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## **The Morning Star - volume 48 number 25 - June 18, 1873**

Freewill Baptist printers

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# The Morning Star.

Volume XLVIII.

DOVER, N. H., JUNE 18, 1873.

Number 25

## 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. B. BURLINGAME, Publisher.

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

TERMS: \$3.00 per year; or if paid strictly in AD-  
VANCE, \$2.50.

REMITTANCES must be made in money or  
checks, bank checks, or drafts, 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 thus sent will be at our risk. Otherwise  
it will be at the risk of those sending them.

The regular charges for money orders, bank  
checks, and Post Office money orders may be de-  
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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 re-  
quired by law.

Each subscriber is particularly requested to note  
the date on the label for the expiration of his sub-  
scription, 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 con-  
tinue to send it until payments are 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 send no books out to be sold on commis-  
sion, or otherwise, with the privilege of returning  
them.

## The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 1873.

### My Friends.

So pure—as clouds that sail on high,  
With tender yearnings toward the earth,  
Dropping sweet rain on it with sun  
As wills the Power that gave them birth.

Joyous—as birds that warbling rise,  
And fill the summer air with praise,  
Yet, patient, dwell low 'mid the grass,  
And brooding sing through lonely days.

Peaceful—as fixed stars that shine  
More bright for storm and darkness o'er,  
Nor scorn to lend their light to guide  
Earth's homeward bound, on sea and shore.

Mopeful—as though hope seems all in vain;  
Trusting, though weary leagues apart,  
With beauty such as lives in thought,  
And love that wins and keeps the heart.

IDA T. PETERS.

Saint John, N. B.

### Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, June 12, 1873.

#### LITERARY SOCIETY.

Literary society here is much different  
from what it is represented to be in New  
York and Philadelphia, in that it has no  
bond of union. The industries and trades  
have central organizations, literature has  
none. One does not hear of "press din-  
ners" here as in New York, or literary par-  
ties as in Philadelphia. The social ele-  
ment of English literary society, which cor-  
respondents so charmingly describe, finds  
no imitation here. No Johnson or Madam  
Piozzi, Charles Lamb or Anna Seward  
holds a literary court. The river Charles  
has no Sunnyside or Idlewild. The Boston  
editor is a literary shop-keeper, and the  
average Boston writer is a respectable ped-  
dler of literary wares.

Several well known magazine writers,  
whose names it might be impertinent to  
give, spend a large part of their time in the  
Athenum, which is one of the most quiet  
as well as the most extensive libraries of  
the city. Here are prepared many of the  
most thoughtful and instructive articles  
that appear in Harper's Magazine, Scrib-  
ner's, the Galaxy, and Appleton's Journal.  
Visitors find their way into the superb art  
rooms of the Athenum, but seldom into the  
reading and writing rooms. These last are  
a solitude, whose silence is unbroken,  
even by the wheel of the horse car. The  
book worm here may solace himself with  
all the sentimental joys of Southey's experi-  
ence.

"My days among the dead are cast;  
Around me I behold,  
Where'er my eyes I chance to cast,  
The mighty minds of old,  
My never falling friends are they,  
With whom I converse day by day."

Other well known writers make free use  
of the Boston Public Library, which is  
"open to all" and is well provided  
with desks for literary work. A larger  
number of periodicals are received here  
than at any other reading room in the coun-  
try, and the library itself is the largest in  
America, with the exception of the Con-  
gressional Library at Washington. As a  
reference library for authors it has no equal.

#### LITERATURE AS A PROFESSION.

Never were so many people attempting  
to earn a livelihood by writing for the press  
as now. One who had charge of an edi-  
tor's desk would suppose that a large pro-  
portion of all the teachers, students and  
boarding school girls in New England had  
been seized with a common aspiration for  
the honors of authorship. "Writers," re-  
marked an editor to us recently, "are as  
thick as blackberries in August." The  
better established periodicals estimate that  
they receive ten times as much manuscript  
as they can use. Writing for the press as  
a profession does not pay. Only very suc-

### New York Correspondence.

NEW YORK, June 13, 1873.

#### HENRY BERGH AND GOD'S DUMB CREATURES.

If there is anything in man that is di-  
vine, it is his fatherly tenderness toward the  
weak and lowly. A few minutes spent in  
conversation with Henry Bergh is enough  
to enkindle a new enthusiasm, even broader  
than the "enthusiasm of humanity," an  
enthusiasm for God's creatures. I shall never  
forget how that passionate pity and wrath  
at weakness and strength abused, which  
exhibits my best ideal of a man, or of a  
God, flamed up in Mr. Bergh's countenance  
and manner the first time I met him, as he  
tried to speak of the feeling with which he  
always witnessed the oppression of a help-  
less animal by a man. Not only the hands,  
but every muscle of action and expression,  
clenched at once with the vehement im-  
pulse to succor and avenge, as he confessed  
that it sometimes cost all his self-control to  
keep his own hands off the cowardly wretch  
who could abuse an inferior creature. This  
god-like passion is the secret of the power,  
of the exhaustless energy, and of the great  
success of our Howard of Dumb Animals.  
Such a heat, hotter than ever, after eight  
years intense combustion and conversion  
into vast force, social, civil, mental, and  
muscular, day by day, makes a mystery and  
a marvel of moral resources to me. I ask,  
where can the fuel come from? And I know  
of no probable answer unless God himself  
imparts it direct from the infinite store of  
his own fatherhood.

Mr. Bergh is a man of commanding sta-  
ture, though spare, and an uncommonly  
large proportion of that stature is given up  
to a tower of a head, in whose high dome  
a phrenologist would find room for the  
amplest organs of our nobler moral facul-  
ties, while the physiognomist might trace  
in the long and strong features of the  
face, and in the expression, earnest almost  
to sadness and blent with sternness, the  
marks of God's own born and sworn knights,  
the men of sorrows not their own. The  
Berghs are an old "Knickerbocker" fam-  
ily, native to New York for nearly two cen-  
turies past. Their present representative be-  
came more especially interested in the  
writings of dumb animals while filling a  
diplomatic position near the Court of St.  
Petersburgh, about eight years ago. Happen-  
ing to witness certain cruelties which  
keenly outraged his sense of justice and of  
the responsibility of delegated power, he  
was led to dwell upon the theme, and to  
mark with deepening sensibility the painful  
illustrations of it which every day's obser-  
vation affords, until the sentiment became a  
passion, and the passion concentrated in the  
purpose now expressed in a form of pledge,  
on a large placard, distributed by Mr.  
Bergh's society to those who will accept it,  
"I will protect dumb animals, and may  
God in his mercy protect me."

On his return to his native country, in  
1865, Mr. Bergh engaged at once in what  
proved to be his mission and life work. He  
drew up a simple preamble, expressing the  
sentiment and the object of a proposed  
society for the prevention of cruelty to ani-  
mals, with an engagement of the signers  
to unite in such an organization, and with  
this little paper he visited the men of char-  
acter and position of every party, in poli-  
tics, in the professions, in commercial cir-  
cles, and in short, engaged in his enter-  
prise, as the first step, the representative  
men of his native city, almost without an  
exception. With this honorable roll and  
the draft of a charter, he went to the leg-  
islature, and after some difficulty succeeded  
in getting a bill passed, incorporating the  
signers of his agreement as the American  
Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to  
Animals. Without delay the incorporators  
were called together. Hon. John T. Hoff-  
man was called to the chair, and the or-  
ganization was completed by the election  
of Mr. Bergh as President of the new soci-  
ety, and of suitable persons for the minor  
offices. Next year the society appeared at  
Albany, through its President, to ask for  
stronger statutes for the protection of ani-  
mals against cruelty, and for increased  
powers for arresting and prosecuting of-  
fenders. The successive legislatures of  
1866 and 1867 enacted stringent laws addi-  
tional to those already in force, on the sub-  
ject, the latter (1867) giving agents of the  
society, approved by the sheriff of the coun-  
ty, authority to arrest persons violating  
these laws, and devoting the fines collected  
of such violators to the purposes of the so-  
ciety.

But by far the most important results ef-  
fected have been in the education of public  
sentiment throughout and even beyond the  
United States, mainly by the example of  
Mr. Bergh's indomitable perseverance, and  
the contagion of his enthusiasm, spread  
abroad by the daily press, of necessity in  
the records of judicial proceedings, and in  
the disputes often arising on cases of  
novel interference with long heretofore in-  
humanities. The fame of his crusade extend-  
ed to the remotest parts of the land, and  
wherever a human heart was wounded by  
wrong to the dumb, the first thought came  
to be that of appealing to their champion  
in New York, for advice and encourage-  
ment to attempt a remedy. Letters of this  
sort without number have reached Mr.  
Bergh from all parts of the country and  
have been invariably and attentively an-  
swered with his own hand. The laws of  
this city and state, and the by-laws of the  
American Society for the Prevention of

Cruelty to Animals, including forms of  
complaint and suggestions to prosecutors,  
have been compiled, printed and distribut-  
ed to all correspondents. Societies corre-  
sponding to this, adopting the same name,  
with the addition of the name of their  
state, and employing a common emblematic  
seal, furnished by the original society, have  
been formed in twenty-five of our states,  
and laws have been enacted in those states  
through their influence, in some cases ex-  
ceeding in fullness and force those which  
have as yet been wrung from the legisla-  
ture of New York.

A strong effort was made at the re-  
cent session of our legislature to place  
the state of New York in the front rank as  
regards the efficient protection of animals.  
Mr. Bergh's bill, though strenuously op-  
posed by the class of interests and the kind  
of politicians to whom restraints in the in-  
terest of good morals and humanity are od-  
ious, was nevertheless accepted by a major-  
ity of the members of both houses, and  
the day of its final passage was apparently  
fixed. On the morning of that very day,  
however, an agent of the omnibus lines and  
others opposed to Mr. Bergh's interference  
with the treatment of horses, cattle, game  
fowls and animals, pigeons, &c., in this  
city, arrived in Albany with a heavy purse  
made up by such parties, for the defeat of  
the bill. Just two things are known to  
have happened: the purse was emptied,  
and the bill was killed. The connection of  
the two circumstances is best known to the  
parties concerned, but can easily enough  
be guessed by anybody.

### Beauty of Humble Life.

The lesson of Christianity urged and en-  
forced by nature, is the inestimable worth  
of common duties, as manifesting the great-  
est principles; it bids us attain perfection,  
not by striving to do dazzling deeds, but  
by making our experience divine; it tells us  
that the Christian hero will ennoble the  
humblest field of labor; that nothing is  
mean which can be performed as duty,  
but that religious virtue, like the touch  
of Midas, converts the humblest call of  
conscience into spiritual gold. The great  
philosopher, Plato, has left an instructive  
and beautiful poetic picture of the judg-  
ment of souls, when they had been collect-  
ed from the regions of temporary bliss  
and pain, and suffered once more to return  
to the duties and pleasures of earthly life.  
The spirits advanced by lot to make their  
choice of the condition and form under  
which they should re-enter the world. The  
dazzling and showy fortunes, the lives  
of kings and warriors and statesmen, were  
soon exhausted; and the spirit of Ulysses,  
who had been the wisest prince among  
all the Greeks, came last to choose. He  
advanced with sorrow, fearing that his  
favorite condition had been selected by  
some more fortunate soul who had  
gone before him. But to his surprise and  
pleasure, Ulysses found that the only life  
which had not been chosen was that of an  
obscure and private man, with its humble  
cares and quiet joys: the lot which he,  
the wisest, would have selected had his  
turn come first; the life for which he long-  
ed since he had left the folly and mean-  
ness of station, wealth and power. In  
like manner, though in a far different spirit,  
Christianity teaches us the beauty and di-  
gnity of common and private life. It makes  
it valuable, not as Plato did, for the cares  
from which it frees us, but for the constant  
duties through which we may train the soul  
to perfect sympathy and power. It shows  
us that the humblest lot brings calls and  
opportunities which require all the ener-  
gies of the most exalted virtue to meet and  
satisfy. It impresses upon us the solemn  
truth that life itself, however humble its  
condition, is always holy; that every mo-  
ment has its duty and its burden, which  
Christian strength alone, the crown of  
power, can do and bear; and that the  
perfect character is the character of Jesus,  
who fulfilled the greatest mission in the  
humblest walk, and showed to the world  
that the simplest experience may become  
radiant with a heavenly beauty, when  
hallowed by a spirit of constant love to  
God and man.—Thomas Starr King.

### Egotistic Talkers.

Almost every circle is blessed with the  
egotist, who exercises a kind of dictator-  
ship over it. Are you in mistake as to a  
matter of fact? He can not suffer you to  
proceed until you are corrected. Have  
you a word on the end of your tongue?  
He at once comes to your relief. Do you  
talk ungrammatically? He quotes rules  
and gives examples like a pedagogue.  
Does he discover that there is a link want-  
ing in the chain of your argument? He  
bids you stay till he has supplied it. Do  
you drop a word to which he has devoted  
much research? He asks you whether you  
know its primitive signification, and  
straightway inflicts upon the circle a long  
philological disquisition. When you re-  
late an incident which you suppose new  
and affecting, your friend listens without  
emotion. When you have done, he ob-  
serves that he heard the same long ago,  
and adds a very material circumstance  
which you omitted. He is never taken by  
surprise, and it is impossible to give him  
any information. And yet he never takes  
the lead in conversation, nor advances an  
original thought. It is his business to

come after, and pick up the words which  
others let slip in a running talk, or to  
check their impetuosity, that he may point  
out to them their missteps. Had he lived  
in the days of Solomon he would have  
flattered the royal sage with an intimation  
that some of his proverbs were but plagia-  
risms; or, had he been a contemporary of  
Solomon's father, would have felt himself  
bound to give the slayer of Goliath some  
lessons on the use of the sling, and hinted  
to the sweet singer of Israel, his private  
opinion, that the shepherd bard did not  
perfectly understand the use of the harp.

### Spirit of the Press.

Writing of Sunday Traveling, the *Chris-  
tian Intelligencer* says:

Against the demoralization of every com-  
munity through which Sunday trains pass,  
against all forms of Sabbath indulgence and  
disturbances of which they are prolific sources,  
against the fatal tendencies to Sabbath  
desecration which spring from the competi-  
tion of rival lines, and against the inevita-  
ble evils which Sunday traffic brings upon  
the army of employees and their families,  
the voice of remonstrance should be unceas-  
ing from the press, the pulpit, ecclesiastical  
assemblies, Christian associations, and all  
other available agencies.

The *Independent*, referring to the deter-  
mination of the Evangelical Alliance to dis-  
pense with the Lord's Supper at its meeting  
in October, on account of Baptist scruples,  
says:

We hope it is not necessary for us to say  
that we regret, as much as any one can, the  
necessity which leads to the omission by the  
Alliance of this sacrament of brotherhood.  
We believe that, while it was primarily in-  
tended as a memorial of our Lord, it was  
also intended to manifest the unity of be-  
lievers. The prayer of Christ for his disci-  
ples "that they may all be one" seems to  
have been made when the Supper was in-  
stituted; and the word "communion,"  
which was applied to the sacrament from  
the first, points clearly, as the Epistles  
show, not only to the new covenant, but to  
the new commandment. That a body rep-  
resenting the various denominations of Pro-  
testant Christendom and meeting to bind  
closer the bonds of fellowship should be un-  
able on account of prejudice to make use of  
this expressive symbol is to us a reason for  
grave regret. Nevertheless, there are many  
other matters concerning which Christians  
of all names are substantially agreed; and  
there is no reason why our Baptist brethren  
should be driven away from the Alliance or  
made uncomfortable at its meeting by in-  
sisting upon a symbol of union to the use of  
which they object.

The *London Church Herald* describes the  
Bishop of the period in a way which cer-  
tainly illustrates freedom of speech in Eng-  
land:

Cunning and clever, he keeps, as chap-  
lains, lick-spittle creatures of the baser sort,  
who hoist moral storm-signals to see which  
way the wind blows, or who act as clerical  
detectives in plain clothes, and inform his  
lordship of their earnest labors. The Bishop  
only exercises hospitality when such work  
is absolutely essential, being stingy, penu-  
rious and grasping. With nauseous ostenta-  
tion owning £5,000 a year, he has cut  
down his household expenses, so as to save  
money and found a family. Butler, foot-  
man and pages are not now at the palace.  
And a witty country wag libelously avers  
that the Bishop is shaved by the lady's maid.  
He rides to confirmation in a gig, or some-  
times walks all the way in wet weather,  
taking care that one of his literary chaplains  
privately inform some of the London news-  
papers of his truly humble and Christian  
spirit.

Zion's Herald must be credited with these  
sound remarks:

Let it be understood that our daughters,  
when they have physical ability, and an  
aptness for it, shall study as long as our  
boys do, and have as thorough an educa-  
tion, with such post-collegiate training as  
their tastes and capacities indicate, and  
what must be the inevitable result? Floun-  
ces will drop from dresses like leaves in  
autumn from the trees, by a necessary and  
natural law. Girls can not then be "brought  
out" at sixteen. The early school days will  
not be interrupted by a vain attempt to  
crowd the studies of twenty years into ten.  
The mind of the girl will not be perplexed  
with the illogical mixture of primary and  
professional studies. She will have little  
time for serial literature, and less for novels.  
Her tastes will be constantly cultivated by  
wholesome models, and her mind strength-  
ened to demand solid food. The founda-  
tion will be well laid for her a variety of  
pursuits which will not only be a source of  
revenue and independence to her, but full  
of satisfaction in their pursuit. Her com-  
pass of activity will not be narrowed to  
teaching, to lessons on the piano, or to in-  
direct instruction in painting and draw-  
ing. God's providence is never crowded.  
He has a place for every intelligent mind,  
and for every various and possible devel-  
opment of mind. The great field of origi-  
nal study and investigation is as wide open  
before woman as man. She has been found  
to be a patient and persevering observer.  
The secrets of nature have not been to her  
discovered yet. They are waiting for her  
eyes to fall upon them. The whole field of  
literature invites her. The novel is not her

only or most appropriate province. What  
woman needs is the thorough, protracted  
training requisite to the full and harmonious  
development of her powers. Let woman  
be kept to the school and her books as long  
as her brothers are, and she would find less  
difficulty in obtaining a self-respecting inde-  
pendence, and would soon demonstrate the  
eternal wisdom of depriving her of an ade-  
quate opportunity for the full training of  
her intellectual powers.

### Events of the Week.

#### ANOTHER COAL-MINE EXPLOSION.

The gas in a Pennsylvania coal mine ex-  
ploded last Tuesday afternoon, killing  
about twenty persons and injuring many  
others. About fifty miners were exposed  
to the disaster, and the escape of the others  
was fortunate.

