these poor ignorant natives great blessings, such as schools, roads, trade and, in short, a good and reliable government. But in turn she has reaped a rich harvest. She has, in a degree, monopolized the trade, bringing these tropical products to her own shores, whence they have been distributed throughout Christendom. It also gives employment to thousands of her sons as merchants, officers, &c.

What a pity all these Asiatic nations and tribes could not have a good government established over them at once, and thus put a stop to misrule and oppression, such as exists in every heathen country while governed by avaricious, unprincipled heathen! What a glorious mission for the United States, to give to these poor, down-trodden and oppressed, the blessings of a good government! What a field of usefulness and emolument for her young men!

But while musing upon these political questions, the anchor has come up and the steamer moved away through the shipping, and out into the straits. We left Penang at seven o'clock, Thursday evening, taking our way due west, across the Indian ocean. We had beautiful moonlight nights, a smooth sea, and fine weather; the officers were accommodating, the passengers agreeable, and all seemed to enjoy themselves. On Tuesday, according to the captain's expectation, soon after breakfast, the coast of Ceylon appeared in sight, seen but dimly in the distance. Though it was only four days since we saw land, yet all eyes were strained in that direction, while every moment it seemed to rise from the water and approach us. All day we steamed along the southern coast, watching the varying appearance of the country inland, and close enough to see quite distinctly objects near the shore.

In the distance are hills and mountains, while nearer the coast it is level or but slightly undulating. About six o'clock in the afternoon, we passed Point de Galle, near enough to see the shipping in the harbor, the buildings on shore, and communicate the name of our steamer, which was at once telegraphed to London as so far on her journey.

Point de Galle is at the southern extremity of the island, and the most frequented port. The harbor is surrounded by high rocks, over which the surges break, making it difficult to land, especially in stormy weather. In the background are beautiful groves of cocoanut trees, and beyond, and towering above all, is a mountain about six thousand feet high.

The island of Ceylon is situated between five and ten degrees north latitude, is more than two hundred miles long and about one hundred wide. It has rich pearl fisheries, and produces various and delicious tropical fruits. The graceful cocoanut tree, which springs up where there is scarcely earth enough to cover the shell, adorns the landscape in every direction.

The cocoanut tree is to the inhabitants of Ceylon what bamboo is to the Chinese. The green fruit furnishes a cooling and delicious beverage, the ripened nut, food, the shell, fuel, the fibers are woven into coir or ropes, and from the old fruit pure oil is extracted; the leaves form a shelter from the sun and rain, the trunk yields a juice from which spirit is distilled or sugar manufactured, and the beautiful, variegated wood is used in making furniture.

*This cluster is called by the natives "The Bushel of Peppers." They are so small and close together, like a quantity of pepper-corns when thrown into the water.

Our life is like a hymn or song, that we have to sing. If we want it to be a useful and happy life we must be careful to begin right.

How can the Ranks be Filled?

In the small hours of the night, as we sit and meditate in the quiet stillness of the sick (and dying?) room, where guardian angels watch and wait to waft a weary, redeemed spirit to the home of the blest, not for the first, nor yet the second time, under like circumstances, we review the subject and endeavor to count the cost of being a Foreign Missionary. The same result is reached every time. There can be no mistake about it. It is good, it is profitable, it is heavenly and sublime to be Christ's messenger to the blind worshippers of idols. What though it involve exile and banishment from home and native land; sufferings and sacrifice, to which others are strangers; long and distant separations from parents, children and other loved ones, painful and anxious suspense, sickness, wasting disease and a lingering death in an uncongenial climate, and among a strange people? What though youth and beauty fade and die, and the vigor of manhood waste and decay prematurely? Is not the cause worthy of all this and a thousand times more? Did not the blessed Saviour forsake heavenly mansions and tabernacle on earth, "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," when he came to redeem my soul, and the souls of others? Then is it not meet that his followers should be made partakers of his sufferings as well as of his glory? Is there aught that we can do or suffer, which is a sacrifice too great, to spread the savor of his name and win souls to Christ? Oh no, rather:

"In the deserts let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell
How he died, the blessed Saviour,
To redeem a soul from hell;
Let me labor,
As in heathen lands I dwell."

But why should a mere handful, a small, feeble band, struggle and suffer, sacrifice and die alone? Has the Saviour's mission no charms for his disciples? Are there none amongst the thousands of young men and young women of our Zion, who hear the call,—"Go ye forth and preach the word to every creature?" "Proclaim it in every land?"

Has our little Indian mission really no place in the heart-sympathies of the large majority of the members of the home churches? Do none of the members in the thousand non-contributing churches ever hear that still small voice (which followed us through ten years of childhood, sounding in our ears and disquieting the heart, until finally it led us to these heathen shores) saying,

"Come and help us!
The light of the gospel bring, O come?"

Or was our call a delusion?

Here lies poor Bro. Smith, a man of an excellent spirit, a man of God, apparently just on the border of the spirit land. For a time we gazed in almost breathless silence to see him breathe his last. Now again, he breathes easier and more naturally. He has just been saying, "There is the river to cross. At times the waves look boisterous." Then again in a calm and peaceful voice, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He leadeth me in green pastures." Again with Job, he says, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Now he sleeps and his pulse almost disappears! Oh, my attendant angels guard the dying man. He is in great pain, and says, "Brother, pray for me that my faith fail not." Not one word of complaint is heard, or has been heard from his mouth, through all these days of intense suffering! But, oh, how sad to think we must part with one we all so greatly love, and whom we can so ill spare! As we stood in his place last Sabbath and spoke to his congregation and saw and felt their need of a shepherd; as we pass through his school-room, and mark the already thinned classes; then as we look over "The Industrial," here see the carpenter play his adz and plane, there the smith at the forge, in another place, two orphan boys flying the shuttle; then into the little garden, and the premises generally, still bearing sad marks of the late terrible cyclone, and realize that the mind which has hitherto superintended all these is now able to do so no more; yes, and when too I think of the crushing trials about to fall on the bleeding heart of our afflicted sister, my own heart becomes sad and filled with contending emotions. Only a day or two ago, our afflicted sister, who is now all attention and devotion, watching by day and by night at the couch of her poor prostrate husband, heroically proposed, in the event of his so far recovering as to be able to go home without her, to remain at her post, and carry on the work as best she could, by the aid of Native helpers. Her zealous work, both here and at Bhudruk, her teachers, still in a course of training, the orphan boys and other branches, oh, how hard to give them up! The more so as there is no one ready to step in and fill her place. But why should such separations, sufferings and sacrifices be necessary on the part of the few, while the mass of our brethren and sisters, apparently care for none of these things? Oh, why is it when a small sacrifice from each one would provide for a reinforcement and an enlargement of the mission, and thus enable the weak and worn laborer to retire and recruit without loss or distraction.

God has graciously blessed and prospered this little mission. Its friends may well take heart as year by year more and more precious fruit is gathered in. In no year since the commencement have so many been gathered into the fold as in the present.

J. PHILLIPS.

Balalore, Nov. 19, 1872.

It is not the bee's touching on the flowers that gathers honey, but her abiding for a time upon them, and drawing out the sweet. It is not he that reads most, but he that meditates most on Divine truth, that will prove the choicest, wisest, strongest Christian.

Thoughts Upon the Unseen.

We are within the realm of the seen. The solid earth is under foot; the attractive sky is overhead. Upon the earth we build; homes are made; here are the products of the land and of the sea; and the society of friends is here. Less than fifty words tell the whole—this is the seen. What a power it has over us! Its power may be lawful; may be the best, or it may not be. Sometimes a part of the seen is blotted out. That casts a pall over all to us. At this state Paul's words, 2 Cor. 4: 17, 18, come in to fill a necessary place. The afflictive state shall prove an immense good, he says, "while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen." This has been the history of experience since he wrote thus. Financial crises have been followed by revivals; disasters have served to induce conversions. It is a history to be known fully in heaven, that that called ruin here results in the salvation of many there.

From nature we may get the idea that the unseen is as real as the seen. A traveler in a region of mountains and woods, hears the falling of great trees at a distance from the camp. In the breathless calm which precedes the tempests, the forest's monsters are ever heard to fall and crash thus upon the earth. Without a breeze to stir a branch or leaf, at the time you would least think, they bow their growth and strength to die. What did it? Some power, silent and unseen. That, upon the tree, is more mighty than what appears most mighty to the senses, as it brings down those you would judge able to defy nearly all strength.

We listen still for the unseen: "Behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord, but the Lord was not in the wind." "Not in the earthquake," "not in the fire" which followed the wind, but "after the fire the still, small voice." There was God, in the still, small voice. When the seen is swept away, the unseen traverses its course. The voice of God speaks gently, directing to the unseen. It meets man's need, that there is an unseen to draw the attention. He is too fearfully and wonderfully made to have all powers called into use by this poor husky world. His faculties are too noble to be wholly in the seen; their home is in the unseen, so they are called away to seek it. They stretch their lengths upward; they reach; they reach not in vain. There are riches far up there they must not lose; God calls them away to them. The soul returns to earth laden with gifts from sources unseen. While we look at the unseen, there is the "far more exceeding glory," the "eternal weight of glory."

This life, the visible, has value only as the invisible is seen. Were there no God, it has been said, "there must be one." In the darkness, take out the idea that there is something above, and what is there left? With no God, no immortality, no angels, no spirits, no friends saved in the home of an endless life, and we hastening to the annihilation and the forgotten, what is life? No Providence to rule over losses, no arm to stay desolations, no hand to check evil, and to hold truth and goodness uppermost, then life is a dreary waste. No Saviour, no heaven, no home to which we may look, then earth is vanity. "If in this life only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable." The one who spoke thus, spoke for humanity. This life is great, grand, all absorbing and infinite in its hopes and its feelings, for there is another to give it significance. The unseen and the unfathomable rides on the vision. We can not cast it off; we would not if we could; it is all and in all to a mortal, for without it life has no character. If there might be no other God but man, if there might be nothing above to which the imagination points and which revelation declares, give us for this life, notwithstanding the falsity and the failure of another, the influence of the unseen upon the soul. If this is the provision of nature her provision is wise. If it came, not from nature but from God who made her, it came from infinite wisdom to suit man's needs.

Skepticism, then, has food only for fools. There are things our spirits know. Reason need not aid, though it does. Our spirits thus chime in sweet harmony with the still small voice in which is God Himself.

When we view the unseen we do it not best by relying wholly upon ourselves. We go into a foreign land. We have dreamed of it; we have read of it; a general outline is before our mind; but to see best we need a guide. His home has been among the scenes. Into them many times he has wandered, and now it is his sphere in life to engage the attention of others and to show them the beauty of nature or art. God has peculiar ways of showing the unseen—of opening the invisible. He knows their every formation. There has been his home. Indeed He made them. He considers it an important work to reveal. Besides, he says, the unseen is free, all free; only let me reveal in my own way. God's method is now. It is a revelation we can not find out ourselves, it is so intricate. Yet it is very plain when He pleases to disclose the whole. He keeps back a part; He opens little by little; He keeps the interest up by an additional view; but at last the grandeur of the vast land stands out as marked as ever America to the renowned discoverer of it. There are winged birds to which He points; there are floating shrubs and flowers, each fragrant with sweetness as we go on with Him. But the land is ahead. As some glorious sun of His universal system throws up the morning light, there it will be spread out in matchless glory before our eyes. It will be splendor inimitable, that land of the unseen.

It is better to view the unseen in our

own way, however, than not at all. What ails life that it is wild, tumultuous, and a mad frenzy? Thought of the overshadowing unseen has gone out of it. It is the majestic that calms, hallows, and makes suitably serious. That Omnipresent One, that group of heavenly visitors, that vast multitude of the redeemed, thoughts of these make serious, and the spirit is hushed to a solemnity that we know not that we are the thoughtless beings we were. When there is thought in the direction of the unseen, the conviction we are now rational, taking within the certainty, all that is real comes. While the great I Am gazes upon me, I feel, I am what I am. Such conviction of what I am, and what I ought to be, is the precursor of good. There is impelling power in these things unseen, and they drive the soul calmly from the false, and there can not be going to the wrong. Not these realities are too great to let one perish in vanity. The true is determined upon. That only will satisfy, for the unseen has been seen.

H. R. H.

Leaders.

Every enterprise has its leader, and every leader a previous subjection to circumstances, that train and develop the man. While mere office-seekers are eager for place, they refuse the work and lose the appointment, and the responsibilities that may have rest-primarily on them are passed over to some one not ambitious of honor, who sees the necessity of the work, and enters intensely upon it for the work's sake. This last perhaps wins the field, while they who missed the improvement of the opportunity, protest against a recognized victory, and endeavor to re-organize under a leadership whose only claim is an outward badge of office: being slow to learn that leadership is not conferred by vote.

Other men than Moses might have led the Hebrews out from bondage, but when they were tried they were found wanting in the essential characteristics of generalship; and the opportunities that, rightly improved, would have been the means of elevating them to a place of trust and honor came and went, and left them below their former level. It was not enough that Moses inflicted summary justice in defending one of his own nation from oppression, or that he recommended the exercise of equal rights to his discordant kinsman; for the love of kindred may be the love of self, and it was necessary for him to develop an innate love of justice before he could legislate wisely for the nation. While the cases in which he interfered were initiatory steps, leading to higher efforts, many would do as much, and yet fail to do more. When Moses left Egypt, the spirit that led him to attempt social reform there was nothing daunted by the disagreeable fact, that he who had been the favorite of Pharaoh's daughter was now a fugitive. Reformers generally have a mental constitution that gains strength by a sharp contention with the bolts and bars of obloquy and reproach.

Little things are connecting links between cause and effect, and sometimes save otherwise obscure names from oblivion. Many women have struggled more or less successfully with the stern necessities of life, and dying left no record; but the seven sisters of Midian, unwittingly to themselves, were used to test both Moses and the shepherds. To the latter they were only women, born to obey the lordly behests of men, and physically incapable of defending themselves. Every day these women went to the well, and as often were hindered, and tantalized, and driven away. The shepherds were leading men, and after Moses interfered in their behalf, if they were like the shepherds during and since the days of the Reformation, they talked over the exception to their general success, and came to a conclusion, (like that of the Inquisition in the case of the Spanish lady of rank, who had embraced Protestantism, and upon whom they brought to bear, but ineffectually, all the tortures of the Romish church), that "nothing could move that obstinate woman." The shepherds were leading men, but they led backward; and any one or all of them might have been invested with the highest offices, and honors, and emoluments of Jewish Church and State, and the people would have groined in bondage still.

The solitary fugitive, sitting by the well, saw these women, the mother wiser than her neighbors who outwitted the king; the gifted sister who entered intelligently into the mother's plan, the compassionate princess, whose heart was moved by the wailing of a foundling child; he saw the unnecessary difficulties of their situation, and his injustice, and he espoused their cause, unpopular as it was, and entered the list as a special pleader for minority claims; and the fugitive and foundling became the leading man, without exhibiting the egotistical ambition of an unqualified aspirant who says, "I must be the leading mind."

End of the World not Near.

What is now called Second Adventism was at first often called Millerism, from Wm. Miller, of the state of New York, who came to the conclusion in 1833, from his method of interpreting the prophecies, particularly some prophetic numbers of days, that the world would end in 1843. He wrote and lectured after 1837. Some thirty-five years have passed since. I have lived through the whole of it;—heard Miller, read much that he wrote, and have also heard and read considerable that others have written on the subject. Two things I wish to state, that have been noted by the way.

First, Those who have not been ready to adopt what has been strenuously urged, that the end of the world is near, have been told that they can not say with certainty that the end is not near. And those who

have said this, have usually said it with an air of triumph, as if they had got unbelievers fast. Secondly, Some good Christians, a few of them ministers, on going once, twice or more to Adventist meetings, have at once adopted, and without special examination, the theory that the end is near, and sometimes have proclaimed it publicly, to the regret if not the grief of their associates in the church.

