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The Morning Star.

Volume XLVIII.

DOVER, N. H., AUG. 6, 1873.

Number 32

THE MORNING STAR

A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER
FOR THE FAMILY.

ISSUED BY THE
FREEMILL BAPTIST PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT
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L. B. BURLINGAME, Publisher.

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

4. When Agents receive premiums, no percentage on money sent for the Star is allowed in addition.

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

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1873.

My Mother Knelt in Prayer.

Once, in my boyhood's gladsome day,
My spirits light as air,
I wandered to a lonely room,
Where mother knelt in prayer.

Her hands were clasped in fervency,
Her lips gave forth no sound;
Yet, awe-struck, solemnly I felt
I stood on holy ground.

My mother, all entranced in prayer,
My presence heeded not;
And reverently I turned away
In silence from the spot.

An orphaned wanderer, far from home,
In after time I strayed;
But God has kept me, and I feel
He heard her when she prayed.

—Thomas MacKellar.

English Correspondence.

DERBY, ENGLAND, July 14, 1873.

The "Education Party" which the *Star* received to-day, reports as "on the wave," visited Derby last week. Before your announcement of the reception to be given in this town to our guests could reach me, the reception had taken place with all the honors. It was one of the most interesting gatherings Derby has witnessed. The party arrived by special train shortly after seven o'clock. A banquet had been provided in the large shareholders' room, lent for the occasion by the Directors of the Midland Railway Company. Conspicuous from its position among the decorations of the room was a large American flag, jealously watched and guarded by "Union Jacks" on each side. Shrubs, flowers, trophies, festoons of colored cloth gave to the room a gay and animated appearance. The banquet was highly appreciated; the band of the Derby Rifle Corps played "God save the Queen" and "Yankee Doodle," the Mayor of Derby and a select party of friends joined the third and travel-stained "American cousins" at the feast; and, after the banquet was over, the customary toasts afforded the opportunity for speech-making. Very much that was complimentary was said about the Queen of England, the President of the United States, the Mayor of Derby, our American visitors, and Mr. Thomas Cook—all of whom were duly toasted. Col. Mason in reply said he was overwhelmed by the generosity and hospitality of England. He had used strong words about Englishmen, but he would retract what he had said now he knew more about them. England and America were really one and had but one interest. Mr. Jones, of Pittsburgh, Pa., had always cherished, he said, a good opinion of the English, and had taught his scholars to have that opinion also, and now he was more than ever convinced he was right. Professor Richardson, of some college in Virginia, said he had always been accustomed to style everything genuine, English. As a boy he prized a knife that bore the inscription,

I am Sheffield made,
Both haft and blade.
Everything in England was of the best kind, even the hospitality. They never expected to receive so cordial a welcome in Scotland and England. Mrs. Nelson, of Texas, spoke of herself as representing colored schools, and expressed great joy in the welcome given to her, and in every indication of sympathy for missionary work she found among English people. Mr. Thomas Cook, who is a native of Derbyshire, and a descendant of an old general Baptist minister, said how thankful he was to God for the safety of his tourists. Three millions of people had traveled under his

arrangements since 1841, and not a single accident of a serious nature had occurred to any one of them. He was obliged to the Midland Railroad Company for the readiness with which they fell in with his arrangements, and regretted the absence of Mr. Allport, the general manager, through illness. Mr. Allport has visited America, and is importing for the Midland line specimens of the famous American sleeping cars. It is said they are to cost £5,000 each, while a first-class railway carriage costs the company in making but about £500. The "Educational Party" visited Alton Towers, the seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, on the following day, and then started for London and the continent.

There have been two books published lately on Indian subjects, which American Freewill Baptists should read. Not having seen any references to them in the *Star*, save such as I have made myself, I venture to add a few words more about them. The books are "Annals of Rural Bengal," and "Orissa," by W. W. Hunter. In the first is an account of the Santals, and a quotation from Dr. Phillips's Santal grammar. In the second is an interesting summary of work done by the missionaries in the south and in the north of Orissa, and a generous recognition of the services rendered by the missionaries to education, to philanthropy, to literature and good government. Mr. Hunter is a servant of the Indian Government, eminent in position, of careful and painstaking habits of investigation, of considerable literary reputation, and apparently a broad churchman. He says of Mission work generally, "No impartial observer can learn for himself the interior details of our missionary settlement in India, to whatever form of Christianity it belongs, without a feeling of indignation against the tone which some men of letters adopt towards Christian missions." He speaks of the "little bright spots" in Orissa "within the circle of missionary influence;" he speaks of the missionaries as "the pioneers of education," as introducing into Orissa "a new culture and a new literature,"—and as doing "an immense amount of indirect good."

He says of your own mission: "There are two settlements of Christian missionaries belonging to the Freewill Baptists from Dover, New Hampshire, U. S. The principal one is at Balasore, and counts 154 native converts, whose social status seems to be better than that of native Christians in other districts. Two or three hold respectable positions in the government service, and the main body of them are industrious mechanics or peasants. They have an important out-station at Santipur, near Jaleswar, with 85 native Christians engaged in agriculture; and an interesting Christian village at Mitrapur in the Nigiri Tributary State, consisting of thirty-one persons. They are all small husbandmen and well-to-do. There are also two promising schools of orphan children, rescued from the famine of 1866, and containing 112 Christian children." Mr. Hunter's idea of the prospects of Christian mission work is not of the most flattering and sanguine character. But it is not unfavorable. He says: "Missionary efforts have made but little progress in actually converting the people." "The strong attachment of the Hindus to their ancient rites in Balasore, as elsewhere throughout Orissa, affords small prospect of conversions on a large scale." "Education has made havoc of ancient faith; and the most orthodox of the rising generation only abstain from open skepticism. It may be that the Hindus are entering that dark valley of unbelief which stretches between every old religion of a noble type and Christianity. The lamps by which their fathers walked during so many ages have burned out, and the more perfect light of the coming day has not yet dawned."

But our great indebtedness to Dr. Hunter is not on account of the modicum of praise or encouragement in mission work he allows himself to give us. This is but a small matter. The service he renders is chiefly in throwing open Orissa in its history, religion, and life to the whole reading world. After the study of his two volumes upon the "vicissitudes of an Indian Province under native and British Rule," one feels that Orissa is a familiar country; one sees its purple hills, its great and passionate rivers, its rich, luxuriant jungles, its multitudinous temples and shrines, its rice-fields, and mango-groves, and sea-made shore; and one watches with him the motley stream of pilgrims that crosses the Cuttack bridge and throngs the road to Pooi, where Juggernaut, the Lord of the world, rears his ancient pagoda. Especially one has a new interest in the tribes that people the Tributary States. The Khand, as described in the second volume of "Orissa," and the Santal, as sketched in the "Annals of Rural Bengal," are unusually interesting and attractive studies. Our missionary efforts must be directed to these tribes. They are fresh children of nature. They have not the craft and subtlety of the Hindu, nor his supple and cringing temper. They are frank, bold, home-loving, of fierce and yet of noble and hospitable disposition. The greatest successes of missionary toil, during the past year in Bengal, have been among the Santals. One never can cease to mourn over John Orissa Goadby's grave, since he, in God's providence, had consecrated himself to special work among the Khand. The Freewill Baptist churches will do well to sustain their mission that one or two laborers may always be among the Santals,

and may not be hampered by schools or orphanages, but devote themselves wholly to evangelistic work. The number of missionaries in northern Orissa, or Lower Bengal, whom the Freewill Baptists maintain, is singularly below their means and power. Three times as numerous as general Baptists in England, there ought to be no difficulty in maintaining an equal number of men in the field. Five or six male missionaries, and a like number of female missionaries, it should be easy to find and send and support. The number is sadly reduced now. Dr. Bachefer should not return alone. One or two young men should accompany him. Neither English General Baptists nor American Freewill Baptists should rest till the gospel is preached and churches are planted throughout all Lower Bengal, and throughout all Orissa,—from the mountains of Morbhanj, the seat of clouds, to Chilika's changing lake; from Balasore, the ocean-born, to the wild hills of Boad.

THOMAS GOADBY.

New York Correspondence.

NEW YORK, July 29, 1873.

NEW YORK CHURCHES IN SUMMER.

Some discussion has been excited by a sharp remark in one of the daily papers upon the closing of the churches of the city in summer. It is my impression that this custom is less freely indulged by churches than formerly. I hear of very few churches closed, and these are mostly of the extra fashionable order which are not much missed for religious purposes. Their proper congregations are entirely out of town—in fact, would not be seen in town after June 15th for any consideration—and as for transient attendants, such churches are careful to have it understood that their accommodations are not intended for outsiders, at any time. Much fuss and fun has been made over them, these elegant pocket churches are very few, and insignificant. I could name two or three of them perhaps without mistake.

In general, our churches of all denominations maintain their Sunday services, though a few take two or three weeks in August for cleaning and freshening up. If repairs or alterations are in any case determined on, the summer is of course the season. But ordinarily, though the city pastors receive a needed vacation from their severe labors, the services are performed for them by a "supply." There is no other season of the year when the church sittings, always greatly in excess of the demand for them, are so excessively so in the summer. All the Methodist and Baptist churches are kept open through the summer, so far as I am aware all the Reformed, and nearly all the Presbyterian and Episcopal. In the Saturday paper I counted notices of services in ten Episcopal churches, eight Baptist, as many Presbyterian, including some of the largest, which are never ordinarily advertised, and the usual number of Methodist. Many of them were notices that their pulpits would be supplied through the summer.

The fault about the city churches, in my opinion, is that they suspend their church work, outside of the pulpit, for the summer, in so many cases. They are weak handed at this season, it is true, and few of them could muster half their ordinary quota of Sunday-school teachers and scholars or prayer-meeting goers. There is a prevalent opinion that it is better to suspend these services, therefore, than to sustain them feebly. On the contrary, one would say, the weak season ought to occasion the best efforts of will and ingenuity to tide over it, in place of succumbing outright.

It is just here, in the midsummer heats, that that wonderful thing, the Fulton-street Daily Noon Prayer meeting, shows its supernatural vitality. It well occupies, every day, the large old church on the corner of Fulton and William streets, in the lower extremity of the city, three-quarters of an hour's ride from the average locality of dwellings. The same characteristics mark the exercises in heat or cold; the same embarrassing multitude of requests for prayer; the same animated activity; the same difficulty in getting an opportunity to speak. The new chapel appears to be disused for the purpose of this meeting, as the congregation assembling daily in the church would be very uncomfortably crowded in that small "upper chamber."

One of Dr. Tyngr's people tells me now that their entire system of church and mission work, comprising five distinct establishments, is in full activity throughout the summer—which can not mean full handed activity, of course. The same may be said of the mission schools and chapels generally. Mr. Hepworth's and Dr. Robinson's churches are doing their accustomed work, and many others that might be mentioned.

THE SLAVERY OF CHILDREN.

The article by Mr. Brace, on the Little Laborers of New York city, in the *August Harper's*, deserves public attention. The number of children of tender years enslaved by their parents in the city factories, without education or a chance for proper physical development, is painfully surprising, as revealed by Mr. Brace's investigations. In the numerous tobacco factories at least 10,000 children are kept at work, half of them of decidedly tender age.

Think of a baby of four years, earning a dollar a week at stripping tobacco! This, Mr. Brace says, was "the youngest child we saw employed in the tobacco factories." I shouldn't wonder if it was. As for that weekly dollar, blood money must be nice in comparison with it. "In artificial flowers, 12,000 'pale and sickly girls' are employed, two thirds of them under twelve years of age, and many only five to seven years!"

The little tobacco slaves earn their parents and proprietors four or five dollars a week, sometimes, at twelve years of age. Some little girls only eight years old bring home \$3 a week! In ten paperbox factories, employing 10,000 children, the little wretches work all day and then have to bring home work to do in the evening. As all this is piece-work there is no evading the exacting of the "full tale" which the dread of cruel punishment can wring from the weary little hands. As an illustration of the intensity with which these little hands are driven—something quite inconceivable in rapidity to those who have not witnessed it, we are told that an expert girl will paper 22 gross, 3,168 packages, of chewing tobacco in a day of ten hours. This is over five per minute, "including stops!"

A girl can count and box 18,000 collars a day. Making necessary allowance for delays, her rate of full speed must be not less than three dozens per minute. Trust the inhuman parents of these children to whip them up to all they can do. This admirable, lightning-like dexterity is like the wonderful feats of the infant phenomenon in the circus: forced by the terror of pitiless beating which compels tender childhood to anything conceivable.

The estimated number of children employed in our manufactories is 100,000. All that is most pitiful and wrongful in the condition of these children would be remedied by the law which Mr. Brace and his coadjutors have been for sometime urging upon our legislature. Massachusetts and Connecticut have such laws, and in Great Britain incalculable benefit has been conferred by them. It is not ill but well that the children should labor and labor smartly, for it is the best part of any one's education. What they want is a simple limitation of their hours of labor to forty-eight per week, until fourteen years of age, a prohibition of all factory labor under ten years, and a certain measure of compulsory education. Connecticut, it seems, is blessed with an almost forgotten anti-fugitive slave-law statute, which is doing good and unforeseen service.

THE HERALD NEWSPAPER.

I have been looking through the prodigious printing establishment of the New York Herald. The press vault alone is over fifty by one hundred feet and crowded to the last inch of space with the seven huge printing machines required every morning to work off the daily issue of the paper. There are two Buelock machines, said to be capable of running off a "token" per minute, both sides at once. These are usually employed on the supplement, but on Sundays all the seven are required for the regular sheet. Ordinarily, the regular eight-page sheet is printed by three eight-cylinder and two ten-cylinder Hoe "type revolvers," all of which are crowded into one row a hundred feet long and near forty feet wide. The regular morning edition is said to run between 140,000 and 150,000. The Sunday edition reaches 170,000, and extra news days go as high as 200,000. But this is not the most wonderful thing. The real wonder is that there are 200,000 men able to read, who imagine they are reading a newspaper when they roll their eyes through the hodgepodge of sensation exaggeration and blatherskite that make up the *Herald*.