#### THE MODOC PRISONERS.

At this writing there is no public decision  
as to the disposal of the Modoc prisoners.  
Jeff Davis & Co. are not yet hanged.  
They were greater murderers. One would  
like to see them disposed of before the  
Modocs swing. In the meantime the cap-  
tives are kept carefully guarded. Two  
women, whose friends the prisoners were  
charged with murdering, were admitted  
to their presence last week, to see if they  
could recognize them as the murderers.  
They did, and with a vengeance, for they  
rushed upon the Indians, one with a re-  
volver and the other with a sheath knife,  
and it was with difficulty that they were  
kept from killing them on the spot. A  
shameful and painful affair occurred soon  
after at Boyle's Camp. Some Modoc  
prisoners were being escorted under guard  
to a place of confinement, when they were  
attacked by a party of Oregon volunteers  
and several of them murdered. There  
was no just cause for such a cowardly at-  
tack, and the Government pretends to be  
displeased by it. But there is yet no at-  
tempt to catch the murderers.

#### FAILURE OF A FISH-TRANSPORTATION PLAN.

A plan has been lately proposed to stock  
western waters with eastern fish, such as  
shad, salmon, trout, &c., by transporting  
them in vessels of water from our eastern  
waters. The late attempt to transport new-  
ly hatched shad in this way to Michigan  
has failed. The fish died rapidly on the  
way, and they had to be liberated to save  
them. But new trials will be made, the  
parties being confident that they can even  
cross the continent with live fish. Indeed,  
an aquarium car containing fish has already  
reached Omaha from Boston, bound for  
San Francisco, only a few of the fish hav-  
ing died.—A telegram states that this car  
was wrecked beyond Omaha.

#### MASTER CAR-BUILDERS' CONVENTION.

The annual convention of the U. S. Mas-  
ter Car-builders was held in Boston  
last week. There was a large attendance,  
and questions relating to improvements in  
constructing cars, so as to give passengers  
greater ease and comfort as well as safety,  
were intelligently discussed.

#### A TRIAL OF BRAKES.

There is quite a competition among  
railroad men as to the relative value of the  
Westinghouse and vacuum brakes for  
cars. The Boston and Maine road has  
been experimenting during the winter and  
spring with both, trying to decide which to  
adopt. Last week they had a trial of the  
brakes, on parallel level tracks, all the  
circumstances and conditions being alike,  
and the result is reported to be favorable  
to the Westinghouse brake. The trial ex-  
cited general interest, and many promi-  
nent railroad men in the country were  
present to witness it. The anxiety of this  
road to get the best and the safest in all  
respects is creditable and gives them a de-  
served public confidence.

#### A NEW TRIAL GRANTED.

A despatch from Albany says the court  
of appeals, by a unanimous opinion, grants  
a new trial to Stokes. There are two  
opinions written, one by Grover and the  
other by Rappali. The charge is held to  
be erroneous on the point that the law  
presumes murder from the fact of killing,  
and calls on the prisoner to mitigate or  
justify; also that there were errors in ex-  
cluding proof of threats by the deceased  
to kill the prisoner; also an error in per-  
mitting Mrs. Morse to contradict Jennie  
Turner in a collateral matter called out  
in the cross-examination, namely, as to  
whether she left Mrs. Morse's against her  
wish and because detectives were said to  
be after her soon after the homicide. Other  
points were discussed, but these are the  
principal ones. Stokes received the news  
with the utmost calmness, and says that  
now he has no doubt of his ultimate acquit-  
tal. He hopes to be admitted to bail at an  
early day.

#### BETTER FOR SAN FRANCISCO.

Mayor Wolford of San Francisco has  
vetoed the ordinance of the board of su-  
pervisors requiring the heads of Chinese  
prisoners to be shaved of their pig-tails,  
also the order obliging Chinese laundrymen  
to pay \$15 per quarter for each man em-  
ployed. The action of the mayor meets  
the approval of the great majority of the  
public, including even those opposed to  
Chinese immigration, as the attempted  
municipal legislation had taken the form of  
persecution. There is no telling what  
might be undertaken in the name  
of reform, when once prejudice has been  
aroused and is kept active by a kind of  
mad zeal.



## S. S. Department.

Sabbath School Lesson—June 22d.

QUESTIONS AND NOTES BY PROF. J. A. HOWE.

THE LAST DAYS OF JOSEPH.

ESSENTIAL TRUTH:—The worst of the guilty continues until they know that they are forgiven.

GENESIS 50:15-26.

## QUESTIONS.

15. Of what were the brethren of Joseph afraid? Why would the death of Jacob expose them to this? To what must their fears be attributed? Why do men fear to meet God? How can such fears be allayed?
- 16, 17. What statement did they make to Joseph? Was it false or true? Why would such a request have influence with Joseph? How do men regard the last request of their friends? What prayer did these brethren put in for themselves? How and why was Jacob affected?
18. What did his brethren then do? Their words? Show that the spirit of revenge was not harbored by Joseph. Gen. 45: 5, 7, 14, 15. What part of Joseph's dreams are here fulfilled? The reply of Joseph? What does this question imply? To whom does vengeance belong? Deut. 32: 35. Whom will God punish and whom pardon?
20. What does he further say? The character of their thoughts? The design of God? How was their guilt affected by the purpose of God to overlook it? To what end did God govern their sin?
21. What assurance did Joseph give them? How should we regard Joseph if he had punished them? What virtue does he exhibit? How does Christ tell us to treat our enemies?
22. The age of Joseph at his death?
23. What generations did he see? What is said of Job in respect to this? Job. 42: 16. To whom is this privilege promised? Ps. 138: 6.
24. What did Joseph say? Of what land did he speak? How did he know this? What did the Lord say to Abraham on this subject? Gen. 15: 15-16.
25. What oath did Joseph require of the children of Israel? Who are meant by "the children of Israel"? Why did Joseph desire this? What should be our chief concern in view of death?
26. After Joseph's death what was done to his body? What is to be embalmed? When was the request of Joseph performed? Ex. 13: 19. Where were his bones deposited? Josh. 24: 32. Was he prepared for death? Are you also ready?

## NOTES AND HINTS.

At the time of Israel's death, Joseph was in the full vigor of his years. He was fifty-six years of age; for, as he was thirty when he first stood before Pharaoh, and nine years elapsed before the arrival of Jacob, after which Jacob lived seventeen years, this must have been his age at that time.

On his return to Egypt he was feared by his brethren, who thought that he would now proceed to take vengeance on them for their crime of long ago.

15. Thirty-nine years have passed since the brethren of Joseph sold him into Egypt, but this has brought no peace to their conscience, nor forgetfulness of their sin. Now that Jacob was dead no reason remained for further restraint, and Joseph would proceed to punish them. How little they appreciated goodness of heart! Had Joseph been like themselves, they well might have feared him. If they had felt the forgiveness of God, we might think that they would not have been so suspicious. A guilty conscience does thus take away peace, and forbid us to confide in the virtue of others.

16. The person sent to Joseph was, doubtless, one of themselves. The message given from Jacob to Joseph bears no internal marks of truth. We can not assert that it was a false plea, manufactured to move Joseph to promise them no harm, but we can say that it appears to be. Jacob had no suspicion of insincerity in Joseph toward his brethren. The student of his history and character feels that such a suspicion is a wrong to so noble a spirit. The oath was needless. We have no reason to doubt the trust of Jacob in his favorite child. We have far more reason to think that this story was a fabrication of Joseph's brethren. It thus accords with their character.

17. It was a skillful plea. It was urged at the opportune moment. It was represented as one of the last requests of his dead father, from whose burial he had just returned. The sacredness which the last wishes of our friends have in our eyes was put upon this plea with Joseph. It appealed with irresistible force to all that was noble in him, to his whole nature then. Moreover, it is asked as a favor to Jacob, not to them; and as an act of grace, not as deserved. They ground this plea, also, on their natural relations to God. Joseph himself often needed forgiveness of God. Could he, then, refuse to pardon the sins of God's servants against himself? This request caused Joseph to weep. It touched him to see the contrition of his brethren, to witness the distress that their sin, committed nearly forty years ago, still gave them. It affected him even more to be distrusted by them, and to be thought capable of revenge. It was reviving a painful subject which he had once dismissed, and demanding the words of forgiveness of which the spirit had been cherished ever since their first arrival in Egypt.

18. Again we see the proud, imperious men, who said, "Shalt thou indeed reign over us? or shalt thou indeed have dominion over us?" prostrating themselves, like the sheaves before the sheaf of Joseph, in his dream. "Behold we be thy servants," is language denoting a surrender of themselves to him, for him to make sheaves of them if he saw fit to spare their lives.

19. The reply of Joseph was every way worthy of him: "Fear not, for am I in the place of God?" He means—does it not belong to God to punish, and to take vengeance? and shall I presume to do it? Every man who takes revenge for wrongs inflicted on him, usurps the place of God. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Children are not to cherish an angry spirit towards one another, nor are men and women to occupy a state in which they can not pray. "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

20. Joseph again is forced to state the bitter fact, "Ye thought evil against me."

They had given him occasion, however, by their confessions. The design of Joseph, in making this assertion, was to put in contrast with it the thoughts of God who "meant it unto good." God intended to make this crime, this madness and wrath to praise him. What God intended had no influence on their intentions, the "good" he meant to "bring to pass" was not the offspring of their sins, but of his directing providence. He turned the currents of evil into the filter of his overruling power, from which they flowed out again pure and healthful, saving "much people."

We ought to be grateful that God has not let loose in the world a monster which he can not restrain and control. Man may sin, for God has made him free to choose good or evil, but God will set bounds to the evil, and hedge in the course of sin.

We know how the sin of these men was used of God to save the lives of multitudes in Egypt, and in all the bordering countries. When we regard the grand results of God's working in this event, our hearts are filled with a sense of the divine goodness, and awed by the consciousness of his nearness to men in all their ways.

21. The fears of the troubled, guilty men Joseph allays. He pledges to them their safety, he assures them of the sincerity of his forgiveness of their sin.

It was not difficult for him to pardon offenses against himself. It would have been difficult for him to harbor feelings of revenge in his pure spirit.

The exercise of forgiveness was emphatically taught us by Christ. In the Lord's prayer, and in answer to the question of Peter, "Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him?" and in instructions about our duties to our enemies, as well as by the Golden Rule, we are taught to forgive from our hearts those who have injured us. It is sometimes a difficult command to obey, and because of the difficulty of it, men sometimes make no effort to heed it. But the heart that refuses to forgive is malicious, and malicious lies only one step short of murder.

22. Joseph was shorter-lived than his father, but dies of old age at last. Disease was almost unknown to the patriarchs. Their life was in contrast, and in many respects favorable to their longevity, with the life of men in modern times. They had less care, less hurry, less madness for money, less adoration for the frivolous rites of society, and followed the laws of nature in respect to eating and drinking as we do not.

Joseph, however, in his public life; ate of the forbidden fruit which brings early death to our doors. He had great cares upon him. He made his public life a season of devotion to the welfare of Egypt, and was preyed upon by the duties of his position until he died.

23. One of the gratifications of Joseph's old age is mentioned in this verse. "Children's children are the crown of old men," wrote Solomon, and truly wrote. That crown Joseph wore. He saw the grandchildren of his sons. They came to him in his own house, and were dandled on his knees, caressed and embraced in his arms. They were favored with a more honorable ancestry than the prince royal of the realm. Of all the names celebrated in the history of ancient periods, none excel, few equal, in genuine virtue, in executive ability, in manhood and worth, the name of Joseph. He honors his descendants. Of them it might well be written, "the glory of children are their fathers."

24. Joseph knew that he was near his end. He said to his brethren, who had been summoned, "I die, and God will surely visit you, and bring you out of this land into the land which he swore to Abraham, to Isaac and to Jacob."

We may not suppose that Joseph died prior to the decease of any of his brethren. The word "brethren" seems here to be used for Israelites. The Scriptures have not recorded the time of the death of any other of Jacob's sons, but the omission can not be explained to mean that they all outlived him who was next to the youngest of the family.

The Israelites must have greatly multiplied, and been, at this time, an important part of the population of Egypt. More than fifty years had passed since their arrival in Goshen, and consequently they were now wedded to the country by many ties. Besides, Canaan, the land of promise from which they removed, was now in the possession of men that knew not Jacob, nor his right to much land in Hebron and Shechem. Many difficulties hedged the way to an immediate return to their old home. Joseph did not advise them to go at once. Perhaps he knew of the prediction that they should live in Egypt in bondage. He did know that God had promised a return to Canaan, and in that promise Joseph trusted.

25. Because of his confidence in the promise of God, Joseph "took an oath of the children of Israel" to carry his bones into Canaan for burial. It is evident that Joseph saw their return to be a distant event; otherwise an unsworn promise from his brethren might have sufficed. The oath was a pledge of the whole tribe, to be handed down from generation to generation, until the day of return should dawn.

This oath was sacredly kept, and the bones of Joseph were not forgotten. Ex. 13: 19. Why Joseph wished to have his remains deposited in the land of promise we can well understand. He wished to be identified with the people of Israel, and to be remembered among them. He preferred to have his heritage with the people of God, to be known and honored as a child of promise rather than as a prince of Egypt. He was a true Israelite, not an Egyptian. Hence he chose a burial place among the descendants of Abraham.

It matters, however, little to us after death whether our earthly tabernacle dissolve in one place rather than another. The great matter of interest will then respect the

abode of the soul, and we, who care not to exact oaths concerning our place of burial, may legitimately find wisely consider where our souls will have their final home.

26. It was the custom of the Egyptians to embalm their dead, and they knew the process so well that bodies, preserved by them have been kept from decay until our day. The Jews seldom practiced embalming. They wrapped the bodies of the dead in spices and sweet gums, but not with an intent of preserving them from decay.

The coffin in which Joseph was laid, if constructed like those of which we have examples, fitted the body closely, but was open over the face. These coffins, after receiving their precious occupants, were placed in an erect position in the sepulchers.

Here we leave Joseph, embalmed, confined, in the tomb. In his death the world lost a benefactor. His character has no superior, and but few equals, among the noted men of the Old Testament. Yet Joseph was no better than we ought to be. Out of his soul shines forth no virtue that ours should not have. If we have studied his history aright, we have felt new inspiration of goodness of effort in our lives. To give us this incentive, the Scriptures have so fully described his history.

## Communications.

## A Sad Incident.

BY MARILLA.

"This is pleasant, Ruth. I am glad you invited our friends to come last evening instead of this; it is so much better to spend my last hours at home alone with my sister."

The speaker was a man of thirty years, proud, talented and handsome, winning love and even reverence wherever he chose, and, consequently, a favorite in society. Christians had a strong desire that Robert Clemens should devote his life to God, knowing what a powerful influence he had over all his associates, and many a prayer was offered for him, but in no other heart was there such an intense yearning, such a feeling that they would not be denied their request as in the heart of his only sister Ruth. Replying to Robert's words, she said,—

"I thought it would please you. Then, too, I wanted a long talk with you. It seems so lonely to think that you will soon be a thousand miles from me. How I shall long for your presence! How I shall think of you, and dream of you, and count the weeks until this long, long year shall have passed, and you will be once more by my side."

Thus, for hours, the brother and sister talked, recalling the days of their happy childhood, before they had left their beautiful home, before the death of their parents, and the years of grief which followed this sad event.

There was something at once tender and pleasant in this reminiscence, and Robert Clemens's voice grew husky and more than one tear fell from his dark eyes as they spoke of their mutual endeavors to make each other forget all sorrow when they were left alone in the world.

There was another subject, unspeakably dear to Ruth's heart, of which she wished to speak; but knowing his dislike for all religious conversation, she hesitated. Still, she felt that she could not let him go without one more appeal. At length she said,—

"Robert, it may be we shall never meet again here. Won't you give your heart to God? Won't you throw aside all your skeptical ideas, and accept of Jesus Christ as your Saviour?"

"I had hoped that you would let this night pass without any allusion to that subject. I have told you that I had no wish to be a Christian. My mind is fixed and can not be changed." And the look of tender kindness changed to one of haughty defiance, as the young man uttered these bitter words.

"O Robert, my own brother, don't speak to me thus. I can not endure it. It was my great love for you that prompted the words," exclaimed Ruth, and great, scalding tears wrung from a heart full of anguish, rolled down her cheeks as she spoke.

"I know it, sister. I know you love me, and I love you better than all else on earth or in heaven. It was my hatred for religion that made me speak so cruelly. Come, Ruthie, cheer up. We have only a few more hours to spend together. The train leaves at two in the morning, you know. Now let's be happy while we can," and Robert came back to his sister's side, and spoke again in his usual kindly tone.

Morning found Ruth Clemens still sitting in the room where her brother left her. Their parting had been most affectionate, but the moment Robert was gone Ruth felt a sadness, an indefinite dread for which she could not account. All day she wandered about the house, unable to read or rest.

That night a telegram announced a terrible railroad accident, and Robert Clemens's name was among the fatally injured.

"I shall go to my brother," said Ruth, "he may need me."

She went, but he had no need of earthly assistance now.

That form, so strong, so manly, was terribly mangled. Only the face remained unscathed.

Thus did Ruth find the brother she had loved so well. She had no tears now to shed. Her agony was too deep for tears, for wherever she might go this thought would follow her,—he rejected the Saviour, and now he is dead.

Perchance this sad incident may be read by one who has requested friends never again to trouble him by speaking of religion. If so, take warning. Mercy's door

is open now. By and by the night of death will come. If you reject the Saviour, you can have no hope of a glorified home hereafter. No hope of a sacred rest with the dear departed.

## Homeward.

BY REV. J. M. W. PARKMAN.

JERUSALEM.

We entered the Holy City through the North, or Damascus gate, and went at once to the Hotel D'Amerique.

It was too late in the afternoon to do much more than get comfortably settled. We found a way to the house-top from a balcony on the second story, and were out early the next morning to see the sun rise over Olivet. The houses are of solid masonry, the second floor or roof being supported by arches. There are, however, no floors, but, instead, a pavement of brick or stone, and for the roof this pavement is plastered.

The light was roiling up in the east, and a slight shower was passing over the city, when we reached the top of the house. It was a most solemn and impressive moment. As we look southward, a little to the right is Mount Zion, where King David dwelt. Immediately before and very near to where we stand is the Mosque of Omar, on the site of the temple where God was visibly present and where the Son of God walked and taught. A little further to the left, over the city wall and across the narrow valley, apparently a stone's throw from the Mosque of Omar, lies the Mount of Olives.

Jerusalem is spread out like a map before us. We stand a moment thinking of its varied fortunes. No other city so blessed or cursed! Seventeen times has it been taken and pillaged, and within its walls millions of human beings have been slaughtered. What distinguished characters have lived here, walked these streets and looked upon this scenery!

While thus meditating the sun comes up over Olivet, first gilding the domes and towers on Mount Zion, then Moriah, and finally shining cheerfully upon the whole city. The birds are chirping and singing, the Arabs are calling to their donkeys or hawking their produce through the narrow streets below. As the sun rises higher, the olive trees and other shrubs, and every rock and path on the Mount of Olives, can be distinctly seen. It seems very near, and only a slight elevation, being only about two hundred feet higher than the city wall. Though steep and rocky, it is tame and rounded.