No rational, wise and truly religious person can have an interest in believing only what is true. From the beginning, this subject has been examined with teachableness, and I trust with the faith of a believer in Jesus, and I have not been able to believe that the end of the world is near. True, sincerity on one side or the other of this or any other religious subject, is no proof of right. The "Law and the testimony," that is, the Bible, must decide. A right understanding of that shows what is true, and to be believed. But before showing what is noted in the Scripture of truth, let there be a hasty view of past errors, relative to the time of the end. This will show, at least, that it is easy to make mistakes on this matter.

Paul wrote the first Epistle to the Thessalonians but about twenty years after Christ's ascension. He spoke pointedly of the Saviour coming again, and that they were "not in darkness that the day should overtake them as a thief." From all he said, the church believed that the second appearing of the Lord was near. In the second Epistle he corrected this view which they had, and assured them that day was not at hand, and told them of some things that must previously transpire, and particularly the coming of the church of Rome. This came some 500 years after, has practiced its monstrous delusions 1300 years and is still doing it, but is to be destroyed by the spirit of Jehovah's mouth before time shall end.

About the close of the tenth century, some religionists in Europe, from their view of the thousand years in the 20th chapter of Revelation, proclaimed that the end was near, gave up their business and waited for the close of the world's affairs. Was it near? In 1525, many, under one Munster, tired of law and the dominion of man over man, got the notion that Christ would soon come and set up his heavenly kingdom on the earth. Were they correct?

The next was from 1655 to 1660, in England. A considerable party believed Christ was about to come. But they came to naught, and the world went on much as before, only somewhat improved.

Lord Napier, a great mathematician, made calculations, founded much on the 1335 days in the book of Daniel, that Christ would come and the world end between 1688 and 1700. The time went by and the earth was in its place, the sun rising and setting as before.

In the year 1812, a man named Edwards, of New York, came to the conclusion that on a given day of that year the end would be. He put a speaking trumpet to his mouth, proclaimed the idea, got converts of course, and when the day came there was a terribly furious wind, that bent and broke the forests before it. Many prayed for mercy, but the tempest passed and time continued.

Mr. Miller fixed 1843. It did not come. Then Oct., 1844, was proclaimed as the time. Then, 1855. Then, 1857. Afterwards other years that have since passed. Were those who believed, right?

The larger part of the Adventists for a considerable time have not believed in any particular year as the period of the end, but say it is near. Reasons for incredulity in respect to this will be given in the next article.

Raymond, N. H.

Light Wanted.

In the Star of Dec. 25, 1872, there appeared a partial solution of that passage of Scripture recorded in Luke, 16: 9, "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations." In Deuteronomy, 25: 16, we read, "All that do unrighteously are an abomination unto the Lord thy God." Paul, in 1 Cor. 6: 9, says, "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God?" John, in his 1st Epistle, 5: 17, says, "All unrighteousness is sin." In what sense are we to understand the "everlasting habitations" of the "friends of the mammon of unrighteousness?"

The word everlasting must be taken in a spiritual sense, as all things temporal are of temporary duration. If the writer of the article above alluded to will furnish the Star with a clear solution of the above passage of Scripture, he will confer a great favor on many readers of that valuable paper.

Jackson, Mich.

S. S. Department.

Slaughtering the Innocents.

It is a lamentable and remarkable fact that most people expect and exact more from children than they do from grown people. Of course scores of persons who read this article will regard this assertion as so idle of the truth as to be absolutely puerile. But a little reflection will convince the most incredulous that, in regard to many things, at least, it is strictly and sadly true. It is true of their studies, of their manners, of their affections, and of their temperaments, but it is especially true of their religious life. If any one doubts this, let him obtain admission to some secret convocation of deacons or elders, where a child and a mature person are undergoing an examination preparatory to being admitted into a church. If he does not agree, when he leaves, that in respect of acquaintance with Christian doctrine, in respect of religious experience and in respect of moral and holy living, more is expected from the child than the man, then it will be because he is deaf, or insane, or destitute of reason and judgment.

Such nice distinctions with regard to the atonement, such chronological propriety in the order of mental states, such demonstrations of acceptance with God, such pledges for the future, such heavenly feelings for others, and such impossibilities in general as these men will expect of a child, they never would think, for one moment, of requiring from a grown man or woman. In an eastern church, some years ago, a little girl six years old, after having endured this absurd and merciless torture for an hour, though she gave the most satisfactory evidences, from the start, of a change of heart, had the satisfaction of seeing her sufferings ended and her persecutors suddenly made sensible of their folly by having one of them say to her, "Now, Mary, just one more question before we admit you into the church: What do you understand by the office-work of the Holy Spirit?" Of course our intentions are the best imaginable when we do this sort of thing; we sin from a want of tact and common sense, not of conscience or heart, when we thus slaughter the innocents; but while this relieves of all guilt in the matter, the evil remains.

These remarks concerning this evil in general will serve to introduce a more special reference to one particular instance of it. Let us apply these remarks to the subject-matter of Sunday-school lessons. Now, it is a conspicuous trait of grown-up human nature that it prefers facts to theories, concrete statements to abstract statements, and descriptions of things which are the objects of the senses to descriptions of things which are the objects only of thought. The human mind has not a mere tendency in this direction, but it rushes thither with all the force it possesses. It has a perfect passion for the objects of the sense, as distinguished from the objects of thought. Let any one who doubts this observe, as he may often do, that when a preacher, in the middle of a prosy sermon, suddenly says, "The other day, walking down the street, I saw—or I heard," etc., the whole congregation gives a hitch, the children stop counting the ticks in their shoes, the snorers wake up, and everything is animated and delightful, no matter how simple the narrative, until the illustration is over and the application begins, when the children begin to look at the soles of their shoes again, the snorers snore again, and the congregation become listless again. If this does not convince the skeptic of the truth of what we are saying, let him recall the pleasure with which he reads Zesop's fables, and the contempt with which he treats the application; let him reflect that history, biography, travels, and fiction are the favorite kinds of reading; that, in the Bible, the Pentateuch and the Gospels are ten times as much read and loved as the Prophecies and the Epistles; and that all kinds of conversation, or public speaking are fascinating just in proportion as they are rhetorically pictorial. This will satisfy him that the doctrine of this article is of immense and, as yet, not half realized importance.

Now, grown people do not think it strange that they should like pictorial preaching; but it never enters their heads that children prefer narrative to metaphysics, that the natural way to teach young and old alike is to give them facts and let them draw their own inferences; and still less that the younger the human mind is the more imperatively it demands that it should be fed on concrete and be delivered from abstract pabulum. They know very well what they themselves like, but the children, they seem to think, are either supernatural beings, born with a noble preference for what is uninteresting, or else enemies, who deserve to be tortured to death with modes, and syllogisms, and nice distinctions.

All this is enough to make one wish that some of the people who prepare the Sunday-school lessons would bethink themselves of the processes and preferences of their own minds when they write for the young. What right have they to set these helpless little ones unraveling the mysteries of the atonement, or of justification, or regeneration, or of Christian fellowship, or of any purely Christian experience, as brought out in some tortuous and intricate passage from the Epistles? Might they not just as well use the thumb-screw? Do not such lessons repel children from the school and religion? Ought not such writers to be enjoined by the courts from waging this warfare against the infants and against the best interests of the church?

The truth is, nothing is fit for a Sunday-school lesson but a narrative of facts, a real or ideal description of objects of sight or hearing. The Spirit of inspiration has filled the Bible with such matter, and with such a variety of it that all the treasures of rhetoric lie imbedded in it. Give the children the Bible stories, and leave their own active minds and hearts to do at least some of the easy and delightful work of extracting the theory from the facts. And even so, do not make a point of extracting too much gold from too little ore. It is only the salient points of a transaction that strike the child's mind; and if you only take in more verses, you can have as many of these as you desire. Be like the minister who said he always took a good long text so that, if he was persecuted in one verse, he could flee into another.

This style of teaching involves, or at least craves, a generous use of modern appliances. Maps, charts, models, relics, and pictures should be furnished every Sunday-school by the \$1,000 worth. And what a pity it is that people who can afford to spend \$5,000 on a steamer can not raise \$500 for this needed work. The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.—S. S. Teacher.

BLACKBOARD ILLUSTRATIONS. Speaking of blackboard exercises, the Nat. S. S. Teacher says:

There are superintendents, having the interest of their school at heart, who would gladly hail the advent of the blackboard in their school, were it not for the lack of confidence they have in their powers to make and explain the illustrations. To them we offer the following suggestions: In every school there are scholars who have more or less of the talent needed to make the blackboard attractive. Give one of them the opportunity, and see how gladly he will work to please you. He may, perhaps, be the last person in the school that you think will assist you in the matter, but give him a trial, and you will have no other one more zealously interested in the prosperity of the school than he, and in like manner will the school be interested in his work. Do not attempt too difficult lessons at first. Let them be just as simple as you can make them. Some of the best lessons ever put upon a board are the most simple. Always bear in mind, that you want to place at least one thought on the board from the lesson of the day, that the scholars will remember.

THE WORD IS NIGH TIME. A little girl once said that a parable is "An earthly story with a heavenly meaning." Christ told many such stories. How good of Him to tell stories that all can understand.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1873.

GEORGE T. DAY, Editor.
G. F. MOSHER, Asst. 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.

A Temperance Revival.

There is a fresh interest showing itself in the cause of temperance that has not promise in it. In some of the states it is finding expression in ways that tell both on the dealer and drinker. It comes out here in better legislation and the faithful enforcement of laws that have been little more than a dead letter on the statute book; it appears there in a revival of the pledge, in systematic effort to create an active public sentiment against the traffic and the indulgence, in an endeavor to save those who have already begun the downward career, and in special measures to enlist the young, thereby using the effective ounce of prevention in order to get rid of the necessity of resorting to the doubtful pound of cure.

This new interest seems to mean something. The men who embody it are generally tried men. They are veterans in the cause. They know what foes are to be met. They have learned practical wisdom through their past experience. They have found out that moral conviction is incomplete until it has clothed itself in law; and that laws, no matter how stringent in their provisions or how carefully and skillfully drawn, are of little service so long as there is only a feeble and timid public sentiment behind them. They see the need of enlisting every class of workers,—of calling into fresh service the high motives urged by the pulpit and the religious press, the physiologist's facts, the chemist's analysis, the political economist's figures, the philanthropist's humanity, and the orator's magnetism and pathos. They see how essential it is that the civil officer be a man who respects his oath and remembers his duty, and that the citizen recognize his responsibility and give his co-operation to those whom he has helped to put into public places.

That every possible expedient will be resorted to, in order to shield the traffic and lend respectability to tippling, is now well known. Lawyers can be hired to pick flaws in any enactment and hinder the work of justice, and the heavy fees are ready for them. Chemists and physicians can be found who, either through partial knowledge, pride of opinion, or affection of originality,—not to speak of reasons less creditable,—will scout the theory of total abstinence, and declare the intoxicating beverage used in moderation, a good creature of God. Legislators will not be wanting who let private interest outweigh the public good, and so allow law to be used as a shield to the business, which preys on the public virtue and tends to throw society into chaos.

Temperance workers know all this. They know it, not merely as a theory or an inference, but as a fact, an experience, a part of the actual life around them. But instead of being daunted or discouraged by these things, they only find in them a fresh reason for joining their forces, laying out fresh plans, calling into play every agency which has proved itself effective in the past and promises to be efficient in the future, and entering upon a new campaign in the spirit in which Grant undertook the work of reducing Richmond. They know that there is still work before them. They look for no easy, cheap and speedy victory. But they do expect a triumph, because they have faith in the truth; and even if they foresee a complete victory, they are so intent on making life a resolute and unyielding fight with falsehood and wrong, that they have no idea of ending the warfare till the days of their active service are over. They will try to rectify and consecrate statutes, both local and general; they will seek to arm the private and the public conscience against both selling and drinking; they will endeavor to reform adverse social customs; they will be content with nothing less than a church that keeps its hands washed of all complicity with this evil.

In this spirit and with these aims the temperance men and women of the country are girding themselves for toil. In Maine and Massachusetts, particularly, all classes of temperance workers are effectually combining their efforts. Especially are they at work to build up a trustworthy moral sentiment against the sale and use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, feeling that in this lies the chief hope and the germs of all efficient and active measures. New Hampshire is following the example, as are not a few other states. It is a welcome manifestation, an auspicious sign, a prophetic movement. We trust that it may go on, and that every one of our readers may add something real to its force and help to increase and hasten its triumph. For this is a case where no good man or woman can afford to be neutral. Silence will be interpreted to mean connivance at the evil, and connivance is crime.

Church Usages that Plague.

Some of the leading Congregationalist papers are freshly discussing infant baptism. The reasons are obvious. The number of children brought forward to this ordinance grows relatively smaller. Many of their leading members, who are parents, have no faith in or sympathy with it. Many others are practically and perhaps mentally indifferent. Those who believe in the rite thoroughly, and have a genuine zeal in maintaining it, are only a handful of the whole number, and they seem hardly likely to transmit their faith to any successors. The gradual falling of the rite into disuse and disrepute naturally enough awakens those who would save it, to put forth special effort.

There is also another cause. People begin to reason over the subject. They are not content to leave a matter like this in the domain of mere sentiment. They seek a reason for calling logic into service. They ask for the meaning, and the moral and spiritual utility, of the rite. They ask,—Are such baptized (sprinkled) children regenerated? Does any moral change pass upon them in, or by, or because of, the baptism? If yes, what is it? If no, what is the reason for maintaining the rite? And how are the baptized children to be regarded?—Are they members of the church, or not? If yes, why should they not be regularly reported, and admitted to all its privileges, and charged with its responsibilities without further action on their part? If no, in what respects does their relation to it differ from that of the children of other members, and who have not been brought forward?

These are very natural and practical questions. There ought to be a plain, definite answer to them, and one in which the denomination is agreed. But there is no such answer. Instead, the replies are vague, various, inconsistent, antagonistic. It is not strange that the usage itself threatens to disappear in such a state of things. The two leading papers of the denomination, the *Congregationalist* and the *Advocate*, have taken up these questions of late, but their utterances have not been very clear. Both of them seem to lean toward the idea that special grace is given to the child in its baptism, and that it would be properly looked upon as a member of the church,—a church too, let it be remembered, that claims as proper members only the regenerate. That looks like sacramentalism, such as Congregationalists have been forward in protesting against in the Romish and Ritualistic churches. These papers do not squarely take that ground; they only incline toward it, and ask, as though the question were forcible and pertinent,—“Who can prove that such special grace is not given?” As though we were bound to prove a negative, instead of waiting for the testimony which they are called on to bring forward in support of a usage, which they urge on our acceptance.

When one leaves Scripture and resorts to tradition and inference, there is always perplexity. They who are wise above what is written often find their guiding star to be a meteor, and not a fixed point of light. Infant baptism and close communion seem to us about equally striking examples of the extra-scriptural,—not to say the anti-scriptural,—usages that plague instead of profit.

The Contagion of Rascality.

Last week the Daily papers were stating that a respectable gentleman was missing from a neighboring village. He had long held the position of Cashier of one of the leading Banks in the place, and of the Savings Bank connected with it. So highly was he esteemed by the community, that there was no suspicion of any wrong on his part, and there were daily paragraphs in the papers expressing solicitude over his absence and the conviction that he must have been foully dealt with.

But it was thought best to examine his Bank accounts. It was done. In a few hours he was found to be a heavy defaulter; policemen were engaged to work up the case; his wife and children went to the maternal home in disgrace; and the public conscience had sustained a sad shock. What makes the case still more aggravating is the fact that his heaviest stealings were from the Savings Bank, where poor laborers had deposited their all, and who will thus be ruined. For so strong was the confidence in the Cashier's honesty, that the Bank Directors had failed to secure themselves except by mere nominal bonds, and the institution must probably wind up its affairs.

Take another case,—that of the Cashier of a village bank in Maine. He had held the office for many years, and for nearly twenty years had been the honored deacon of the leading church in the village. He was also College treasurer. We knew him intimately. He had an interesting family, for whom he manifested the deepest concern. We do not know of a citizen, or student but would have trusted him with his last dollar. To-day he is serving a term in the State prison for defrauding the Bank; the church is scandalized; his family mourn him as dead.