Vidi.

Breaking Stones.

Not real stones, but hearts of stone,—hard and unyielding, effectually resisting the truth. But the management of the one may throw light on the right management of the other. There is a stone-cruiser near by, where stones are broken to a proper size for macadamizing the streets. It is needful that large boulders be broken to a suitable size to enter the machine. This is done by the use of a heavy sledge in the hands of a stalwart workman. This might seem to be a simple affair, and it is, and still it requires some qualifications on the part of the operator, as any other successful feat does.

Our brethren of the Irish persuasion are not remarkable for skill, nor for achievements which demand vigorous and broad conceptions of things. But they split stones well. I have seen them do it, and think they exhibit very commendable qualities for their work. And in telling how it is done, possibly some hints may be furnished how to soften and rend the other kind of stone mentioned above. I observe great deliberation on the part of those workers. They do not smite at random, and so waste force. They turn the stone over several times, and thus find the most promising surface upon which to commence operation. There is economy in this. For by it flaws are saved, which otherwise would be wholly ineffective, or result only in shivering off a corner, instead of breaking in twain. When fairly at work, their blows are slowly dealt, but are very hard, and very encouraging to success.

Men sometimes seek to break the hardness of sin in a very different way from this. They are very earnest and very active, but

they lack discretion. There is a good deal of indiscriminate and haphazardness about their work. They neither study human nature, nor observe the laws of mind. And yet their failure is a great astonishment to themselves. They say, did not we employ the truth—and didn't we work hard? Exactly! but you didn't work well. There is method in breaking hearts, as well as in breaking stones. There is a way not to do it, as well as a way to do it. In winning souls, there is a precept somewhere, which says, "Be ye wise as serpents," and another, "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt."

Again, these stone-smiths exhibit great patience and perseverance in their work. Rarely the first or even a few blows, however hardly dealt, do the work on these clear, hard stones, blasted from a solid rock. Indeed, I have never seen it done without many blows. The sledges are very heavy, and the weather sweltering hot, and the blows apparently wholly ineffective, and yet they go on with exemplary patience and with an unyielding determination. I stood and counted them once—ten, twenty, thirty, and the bolder seemed just as sound as ever. Thirty-nine. No visible effect, save the production of an external scar.—Forty, and the stone was rifted in twain as though it had been as brittle as glass.—That hard blow did it, you will say. The last blow did not do it. The first blow was just as needful as the last, as was the case with every succeeding one,—each tending to weaken the line of rift preparatory to the final result.

"Let us not be weary in well doing! for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." Herein lies the condition of success, working on patiently and perseveringly. How many efforts have been arrested through impatience or weariness when just on the eve of success. How many races have been cut short for the same reason when the goal was just in reach. Pastors work long and hard, witnessing little or no apparent fruits of their labor, and at last, quit the field quite in despair. Had they worked on just one month, perhaps one day longer, the joyous harvest season would have come in, with its large sheaves and ample fruitage—but also and mostly, perhaps, because of the unwearied toil of the months previous. Has the night been long and the watching tedious? Behold, the morning cometh. Has the winter been protracted, and, through its inclemency, its work painful and of little success and promise? The voice of the turtle dove shall yet be heard in the land—and the successful sowing and joyful reaping shall be to him who sows in hope and waits in patience, though the winter preparation, and spring sowing, may long precede the autumn in-gathering.

Are hearts dull and hard, resisting any influence of truth, though well directed and steadily applied? One more blow and all the others are saved; withhold that, and all the others are lost. How many precious interests have been saved, churches, institutions, souls even, by that one grace, perseverance—never giving up.—J. F.

A Woman's Question.

An infidel was lecturing on his favorite topic, against the Bible and Christianity, in one of the largest towns of the north of England. He was particularly bitter against the word of God. At the conclusion of the lecture, feeling much delighted with his effort, he said, "If any one wishes to reply, let him come forward and speak."

After a brief period, a middle-aged woman came up to the stand, and said: "Sir, I wish to ask you a question?"

"Well, my good woman, what is the question?"

"Ten years ago" she said, "I was left a widow with eight small children; my husband died poor; he left me not much except a Bible. That book has been read daily, and I've found sweet comfort and great support in its gracious truths. God has blessed me and my children, and has mercifully supplied my wants and theirs. I have a good hope in Jesus Christ, and expect when I die to dwell with him forever."

"Now, sir, what has your belief done for you?"

Rather confused, the infidel replied:

"My good woman, I've no desire to interfere with your enjoyment."

"That is not the question. What has your way of thinking done for you?"

Much confounded, the man beat a retreat amid the laughter of a large congregation, who felt the widow had surely and effectually silenced the infidel.

Dr. Hodge on Prayer Theories.

We find the following fitting sentences under the head of "Prayer" in the third and last volume of Dr. Hodge's "Theology," just issued:—"The man of science has no idea how small he looks when, in the presence of Christ, he ventures to say that nature has never been crossed by spontaneous action; that Christ's will was not a cause when he healed the sick, or opened the eyes of the blind, or raised the dead by a word, or when he himself rose by his own power from the grave. To say that the facts never occurred simply because, according to the ephemeral theory of the hour, they could not occur, is the infinite of folly. It is a thousand times more certain that they occurred than that the best authenticated facts of

history are true. For such facts we have only ordinary historical evidence; for the truth of Christ's miracles, and especially of his resurrection, we have the evidence of all the facts of history from his day to the present. The actual state of the world and the existence of the church necessitated the admission of those facts to which God himself bore witness of old by signs, and wonders, and divers miracles, as he does still in a manner absolutely irresistible in the gift of the Holy Ghost. To hear the whole gospel even constructively pronounced a lie is a sore trial to those who have even a glimmer of the faith of Paul, and who can only say with quivering lips what he said with the fullness of assurance: 'I know whom I have believed.' Scientific men are prone to think that there is no other evidence of truth than the testimony of the senses. But the reason has its institutions, the moral nature its *a priori* judgments, the religious consciousness its immediate apprehensions, which are absolutely infallible and of paramount authority. A man might as easily free himself from the operation of the laws of nature as from the authority of the moral law, or his responsibility to God. When, therefore, men of science advance theories opposed to these fundamental convictions, they are like bats impinging against the everlasting rock."

Events of the Week.

A FEMALE ATTORNEY IN COURT.

In a suit for damages in a Washington (D. C.) court last week, Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood appeared on one side, contending against male lawyers. She conducted her case creditably, but it is not stated whether she won or not. This is the first case of the kind in Washington, and the cases in the United States are very rare.

DEATH OF A CELEBRATED BOTANIST.

News has been received at the Smithsonian Institute, of the death at Quito, Ecuador, June 21, of Dr. William Jamison, the celebrated botanist and correspondent of several scientific institutions in this country. Professor Orton, formerly of Vassar College, now prosecuting discoveries along the valley of the Amazon, will write a biography of Dr. Jamison, whose death is attributed to exposure while ascending Chimborazo.

POOR CHILDREN'S EXCURSIONS.

The series of excursions for poor children in Boston was successfully inaugurated last week. There were two or three excursions, and the children evidently enjoyed the treat, for they were in a state of uncontrollable wildness during the whole day. About 550 went on each excursion, and it took quite a force of police to keep them within the bounds of respectable behavior. But they were bright days for the little urchins, and can hardly fail of producing good results.

MR. SUMNER AND MIXED SCHOOLS.

Senator Sumner, being congratulated by the colored citizens of Washington on his improved health, took occasion in his letter of reply to refer to the system of separate instruction for whites and blacks. He deprecates it. He thinks it violates the constitution and outrages equal rights as much as ever slavery did, and urges the negroes to be a unit in breaking up the system. The letter has called out various comments, some favorable, others not. Mr. Sumner adds that he hopes to be able to continue the championship of equal rights in the next Congress.

DEFRAGGING THE INDIANS.

The report of the investigations of the Indian committee of the last House of Representatives into the extensive and fraudulent private contracts with various Indian tribes for the collection of annuities, negotiation of treaties and other services in Washington, has just been published. The most wholesale and unprecedented frauds on several tribes are proved, and recommendations made that the contracts be annulled, suits for the money instituted, and important general legislation for the better protection of the Indians inaugurated. A great many Indian agents are proved to have defrauded various tribes to the extent of many hundred thousand dollars. It would be worth while to follow up the recommendations of the committee.

POSTAL EXCHANGE DENIED.

For some weeks a correspondence has been going on between our Post Office department and that of Great Britain, with a view to establish an exchange of postal cards at a low rate of postage, but the British authorities decline the proposition on the ground that they are opposed to any lower rate of postage than is now paid on letters. The proposition of the United States was to have an exchange of postal cards by an addition of one cent postage, the same as now with Canada.

MILITARY PARADE.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston, the Newburyport Veterans, the Amoskeag Veterans of New Hampshire, the Putnam Phalanx of Connecticut, and the Light Infantry Veteran Association and the First Infantry Regiment of Rhode Island, united in a grand parade and excursion to Rocky Point, R. I., Wednesday. The governors of five of the New England States and many other distinguished gentlemen were present. General Burnside was president of the day. The exercises consisted of a dinner and speeches at Rocky Point and a parade in Providence in the evening. The whole affair passed off most successfully. These are all old companies, some of them having kept up their organization since the Revolution.

S. S. Department.

Sabbath School Lesson.—Aug. 10.

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

THE BEATITUDES.

MATTHEW 5: 1-12.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is said of Jesus in this verse? What multitudes were these? What mountain was this? Who came to him?
2. What did Jesus do? To whom was this instruction given? For whom was it intended?
3. What is the first beatitude? The meaning of "blessed"? What is it to be poor in spirit? What words are omitted from this beatitude, in Luke? Luke 6: 20. Why are such blessed? In what sense is this true?
4. The second beatitude? Why are mourners called happy? What kind of mourners are meant? What comfort do such have? Where must we find, in sorrow, our consolation? Is. 61: 1-2.
5. The third beatitude? Why are the meek happy? Who are the meek? Is there any contradiction between this and the first beatitude? What is meant by "inheriting the earth"?
6. The fourth beatitude? Why are such happy? What is it to hunger and thirst after righteousness? What to be filled with?
7. The fifth beatitude? What kind of mercy shall such obtain? When shall they have it? What is God called? Ex. 34: 6; 2 Peter 3: 9.
8. The sixth beatitude? What is purity of heart? What is the reward of such? The meaning of "they shall see God"? Why can not the impure see God, in this sense?
9. The seventh beatitude? What is a peace-maker? The meaning of "they shall be called the children of God"? What happiness in this?
10. The eighth beatitude? What is persecution? What is meant by "for righteousness' sake"? In what sense is theirs the kingdom of heaven? How can a person who is persecuted be happy? When does Christ say such are blessed?
11. The ninth beatitude? How does this differ from the former? How much force does the word *truly* have in this verse? How much the clause "for my sake"? What was the object of Christ in pronouncing persecuted Christians happy?
12. What does he tell us to do? Why? What will be the reward of such more than of others, in heaven? Which of these beatitudes is most precious to you?

NOTES AND HINTS.

1. The multitudes that had been attracted from Galilee, Decapolis, Jerusalem, Judea and beyond Jordan, by the fame of Christ, presented to him one of the best opportunities for unfolding the principles of the kingdom of heaven which he had come to establish on earth and among them. For this purpose he ascended a mountain and sat down to teach. Luke says that Christ came down and stood in the plain, when he healed the diseases of the multitude, and spake this discourse. Luke 6: 17. Various efforts to reconcile this difference of statement have been made; some have thought that Luke refers to another time than that of which Matthew speaks. Others have thought that the accounts are of two different discourses. Still others suppose that after healing the sick, and before the delivery of this discourse, Christ changed his position. If the verse cited above be read carefully, it will be seen that Luke says that Christ descended to the plain to heal. After performing these miracles, he may have gone up the mount a little way, for the purpose of addressing the people. When Matthew says, "seeing the multitude he went up into a mountain," we are not to suppose that he went a great distance, or for the sake of separating himself from the people, but to secure a favorable location from which to speak. If he was on the side of the hill, and they on the plain, he would have all the advantages of a pulpit. It was customary for Jewish teachers, during the delivery of an address, to sit rather than to stand.

The mountain on whose side this richest of sermons was preached, is near to Capernaum, as the fifth verse of the eighth chapter shows. Tradition, without much authority, yet perhaps with good reason, has selected a mountain, called "Horns of Hattin," as the spot. It is so formed as to answer the charge of a contradiction between Matthew and Luke; for Hattin is a ridge of land running east and west, having two points or horns at each extremity. Besides, the ridge between the horns is the border of an extensive plain. The top of the eastern horn is circular and flat, and the top of the ridge itself is "leveled to a plain," so that, had Christ preached on the ridge, or from the side of either horn, the description of both writers might be true.

By "disciples" in this verse, we are not to understand the apostles, but learners, or those whom he taught as master, or who heard him as pupils at a teacher.

2, 3. Some commentators lay stress on the clause "he opened his mouth," as denoting "confidential and solemn communication," but with equal propriety we might attach significance to the fact that he *sat* and taught. It is an oriental idiom, like "he answered and said," and means no more than this, he spoke, said or taught. The first beatitude pronounces happy the poor in spirit. "Blessed are the poor in spirit." The word *blessed* means happy, and hence beatitudes are states or conditions of the happy. Luke says, "blessed be ye poor," omitting the words "in spirit," added in Matthew. We thus understand the kind of poverty which is blessed, and see why poverty of that kind makes happy. Poverty, in itself considered, is not a state of blessedness. A law of nature pronounces the condition of want, a condition to be outgrown as an evil, to be escaped if possible, as not an excellence. Poverty "in spirit," in the sense in which Christ used the words, is an excellence. Poverty in outward things may be a state of virtue, because occasionally by righteousness, because it is the rigorous penalty imposed by men on fidelity to virtue. Such poverty is blessed always.