One of our first walks was out through the eastern gate across the valley, through the garden of Gethsemane and over the Mount of Olives to Bethany. We lingered in the vicinity of the garden, sat a few minutes in the enclosure said to be the very spot where our Saviour went with his disciples, picked a few of the pretty wild flowers now in full bloom, then commenced climbing the mountain. There is a path winding round the southern end to Bethany and another leading almost directly up its western slope to the top. We took the direction between the two, and in a zig-zag course picked our way up the mountain, often pausing to look off over the city and landscape. Around us are many old graves with Hebrew and Latin inscriptions. Outside the walls of the city and on the Mount of Olives are the white tents of travelers, usually flying their nation's flag.

Imagine my surprise and pleasure when there issued from one of these tents, with a warm greeting, Rev. Mr. Taylor, whom I had not seen since leaving college sixteen years ago, and Rev. Mr. Sturgis, a classmate and friend of my brother. From a tower on the top of Olivet, we had one of the most interesting and extensive views of eyes ever rested upon. We look down upon Jerusalem, every street and house distinctly visible. Mizpeh and Gibeon are five or six miles distant in the northwest, and Bethlehem about the same distance to the southwest, and Bethany less than a mile away directly south. There is a gradual descent to the valley of the Jordan and Red sea, which is in sight, and in this clear atmosphere seems very near. The mountains of Moab beyond rise like a wall, Nebo being one of the highest points. Bethel is in sight, only ten miles distant, directly north. A high mountain, with a volcanic appearance, ten miles off in the other direction, marks the location of Hebron a few miles from its southern base.

We sat down and rested beneath a fig tree, probably not far from the spot where the Saviour cursed one upon which he found no fruit. We wound along the eastern slope to the foot of the mountain, and crossing another ridge we are in Bethany. Although but two miles from Jerusalem, neither the city nor the summit of the Mount of Olives are in sight. We saw the pretended grave of Lazarus, the ruins of the house where Mary and Martha lived and the house of Simon, where Jesus was invited to a feast. Of course none of these localities can be identified, but over these hills, and perhaps along these very paths, our Saviour walked, and that gives them an interest that is linked to no other spot.

## Margaret.

Only eighteen! and her dying hour had come; not, fathers and mothers, as it came to your daughter, when, fever ran its rapid course, or decline wasted more slowly a young life away; but it came when healthful blood coursed through her veins, and when bright hopes lay in her future. When death entered your home, loving hands did what they could to stay its progress and to alleviate the sufferer's pangs. Friends and neighbors gave you willing aid, and when they could do nothing more, evinced their sympathies by kind inquiries; but in this other case, kindred stood by, with powerful hands, and neighbors had ceased to be friends, and had become informers, and be-

trayers, and ready tools in the hands of unprincipled men. She had just witnessed an execution, but it did not alter her purpose. Perhaps she looked back over the centuries, and heard the Saviour say, "It is enough that the disciple be as his Lord." As she sat on the sea-shore, bound, the incoming waves at first only laved her feet, then rose higher and higher till they kissed her lips, and then, one more wave, and the bitterness of death was past!

What was it that bade her executioners go back from their cruel purpose, and witness to their manhood, by restoring her to life and home and hope? It was the same voice that bids us retract wrong (though we may have involved ourselves deeply in wrong-doing) because it is wrong. But expediency had a suggestion to make. The girl must be now convinced that her sex, youth and beauty would not save her, and her foes be accredited with great clemency, if she is now terrified enough to yield. So they recovered her from the surging waters, and again bade her pronounce the shibboleth of the party. Her kindred pleaded with her, "Dear Margaret, say, 'God save the king!'"

Now the maiden had received the idea, that the king, being an unconverted man, would be dealt with according to his character, without regard to his kingly office. Time, that changes many things, sometimes modifies our opinions, sometimes shows us that, reasoning from false premises, we have consequently adopted wrong conclusions; but time, fire, flood, and rack, separately or combined, never uproot the mental attribute that leads us to hear and determine according to evidence, though our natural abilities may be too weak to comprehend truth, and our education such as to prejudice us against it, and our wills too undisciplined to submit to it, when submission would be tacitly saying we have been wrong. This position is like that of the artist who would paint Prometheus chained to a rock, with a vulture gnawing at his vitals, and so he purchased a captive, an old man, and subjected him to torture, that he might have a living illustration of the attitude and agony he wished to transfer to his canvass. We must take up many crosses, before our self-abnegation is complete. The dead are passive, but the painter's model was a living man, and he writhed under torture.

Sometimes we are not quite consistent. We inflict positive pain, physical or mental, and look calmly on, and serenely say, "Bear it," and as our victim passes through various stages, and is wounded, and uneasy, and passionate, and resentful, and desperate, we give the screw another turn each time, ostensibly to teach our subject stoicism, patience, gentleness, meekness and submission; but this Athenian painter was a consistent man, albeit he was a heathen, and he reasoned that if he inflicted pain, it would manifest symptoms; and he would have been disappointed if the old man had not been convulsed. The captive asked for pity—he might well have demanded justice.

"Pity thee, so I do, \*\*\*\*  
But what were a thousand lives like thine,  
To one of deathless time like mine?"

When nature, unable to suffer more, gave way, the man was lost in the artist, and he breathed out his regretful aspirations to the divinities he worshipped.

"Ye gods! would I could paint a dying man!"  
"Dear Margaret, say, 'God save the king!'" and the pallid lips, with scarce muscular power enough to frame the words, sighed out, "God save the king." "She has said it, she has said it," said her friends. What a mighty triumph for stalwart men,—the subjugation of this lamb of the fold! But hark, she has not yet finished the confession of her faith. True to her stern theology she added, "if it be God's will," and her integrity sealed her fate. To some, her last resting-place was a martyr's grave. To others, her execution a warning never to express an opinion contrary to that of the ruling powers. To some, her persistence was an evidence of being well established in the faith; to others, it was a perversion of firmness, which is obstinacy. Some called her sentiment heresy, while others thought it was not a matter of criminal jurisdiction.

The years have counted out their centuries since Margaret died, but her record has had something to do in molding character, that has its sphere of action, to-day; and evidences that, we believe, no unhalloved gain of place will compensate for the loss of the soul.

## Short Sermons.—No. 1.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and these things shall be added unto you." Yes, all "these things," which we so earnestly desire, and labor so constantly to obtain; riches, fame, power, love, or any other thing which may be striving and seeking for. Christ rebukes us, and says, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness." That is better than all the rest, therefore we ought to seek it first and most earnestly. Christ says, "Seek, and ye shall find," and in finding that, we shall find "all these things." Can we doubt his word? They certainly will "be added unto" us. Perhaps not in this world, and if they are, not in the way in which we expect them to come. But we shall certainly have them in heaven.

Why do we toil so, day after day, if not that we hope for greater happiness of some sort or other, when our work is done? We shall have perfect happiness and rest in heaven. The "unspeakable riches of Christ" are promised. We shall be heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ. And what earthly riches could build a city like "the city of my God, which is new Jerusalem," the city of the kingdom which we shall inherit? "In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you." We shall "be

clothed in white raiment." We shall wear "a crown of life," and shall be given "to eat of the hidden manna," and the "tree of life." Surely this is greater riches than can be obtained in this life. "And he that overcometh, to him will I give power over the nations." "And I will give him the morning star." That is more power than one could obtain here. To be ruler over one or two nations, at most, is all one person could expect in this world. We shall be "pillars in the temple" of our God. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne." And all people shall say, "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be to him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, forever and ever." Also, "our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Will not this be indeed "a crown of glory that fadeth not away"? "Human love is sweetest when it leadeth to a more divine and perfect love." And who can love us with so great a love as Christ? He tells us "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." "God gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish." And they crucified him! "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." That would be comparatively easy. But Christ laid down his life for us, his enemies, and cried, "Father, forgive them!" Through Christ all the glorious promises will be fulfilled. Heaven will bring—

"Darkness to tired eyes,  
Perplexed with vision, blinded with long day,  
And rest to busy hands, glad to fold up,  
And lay their work away."

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more." "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

E. T. J.

## Rev. J. W. Holman.

This ambassador for Christ received a call to return to that court from which he received his commission, while at his son's residence in Providence, May 16, 1873, aged 68 years.

He was born in Canaan, Me. in 1805, indulged a hope in Christ at the age of 13, and commenced preaching on the fourth of July, 1824.

The first half of his ministerial labors was in connection with the Free Will Baptist Denomination. He was associated with our first interest in Boston, and for many years had the pastoral charge of one of our churches there. He also, while with us, had the care of several other churches. He was twice chosen as a delegate to the General Conference, and was a member of the ninth and tenth sessions of that body. As chairman of the committee on moral reform, he was outspoken against whatever might lessen the sanctity of the Sabbath; he considered dueling as murder, and his condemnation of sin in its various forms was too plain and forcible to be misunderstood, or to be without effect. He would have the ministry and the church do all in their power for their removal. His views on church independence were decided, and he was ever ready for their defense.

As a preacher he was able. His vivid imagination, his ready use of Bible figures, his warmth of soul, his love for his Master and for sinners, begat an earnestness and gave him a power which fitted him for a successful evangelist. He saw revivals from his early ministry to his latest labors. He leaves converts, who came to Christ the past winter, sorrowing that they shall see him here no more. His artistic and poetical powers were marked, and he has left many hymns now in use.

As I stood by his dying bed and took his hand, he asked the charity of his former brethren and said, "Tell them to meet me in heaven." For twenty years he has been connected with the Baptist Denomination, laboring as an evangelist and pastor in New York, Massachusetts; Maine and Connecticut. He was pastor of the church in Stonington, Ct., at the time of his death. Such of late has been his incessant labor that his physician considered that overwork shortened his days.

His bodily sufferings were often intense, but as he neared the evergreen shore his spiritual vision and soul triumphs were accompanied with some of the sublimest and most glorious utterances connected with the death of saints.

At one time, rallying after a terrific paroxysm of suffering, he said, "There's a good deal that is pleasant about it. I'm going home,—going home, yes." "At another, 'nearing the city,—Nearing the city.' Awakening from a state of semi-insensibility, 'I've been to heaven,—no, not quite, been through a little gate leading up to heaven. Jesus and the multitudes were there. I did not quite reach the Golden Gates.' Again, 'I see Jesus. I am waiting to get hold of his hand. Just as the clock was striking four, while the birds in the garden were singing their early notes, he said, 'I am going now,—Good bye,' and immediately expired."

He leaves a widow, one daughter, and four sons. His sons are all successful Baptist clergymen.

J. MARINER.

Providence, May 20, 1873.

CHARITY.—"Charity never faileth." Stars, and suns, and systems! ye are appointed to endure but for a time; notwithstanding your appearance of permanence, ye carry with you, in your glorious marchings, the sentence "that ye shall end" stamped upon you all! But "charity never faileth." The man who, actuated by the love of the Creator and Redeemer, drives out "by little and little" all selfishness from his soul, shall shine hereafter amid stars which are never to be quenched, when "there shall be no more light of the sun, neither of the moon." The faithful, in whom faith has wrought by love, shall have their place in a firmament spread out for eternity, and move in an orbit which, if it change, will change only through increasing speed in performing the will of their Lord.







# The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 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.

## Special Notice.

We have decided to publish on a sheet by themselves the Questions on the International Series of S. S. Lessons, now appearing weekly in the *Star*, and expect to furnish them for the month of July. The Scripture lessons and questions only will be published, a separate sheet being used for those of each month. They will be found valuable aids for both teachers and scholars. We can not yet state the subscription price per hundred copies, but it will certainly be as low as they can be procured elsewhere. ORDERS SHOULD BE SENT IN AT ONCE.

## Editorial Correspondence.

CHICAGO, June 10, 1873.

Chicago has just held her jubilee. She had a reason for it. She did it with her own characteristic enterprise, and yet with a rare economy. She made it "a big thing," of course. She would not have been herself if she had allowed its proportions to dwindle. But it was popular, cheap and taking, though not lacking in artistic merit. She reared no special building for it. She utilized the new Michigan Southern R. R. station, putting seats for 40,000 listeners into the great area, supplying accommodations for 1000 musicians, vocal and instrumental, imported Gilmore and his band from Boston, taking care to get all the clang from the anvils that had set the staid Bostonians wild with enthusiasm, and to put Mr. Arbuckle and his silver cornet into the foreground to melt sympathetic hearts into tenderness, make the stupidest souls wonder, and moisten the driest eyes with tears. Judged according to its intent and purpose, it was every way a success. No impracticable thing was attempted. It was meant to voice the popular gladness and gratitude over the restored city, and it did it. The railroads brought in and returned the people at half fare. The hackmen and the hotel keepers kept their prices at the usual level. The concert tickets were sold at one dollar each. The common people came in crowds, and the tweed and calico were at home no less than the broadcloth and satin. The masses jubilated for themselves, instead of doing it by proxy in the persons of a few aristocratic and wealthy representatives. And whether it were the "Twelfth mass" performed by the orchestra, or "the Heavens are Telling" swelled out by the full chorus, or "Sweet Home" dropping in liquid melody from Mr. Arbuckle's wonderful instrument, or the "Doxology" rolled forth in surges of harmony from the whole audience, there was ever an undertone of reverent thanksgiving that made the occasion both touching and sublime.

I need not stop to speak of the special reasons for holding this festival. Words are weak here. Figures bewilder. Plain and modest statements are likely to seem extravagant when made to a stranger and repeated a thousand miles away. The work of nineteen months in rebuilding the burned city is so vast and wonderful that one must see with his own eyes if he would take in the facts and cure his skepticism. The great portion of the chief business area shows only here and there traces of the terrible fire. The new palaces of trade are even richer than the old, and they were so many and magnificent as to challenge the admiration of the world. The grand hotels of two years ago are replaced by far finer things. The currents of business sweep through the streets as though, instead of having suffered so recent and terrible a check, they had been steadily gathering momentum for a score of years. Trade of all sorts is full of briskness. Faces glow, and eyes flash, and lips are compressed, and voices ring, and steps are quick with energy. One reads no plea for pity, but a pledge to conquer instead, in the very aspect of the streets and the air of the citizens. For the bravery that dares, the restless, practical energy that achieves, and, if the whole truth must be told,—for the self-sufficiency that shrinks at nothing and admits no equal, Chicago may safely be pitted against the world. And in her history she does stand forth as the commercial wonder of the continent and the ages. Give her three years from the time when the flames swooped up her wealth in a night, turned her beauty to ashes and changed her shout of triumph to a cry of horror that swept around the world, and the magnificence of the new city will almost make one forget the glory of the old. Already one stands dumb with surprise over the results of the recreative energy that appear.

To a distant reader all this may sound like stilted rhetoric or fulsome compliment. To one on the ground it is simple, sober statement that falls short of the truth.—But let that pass. I did not sit down to praise or describe Chicago. She does not suffer for lack of egotism or compliments; and to picture her adequately would require more time and skill than I can claim. She is sure to be a mighty power. Whether chiefly for God or Mammon it may not be yet quite safe to predict. If her chief power can be dedicated to Christ and his church she will hasten the steps of the millennium. If she is allowed to become Satan's servant or ally—well, she will figure prominently in his list of forces, and the world will suffer sorely through the perversion of her brain and heart and hand.

The F. Baptist church here is holding on bravely, and seeking, by patience and pluck, to wrestle down the hindrances that dispute its way to a large success. There are noble, brave and generous hearts among the little band of workers. After all the aid afforded them from abroad, they are forced to carry heavy burdens. They do not faint nor croak. They pray, and toil, and hope. They have a faithful, earnest and sympathizing pastor who means work and reaches after victory. The debt on the church property is heavy, and constitutes the chief discouragement. If that could somehow be lifted, there would be great joy and abounding hope. Failure is not a thing to be thought of. Too much has been done here to go for nothing. The position is so prominent and central and widely related that we can not spare the prestige of a real victory. Words of cheer are worth much as they are sent even from the farthest east and west. If they are followed by substantial aid they will stir more thankfulness and courage here than a stranger can imagine. May both come freely.

I have been in attendance upon the sessions of both the Ill. and the Iowa Northern Y. M's. The first was held at Fairbury; the second, at Waterloo. Both were pleasant occasions. The backwardness of the season and the consequent hurry of the seed-sowers aided to lessen the general attendance. But the meetings were earnest, spirited, kindling, practical. Generally, the pastors are a faithful, resolute, hard-working company. Most of the churches are small, not large in resources, frequently scattered, and holding active fellowship and entering into co-operative labor only through effort and painstaking. The pastors must often travel much, scatter their labors, accept small salaries, and keep the larder supplied in part through their own physical toil. They work on with the agricultural implement in one hand and the Bible in the other. Study must mix itself with travel and toil. But there are not a few noble, faithful, vigorous men among them, who are doing yeoman's service, and whose ability and devotion would honor prominent positions. I do not write their names here. God knows them all, and he does not overlook nor fail to take account of their fidelity. Their record is on high and in the hearts they have helped to open to the truth. Their works will praise them, and their reward is sure. I had learned to venerate and love them through hearing of their service; the reverence and affection have both been deepened by meeting them face to face and clasping hands in fellowship. Even more than before I have learned to prize the work of the true western pioneer preacher, and to see in him the modest but real prophet of our progress that is yet to be.

God bless them every one, and may they never cease to have the sympathy and co-operation of their brethren in the older states.

Not by any means among the least important of our prominent Home Mission stations is the thriving young city of Waterloo. A real and a speedy triumph there would be to northern Iowa almost what the same thing at Chicago would be to northern Illinois. May our triumph at both points be like that of the allies at the Waterloo of civil Europe!

Of the peculiarities of this western territory; of the spreading glory of the prairies, sheeted with flowers, rolling like the great swells of an emerald sea, and already breaking into promise to the eye of the husbandman; of the old fellowships renewed; of the new acquaintances made; of the bountiful and large-hearted hospitality enjoyed; and the grateful courtesies received; of welcomes and kind words not to be forgotten; of encouragements to work on in the field assigned by Providence,—of these things, and many others like them, I can not now stop to speak in detail. Other points are yet to be visited, and other workers met that belong to our special household of faith; and the time for more specific words will more naturally come after the tour is ended and there has been time to gather up the definite lessons which are now offered. This letter is long enough. The rest must be told, if told at all, in those that follow it.

## Prohibition or License?

The Governor of New Hampshire has sent us his message. It is very good, excepting the portion devoted to "temperance and the liquor laws," and that is very bad. But not wholly bad. Here is a paragraph, for instance, that could hardly be improved, at least in sentiment:

All will admit that there is no evil productive of so much crime, pauperism, and expense to the State, as the excessive use of spirituous liquors. Tippling shops are the great evil of our larger towns and cities; from those who frequent them we fill our almshouses, jails, and prisons; and although we have been for years constantly lamenting the evil, and as constantly attempting to legislate to prevent it, still it goes on, apparently worse with every attempt to restrain it.

It seems quite remarkable that, after using such language as the above, His Excellency should proceed to suggest changes in the temperance law that would only remove what checks we already have on the free use of liquors. He puts the question as between prohibition and license; states that we have tried the former for years, but have failed of the desired results, and that it might be well now to try the latter.