But why cite these cases? Because they fairly illustrate thousands that are transpiring each week in the country. Men against whom no fair-minded person would think of preferring charges; who hold high positions of trust; who are charitable toward every effort made in humanity's behalf; who have the happiest of homes and seem to be living the truest of lives, are constantly falling in just this way. No bonds seem to be strong enough to hold them to an honorable course. False to all relations and trusts, they try to walk in two ways at once, only to find in the end that the tracks they were trying to conceal inevitably lead to ruin and disgrace.

Run over in mind the Hodges and the

Johnsons,—the long list of those who have lately taken to flight with a great disgrace after them. How much worse than the worst reports are the hard facts that Boss Tweed's trial is disclosing. There is the Erie Railroad ring with its swindlings by the million. Here are the two contending U. S. Representatives from South Carolina, against whom so great corruption is proved that the Committee report against giving either of them a seat. And then here is the Credit Mobiliere investigation, which threatens to stain the hitherto fairest records. Men whom we have regarded as models of statesmanship and official honesty, suddenly find their names coupled with those who have no honor to lose.

This is bad enough. But it might be worse. To be sure, it gives the despisers of human integrity serious points in their charges. The croakers are in high glee when good men fall, and many such have seemed to fall of late. On the street corners, and in disreputable saloons, miserable crowds gather and sneer at the goodness that is no better than these cases exhibit. “Better be a villain and own it, than a villain and deny it,” say they. And every true man responds, “Yes, verily.”

But we are not half so near the bad as these cases might indicate. The dogs may be baying loudly at our heels, but they haven't got us all yet. What is the widespread grief over these sad failures, but evidence of the heaven that has not lost its virtue? Isn't the fact that a thousand men argue, a safer abiding-place than that a score are false? If men will only look beneath what appears on the surface, they may rejoice rather than despair. The village whose Cashier is in prison has four left whose integrity has stood the test of much longer service. One deacon may be false, but there are five thousand deacons who are true. There are still Wilsons and Blaines, whom no Credit Mobiliere has defrauded of their honor. In short, there is a great host of good and true men, who will remain good and true, and they may be trusted to keep the citadel, even if there are traitors in the camp.

A Safe Maxim.

There are but few safer maxims, suppose one is to be adopted as a rule of life, than that rough and homely one with which the mythical Davy Crockett prefaced his almanac,—“Be sure you are right, and then go ahead.” It states the conditions of the best success, and points to a path that rarely needs to end in failure. It has been the motto, whether expressed in those words or not, of nearly every man who has lived a true life. Their acts may not always have escaped questioning, but it is rare that “investigations” have been able to disgrace them.

But in every-day life, we doubt if the temptations to neglect the second clause of the maxim are not greater than they are to neglect the first. Many a man may be decently sure of his course, who hasn't the courage to pursue it when his acts are questioned. The soldier must not only plant his batteries; he must stand by and work them. Great heart must not turn aside when the giant and the lions oppose him, and Luther must go to Worms in spite of all the devils that may be there.

We were thinking that this might have been a safe rule for the Credit Mobiliere to adopt. Take the case of Judge Bingham, for example. He was arraigned with an awful show of authority before the Investigating Committee. “Judge Bingham, have you owned stock in the Credit Mobiliere?” “Yes,” replies the Judge, “and it is nobody's business but my own. It is legitimate property; my legislative record is clean, so far as any influence of the Credit Mobiliere is concerned; and I shall take another dozen shares if I choose.” The Committee allowed him to step aside.

Now, it doesn't appear that any of these Congressmen, who are charged with Credit Mobiliere transactions, have been influenced in their voting thereby. The records of Patterson and Kelly and Harlan and the rest seem to be clean enough, so far as that is concerned. They have legislated for the road as a public enterprise, but they have promptly voted down every measure that was shaped in behalf of personal interests. If they had only taken Judge Bingham's ground before the Investigating Committee, that body might soon have adjourned, and with only a small handful of wool.

For what are the facts in the case? Well, it would be difficult to say, but they seem to be these: It was enacted in the beginning that Union Pacific R. R. shares should not be sold at less than par. This reduced the chances of making money by those who might invest. It also made it difficult to secure favorable contracts to build the road. At this point Oakes Ames and a few others contracted to build a certain portion of the road for a certain sum. This was the Credit Mobiliere contract. It was found in the end that the work could be done much cheaper than was supposed. Hence there were large profits accruing. But the contractors wanted money to push their work. Hence they sold contractors' shares on such terms that the purchasers could realize good profits. They found, moreover, many purchasers among Congressmen, whose finances needed improving, and who professed to regard the transactions as legitimate and honorable. If now, these purchasers did not allow the ownership of stock to influence their voting, where was the harm in owning it?

The chief trouble has seemed to arise from the fact that the purchasers did not consistently “go ahead.” Influenced more by what an uninformed public might think than by what the facts themselves would warrant, they were painfully forgetful, and unless future disclosures put the matter in a different light, they are unfortunately persistent in their forgetfulness. Who believes that Colfax or Patterson would be knowing-

ly untrue to their trusts? He does but little credit to his judgment who would thus misinterpret the record of their public lives. We privately wish that they had told the Investigating Committee, to begin with, that it was none of their business whether they invested in Credit Mobiliere stock or not.

But suppose we all heed the lesson that this affair may teach us. We need quite as much of the spirit that would not run from the cannon's mouth as of that that would march steadily up to it. In other words, it is of more importance to “stand our ground,” after it has been well chosen, than it is to choose it at first. We know a good many people who, on the street and in real life, forsake the stand that they profess to take in the prayer meeting. So, then, be sure you are right, always very sure, and then don't desert yourself when your conduct is investigated.

The Great Work.

When Jesus came on his mission of mercy to the earth, nearly nineteen centuries ago, there were very few ready to receive him. Here and there one waited for the promise, while nearly all the Jews were sunk in unbelief and worldliness, and the Gentile nations were wholly given to idolatry. At the appointed time the Saviour made his appearance, gathered around him a little band, wrought miracles in attestation of his divine mission, and unfolded the gospel plan. When, at the end of three years, he commissioned his disciples to go forth to all nations, he had but about one hundred and twenty followers.

Now there are four millions of church-members in this country alone. We are unable to give the number in the various ecclesiastical communions of Great Britain, Germany, France, &c., but those who bear the Christian name are computed at three hundred millions, diffused through all lands, and laboring with more or less efficiency for the evangelization of the world. With all the obstacles in the way, from without and within, so mighty is the work wrought.

Still, the grand result sought is by no means accomplished. Two-thirds of mankind are yet heathen. But a small minority relatively in any Christian country are true believers. There are those who profess the gospel as a failure, and many professedly in the faith more than half believe it. The experiment is likely to prove a failure with them, and so they infer it will with others. But it will not. The kingdom of Christ will stand; will triumph, will prevail, until the multitudes of the nations shall be gathered in, and the earth be filled with the glory of the Lord. The promise of God is sure, and what has been already accomplished is a manifest pledge of the glorious result.

What then is this work? Fatal mistakes have been made respecting it, and we can not too carefully guard against them. It is not a work to be wrought on the mass, but upon the individuals who compose the mass. It is no mere change of names, rites and ceremonies. Such changes have been tried in nations, communities, and persons with little apparent benefit.

The gospel work is one of moral and spiritual renovation. It finds man under the power and dominion of sin, condemned, lost. It proposes to change all this, so that instead of loving sin he shall love holiness, to translate him from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God. All this it proposes to accomplish, not by a long process of training, but by the grace of God through the Holy Spirit.

There is a theory popular with some, that the sinner is not thus lost and never can be,—that he is not to be blamed but pitied,—that he needs no supernatural change of heart and life, but only culture and improvement. This theory in the hands of different classes of Ariens, Socialists, and “Liberals” has so far had no great success, as all admit; still it is urged as though the principle must be right, though there may have been mistakes in the measures. No, it is the other way; the measures have often been skillful and commendable, but the system itself is inadequate and wrong. It undertakes to do the work of the gospel in another way from what the gospel proposes; to accomplish by human means alone what requires the supernatural power of God. So of course it is a failure.

The scheme of grace, as unfolded in the gospel and in Christian experience, is very plain and practical. It contemplates, first, conviction of sin, righteousness, and a judgment to come; then repentance, faith, regeneration. This is the beginning, and the foundation. Not that it stops there. Not only is the foundation to be laid, but a spiritual temple to be built thereon. Here is abundant opportunity for culture and improvement. The “Liberals” of our day, like those of old, undertake to build their house without a foundation, and on the sand. The gospel method is to dig deep and build on the Rock of Ages. And having laid a sure foundation, we are not to stop with the rudiments, but go on to perfection in spiritual growth and strength. This culture and growth however are not to be sought through human means alone, but by the same supernatural grace of God that wrought our first deliverance.

The gospel proposes nothing less than salvation. Christ came to save the lost. The apostles and primitive Christians preached every where the doctrine of grace and prayed men to become reconciled to God. They have had faithful successors in every period since, laboring for the conversion of sinners and the evangelization of the nations. And it has been found in every instance of individuals, churches, or communities that those most earnestly devoted to the work of saving sinners, make the greatest progress themselves in spiritual culture. They who labor most effect-

nally for God and humanity secure thereby their own proper development. Those are the truly prosperous churches; not those existing mainly as mutual admiration or mutual detraction societies.

If such is the great work committed to the church, the means must be adapted to the end. The preaching needed is that of the gospel of Christ, not the wisdom of man. Our models are to be taken from the Bible, men anointed of God, filled with the Holy Spirit, successful in winning souls to the Saviour and building up believers in their most holy faith. Christians needed are such as walk in Christ, as they received him; not formalists, ritualists, conformed to the fashions and follies of the times, but transformed in mind and heart; whose affections, conversation and life are not earthly but heavenly. Our time here is so short, the work on our hands is so momentous, the privilege of laboring for Christ and souls is so blessed, that we can not afford to be occupied much with things of less account.—J. J. M.

Current Topics.

—UNDER A CLOUD. Just now a shadow is falling on several men of high national and Christian reputation. One of the most recent and uncomfortable examples is found in the case of William E. Dodge, Esq., the eminent merchant of New York; of the firm of Phelps, Dodge & Co. It seems that this firm, whose importations of duty-paying goods are very large, is shown to have been defrauding the Government for years, by presenting to the Custom House officers false invoices of goods, so that the duties actually paid were very much less than the Government was entitled to receive. A discharged and angry employe took pains to report the facts, and have the true invoices, which had been preserved, brought forward and compared with those which had been presented to the Custom House officers. It appears, so far, that Mr. Dodge never had a suspicion that such operations as these were going on, and was at first confident that the charges against the firm were wholly unfounded. He asked for an investigation, and was thunderstruck when the fraudulent invoices were laid before him. He insisted that the Government should be promptly secured and reimbursed, even if it took every dollar the firm was worth. The amount fairly due can be ascertained only at the end of a long, tedious, expensive examination, if at all. A rough estimate has been made, which puts it at about \$200,000. Mr. Dodge proposes to the Government, that it investigate the whole affair at the expense of the firm, and receive what is found to be due; or, if preferred, to take a quarter of a million of dollars without incurring the trouble to go through the books, if satisfied that this sum will cover the whole claim. The proposal is held under advisement.

The fact is a sad one, and is especially trying, in view of the eminent religious standing of Mr. Dodge. Somebody, responsibly acting for the firm, has evidently carried on a huge, systematic and skillful swindling game, and the innocent are sufferers as well as the guilty. But we believe that they who best know Mr. Dodge will feel most positive that he neither has been nor would consent to be a willing party to any such transaction as this. The best construction rather than the worst is what should be put upon a matter involving the character of such a man as he. And we believe the affair will generally bring him sympathy instead of suspicion.

—GUARDING PAGANISM. We have all been deeply interested in the Chinese government's enterprise and seeming liberality, in sending students to this country to be educated. But it seems that full liberty of choice is not allowed them; and that they are virtually told what they must find to be truth and duty in respect to certain matters that would appear to involve the question of their own mental integrity. For example,—they must keep faith in Confucius unshaken in spite of every influence they may experience during the fifteen years they are here. Then they are expected to retain their national costume and the knowledge of their language, and also hold to their Chinese citizenship. They may study for any profession other than the ministry, and are not to suspend their education to pursue private business either here or in China. These restrictions have been enjoined by the Pekin Government, to insure the return of the students to their native country as highly cultivated youths, but still Chinamen and pagans. As there are thirty of these students now here distributed among Christian families in New England, it would be a curious commentary on our boasted home influence if they should not become impressed at all with the truths and claims of Christianity. In this respect, however, they would not be only pagans among us.

—TRYING IT AGAIN. It seems as though there are more or less men in political life who can not forgive Gen. O. O. Howard, because no stain can be found on his official character and record, because he comes out from every ordeal vindicated and exalted, and because the people have a faith in him that never for a moment wavers. Just now, the old charge of misusing and wasting the funds belonging to the Freedmen's Bureau is brought forward again. But there is not probably anything really new, and we presume that this attempt to smut the character of one of the purest of men will fail as it has heretofore failed, and as it still deserves to do. “I am tired of having Aristides called ‘The Just,’” was the answer of an Athenian who was asked why he had voted for the expulsion of the noblest citizen of Athens. We suspect it is a similar feeling that prompts much of this hostility toward Gen. Howard. That some of his many and scattered subordinates failed to honor their functions as employees and officers, is very probable; that the funds found their proper destination in

every instance, it would be unreasonable to claim; that there was never a mistake in judgment is what nobody would think of trying to maintain; and that there is no real ground for criticism on the management of the Bureau affairs is what Gen. H. himself would be the last man to assert. But that he performed his perplexing and responsible work with rare good judgment and unimpeachable integrity, laying the Government under great obligations, serving the freed people in the amplest measure and in the highest ways, and showing how Christian fidelity may be joined to political station, are things so obvious that the masses of the people rest in them without misgiving. And so they are not likely to look on quietly and see his reputation assailed.

—COMPULSORY EDUCATION. Just now, there is a good deal of interest felt and expressed over the question of compelling parents to send their children to school. Some of the ablest educators and most liberal-spirited philanthropists are advocating it, as a measure of self-preservation. At first view it seems to involve an abridgment of the liberty of the citizen and an interference with parental privilege and authority, and to belong to monarchical rather than to republican governments. But there is much to be said on the other side, and at present the tendency is toward stringent measures, and to save us from ignorance and the mischiefs which it breeds.

—A VERY BUSY MAN. Is this item, from the Springfield Republican, meant as a bit of satire on the bustling activity of the day, which sometimes swings to the opposite extreme from do-nothingness?

Springfield has an enthusiastic Christian who attends eleven religious meetings a week, is busy at his calling as a mechanic during every working day, and has one evening at home. The programme is this: Three evening prayer meetings, one class meeting and one social, the latter being reckoned as a religious service; and on Sunday six meetings—morning service, Sunday-school, afternoon service, meeting at the jail at 4 p. m., at the Young Men's Christian Association rooms at six, and a prayer meeting at his church at seven. This all, with fifty-two miles travel by rail, to and from his home, would seem to keep one fully occupied. Yet this diligent man finds time to read the Scriptures and the newspapers. If he fails of one of his meetings, he is sure to be somewhere visiting the sick.

—MINISTERIAL SOCIABILITY. There have been several “Social Unions” formed by our C. Baptist brethren during the last three years. Weekly meetings of pastors are also receiving more attention than formerly. The underlying idea is both good and important. Ministers need to know each other better, to confer over work and plans for work, to take and give criticism, to get-out of the ruts of thought and feeling, to develop sociability, and so learn to comprehend and deal wisely with the various sides and aspects of human nature as it is seen in every parish. The Union in Boston is quite an institution; and good dinners now and then, informal talk, and genial post-prandial speeches help to give it flavor, character, stimulus and profit to those who find room at the more attractive gatherings. One of these has just been held, and it was enthusiastically voted a success.

—THE APPEAL FROM HARRISBURG. Our readers will not overlook the statement appearing elsewhere, touching the condition and wants of the F. Baptist interest at Harrisburg. It is a neat, commodious, excellent and admirably located house whose indebtedness our brethren there are bent on sweeping off. They expect to do generous things themselves, and they deserve encouragement and aid from abroad. They don't think of failure, because they mean work and victory, and also because they expect donations from many quarters, ranging all the way from the “much” which wealth can bestow to the “two mites” which generous and self-denying poverty is always ready to give. It is best to send in the offerings, while the appeal is fresh in mind.