The humble before God, the needy in spirit are "blessed" because "theirs is the kingdom of heaven," that is, they meet the condition necessary for all to honor who would become members of Christ's family, and recognize themselves to be accepted children of God; or they have the sure promise of heaven with its wealth of good after death, or both of these blessings belong to them, since one involves the other. Surely that soul is to be called happy who is of God's household here, and sure to be of his household hereafter.

4. The second condition in which man is happy, according to the principles of the Great Teacher, is that of the mourner. What kind of sorrow is blessed? Is sorrow of any kind to be called happy-sorrow? The sorrow of bereavement, the sorrow of loss of riches, health, friendships, earthly comforts of any kind, is not in itself blessed. Sorrow for sin, sorrow for poverty in spirit is blessed. It leads to righteousness, and thus to comfort. It is true that the mourner—on account of earthly ills—is comforted of Christ. The gospel is the friend of the stricken and wounded soul. The promises, hopes and gifts of the Lord strengthen the weak, and wipe away tears from the afflicted. One of the sweetest promises of the Word of God is that which promises healing to the broken-hearted. Luke 4: 18.

The mourning here called blessed is penitence, as the reason for calling it blessed shows: "they shall be comforted," an unqualified promise. Christ comforts every heart sorrowful for sin, by pardon, sanctification and salvation.

5. The next class of persons whom Christ calls blessed are the meek. Meekness is an excellence, a Christian grace. It is not therefore linked with poverty and sorrow—natural evils, in spite of which Jesus, it is true, makes the disciple blessed, but with humility and penitence—virtues like itself when voluntarily sought in the pursuit of righteousness. By meekness is meant loving forbearance towards those who injure us, the patience of love under wrongs and injuries. When we suffer evil without malice, or desire for revenge, or hope of vengeance, but rather in pity and patience towards those who unjustly send the evil on us, we do as Moses did. We exercise a virtue that Jesus cultivated in his own breast. "I am meek and lowly in heart," he said, he proved. Meekness is not pusillanimity, is not a state of mind without spirit, courage, vindication of one's rights or one's self. But it is these with kindness and grace towards our enemies, or it is these exercised in the way of showing patience, mercy, love for those doing us wrong.

"For they shall inherit the earth," "and" as it should read, a scriptural phrase originated in the wilderness before the land of Canaan was conquered, and passing into speech as a general promise of earthly prosperity, as a promise, too, of an inheritance in lands beyond the Jordan of death. Happy are the meek, then, because they have the "promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." Probably this is what Christ meant when he said, "they shall inherit the earth." For three reasons at least, the meek may expect prosperity on earth; their character is best adapted, on the whole, to achieve success. It is the character that secures the honor and trust of men; it is the character that has the promise of God's providential favors. It inherits the heavenly land because it is a preparation of heart for it.

6. "They which do hunger and thirst after righteousness" are pronounced "blessed," and this we might well expect. Christ came to establish a kingdom of righteousness, came to show men the nature of righteousness, illustrate its beauty and lead men to it. To save sinners from sin is to make them righteous, and this was a central object in the mission of Jesus to men. Hence we expect him to pronounce above all the aspiration for righteousness a blessed state. The appetite for it, when deep and active, like crying hunger and thirst, is blessed. The soul in that state is happy, for then it loves what God loves, hungers for that which God made it to eat, thirsts for that which we famish without.

To be filled with righteousness is to become as righteous as we desire, when desiring righteousness with all our hearts. The Saviour shows us that those whose meat it is to do the will of God shall be conscious of peaceful satisfaction, as the result. Here then is the promise of pardon, of renewal, of the Holy Spirit, of sanctification, of heaven.

7. Christ pronounces happy the merciful, because they shall obtain mercy from God when every joy would be blasted without it, and every good is secured with it. Mercy is an attribute of goodness highly esteemed in the Bible. It is one of the fairest of virtues, exercised more by God than by any other being, and hence inculcated as a virtue for those to exercise who would be his people. Mercy is favor to the suffering, and to the miserable. It is often used to denote the state of mind in which God forgives sins. Theologians distinguish mercy from grace by making the miserable subjects of the former, the ill-deserving subjects of the latter quality. The Scriptures use the two words often as the same. Here the mercy denoted is that of man toward man. The habitual exercise of mercy is destructive of covetousness, and none but the benevolent can be said to be merciful in the sense here intended. An open field for the use of mercy is afforded us in society. Wherever the Christian finds men he has an opportunity to exhibit this excellence. It is a rarer virtue than we think, for it exists only in him who aims to promote the happiness of others at some expense to himself.

8. The pure in heart are those whose sins are forgiven, whom the Holy Spirit has renewed, who are now sincerely aiming at the welfare of men, the will of Christ, the glory of God, and prove this aim by acts, principles, motives that accord with it. The sincere in our holy religion are pure in heart. They are blessed, for "they shall see God" not as a judge, not as an avenger, not as "dreadful wrath," but as a father and a friend. The sight promised is not of the natural eye; it is the eye of faith that sees God, and consciousness reports the certainty of the sight. To see God is to feel our hearts in communion and fellowship with him.

9. The peace-makers are those who promote harmony and good-will among men, who are foes to war, enmity and ill-will. In families, neighborhoods, towns and states peace-makers are angels of God, convert-

ing the earth into a paradise. Blessed are they, especially if they seek to make men at peace with God, and so with each other; for only such peace-makers can secure permanent good-will to the heart. They shall be called the children of God, a title more desirable than of prince royal, or of president, or king. "Children of God" are such, for it is like the Son of God to pull up hate and plant love among men; for God is the great Peace-maker, converting hearts of enmity into hearts of friendliness and peace.

10. Christ does not mean to say that it is a blessed thing to be persecuted for righteousness' sake, nor that it is more blessed to live in times of persecution than in peaceful times, when the right to worship God according to the dictates of our conscience is conceded to all; but he means to say that the man who has faith in him, and under great persecution adheres to him is, notwithstanding his sufferings, greatly blessed. "Theirs is the kingdom of heaven," the kingdom that is within the soul, the kingdom that is in the skies. Martyrdom is a short way to heaven. This does not encourage us to make religion offensive so that we needlessly suffer. It does encourage us to be positive, bold, persevering Christians, having principles that can be tried in the fire and come forth unharmed.

11, 12. To be reviled and falsely spoken evil of, for the sake of faith in Jesus, are here mentioned as if Christ were prophesying of events to come, and preparing minds there for future trouble. The emphatic words in the eleventh verse are "falsely," and "for my sake." Take them from the passage and you strike out the twelfth verse. Wordly men have evil spoken of them, and falsely spoken of them, but it is not "for my sake." Christians may have evil spoken of them truly, may have evil spoken of them because they are not true to Jesus, or as members of society without regard to their Christian profession, and this not come under this promise.

When disciples are unjustly traduced because they are Christians, great is their reward, greater than of those who suffer less, than of those who show less heroism of devotion. This has been, in other ages and countries, the lot of disciples, of a vast, uncountable multitude. John saw their reward, and has described it as great. Rev. 7: 13-17. His words agree with the teaching of Christ. Martyrs have been enabled, looking forward to this great reward, to endure the worst forms of human suffering. Christ has had many witnesses who have literally rejoiced in severest agony because of their conscious peace in him. Their reward, however, was not here. An eternal life recompenses them abundantly for what they suffered on earth. So will it recompense abundantly all who faithfully, in times of prosperity, adhere to his truth.

Communications.

Homeward.

BY REV. J. M. W. FARNHAM.

VESUVIUS, POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

We completed our preparations over night, in order to start for Vesuvius early in the morning. One may go on the railroad to a point near the foot of the mountain, and thence ride donkeys, or go on foot. We preferred to take a carriage to the Hermitage, and walk from there. Portici is four miles from Naples, and the drive through the city and along the road that winds round the bay is very pleasant. Houses line the road on both sides, forming one continuous street. Resina and Portici are two villages covering the site of ancient Herculaneum, which lies imbedded in the solid, rock-like lava from sixty to one hundred feet below the present streets. We descended by a winding stair-case, and walked through the streets and houses of this ancient city. A guide, torch in hand, pointed out the objects of interest, the seats and stage of a large theater, &c. Passing through one of the long, dark alleys, imbedded in one of the walls, we saw a skeleton of a human being, whether a prisoner in chains, or how it happened, we could not learn, but he had apparently died and been buried in the solid rock in a standing posture!

Pompeii, on the other side of the mountain, was covered with ashes, and the excavations are made easily and are more extensive. Florelli, who, under Victor Emanuel, has charge of the excavations there, has discovered a process by which he takes a cast of many of the victims. He found the bodies had decayed, leaving in the hardened ashes a mold the exact shape and size of the person. Into this cavity he pours plaster-of-paris and gets a perfect cast of the person, giving the lineaments and expression of the face at the moment of death. By this process, after eighteen centuries, here is a counterpart of the victims as they died. Florelli has thirty or forty of these tell-tale casts. In nearly every case there is an expression of suffering. Specimens of sculpture, painting, and many other objects of interest have been collected from these buried cities in the museum of Naples.

Passing through the village of Resina, which almost joins Portici, we were beset with a crowd of men and boys, offering their services as guides, or seeking to sell stout canes to assist us in our ascent. But the carriage passed on soon, leaving vendors of canes and fruit, beggars and guides far behind. After leaving the village, the road winds through cultivated fields up the mountain. The old lava has become disintegrated and forms a rich soil, where we saw grape-vines and mulberry trees growing in great luxuriance. Hedges of hawthorn and patches of the bean plant, in full bloom, fill the air with delicate fragrance. From the time we left the noise and bustle of the village, we distinctly heard the explosions of Vesuvius, booming like a gun, and, looking up, the lava could be seen

shooting into the air two hundred feet above its top.

The road winds in a zigzag course up the hill, and every town reveals enchanting views, "in which vineyard and tower, and city and land, and water and island, and ship and distant sea" are mingled.

In half or three-quarters of an hour we reached the Hermitage. Here are two buildings, one a place of entertainment, the other the Royal Observatory, a good, substantial structure of the light colored stucco so common here. These buildings stand upon a ridge or spur of the mountain, and the streams of lava have flowed down on both sides within a few years, destroying every trace of vegetation, though the ridge itself is covered with grass and shrubs. Prof. Parmieri has charge of the observatory, and remains at his post recording observations during the most violent eruptions. Here we leave the carriage, and rejecting the kind offers of numerous lazy Italians who proffered their services as guides at exorbitant rates, we took the narrow path leading to the foot of the cone. With the exception of the ridge alluded to, fields of lava greet the eye in every direction. Its gray and blackened surface covers all the ground, leaving not a vestige of vegetation. One is puzzled to account for the windings, twistings and convolutions, and especially the ridges where it has been piled up in places several feet high. But, looking carefully, you can see how it moved along red hot, constantly cooling in front and on the surface, while that behind and beneath still hot pressed the cooling mass on and sometimes piled it up in ridges and hillocks, or rolled over and over upon itself, or was dammed up only to gather new force and move on, carrying devastation into the valley below.

From the Hermitage to the base of the cone we walked about a mile, over "loose and lumpy masses of black slag which have been thrown from the volcano like bombs from a mortar." At the foot of the cone, the guides, one for each person, assisted us in the rough and rugged ascent. You go up a zigzag path at an inclination of 30 or 40 degrees, holding fast to a rope or strap attached to your guide's belt. The rough pieces of lava of all sizes and shapes roll and slip beneath your feet, and sometimes you feel in danger of going topsyturvy to the bottom.

You spend an hour and a half in climbing, slipping back and occasionally sitting upon a block of lava, looking up at the mountain-top, smoking and every few minutes discharging the red hot lava in the air with a tremendous explosion; or contrasting the desolation immediately around with the verdure and beauty of the hills and valleys below.

When you reach what you imagined the top of the mountain, you find the crater rises still higher, one hundred or one hundred and fifty feet, the sides composed of ashes into which you sink half way to your knees.

We were now in such close proximity that the sight was grand and terrific beyond description. The explosions came with greater frequency and with terrible violence, sending large quantities of red hot lava some two hundred feet into the air. It turned black before commencing its descent, and was borne by the wind in our direction, falling not far from where we stood. Sometimes a piece as large as one's head would fall directly where we were standing. But it was easy to see where it would strike, and step aside. Still the ladies were terrified, the children cried, and one started to run down the mountain. It required a little tact to re-marshal our forces and direct their faces to the goal,—the top of the crater.

It was evident the lava all came from the side of the crater nearest us, and that the wind was from the east, bringing it towards us,—that, if we went half way round the foot of the crater, we might, without exposure, ascend from the opposite side and stand upon the topmost edge. The guides pronounced it impossible, and other travelers said it was too hazardous. But we had come to Naples expressly to see Vesuvius, and from Naples to the top of the mountain to accomplish our purpose, and were not to be diverted when so near the attainment of an object so dear to us.

The ascent was made without much difficulty, and we found the old crater resembled an immense bowl perhaps two or three hundred yards across its top. We stood upon the topmost edge. From our feet outward it was composed of ashes descending at an angle of about 40 degrees. On the inside it was nearly perpendicular, covered with a sulphurous powder and smoking slightly and burning in places around the edges; on the north-east this rim had been torn away, and walking round to that part, we descended to the center of the old crater which was now extinct. Looking down still farther than it was possible for us to descend, the mouth seemed choked up and emitted no smoke.