Of course this is delicate ground to tread upon. There are as many theories upon it as there are thistles upon a Canada farm, and if you avoid one you are almost sure to be pricked by another. As is suggested in the message, this local-option-license law has worked favorably in many places. Why should it not be just the thing for New Hampshire?

Possibly it might, but why hasn't New

Hampshire all the temperance law she needs, now? Can any thing be more complete than prohibition? "We have tried that for many years," says one, "and are as drunk now as when we began." But is the law to blame? It is rarely the case that any reform measure will execute itself. It needs some moral force behind it, and if that is lacking, can it be expected to stand?

But this moral force should be found in the executors of the law. How does the Governor dare to insinuate that the people of New Hampshire are in the fault because our prohibitory law has not prevailed? They do not execute the law. That is not their business. They did their part in framing it. They have tried also to do their part since, in electing officers pledged to execute it, but we have seen how frequently they have been deceived.

However well, then, license may do for other states, we believe that prohibition, absolute and unqualified, is the only temperance law that will accord with the spirit and institutions of New Hampshire. We are not in the habit of dallying with other crime. Why should we with this? Are all the inspiring sentences that have been born of the "Old Man of the Mountain," and our "Granite Hills," and "our hardy soil that produces stanch men,"—are all of these to lose their point when we come to deal with the liquor traffic?

The aim doubtless is, to prevail upon the Legislature to alter or amend our present law so that a license system shall take the place of it. The chief consideration urged in its favor is, that "the price of a license" should be fixed "at such a sum as will at least do something towards compensation for the public loss entailed by the use of liquor." In humanity's name, how is the price of a license going to compensate the public for its loss in such cases? The Governor has just stated that "there is no evil productive of so much crime, pauperism and expense to the State," as this use of liquor. Will the money that is taken for allowing the stuff to be sold buy back the character that is ruined by it, the life that it costs, the widow's hope or the orphan's support? Will it clear these same "almshouses, jails and prisons," which the Governor has just said are filled mainly from our tippling shops,—will it clear these of their inmates? What a price, to suggest in the name of law, for such priceless boons!

But why, "although we have been for years constantly lamenting the evil, and as constantly attempting to legislate to prevent it," does the traffic still "go on, apparently worse with every attempt to restrain it"? Is it because this legislating has not given our executive officers suitable weapons with which to slay it? Or is it not rather because there is a lack of conscience, and of fidelity to official oaths, on the part of those who pretend to wield those weapons?

This tinkering with good laws can not be less than dangerous. There is danger that the people come to lose faith in all law whatever, if they must thus witness the yearly spectacle of good laws unobserved, and hear the clamor for others that shall at best only legalize the evil that they pretend to regulate. This matter, we must say, is presented unfortunately to our Legislature. It will arouse discussion, and provoke disgust, and weaken the public faith, in a needless manner. Why is not the law well enough as it is? Would not the Governor have used speech to better purpose, if he had exhorted to a more faithful execution of the law we already have, and in assuring all his subordinates that they need expect no whitewashed construction of this law from him? The main hope is with the people. Should there be an appeal to them, we must believe that they will still insist on keeping the responsibility where it belongs, and that is, with those whom they elect to execute their laws.

## The National Peril.

Nations, like men, have their state of trial and probation. Some deny that there is any national retribution, though the Bible is very explicit on the subject, teaching that the wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God; and history has fearfully confirmed the doctrine. Happy are they who bear the test, and obtain a worthy destiny. We are not to regard any high of prosperity so much as progressive and enduring virtue.

We have not been exempt from the common lot. The cradle of this people was a wilderness, bleak and wild, abounding, as has been often said, with savage beasts and more savage men. The old Puritan stock proved equal to the task, and laid a good foundation for a great nation. Then came upon the weakness of our childhood unnatural oppressions from the fatherland enough to crush, but which served only to develop, manly strength and vigor. Subsequent struggles, if not so heroically borne, have not diminished our reputation with the world.

Two perils were still imminent. One was slavery,—a libel on freedom, a disgrace to civilization. Many pointed to it as the rock on which we should surely split. Sooner than was anticipated, the "irrepressible conflict" came. After four years of rending and carnage, and eight years of reconstruction, we can hardly realize our present condition. Where so recently were darkness and despair there is now light and hope. What was supposed to be the work of generations, if ever accomplished, is all wrought out in this brief space. Not but that much remains to be done, though the blot and curse of slavery have been removed. We would indulge in no vain-glory over the issue; but as patriots and philanthropists we may and should rejoice that, by divine help, we have successfully passed through this terrible ordeal. It gives new hope and confidence in the nation and to the nation. It gives us and the world more faith in men, and in the power of right

among men, and is working mightily for the elevation of other nations and the establishment among them of free institutions. We trust it will be an ever increasing blessing to mankind.

The greatest peril still remains. Hardship can be endured, and oppression broken, and inconsistency rectified, but what shall be done with moral corruption, eating as a canker, and paralyzing the life energies? This foe and destroyer is intemperance. We need not compare it with other evils or enter into the detail of its ravages among all classes, ranks and conditions of men. The heart-rending truth is too well known and familiar. And shall it be that, after we have nobly overcome such powerful antagonists in the past, and shown ourselves worthy of a name and a praise in the earth, we shall bow and fall before this subtle but ignoble seducer? After all that has been said, written and sung in extenuation of the convivial cup, there is no more pitiful and shameful sight than a drunkard, unless it is a drunkard-maker. That a being with the dignities of manhood, with the divine impress on his brow, for vile, sensual gratification, should put himself beneath the idiot and the brute, would seem impossible were it not so common. He who will thus debase and unman himself, whatever his powers, opportunities or promise otherwise may be, can never be trusted. The fell destroyer is at the bottom of most of the startling disasters by land and sea, it fills our poor-houses and prisons, it secures most of the corrupt legislation in city, state and nation, it curses almost every community, social circle and family, even; yet, and here is our chief peril, we do not and will not see the danger. Of what avail will be our glory in other conflicts, if we miserably perish here?

We do not underrate other evils,—lying, fraud, extravagance, though they are mostly engendered and fostered by strong drink. The remedy is a plain one. Intoxicating liquor as a beverage must be proscribed by law, and the law enforced. Put the sale of it in the category of crime, and treat it as other crimes. Moral means have been used, and should continue to be used persistently, with the full power of love and kindness. But these are not sufficient. Inflictions and penalties are essential in the overthrow of other evils, and no less so in this case. Adequate laws can be made and triumphantly enforced, as numerous examples show. The people are ready for it, the times demand it, and the good work begun should be prosecuted in the rural districts, in the villages, in the cities, in Boston, New York, Chicago, New Orleans, until this whole people obtain deliverance, and the grandest triumph of our history will be accomplished.—J. J. B.

## Current Topics.

**HONOR TO THE LOWELL GIRLS.** The young women who work in the Lowell (Mass.) mills have begun a charity which fairly entitles them to a place on the roll of practical reformers. They have dedicated a Home for the shelter and support of worthy girls who are out of work, at which they aid them in procuring employment, and take care during working hours of children whose mothers are engaged in the mills. Could anything be more sensible than that, now? Think of the great number in that city who need just such aid as these young women propose to give. It is a fresh exhibition of the every-day spirit of Christianity. But there are hundreds of other manufacturing places in the United States, and in the most of them are other subjects needing just such Christian attention as this is. Let similar charities,—if that is what you would call it,—be begun there, and a great host of happy hearts, and doubtless a good many redeemed lives, will be the consequence.

**PREVENTING A NUISANCE.** Illinois has done well. By legislative enactment she has banished all prize packages from her railroad trains, and forbidden them to be sold thereon. The Pennsylvania R. R. company has done the same. No one who has traveled a half dozen miles on a western railroad can fail to appreciate such an enactment as this. Almost every half hour a vender of some sort of worthless trash, either confectionery, or cheap literature, or silly gewgaws, is passing through the trains, practicing upon the credulity of such as are simple enough to suppose that a gold dollar or other valuable prize may be had in ten cents' worth of candy, or else thrusting their travel-stained periodicals into the faces of such as do not absolutely forbid them, and generally disgusting all decent travelers. The custom is creeping east, and will, if unchecked, soon become as great a nuisance here. This is a good example that Illinois has set. Let it be faithfully copied by every State.

**REMEMBERING OLD FRIENDS.** There seems to be a disposition on the part of both Mayor Havemeyer and Governor Dix to remember their old Democratic friends. Thus far many of the most prominent officials in both City and State have been filled by Democrats. To be sure, Tammany doesn't get much notice. And that is very well. But many New Yorkers are complaining that several of the appointees are equally objectionable. They have associated the late reform movement with the idea that Democrats were the mischief-makers, and that they should be counted out in making up the officers. They also cite the Governor's "local-option" veto, and declare that he is as much against them as he is for them. It may be so. But men with great responsibilities upon them often have their own way of meeting them, and that chiefly because they can best see how they ought to be met. Both these officers ought to know their ground and their men. They have been reasonably faithful to other trusts. We do not know why they should not now be working in the same spirit.

**WELL ARRESTED.** It would be unfortunate, after the Government nearly gave its life to free the colored people here, if it should not now protect them in their freedom. It seems determined to do so. Not only did the military cadets at West Point recently get their deserts for hazing a colored student, but last week three or four Naval cadets were put under arrest at Annapolis for stoning a colored fellow-student. It is stated that they will be dismissed from the Academy. The influence of such an act can not be less than beneficial. Colored young men are yearly getting more and more of such positions. There is a too prevalent tendency to harass and torment them on the part of white blockheads. It is well then to begin in season, and convince both parties that there is a higher than the social law which they make.

**A CANON REPEALED.** The Maryland Diocesan Convention of the Protestant Episcopal church at its late session in Baltimore repealed the canon of Lay Discipline formerly known as Canon xviii., forbidding theatrical exhibitions and other light and vain amusements. This action has met with the strong disapprobation of the venerable Bishop of Maryland (Whittingham), who, physically unable to preside in the Convention, has filed a protest against the repeal, in which he says: "The current of the times and the movement in the population of the country are such as imperatively require of a faithful branch of the church of Christ increased stringency, and not timid relaxation in the announcement and enforcement of the rules of holy living, self-denial, and non-conformity to the world." Bishop Whittingham does not, however, content himself with this formal protest. He declares that he shall not consider himself bound by the action of the Convention, and that he shall regard "his own right in the canon to be unaffected, and consider it to be, so far as concerns himself and his official action, of no force and validity." The matter is one on which different people think differently. Both the Bishop and the Convention ought to be allowed to have their own way in it. But then, we don't see how they can.

**OPPOSED TO GERMAN RULE.** The inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine have no idea of living under Teutonic sway. Since those provinces were conquered by the Germans, and were disannexed from France, the flight of the inhabitants has been so great that plans have been entered into for the purpose of founding, under the flag of the United States, a new city of Strasburg as it were, where the exiles may be reunited, and re-establish their household goods. The French residents of New York have, with this object in view, formed an association through which they intend to found an Alsatian colony, and to furnish aid to all such immigrants as show any capacity or disposition to help themselves. Land and liberty are to be their compensation for the loss of the comforts of their native country, and among the innumerable corporations holding land for settlement, there is already a lively competition for the favor of the new colonists. The association above-mentioned has abundant capital, and though disposed to be of service to immigrants of all nationalities, it is designed to stand especially between the wanderers from Alsace and Lorraine and the abuses and deceptions to which they are exposed by their ignorance of the language and customs of the country, and the cupidity of a numerous class of speculators of both high and low station.

## Denominational News and Notes.

### New Hampshire Yearly Meeting.

The last session of this body was held at Center Sandwich, Wednesday and Thursday of last week. There was a good attendance of both old and young, clergymen and laymen,—with their wives and daughters, and a good interest was kept up throughout. The time allotted to Missions was used to good advantage, the attendants seeming alive to the wants that are now pressing upon them. Many hearts were touched by the remarks of Sister Bacheiler, when she spoke of arranging for a new departure to India, for it was like burying her dear family of children, and like turning her back upon all that makes life desirable to so many. But there was a glorious satisfaction in fulfilling the divine injunction, and the grace that comes only from God enables her to undertake the work anew. Many prayers will follow her, and the band that may accompany her. But they need something besides prayer, and the Denomination should see that their mission doesn't fail for want of means.

The Women's Missionary Convention, for which a call appeared in the *Star* two weeks ago, was full of enthusiasm for the work, and a Society was formed, intended to help the morally needy wherever they may be found. They have laid comprehensive plans, the details of which we will not mention here, and mean to do a good work. Judging from the hearts that are devoted to the enterprise, we feel safe in saying that no ordinary difficulties will prevent them from realizing good results.

The letters from the several Quarterly Meetings were generally encouraging, although the numerical increase has not been as great as might be desirable. The churches are prospering, and trying to overcome by the word of the testimony.

A marked feature of the gathering was the loyalty to the Denomination, that found utterance in various ways, in the annual sermon by Brother Lovejoy, the appeal of Bro. Stevens in behalf of the Denominational literature, the exhortations of the fathers as they pleaded for loyalty among those into whose hands they will soon

commit their trusts and burdens, and in the fresh enthusiasm of the younger laborers in the field.

But we will not anticipate the report of the Clerk. The session was presided over by Hon. B. J. Cole of Lake Village, and the business was transacted quietly and with dispatch. The church here, of which Bro. Tasker is now pastor, is doing good service for the Master. And well it may, for it is surrounded by these grand old hills which are a constant inspiration, and breathes the freest and purest of air, full of those invigorating qualities that make strong bodies as well as earnest spirits. If the expressed conviction of some of the fathers, that this would be their last gathering of the kind, should prove true, they can surely rejoice in the rich possessions that not even death can take from them.

## Rhode Island Association.

This religious body held its annual meeting at North Scituate, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, June 3, 4 and 5, 1873, at the Free Baptist church, of which Rev. J. M. Brewster is pastor. Although the weather was cold and somewhat threatening, and North Scituate is not the most accessible place, but lies remotely among its hills, the attendance was good, and the meetings characterized by Christian fervor and unusual interest.

The meetings commenced with a Pastors' Conference at 2-1/2 P. M., at which the brethren gave encouraging reports of their labors during the year. Two brethren were received as members of the Conference, viz.: Bro. S. G. Woodrow, Providence, and S. D. Church, Blackstone. In the evening, after the usual devotional exercises, which were conducted by Rev. G. W. Wallace, of Apoonah, a historical sermon was preached by Rev. M. W. Burlingame, of Georgiaville, to an attentive and deeply interested audience. The lives of the pioneer ministers of the denomination were briefly but discriminatively sketched, while a more extended account was given of the life-work of our much-honored and much-loved brethren, Revs. Reuben Allen and Jas. A. Mackenzie, who have recently entered upon their reward.

At the morning meeting of the Pastors' Conference, on Wednesday, the attendance had increased. The Rev. J. W. Rich began the proceedings by amusing remarks on pastoral calls; he did not like being a "parlor ornament." The brethren seemed to sympathize with the sentiments expressed.

The Association was called to order at 10 o'clock, A. M., by J. M. Brewster, after which Rev. J. Mariner was chosen Moderator and Rev. C. S. Perkins Assistant Moderator. Brothers Brewster and David Boyd acted as clerks. The records were read and approved. The Treasurer's report showed a balance in hand of about \$17.50. Committees reported, and a new committee was nominated to report upon the "Religious Condition and Wants of the Churches;" a proposal which we would commend for general adoption to the notice of the brethren and churches, as adapted to impart a deeper spiritual tone to these annual gatherings. The Rev. C. B. Griffin, of Boston, was introduced by the Chairman, and spoke upon the prospects of the churches belonging to the Boston Quarterly Meeting; and Rev. T. C. Brown reported of the churches belonging to the Western Rhode Island Quarterly Meeting.

At 2 P. M., the Association again met, and the letters from the churches were read, and indicated a general state of religious interest and advancement, which was most gratifying. The Association Sermon was then preached by Rev. A. H. Heath, after devotional exercises conducted by Rev. C. S. Perkins. The reverend gentleman selected as his text, Deut. 10:19, and Matt. 5:45, 47, and proceeded to deliver an able and interesting sermon, abounding in the felicitous illustrations and expressive poetic diction characteristic of the preacher. His object was to impress the duty of individual effort for the good of the general mass, and the sermon will not soon be forgotten.

Business was then proceeded with. The Executive Committee for the ensuing year was appointed, consisting of Revs. A. H. Heath, Chairman; J. M. Brewster, J. Mariner, W. F. Davis, and George Jepherson, Esq. S. W. Anthony, Esq., was elected Treasurer, and S. Steere, Auditor. Rev. W. F. Davis was nominated as preacher of the Association Sermon next year. Resolutions were adopted, one of which pertained to the recent death of the Rev. J. A. Mackenzie.

A Temperance meeting was held in the evening and was well attended. The choir greatly added to its interest by several selections of music, which were rendered with taste and animation. After devotional exercises, conducted by Rev. M. Reid, Rev. W. F. Davis spoke upon, "The Importance of Clear Ideas upon the subject of Temperance," which was followed by a spirited address by Rev. D. Boyd, on "The Utilization of the Great Principles of the Temperance Reform," remarking that the great mistake had been, that complete success had been expected from the use of partial means.

At the Ministers' Conference on Thursday morning, Rev. L. W. Manning, of the Protestant Methodist denomination, was examined for admission to the Association, and received.

The report on Lapham Institute was followed by a paper on education, from Rev. J. Mariner, and an address (extempore) by Rev. C. S. Perkins, advocating the management of the higher departments of education by denominations under the patronage of the State.

At the afternoon session the committee on resolutions submitted a variety of resolutions, calling attention to the needs of our educational interests in general, and of Bates College, Lapham Institute and indigent students in particular.

An address touching the needs and prospects of our Foreign Mission field was then delivered by Rev. C. O. Libby.



Bro. Cameron, of New York city, also urged the claims of benevolent objects and the importance of systematic contributions.

An interesting and elaborate sermon, showing the indispensableness of faith, was then preached by Rev. S. G. Woodrow, and, at its close, the Communion was administered by Revs. M. W. Burlingame and G. W. Wallace. It was a sweetly solemn season.

The evening was given to Sunday School reports and addresses; the latter delivered by Revs. J. Boyd, and G. W. Wallace, and S. S. Page, Esq., and Dr. Perry.

Between the regular meetings of the session, the ladies of the Association held several missionary meetings, and organized a Woman's Mission Board to represent the several church societies in the New Hampshire Yearly Meeting, and at the General Conference.

In numbers, interest, goodwill and hospitality, this session of the Association was one to be remembered with pleasure by all whose privilege it was to attend. H. P.

The following resolutions were adopted:

#### EDUCATION.

**Resolved, 1.** That we earnestly exhort the churches to make special, definite efforts to discover and give aid and encouragement to young men adapted to enter the Free Baptist ministry.

**2.** That we recommend to our churches the importance of some systematic effort to raise money every year for the purpose of supporting young men studying for the ministry.