Denominational News and Notes.

F. Baptists in Louisiana.

We are informed that, during the war, Rev. D. P. Cilley, of N. H., chaplain of a New England Regiment, while stopping in New Orleans, preached often to the colored people, and with much success. They speak of him as a good man, and gratefully remember him as one of their friends in their hour of trial and distress. He told them of the Freewill Baptists of the North, that they were the friends of the slave, and that some time they would come and help them. They believed what he said.

The seed sown by Bro. Cilley has been growing and spreading until there are several churches and hundreds of members scattered through the state. He gave them two or three copies of the Treatise, which has been their only guide to our doctrines and church polity, and it is remarkable that they have so correctly followed the usages of the denomination.

The first church we visited was the “Mother Church,” that worships in the slave pen on Charles street. In the rear of the place of worship (formerly the auction room for the sale of slaves) are some twenty families living in the small rooms opening from the pen, and in one of these rooms lives Bro. Watson, the “Head Deacon” of the church. The manner in which they live proves that “man wants but little here below.” As soon as I informed Bro. W. that I was a Freewill Baptist from the North, he brought forward a copy of the Treatise, and upon my taking one from my pocket and comparing them, he exhibited the greatest joy. To him it was proof that I was not an impostor. He immediately introduced me to his friends, as the brother that was to come from the North to tell

Poetry.

A Mystery.

The river hemmed with leaning trees
Wound through its meadows green;
A low, blue line of mountains showed
The open pines between.

One sharp, tall peak above them all
Clear into sunlight sprang;
I saw the river in my dreams,
The mountains that I sang.

No dew of memory led me on,
But well the ways I knew;
A feeling of familiar things
With every footstep grew.

Not otherwise above its crag
Could lead the blasted pine;
Not otherwise the maple held
Aloft its red ensign.

So up the long and shorn foot hills
The mountain road should creep;
So green and low, the meadow fold
Its red haired kine asleep.

The river wound as it should wind,
Their place the mountains took,
The white, torn fringes of their clouds
Were an unwonted look.

Yet never before that river's rim
Was pressed to feel of mine,
Never before mine eye had crossed
That broken mountain line.

A presence, strange at once and known,
Walked with me as my guide;
The skirts of some forgotten life
Trailed noiseless at my side.

Was it a dim remembered dream?
Or glimpse through mists old?
The secret which the mountains kept,
The river never told.

But from the vision ere it passed
A tender hope I drew,
And, pleasant as the dawn of Spring,
The thought within me grew—

That love would temper every change,
And soften all surprise,
And, misty with the dreams of earth,
The hills of Heaven arise.

—February Atlantic.

The Little Boy's Prayer.

Our Father, I am hungry, and my shoes are
all worn out—
A week ago I told you so, and now it seems
about
Full time the angels stepped this way to tell us
what to do,
I'm sure you'd listen when I pray, and send
them, if you knew.

Then there's my jacket in the chair—it really
needs a patch;
But grandma says within the house there's
nothing that will match
The little sleeve so badly torn, which I have
worn a week—
Perhaps you do not care to know; but it seems
right to speak.

Now, if you'd just look after us a little while or
two,
Till we have hunted round, until we've found
out what to do,
Why, then I'll try to keep things straight—take
care of grandma, too,
Who needs a good warm shawl so much she
doesn't know what to do.

Then little Charlie Pattergrew has got no winter
cap—
He's such a cunning little boy: I hold him on my
lap
Sometimes, to teach him how to spell; for he
has got no mother—
Only a sister and an aunt, and one big, grown-up
brother.

Now, Father, will you send us word? Or, if you
think 'tis better,
Just write to grandma, who can read, a good
old-fashioned letter;
And if you own, as people say, the world and
all that's in it,

I should think you'd have enough to spend five
dollars every minute—
And would not mind if we had some, for food
and cap and shawl,
Which we have suffered badly for since father
died last fall.

And when I grow to be quite big, I'll do the best
I can
To help the poor, like Mr. James, who is a good
old man.

The Family Circle.

Topping a Shaft.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

As I was leaving the yard, one evening,
to trudge back to the bits of rooms we were
obliged to put up with, since I came to
London, in order to get better wages, I
was called into the office by the foreman.
"What is your present job, Lindsay?" he
asked, and I told him.

"Humph! That can stand over for a
day or two, can't it? Stubbs has fallen ill
again; and you must take his place."
I didn't care to be shifted before I'd finished
what I was about, but a journeyman
brick-layer, with a wife and children looking
to him for bread, can not afford to be
particular, and so I held my tongue.

"You must go to Coot's brewery, to-
morrow morning, and finish that chimney,"
the foreman told me. He gave me a few
more directions besides, and then went his
way, and I went mine, not very well pleased
at the prospect before me.

I suppose I never ought to have followed
the trade, for though I had gained myself
a good character as a steady workman, I had
never been able to overcome a horror at
being perched at any great height. In the
country, where the buildings were low, I
managed well enough, but in this great
city, there were roofs on which I could not
stand, without this dread oppressing me,
nor look down, without feeling as though
something below was tempting me to
fling myself over, and end at once the mis-
erable sensation which no effort of mine
could possibly shake off.

This huge chimney the foreman had or-
dered me to finish, was reckoned one of the
highest and best built shafts in London.
We were all proud of the job, which had

been carried on so far without a single
misadventure; but I had earnestly been hoping
that I might not be sent to it, and it wasn't
till the workmen had got almost to the top,
that I began to breathe a bit more freely,
and trust that it would be finished without
any help of mine.

Once at home, with the youngster's mer-
ry prattle sounding in my ears, I forgot my
uneasy feeling about the morrow's job, but
the moment that I dozed off to sleep, it
came back upon me in a hideous dream.
I thought I was falling down, down, down!
and just as the crash of my body striking
the earth seemed inevitable, I woke up with
a start, and found myself bathed in a cold
perspiration, and trembling in every limb.

No more settled sleep visited my pillow
that night, and it was a relief, when the
booming of the clocks dispelled my fright-
ful visions, and warned me that it was now
time to face a reality.

The morning was bitterly cold and boi-
sterous; scarcely a soul was to be seen in the
deserted streets, at that early hour, and the
dull thud of my footsteps sounded mourn-
fully in the stillness reigning around. At
last, the great chimney loomed in sight, and
gazing up at its height, I shivered at the
thought of being on top of it, and forced to
look down in the sickening depth below.

If it had not been for the shame of the
thing, I should have gone back; but the
thought of Bessie and the children spurred
me on; so, buttoning my jacket tightly
around me, I began to ascend the staging.
In my journey upward, I passed many
costly curtained windows, and remember
thinking, rather enviously, how nice it
must be to be rich, and sheltered on such
a morning, from the biting cold, in a warm-
ly furnished bedroom.

Some fellows wouldn't mind the least
bit if they were perched on the top of St.
Paul's on the coldest of the mornings, pro-
vided you supplied them well with beer;
but I wasn't over-strong limbed, and more-
over, I couldn't pretend to be strong-
limbed; so what to them was nothing, to
me was almost death itself.

The higher I went the more intense the
cold appeared to be, and my fingers be-
came quite numb by the hour frost that
was clinging to the sides and spokes of the
ladders. After a while I stood on the few
boards forming the stage on the summit of
the shaft, and giving one glance downward,
my blood turned colder than it was already,
as I realized the immense depth to the
yard below.

Giving myself a shake to get rid of the
dizzy sensation that came over me, and un-
hooking from the pulley the tub of mortar
which my mate, waiting below, had sent
up, I at once began my solitary work.

I had been hard at it for more than an
hour, and was getting a bit more recon-
ciled to my position, cheering myself as I
whistled and worked, with the thought
that each brick I laid was bringing me
nearer to a finish, when all at once a fiercer
and colder blast than before came shrieking
and tearing round the chimney. I was
nearly overthrown, and in the endeavor to
recover myself I tilted the board of mortar
from off the edge of the shaft on to my
frail standing-place.

In a second, to my intense horror, I felt
the boards and all that were on them glid-
ing away with me from the chimney, and
in a few moments I should have been lying
a mangled corpse below if I had not suc-
ceeded in flinging my arm over and into
the hollow of the shaft, where, as the
scaffolding and its load of bricks crashed
downward, I was left hanging, with cer-
tain death awaiting me the moment I
loosened my hold.

My first impulse was to throw my other
hand over and draw my body up, so that I
could lie partially across the top of the
shaft. In this I was successful, and con-
tinued to balance myself, half in the chim-
ney and half out.

There for some time I could only cling
with frenzied desperation, praying earnest-
ly to be saved from the horrible death
threatening me; but at last I summoned
courage to peer cautiously over the out-
side of the shaft.

Not a bit of scaffolding remained within
my yards of me—and that but the poles,
with a few boards dangling to them—and
there was nothing to break my fall should
I quit my hold.

Shudderingly I drew my head over the
shaft, for there the darkness hid my dan-
ger, while to gaze on the scene without
brought the old feeling of being dragged
down back to me in full force.

Then I began to think of the wife and
little ones whom I had left snug in bed,
and bitter tears came into my eyes as I
wondered how they would live if I were
taken from them. The thought brought
me back to more selfish ones, and I kept
asking myself, "Must I die? How long
can I hold on with this fierce wind beset-
ting me? Is there no hope? Will no one, seeing
how I am placed, strive to rescue me?"

Again I turned my eyes downward. In
the court-yard of the brewery, and in the
streets below, people were fast collecting;
windows were being thrown open, and
women and children, shrieking and sob-
bing, were gazing from them at me. The
crowd below thickened, running hither
and thither. A large kite fluttered near-
er and nearer. How I tried to steady my-
self with one hand, that I might grasp the
cord with the other, as soon as it was within
reach, comes vividly before me now. But
it never did come within my reach, a gust
of the breeze either carrying it farther away
or dashing it to the ground.

An hour passed, and though still cling-
ing to the brickwork, it was almost uncon-
sciously, for cold and fear had so worked
upon me that I became quite dazed; and
the chimneys, the people, the confused
noise from the streets, and my own peril-
ous position, seemed to be jumbled to-
gether in a tangle which I could not put
straight. While in this half-sensible state
I heard a voice shout my name. But it

had to be repeated twice before I could
rouse myself sufficiently to hear what was
said.

"Bill! Bill Lindsay! cheer up, mate! help
is coming!" were the words which rumbled
up the shaft.

After this there was a pause for some
minutes, and scarce able to control my ex-
citement, I tried to think how this help
would come. Then there was a warning
shouted to me to keep my head back, fol-
lowed by a whizzing, hissing noise; and,
looking within the shaft, I saw a bright
shower of golden sparks lighting up the
well-like hole, and knew that a rocket had
been fired.

But it struck the brickwork in its ascent
and failed to reach me, so that once more I
was left to wait and hope until the voice
again shouted for me to keep clear. A
moment after a fiery tail of sparks shot up-
ward, far above me, and an earnest "Thank
God!" came from my heart as I grasped a
thin cord that fell by my side as the rocket
descended.

By this communication a stouter and
stronger rope was sent to me. But my
danger was not over, for in my weakened and
numbed state it was perilous to slide down
it. At first I could scarcely brace my
nerves up sufficiently to launch myself over
the brick work, and my head turning dizzy,
for a moment I thought myself gone, but
conquering the feeling by a great effort, I
slowly descended until about half the dis-
tance was accomplished.

Then the horrid fear seized upon me,
"What if the rope should break, or not be
securely fastened?" and dreading each
second that my fears would be fulfilled, in
feverish haste I slid on.

When within a few yards from the bot-
tom, overtasked nature would bear the
strain no longer, and, loosening my hold, I
dropped into the arms of those who had
been breathlessly watching my descent.

Other hands than mine finished the shaft
in calmer weather, and on a more securely
fastened scaffold; and I, well-cared for by
the best of little wives, soon got over the
shock of my accident; but, as I go to and
fro to my work, and look up to the huge
chimney, I often recall, with a shudder, the
hour when I clung to its summit, counting
the moments, each one of which seemed to
bring me nearer to a dreadful death.

Little Strawberry-Blossom.

In a damp, green spot in the midst of a
wood, hidden away from the sunlight by a
wilderness of lady-ferns, there grew a little
strawberry-blossom. Its broad leaves
spread themselves out luxuriously enough,
but the solitary white flower was stunted
and insignificant. The tall ferns and the
fox-gloves growing around, rarely noticed the
poor little pale thing.

"It seems hardly worth while," the Fox-
glove would say, "to have so many leaves
for such a very small flower, and it takes up
a deal of room;" and the lady-ferns quite
agreed with her.

When remarks of this kind reached the
little Strawberry-blossom's ear she felt
wounded and sad, for she could not help her
own existence.

"Pardon me, beautiful Foxglove," she
would say, "I did not plant myself; I dare
say I shall soon shrivel up and be out of
your way. I wonder why I grew at all,"
she thought; "it is very dark and lonely,
and nobody wants me!"

One day a child came and gathered an
armful of fresh green lady-ferns, and then
at last a bright sunbeam found its way in,
through the break in the fern-forest, and
lighted on the head of the tiny flower, mak-
ing it glisten like a dewdrop on a pearl.

"I love you, little Strawberry-blossom, I
love you," whispered the Sunbeam; but the
poor little flower had lived so long un-
sought and unloved that she could not be-
lieve it.

"Not me, kind Sunbeam," she said, "not
me; surely it is the Foxglove—the queen
of the woods—that you love, with her
splendid crimson bells, or the lovely wild
rose climbing close by!"

"No, little Strawberry-blossom," answered
the Sunbeam; "it is you that I love, you
are so gentle and retiring! I had hard work
to find you out; but now I shall come every
day and stay with you all day long!"

"Listen to the Sunbeam making love to
little Strawberry-blossom!" said the Fox-
glove to a lady-fern, "isn't it ridiculous?
Her poor little head will be turned;" and
even the sweet grasses and moss growing
close round her laughed mockingly.

But she was too happy to heed them. All
the long, hot summer day the Sunbeam
stayed with her; and when he said good-
night, he promised to return the next morn-
ing. In the night a glow-worm passing by
stopped to speak to her.

"Oh, Glow-worm," said she, "I am so
happy! A sunbeam has come—a real
beautiful sunbeam—and he says he loves
me, though I am such a tiny flower. And
he's coming again to-morrow!"

"Hum," said the Glow-worm, who had
seen a good deal of life. "don't make too
sure of that. The Sunbeam is a great trav-
eler, and travelers are not always to be
depended upon; they go here and there, and
forget all about the last place they visited."

But he said he would come!" said little
Strawberry-blossom, "and he is so great
and good I think he will keep his word."

"Well," said the Glow-worm, "I don't
know much of him; I am more intimate
with his cousins, the Moonbeams. I only
wished to speak a word of friendly warn-
ing. My advice to you is to go to sleep
and forget all about him."

And little Strawberry-blossom went to
sleep and dreamed a bright, happy dream.
But behold! next morning when she woke,
it was even duller and darker than usual;
no Sunbeam was there. In truth, it was
raining heavily, and the drops pattered
through the fern fronds all round her head.
But she did not know it was rain. "Kind
leaves!" she said "are you weeping for me?"
at which they all laughed!

"No, no, little Strawberry-blossom," they
said, "we don't waste our tears on such a
poor little silly thing as you! Did you really
think your fine visitor would come back?"

Little Strawberry-blossom was heart-
broken. She could not see beyond her
green canopy, and did not know that the
sun was even then struggling hard with the
clouds. At last he burst forth in all his
glory and splendor; the rain-drops caught
the rays as they passed, and there rose over
the wood a wondrous arch of colored light.
Little Strawberry-blossom could not see the
rainbow, but she felt a glow of warmth and
happiness steal over her, for there was her
own Sunbeam creeping in through the drip-
ping ferns.

"Ah! little one," he said, "did you think
I had forgotten you?" and she hung her
head with shame at having doubted him.

"You need more faith, little Strawberry-
blossom," he whispered. "I was only bid-
ding my time!"