But upon the western edge of this rim there were five new craters, one of which was very active. We watched its boiling, seething surface. Sometimes it overflowed, and large pieces would roll down into the old crater, gathering up the cinders as it went. Then after a few minutes' intermission there were explosions, and the whole surface of the melted matter disturbed and much of it sent into the air, a considerable part falling back into the mouth of the crater to be melted and boiled and shot out again.

"The descent is easy." You have but to get a good start and down you go, over another path from that which you ascended with so much difficulty. You sink into the ashes up to your knees, and sliding, stepping, hopping and jumping in five or ten minutes you reach the foot of the cone.

On looking back we were surprised to see there had been an eruption and the melted lava was flowing down the mountain over the path we went up a few hours before. As we rode back to Naples, we

watched it creeping down the mountain side. The eruption had been discovered at Naples, and the road was full of parties on foot and in carriages going to see it.

In the evening the sight was very grand. The melted lava was pouring from the mountain through four craters and running down the mountain like four streams of fire. During the next day a new crater broke out perhaps a hundred feet lower down than the four or five described. The melted matter thus finding vent came rushing down the mountain with great violence, surrounding and enveloping many of the spectators. Over how many these red hot floods flowed it is impossible to say. Some say at least one hundred lost their lives, while thousands in the villages below were forced to fly from their homes with scarcely a moment's warning.

Rev. B. B. Smith.

The following sketch of the life and service of Rev. B. B. Smith, who lately died as a missionary in Orissa, is taken from the *Spectator*, a paper published we think in Calcutta:

Mr. Smith was born at Sandwich, New Hampshire, U. S. A., March 20th, 1820, and was therefore fifty-two years and eight months old at the time of his death. His parents still survive him, and are passing a peaceful old age at the homestead. Of his childhood and early youth, the present writer knows nothing, save this, that he had a pious mother who gave him religious instruction. At the age of eighteen, he experienced the new birth; and very soon after this change was wrought in his heart by the Holy Spirit, he began to feel that it might be his duty to preach the Gospel. The Master was calling his youthful servant, in the freshness and fervor of his early consecration, to a great work, but grave doubts beset his path, and the darkness was at times oppressive. Ten years went by, all the while his mind more or less deeply exercised on this most important subject. It was the discipline of doubt of which Sir William Hamilton has philosophized so beautifully, and which thousands who could not philosophize have experienced. These ten years were devoted alternately to attending and teaching school, and the habits of study then formed, marked the whole future life of Mr. Smith.

The struggle against strong convictions of duty was now abandoned, and he calmly and firmly decided, by the help of God, to consecrate his life to the work of the Christian ministry. The victory was won, and those grievous doubts never recurred. With his life-purpose clearly in view, his loins girded for a calling so significant, and applied for admission to the Biblical School at Whitestown, New York. In thorough earnest he entered upon the prescribed course of theological study, and, having successfully completed it, was honorably graduated from the Institution.

His attention had before this been attracted to the conditions and claims of the pagan world, and his studies at Whitestown served to foster and make more deep and intense the desire of his heart to labor for the heathen; so that in October, 1851, we find him at the Anniversary meeting of the Foreign Mission Society, held at Lebanon, Maine, for the purpose of offering his services to the Mission in Orissa. Having been examined and accepted by the Board as a missionary to India, he immediately set himself to making the necessary preparations for leaving his native land. A few months later, in August, 1852, he and Mrs. Smith sailed from Boston, U. S. A., for Calcutta.

The first station assigned Mr. Smith was Balasore, and that was the scene of his labors during the whole of his missionary career. After nearly nine years of service in this unfriendly climate, illness obliged him to return for a season to his native land. Health came again to his enervated frame, and with it the ardent desire to resume his work in Orissa. Re-appointed to the Mission field, he reached Balasore at the close of 1869. And there, in his own house, after three more years of toil and much suffering, our beloved brother fell at his post, on the 22d of November, 1872. The Master bade his servant rest. His grave is close by the Mission chapel, where he loved to preach.

Aside from the simple facts narrated above, it is fitting to say a few words concerning the good man and faithful laborer, whose death inflicts a heavy blow on the Mission which he served so faithfully for twelve years. Much loved and respected by his colleagues throughout his whole term of missionary service, they would most cheerfully testify to those kindly qualities of heart, which bound him to his associates as a brother beloved in the Lord, and a choice and cherished friend. All who knew and loved him can not forget those traits of character which marked him as a modest, sincere, and earnest Christian worker.

Mr. Smith was a man of few words, but great industry. While his quiet, unassuming manner won the admiration of observers, it no doubt enabled him to accomplish far more in his chosen work. Ever busy at something good, this seemed to be his life-motto, and his daily walk proved how well he learned at the feet of the Great Teacher, who "went about doing good." The writer has often thought that Mr. Smith experienced much of the blessedness, the very luxury of doing good, and knew more than many seem to know the deep and precious significance of the words of the Lord Jesus, when he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." He not only did his work, but he delighted in doing it, and he devoutly thanked God for the privilege of working to save souls.

Another distinguishing trait of Mr. Smith's character was his conscientious faithfulness in dealing with the members of his flock. One might have thought that

so calm and humble a man could hardly administer reproof, but offenders knew how deep his well-weighed words went, and how hard it was to forget them. Still, no one doubted that it was done in love. Combined with this trait, there was another which lay back of it, and was the main-spring of action. This was his thorough devotion to the best interests of the Mission. He looked upon the work committed to his hands as a sacred trust, and it was the firm purpose of his life to be true to it. Our brother labored most unselfishly and zealously for the building up of the church of Christ in Orissa. In each department of a missionary's duty,—and how many such there are in a field like India—he took a hearty interest, and tried to do his best. Naturally fond of mechanics, he took a great pleasure in the Balasore Industrial School, and the lads under instruction there should ever keep fresh in mind how hard he tried to make of them intelligent and independent men, who should fear God and do good in the world.

A cheerful hopefulness pervaded the life of this servant of God. He loved to look always on the bright side. To a teacher perplexed or discouraged, to a native preacher in trouble, or to a missionary brother struggling with difficulties and doubts, he could always speak some word of cheer, and point so trustfully, even triumphantly, to the precious promises that never fail. His last year was one of embarrassment to the Mission. Sometimes it would seem that the home churches had well nigh forgotten the missionary enterprise. The home Secretary was discouraged, and his letters most disheartening. The prospect was dark enough. But Mr. Smith's oft-repeated remark was this,—"Let each of us do his duty. God will bring all out right." So he believed, and so he sought to hearten others.

The very briefest sketch of our departed brother would be incomplete without mention of the crowning feature of his life, which was a genuine, hearty love for his work. This was that kept him at his post, when he might have been justified in leaving it on account of serious illness. This trait shone through all his words and work. Disease did not quench his love for Christ, and these perishing souls of his charge. He counted it even a joy to suffer for Christ's sake in this his chosen field. When repeatedly urged to leave his station for a season of relaxation and rest, he chose to stay and work there to the last, and his wish was granted him.

The last three years of Mr. Smith's life in India were attended with much physical pain. Dysentery in an aggravated form brought the poor, patient sufferer more than once to the very verge of the grave. Again and again in answer to many prayers, strength was given him to rally, and fond hopes of recovery were revived. Though brought thus close to face with death, he still clung to the hope, that he might yet have many days for labor in Orissa. Indeed, not until the last week of his life did he seem to realize that the time of his departure was at hand. A month very pleasantly spent at Benares, in the happy home of our friend and brother, Mr. E. J. Lazarus, M. D., seemed to prove beneficial, but ere he reached Balasore, the old foe attacked him again most fiercely. He was very kindly cared for by friends at Calcutta, until able to proceed further. Resting a little at each of the intervening stations, he at last got back to his own house. But he was carried to his chamber to die. It pleased God not to detain his servant long in this scene of suffering. His last days were made pleasant by the generous care and friendly interest of the kind residents at the station. The skillful Civil Surgeon could not have been kinder or tenderer in his attention had he been a brother. But not medical science and art, nor the bountiful care of fond friends could beat back the approach of the last enemy.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath.
And stars to set, but all—
Thou hast seasons for thine own, O Death."

Death never found a calm believer in Christ ready to depart. On the dying-bed our brother did not forget to speak words of cheer and comfort to those members of the Mission circle whose privilege it was to attend him in his last moments. To one at another station he sent the hopeful message, so like himself, "Tell—to trust in the Lord." His last utterance was this: "Oh, bless His holy name for ever." Thus peacefully and triumphantly did our beloved brother bid adieu to the scenes of his earthly pilgrimage. Of his life and death we may say with truth—

"Life is the torrid day, made more so by
Burned by the wind and sun;
And death the calm, cool evening hour
When the weary work is done."

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

Support the Right.

Of all the acts of cowardice, the meanest is that which leads us to abandon a good cause because it is weak, and join a bad cause because it is strong. The smitten deer is said to be avoided by the herd,—it is the instinct of the brute; but in the higher law which reigns in the breast of mankind and woman kind, you never saw the smitten son abandoned by the mother. I have, in the great questions of the day, educational and religious, in Scotland and in Ireland, cast in my lot with the minority, which, in due season, became the majority; and when I left any cause, it was because it had waxed strong, and did not need my poor aid. We have to see to it that, in the struggle of life, we stand by right and not by might, being sure that, in the end, the right shall have the might.—*McCosh.*

Selections.

Loving the Giver.

The sunflower, like a Mazian old,
Follows its God all day;
I can not keep my wayward heart
Upon my God away.

The daily blessings of my lot—
Gifts from his loving hand—
I think of them more than of Him,
They in the God-light stand.

I taste the joys of youth and health
Mid this fair universe,
And oft find happiness in what
The school-men call a curse.

I know the joys of mind and heart,
The blessing of dear friends,
But sometimes sadly fear my heart
On these alone depends.

God meant I should enjoy his gifts,
But not in these things rest;
In them forgetting him, who is
"O'er all, forever blessed."

I see with every changing year
Friends pleasure pass away,
And only the unchanging God
Can be my final stay.

I see with every passing day
How strong temptation's power,
And all my love for earthly friends
Is powerless in that hour.

I would not love the pleasures less
My gracious God bestows,
But that I long to love Him more
My God and Father know.

To long to love is half of love,
May mine grow to the whole,
That I may love the Lord my God
With heart and mind and soul.

—Selected.

The Cloistered Soul.

We don't want any cloisters in the world,
but it is absolutely necessary for every
Christian to have one in his own heart.
The soul needs solitude—longs to get out of
the noise and turmoil of humanity, so that
it may hear God speak.

I don't say that we can't be alone in company;
yes, indeed! there is no solitude like
that of incongeniality, every good thought
repressed, all religious intercourse restrained.
The unsympathetic solitude of crowds
is infinitely drearier than the calm, still solitude
of nature.

But when the soul "through desire" separates
itself here, even solitude is eloquent; God
is not here, nor there, God is everywhere;
and just as soon as we draw near to him,
he draws near to us. Not what he is
always near, but then he bends down his
head to listen to our cry, let us feel all the
sweetness of his love, all the mighty ten-
derness of his Nature. Listens to our com-
plaints and sorrows, hears our penitence
accusations, comforts us with most pure prom-
ises, pardons us without upbraiding, with-
out reservation, without penance.

Happy are they, who, like Isaac, can wander
off into the fields at eventide, and meet
God alone there. They renew the sweet
intercourse of Eden, and hear "the voice of
the Lord God walking in the cool of the
day." Nor do they need to hide themselves
among the trees, neither to come before
him with sacrifices, for he is a reconciled
God now, and the offense of the tree of Eden
has been for the justification by the tree
of Calvary.

Some, like Nathaniel, go into their garden.
Those who have seen the thick, um-
brageous shelter of the Southern Fig-trees,
under which even from tropical rains there
is safety, can understand why Nathaniel
should have chosen its green, cool, hiding
place. The soft, tender light, wealth of
lovely foliage, the delicate purple fruitage,
the singing of birds among its long, the
silence and solitude of a tropical garden
make it a grand cathedral for a still, wait-
ing, communing soul.

But Jesus saw him! The leafy screen,
the separating stone wall of all eastern
private houses were transparent to Omnis-
cience. Happy Nathaniel! His cloister
could bear the Eye of God. He was aston-
ished, indeed, but he was not afraid. Oh!
there were no solitudes in our lives which
we would blush over if the Saviour should say,
"When thou wast there I saw thee?"

And, thank God! there are places we re-
call with swelling, joyous hearts; as Jacob
did Bethel, as David the Hill Mizar as John
did Patmos, as Nathaniel did the fig tree!
The little room, the humble church in which
God first spoke to us can never be forgotten.
There are places mean enough in men's
eyes, which have been the very gates of
heaven; narrow rooms that have been the
camping grounds of angels; common high-
ways that are royal roads to heaven. Where-
ever we have "met God," wherever Jesus
has "come in and supped with us," where-
ever a great affliction has been nobly borne,
a great temptation conquered, a little love
shown "for Christ's sake," there, there is a
little "temple not made with hands," and
there the soul has made communion, im-
mediate with God.

I do not say that private intercourse with
God is the all-important thing in Christian
life—and yet—and yet—I am inclined to be-
lieve it is; for we may be sure that he who
meets God often in secret, will not neglect
the gathering together of the saints. He
will long to honor his God in public, and
offer him the homage of his heart before men.