**Whereas,** certain parties in Boston have offered to add to the funds of Bates College the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, on condition that other friends of the College raise an equal amount, therefore,

**Resolved, 1.** That we should gratefully accept the offer made and do all in our power to meet the condition named.

**2.** That we gratefully acknowledge the liberality of Hon. B. Lapham, and Mr. Winsor, Esq., in making good the deficiencies in the running expenses of Lapham Institute; and that we hereby pledge ourselves to aid them in the work they have so generously undertaken, by endeavoring to induce our young men and women to attend the school, and in other ways that may be proposed to us.

#### BENEVOLENT ENTERPRISES.

**Resolved, 1.** That we read with thankful interest the earnest appeals of our missionaries for immediate aid, and we hereby pledge ourselves to redoubled efforts.

**2.** That we heartily commend the action of the Foreign Mission Board in their laudable efforts to send out more missionaries.

**3.** That we heartily commend our sisters for their earnest efforts to awaken and sustain an interest in the mission cause.

**4.** That we commend the utilizing of the denominational organization, in carrying forward our benevolent enterprises.

**5.** That we authorize the Executive Committee of this Association, to act as a missionary board to superintend the benevolent operations of the churches within our limits.

**6.** That the ministers who shall be appointed to "three days' meeting" with the churches be, and hereby are, authorized to make inquiries as to what is doing, if anything, for benevolent enterprises, and to labor with the pastors and other members, in instituting efficient measures for raising funds, and in every case report to the Executive Committee.

**7.** That the Executive Committee be prepared to give, at our next annual meeting, a summary of what is doing in all our churches for benevolent enterprises.

#### MINISTERS.

**Whereas,** during the past year God has been pleased to receive into his everlasting rest our esteemed and much loved brother, Jas. A. Mackenzie, therefore,

**Resolved, 1.** That this Association wishes to record its high appreciation of the ministerial character and qualifications of Rev. J. A. Mackenzie, whose eminent and unostentatious piety, devoted and self-denying labors, and distinguished success, are a subject of devout thankfulness to God; and that in his decease we lose a wise and sympathizing brother, whose words and example exerted a sanctifying influence upon all who came into contact with him, and the church of Christ a minister of more than ordinary ability and consecration.

**2.** That our Christian sympathy be extended to the church at Tiverton, in its deprivation of so faithful a pastor, towards whom they gave so many proofs of their appreciation and attachment, and to our sister, his widow, who so devotedly attended him during his severe and protracted illness.

**Whereas,** Bro. Mowrey Phillips is suffering from an indisposition which has kept him from meeting with the Association this year, therefore,

**Resolved,** That this Association desires to express its sympathy with Rev. M. Phillips in his present sickness, and earnestly trusts that he may soon be restored so as to be able to labor with pleasure to himself and profit to the church, in the work of the gospel.

#### Mission Re-inforcement.

The prospect is cheering. Michigan has already raised \$400, with the assurance of a very considerable increase. Hillsdale is doing nobly. It is felt that the College must be represented in the Mission. The least that friends here talk of doing is to send out and support one zealous teacher, only asking that they may call to their aid the churches of their small Quarterly Meeting.

On going into our Mission meeting a few evenings since, we saw a company of students, a dozen or so, conversing together. One of them remarked, "If you want more missionaries you can have your choice of these." Three, I think, can be supplied from here, such as would do honor to the College, and prove a valuable accession to the Mission.

At both the Yearly Meetings of this state, held a few days since, the feeling was manifested that the Mission must be re-inforced. This feeling found expression in their contributions and in the pledge so freely given that the matter should at least be laid before the churches and special aid solicited. These Y. M. conferences recommended the organization of the Woman's Mission Society in all the churches; which it is hoped will be largely responded to.

What action will the churches of the denomination take on this matter of re-inforcing the Mission? This is a question of deep solicitude. The party should be on

the sea early in September. There are those whom the love of Christ impels to engage in this work. If they are to go they should know it immediately, in order to make the necessary preparation. There will be no failure from the want of the eight men and women. They will be ready at the proper time.

All churches proposing to take special collections should do so at once, that the Board may know whether its vote to re-inforce is to be sustained.

Again, what action will the N. E. Yearly Meetings take in this matter? The eyes of many will be upon these centers of influence. Let us not be disappointed.

O. R. BACHELER.

Hillsdale, June 5.

#### Revivals, &c.

**NORTH JACKSON, PA.** Rev. C. M. Prescott writes that there is a good religious interest in the F. B. church in this place, several having lately united with the church.

**WARREN, VT.** Five converts were baptized in this place June 8, and others will receive the same ordinance soon. The Sabbath school connected with the church is flourishing, concerts being held each quarter. The brethren there are living in the hope of a glad reunion above, by and by.

COM.

**BATH, ME.** Twelve were added to the F. B. church, in Bath, of which Rev. E. W. Porter is pastor, June 8. Nine were baptized, and three admitted by letter.

COM.

**ELTON, N. Y.** The writer commenced a series of meetings with this church in the month of February last, which has resulted in much good. Over 30 were converted and reclaimed, 5 have been baptized and united with the church, a number restored to church fellowship, and 7 others we expect will soon be baptized. We have a prosperous Sabbath school, and have raised on subscription nearly enough to build a new house of worship.

HORATIO N. PLUMB.

#### Ministers and Churches.

##### A Remarkable Deacon.

According to all accounts there was a remarkable Deacon up in Vermont. We are assured on good authority that he lives four miles from the church where he worships, and to which he belongs, but that he has often walked that distance during the past winter, when a team could not be used, to be present at the prayer meetings and Sabbath school, and that on various week-day evenings he has walked eight miles to worship with Christian friends, and what is especially pleasing, that he is "a worthy man in all other respects." It might not be amiss if others would do likewise, in spirit.

COM.

##### Auxiliary Mission Society.

The ladies of the R. I. Association of F. B. churches met in the church at North Scituate, June 5, and organized a Woman's F. M. Society, with a view to embrace the church societies of the Association, and be auxiliary to the Woman's Board.

Mrs. J. M. Brewster was appointed Pres.; Mrs. J. Mariner and Mrs. A. H. Heath, Vice Pres.; Mrs. C. E. K. Davis, Cor. Sec.; and Miss A. F. Bowen, Treas. Mrs. C. E. K. Davis and Mrs. Marden were appointed delegates to the Convention to be held with the Y. M. at Sandwich, N. H. The following resolutions were adopted:

**Whereas,** our hearts have been stirred by the needs of our noble, suffering missionaries in India, and whereas we have read with pleasure the call for a Woman's Convention to be held with the Yearly Meeting at Sandwich, N. H., for the purpose of organizing a Woman's Board of missions, therefore,

**Resolved, 1.** That we do heartily sympathize with our brethren and sisters in the foreign field, and that we will manifest our sympathy by redoubling our efforts in the home field, and by sending forth missionaries to the various churches of our denomination, by holding missionary meetings, by disseminating missionary intelligence, and by corresponding with our missionaries as we may be able.

**2.** That we will unite in any movement for the furtherance of this great object, which we considered wise and practicable, and which may be adopted at the Woman's Convention at Sandwich, N. H.

**3.** That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the Woman's Convention at Sandwich, and also to the *Morning Star*, and Baptist Union.

A. F. BOWEN, Sec. pro tem.

##### Alone in the Wilderness.

With the faint hope that some one may be prompted to go up into Polk County, and carry the gospel to that part of Wisconsin, we give the following extract from a letter received from a resident there. Ye who are surrounded by church-going neighbors, think of it, as you read the following:

"Every man I have heard speak since I came here, [six months] takes the name of our dear Lord in a profane and careless manner. There is no church organization nearer than forty miles of us, and in fact but one other professor that I have ever heard of besides my husband and myself. There are two or three more who professed religion in other days. Sunday is regarded no more than other days, except as a good day to hunt, and fish, and seek pleasure of the world generally. Within the distance of five miles around, there are eighteen settlers with ourselves, and some four more coming this fall. Think you not, this place would make a good Home Mission station? Is there not some good man in our denomination, who will come here, and work for his divine Master?"

There is a good chance to take a homestead, and grow up with the place; for it has been a little over a year since the first settlers came in here. We are on the railroad survey between Hudson on the St. Croix, and Bayfield on Lake Superior. It is heavily timbered, consisting of white pine variety. Soil is very black and rich. There are frequent little spring brooks; also numerous lakes which abound in fish. Several miles from our settlement, there is a hotel, two stores, and several dwelling houses. We have a log school-house in our settlement, and the contract is let to build a nice frame one, and the contract is completed this coming fall. We are all alike in one respect, here in this settlement; we are all poor, and have but little clearing; or other improvement; but I will answer them at any time, according to my best ability."

The letter is signed by Mrs. H. J. Miller, and her P. O. address is Clam Falls, Lack P. O., Polk Co., Wis.

##### Quarterly Meetings.

**WEARE, Q. M.**—Held its last session with the Sutton church, May 27—29. The week of the most interesting sessions of the Q. M. A good heavenly influence seemed to pervade all its meetings, social and public. Many no doubt went away with a stronger determination of work for their Master on account of enjoying this session. We trust also some were convicted

of sin and like the inquiring Greeks could say, "sirs, we would like to know what you believe, has already found Christ precious to his soul. We were favored with the presence of Rev. I. D. Stewart of the Rockingham Q. M., and Rev. Mr. McKown, who added much to the interest of the meeting.

Next session with the South Newbury church. E. SMITH, Clerk.

**WESTERN R. I. Q. M.**—Held its last session with the church at Chepachet, May 28, 1873. There were 13 delegates present, and letters received from 6 churches, which reported themselves in a fair condition. Rev. W. F. Eaton, Cor. Mess., from the B. Q. M. was present, and rendered efficient service. Cor. Messengers were appointed to R. I. A. and to B. Q. M.: to B. Q. M., Rev. D. C. Wheeler, R. I. A., Rev. T. C. Brown. Sermons of a very interesting character were delivered during the session by various brethren. The business was despatched with harmony. The social meetings were of an unusually interesting character. One young lady signified her desire to become a Christian, by arising in the public congregation. Mission and Q. M. collections were taken, amounting to over 14 dollars. The license of Rev. N. Waterhouse was renewed.

Next session with the Westfield church. D. C. WHEELER, Clerk.

**LEBANON Q. M.**—(formerly known as the N. W. District.)—Held its last session with the Union Grove church, St. Clair Co., Ill. It commenced on Friday, May 23, 1873.

Next session with the Terrapin Ridge church, 4 miles north of Lebanon, commencing on Friday before the 4th Sunday in August, 1873.

C. H. ROBINSON, Clerk.

**ASTABULA Q. M.**—Held its May term at Wellsburg. Rev. Ira Slater was chosen Clerk for ensuing year. Business of conference passed off harmoniously. The cause of missions and churches still have a place in the hearts of brethren and sisters of this Q. M. The Sabbath collection for Yearly Meetings amounted to \$21.13. Delegates to Yearly Meeting, Revs. Wm. Parker, I. B. Spencer, I. Pelton, D. C. Brown, G. H. Chapin, E. H. Higbee, B. F. Herrick, L. N. Mun, S. H. Cook, A. Burr and Buck. Voted a license to F. O. Reeve to preach the gospel for one year.

Next session with South Ridge church, commencing August 22, at 2 o'clock, P. M. IRA SLATER, Clerk.

**SANDWICH Q. M.**—Held its May session with the Harbor church. Most of the churches were reported. The services were pleasant and profitable, and the entertainment agreeable.

Next session with 1st Merideth church. L. B. TASKER, Clerk.

**BELKNAP Q. M.**—Held its May session with the Gilmanton I. W. church. The business was harmoniously done and the meetings of worship profitable and interesting. Mission collection, \$12.70.

Next session with the Loudon church. S. C. KIMBALL, Clerk.

**WARREN & CLINTON, O. Q. M.**—Held its last session with Beech Grove church, commencing on Friday evening, June 7, 1873. The session was held in the evening, and nearly all the churches being country churches, the attendance was not very large, although the churches were all reported by the Elders. Simon, Tufts, Reed and Hisey were present, and all preached the word to good effect.

Next session with Pleasant Grove church, commencing August 22, 1873.

COM.

##### WASHINGTON, PA. Q. M.

Held its last session with Lake Pleasant church, May 30, June 1. Revs. W. Parker, of Wellsburg, Pa., and A. Loe, of Sherman, N. Y., were with us and added much to the interest of the meeting. The preaching during the conference was plain and practical. On the Sabbath brother E. H. Baldwin was set apart to the work of the Christian ministry by ordination exercises as follows: Sorrow, by J. C. Vanhook; Consecrating prayer, S. Rogers; Charge to the candidate, A. Loe; Right hand of fellowship, W. Parker; Charge to the church, W. Johnson.

Next session with Rockdale church. W. H. CUTLER, Clerk.

#### RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

##### General.

The Jewish congregation in Washington appeal to their co-religionists to aid them in establishing a metropolitan synagogue in that city.

The F. Baptist church, Hillsdale, Mich., have raised about \$9,000 to liquidate the debt on their church property.

The average salary of ministers in the Kentucky Methodist Episcopal conference is exactly \$500. This is at least \$200 above the average of Baptist ministers in that State.

The Presbyterian General Assembly at Baltimore, took a collection for missions at one session, which amounted to \$75,000.

Rev. S. W. Crittenden's resignation of the office of Corresponding Secretary of the American and Foreign Christian Union, took effect on the 1st, and Rev. H. M. Baird takes his place, and acts as editor of the *Christian Worker*.

Rev. R. B. Stratton, formerly pastor of the Old South church at Worcester, has become insane, and has been placed in the Hartford Retreat.

In several of the large cities in this country the Jewish churches, finding that Sunday-schools have been making inroads on their flocks, have established Sunday-schools of their own. The Rabbi himself takes charge of the school, and instructs the children.

Bishop Ames' health is now in a very precarious condition, and he is unable to attend to the duties of a presiding officer in the Conference. He is threatened with paralysis of the brain, and at times his mind is almost a perfect blank.

The Rev. Mr. Cheney, of Chicago, continues to be sustained by his people. The vestry of Christ's church, of which he has been in all his difficulties rector, have just voted him a strong expression of confidence, and in open defiance of the Bishop engaged his services for another year.

The Old Testament revisers have finished their second revision of the Pentateuch. The Rev. Dr. Angus, one of the committee, says that at the present rate of progress the New Testament would be finished in seven years, and the Old Testament in twelve years.

The New Testament revisers were at work at last advice on the second chapter of the Acts.

This Ecumenical Council, which is to be held in New York from Oct. 2nd to 12th, is its sixth anniversary, it having been organized for the United States in 1867. The first of these meetings was held in 1846, in Freemasons' Hall, London, and there were present 921 delegates, representing 50 denominations.

At their last annual gathering in Newport, Rhode Island, the friends of the "marrying out" were not allowed, and now the first to take advantage of the new liberty is R. M. Jones, principal of Oak Grove Seminary, Me., he having at the last monthly meeting in China sent in his "intention of marriage" with Virginia Costello, of Bangor, who is not a member of the Society.

The Rev. Dr. Morgan has left the pulpit of the American Chapel in Paris, and gone to London.

Six Africans are candidates for holy orders at Cape Palmas, Africa.

The Italian Chamber of Deputies has finally passed the bill for the abolition of religious corporations.

A call has been issued for two thousand men to join the organization of the new Mormon colony on Lake Shore and Allegheny R. R. N. H. F.

Rev. S. M. Hamilton, of Belfast, Ireland, has decided to accept the call made to him from the Scotch church, so long under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. McElroy, in the city of New York.

The following delegates have been appointed to represent Germany at the World's Convention of the Evangelical Alliance, to be held in New York next October: Messrs. Constantine Tischerdorf, the distinguished philologist, Kleinfert, Christlieb, Pleiderer, Kraft, Vondergoltz, Grundmann, Hoffmann, and Andreas von Bernstorff, son of the late Count Bernstorff.

Bismarck seems to have no intention of discontinuing his proscription of the Roman Catholics in Germany. The Government of the Empire, it is said, has resolved to expel the Redemptorists, Lazarists and the Congregations of the Holy Ghost and Sacred Heart, as well as the occupants of clove convents, from the country within the coming six months.

The British and Foreign Bible Society is now engaged in the translation of the Bible into the Japanese language, and the first installment, that of the Gospel of St. John, has been completed and transmitted to Japan.

##### Perry Davis' Pain Killer.

As an internal remedy, has no equal. In cases of cholera, summer complaint, dyspepsia, dysentery, asthma, and rheumatism, it will cure in one night, by taking it internally, and bathing with it freely. It is the best liniment in America. Its action is like magic, when externally applied to bad sores, burns, scalds and sprains. For the sick headache, and toothache, don't fail to try it. In short, it is a Pain Killer.

##### Farm for Sale.

At W. Lebanon, Me., containing Sixty Acres of Land, well divided into tillage and pasturage. House with 11, 12 story, all well finished; good Barn and a new Stable. Two excellent wells. Bearing orchard. Address, or call upon, C. W. WINN.

COM.

The "Centaur Liniment," "Quaker Bitters," and "Vegetine," advertised in another column of this paper, are for sale by Wm. H. Vickery, wholesale and retail druggist, Central street, Dover, N. H. Orders by mail will be promptly filled and faithfully executed. 6m17

**Wanted,** a farmer in every town as agent for the Collins Solid Steel Plows. For terms, write to COLLINS & CO., 212 Water street, New York. 3m18

After a short interruption the New England Carpet Co., of Boston, have resumed business, and are offering their immense stock of goods, comprising all desirable lines, at great sacrifice. See advertisement.

**GERMAN TAPESTRY CARPETING**, for 35 cents per yard. A large stock of low priced carpet for summer wear to take the place of straw matting. These carpets are imitations of Brussels in figures and colors, and are most durable of any low priced carpet. Having bought the entire stock on hand—400 rolls—shall close them out to my customers at the above low price, which is less than the cost of production. C. H. ROWELL, Marble Carpet Hall, Mercantile Bank Building, 387 Washington street, Boston.

**Two-Two Carpets** at 50 cents per yard at Crowell's Carpet Hall, 387 Washington street, Boston.

**ALL-WOOL Ingrain carpets** 75 cents per yard at Crowell's Carpet Hall, 387 Washington street, Boston.

**FLOOR cloths** for 25 cents per yard—200 rolls just received from auction at Crowell's Carpet Hall, 387 Washington street, Boston.

**FLOOR cloths** in wide sheets, a large stock at manufacturer's prices—at Crowell's Carpet Hall, 387 Washington street, Boston.

**Tapestry and Brussels Carpets**, English and American productions. Prices \$1 per yard and up, at Crowell's Carpet Hall, 387 Washington street, Boston.

##### Notices and Appointments.

The Corporators of the New Hampton Literary and Biblical Institution are hereby notified to meet at Commercial Hall, on Wednesday, the 26th of July next, at 9 o'clock, P. M., to choose officers for the ensuing year, and transact all other necessary business. New Hampton, N. H., June 11, 1873. J. R. PIKE, Sec.