And through the bright summer days the
Sunbeam came again and again, and in the
atmosphere of love and warmth little Straw-
berry-blossom expanded and developed till
she was no longer a pale puny flower, but a
beautiful crimson berry shining like a ruby
in a setting of emeralds. Even the ferns and
the Fox-glove could not help admiring
her, saying among themselves, "What can
have happened to little Strawberry-blossom?
She is quite changed!"

"And I will tell you who sent me to you,"

whispered the Sunbeam. "It was the
glorious Sun himself. He is always there,
high up in the sky, watching over all—even
the tiniest bud, and he sends us into gloomy,
cheerless dwellings with messages of love
for lonely hearts."—Good Words for Chil-
dren.

Self-denial.

Do you know what self-denial means?
Perhaps this story will help you to under-
stand it.

One morning, as Harry and his parents
were sitting at the breakfast-table, Harry
seemed for a while engaged in a brown
study. Presently he exclaimed,

"Father, I have made up my mind not
to eat any more salt mackerel!"

"Ah! what has brought you to that con-
clusion?" asked his father, with a look of
earnest inquiry.

"Because," continued Harry, "Sunday-
school teacher said that we ought to give
up something so that we might have money
to put in the missionary-box."

"Well, but what has induced my boy to
choose salt mackerel as the thing he will
give up?" asked his father.

"Why," answered Harry, "because
mackerel don't come very often; and I
don't like them very much anyhow."

Now, do my young readers think there
is any self-denial in that? Will you tell
what self-denial is?

Little Jennie, who dearly loves oranges,
received one just ever so rich in its beau-
tiful golden color, and plump with its de-
licious juice. Instead of eating it she ran
around the corner and gave it to little
Emma, who was sick, and whose mother
was too poor to buy for her such luxuries.
That was self-denial.

When you give away something that
you really want, that by doing so you may
make another happy; or when you give
up something that you are really fond of,
that you may have money for missionary
or other good purposes—that is self-denial.

Children Amuse Themselves.

None but those who have had a good
deal of experience with children, can have
any idea of their wonderful inventive pow-
ers; and when left to their own resources
for amusement there is almost no limit to
their contrivances. Give the little folks,
where it is possible, a room to them-
selves, and leave them to their own re-
sources. Suppose they do reduce your dining
room to utter confusion, you can re-arrange
it in fifteen minutes, and you have saved
two hours by the operation. I know of a
family where two little boys of five and
seven amused themselves from daylight
till dusk, with only a short interval for
lessons and meals. They have few play-
things,—a box of building blocks, an old
clothes-line, a pair of scissors, a carpet
hammer, a paper of tacks, and a box
where all the bright bits of paper that come
into the house are deposited. This is pretty
nearly all; but on a rainy or cold day, they
take possession of the dining-room and
invent an unceasing round of amusement.
Suppose we peep in at them. They have
been busy for an hour and very quiet, only
the constant chatter of their merry voices
and now and then an exclamation. What
a litter! You feel as if you wanted to run
for the broom, but it is only your stupid-
ity. What you take to be bits of white and
yellow paper scattered over the floor are
beautiful lilies, in a green meadow; that
rope zigzagging around is a little brook,
and those clothes-pins grouped about the
dust-brush are children having a picnic un-
der a tall elm tree. The eldest boy ex-
plains it all with sparkling eyes that show
how real it is to them. Perhaps in a few
minutes, a box of buttons will be arranged
in companies of soldiers, or the blocks be
built into cages, and you will hear the
young exhibitor showing off his animals,
and describing the elephant as he marches
along, "with long ears severely shaking."

Just as quick as you try to help them by
any suggestions, you do mischief, and too
many toys are only an evil. A child's
imagination is vivid enough to help him
out of any difficulties in this line, if you
will only give him the opportunity,
and leave them alone.—Little Corporal.

Literary Review.

THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY. By O. B. Froth-
ingham. New York: David G. Francis. 1873.
16mo. pp. 388.

Mr. Frothingham is pre-eminently the rhetori-
cian of the Free Religionists. And that is no
slight praise. For to stand out distinctly among
such masters of speech as Weiss, and Johnson,
and Potter, and Higginson, and Abbot, implies
a power and skill that would anywhere be no-
ticeable. And this is not all. He has been an
omnivorous reader. All departments of litera-
ture are in a fair degree familiar to him. He
has accumulated much and kept not a little. And
whatever he has is usable. He may not have
digested and assimilated all his materials; in-
deed he evidently has not done this; but he has
such a fine and artistic sense of harmony and fit-
ness that his abounding quotations from and alu-
sions to the literature of the various lands and
ages add weight to his thought and effective-
ness to his address.

This book, in which he has sought to embody
his religious theories, so far as they have taken
definite shape, and in which he has also used a
good deal of destructive criticism where he has
nothing new and definite to put in the place of
the religious institutions and opinions that he
would set aside as obsolete things,—is one of
real interest. There is a good deal of thought in
it, forcibly expressed. There is also much that
is true, important and timely. There is more or
less of the spirit of eager inquiry, which reaches
out and reaches up after the truth. The dogma-
tism appears more frequently in denials than in
assertions. He is quite free in saying, in effect,
"I am sure this can not be true;" but there is
modesty when he seeks to reply to the great
question of the ages which broke from Phila-
sophy, "What is truth?" There is a calm bravery
too in his manner of saying what he knows will
strike across the track of general religious
thought. He is not really flippant, or audacious,
or sarcastically egotistic. He realizes that he is
occupied with serious and sacred matters. He has
the sense of moral responsibility when he deals
with the religious beliefs and experiences of ear-
nest souls. And he evinces a spirit of real sym-
pathy with men. He reverences the human
soul, even in its low estate and its groveling life.
Beneath its moral rags he never fails to discern
the signs of royalty. And the proofs are ample
that he does wish so to interpret religion that it
may serve the human race as a whole, and each
member of it in particular, in such ways as will
result in building up character into solidity and
filling experience with solace and sunshine.

And this book is the fruit of that vital inter-
est. We think his success only partial,—anything
but complete. His real sympathy may prove
precious here and there, and more or less of his
words may temporarily kindle like a breath of
oxygenized air or soothe for a little time like a
strain of delicious music. But we think he has
taken away more and better things than he
than he has brought that are new. He will make
more restless and baffled speculators than trust-
ful and triumphant believers. The tendency is to
transform, in human thought, the Rock of Ages
into a bank of mist. His book of course tends to
destroy a large part of men's faith in the Bible
and in its Messiah. He can much more readily
induce men to turn away from the historic and
infinite Christ than he can get their eye and their
reverence for his ideal humanity. He often
seems to sacrifice testimony to intuition. He exalts
liberty at the expense of law. He takes
away the Lord whom the centuries have loved
and trusted and worshiped, and turns the human
soul, in quest of a sure teacher and an omnipot-
ent friend, back to its own dark and encephalic
self, reaching toward heaven to gain. And so, with
all the fitting and forcible things which should
win attention to this book from orthodox readers
and leaders, it seems to us that the Religion of
Humanity is too little a religion and only partly
human, because there has been so largely
eliminated from it the true idea of God.

GENESIS; or, The First Book of Moses. With a
Commentary. By R. L. Rev. K. Harold Browne,
Lord Bishop of Ely. New York: Scribner,
Armstrong & Co. 1873. octavo. pp. 236. Sold
by E. J. Lane & Co.

We have heretofore spoken of this work under
the head of the Speaker's Commentary, the first
volume of which, embracing the Pentateuch, was
issued some months since. So much of the work
as was devoted to Genesis is here reproduced, in
convenient form and at a very reasonable price,
with the idea that it might be especially service-
able to Sunday-school teachers, &c., who are busy
with the National Series of lessons,—as these les-
sons for the first quarter of the present year are
taken from this very book of Genesis. The
commentary is a good one, giving in brief the
latest results of Biblical criticism, and preserving
always a happy medium between the brief and
superficial notes and the exhaustive commentaries
which have heretofore divided and often
plagued the student of the Scriptures.

WONDERS OF SCULPTURE. By Louis Viardot.
Illustrated with sixty-two engravings. Same
Publishers, &c. 1873. 12mo. pp. 408.

The fact that this book is allowed a place in
the "Illustrated Library of Wonders," coupled
with the fact that it would be sufficient evidence
that it had no real lack of merit. An examina-
tion of it, however, more than justifies the high
expectations which, on general grounds, one
would naturally bring to it. The ancient schools
of sculpture,—and especially the Grecian, which
so distanced all that went before or have come
after it,—are very fairly, interestingly and lucidly
set forth, and the statements and criticisms in
the text are invested with special point and force
by the ample illustrations, which include nearly
every one of the pieces of statuary that has be-
come famous on account of its eminent merits or
historic on account of its associations. It is a
fine set of books which enter into this library,
and they are almost wonderful pictures them-
selves, in their high mechanical excellences.

LOVE IS ENOUGH; or, The Freeing of Phara-
mond. A Morality. By William Morris, au-
thor of "The Earthly Paradise," &c. Boston:
Roberts Brothers, 1873. 16mo. pp. 140. Sold
by E. J. Lane & Co.

Mr. Morris is a genuine poet, and he has both
the breadth and the flexibility which enable him
to deal with varied themes and employ various
forms of poetic expression without showing fee-
bleness or crudity. This new poem is in its way
delightful. The love which it exalts, partly in
direct ways and partly in those that are indirect,
is something far above the mere sensuous thing
which is often so misnamed, and there is a real
elevation of sentiment and tone that is associated
even with the extravagance of speech that al-
ways marks the passionate enthusiasm of the poet.
We can not epitomize the argument and the
semi-dramatic movement, nor quote illustrative
passages, for lack of space; but we commend the
new book to the special attention of those who
can enjoy fine poetic thought and sentiment
when married to the peculiar music of a some-
what difficult and always majestic rhythm, such
as kindles the heart and gratifies the sense of
artistic harmony.

THE WADSWORTH BOYS; or, Agnes's Decision.
By D. S. Erickson. Boston: D. Lothrop
& Co. Dover, N. H.: G. T. Day & Co. 1873.
16mo. pp. 378.

THE OLD STONE HOUSE. By Annie March.
Same Publishers, 1873. 16mo. pp. 427.

WALTER MACDONALD; or, Aunt Kitty's Lega-

cy. By L. L. Same Publishers. 1873. 16mo.
pp. 360.

THE STORY OF THE BLOUNT FAMILY; or, A
Widow's Toll, Trust and Triumph. By Rev.
Theodore Brown. Same Publishers. 1873. 16mo.
pp. 450.

All these books belong to the \$1,000-Prize Se-
ries.

The Wadsworth Boys is not misnamed. The
boys do, indeed, figure prominently in the story;
they exhibit rare vigor and independence of
character, and, through hard struggles and some
mortifying experiences, reach positions of honor,
trust and usefulness, and do credit to the name
which a noble father left them to guard and ex-
alt. But the sister, Agnes, who subordinated a
strong literary ambition to domestic and moral
claims, and took charge of the household after
death had taken away the parents, is confessedly
the good angel, who kept them from yielding to
the temptations to a false life that often pressed
them sorely. She is a fine character, noble and
beautifully human; the author has drawn it well,
and grouped about it quite a collection of strong,

Literary Miscellany.

Precocious Maidens.

When a girl leaves school she generally does one of two things. She either lays herself out for a life of luxurious idleness, or she sets up as a philosopher on a small scale. If she adopts the former course, her greatest anxiety is how she shall eke out the very liberal allowance made by an indulgent papa, and her greatest ambition to shine at balls, flower-shows, bazars, finally ending her career of maidenhood by becoming the wife of a man who possesses a superabundance of this world's goods, and combines within himself all the virtues and excellences that could be found in one of the species. If, on the other hand, she goes in for the philosophical line of business, she lays herself out for a career which, to most of her fellows, appears the reverse of pleasant. She procures the latest books upon the most abstract questions. A volume such as "Hallam's Constitutional History of England" is, in her eyes, absolutely light reading, while Macaulay seems only fit to be read in moments of relaxation. These dry books she devotes herself to with an ardent worthy of a better cause. We will not flatter her understanding by saying that she fully comprehends all that which she reads. Still she imagines that she does so, and, perhaps, this amounts to the same thing—certainly, in many instances it is the most satisfactory result that could be attained. If she peruses what is called light literature, she does so only to condemn it; if she affects poetry, she professes to enjoy only that of a stately metaphysical type. Tennyson, being easily understood, and not all deep, is, in her opinion, milk-and-water; but Browning, being at times so deep that it is almost impossible for ordinary mortals to arrive at his meaning, is considerably more to her taste. Of the current magazines, she procures from the circulating library those which contain nothing but dull, heavy, philosophical reading. She attends as many learned lectures as she can, and bravely endeavors to preserve an aspect of the deepest interest, and, while the majority of those by whom she is surrounded are desperately struggling to shake off the influence of Morpheus and avoid snoring! When talking she carefully eschews frivolous topics; frowning when the shape of Mrs. Smith's bonnet or the ill-chosen trimmings of Mrs. Brown's dress come under discussion. If she can capture, and hold possession of for a stray half-hour, an individual who has acquired the reputation of being learned, she is indeed pleased. The unfortunate man is questioned and cross-questioned in a manner that he relishes but little; often, indeed, he is completely posed. If he makes a mistake—oh bliss!—she is at once down upon him, citing authority upon authority to prove that he is wrong, until, fairly bewildered and greatly irritated, the luckless fellow seeks refuge in an admission that his memory had most unaccountably failed him. But this is not enough. She is shortly at him again, until, adopting an ignominious mode of escape, he flees from her—that is to say, he walks away and enters into converse with some one whom he imagines will not be quite so hard upon him. She is perfectly satisfied. She has trounced him for a mistake—she, a miss of twenty summers, has corrected a philosopher of sixty—high praise be to her! She boasts of the great achievement to those in whom she confides. To hear that she has been described as a remarkable girl—clever, though eccentric—pleases her vastly and urges her on to fresh efforts. Her demeanor is generally shy and awkward; but there is that about her which shows that she places considerable value upon her own power—that is to say, her power of reiterating the arguments and general ideas of the favorite authors she has read, and passing them off as her own. Every one not being acquainted with the productions of these particular writers, she earns the reputation of being a great deal cleverer, more original, and more remarkable than she really is. No one is better pleased than herself at this, for her, happy consumption.

After a time she feels strong enough to take bolder flights. She endeavors to inculcate the principles which she is pleased to call her own, and, perhaps, really imagines are the fruits of her own brain, into the minds of others. She is certain to arrive at the conclusion that the education of the day, particularly that which is given to women, is faulty in every respect. Girls are taught that which is unnecessary, and that which should be deemed essential in their education is totally neglected. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that she had been, like most girls, content with the education imparted to her at a fashionable boarding-school—content even to simply follow that education up when she became her own mistress—what a poor ignoramus she would have turned out. The dead languages and metaphysical treatises would have been so many inextricable puzzles to her. And so, whenever she essays teaching, she proceeds upon a very different method than that generally adopted. She explains to little pupils the state of Rome in the time of Nero, or she thinks of telling them the names of the English kings or the salient points of English history; she proceeds to teach them Latin almost before they can spell words of three letters, and introduces them to the Greek alphabet before they can decipher Roman numerals—to the complete neglect of the multiplication table. Of course, she and her poor scholars do not get on very well together. They are very dull of comprehension, and fail to appreciate the stores of knowledge which she lays bare before them. She is impatient. The result is a violent antagonism between scholars and teacher. The end of the matter is that she relinquishes her task, alleging that she is not adapted to instruct others, owing to the fact that she is too much above them in aspiration and grasp of comprehension—in short, that she is too clever.

By-and-by she rests on her laurels. She ceases to be a student and sets up as an example and general critic. People talk of her as an awfully—the word is not one of our choosing—clever woman. But the fact is that her creative powers are not great; if she produces any work, it is the shape of intellectual work she produces to little purpose. Did she possess a really powerful character she would never misdirect her talents in the manner she does. Still she is called a clever woman, and is so considered to the end of the chapter. If she marries, her very cleverness stands in the way of her happiness. She possesses too great a soul to think of meddling with domestic concerns. The result is that in her household there may be found mismanagement, confusion, extravagance, waste; and if she has children, they are allowed to grow up to a great extent uncared for, and, while crammed with knowledge of a certain kind, are kept in ignorance of the living realities of life. Is her career a success?—*Liberal Review.*

Our Sanguine Friend.