Private prayer comes so close to us, it is
so personal, and it has such peculiar advan-
tages to a loving, longing heart. First there
is its unlimited frequency—no gates are
shut in the heart's privacy, and the closet
door is always open, and the great temple
of nature is always "full of his glory." The
priest is always waiting to intercede, God is
always ready to listen—under the fig tree in
the fields at eventide; in the cool, still
wood; by the sea-shore, within the chamber
it is always Sunday. Then there is its free-
dom—all the joy and bitterness of the heart
can be poured out into an ear never deaf to
our complaints. Again, it is in the closet
we learn to know ourselves, we meet with
our own hearts, and are able to converse
with them—for in the world we hide our-
selves even from ourselves, but sitting alone
with God we feel deception to be no longer
possible. But most of all the heart's closet
is invaluable, because there we get the
evidence of religious faith and real love of
God. "If we were in a congregation with
a person we disliked, we could very well
endure his presence; but if we were left
alone with him, nothing would be so desir-
able as the door." How then is it with
our souls? Do we love the presence to
God? Are we happy to be shut up alone
with him? Is he to us altogether lovely,
and the Chief among ten thousand?—*Chris-
tian at Work.*

A mean man never knows that he is
mean; he only thinks that he is cautious.

The riches of the soul are unlimited, but
those of the body have their certain bounds.

To feel the want of reason is next to hav-
ing it; an idiot is not capable of this sensa-
tion.

Idleness is many gathered miseries.

Jesus Will Come for Us.

"I will come again, and receive you un-
to myself; that where I am, there ye may
be also."

There is no every man a sense of loss in
parting with every material thing he has
ever possessed, his wealth, his business,
the fruit of his long years of industry, and
with the body in which he has lived; there
is a sense of dreariness in the thought of
his body, which almost seems himself,
being carried out and buried among the
dead, and there to lie beneath the beating
storms of ages, until it has been absorbed
into the elements, and only in a new form
to be gathered up and revived when the
voice of God calls it forth. There is the
feeling of loneliness in going off on the
mystical and unknown voyage, the dearest
objects of our love accompanying us to the
shore, but no one able to step within the
dusky barge that in darkness is to bear
us away.

Now surely it is enough to counterbal-
ance all such thoughts about death, and to
invest it with a very different aspect, if
we see it but as that moment in our history
when Jesus Christ comes himself for us to
take us to himself. We picture death as a
hideous figure coming to destroy; let us
rather picture Jesus Christ in glory com-
ing to save. We think of death ending
let us think rather of life beginning, and
that more abundantly. We think of los-
ing; let us think of gaining. We think of
parting; let us think of meeting. We think
of going away; let us think of coming.
We think of going away, and a voice whispers,
"You must go," let us hear the voice of the Good
Shepherd saying, "I will come." If Jesus
thus comes for us at death, we shall never
see the grave or the churchyard. They may
keep our bodies for a time, but we
ourselves shall never die. We go with
Jesus.

If Jesus comes for us, we do not go
forth into a world of mystery and dark-
ness, knowing not where, nor how far.
We simply go with and to Jesus. If Jesus
comes for us, we do not go forth alone.
When we lose hold of the clasping hands
of the most beloved of all on earth, another
hand, of one in whom we are all one, and
whose love forever binds us all, holds us
fast, and our faces are withdrawn only to
be replaced by the countenance of one
who is bone of our bone, and who is a man
of sorrows, who himself died, and who
while he takes us away, as a triumph of
his love, can comfort those we leave be-
hind as he comforted Martha and Mary at
Bethany, or his own mother in her hour of
agony. It is thus that the one promise, "I
will come again and receive you unto my-
self," should change darkness to light,
death to life, the grave to glory, and make
us exclaim with the quiet peace, the sober
and solemn calm of faith in the midst of
much to distract and disturb the soul,
"Yea, though I walk through the valley of
the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for
thou art with me." If "absent from the
body, I am present with the Lord."—*Dr.
Norman Macleod.*

One True Religion.

The sky, whether studded with radiant
stars or hung in gold, or purple, or one
azure field over which the sun wheels his
glowing course, presents always a glorious,
occasionally a very extraordinary ap-
pearance. Not one, but two suns are
there; and in the Arctic regions, as if to
compensate the long period when their
skies are left to perpetual night, there are
sometimes three blazing away in brilliant
rivalry, and shedding increase of light on
sparkling icebergs amid the dreary wastes
of snow. Yet though there were three
hundred suns, only one of them could be a
true sun. The others, which are produced
by a peculiar state of the atmosphere, be-
ing, though bright, yet mere images, are
analogous, to borrow a familiar illustration,
to the multiplied candles that shine on the
silvered facets of a reflector. As with
these suns, so it is with the various reli-
gious systems of the world. They are
many; numbered not by units but by hun-
dreds. Almost every new country that
voyagers have discovered, has, with new
trees, new flowers, and new animals, pre-
sented a new form of faith. The world has
no building large enough to hold all the
gods that men do worship. Yet though
greater in number, and much greater in
essential differences than the races of
mankind—for, differing in color and con-
tour as the negro and the white man do,
they meet in Adam; God having made of
one blood all the families of the earth—
among these many religions there is but
one true; the rest are false—false as the
mock suns of an Arctic sky. For as God
is one, truth is one; and though the true
may be separated from the false by a line
as sharp as the edge of a razor, still they
stand as irreconcilable as if they were par-
tles of the whole distance of the poles.
There are "words many, and gods many,"
yet but one true God; even so there are
many faiths and forms of religion, and yet
but one "pure and undefiled before God."
James 1: 27.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

As a Man Dies so Is He.

When a man dies he does not lose him-
self; he keeps himself. This selfhood is
the one thing he can not escape from; and
this selfhood is the product of all he has
thought, said and done; of all he has en-
joyed and suffered, of all he has gained
or lost. He keeps his character, and that
is all he does keep, as he passes into the
next world. The putting on a seraphic
nature is not another sort of nature, but
the same nature raised to a higher scale; it
is the extension of human nature that has
already been raised from the boy nature to
the man nature. Our daily acts and habits
are not like the figures the school-boy
writes upon his slate, which one brush with
the sponge of death will rub out; they are
inscribed upon the memory and impressed
upon the soul, and they can not be quickly
or easily erased. Character, as every man
or false is the sum of all that has been true
or false in all of purpose, of all opportu-
nities slighted or improved; of all the
influence others have exerted upon our
temper and faith. Into every future we
enter we take with us just what we have
made out of the past. Every moral victory
we gain gives us new strength to gain
greater victories still. Every defeat we
suffer exposes us to more "easy defeat
another time. According to the way we
lived yesterday we begin to-day; and as
we live to-day we shall begin to-morrow;
and after that way all our to-morrows are
lived we shall begin the life beyond.
Night's sleep does not remove from the
heart the propensity to dishonesty; it is
carried over into the action of another day.
The unhallowed passion, of last week sways
us with accumulated violence this week.
The selfishness of last month clamors more
loudly for gratification this month. The
bad or good qualities of the old year ad-
here to the very fibers of the soul as we
enter a new year.

Death does not interrupt this all-prevail-
ing law. We shall be the same just after
death as we were just before. We shall
start on the next life just where we left off
in this. As we awake from the sleep of
death we shall be precisely what our whole
life has made us. Life is like a river
which takes into it the qualities of the soil
through which it flows and deposits them
in the all-embracing sea. Yonder state-
ly tree has been gathering up for a century
its solid growth of trunk, branch and wav-
ing foliage from all the elements of nature;
from the showers that watered and the
droughts that scorched it; from the Sum-
mer suns that nourished and the Winter
frosts that tried it; from the breezes that
coolly fanned and the gales that fiercely
battled it. Thus a man draws into his
character from all the influences of life;
from the mercies that bless and the adversi-
ties that strip him; from the difficulties
that toughen and the successes that encour-
age him; from the trials that test, and the
hopes that inspire him. From day to day,
from year to year, from life to death, it is
said of each of us, "He that is unjust, let
him be unjust still; and he that is filthy,
let him be filthy still; and he that is right-
eous, let him be righteous still; and he that
is holy, let him be holy still."—*The Uni-
versalist Quarterly.*

Songs in the Night.

God our Maker "giveth songs in the
night." So said Elihu to Job. The
Apostle Silas and his companion Timotheus
Silas and Timothy began their ministry in
Europe, when they were seized by order
of the magistrates of Philippi, and cast
into prison. Racked with pain, as they
must have been, sleepless and weary, they
were heard at midnight, from the depth of
their prison-house, praying and singing
praises unto God.

In all this Paul and Silas were not sin-
gular. God gives songs in the night to
his faithful people. When Samuel Rutherford
was sentenced to imprisonment in the city of Aberdeen,
for righteousness' sake, he wrote to a
friend, "The Lord is with me; I care not
what man can do. I burden no man, I
want nothing. No king is better provided
than I am. Sweet, sweet and easy is the
cross of my Lord. All men I look in the
face, of whatsoever rank—nobles, poor, ac-
quaintance and strangers—are friendly to
me. My Well-Beloved is kinder and more
warm than ordinary, and cometh and visit-
eth my soul; my chains are over-gilded
with gold. No pen, no words, no engine
can express to you the loveliness of my only
Lord Jesus. Thus, in haste, I make for my
palace at Aberdeen."

When Madame Guyon was imprisoned
in the castle of Vincennes, in 1655, she not
only sang, but wrote songs of praise to her
God. "It sometimes seemed to me," she
said, "as if I were a little bird whom the
Lord had placed in a cage, and that I had
nothing now to do but sing. The joy of
my heart gave a brightness to the objects
around me. The stones of my prison
looked in my eyes like rubies. I esteemed
them more than all the gaudy brilliancies
of a vain world. My heart was full of that
joy which thou givest to them that love
thee in the midst of their greatest crosses,"
a sentiment which she embodied during one
of her imprisonments in a touching little
poem, begins thus:

"A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air,
And in my cage I sit and sing,
To Him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleaseth Thee.

A good man in great trouble kept re-
peating, "Why art thou cast down, O my
soul?" His wife, at length, asked why he
did not repeat the rest of the passage,
"Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise
him." There are "songs in the night" for
all if they will but look to him.

Few Words.

Man in his higher as well as in his lower
life, lives not by bread alone, or by
what men may call bread, but by every
word that proceedeth out of the mouth of
God. By that Word, he gave us life at
first, and by the same Word he sustains that
life, and strengthens it more and more unto
the end. Therefore, we must listen for
that Word, for listening is to that food of
the soul that eating is to the food of the
body; therefore, if we would thrive in our
souls, and grow strong within, we must
have ever a sharp appetite, and a keen
relish for that heavenly food we must be
ready to hear than to offer the sacrifice
of fools. Not in deed, that our inter-
course with God is to be all hearing. If
God is not to be silent to us, no more must
we be dumb. If he graciously speaks, he
as graciously listens. He is the hearer of
prayer, and to him shall all flesh come,
with their confessions, their petitions, and
all the sad details of their sorrows and their
sins. It is ours, oh, blessed and priceless
privilege! to lay our petitions on the steps
of the throne as well as wait and hear the
answer of the King. But even then it be-
comes to us to demean ourselves as those who
are coming to a King. Our petitions
may be large, let our words be few and
well weighed. Let them not outrun the
sense, outrun and overshoot the real con-
viction and inward feeling of our souls.
Here, of all places in the world, let us be-
ware of words that are mere words—mean-
ingless, hollow words. Better be silent al-
together than thus to trifle with the holy
majesty of heaven. "Be not rash with
thy mouth, and let not thy heart be in haste
to utter anything before God; for God is in
heaven, and thou upon earth; therefore, let
thy words be few."

Heavenly Economy.

"Gather up the fragments that remain
that nothing be lost." Multitudes of men,
women and children labor daily because
they must. There necessities compel
them. They have no other motives than
to procure food, shelter and clothing.
They are slaves. Necessity is their master,
and they are driven to their toil by
his whip. They get nothing but what
they work for—freedom from the lash,
and a supply for their natural wants.
They get no culture, no intellectual and
moral development. There are no frag-
ments after their feast. They eat every-
thing to the bone. Others, again, work
for comfort, for elegance, for beauty, for
fashion, for wealth and power. Whether they
succeed or not in the thing they work for,
they obtain nothing beyond it if they
work for these alone. There are no frag-
ments for them—no higher soul within.
Another class, and I fear much the small-
est, do the same natural thing. They
cook and sew, and order the household;
they buy and sell; they dig in the field,
and work in the sooty shop; they make
money and hold office and gain honors
and power. But they do more than this.
They put a higher purpose into their work

and they reap a much larger reward.
They do not work any harder—they do
not work so hard—their ruling motive is
to do good, and not to get good. They
work from love to the Lord and man, and
while they get the same natural wages,
they get an amount of spiritual good that
far exceeds in value their natural wages,
however great they may be. They are en-
larging their souls, and forming them into
the image of heaven, and preparing them
to receive heavenly and eternal delights.
They reap the fullest reward of their labor
on every plane of the mind. Every fac-
ulty is fed, and there is more than they
can receive that will last to eternity. It is
not a miserable waste to work for that
which perishes in a day, when you can get
the temporal wages, and gather up an eter-
nal reward besides? Can there be any
other economy than that which calls all
man's faculties into play, from the highest
to the lowest, and gathers up the spiritual
as well as the natural reward?—*Rev.
Chauncey Giles.*

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Jesus

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6, 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.

By the Rivers.

This fierce summer heat drives the crowd to the cooler places. The open country, the forests, the mountains, the beaches, the lakes, the streams,—all these are resorted to. Ease and comfort are in constant and wide demand, and almost any reasonable thing is welcome that may keep the starch from evaporating out of the linen and the energy from wholly deserting both body and spirit. Anything to avoid sitting.