The Trustees of the New Hampton Literary and Biblical Institution will meet at their office on Tuesday, July 1, at 4 P. M. E. C. LEWIS, Sec.

**SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION** of New Hampton Institution: Sunday evening, June 29, Sermon before the Young Men's Christian Association.

**Monday evening, June 30, Prize Declamations** by the Middle and Junior Classes.

**Tuesday, July 1, Examination of Classes.** At 10 A. M. Business Meeting of Alumni; 4 P. M. Meeting of Trustees; 8 P. M. Reunion of Geology Class of 1872; 8 P. M. Literary Exercises of Alumni; Lecture by Rev. Elias L. Magoon, D. D., President of the Institution.

**Wednesday, July 2, 9 A. M.** Exercises of the Graduating Class; 2 P. M. Alumni Dinner—after which will be speeches by distinguished members of the Alumni; 6 P. M. Meeting of Corporation. At same hour, Reunion of Class of 1871; also at same hour, Reunion of Class of 1872; also, Reunion of Geology Class of 1871.

**Wednesday evening, Promenade Concert** in Chapel Hall.

**Free Return Tickets** will be furnished those coming to the next Anniversary over the Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad. Special Tickets will be sold from Concord to Bristol and return, over the Northern Railroad, with fare one way.

**Notice.** Those coming by the Boats over Lake Winnepesaukee for reduced fare.

New Hampton, N. H., June 9, 1873. 3m25

##### ANNIVERSARY OF MAINE CENTRAL INSTITUTE.

June 30, July 1 and 2: Monday evening, June 30, Select and Original Prize Declamation.

**Tuesday, July 1, Examination of Classes.** Wednesday evening, July 1, Anniversary Concert by the Maine Orchestra of Lewiston.

**Wednesday, July 2, at 10 o'clock, A. M., Exercises** of the Middle and Junior Classes.

**Wednesday, at 4 P. M., Meeting of Alumni** at Alumni.

**Wednesday evening, Oration** before the United Literary Societies, by Rev. C. F. Allen, D. D., Pres. Maine State College, Orono. G. B. FILES, Prin. 3m23

Pittsfield, Me., June 11, 1873.

**HILLSDALE Q. M.** will hold its next session with the Dover and Madison church, commencing June 27th in the evening, with an Opening Sermon by Rev. J. B. Suttner. Those coming by the R. R. will find teams awaiting them at Adria.

COM.

##### Special Notice.

A contemplated meeting of aged F. B. ministers at New Durham, N. H., similar to one held eleven years ago, is postponed for the present. COM.

**Lyndon Literary Institution.**

The Annual Meeting of the Corporators of the Lyndon Literary and Biblical Institution will be held in the Chapel of the Institution, at Lyndon Center, on Tuesday, July 1, 1873, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

#### Commencement at Bates.

Sunday, June 23, at 2 P. M. Baccalaureate exercises. At 7 P. M. sermon before the Theological School, by Rev. George H. Ball, D. D., of New York.

**Monday, June 24, at 9 A. M.** Examination of the Theological School. Exam. Com.: Revs. G. W. Howe, C. S. Perkins, J. S. Lowell, At 7 P. M. Junior Prize Declamation (parts original). Com. of Award: Revs. A. H. Heath, C. S. Perkins, S. G. Woodrow.

**Tuesday, June 25, at 8 A. M.** Annual Meeting of the President and Trustees. At 9 A. M. Examination for Admission to College. At 7 P. M. Concert by Gilmore's Band, and Miss Adelaide Phillips.

**Wednesday, June 26, Commencement.** At 7 P. M. Oration before the United Literary Societies, by Col. T. W. Higginson.

**Thursday, June 27, at 10 A. M.** Meeting of the Alumni—Orator, Rev. G. S. Ricker; Poet, George W. Flint. At 7 P. M. Class exercises.

Lewiston, June 3, 1873. PER ORDER. 3m22

**ST. LAWRENCE Y. M.** will hold its next session at Dickinson, June 27—29. I wish to say that I will furnish return passes free over the R. W. & O. R. R. and its branches, to all persons attending said Y. M., and having paid full fare on said R. R. in coming to St. L. Y. M. Passes will be good until the 4th of July. All persons attending the Y. M. will leave the O. & R. Point R. R. at Moria, in said County. J. J. ALLEN.

##### Post Office Addresses.



## Poetry.

## Little Tease.

Hiding her grandmamma's knitting away,  
Teaching the kittens their letters in play,  
Clambering up to the table and shelf,  
Having a tea-party all by herself.  
Quiet a minute; in mischief, no doubt,  
Pulling the needles and thimbles about,  
Sewing her apron, demure as you please:  
Any one got such a dear little tease?

Printing her hands in the soft, tempting flour,  
Tumbles and bumps twenty times in an hour;  
Tangling the yarn and unraveling the lace,  
Doing it all with the prettiest grace.  
Mother is scolding her very bad girl,  
Says that she sets the whole house in a whirl;  
Looks at her pouting there down at her knees,  
Clasps to her heart again dear little Tease.

—Young Folks.

## Alone with my Conscience.

I sat alone with my conscience,  
In a place where Time had ceased,  
And we talked of my former living  
In the land where the years increased;  
And I felt I should have to answer  
The question it put to me,  
And to face the answer and question  
Throughout an eternity.  
The ghosts of forgotten actions  
Came floating before my sight,  
And things that I thought were dead things  
Were alive with a terrible might.  
Was a warning of my past life  
Was an awful thing to face,  
Alone with my conscience sitting  
In that solemnly silent place.  
And I thought of a far-away warning  
Of a sorrow that was to be mine,  
In a land that then was the future,  
But now is the present time.  
And I thought of my former thinking  
Of the judgment day to be,  
But sitting alone with my conscience  
Seemed judgment enough for me.  
And I wondered if there was a future  
To this land beyond the grave;  
But no one gave me an answer,  
And no one came to save.  
Then I felt that the future was present,  
And the present would never go by,  
For it was but the thought of my past life  
Grown into eternity.  
Then I woke from my timely dreaming,  
And the vision passed away,  
And I knew the far-away warning  
Was a warning of yesterday.  
And I pray that I may not forget it—  
In this land beyond the grave;  
That I may not cry in the future,  
And no one come to save.  
And so I have learnt a lesson  
Which I ought to have known before,  
And which, though I learnt it dreaming,  
I hope to forget no more.  
So I sit alone with my conscience  
In the place where the years increase,  
And I try to remember the future  
In the land where time will cease.  
And I know of the future judgment,  
How dreadful so'er it be,  
That to sit alone with my conscience  
Will be judgment enough for me.

—London Spectator.

## The Family Circle.

## The Lesson on Glaciers.

It is a stormy night. Outside, the north wind shrieks, and howls, and dashes the snow against the windows, piling great drifts in the corners of the fence and blocking paths to the house.  
But, in the inside of the Greys' pleasant home, all is light and cheeriness. The hall lamp burns brightly, and the wood-fire, in the library, blazes and crackles merrily, as if bidding defiance to wintry winds and weather. The study lamp is lighted, and in an easy chair before the fire sits Mrs. Grey.

Her thoughts are evidently far away from present snow or fire. But the Paris clock points toward seven, and the rustle, and trip, and tramp of half a dozen children bring the mother's thoughts back from their wandering and the old pleasant smile to her face.

There is a little bustle and confusion as they come in, a little shiver at the outside sleet, and a warm greeting for the bright fire and cosy room. But the ottomans and chairs are soon arranged, the papers and pencils brought out, and they are ready for the evening's lesson.

"What is the subject, to-night, mother?" asks Ellice, the dark-eyed brunette.

"How will glaciers do?" asks Mrs. Grey, looking around on the bright faces.

"Why, mamma," says Winter, the youngest, "that was just what I was reading about the other day and didn't know what it meant. I had to ask."

"May be that was why mamma had it," says Nan. "Was it, mamma?"

"Yes, dear," answers Mrs. Grey. "And I thought you would all enjoy it."

"So we shall, mother. And now we are all ready," says Ellice.

The papers and pencils are brought into order, ready to take notes with. These notes are afterward corrected by their mother, and then copied into blank books, which they keep for future reference.

"Glaciers," says Mrs. Grey, commencing the subject, "are often called Ice Fields; also Ice Rivers. They are immense masses of ice."

"How large, mamma?" asks Lucy, the youngest sister. "As large as this room?"

"Yes, larger than our house and farm. Larger than a whole town, sometimes. Some of the glaciers in the Alps are from fifteen to twenty miles in length, and three miles in width. Dr. Kane discovered an immense glacier, on the northern coast of Greenland, five hundred feet high. He followed it along the base for eighty miles."

The children's eyes open pretty wide with astonishment, but their fingers still keep busy, until the size is noted down on their papers. Then their little tongues break loose, and Mrs. Grey has to wait till the matter is talked over.

"I can tell how far eighty miles is," says Nan, "but five hundred feet high, I'm sure I can't think how high that is."

"I've thought," says Ellice. "Wait till to-morrow, Nan. Then we'll go on an exploring tour. We'll find out how high the steepies are around town. Then we can give some idea about this distance. If we can't find out, then, boys, you'll just have to climb some trees and measure them for us."

Ellice's word is law among the boys, and now as she nods across toward them, they only laugh and nod back.

Mrs. Grey improves the moment's pause and proceeds with the lesson: "Glaciers are found, of course, in cold regions. In polar lands they are on a level with the sea. But, in warmer regions, where it is always cold?"

"On the mountains," answer the children.

"And, in those regions, where shall we find the glaciers?"

"On the high mountains," answer the children again.

"Yes," says Mrs. Grey. "And near the Equator, where it is very warm, we have to go up 15,000 or 16,000 feet, before we find permanent glaciers."

"Are there any glaciers in America, except in the northern part?" asks Winter. "You know you said there was one in Greenland."

"Yes, there are many in the southern part. The Andes have glaciers, in Chili and Patagonia. It will be interesting for you to look up the glaciers in the different countries. I will leave the books that will tell you where they are."

"But, mamma," says Lucy, "I can't see how they get started."

"In the high valleys and places where the glaciers are formed, the snow falls in immense quantities. Other snow is blown on this mass, from the surrounding country. This mass of snow melts and freezes, again and again. The snow on the higher lands near melts and flows down on it. The thawing and freezing go on, and in this way, a glacier is formed."

"Oh!" says Weldon, the oldest of the brothers, "how I should like to see one. Does the ice sparkle, mother, like small blocks of ice? It must be so brilliant and dazzling."

"It is less transparent than river ice. It is more a mixture of snow, ice, and water. The lower part of the glacier contains the most pure and solid ice. There are large fissures, or cracks, in the glaciers, and to one looking through these, the ice appears of a greenish hue. At the bottom there is a blue tinge. Frequently, every shade of blue is seen, in the entire mass."

"And, when it is frozen, it stays there forever," says Nan, looking off thoughtfully as if her full brown eyes saw real glaciers.

"So one would think," answered Mrs. Grey. "Yet it has been proved that glaciers have a gradual movement down, toward the warm regions. Here the ice melts and flows down, giving water to the cultivated regions below."

"And, mother, sometimes the water that comes from them forms rivers. I remember reading, the other day, that the Rhone issues from the glacier of Mount Furca," remarks Ellice.

"Yes," says Weldon. "And some one said the other day, that the Ganges starts, at once, a stream forty yards broad, from a cave in the perpendicular front of a glacier."

"I am glad that you remember these facts," says Mrs. Grey. "This fact of the moving of glaciers is to me a very interesting one. The water is in this way kept, until it is needed in the cultivated regions. Many a drouth is prevented in these warm, lower regions, by the water from these masses of ice. What if it all melted and flowed down at once?"

"Why," answers Weldon, "it would be as bad as, or worse than, an avalanche. The whole country near would be overflowed, lives and property destroyed."

"Yes," says Mrs. Grey, "and so, whenever I think of glaciers, I think, also, of God's love and care for human beings. Someway, it makes me feel safe to be in his hands."

The children look thoughtfully off into the bright fire, a moment, and then Nan says, as she lays her hand on her mother's, "You always have such pleasant thoughts of God, mother, you make him seem so good and kind to us."

"I only make him seem as he really is, Nan; only as he really is."—Bright Side.

## Only a Farmer's Wife.

Two women sat together, at sunset, in the porch door of a white cottage that stood under its "old ancestral tree," and "among its fields of wheat and corn," like a poet's vision of a quiet resting place for some weary, suffering, human soul.

And one of those two women had eyes to see, ears to hear, and a heart to feel and appreciate it all. She was a tall and stately lady, apparently some thirty years of age—not exactly handsome, but with a grace of air and manner peculiarly her own. The careful toilet, the nameless air of elegance and luxury, the pale cheek and soft white hands betrayed the city dame.

While the weary glance in her large, dark eyes, which even the pleasant quiet of that sunset hour could not quite drive away, showed that Time had not dealt gently with her and her heart's idols, but had thrown them, shattered and ruined, at her feet.

Her companion was some five years her junior, and many times prettier—a little, round faced, apple-cheeked woman, with dark blue eyes and dark brown hair, and a rounded figure that was set off to the best advantage by the afternoon dress of tinted muslin that she wore.

At present the pretty face was almost spoiled by a querulous, discontented expression. She was contrasting her own

hand, plump and small, but certainly rather brown, with the slender white fingers of her city friend, all glittering with rings. "Just look at the two!" she exclaimed. "That comes of making butter and cheese, and sweeping and dusting, and washing dishes, and making beds all the time. That man told the truth that said woman's work is never done. I know mine never is. Oh, dear, dear! to think that you, Margaret, should have married a city merchant, and be as rich as a princess in a fairy tale; and here I am planted for life, plain Mrs. Hiram Parke, and nothing in the world to compare with you. I am sick of being only a farmer's wife."

Margaret Von Howth looked down at her grumbling little friend with a sad smile.

"Jenny, it seems to me, as we sit here in this quiet place, and look out over all these pleasant fields that are your own,—it seems to me that you are almost wicked, to talk like that."

"I dare say," replied Mrs. Jenny; "but you would not like it, Margaret. You would never wish to change places with me."

"Perhaps not. Would you like to change with me?"

"Yes."

"And be Mrs. Von Howth, instead of Mrs. Hiram Parke?"

Jenny hesitated. She dearly loved her handsome husband.

"Well, I don't mean that I want to give up Hiram," she said at last. "I only mean that I wish he was a city merchant, instead of a farmer, and as rich as your husband is; that is all."

"And that is a great deal," said Mrs. Von Howth, coldly. "Jenny, if your wish could be granted, do you know what your life would be?"

"What your's is, I suppose. What any lady's is in your position."

"Exactly. But what is that life? Do you know?"

"How should I?"

"It is a weary one, Jenny, with more genuine hard work in it than all your making of butter and cheese can bring."

"O Margaret!"

"And O Jenny! Believe me, my dear, there are no people on earth who work harder than the fashionables who only have their own amusement to provide for. A long life of mere amusement is a dog's life, Jenny, at the best."

"I should like to be convinced of it by actual experience," said Jenny, doubtfully.

"So I said and thought once. I have been so convinced. And it is all vanity and vexation of spirit, my dear."

"But how?" persisted Jenny.

"How? In ten thousand ways. If you live in the fashionable world, you must do as the fashionable world does. You must rise and dress and shop and lunch, and dress again and drive, and dress again and appear at certain balls, parties, concerts, exactly as your friends do, or be voted bizarre, and out of the world altogether. You, my poor Jenny, who are by no means fond of dress, what would you do at a fashionable watering-place in the hottest days of August, with five changes of toilet between morning and night, and a French lady's maid to tyrannize over you all the time into the bargain?"

"Horror!" ejaculated Jenny.

"Balls that you must go to in spite of fatigue, parties that you must grace in spite of the heat, calls that you must make on people whom you detest! O Jenny, I should far rather be at home with the butter and cheese if I were you."

Jenny was silent. Here was the side of the bright picture which she had never seen or dreamed of before.

"You love your husband, Jenny?" said her friend, after a time.

Jenny opened her eyes widely.

"Love him! Why, isn't he my husband?" was her naive reply.

Mrs. Van Howth laughed.

"Some women in society might think that a reason why you should not love him," she said, dryly. "And he loves you also?"

"I should die to-morrow if I thought he did not!"

"Tut, child! People leave this world when God wills it, not before. I dare say you would survive his infidelity. Many women before you have lived through such things."

"Don't talk of it, Margaret. I could not bear it. Why, his love is all the world to me! How could I bear to lose it?"

"Then don't wish him to be a city merchant, my dear. I dare say there are a great many good men in the city, men who love their wives; but, on the other hand, there are so many temptations, especially in society, that I sometimes wonder, not that so many go astray, but that so many remain true to themselves and their duty."

She spoke absently, and her eyes had a far-away glance, as if they dwelt on other things.

Jenny ventured a question.

"Margaret, is yours a happy marriage? Do you love your husband, and does he love you?"

Mrs. Van Howth started, and turned crimson.

"Jenny, I would have loved him,—I would have been a good wife to him, but he never loved me. He brought me to place at the head of his house, because he thought me ladylike and interesting, that was all. He told me so once, though not quite so plainly as this. And since then, we have each taken our own way, independent of the other. I seldom see him at our house in town. I have my carriage, my diamonds, my opera box. In the season I go to Saratoga or Newport, while he favors Long Branch with his presence. We are perfectly polite to each other; we never quarrel; and I suppose if I were to die to-morrow, he'd be the most inconsolable of widowers for a week! Jenny, you will not wish to change places with me again. Your husband might change mine has done, exposed to the same temptations. Thank

Heaven that you have him as he is, a good, true man who loves you; and never mind the butter and cheese, Jenny, so long as your happiness and his is made up with them."

She arose from her seat as she spoke, and strolled down the garden path alone.

Jenny did not follow her. She sat on the step, lost in thought. The riddle of her friend's life was at last made clear to her. She had often wondered why Margaret, in the midst of all her wealth and luxury, should seem so sad and ill at ease. She wondered no longer now.

To be the wife of a man who has no love for you! What "lower deep" can there be for a proud and sensitive woman than this?

Jenny turned with tears in her eyes to meet her handsome, stalwart husband, as he came from the field.

"Well, little woman," he cried, and she got the rough embrace and the hearty kiss for which she was looking.

Yes, Margaret was right. The butter and cheese were of very little consequence while love like this made her tasks easy to endure.

And the rosy-cheeked little woman bent fondly down over her Hiram, as he flung himself on the porch seat, and fanned him, talked to him, brought him cool lemonade, and made him thoroughly happy and at rest.

Poor Margaret! Happy Jenny! Never again would she wish to be anything more, only a farmer's wife.

## Bombastes.

A FABLE.

Little Brag, or, more properly, Bombastes, was a chivalrous fairy. Clad in his famous coat of mail, fashioned from a beetle's horn shell, and armed with blade and spear, he was terrible to behold. More especially as he was wont to go about with a fierce and swaggering air, making loud boasts, and deeming himself invincible.