Everybody knows him, of course, and nearly everybody admires him. He is always just on the point of making a fortune, and when he explains the process, which he always does, you can not possibly entertain a doubt of his success. He himself has no misgivings, and he proves everything so clearly that the most skeptical of skeptics is obliged to believe. He has never made a fortune, it is true, though he has been just on the point of doing so a thousand times. But he forgets his former failures, and makes everybody else forget them too.

He went into life insurance canvassing a year or two ago, and figured up a beautiful thing for himself out of it. His statement of the case was as follows: "There are within my territory forty-four thousand policy-holders already. Now, every one of these has shown that he believes in life insurance, and every one, of course, wants some addition to the amount of risk already taken. But let us be within bounds. Take it at the lowest possible limit. Say one-half of them want to increase their insurance. I shall make it my business to canvass these people who are already insured. I can save, say four of them a day, which is inside figure. There are, therefore, four in a week—but we will throw out Saturday, which leaves five. Now, four people a day for five days is twenty persons per week. Say that I am successful with only half of these, which is far below the mark, of course. That will make ten policies a week, or, putting it at the lowest figure, the premiums will average a hundred and fifty dollars each, making fifteen hundred in all; and my commission on that will be three hundred and seventy-five dollars. I calculate everything, mind you, far below the figures, and I can easily double the amount, making in round figures forty thousand dollars a year for myself."

And straightway he borrowed some money and began living as a man with a forty-thousand-dollar income can afford to live. For some reason or other the life insurance business did not work to his satisfaction, and the next time we saw him he had a fortune in a pen-holder. His reasoning was perfectly irresistible. He estimated the population of the United States at forty millions, "of whom one-fifth—mind, I say only a fifth, to be far within bounds—want just such a perfect pen-holder as mine is. Now I shall sell them at whole sale, at fifty cents each, while it will cost to manufacture them something less than eight cents—but let us say ten. Now, one-fifth of forty millions is eight millions, and eight millions pen-holders, paying a profit of forty cents each, will bring me, within the year—it seems astounding, but it is true—just three millions two hundred thousand dollars!" And within an hour afterwards he was in negotiation for a brown-stone house on Murray Hill, which he failed to secure, merely because he could not make the first payment just then, though he was perfectly willing to give his bond at three, six and twelve months for the entire purchase money.—*Heath and Home.*

Jonathan Edwards.

Edwards was pre-eminently a student. Tall in person, and having even a womanly look, he was of delicate constitution. He was, however, so temperate and methodical in his living, that he was usually in good health, and able to give more time to study than most men. Twelve or thirteen hours of every day were allotted to this. So devoted was he to his work as a student, that he was most unwilling to allow anything to disturb it. Wherever he was, wherever he went, his pen was with him as the means of preserving his thoughts, and if by chance he failed to have it with him in his walks or rides, he would fasten pieces of paper to various parts of his clothing, by means of pins, and associate with each some train of thought or some important conclusion to be preserved until he could get to ink and paper. So, also, at night, he would fasten pins into his bed-curtains as the mementoes of his thoughts during his wakeful hours.

That a man thus thoughtful should be indifferent to many things of practical importance would not be strange. Accordingly we are told that the care of his domestic and secular affairs was devolved almost entirely upon his wife, who, happily, while of kindred spirit with him in many respects, and fitting to be his companion, was also capable of assuming the cares which were laid upon her. It is said that Edwards did not know his own cows, or even how many belonged to him. About all the connection he had with them seems to have been involved in the act of driving them to and from pasture occasionally, which he was willing to do for the sake of useful exercise. A story is told, in this connection, which illustrates his obliviousness of small matters. As he was going for the cows once, a boy opened the gate for him with a respectful bow. Edwards acknowledged the kindness, and asked the boy who he was. "Noah Clark's boy," was the reply. And then, afterwards, on his return, the same boy was at hand and opened the gate for him again. Edwards again asked, "Whose boy are you?" The reply was, "The same man's boy I was a quarter of an hour ago, sir."—*Harper's Magazine.*

Buenos Ayres.

Buenos Ayres is a very expensive place, the only really cheap articles being beef and mutton; and I was assured that a thousand a year there would not go further than six hundred in England. The foreign population is chiefly Basque, Italian, and Spanish; of whom the thrifty and industrious Basques work as gardeners, the Italians as boatmen, and the Spaniards as village, or water-carriers. The English and Irish, amounting together to 20,000, are said to be the most unsatisfactory of all; and it was quite sad to see the number of respectable-born young Englishmen loafing about the streets in an indolent and hopeless fashion, rapidly spending the twenty or thirty pounds they were sent out with from England in the hotels and billiard-rooms. The great needs of the town, when I was there, were draught, water supply, and docks; of which the two former seem in a fair way of being provided. Immense expense and risk are encountered by the merchants in shipping and unshipping goods; for though there are two long piers stretching out into the water, like lanky arms, you can not land at them in low water. Inside the city, which for the salubrity of its air was called by its Spanish founders Buenos Ayres (good air), the only water available for drinking, when I was there, was rain water stored in tanks. Supposing the tanks to be regularly cleaned out, nothing is more wholesome; but suppose they are not? At one cafe in the city, which boasts of the most delicious water in the place,

the tanks notoriously have not been cleaned out for years; and there is a thick deposit of mud at the bottom inhabited by tortoises. As to the drainage, there was not even an attempt at it. The custom is to dig a pit under every house, into which the drainage falls; and when it is filled, instead of being emptied, it is left as it is, and another dug close beside it. Who then can wonder at the terrible outbreaks of disease, which sometimes in the form of cholera, sometimes of yellow fever, have again and again devastated the place? In 1867 there were two visitations of cholera, one about Easter, the other at Christmas. The chief exports of Buenos Ayres at the time I was there were wool, tallow, hides, dried beef, and Liebig's extract of meat.—*Good Words.*

What You Can't Afford.

A man can not afford to be unfaithful under any circumstances. A man can not afford to be mean at any time. A man can not afford to do less than his best at all times and under all circumstances. No matter how wrongfully you are placed and no matter how unjustly you are treated, you can not for your own sake afford to use anything but your better self, nor to render anything but your better service. And certainly you can not when you consider that it is to the Lord you are acting. Still further, the apostle goes on to compel that slaves shall obey their masters in singleness of heart—with simplicity, honesty, directness—fearing God. But whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, (putting your heart in it) as to the Lord, and not unto men. A grinding old fellow he is that you are bound out to. He stints you in your bread and your meat. He clothes you in the worst possible manner. He gets you up at the earliest hour, and keeps you up till the latest. He drives you out to your work. He overworks you through all the weary passages of life. He is an envious old hunk, coming your very blood. And you say, 'It serves him right, but it serves you wrong, and it serves God wrong. You can not afford to cheat a cheater. You can not afford to lie to a liar. You can not afford to be mean to a mean man. You can not afford to do other than deal uprightly with any man, no matter what exigencies may exist between him and you. No man can afford to be anything but a true man, living in his higher nature, and acting from the noblest considerations.'—*Plymouth Pulpit.*

How the Sun Caught a Thief.

Five or six days ago, says a Paris paper, M. X., a photographer, allured by the brightness of the sun and softness of the air, provided himself with necessary baggage and hastened to Fontainebleau to take views of the forest. He installed himself in a very picturesque quarter, erected his apparatus, prepared his plates, opened his object-glass, and enveloping at once his case and his head in a large, dark and fragrant veil, set himself to the task of securing the objects in view. He had just taken out his proof from the dark chamber, and was subjecting it to chemical reaction, when a strong hand was laid upon his shoulder. He turned hastily and found himself in the presence of a species of giant, manly attired, who, by gesture and voice, demanded his purse. M. X. is not a Hercules, and from the first glance toward his adversary he concluded that all resistance was useless. He therefore politely offered the robber his purse, which was accepted with thankfulness. The robber bowed, and leaving him to resignation, went into the depths of the forest. Poor M. X., meditating on his sad loss, remained for some time motionless; his looks were mechanically set on his photographic proof; he mused upon it with an unconcerned eye. Suddenly, "What is this?" exclaimed he; "what is the human form in this copious under the shade of this oak? Should I believe my eyes? It is he; it is my robber perfectly delineated, and very easy to be recognized. Oh, divine my co-laborer, how well you do things!" On his return, he repaired to the commissioner's at Fontainebleau, related his adventure, exhibited his proof-plate and the malefactor's likeness. Next day, with the aid of this singular description, the robber was arrested.

Miseries of Self-importance.

Observe how self-importance makes a man moody and unhappy. He who is always thinking of his own excellences renders himself thereby unfit to enjoy the good of others, and is prone to imagine that every token of affection given to another is an insult offered to himself. Hence he is touchy, sensitive, irritable, and envious. He takes offense where none is meant, and even when those around him are not thinking of him at all, he interprets their conduct as if it were studiously discourteous, and goes through the process of smarting from wounds which have sprung not so much from neglect of others as from his own overweening self-conceit.

There is no surer way to make ourselves miserable than to think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think. It isolates us from all about us. The man who has a wound about him, no matter where it may be, feels it to be always in his way. Let him do what he will, ongo where he may, he can not move himself out of it. He is conscious of its pain. In like manner he who has his feeling of self-importance continually smarting. Somebody has always been slighting him. He is constantly complaining of having been insulted, and when honor is given to another he feels nothing but that he has been overlooked. Thus he shuts himself out from every festival, and mopes most of all when others are merry. May God deliver us from this idolatry of self, on whose altar all true nobleness and real happiness are completely immolated.—*Rev. W. M. Taylor.*

Boy-jugglers in Japan.

Bayard Taylor, who has traveled all over the world, says that the favorite jugglers of the Japanese street-corners are young boys, who, before commencing their tricks, conceal their heads in large hoods, which are decorated with feathers on top and a small scarlet mask representing the muzzle of a dog. The hood, mask, and feathers trail over the head, while a kind of sack-like covering falls down, hiding head, neck, and shoulders. "These poor children," he says, "in bending and curving themselves one upon the other, to the thump and jingle of their conductor's tamborine, present the appearance of a grotesque and fantastic struggle between two animals with monstrous heads and small human limbs." The conductors are grown men who go about with the boy-jugglers, and receive the money thrown by interest-

ed lookers-on. Their uncovered faces are sometimes hideous with the effort they make in singing and making noises to attract a crowd.

A Lesson for Prolix Writers.

In Newport, R. I., a grocer who kept a shop was noted for his grasping disposition. One day he nailed up a salt cod on one of the shutters of his shop, and underneath he wrote in chalk:

"Codfish for sale cheap for cash here."

Presently in came an acquaintance, and said:

"What do you have here? on that sign about codfish for? You don't sell codfish or any other goods in any place but here. Anybody would know where you sold them without that word."

"That's so," said the grocer. "Boy, wipe out the word 'here' from the codfish sign."

The boy obeyed, and the next day another acquaintance appeared; said he:

"For cash! Who ever knew you to trust for any goods? Why do you say you sell codfish for cash?"

"You are right," said the grocer. "Boy, wipe out the words 'for cash' from the codfish sign."

This was done, and shortly after a third acquaintance came to the shop, objecting to the word 'cheap'.

"Who ever knew you to undersell other dealers?" said he; "you don't sell any cheaper than they. Your prices are just the same as theirs, and more, if you can get it. Cheap! cheap! what do you have that word for?"

"Well, it is not of much use," said the grocer. "Boy, wipe out the word 'cheap' from the codfish sign."

Again the boy did as his master bade, and the same day a fourth came, objecting with the phrase "for sale." Said he:

"For sale! No one ever knew you to give away codfish. Of course you keep them for sale; there is no occasion for telling people what everybody knows."

"There is something in that," said the grocer. "Boy, wipe out 'for sale' from the codfish sign."

This left the salt cod and the single word "codfish" beneath. It was but a few minutes after that a customer, who came in to buy some goods, remarked to the grocer:

"What a funny sign you've got out there! Any one would know that it is a codfish and not your shutter."

"So they would," was the reply. "Boy, wipe out the word 'codfish' from that sign."

The boy obeyed, and the fish remained with no inscription.

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 well be afforded to any single obituary. Verses are inadmissible.

CHAS. F. INGERSOLL died in Portland, Me., Oct. 13, 1872, aged 22 years. Charles was endowed with an amiable disposition and was loved even from childhood by a large circle of friends. Just as life began to open with hope and promise of a career of usefulness and success, consumption sought him as a victim, but like a true Christian he clung with an abiding faith to the promises of the Bible, and endured months of suffering with resignation and fortitude. Even while the dark waters closed over him, the echo of these sweet words, "I am safe," came back to weeping loved ones.

GREEN W. MCINTIRE died Dec. 4, aged 23 years. His disease was consumption. Bro. McIntire was for years a faithful and earnest Christian, faithful in the social meeting, endowed with pleasing address, and a good singer; his brethren felt that he was destined to a life of much usefulness. Through all his sickness he was patient and resigned, and like brother Ingersoll died with cheerfulness and hope. The life of these two young men seems to justify more than a passing remark. Each of them an only son, but coming together in childhood as members of the same family, they were early became very much attached to each other. Side by side they sat for years in the Sabbath school, and side by side they walked to the graves of their fathers, and when the business required them to separate, they each gave their hearts to the Saviour, thus manifesting to the world that they felt the claim of religion upon every child. When falling sickness brought them together again at the home of their parents, the same love for each other was manifest, and one of the last requests was that they might rest side by side in the grave. The desire was overruled to the glory of parents and other dear friends who mourn their absence.

JULIAN E., only child of Hollis S. and Elvira T. Taylor, died in Lynn, Mass., Jan. 12, aged 18 years and 1 month. Possessing rare traits of character, which endeared him not only to his family but to the church of which he was a member, but had recently become a member, as well as to many others with whom he was connected by the intimate ties of friendship, his death has been a heavy loss to many hearts. He was a God, "who doeth all things well," alone can fill. The last months of his life, though full of suffering, were characterized by perfect peace and cheerfulness. He was a true Christian, and for weeks he had been unable to articulate a word, but a few hours before his death speech returned for a few moments, and to the great joy of his friends, who had been hoping to hear from his lips the last words of his life. He was well, he was able to tell them of the unutterable happiness that pervaded his soul, at the prospect of a speedy departure from the presence of his friends to the presence of his God. We cannot do justice to his worth.

Mrs. DAMARIS JONES, daughter of Dr. Truman Carey, died in Boston, Erie Co., N. Y., Dec. 18, 1872, aged 55 years and 10 months. Mrs. Jones was born in Boston, Feb. 18, 1817, and at the age of 18 years united with the Free Church of Boston, having been baptized by Eld. Whitcomb, who was then preaching there. She remained a consistent member of that church until her death. The disease of which she died was cancer in the breast, of which, for many months, she experienced the most intense suffering, which was borne with a most encouraging degree of Christian fortitude. She died peacefully in her bed, surrounded by a large circle of friends, who will long hold her memory in affectionate remembrance. Her death took place at the residence of her son, Carey Jones, who was unwearied in his efforts to render her last days as enjoyable as was possible for the best offices of affection to make them.

DEA. LEVI TRUE died in Ogden, N. Y., Dec. 19, 1872, aged 78 years. The deceased was a native of Plainfield, N. H. He emigrated to Montpelier, Vt., when nineteen years of age, in company with Ezra B. True, his brother. Elias True, having preceded them. The latter died Nov. 26, 1871, the former, April 14, 1872. Dea. True had been a great sufferer for some years, being afflicted almost entirely to his room by chronic disease, which he endured with patience and trust in his Heavenly Father. He was a consistent Christian. Previous to his illness, he was noted for his constant attendance at church and prayer meeting, for honesty and liberality, and temperate and industrious habits. He yet lives in his example and in the words and works he has left behind him.