That simile used in the first psalm comes home forcibly just now, when the grass is parched, and the foliage droops, and the rivulets disappear, and even the forests have to fight hard to keep their greenness and their shadows. The writer is thinking of the righteous and faithful man, and this is what he says of him: "He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, which bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." In the East, where the summer heat is scorching, and the drouth is long and terrible, this figure of the tree by the perennial river has wondrous force and beauty. Only the trees that stand with their feet in the stream keep their leaves unwithered and round up their fruits into lusciousness. The orchards that sigh vainly for moisture present a sorry aspect. Greenness fades out of the foliage, and the husbandman sighs over the poor prospect of a harvest. But the trees planted by the rivers hold their verdure all the fierce summer through, and shower down their products when the autumn comes round.

At this season the piety of men and women is tested, as well as their muscles and nerves. The churches show whether or not they can bear the strain of summer heat. Many a professed disciple, who seems to flourish in spirit at other seasons, exhibits few evidences of strong life now. The reason is soon found. They are too dependent on surface and temporary influences. They rely on artificial refreshment and stimulus. They have not planted their piety by the unfailing rivers. And so their graces wilt. Their songs give place to silence. Prayer loses both frequency and fervor. Their speech is less flavored with grace. There are symptoms of feebleness. The fruit promised is not maturing. And the question comes up, whether the religious life will survive the summer, or be enlarged by the cool breezes and the refreshing rains of the later season. It is a sad sight;—not less so because it is so common.

Blessed are they who are planted by the rivers; who find refreshment in the unfailing stream; who draw a perennial life from the fountain that never fails; who flourish all through the summer heat and drouth because they draw their life from the infinite fullness of God! There are such souls. One never looks to them for symptoms of decay. At home and abroad they are alike marked by the green leaf and the ripening fruit of a vital and active religion. They do not give their piety over to its chances when the dog days come in. They carry it with them to the country, and let it shine in the little rural church, and neighborhood prayer meeting, and modest Sunday school. They wear it meekly as a graceful robe amid the glare and glitter of Newport and Saratoga. It shines with a steady light in the parlors of the great hotels. It is kept amid all the mountain climbing. It flavors the evening conversation on the piazza. It comes out in unselfish courtesies in the crowded cars. It bends over the Bible when sensational novels are in almost every other reader's hands. It reverently remembers the Sabbath day even when the city churches are closed, or the crowd of tourists are planning a teppening excursion, as though one need seek nothing save his own pleasure during the sweltering weather, and while the vacation tour is not completed.

It is well if, at this fervid season, one can find coolness and exhilaration for the body by stream or sea. It is far better to have the soul so vitally related to the streams of salvation flowing from God, that its life may not suffer, no matter how fervid the heat, or fearful the drouth, or changed the circumstances, or however sadly other souls may exhibit the signs of failing, or the first symptoms of approaching death.

What does it Mean?

During the past week, the following item has been passing about in the columns of the newspapers:

Twenty-two Chinese females, brought by steamer on Monday from Hong Kong, were sold by public auction at San Francisco, yesterday, in the Chinese quarters. Young girls brought as high as \$450 each, and middle-aged and old women from \$200 to \$100 each.

What does that mean? Have the barbarous practices of the old world been transplanted to our own shores? Is the traffic in human flesh, which was driven out of the older states, to be inaugurated in the new? Are the shambles which would not be tolerated in Richmond acceptable things in San Francisco? Did the decrees which made black flesh sacred authorize yellow flesh to be held as goods and chattels? Is the African to be always treated as a human being, and the Chinaman to be held as property? Is a man's capacity outraged by being treated as a commodity, and is a woman's virtue to be publicly held as a marketable thing?

It is quite possible, nay, we accept it as probable, that there is something of the nature of apprenticeship, or indenture, or

binding out to service for specified terms and wages, in the transactions here described. We can not imagine that the sales referred to are of precisely the same nature as those which take place on the African coast, or those which so long disgraced a large part of our own country. There is doubtless some feature in these transactions,—not now reported for the first time,—that gives them the color of legality and possibly the semblance of justice. Neither greed nor prejudice, strong as they are on the Pacific coast, would hardly venture upon so extreme or audacious a proceeding as actually to reduce Chinese women to the level of mustangs and mules, corner lots and gold nuggets. The bodies and brains of these immigrants must surely have something exceptional about them, which even a California trader must recognize in the open market-place. The sense of justice, the idea of honor, and the sentiment of civility can not have so died out of the public mind in the Golden State as to put up with transactions that many a barbarous people would indignantly scorn.

But there is a real and a shameful meaning in such a paragraph as this. It stands for an acknowledged prejudice, hatred and injustice toward these Chinese immigrants that can find no proper apology. These people are often shamefully treated and brutally outraged. They are dealt with as though they were unauthorized intruders. Legal rights are denied them. Social fellowship is refused. They are cursed and spoiled. The worst elements of the community set upon them with hatred and violence on their arrival, and the authorities too often wink at the offenses against justice and good order. They are victimized in trade. They are provoked into resistance, and then coolly shot or foully murdered. Individual villains secretly way-lay and rob them, and mobs attack their dwellings, spoil their substance and imperil their lives.

Now against all this it is quite time that the manhood and womanhood of the country should protest, and its Christianity organize itself for their defense and profit. If the liberty and religion of which we boast so much here in America, can not or will not put a stop to such tyranny and inhumanity as are constantly practiced upon these Chinese immigrants, whom Providence is bringing to our doors that we may illustrate good government in their presence and show them the higher value of the Christian over their Pagan faith, if this can not be done, it is time for us to end the pharisee's egotistic brag and begin the publican's prayerful confession.

Speaking Lightly.

We have often thought that religion received harm from the trifling manner in which some of its professors speak about it. One would suppose, to hear them, that the Saviour had done a very admirable thing in dying to redeem them, and that it was a very good-natured thing in them to pretend to be his followers. In various shops and stores, and in fact in nearly all departments of life, there may be found those of all ages who seem to have very imperfect ideas of the conduct that becomes a Christian profession. They are as ready to set a crowd of loafers laughing by repeating some misconstrued expression that a fervent sister may have used in prayer-meeting, or to give texts of Scripture a double and unintended construction, and in various other ways to show themselves devoid of any serious religious sentiments, as are those who make no such profession.

When John reported that he had just forbidden a certain person to cast out devils because "he followeth not us," Christ rebuked him, saying, "There is no man which shall do a miracle in my name, that can lightly speak evil of me." The same might be said of any person who professes to have been a subject of that great miracle, the transforming influence of Christ's love. He can not speak lightly of it, nor of any phase of the experience that properly grows out of it. He can have no suitable impression of the importance of a right direction nor an adequate realization of the wonderful and serious relations in which that life places him, if he can thus lightly speak evil of it.

But this is no plea for a long-faced expression of piety. There is manifestly a difference between the levity of many Christian professors and the spontaneous joy of those whose merry-heartedness does good like a medicine. The former generally proceeds from an insincere heart, in which there is no real conception nor experience of the love of Christ; the latter from a heart that beats quicker at the thought of that love, and that can neither be sad nor insincere in the possession of it.

A trifling tongue must doubtless be accepted as a sign of an insincere heart as well as of an empty head. A person who has had even one great thought must always carry himself steadier on account of it. We should judge that no man could have comprehended the plan of salvation, humanly speaking, and have had any proper appreciation of what it all signifies, without being filled with a kind of wonder the rest of his days. Let him declare himself as experiencing that love, and holding constant communion with the author of it, and looking forward to a final meeting with the finisher of it, and what place could there be left either in his heart or head for any sentiment that discredited that profession?

But one must have been a very superficial observer of the conduct of professed Christians, if he has not seen many who have been discredited it. We sadly remember once to have traveled two days with a gentleman whom we took all the time to be the editor of a comic almanac or a dis-appointed contributor to *Punchinello*, until informed that he was a prominent officer in a western church, and that he

thought the New England type of religion was too austere. Grant that there may be a kind of grimness about certain features of it. Men with a high sense of justice are apt to have more or less of that quality about them. But that it needs any such apology as the one alluded to we can not believe. It is said that men are sincere only as they believe, and that they are earnest only as they are sincere. If they fully believe, they are sincerely earnest, and adopt no sentimental go-between as a way of keeping along with both the conscience and the inclination.

The church suffers in many ways from this conduct on the part of its members. The world really and rightly expects something different from them. Not indeed that they be mere animated images, as void of human sympathy and real joyousness as marble statues, but that they show themselves as seeking eternal blessedness, rejoicing in the great love of God, and as though they would constantly repress a song as they think of it. Does the truly filial son speak lightly of the home and the parents that adorn and bless it? How much less can the true child of God by any word or act show a want of reverence and affection for the Father of all mercies? He would show a false heart. For now, as in the days of John, no one who has really experienced God's love can lightly speak evil of it.

Current Topics.

—THE CAMP-MEETING SEASON. Our Methodist friends are entering upon their great annual religious camping season. Throughout New England and the West either the sound of preparation is heard or numerous groves are echoing praises that go up from great throngs. By beach and cliff, mountain and river, in short, in the very charmingest places that could be selected, the Methodist pitches his tent, and unites rest with worship in the pleasantest way. That is one side. The other is the jockeying, the confusion, the tedious excitement, the exposure and the general work-day thoughtlessness that always characterize their gatherings. There is doubtless good in them. We hope the attendants will profit by it. There is plainly evil in them. But evil always mingles itself with our best efforts. We hope all the evil will be persistently shunned.

—A MEANS UNWORTHY THE END. The citizens of Louisville, Ky., want a public library. Many of those citizens are very wealthy. But to get the needed funds they consent to act as directors in a lottery scheme, by which simpletons generally and poor people almost wholly will be induced to furnish the money. Lotteries, for any worthy ends or among respectable people, went out of fashion long ago. It is therefore very strange that leading citizens of Louisville should indorse the establishing of a library by so unworthy means. It can be no very cultivated literary taste that would get its books in this way. Like the Louvre, which mainly represents the rapacity of an imperial plunderer, its every volume should proclaim the disgrace of enlightened and wealthy citizens who would consent to the employment of such a means.

—HONORABLE ACTION. The Brooklyn Trust Company, which was obliged to suspend operations lately on account of the embezzlements of dishonest officials, announces that it will at once resume business, and that through the integrity of its stockholders it will pay its indebtedness in full. This is a fortunate announcement, for the Company had stood so high in financial circles that its apparent failure to meet its obligations had greatly diminished faith in all similar saving institutions. Such would naturally be the case. Not only New York but the whole country feels the bad effects of such failures. We may congratulate ourselves that one company at least proves that it is still safe to trust our fellow-men.

—THE TRANSPORTATION OF EXPLOSIVES. Several disasters from explosives within no very long time have called fresh attention to the law which forbids their transportation on any passenger conveyance. Parties have just applied to Secretary Richardson for leave to transport giant powder on certain passenger steamers, but he properly refuses, referring the petitioners to the law which reads that explosives may be transported as freight on freight conveyances only, and must be plainly marked at that, the penalty of violation being \$2000 fine and eighteen months imprisonment. This law has been too often violated in the past. At the approach of every fourth of July, and to provide for many public celebrations, passengers by boat and rail are put in danger from this violation. The law should be stringently enforced.

—SELF-CALLED AND CALLED. A writer in the New York *Tribune* referring to the abundant criticism that is heaped upon writers by those who are confident that they could do much better if they should try, says:

When a man thinks he could be a man of letters if he would, he deceives himself. It is nearer the truth to say, if he can be a man of letters, he must. There is no resisting this vocation. Many go into the career who have no call, but none resist to whom the call arrives. There is no pursuit so poorly paid in proportion to the labor done and the force expended. A stock-broker will make more money in a day than a poet in a year, and will then sit down to his meat and drink with a peace and comfort that Milton and Dante never did and never could enjoy. But the men could not change places or lives. To the one are given money, and luxurious living, and the calm pleasure of swindling their friends, while the others have to be content with labor and pain and vast accomplishment and immortality. The latter is

best for the Miltons and the other is best for the stock-brokers.

It is only another way of stating the old maxim, that a person's place is made for him. But that is only another way of saying that nearly every individual is mentally capacitated for particular service. But we must also have doers of general service. Of course there are some things that certain people can do better than others could do them, or than they could do anything else. That is doubtless generally the case. But we like better the idea of an endowed humanity, with capacities that may be developed and trained, so that a person may in a certain sense call himself, so far as temporal service is concerned, rather than await a call from any foreign source. It would seem to open a wider field of service, and to offer, to the young and aspiring at least, much more encouragement.

—HOW TO BEAT BUTLER. This has become a serious problem in Massachusetts. Gen. Butler has set his heart upon the office of Gov., as he did two years ago, and he is working so assiduously that the chances of defeating him before the nominating convention do not look altogether favorable. An unprincipled political knave, but at the same time possessed of great shrewdness and considerable ability, he announces himself a candidate for the office, and proceeds at once to enlighten the citizens of the Commonwealth as to his fitness for it. To devise the best means of thwarting him a meeting of the representatives of the decent portion of the Republican party in the State was lately held in Boston. Messrs. Dawes, Hoar, Jewell, and other estimable citizens, and as well known for their integrity as for their ability, were present, and treated the question in a very becoming manner. It was apparent that Butler was not the free choice of the party in the State, and that his main chances lay in the caucuses to nominate delegates, all of which he was doing his utmost to pack with his own hired tools. It speaks well for the good sense of the men who made up this Boston meeting that it chiefly recommended that these caucuses be well attended, that the people, and not demagogues, express their choice, for it needed only free hands to defeat the arch schemer. May a kind providence deliver us from seeing so important an office degraded to Mr. Butler's level.