With sublime scorn he looked down on the humdrum ways of his fairy kinsfolk, whose task it was to watch the infant buds, whose task it was to watch the infant buds, to watch the unfolding leaf, to distill with rare art the perfumes of the flowers; who, other times, danced merrily on the green sward, to the chimes of lily bells; or, bridling the night-moth steed, followed the moonbeam's path and meteor's track.

But he—ah! he thought of nothing less than stifling the fiery-mouthed dragons of the deep; hurling from their rocky fastnesses the grim old giants of the mountains; or contending single-handed with the fearful goblin of darkness, whose howl is mingled with the roar of the tempest, and whose glittering eyes fling back the lightning's glare.

Re-appearing after a brief absence, he would fill the air with the noise of his exploits. What serpents had he strangled, what monsters tamed, what hobgoblins affrighted! Why, Hercules was but a mouse beside Bombastes.

Truth to tell, he never ventured far from home. He had a little trick of starting out with a valorous air, and, at the first alarm, hiding himself snugly in a flower-bell or acorn cup, where he lay and dreamed his wonderful adventures.

On such an occasion he espied Modestus, who was kindly escorting a lost ladybug home to her little ones.

"Come on, foeman; I defy thee!" he shouted, pretending to mistake him for some monster. Modestus hastily placed his charge in safety, and warily advanced.

"Ho! Bombastes," he exclaimed, "I thought it was some madman."

"And it is well you made yourself known, or I should have crushed you into pollen," replied Little Brag, pompously.

"How is it that you venture so far from home? Don't you know you are exposed to great dangers, from which my presence alone protects you?"

"I had not thought of danger," replied Modestus; "I was quite beside myself at the distress of her ladyship. It may be as you say, I have not your valor, skill, nor cunning. I am least among fairies. But it will never do to stand here talking, when so many things are calling me. I hear the young leaves crying for sap, the buds for light, the roots for moisture."

"Pho! let them cry!" said Little Brag, heartlessly. "I see the King of the Mist peeping over the edge of yonder ravine. I'll chase him out of the valley."

Unfurling his fairy wings, he essayed a flight up the mountain side. The King of the Mist laughed at his presumption. Steadily advancing, he caught the fairy in his moist embrace, who was glad to shrink away, with dripping plumes, to recover and dry himself.

Meantime, Modestus kept quietly on his way; no blatant trumpet heralded his coming or going. Only a brighter green marked his pathway; drooping flowers looked up and smiled as he approached; all things seemed to acknowledge his gentle ministrations.

Once, with great effort, he rolled away a huge pebble that threatened to suffocate a baby oak.

"What have you been doing?" asked the mail-clad elf, with his usual haughtiness.

"Only succoring a frail infant of the forest," replied the other.

"Humph," rejoined Little Brag, "and I have slain a giant!"

"This little I can do," sighed Modestus, "I wish it were more."

Again, as he sat down to rest on the mossy turf, he caught a low murmur under ground.

"Oh, how I long to rush forth from this prison house. The sea calls me; I hear her ever moaning in my dreams. I come, I come! will no one aid me?"

"Yes, that will I," cried Modestus, and he uprooted the tangled mosses; he scooped up the loose dirt with a bit of shell; he pried up the tiny rocks. Faster and faster he worked, and lo! a little rift burst forth, and trickled merrily down the hill-side, singing as it went.

"What have you been doing?" asked Little Brag, the haughty.

"Only freeing a tiny mountain, answered Modestus.

"Humph! and I have put to flight an army of goblins."

Again, a gentle sigh was wafted on the night wind. Modestus listened.

"It is all over with us, my children; we will die together. I had hoped to close my eyes peacefully, and leave you to transmit my bloom and beauty to the summer."

It was a sweet violet that spoke. A wild deer, bounding through the forest, had trampled her to the earth, and she was dying.

"Nay, beautiful one," said Modestus, "let me bind up your broken stem. Your little buds are uninjured, and see, by my fairy art, I will plant this thorn-bush near you for protection."

"For my children's sake, thanks, gentle fairy!" and her last sigh exhaled in perfume.

In the morning the sleepy thorn-bush opened her eyes, and presently exclaimed; "Well, things are strangely turned around; there must have been an earthquake in the night."

"And what have you been doing?" asked Little Brag, mockingly.

"Only sheltering some tiny flower-buds from danger," said Modestus.

"Humph! and I—I—why, I have dreamed a dream. Methought I was enthroned upon a star in mid heaven."

"Ah!" said the other, softly; "I am no dreamer; and it is little I can do; but I will strive to make that little more, and do it more perfectly."

So each continued on his separate way. Modestus ever doing what lay next him, with a beautiful, unconscious devotion; Bombastes ever blowing the trumpet of his own greatness, till, one day, they were summoned before the fairy court.

"This time," said the King Oberon, "that such tremendous merit as thine, Bombastes, should be rewarded. What hast thou done? Let us hear the sum of the matter!"

"May it please your majesty," said Little Brag, looking scornfully around on his comrades, "ask the wild King of the Mist; the terrible goblins that dance in the whirlwind's track; the grim shadow that sits in the cavern of night—they will tell!"

"Enough of mists, and shadows, and goblins," interrupted Oberon, angrily; "what real good hast thou accomplished? Who or what is the wiser or the better for thy coming?"

The fairy hung his head in silence.

"Away with him!" cried the king. "Hereafter, let all good fairies put their fingers in their ears when Bombastes speaks."

"Come hither, Modestus," said the gentle voice of Titania. "Know that true greatness is allied to truth and duty. Thy humble deeds of love shall never be forgotten. When the little oak becomes a monarch tree, it will tell of thy goodness to the winds, and the winds will whisper it to the universe. When the little stream becomes a mighty river, it will sing of thy kindness to the stars, and the stars will repeat it to infinity. The flowers thou hast sheltered may perish, but thy name shall be linked with their sweetness forever." And she dismissed him with a wave of her hand.

Little Brag still lives, but where is the gentle Modestus?—Little Corporal.

## A Child's Sacrifice.

"My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and truth."

A child had a beautiful canary, which sang to him from early morning. The mother of the child was ill, so ill that the song of the little bird, which to the boy was delicious, disturbed and distressed her so that she could scarcely bear to hear it.

He put it in a room far away, but the bird's notes reached the sick-bed, and caused pain to her long, feverish days.

One morning, as the child stood holding his mother's hand, he saw that when his pet sang, an expression of pain passed over her dear face. She had never yet told him that she could not bear the noise, but she did so now.

"It is no music to me," she said, as he asked her if the notes were not pretty. He looked at her in wonder.

"And do you really dislike the sound?"

"Indeed I do," she said.

The child, full of love to his mother, left the room. The golden feathers of the pretty canary were glistening in the sunshine, and he was trilling forth his loveliest notes; but they had ceased to please the boy. They were no longer pretty or soothing to him, and taking the cage in his hand, he left the house. When he returned, he told his mother that the bird would disturb her rest no more, for he had given it to his little cousin.

"But you loved it so," she said, "how could you part with the canary?"

"I loved the canary, mother," he replied, "but I loved you more. I could not really love anything that gave you pain. It would not be true love if I did."—The Quiver.

## It Is Better.

Better to use the old cane-seated chairs, and faded two-ply carpet, than tremble at the bills sent home from the upholsterer's for the most elegant parlor set that ever was made.

Better to meet your business acquaintances with a free "don't owe you a cent" smile, than to dodge around the corner to escape a dun.

Better pay the street organ-grinder two cents for music, if you must have it, than to own for a grand piano.

Better to gaze upon bare walls than pictures unpaid for.

Better to eat thin soup from earthenware, if you owe your butcher nothing,

than to dine off lamb and roast beef and know that it does not belong to you.

Better to let your wife have a fit of hysterics than to run in debt for nice new furniture, or clothes, or jewelry.—Christian Advocate.

## A Musical Dog.

Haney's *Art of Training Animals* is a new book, full of interesting anecdotes of animals, and probably the best authority extant on methods of training them. Our only anxiety is lest the book may excite the wrath of Mr. Bergh, as kindness is not invariably the only means used to quicken the wits of four-footed pupils. We give an extract concerning a remarkable dog:

"Frank Schwartz, a merchant retired from business in Darmstadt, occupied his leisure hours, which were many, almost exclusively with music. His passion for the art acquired such an intensity that he required every one about him to fall in with his musical predilections, by either vocal or instrumental co-operation



## Literary Miscellany.

## Habits of Literary Men.

Let us consider some of the habits of eminent persons.

Sir Walter Scott used to get up at six in winter and five in summer, light his own fire, shave, wash, dress, and then sit down to his desk and have three hours' steady writing, rarely having occasion to make corrections or cancel a page of manuscript. He would think over what he had to write during the last ten minutes before he left his bed, let it "simmer" in his mind, he said, while he was shaving, and by the time he had the pen in his hand, knew pretty well how to carry out his purpose, on paper, whatever the subject. About nine o'clock he would take breakfast, after which, in Edinburgh, he would proceed to the Law Court in which he was Clerk of Sessions, and there, sitting at a desk under the judges, with an official black gown thrown over his shoulders, but not covering his head, he would write, as he said, common to advocates of Scotland, would sit through the trial of various civil suits, from one to four hours, sometimes reading, but oftener writing with great rapidity. On these occasions he frequently answered a great number of letters; or, if the printer's devil dogged at his heels, would write a chapter of one of the Waverley Novels. In the country, where he always resided during the summer and autumn, a fine day would often tempt him out of doors, though he usually returned to his writing-room after breakfast and worked until noon. After that he would carefully write even a letter. Visitors at Abbotsford, who did not know that he was an "early bird" at his writing desk, often went away with the impression that a man so idle as (to them) he appeared to be could not be the author of the Waverley Novels. Scott was a hearty eater, liked a tankard of porter at lunch, a glass of wine at dinner, and a small tumbler of whiskey toddy after supper, before he retired for the night, which was usually between ten and eleven.

Southey was far more temperate, rarely taking more than a small glass of punch at night, and pure water throughout the day. He also rose early, ate a good breakfast and dinner, worked hard at the desk during the day, with a recess of an hour for exercise, and worked mechanically. That is, from ten to twelve he would write articles for the Quarterly Review; from twelve to two he would write history; from two to three he would walk out of doors; from three to five he would poetize; from five to seven he would surrender himself to dinner and social intercourse with his family; at seven he would have a cup of tea, and would write or read generally from seven to nine, retiring to bed at ten. The curious thing is, that if the clock struck when he was half way in a sentence, he would drop the pen, turn away from the particular subject he was on, and take up another with the ease which custom gives. Charles Dickens, who did not resemble Southey in anything else, was like him in this. His rule was to stop writing at twelve, and when the clock struck, he would shut his writing-case, go into another room for lunch, and the moment he had taken it, put on his hat and, no matter what the weather was, go out for a walk of two or three hours.

John Milton, author of "Paradise Lost," which every one pretends to know and admire, though few have had the patience to read it through, commenced authorship by studying and writing late into the night. When he arrived at maturer manhood, he changed this evil practice, rose at bed at nine in the evening, rose at four in summer and five in winter, studied until noon, then took an hour's exercise, dined about two, after which he sang, and played the organ, or listened to other's music. Again at study, from four to six, stopping to receive the visits and enjoy the conversation of his friends who came to see him. At eight he would sup, smoke a pipe of tobacco, drink a glass of water, and go to bed at nine. In bed, it is said, many of his finest thoughts came to him, especially when he was writing "Paradise Lost," for, being blind, he had to dictate, and often would summon one of his daughters to write down what he had composed. No man was more temperate. He believed that his best verses were composed between the autumnal and spring equinoxes. Before he began his great sacred poem, he knelt down and prayed God to inspire and sustain him.

Rousseau chiefly composed at matins.

Jean Hardouin, the great French scholar and critic, wrote from four in the morning until midnight.

Aristotle, who took little sleep, had a contrivance by which he was awakened early, and then set to work.

John Calvin commenced his daily studies at five or six in the morning, reading and writing in bed for hours together. If business required him to go out, he would rise and dress; but, on his return, again went to bed. As he advanced in years, he wrote little with his own hand, but dictated to secretaries, rarely having occasion to make any corrections. Sometimes his faculty of composition would fail; then he would quit his bed, attend to his out-door duties for days, weeks and even months together, and not think of writing until he felt that the power had returned. Then he would go to bed, send for his secretary, and resume his labors.

The great Cardinal Richelieu, who was a dramatist as well as Prime Minister of France, usually went to bed at eleven, slept three hours, would rise and write until eight in the morning—now and then amusing himself by playing with his cats, of whom he was very fond.

Buffon, the naturalist, rose early and worked perpetually. His great "Studies of Nature" cost him fifty years of labor, and he recopied it eighteen times before he sent it to the printers. He composed in a singular manner, writing upon large-sized paper, on which, as in a ledger, five distinct columns were ruled. In the first column he wrote down the first thought; in the second the corrected, enlarged and pruned it, and so on, until he had reached the fifth column, within which he finally wrote the result of his labor. But, even after that, he would recompose a sentence twenty times, and once devoted fourteen hours to find the proper word with which to round off a period.

Cuvier, who raised comparative anatomy to a science, never had occasion to copy his manuscript. He composed very rapidly, the proper words falling into the proper place and everything being arranged in his mind in a very orderly manner.

Bossuet, the French divine, who left fifty volumes of his own manuscripts, rose at four, wrapped himself up in a loose dress of black skin, and wrote until, from sheer fatigue, his hand refused to hold the pen. Then he would return to bed, take the sleep of exhaustion, and, on awaking, go through the same process again.

## Lawyers in Parliament.

The House of Commons may, therefore, fairly be said to be the avenue through which all the more brilliant figures of the English bar pass on to success and distinction. The steady, solid men remain outside, and rise, when they do rise, by the patient drudgery of the courts. There are many instances of men almost totally unknown to the public in general being made judges, simply because of their undoubted soundness and merit as lawyers. But the men whom the public admire and care to read about are the lawyers who have made a name in Parliament. Of course this system has its defects. It frequently places on the judicial bench a man who has really to learn his law when he gets there. In one case, which was recently very prominent, it made a judge of a bold and clever adventurer who knew, when he was thus suddenly elevated, as little of law as he did of morals. I have no hesitation in saying that I allude to the Irish judge, Mr. Justice Keogh. No one could deny that when Keogh was made judge, after a brief and brilliant Parliamentary career, his knowledge of law was extremely scanty, while his character might fairly be called infamous. The public opinion of his country at first looked on his elevation to the bench as one might regard some brutal practical joke. The system of electing judges is, to my mind, quite indefensible; but it must be owned that no Irish community, however reckless or debased, would have then thought of electing such a man as Keogh to the bench of justice. Since then, it is undeniable that he has studied law and retrieved his character to some extent (I don't enter at all into the recent controversy about him and the Galway priests), but it is evident that there must be something defective in a system which made such an appointment at such a time not only possible but almost inevitable.

On the whole the system, like almost every other anomaly in English political life, works much better than might have been expected. It has, at all events, the advantage for my present purpose, that it brings out into strong relief and upon the same arena a succession of striking and brilliant figures, each of them half-advocate, half-politician. The lawyer in Parliament somehow hardly ever rises to the level of statesmanship. During a great debate several years ago, when some of the ablest lawyers in the House of Commons had spoken in succession, and had spoken their best, the late Sir James Graham began a speech by expressing his hope that the House had at last got out of the region of Nisi Prius; and a very cordial burst of applause showed that the Commons in general shared the hope, and were weary of clever legal casuistry applied to a broad political question. I can not remember any lawyer in Parliament who could, except on the very rare occasion, rise above the level of Nisi Prius. Lord Cairns, perhaps, is the nearest approach to a statesman; he has had in a lawyer for many years; and even he, during all the Alabama discussions in the House of Lords last session, treated the whole question in the most rigidly lawyer-like sense. He argued on the controversy of two great nations as if he were Mr. Peck and the other parties were Deacons and it was a magnificent pettifoggery, but it was pettifoggery none the less. Half a dozen sentences from the clear, broad, political common sense of the unbridled Lord Derby touched the heart of the question in a manner which the shrewd logic of the keen lawyer and eloquent speaker wholly failed to do.—*Galaxy*.

## Bodies Undecayed.

Dead bodies do not always decay. Peculiarities in the soil in which they are buried sometimes arrest the progress of corruption, and preserve them unchanged for centuries. Here are several striking instances of this sort:

The tomb of Edward I., who died in 1307, was opened Jan. 2, 1770, after four hundred and sixty-three years had elapsed. His body was almost perfect. Canute, (the Dane) who crossed over to England in 1017, was found in 1776 by the workmen who repaired Winchester Cathedral, where his body had reposed nearly seven hundred and fifty years, perfectly fresh. In 1569, three Roman soldiers, fully equipped with warlike implements, were dug out of a bed of peat in Ireland, where they had lain probably fifteen hundred years. Their bodies were perfectly fresh and plump.

In the reign of James II., of England, after the fall of the church at Astley, in Warwickshire, there was taken up the corpse of Thomas Gray, Marquis of Dorset, who was buried there the 10th of October, 1580, in the twenty-second year of Henry VIII.; and although it had lain there seventy-eight years, the eyes, hair, flesh, nails and joints remained as though it had been but newly buried. Robert Brook, who was consecrated Bishop of London in 1381, and who died in 1404, and was buried in St. Paul's, was taken out of his tomb after the great fire in 1666, during the repairs of the cathedral; and although he had lain there no less than two hundred and sixty-two years, his body was found firm as to skin, hair, joints and nails.

Pietro Rodriguez, a Portuguese jeweler, while pursuing his occupation in the city of Mexico, was, in 1595, accused before the tribunal of the Inquisition, and, after suffering a variety of tortures, was condemned to be buried alive in a vault in the Convent of St. Domingo, in that city. He was then thirty-eight years old. The Convent of St. Domingo was lately demolished in a search for treasure supposed to be concealed there, and the body of Rodriguez taken out of the vault exactly as when placed there two hundred and seventy years before. His daughter, two and a half years of age, was lying under her father's feet, and as perfectly preserved as himself. The evidences of torture on the body of the jeweler are fearfully apparent. In one respect, however, the appearance does not coincide with the record which we have given. The miserable man must have died in the hands of his tormentors. The position of his hands show that he was suspended by the body and neck until he died. Marks of the cord and of the burning iron are deeply recorded on the various parts of his body. His hair and beard are firm, his skin natural in hue and texture, without the least trace of decomposition in any part.