Mrs. LYDIA, wife of Mr. Thomas Sargent, died in Norwich, Vt., Jan. 2, 1873, aged 68 years and 8 months. Sister Sargent professed hope in the Saviour some 25 years since, under the labors of Eld. David Sweet. She, together with her husband, was subsequently baptized by him and joined the F. B. church at Stratford, which relation she sustained until death. For some years past she has been afflicted more or less with disease of the heart. Last autumn she

had an attack of typhoid fever, but so far recovered as to resume her household duties in a measure. The family were flattering themselves that the wife and mother was yet to be with them; but in a few days their hope was blasted. The affection of the heart assumed a more alarming form, and every effort was made to stay the progress of disease, but to no effect. She was conscious that the end was near. She took leave of her family in a most affecting manner, made the arrangements for her funeral, though suffering extremely, yet in patient resignation to the Divine will, remarked, "I wait the Lord's time," and passed away. May the family and friends take the timely warning and be prepared when death shall approach them.

ELI CLARK.

MARY, wife of Bro. E. S. Dickson, died of cancer, in Berrien, Mich., Oct. 20, 1872, in the 53d year of her age. She was born in Warren county, Ohio, in 1819, and in 1828 her parents settled in Cass Co., Mich., and were among the early pioneers of this country. Here our dear sister formed habits of industry and economy in early life that lasted to the end. For a number of years she was deeply impressed with religious convictions, but not until two years ago last spring did she make a public profession of her faith in Christ. She then joined the Berrien Center F. B. church. Her sufferings the last year were very great, but she bore them patiently, and passed away in peace, leaving to her friends the evidence that they trust in the Lord shall be seen in suffering and death. She left \$300 to the Theological Department of Hillsdale College, and \$100 to the Berrien Center church. We pray the Lord to incline others to follow in her footsteps in providing means to bless the world when they may be praising God in heaven.

JAMES ASHLEY.

Academies, &c.

HILLSDALE COLLEGE.

FACULTY:
REV. DANIEL M. GRAHAM, D. D., President, and Prof. of Mental Philosophy and Biblical Literature.
WILLIAM DUNN, A. M., Burr Prof. Systematic and Pastoral Theology.
GEORGE MCILLAN, A. M., Prof. of the Greek and Latin Languages.
DANIEL M. FISK, B. S., Prof. Nat. Science.
F. WAYLAND DUNN, A. M., Prof. of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres.
MISS H. LAURA ROWE, A. M., Prin. of the Ladies' Department.
ALEXANDER RIDEOUT, Prin. Com. Department.
WARREN A. DRAKE, Asst. Prin. and Instructor in Penmanship.
GEO. B. GARDNER, Instructor in Painting and Drawing.
MELVILLE W. CHASE, Instructor in Instrumental and Vocal Music.
REV. JOHN S. COPP, 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 15—Commencement.
September 3—Fall Term begins.
December 3—Winter Term begins.
For Catalogue apply to
L. P. REYNOLDS, Sec. & Treas.

LAPHAM INSTITUTE.

The Spring Term will commence on Monday, Jan. 27, 1873.
Complete courses of study for both sexes.
G. H. RICKER, Prin.
North Scituate, R. I., Jan. 1, 1873.

NORTHWOOD SEMINARY.

The FALL TERM of eleven weeks will commence on WEDNESDAY, Dec. 4, 1872.
WILLIAM A. COFFIN, A. B., Principal.
The tuition will be as follows:

Primary Branches,	\$4.00
Common English,	5.00
Higher English,	6.00
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.

LYNDON LITERARY INSTITUTION.

LYNDON CENTER, VT.

FACULTY:
J. S. BROWN, A. B., Principal, Latin and Greek.
MISS LIZZIE WALKER, Preceptress, French and Natural Science.
MISS M. A. MORSE, Mathematics and Rhetoric.
MISS ELEN A. PERKINS, Penmanship.

CALENDAR:

Fall Term of 13 weeks, begins August 27, 1872.
Spring Term of 12 weeks, begins December 2, 1872.
Spring Term of 13 weeks, begins March 6, 1873.

TUITION:

Primary Studies,	\$5.00
Common English,	7.00
Higher English,	8.00
Latin and Greek,	8.00
French (extra),	3.00
Instruction on Piano or Organ,	2.00
Use of Piano or Organ (extra),	2.00
Instruction on Guitar,	6.00
Classical Lessons,	1.50
Penmanship, 15 Lessons,	1.50

For Clergymen's children and students relying on the exertions for an education, received at reduced rates.

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

LOCATION:

The new, commodious building, ample in its arrangements, recently erected for the use of the Institute, is situated on a general plain in the village of Lyndon Center, and is in the midst of the universally admired scenery of Vermont. The Lyndon Center station on the Passumpsic Railroad is ten minutes walk from the Institution. It is thus easily accessible from all parts of the country, and at the same time removed from the activities and temptations which tend to divert the attention and corrupt the morals of the young in our cities.

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

Lyndon Center, Vt., 1872.

GREEN MOUNTAIN SEMINARY.

WATERBURY CENTER, VT.

FACULTY:

C. A. MOORE, A. B., Principal.
E. D. SAITH, Principal Commercial Department.
I. 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, 12 weeks. Opens Dec. 3, 1872.
SPRING TERM, 13 weeks. Opens Feb. 23, 1873.

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

WHITESTOWN, N. Y.

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

The Music Department has just been enlarged, with seven or eight new rooms, new instruments and new teachers. The School is one of the largest and best in the State.

Terms moderate. Send for Circular.

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

1872.

WILTON COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

WILTON, IOWA.

Commences its Fall Term September 2, 1872.

Catalogues sent to inquirers.

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. L. COLBORE, A. M., President.

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. 23.
WINTER TERM opens Dec. 10, continuing 13 weeks, closing Feb. 28.
For particulars, address

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

News Summary.

CONGRESSIONAL.

On Monday, in the Senate, the committee on education reported in favor of the indefinite postponement of the bill to establish a bureau of sanitary science. The bill for a funding of defunct duties on articles actually on board French vessels, bound to the United States, November 6, 1872, was passed. Numerous bills were introduced, among them one to appropriate \$2,000,000 for the promotion of education in the Southern States. The bill requiring national banks to restore capital when unpaid, and to amend the currency act, was passed. The legislative appropriation bill was taken up, and after considerable discussion the amendment proposed by Mr. Edmunds of Vermont was adopted. In the House, bills were introduced repealing the shipping commission act; refunding certain taxes on exported raw cotton; and declaring inauguration day a legal holiday; a bill declaring the meaning of the amendment bankrupt act of June 8 to be exempt from judgment, against bankrupts, the amount allowed by the constitution and laws of each State existing in 1871. A bill was introduced and passed, granting the right of way over public lands, to railroads, excepting over military and Indian reservations. The Senate amendments to the bill abolishing the franking privilege were agreed to, and the bill goes to the President for his signature.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, a resolution for the appointment of a special committee to investigate the charges made against Vice-President Colfax in connection with the Credit Mobilier was introduced and rejected. A bill was reported by the committee on finance requiring all savings banks and trust companies, organized or professing to do business under the laws of Congress, to make and publish the reports to the comptroller of the currency required of national banking associations. The House amendments to the Vienna exposition bill were concurred in, and the bill to pay Japan for land there occupied by the United States for hospital purposes was passed. The legislative appropriation bill was discussed and several amendments were adopted. In the House, the Indian appropriation bill was considered, and a conference committee on the Senate amendments was provided for. The Colorado bill was discussed. The death of Representative Julius Strong of Connecticut was announced, and both houses, after appropriate action, adjourned in consequence.

On Wednesday, in the Senate, the legislative appropriation bill was further considered and amended. In the House, the bill for the admission of Colorado was laid upon the table. The Florida contested election case was settled by the admission of the contestant, Mr. Niblack, and he was sworn in. An order was adopted to bring before the House Mr. Stewart of Washington, to show cause why he shall not be committed for contempt in refusing to answer certain questions in the Wilson Credit Mobilier investigation, adjourned in consequence.

On Thursday, in the Senate, a bill was introduced and passed, exempting the mineral lands of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota from the operation of the general act to promote the development of the mineral resources of the United States. A bill was introduced to incorporate the Mississippi and Ohio Tunnel and Tube Company with a capital of \$10,000,000. In the House, J. B. Stewart was brought to the bar to answer for contempt in refusing to disclose certain facts to the Credit Mobilier investigating committee, and a resolution was adopted committing him to the custody of the sergeant-at-arms until the further orders of the House. A bill was reported and passed restoring to the pension rolls names struck therefrom by act of 1861 and 1862.

On Friday, in the Senate, a joint resolution was introduced for an amendment of the Constitution providing for the election of Senators by popular vote. Senator Edmunds gave notice of his intention to call up the bill to dispose of the Alabama award Friday. The bill to repeal the bankrupt law was taken up, but laid over without action. It will be called up Wednesday next by Senator Wright. The Australian steamship subsidy bill was discussed, but not acted upon. The House of Representatives considered private bills exclusively.

On Saturday, no important business was done in Congress.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. A. T. Stewart's palace residence at Thirty-fourth street and Fifth Avenue, New York, cost about \$1,500,000.

The birthday of Gen. R. E. Lee was observed at a holiday in Savannah, Ga. There was a military parade, and an address by Gen. Wade Hampton.

The sale of prize candy at a fair for a charitable object, in New Bedford, Mass., was stopped recently, as it was declared to be a violation of the law.

Veterans of the Mexican War are anxious for pensions, and a movement is on foot to present their claims to Congress. It is understood that General Negley has consented to act for them.

Delaware people begin to tell us that the peach trees are all killed by the frost. This is rather earlier than usual for the annual story.

New York has cut down its gas bill over \$200,000 this last year. The companies were swindling the city to that amount.

There is the greatest ice crop on the Hudson river that has been known for fifteen years, and great activity among cutters from Rockland lake to Albany.

Orange county pays well in Florida. Five hundred trees on nine acres of land have yielded 800,000 oranges, which sold for \$24,000.

The amended liquor law in Vermont, which went into operation with the New Year, requires that in all prosecutions for illegal sale of intoxicating liquors, the prosecuting officer shall allege and prove all previous convictions of the accused.

Nearly 300,000 immigrants have landed at New York during the past year, of whom over 150,000 were from Germany. Ireland comes next on the list, giving us 64,000; and England third, counting up to nearly 35,000. Only 2,300 emigrants went South. Their favorite states west were Illinois, Ohio, Wisconsin, and Michigan.

The House Committee on Appropriations have agreed to allow nearly \$2,000,000 for the continuation of the work upon the Couff-House and Post-Office in New York; \$2,000,000 for that of Chicago, and \$1,000,000 for public buildings in St. Louis.

The Speaker of the New York Assembly has decided to require written requests from members for the admission of outsiders to the floor of the House. This is a sharp blow to the lobbyists.

On the 27th of January, Congress abolished the franking privilege. The bill abolishing it makes the law take effect July 1st, 1873; makes no allowance to members for postage or stamps, and is a pure and simple repeal of the privilege.

The bill to abolish the franking privilege was sent to President Grant and approved by him.

The President has vetoed the act appropriating \$15,000 for the relief of the East Tennessee University for the destruction of property by troops in the time of war. While admitting the loyalty of the people of the section, and expressing sympathy with their claim, he thinks the precedent should not be established, because it

would lead to no end of demands upon the public treasury.

The result of the Tweed case at New York was a disagreement of the jury. Counsel for the people immediately entered a motion for a new trial.

There are indications of a peaceful ending of the Mexico campaign. Captain Jack having asked for an interview with two commissioners for that purpose.

FOREIGN.

Prince Arthur has again been hobnobbing with the Pope and Cardinal Antonelli.

Prince Napoleon disavows all responsibility for the recent newspaper announcement of his views in regard to the future policy of the Bonaparte family.

The French Assembly has passed a bill prescribing severe penalties for drunkenness.

France has lost two millions of population during the last six years.

A royal decree has been promulgated by the Italian Government, whereby the State formally takes possession of 16 convents in Rome.

The telegraph announces the preparation for a considerable exodus of farm-laborers from England to Brazil. There has been growing for some time a difficulty among the agricultural working-classes of Great Britain which threatens to become a very serious impediment to her prosperity.

Various European rulers are to attend the Vienna Exhibition.

The Carlist insurrection in Spain is said to be at an end.

There is an extensive emigration movement to America among the German colonists in Russia. One hundred and twenty families have left Beresina alone.

The Committee of the Cortes on the abolition of slavery in Porto Rico estimate that the indemnity to be paid by the State to slave-owners in that island for their property will amount to 140,000,000 reals.

Paragraphs.

All gypsies are to be expelled from Italy. Georgia has admitted her first negro lawyer, John F. Quarles, of Atlanta.

"How I Found Robinson Crusoe," is the title of a London burlesque, into which both Stanley and Bates, the flag-carrier, are introduced.

Thirty thousand head of hogs have been packed at Terre Haute this winter.

An Illinois hog, buried under a haystack, was one hundred days eating himself out.

The mayor of Tallahassee, Fla., refuses to receive his salary. The honor is enough.

Hunters in Northern Minnesota sit down on the top of a telegraph pole when they want to rest, and are then only a foot above the snow.

The Mississippi River is open for the year and business has begun.

A Pennsylvania convict has not seen the sun for thirty-four years.

A Chicago German advertiser's "basement to let on the third story."

There are 23,000 white children in South Carolina who don't go to school.

It is proposed to station a steamer two or three hundred miles east of Sandy Hook, connecting her by a submarine wire with the signal service station in New York, so that she could give warning of impending storms to inward-bound vessels.

A correspondent of the Smithsonian Institution, who has spent considerable time in investigation of the subject, in answer to a remark by Professor Henry, that "the immense water-power at Niagara may, in the progress of practical science, be applied to the purposes of Industry," states that by the "last census there are 52,071 water-wheels in operation in American manufacturing establishments, giving a power of 1,130,416 horses, while Niagara Falls gives a power of 11,365,036 horses."

Moultrie, the estate of Thomas Jefferson, subsequently owned by Commodore Levy, and by the latter bequeathed in trust for a farm school for the orphan sons of warrant officers in the navy, is now in litigation at Richmond, between the state of Virginia as trustee and the heirs of Commodore Levy.

London is to have a new great daily paper, called the Conservative.

The locked note-book of Dean Swift, lately discovered in England, is soon to be published. It contains the Memoirs of Swift to which he alludes in one of his letters to Stella.

American oysters, raised and fattened in English beds, are advertised in London papers to be sold at one shilling a dozen, "delivered free on rail for any part of the kingdom, with an oyster knife and receipts for cooking in the delicious ways known in America, added gratis."

It is estimated that in five years, if unhindered by Great Britain, a Russian governor-general will be substituted for the Shah of Persia.

The Shah of Persia has granted to Baron Reuter an exclusive right to construct railways, tramways and water-works in that kingdom.

In Germany, when the vote of the jury stands six against six the prisoner is acquitted. A vote of seven against five leaves the decision to the court, and in a vote of eight against four the prisoner is convicted.

It is said that a newspaper is to be started at St. John, N. B.; and another at Halifax, N. S., in the interests of those desiring the annexation of those outlying provinces to the United States.

Hotten, the London pirate-publisher, who will be remembered for "Mark Twain's" slashing attack upon him for printing a mutilated edition of "The Innocents Abroad," has advertised an edition of the early poems of Joanna Baillie, without the sanction of the author, and quite contrary to his wishes. He is also busy attempting to prove that Stanley was a Welshman.

Somebody has been summing up the fate of kings and emperors as follows: Out of two thousand five hundred and forty emperors or kings over six hundred nations, two hundred and ninety were dethroned, sixty-four abdicated, twenty committed suicide, eleven went mad, one hundred died on the battle-field, one hundred and twenty-three were made prisoners, twenty-five were pronounced martyrs and saints, one hundred and fifty-one were assassinated, sixty-two were poisoned, and one hundred and eight were sentenced to death. Total, nine hundred and sixty-three.

Professor Albert of Naples resuscitated a dying woman by the blood of a lamb, the revivifying blood being forced through a tube into the arteries by the pulsations of the animal's heart.