—A SINGULAR CASE. It rarely occurs that dismissing a pastor is considered as doing him a wrong that should be avenged. A few weeks ago the pastor of the Congregational church in North Stamford, Ct., was dismissed by the church, and closely following that came the firing of the meeting-house by the pastor's son and the death of the pastor himself from grief. The young man claimed that his father had received at the hands of the church. He was thought to be insane and was committed to the care of friends in Massachusetts. But last week he escaped, made his way back to his old home, and the same night fired the buildings of one of the deacons and those of other officers of the church, this time claiming that his father's death demanded such notice from his son. He is to be tried for the crime, but it would seem that a verdict of acquittal on the plea of insanity must be returned. It furnishes a singular instance of the strangeness of mental freaks, and of how variously such action as that which produced these results is regarded. There seems to be just cause of complaint over the way in which the pastor was dismissed, but it could be only a diseased or at least an unsound mind that would dream of such revenge. It will doubtless go on record along with the deed of the Candia somnambulist and a few others of that class.

—THE LATEST SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATION. The name is almost legion of those who have attempted, since the death of Charles Dickens, to finish the immortal author's unfinished story. Many of these attempts have been made anonymously but in the ordinary way. It has been reserved for the last one to cap the climax, both in its similarity to the portion already published and in the unusual way in which it is said to have been done. It is no less than the utterances of Dickens himself, who, it is claimed, speaks through the medium of a young and illiterate mechanic in Brattleboro, Vt. The young man pretends that since last Christmas he has been the almost constant spiritual companion of Charles Dickens, and that what he has written is only a record of what the great novelist has dictated. In this way he has completed the "Mystery of Edwin Drood" in a singularly minute and imitative way. Persons familiar with Dickens's style pronounce it without a successful rival. Of course it is mainly a piece of humbug. The world is not to be fooled by any such pretensions as are put forth to the authorship of the work. But when that is said, a mystery still remains. How could an unlearned mechanic, and one who has evidently been no reader of Dickens, produce the imitation that is claimed to have come from his pen? Evidently he could not. It is a suspicious circumstance that the mechanic's name is withheld. The only conclusion is that it is the work of some person of literary ability, who has acquaintance with Dickens's style, and also some shrewdness, and that he takes this method to excite an unnatural curiosity in a work from which he hopes for profit. But for the reliability of several papers and papers that give credence to the story, we should at once pronounce it the pure invention of some story-telling reporter. It must evidently be accounted for at no distant day, and perhaps in a way that will greatly chagrin all those who have, as we now do, given publicity to the report. But it fortunately doesn't imply that Dickens has become a fool since he died, as the professed spiritual utterances of so many others show.

BATES COLLEGE MATTERS. Our readers will not overlook the extracts from Dr. Cheney's baccalaureate discourse, nor the Charter of Bates College printed on our eighth page, nor the formal notice of the time for examinations and the commencement of the Fall term, found among the Notices in the usual column.

Denominational News and Notes.

Baccalaureate Leaves.

The text was that found in Mark 4: 28,— "First the blade; and the theme was: THE BLADE-LIFE OF THE COLLEGE, AND WHAT IT PROMISES."

The seed or seminary life was first considered, covering a space of nearly nine years; then the blade-life proper, or college life, covering a space of ten years. In the sermon were discussed the subjects of college reform and woman's right to the privileges of colleges. Certain statistics were also given, and the sermon closed with an address to the graduating class, in which especial allusion was made to the death of three students—Collins, Goodnow and Willis.

With these preliminaries, I send a few leaves to the *Star*, cut here and there from the sermon:

LEAF I. Leaving that part of the life of the college which is more properly historical, I come now to other questions, and to speak especially of its groundworks; and these, I think, are indicated in the actual work which the college has performed during the ten years of its existence.

1. It has done a denominational work. And in saying this, it is implied that it was founded for a denominational purpose, and certainly it was. This should be frankly admitted in the outset. Indeed, those who took an active part in laying the foundations of this institution of learning can not be justified on any other ground than that of denominational necessity.

There were fifteen well established colleges in New England at the time of the starting of this college in 1863—the oldest, Harvard, having been in existence 227 years, and the youngest, Tufts, nine years. There were two of the fifteen in this State,—Bowdoin and Colby,—the former having been in existence 69 years, the latter 43.

At the time of the starting of this college very many persons outside the Free Baptist denomination were quite generous in the remark: "We do not need a sixteenth college in New England, nor a third college in Maine." I regarded this remark at the time, and I regard it to-day, as virtually saying to the Free Baptist denomination in New England, "We do not need you. It is true, you have done something for Christianity and reform. You have followed bravely in the temperance fight. You have established churches in the western sections of the country, and planted a flourishing mission in India. You have led as bravely in the anti-slavery struggle. The feet of your heralds have been beautiful upon the mountains proclaiming a true evangelism." "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money." You have done your work. You have done it well. But you are a small people. The filling of five hundred New England pulpits in the next generation with five hundred well educated men is of trifling consequence to New England, to the country, to the world; and the sending of a score or two of missionaries to India is of less importance still. Your mission is fulfilled, your work ended. We do not need you."

All this our generous friends outside our own ranks said to us when they told us, ten years ago, that we did not need a college. For no far-seeing and unprejudiced man or woman believes that a religious people can have a vigorous existence in the last quarter of this century, to say nothing of the centuries to come, without a well-endowed, first class college. No matter what the past has been, or how good men have been, or how faithfully they have labored in the years gone by, such is the fact, and I thank God it is the fact,—the fact as evident as the sun-light. You meet it everywhere, in the country, as well as in the city. The people are intelligent, and are rapidly becoming more so; and public men of all professions, the Christian included, in order to meet the public demand must be educated; and the policy of the country has fixed the college as the proper school for the training of her public men. In admitting, as we do admit, that this college is denominational, we say it is so only so far as her sister colleges in New England are denominational. It has simply followed the policy established in New England by those who first landed at Plymouth. Yale followed Harvard in 1700; and Brown, Yale in 1764; and Trinity, Brown in 1825; and Wesleyan, Trinity in 1831; and Holy Cross, Wesleyan in 1843; and Tufts, Holy Cross in 1854. Here are seven Christian denominations in New England now represented by these colleges I have named: the Unitarian, the Congregational, the Baptist, the Episcopalian, the Methodist, the Roman Catholic and the Universalist; and the Free Baptist comes in as the eighth denomination to be represented by this college.

As then, at the time of the starting of this college in 1863, of the fifteen colleges in New England, the Congregationalists had seven, the Baptists two, the Episcopallians two, and the other denominations one each, the saying came with an ill grace from the friends of some of these colleges: "The Free Baptists do not need a college." For this is what they did say when they said: "Another college is not needed in New England; another is not needed in Maine." It is enough that in 1873 this college has an existence, and that it means to preserve it at any sacrifice; and if, in this year 1873, there are too many colleges in New England, or too many in Maine,—I do not say there are,—why, let those denominations that have more than one college in New England look after the matter. I do not

see as those denominations that have but one college have anything to do one way or the other. Tufts, as the fifteenth college, and Bates, as the sixteenth, have as good a right to life as the other colleges, and neither of them is responsible for the policy.

But, in saying that this college is denominational, I do not mean to say that it is sectarian. I mean this, rather,—that the college is the property of the Free Baptist churches of New England. These churches own it, as any of us our own houses and lands. Its trustees are but their representatives, and it is proper that a majority of them should be persons in good standing from their membership. No, the college is not sectarian. It is liberal, emphatically so; and I appeal to its record for the justification of this statement. Its religion, and I say it modestly, is that taught by the Saviour of men himself: Love to God and man.

The table it spreads is for all who truly love God and man; and hence its motto might well be,—Soul Liberty in word and in deed. It sits with open doors. It welcomes all. It meddles with no one's belief. And so while, during the ten years of its life, the college has done a general work for the State, for New England, and for the country, in educating men for all the liberal professions, and done it just as well as it would have done it if the college were under State rather than denominational management, and other things being equal, better, as I think, it has done a special work denominationally. And every good citizen, of whatever faith, or of no faith at all, if he wishes to be classed under that head, will say, if he says anything, "I rejoice that this special work has been done."

The college has not neglected any work it owes to the State, to the country, or to society in general; at least it is not conscious of any such neglect; but it has performed a service in particular, in removing prejudices from many minds on the subject of collegiate education as a help to those called to preach the gospel. It has sent out a good number of young men to fill pulpits which it is to be feared would not otherwise have been successfully filled, and it has fifty more in a course of training for as many other pulpits. And who can estimate the value of the influence these men are to exert upon society! The college has paid for itself, were it to go out of existence at this hour.

LEAF II. The college has done a missionary work,—a missionary work both home and foreign,—but I refer especially to the work of Foreign Missions. A Missionary Society was organized early in the existence of the institution, called after the name of a beloved missionary who has spent his life in India, and who, with a son and a few noble women is toiling there to-day. The younger Phillips was present at the organization of the college missionary society; and the college in his presence solemnly pledged its confidence, prayers, and support to the Foreign cause. It has come short of its duty to that cause, I confess with shame; and yet it has never forgotten the pledge. It has kept alive its days of prayer for the spread of the gospel. It has sent contributions to the mission treasury from its Faculty and students, and it has cheered the missionaries by correspondence.

O. B. C.

Green Mountain Seminary.

A cut of this Institution may be found on the eighth page. It is admirably located for its work in Vermont, and has now struggled through several years of difficulty and embarrassment. But perhaps it has met no more of these than falls to the lot of almost every educational enterprise that has a religious origin. For it seems to be the order of providence that all such undertakings, like the effort in the Christian life, should be led through an ordeal of trial.

But the friends of this school are not discouraged, and should it now receive from the Free Baptists in the State that patronage which it merits at their hands, it will flourish as never before.

There is need in Vermont of such a Seminary, which shall be a place not only of literary culture but also of special preparation for those who have the ministry in view. Vermont has sons capable of making as good ministers as we have in the denomination. There are numbers of young men growing up in our Free Baptist churches, who have the burden of this work resting upon their hearts; who feel called of God to preach the gospel. What such young men need more than anything else often, to bring them out, is an opportunity within their reach to fit themselves for the station.

Now, shall we oblige them to go far from home to institutions in other states, whence they will almost inevitably drift off into fields other than those waiting for them in their own state? Or shall we, by neglecting to furnish them suitable facilities under the auspices of our own denomination, drive them into the educational establishments of other Christian bodies, from which they are too often lost to us entirely?

What, then, shall we do for the numbers of pastorless churches in our State, and for the whitening fields among their green hills that are calling for such an increase of laborers?

Surely there are places enough throughout our denomination, places of responsibility and usefulness made vacant by death, or originating with new needs, which educated young men are wanted to fill. Vermont can furnish the men, and, if she will, the means to train them and fit them for these places. What she needs is to cherish her own institutions. The other states of New England have done so, and several Institutions and Seminaries belonging to our denomination are flourishing on their soil. New York is moving vigorously in this same direction in the case of Pike Seminary. Why should Vermont be behind the rest? She is not quite the least among the thousands of Israel.

What we need, just now, is concerted ac-

E. C. Howard, of Porto, Me.
In Brownfield, July 20, by Rev. A. G. Hill, M.
Warren V. Thurston, of Eaton, N. H., and Miss E.
Tripp, of Porto, Me.
In Harrington, July 24, by Rev. A. C. Pensele, R.
H. F. Brock and Miss Kettie Cater, both of B.
In S. Montville, July 15, by Rev. E. Knowlton, M.
Oscar L. Douglass and Miss E. Sherman, both
of Liberty.
In Epsom, July 9, by Rev. J. Baker, Mr. Warren
Baker and Miss Sarah J. Hall, both of E. July
Mr. Frank A. Buckford, of E., and Miss Juliette
Gray, of Palmyra, Me.

7

Poetry.

Darwinism in the Kitchen.

I was taken off my bonnet
One afternoon, at three,
When a hiscock jump'd upon it,
As proved to be a flea.

Then I takes it to the grate,
Between the bars to stick it;
But I hadn't long to wait
Ere it changed into a cricket.

Says I, "Sorelle my senses
Is a-gettin' in a fog?"
So to drown it I commences,
When it halts to a frog.

Here my heart began to thump,
And no wonder I felt funky;
For the frog, with one big jump,
Leaped himself into a monkey.

Then I open'd wide my eyes,
His features for to scan,
And observed, with great surprise,
That that monkey was a man.

But he vanish'd from my sight,
And I sunk upon the floor,
Just as missis, with a light,
Come inside the kitchen door.

Then beginning to abuse me,
She says, "Sarah, you've been drinkin'!"
I says, "No, mum, you'll excuse me,
But I've merely been a thinkin'."

"But, as sure as I'm a chinkin',
That party, what you see
A-gettin' out o' winder,
Have developed from a flea!"

The Fox in the Well.

Sir Reynard once, as I've heard tell,
Had fallen into a farmer's well,
When wolf, his cousin, passing by,
Heard from the depths his dismal cry.

Over the wheel a well-chain hung,
From which two empty buckets swung;
At one, drawn up beside the brink,
The fox had paused no doubt to drink,
And putting in his head, had tipped
The bucket; fox and bucket slipped,
And, hampered by the ball he fell,
As I have said, into the well.

As down the laden bucket went,
The other made its swift ascent.

His cousin, wolf, beguiled to stop,
Listened astonished at the top;
Looked down, and, by the uncertain light,
Saw Reynard in a curious plight.
There in his bucket at the bottom,
Calling as if the hounds had got him!

"What do you there?" his cousin cried,
"Dear cousin wolf," the fox replied,
"In coming to the well to draw
Some water, what I've think I saw?
It glimmered bright and still below;
You've seen it, but you did not know
It was a treasure! Now, behold!
I've got my bucket filled with gold,
Enough to buy ourselves and wives
Poultry to last us all our lives!"

The wolf made answer with a grin,
"Dear me! I thought you'd tumbled in!
What, then, is all this noise about?
Because I could not draw it out,
I called to you," the fox replied;
"First help me; then we will divide."