## Discoveries of Pompeii.

The *Unità Nazionale*, of Naples, gives an account of some interesting researches recently made in the ruins of the buried city. "In the porch of a small house there were discovered four or five of them being ineffectually, that of a woman, as it had on a bracelet in massive gold, of unusual form, composed of thick rings soldered to each other, the whole being fastened by two pieces of wire of the same metal. The day after, in the same building, was discovered a small statue, seated, about two feet high, of a rather uncommon model. It is

in terra cotta, but of no definite type. The head, in fact, is absolutely that of Jupiter; the figure is covered with a tunic, having short sleeves which only cover the upper part of the arm; the legs and hands are crossed; a cloak falls from the shoulders and envelops the lower limbs; the right hand holds a papyrus, so that the belief is it must represent a philosopher. Two days after, however, a more important work of art was found at the bottom of another garden contiguous to the one above mentioned, namely, a marble Venus measuring, with the base, more than a yard in height. It is in perfect preservation, as it only wants two fingers of the right hand, but the most remarkable characteristic is that it is colored. The excavations of Pompeii and Herculaneum have produced many other specimens of painted marble, but the tints have all more or less faded away. In the present work the hair is yellow, the eyelashes and eyebrows black; the chlamys, which, from the left arm, passing behind the shoulders, descends on the legs and covers the lower parts, is also tinted yellow outside, while the interior shows at the edges some traces of blue and red. The under parts are white. The left arm, the hand of which holds the apple of Paris, rests upon a smaller statue, the drapery of which is also tinted yellow, green, and black."

## Dickens in Boston.

Dickens was to read, on that last night, "Marigold's Prescription," with that inevitable trial of "Bardwell against Pickwick."

The brilliantly-lighted hall was just filling as I entered it with my friend, who, having heard the great author several times, had "found her appetite grow by what it fed on."

How well I remember the first impression, the lovely toilets, the soft hum and rustle and flutter, as the audience took their seats—an audience that comprised whatever was finest in the intellect and culture of Boston!

It was a pleasure to be there simply, and to sit and wait with the others in quiet, pleasant expectancy for the moment when the great neomancer should appear.

There were faces in that audience, too, whom people all over the civilized world would go far to see. There was Emerson, with his thin, scholarly face, that looked as if he had suddenly lifted it from the old book-cases among which he had browsed all his life, and, seeing him sitting there in quiet waiting among the others, some of his wonderful sentences would leap and throb across one's thoughts, clear and pure as rays from diamonds. There was Longfellow, with some gracious dignity which seemed the fitting atmosphere of his own perfect poems—the fine, massive head, the rippling, glittering silver of the beard, the face so remarkable in its strength, and calm, and goodness. There, too, was Fields, the publisher of Dickens, the friend also in that deep, tender sense which we all know now we have read his book; and the beautiful woman by his side, of whose face it seems a kind of sacrilege to write, because another Chaucer or Shakespeare could alone do it worthily, was the wife of the publisher.

I was thinking of all this, when a stir in the audience drew my eyes suddenly to the platform, where a man was crossing in a rapid, rather business-like way. Dickens, his first appearance, his whole manner, and the character of his readings, were so roughly "written up" when he was amongst us, that I shall only touch lightly here.

The first impression was so calm and business-like, that it might have been slightly disenchanted to those who had greatly idealized him.

Hero-worship is always a dangerous indulgence, but any slight chill of disappointment soon vanished under the spell of his reading. For, despite its simplicity, it was a spell. The dear old Christmas story could never afterward be the same to those who heard the author read it that night.

By some subtle trick of voice and expression, he individualized every character in the story. There was Dr. Marigold, the itinerant quack, with his white hat and shawl worn loosely round his shoulders, telling his story of the Suffolk woman whom he had courted from the foot-board of his cart. There was Mrs. Marigold with her frightful temper; and there, shining between the quaint, tender father, and the mother, so fierce and cruel in her outbreaks of passion, was the face of that dear, little, seraphic Sophy. The spell of that voice passing so easily from the descriptive to the dramatic, striking out every character clear as a chisel, with its changing keys, entranced the whole audience. You might have heard the ticking of a clock, so still was it. Now it was the hum, now it was the tenderness, now the deep pathos of the story which lifted everybody into a common sympathy. Dickens was such a master of art, too. There was nothing sensational or extravagant in the whole reading. He lifted one to its own height, and fired the imagination and possessed the heart apparently without effort, as the soft winds blow, and birds warble, or, better than either, as the numbers sing their divine sweetness through some delicious poem.—*Arthur's Home Magazine*.

## Polyp.

It is not a long stride from the foraminifera to the polyps. Indeed, the line which separates these little creatures of the sea is not very distinctly drawn; perhaps not in fact; certainly it is not very clearly discerned or traced by science. These polyps are verily monsters. They have been known to attain the gigantic size of one-third of an inch in length. "The most prominent member of this group," says M. Taudon, "is the fresh-water polyp or *Hydra viridis*. It looks like a little straight bag, tubular, semi-transparent, greenish, open at one end, and fashioned like a trumpet's mouth, having around the opening six, occasionally eight or ten, tentacles—fine, filiform, and flexible arms, arranged around the mouth in the form of a crown. Thus the bag is the body, the opening is the mouth, the cavity is the stomach, and the tentacles the arms. This, then, is the whole polyp."

It is a voracious creature, and has never learned the value of temperance. It never has enough. Its stomach possesses a curious power of adapting itself to its food, so that the polyp has the pleasure of eating occasionally a quantity of food three or four times the bulk of its own body. Sometimes it finds that its meal is too great for its digestive powers. It then ejects a part that it may digest the rest. St. Francis de Sales, pointing to the brutes, drew from them a moral for the benefit of man. "They are sober and temperate," he exclaimed, "and never eat more than their appetites demand." The worthy father was evidently unacquainted with the habits of the polyps. Sometimes a worm swallowed by the monster struggles to escape. The polyp thrusts his long arm into his own

stomach, and holds the worm firmly there till he has dissolved. If the end of the polyp is cut off, he does not seem to suffer any serious inconvenience. He eats on as before, though, now that the bottom of his stomach is gone, all his prey simply passes out at the other end of the tube. Indeed, the glutton may count himself fortunate, since he can eat as much as he pleases without any danger of being gorged. Whether the stomach is in time supplied again by growth we are not told. This is by no means impossible, however. For general adaptation only adds a new polyp to the world. In his arithmetic, division and multiplication are identical. Cut off his arm, not only does another grow at once to take its place, but the amputated limb becomes itself a new polyp. Cut him into pieces, we only make of the individual a community. He even turns himself inside out like the fabled gymanst; it is of no consequence. His skin makes a very good stomach, and the stomach a very good skin. The polyps naturally prefer to live in the other way; naturalists have, however, succeeded in transfixing them with a fine needle, thus compelling them to remain in their new position. Their functions go on as before. Without apparent organs of sense, without heart, lungs, intestines, or brains, they perform with seeming success all the functions of higher animals—fight, flee from danger, capture their prey, bring up their children, and, in short, fulfill all the duties which God has devolved upon them. Nor do they seem to lack in intelligence, though the organs of intelligence are wholly wanting. In what the marvelous instincts of these brainless, nerveless creatures reside is a question which we commend to the consideration of the phrenologist.—*Lyman Abbott*.

## Obituaries.

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

DAVID ALVERSON died of heart disease in Madison, Mich., April 18, 1873, aged 70 years. The deceased was born in Casnovia, N. Y. He was converted at the age of thirty, and baptized by Elder Hannibal, uniting with a F. B. Baptist church in Sherman, N. Y. Remained there until 1857, when he united with the F. B. Baptist church of Wheatland, Mich., where he resided for about eleven years. While here he lost his first wife, and married, after about three years, Mrs. Sarah Smith, Remained in Madison, Mich., until 1857 with the F. B. Baptist church of Dover and Madison, of which he remained a loved and worthy member till his death. Bro. A. was of a gentle, religious temperament, and a quiet helper in the assemblies of God's people. COM.

JOHN MESSER died in Gorham, Me., at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Marietta P. Libby, April 17, aged 65 years. He is only the third who has died from a family of fourteen children, seven sons and seven daughters. The father and mother of this large family lived to see them all married, and well settled in life. Bro. Messer had been sick for quite a long time, and during the past year he had been almost helpless. He was a worthy and faithful member of the F. B. church in West Waterville, Me., of which he remained a faithful member till the time of his death.

MERIBAH H. MESSER, widow of the above, died suddenly in West Waterville, Me., April 23, aged 65 years. Sister Messer was present at the funeral of her husband, and on Saturday previous, apparently in her usual health. She at that time expressed a desire to go with her husband, but we little thought that she would follow so soon. She was a very faithful and faithful member of the F. B. church in West Waterville, but having removed with her husband to Athens about two years since, she united with our church at that place. She was a worthy and faithful member of the F. B. church militant for the church triumphant. H. F. W.

ELIJAH PHELPS was drowned May 23, in what is called Bates' Pond, while engaged in moving logs, in the Township of Dayton, Tuscola Co., Mich., aged 23 years and 4 months. The deceased was a young man, and a promising one, who had the good will of all who knew him, and on whom his father depended for support in old age. He has left a father, mother, and six or seven other numerous friends to mourn their loss. S. A. CURRIER.

RYNUS MUNGER died in Bethany, May 11, at the advanced age, lacking a few days, of 92 years. He was born in Union, Ct. He moved to Genesee county in 1806, endured the hardships and privations of pioneer life, and there spent his years until the expiration of 12 years in Wisconsin. He served his country in the war of 1812, being a commissioned officer of his company. He became a subject of divine grace when 12 years of age, and never connected himself with any church of Christ, which he deeply regretted when it became evident his end was near. The writer of this has often witnessed the gathering tears, when referring to this great neglect of duty. Nevertheless he took a deep interest in religious matters, and was a ready contributor to the cause of God. He reared a family of ten children, and lived to see them all embrace a hope in Christ. His last days were spent in the richness of a religious experience. His last hours more especially brought out the fullness of the love of Christ in the soul, when he seemed to be almost in imminent desire to depart and be with Christ. When questioned in regard to his future prospects, as he stood at the brink of the river, he said, when he passed over he should see a glorious glory. "We have no reason to doubt his anticipations are more than realized. COM.

ABIGAIL PHILPOT died in Limerick, Me., Dec. 12, aged 44 years. The deceased experienced religion in early life, and united with the church, and sustained an unblemished Christian character till death. Her husband was long and painful, and she often expressed a wish, "to be in that beautiful world, where the inhabitant never says 'I am sick.' Her great desire was to be fully prepared. She was ready. Though there was no rapture, no ecstasy, yet she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. Of a large and loving family, father, and mother, and sisters all are gone, only one is left. Her husband was a beautiful world, we shall greet one another again."

DEA SAMUEL ROBERTS died of congestion of the lungs, in Newfield, Me., Jan. 9, aged 84 years. The deceased was born in Shapleigh, Me., where he experienced religion and united with the church. He afterward removed with his family to Newfield, Me., where he resided until his death. He was a quiet, unassuming man, yet he was a pillar in the church, punctual at the social meetings, loved his denomination, charitable to workers, a peace-maker, wise in counsel, full of good deeds. His death leaves a wide gap in the church and family and community. He leaves a widow, and a large family of sons and daughters to mourn their loss, and a husband and kind father. His end was peace.

CARRIE WARD-SWORTH, daughter of Rev. Samuel Poindeux, died of consumption, in Limerick, Me., May 2, aged 21 years. Her health had been failing for a year, but terminated very suddenly at last, with hemorrhage of the lungs. Though called so suddenly and early, she was fully prepared. She experienced religion and was baptized by her father at the age of 15, and lived a beautiful, faithful Christian life till death. She possessed an excellent education, a loving and sweet disposition, and, as daughter, teacher, friend, was beloved by all. She conceived one-half of all her earnings to the Lord. She was one of the lovely Christians. Death loves the shining mark. E. P. LADD.

BETSY COLLINS, wife of Jonathan Collins, died in Danville, N. Y., aged 78. To live to be useful is the highest object of life. Mrs. Collins attained this in some degree. Before experiencing a work of grace, she labored effectually to bring her husband into the path of sobriety. This accomplished, the way was prepared for conversion to Christ. Both were baptized by Rev. J. Fullerton, May 31, 1840. Her testimony

in social meetings was earnest, but at home her quietness, firmness and decision for the right were the most influential. Her husband testified that under God he owes what he is to her. Five children have risen up to call her blessed. They were benefited by her and all places of usefulness. In her short sickness she was submissive, trusting and hopeful. COM.

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**Academies, &c.** PARSONSFIELD SEMINARY. The SPRING TERM of this institution will commence Tuesday, Feb. 11, and continue eleven weeks, under the instruction of J. LINSFORD, recently Principal of N. E. Masonic Institute, Center Enfield, N. H. Tuition from \$3.00 to \$6.00. Rooms for self-boarders may be obtained at reasonable rates. For further information address IRA A. PHILBRICK or IVORY MARCH. DR. MOSES E. SWEAT, Secy.

**AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.** AGRICULTURAL, SCIENTIFIC and CLASSICAL. Ten Professors and Instructors. Not sectarian, but thoroughly Christian.

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**GREEN MOUNTAIN SEMINARY.** WATERBURY CENTER, VT. Faculty: C. A. Moores, A. B., Principal. I. D. Smith, Principal Commercial Department. E. C. Smith, Mrs. E. C. Smith, G. A. Stockwell, Miss Lizzie Maxfield, L. H. Butterfield.

**Calendar:** FALL TERM, 13 weeks. Opens Sept. 3, 1873. WINTER TERM, 12 weeks. Opens Dec. 3, 1873. SPRING TERM, 13 weeks. Opens Feb. 23, 1874. Board may be obtained in private families at \$2.50 per week, or rooms may be obtained for self-boarders 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.

**NORTHWOOD SEMINARY.** The FALL TERM of eleven weeks will commence on WEDNESDAY, Dec. 4, 1873. WILLIAM H. COTTON, A. B., Principal.

The tuition will be as follows: Primary Branches, \$4.00 Common English, 5.00 Higher English, 5.50 Classical, 6.00 Board and Rooms can be obtained at reasonable rates. For further particulars address the Principal, or THOMAS TUTTLE, M. D., President. Northwood, N. H., Aug. 12, 1873.

**RIDGEVILLE COLLEGE.** The SUMMER TERM will open June 3, and close Aug. 22, 1873.

**EXPENSES.** Tuition and incidentals, in advance, \$7.00 Room rent, per term, from \$2.00 to \$4.00 Board, per week, in private families, 3.00 in clubs, 2.50

**EXTRA CHARGES.** Instrumental Music, twenty lessons, \$10.00 Use of Instrument for practice, 1.00 Vocal Music for Gentlemen, 1.50 Ladies, 1.00 Penmanship, fifteen lessons, 1.00 Rooms for self-boarders may be had at reasonable rates. Students may enter school at any time of the term, paying from such time to the close of the term at the regular rates. For Catalogue apply to Ridgeville, Ind., May 9, 1873.

**MAINE CENTRAL INSTITUTE.** PITTSFIELD, ME. Furnishes College, Preparatory, Normal, Academic and Ladies' Full course of study. Terms, 10 weeks. The Fall term commences Aug. 22, 1873. GEORGE B. FILES, A. M. Principal. REV. A. L. GERRISH, Principal Normal Department.

Mrs. AROLINE M. FILES, Teacher of French and Mathematics. Miss CLARA A. FORBES, Associate in Normal Department. Miss ADDIE SAWYER, Teacher of Drawing, Painting, Wax-work and Wood Carving. Mrs. J. F. STERRE, Teacher of Music. Prof. D. M. WAIT, (from the Commercial College, Augusta), Teacher of Penmanship and Book-keeping.

No reduction for less than half a term, except on account of sickness. Half terms commence at the beginning and middle of the term. Tuition of board in clubs, varies from \$1.00 to \$2.00 per week. Ladies' clubs as well as gentlemen are furnished with rooms and board in private families at reasonable rates. For further particulars, address the Secretary, at Pittsfield, Maine. C. A. FARWELL, Secretary.

**BATES THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.** The next Term of this school will commence Aug. 2, 1873. The Faculty for the next year is organized as follows: Rev. O. B. CHENEY, D. D., President. Rev. Fullerton, D. D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology. Rev. J. J. Butler, D. D., Professor of New Testament. Rev. B. F. Hayes, A. M., Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy. Rev. A. Hovey, A. M., Professor of Systematic Theology. Thomas S. Rich, Professor of Hebrew. One embracing and the other omitting the ancient languages. Liberal aid is rendered to those needing it. J. J. BUTLER, Sec. Lewiston, Me., July 16, 1873.

**WILTON COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE,** WILTON, IOWA. Commences its Fall Term September 2, 1873. Catalogues sent to inquirers.

**EVANSVILLE SEMINARY.** This institution is under the control of the Wisconsin Yearly Meeting, and has been in successful operation for three years. The coming year promises more enlarged usefulness. The village of Evansville is finely located, and few places in the West surpass it in point of moral and religious influences. Expenses are reasonable. Prof. JACOBS will have charge of the Music Department. CALENDAR: FALL TERM opens Aug. 27—continuing 13 weeks, closing Nov. 22. WINTER TERM opens Dec. 10—continuing 13 weeks, closing Feb. 28. For particulars, address, Rev. G. S. BRADLEY, A. M., Principal.

**LAPHAM INSTITUTE.** The SUMMER TERM will commence on Monday, April 14, 1873. Complete courses of study for both sexes. G. H. HICKER, Prin. North Scituate, R. I., March 17, 1873.

**LYNDON LITERARY INSTITUTION** LYNDON CENTER, VT. Faculty: J. S. BROWN, A. B., Principal. Latin and Greek. Miss LIZZIE CALLEY, *Prescriptress*, French and Natural Science. Miss MARY C. BRADFORD, Mathematics and Rhetoric. Miss IDA E. MORRILL, Music. Miss ELLEN A. PERKINS, Penmanship.

**CALENDAR:** Fall Term of 13 weeks, begins August 31, 1873. Winter Term of 13 weeks, begins December 3, 1873. Spring Term of 13 weeks, begins March 11, 1874. TUITION: Primary Studies, \$5.00 Common English, 7.50 Higher English, 8.00 Latin and Greek, 8.00 French (extra), 6.00 Instruction on Piano or Organ, 10.00 Use of Piano or Organ (extra), 2.00 Instruction on Guitar, 1.00 Vocal Music, 15 Lessons, 1.50 Penmanship, 15 Lessons, 1.50 Clergymen's children and students relying on their own exertions for an education, received at reduced tuition. Board from \$2.50 to \$3.50 in families; in clubs at lower rates, and rooms furnished for self-boarders.

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**NEW HAMPTON INSTITUTION.** A. B. MESERVEY, A. M., Principal, with eight associates. Six regular courses for both sexes. Four terms of ten weeks each. CALENDAR: Fall Term begins August 26, 1873. Fall Term closes November 1, 1873. Winter Term begins November 18, 1873. Winter Term closes January 24, 1874. Spring Term begins February 3, 1874. Spring Term closes April 7, 1874. Summer Term begins April 28, 1874. Summer Term ends July 2, 1874. For further particulars, apply to the Principal, or E. C. LEWIS, Secy. Trustees. New Hampton, N. H., July 22, 1873.

**NICHOLS LATIN SCHOOL.** SPRING AND SUMMER TERMS begin Jan. 13 and April 7, 1873. L. G. JORDAN, A. B., Principal, with three Assistants.

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

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