It is suggested that a method employed in Glasgow for the speedy detection of burglars should be put in practice elsewhere. Some few years ago the chief of the police established in Glasgow an office wherein, for a small annual payment, any merchant is allowed to deposit the keys of his business premises, together with such particulars as are likely to be of service to the police in the protection of his property. If the constable on his beat observes any movement unusual in the look of the premises under his charge, he is able to enter them without delay or difficulty, and the knowledge of this fact inspires among thieves a wholesome fear that they are liable to be interrupted at any stage of their proceedings. It seems that the system not only pays its working expenses, but has considerably lessened the number of warehouse robberies.

Rural and Domestic.

A Few Good Things.

Some of the new varieties of peas are advertised at 85 per quart, which is a good thing for the printer and the dealer. How it is for the buyer remains to be proved.

A horticulturist says that a wash in which soap and sulphur are ingredients applied to trees will kill lichens and mosses, and does not, like whitewash, reflect the sunshine and thus do injury.

Plants, in sending upward their shoots, have to work against the force of gravity, and some learned men have suggested the idea of a process to counteract the influence. Our notion would be that good manure will do the work.

It has been asserted, with great confidence, that extreme cold weather destroys the curculio. But, on the other hand, it doesn't seem to hurt them much for they "come to life" in the sunshine.

The new onion called the "Queen" is put down by the English authorities as an important acquisition, being early and hardy.

It is well known that in our section pine growth is succeeded by a growth of hard wood, and vice versa. This has led people to think that the seed has long been dormant in the earth, and is developed on the removal of its antagonistic growth. On Mt. Cenis, history says, larches follow chestnut in the same way.

A new method of growing grapes under glass is to leave the sides of the glass house open to the weather, giving protection only on the top. Our egg-plant is called Aubergines in France, and the English people don't dare to eat them unless their wills are made in advance.

The number of varieties of the pear grown in this country and definitely described is nearly one thousand, while the varieties of apples count up to twenty-five hundred.

It is alleged that the Asiatic evergreen stood the severity of last year's weather better than American.

In planting trees for ornament, why may we not accomplish not only the object named but an additional one by planting nut-bearing trees, instead of elms or maples and those that yield no fruit? The chestnut, the walnut, and similar trees are ornamental and yield in time a harvest that will compensate for the cost of planting.

A Western pioneer from our section of the country plowed a furrow about his fields, dropped black walnuts and covered them, and now has a border of beauty and an abundance of nuts.—*Mirror and Farmer.*

Planting Old Grape-vines.

The labor and time spent in transplanting old grape-vines will, in nine cases out of ten, be thrown away. A bearing vine, more than four years old, seldom if ever does well, no matter how much care there is taken in digging up and replanting this class of vines. A strong one-year-old vine, of the same variety set out at the same time, will in four years be stronger, covering more surface, and decidedly more productive than the old vine, while the cost of the old vine and the labor of planting will at least be four times as much. Those who have had experience in grape-growing will not make the mistake, but farmers and country gentlemen who want to have fruit in a short time, take it for granted, that a large, old vine is better than a small one for their purpose. But one or two trials with old vines would open their eyes and set them thinking on this subject, and they would soon find out that no matter how large a grape may be when transplanted, it should be cut back, both top and root, so as to virtually make a one-year-old of it.

All, or nearly so, of the feeding roots were left in the ground where it grew, and the result will be, under the best care, a feeble growth of wood that the following winter is likely to kill, and even if the wood stand the winter, the disease to which the vines are subject, will be more fatal to the weak than the strong vine during the succeeding summer. Thousands of these old, worthless vines are sold annually to the inexperienced. One need not walk through Washington market in this city in the spring or fall to convince himself of this fact. There, among the tree and vine dealers, he will see stacks of these old vines offered for sale at high prices, and as one of the dealers expressed it, "I can sell a hundred of these large, old vines at one to two dollars a piece, where I can sell off the young vines at twenty-five cents each."

Hundreds of instances could be cited to show the folly of spending time and money in transplanting old grape-vines. But experience will demonstrate that where one man succeeds in an enterprise of this kind, ninety are sure to fail in the attempt. If one has an old bearing vine of a superior quality of grapes, and the owner contemplates moving to another home, better far to make a "layer" this fall, and get a young vine well rooted a year from now, or cut from the vine some wood during this month some of the well ripened wood of this year's growth. Cut this wood into pieces of a foot long, and tie them in a bundle and "heel them in" until spring, when they may be planted out, and under good treatment in the fall the next year-old cuttings will be plenty strong enough to set out in a permanent place. This is the more sensible method to get healthy vines that in three years from the time of planting will yield twenty pounds of grapes to the vine.—*Quinn in the New York Tribune.*

Chemistry of the Great Fire.

A conflagration so extensive and destructive as that which laid waste a considerable portion of the city of Boston in November must be interesting and instructive in its chemical aspects, and we design to briefly direct attention to some of these.

The process of combustion, whether it involves immense structures, or is confined to the narrow friction match, is strictly a chemical process. The burning of Boston was a chemical experiment on a vast scale, and what a costly one that the spectators hardly wish to see it repeated.

To burn a substance is simply to change its condition; the matter involved is not destroyed, but from chemical action is forced into new relationships, or into new forms of matter. There was nothing whatever actually destroyed by fire in this city on the night of November 9th, but an immense amount of material was changed from a valuable or marketable condition into one having no value. The sugar, coffee, tea, and spices of the grocer; the prints, flannels, linens, and silks of the dry goods dealer; the opium, gums, oils, and extracts of the druggist; the salts, acids, alkalis, and reagents of the chemist consumed on that night, were but common and valueless elements thrown into complex combinations by nature or art, so as to meet or supply human wants. In the condition in which the hydrogen, carbon, oxygen, nitrogen, the metals, etc., existed, of which these diversified substances were composed, they were needed to feed us, keep us warm, or relieve us when ill; they therefore, as related to our wants, had value; we were willing to exchange gold for them, a metal of such noble characteristics and

so sparsely disseminated upon our planet that we find it to be a convenient representative of value. We had toiled for months or years to form these chemical substances and fabrics, or we had sent our ships to every point of the globe to gather them up, and we had stored them safely, as we supposed, in our warehouses. But the fire came, and in sixteen hours the whole was resolved into carbonic oxide, carbonic acid, water, and a few tons of ash; products which we can neither eat, wear, nor utilize in any way to advantage. We do not need the forms of matter which the fire left for us, but we did need the same elements, in the other forms, as we had them before the conflagration.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

House Plants in Winter.

Mr. James Vick, whose large experience as a florist makes him an unexceptionable authority on the subject, gives the following suggestions with regard to the management of house plants in winter:

Few plants can endure the high temperature and dry atmosphere of most of our living-rooms. The temperature should not be allowed to go above sixty-five in the day time, and not above forty in the night. As much air and light as possible should be given, while the leaves should be sprinkled every morning. A spare room, or parlor, or extra bed-room is better for plants than a living-room. A bay window connected with a warm room, especially if facing the south or east, makes an excellent place for keeping plants in winter. It should have glass doors on the inside, which can be closed a part of the time, especially when sweeping and dusting. The main thing in keeping house plants in health is to secure an even temperature, a moist atmosphere, and also freedom from dust. Sprinkle the leaves occasionally, and when they need water use it freely. If the green fly or aphid appears, wash with soap-suds frequently, and occasionally with a little tobacco water, or a decoction of quassia chips. If the red spider comes, it shows the plants are in too dry an atmosphere. Burn a little sulphur under the plants, the fumes of which will kill the spider and afterward keep the stems and leaves well moistened. Occasionally, but not often, worms appear in the pots. This can be avoided in a great measure by careful potting. A little weak lime water is sometimes of benefit in such cases, also five drops of liquid ammonia to a gallon of water, though, perhaps, the better way is to report, removing the earth carefully, so as not to injure the growth of the plant.

Seed Potatoes.

An old Maine farmer, in giving his ideas on seed potatoes, says that we use too fine seed when we propagate from tubers that have lain in the ground until dead ripe. He says that "plants that are propagated by tubers require different treatment from those propagated by seeds."

Our corn and grains that we use for seed we like to have stand a little longer than the main crop, and become perfectly matured. On the same principle our corn is selected from the ripest, best developed ears and kernels. But potatoes for seed should be dug and placed in a cool, dark cellar, just as soon as a majority of them will slightly crack open in boiling. This is most invariably while the tops are yet green and growing fast. The tubers are then in a most vigorous state. Disconnect them from the parent stalk at that time, and they retain their vigor. Instead of deteriorating, as most of us know the older sorts have, their vitality is increased, and they yield better, with less tendency to rot. As long ago as 1819, and subsequently, observation led him to make some experiments to test the theory, and he finds it the proper course to pursue.

It is not often that the late planted potatoes are better for seed, than those planted early? The lateness of their planting, presumably, prevents perfect ripening, hence the principle of the above reasoning would be in force.

Now is the Time to Subscribe FOR OUR Sabbath School Papers, "The Little Star," AND "The Myrtle."

These semi-monthlies are published by the FREEWILL BAPTIST PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT, are printed on paper of a very superior quality, and their mechanical excellence is equal to that of any other paper of their class.

All communications intended for publication should be addressed to "The Little Star" or "The Myrtle," Dover, N. H.

All orders and remittances for either of the papers should be addressed to L. R. Burlingame, Dover, N. H.

Terms:—Single copy, per year, . . . 30 cts. Ten copies, sent to one address, 30 cts. each,—payable in all cases in advance.

Postage:—The postage on a single copy of the Little Star or Myrtle, under the new law, is 24 cents a year; and no more on 10 copies or any number between one and 40, when sent to one address, than on a single one. The postage is payable at the office of delivery. The volumes begin with January.

No percentage is allowed on money sent us for either of these papers. Sample copies will be sent free on application.

OUR answer to many calls, and to meet what we think a real want, we have recently published in very neat style, a four-page tract, in the form of a leaf, and in a plain, brief way, an outline of the doctrine of the Trinity, as a denomination, its doctrinal basis, its church polity, and some of its chief benevolent institutions. They are fitting things to put into the hands of those who would learn, by means of a few words, what are the peculiarities of the Baptists. They will be sold at cost to those who order them for this purpose.—Price, 4¢ per 1000; 5¢ per 500; 10¢ per 250; 15¢ per 100; 20¢ per 50; 25¢ per 25.

L. R. BURLINGAME, DOVER, N. H.

WANTED: A situation as Principal of Grammar School. Ten years' experience in teaching. Best of recommendations. Address, TEACHER, Box 34, Kittery Point, Me.

WANTED: Canvassers everywhere for Col. Cowell's History of the Great Fire, full and correct. Three thousand sold the first ten days. Now the time to make money. Address, B. B. RUSSELL, Publisher, Boston.

Wanted, Agents for Dr. Cornell's Dollar Family Paper.—John S. C. Abbott, the Celebrated Editor, Editorial Contributor, A \$3.00 engraving to every subscriber; profitable work for the whole or part of the time; rare inducement. Address, B. B. RUSSELL, Publisher, Boston.

TO THE WORKING CLASS, male or female, \$20 a week guaranteed. Responsible capital at home, day or evening; no capital required; full instructions and valuable package of goods to start with, sent free by mail. Address, with 6 cent return stamp, M. YOUNG & CO., 16 Courtland Street, New York.

THE TRUE JUVENILE SONG BOOK,

By A. N. JOHNSON. Contains music from which children will derive both amusement and instruction. In fact, this book is believed to teach the "true" mode upon which children ought to be taught. Price 25¢ per dozen. Single specimen copy, by mail, postpaid, 50 cents.

The Song King.

For Singing Classes and Conventions. By H. R. PALMER. This work contains one hundred and thirty-two pages. Bound in board cover, 75 cents single; \$7.50 per dozen.

THE NEW SUNDAY SCHOOL SINGING BOOK, SUNSHINE!

For 1873. TO BE READY MARCH 1st. Illustrating! Enforcing! Inviting! A novelty for every Christian home. Hymns and tunes that never "wear out," for the family worship and private devotion. Price 25¢ per dozen. Single specimen copy sent by mail on receipt of price by the publishers.

JOHN CHURCH & CO., 1745 7th St. CINCINNATI, OHIO.

CANADA VICTOR TOMATO.

"I introduce this season a new tomato, the CANADA VICTOR, which is probably the earliest of all varieties. It combines just what is wanted, viz.,—extreme earliness, large size, and round shape, with richness of color, with an entire freedom from greenness and cracking around the stem, and first class cropping qualities. Bunches packed of 25 seeds each, for sale at 10¢. Packs of 25 seeds selected from the few very earliest, 50¢ each. My Seed Catalogue free to all. Dealers supplied at a liberal discount."

JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Stevedore, Marblehead, Mass.

STAMMERING.

Cured by Zane's Patent Scientific Appliances. They received special medals, etc., at the London, Paris, and New York Exhibitions. For pamphlet and drawings, describing the same, address, 416 SIMPSON & CO., Box 5076, New York.

CANVASSERS.

The southern counties of the State have never been made sufficiently acquainted with the

New Hampshire Register.

Business Directory. It is an annual which no family, office, store or shop should be without, and good all the year round. Of course it will be a very easy matter to sell a hundred in any town, and the question is, will you do the one to do it?

For a single copy, by mail, send 25 cents; for a dozen, \$1.75; and for wholesale price apply to

CLAREMONT MANUFACTURING CO., 355 CLAREMONT, N. H.

Botanical Text Books!

By ASA GRAY, M. D., Viceroy Prof. Harvard University. MORE EXTENSIVELY IN USE THAN ALL OTHERS COMBINED.

This justly celebrated series of Text Books presents the latest and most accurate Principles of

HOW PLANTS GROW. The most charming Elementary Scientific Text-Book ever published. Fully Illustrated. Price, \$1.12.

THE SCHOOL AND FIELD BOOK.—The most thorough, practical, and best adapted work for class use published. Recommended by the most eminent Professors and Teachers in the country. Price, \$2.50.

LESSONS AND MANUAL.—\$3.00. Liberal Terms offered for introductory copies. Samples of any of the above, for examination, will be forwarded by mail on receipt of price.

For full descriptive circulars, send for them to

IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & CO., 220 West 43rd & 140 Grand Street, N. Y.

LIVINGSTONE

28 Years in Africa. It having PROVED to be above all others the best of the MASSIS WAHLE, etc. (see full description in the book), pages only \$2.50. MORE AGENTS WANTED.

NOTICE.—Not to be deceived by misrepresentations made to induce the purchase of inferior goods. Samples for circulars and send PROOF of statements and great success of our agents. Pocket companion, worth \$1.00, mailed free. HUBBARD BROS., Publishers, 733 Sanson St., Phila.

PHILIP PHILLIPS'S NEW SINGING-BOOK.

SONG LIFE. Illustrating the Journey of Christians and their Children from Earth to the Celestial City. With Illustrations. 40s. 50 cents; per 100, \$35.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y.

GUININE TONIC BITTERS!

The best Tonic and Stomachic ever offered the public. It will improve your Appetite, Facilitate Digestion, Give tone to the Nervous System, Vigor to every organ of the body, thereby imparting Health and Strength. It is a remedy so good for Leucorrhoea and Debility, whether general or following acute disease. The Medical Faculty endorse it for Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Nervous Debility, and all diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach. Constipation, Flatulence, Rush of Blood to the Head, Loss of Appetite, Nausea, Headache, Acid Stomach, Fullness of the Stomach, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Dimness of Vision, Yellowness of the Eyes and Skin, Pain in the Head, Side, Back or Chest, Burning in the Flesh or sudden Flashes of Heat, call of which indicate a derangement of the Liver or Digestive Organs.

Persons living in, or visiting sections where Malaria prevails, where Fever and Ague, Bilious Fevers, etc., are the characteristic diseases, should be provided with them. They are a sure preventive of Fever and Ague, Intermittents, Biliousness and all ailments arising from malarious causes. Price, \$1.00 per bottle; 50¢ per dozen. Send orders to

Prepared by A. LITTLEFIELD & CO., Boston, Mass. Sold by all Dealers in Medicine. 260 South St.

SURE OF SUCCESS.

Agents wanted everywhere. Business highly profitable and legitimate. Article needed in every household. Send for