"How?" "Get into the bucket there,"
The wolf, too eager for a share,
Did not one moment pause to think:
There hung the bucket by the brink,
And in he stepped. As down he went,
The cunning fox made his ascent,
Being the lighter of the two.

"That's right! ha! ha! how well you do!
How glad I am you came to help!"
Wolf struck the water with a yelp;
The fox leaped out. "Dear Wolf," said he,
"You've been so very kind to me,
I'll leave the treasure all to you;
I hope 't will do you good! Adieu!
There comes the farmer! Off he shot,
And disappeared across the lot,
Leaving the wolf to meditate
Upon his miserable fate.
To flattercraft a victim made,
By his own greediness betrayed!"

The Family Circle.

Visitors in the Sick-room.

The room in which Mrs. Truman lay was shaded by maples and woodbines, where the summer breeze seemed to linger for a cooling draught before coming to the couch of the sick woman. With what a longing glance her eyes turned to the open door. How she wished she could go out just once more, if it were only to sit for a moment under the trees. Two years before, Emeline Truman had been sick all summer, lying in this same room, and suffering just as she suffered now. No, not just as she suffered now, for then the sick-room was cheered by the presence of a blue-eyed, fair-haired child a year old. Now the little prattler was still in death, and within the last month, another, their only one, had been laid by its side. How many times during that wearisome sickness did she think that she would willingly have borne all this suffering without a murmur, if her children could have been spared.

"Still," she would say to her husband, "I would not rebel. I feel that Christ, in his great love for his children, does just what is best for us. Had I been well when our darlings were taken I might never have seen them thus, but lying here all these months, and longing, as only the sick can long, for sunlight, for rest, for freedom, I have been led to see our Saviour's goodness and kindness in such a glorious light that I love and trust him as never before."

Mr. Truman felt cheered and strengthened by this trustful, submissive spirit, still he found it very hard, at times, to be reconciled to the sorrows that multiplied around him. On this afternoon he left his work and came to the sick-room to take care of Emeline while the nurse went out for a few hours. Presently a quick, springing step was heard, and Mrs. Fenton, one of their neighbors, came in. She was a cheerful, though somewhat thoughtless woman,

and Mrs. Truman was willing to overlook the last for the sake of the first, so she was pleased to see her.

Mrs. Fenton bustled about, arranging the pillows, smoothing out the spread, looping up one curtain and letting down another, talking all the time until Mr. Truman began to wish the good woman knew how sick his wife was, for then he was sure she would try to be more quiet.

"Why, Emeline," Mrs. Fenton exclaimed, "how well you are looking to-day. Your cheeks are red as crimson, and I expected to find you so low."

"She has a high fever now," observed Mr. Truman, "she looks differently when her fever is off."

"Yes, but I am glad to see she is getting well. Really, Emeline, how much notice there is taken of you since you have been sick. I sometimes think I wouldn't mind being sick myself if people would only notice me in this way. Here all you have to do is to lie in this delightfully cool room, and have so many callers, and such kind inquiries made about you. Why, it was only last Sunday I heard our minister saying he 'trusted your life would be spared, for the neighborhood could not afford to lose you.' Dear, dear, how very pleasant such things must be." Thus for an hour Mrs. Fenton rattled on, unheeding the sick woman's gathering tears and varying color. When she was gone Mr. Truman drew a sigh of relief, saying to his wife, "Don't mind it, Emeline, she has no idea what you suffer."

Just after sunset Mrs. Levine came in. She too was cheerful and pleasant faced, but ever discreet and thoughtful, a very treasure for a friend. She did not say much, but every act, look and tone breathed of sympathy with the afflicted. Mrs. Truman felt this, and was cheered by her presence. It was pleasant to have Mrs. Levine sit by her side and push back the hair from her throbbing temples. Her very presence seemed a balm, a blessing; and many were the prayers that ascended from the heart of the sufferer that this dear friend might ever rest in the sunlight of God's smile.

Hardly had Mrs. Levine left when Rev. Mr. Wallace called. He was an old man who had been the friend and associate of Mrs. Truman's father. She had known him well, when a child, but had not seen him for nearly twenty years.

After conversing with Mr. Truman for some time, the minister turned to Emeline, saying: "You seem to be deeply afflicted. What is the state of your mind?"

The voice, the face and the manner of the man, whom she had so often heard engaged in argument with her father, recalled the memory of that sainted parent vividly to her mind, together with her more recent grief, in the loss of her little ones, and Emeline could only answer with a flood of tears.

Mistaking these tears as the sign of an ungenerous heart and a rebellious spirit, Mr. Wallace thought it his duty to talk to her as he would have talked to one of his own daughters; so he said: "Well, my child, you must remember that woman's sin was great, therefore her suffering must be great. To them there can be no release, in this life, from the curse pronounced upon mother Eve."

"Are we not redeemed through Christ?" asked Mrs. Truman.

"Those who are truly and soundly converted to God may be redeemed in another world, but, from our present stand-point it is very evident that, in this world, all women are under condemnation. Affliction, servitude and suffering is the penalty which woman must ever pay for the sin of her first mother. You weep, my child, and my heart bleeds for you, but these punishments are sent by God, and if you shrink from them, or accept them without humble submission, you can be no child of his."

"If my wife were not too sick to converse with you," said Mr. Truman, "I think she would tell you that her heart would shrink from worshipping a being who thus condemned all womankind, but that she believed our God to be one who loved the world, and even gave his own Son as a ransom for us, and, loving us so truly, he would not willingly afflict those who trust in him."

"We will not stop to argue the point now," said Mr. Wallace, gently. "I must hasten on my journey. Let us ask God's blessing before we part."

While on his knees the aged minister forgot that he had a creed to support, and remembering that it was the daughter of his friend, who was sick and sorrowing, he lifted his whole soul in supplication for divine aid and consolation; asking, with tears, that the dove of peace, trust and gladness might rest upon that household. When, in parting, he took Mr. Truman's hand, the latter could not forbear saying, "Ah, my good friend, your heart is a great deal better than your creed."

Mrs. Truman's sensitive heart had been deeply wounded by the thought, suggested by the minister's words, that, after all, perhaps her name was not written in the "book of life." Might it not be that she was still among the number for whom Christ had died in vain? She had often heard it stated that each Christian is able to read another's heart, thus discerning whether they have the spirit of Christ or not; and was it not this that made her old friend think that she was enduring a just punishment, rather than a tender, parental chastening?

The feelings thus agitated could not be easily calmed, and for several days her fever ran so high that Mrs. Truman's friends had reason to fear that she would never recover. Her pastor often called to see her, but finding her so sick he had usually spoken a few kindly words of sympathy, and committing her to God's care, had left, without seeking to draw her into conversation. One morning, however, noticing that Mrs. Truman was much depressed in spirit, he waited, hoping that, without

questioning, she might speak of this state of mind, which was so unusual with her. Presently she said: "Bro. Adams, does the Bible teach us that all the sufferings which we are called to endure, are sent upon us by God, as a punishment for woman's sin?" "Oh no indeed!" was the quick reply. "There are some people, and well meaning people too, no doubt, who have picked out a passage here and there, which they think justifies such a belief, but I do not so understand the Bible. We are taught that our Father doth not willingly afflict his children."

"I know we are, but they tell us such passages have reference to man only."

"They can not be justified there, for Paul tells us that 'there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus.' Let us believe this rather than them, and let us remember too, that our blessed Saviour, 'Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered.' There are many passages of Scripture which seem to have been written on purpose to comfort such sad and weary sufferers as yourself. I have sometimes wondered why God permitted such heavy afflictions to fall upon his chosen ones, but my sister, let us remember God's ways are divine, ours are only human. Could we see as he sees, all these trials, which seem so dark now, would look as bright and clear as his own glorious sunlight. That time will come. Then each of our sufferings will rejoice that they were thus taught to 'let patience have her perfect work,' that they might present themselves to God 'perfect and entire, wanting nothing.' Though this chastening is indeed grievous, I trust it will yet yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness, then you can thank God for it all."

Fearing he had already talked too long, the pastor bade his friends "good morning," and left them, to visit others who were sick.

When they were again alone, Mr. Truman looked inquiringly into his wife's face, hoping to find there more of joy than he had seen of late, and he was not disappointed.

"Oh, how ungrateful I have been!" she said at length. "I have so often wished and prayed that I might be brought nearer to Christ and his unspeakable love, and when, in his own way, he was drawing me nearer and nearer, I more than half feared he had never accepted me. I trust him fully now. What I can not know here I shall know hereafter, just when God pleases; and all will be well."

Mrs. Truman's sufferings were very severe that day, but through God's grace she could bear them silently. Just before dark several little girls came in to bring flowers, knowing they and their gifts were always welcome in this sick room. One girl, a sweet, trustful child, pressed her cheek to the pillow, close to her friend's burning face, and whispered, "I am so sorry for you, but Jesus loves you I know." Another gave her a bouquet of roses; sweet wild roses they were, fresh from God's own garden, nurtured by his tender hand. These awakened many a hallowed thought in the sufferer's heart. Remembering God's care for the roses and lilies she was reminded of his greater watchfulness for his children's welfare. Thinking thus, she was comforted and slept.

One Way to be Happy.

"Hush!" whispered Teddie, with his finger on his lips, "papa is asleep."

"Well, what if he is?" said Horrie, puffing, and out of breath; "I guess I am going to have my kite."

"You must not come in now," whispered Teddie through the door crack, holding the door as tightly as possible with his little chubby hand. "I am keeping everybody away! I'll get the kite."

Horrie stuck his hands in his pockets, and whistled and waited, swinging round this way and that way, first on one foot and then on the other.

"Hush!" whispered Teddie, slipping the kite through the crack. "Your boots squeak, they do."

But away scampered Horrie, clicking his heel at every step; untangling his boots and fixing his strings, and stumbling over Aunt Susan's rocking-chair, carrying a clatter every inch of the way.

Hardly had the door-latch clicked behind him, when a merry little voice, laughing in great glee, came nearer and nearer up the lane and in at the bowed-up shutters. "There she comes now," said Teddie to himself, peeping through the lattice. "I'll just go this minute and meet her."

But before he could tip toe to the door, the big latch in the hall came up with a click, and a bustling, frizzle-headed little girl came bounding in, just commencing some exclamation, when she spied Teddie on his tip-toes and his finger on his lip.

"My! what's the matter, Teddie?" she said, all earnestness in a minute; "has mamma got that dreadful headache again?"

"No," he said, laughing and pulling her out the door, and further and further along the porch, and peeping into the tiny luncheon-basket that was brimful of red cherries. "You did get them! What a lot! Why no, nobody is sick; only papa came in from his work so tired-looking, and when he sat down on the settee, I got him a pillow, without saying anything, and tucked it up in a bunch in the corner, and in two minutes he was sound asleep; and I've been keeping everybody still so that he could get a good long rest."

"And you never came to get a single cherry. Oh my, but we had lots, and lots, and lots!" and Lucy Watson's got twice as many as I did; and you could have had some too if you just had come right on after Lucy and me, up the road, as you said you would."

Teddie looked very sober as she went on. "And now you can not have any at all, for Mike has picked the very last, single one he

can, because he's going to Danvers to market, and nobody can get them but Mike; and, besides, mamma will not let you go when there is nobody there like Lucy Watson and me to see to you."

The tears were pretty nearly in Teddie's eyes, but he tried to keep them back, and still the frizzled, brown head went on, bobbing up and down, and every way over the cherry basket, while the tongue trotted on, too, as fast as possible.

"You see I could not spare you mine; for I must have them for luncheon to-morrow—I might spare you four, maybe, and maybe Lucy might spare you six; that makes—counting on her fingers—'let me see, why, it would be quite a lot! six and four make ten; but I just do think you might have gone to get your own; and—"

"But, sister," broke in Teddie, "I don't want yours a bit; only just to taste. I did want to go, but then you know papa was so tired, and there was nobody to take care about the noise; and you must not speak so loud now; it will just wake him right up, after all."

But, as it happened, papa had been awake several minutes, and had come to the window just in time to see the little frizzle-headed thrown back laughing and shaking at the idea of anybody so little as Teddie staying home from the cherry tree to take care of anybody so big as papa; in time, too, to see a tear roll down the little brown cheek, as Teddie tipped back to the hall door, his heart almost breaking between thinking of the lost cherries, and of being so little that he could do no good to any one so big as papa. But when Teddie peeped softly in the door and saw papa looking bright and refreshed after his good sleep, and felt the kiss which said, "my little Teddie has done all, all this for me," plainer than any words could, he forgot all about cherries, and about being so very little, and knew that to give happiness was in truth to receive it, and that, though only "little Teddie," he had done papa good.—Observer.

Baby's Discovery.

Little Jenny sat up in bed and rubbed her eyes. What could it be? Soldiers? Yes, it must be soldiers. She could hear music distinctly, and a tramping of feet. The soldiers seemed to be running or jumping up and down instead of marching, but that was nothing. "They can't march in any other way," thought Jenny, "because that's just the way the music goes!"

Then she listened again. There was a sound of many voices and of—of—well, Jenny could not decide what the rest of the sound was like. Could it not be that church was coming out, and that the music-man up behind the curtain was playing "Pop goes the weasel"? Jenny thought not.

By this time she was so wide awake that she decided to get up. It was not very hard to climb from her crib into the big bed beside it, but it was hard for such a little girl as Jenny to get from that big bed to the floor. However, a chair stood close by; and so the little one soon reached the floor she hardly knew how.

The room was almost dark, but the door was not quite closed, and the crack looked like a line of fire. That was because the hall was so very light.

"Oh!" whispered little Jenny, as she stepped into the hall and heard more plainly than before music and laughing voices, and sounds of merry commotion. "Oh! Now I know what the big people does when we childn goes to bed! They play like everything!" In a moment her bare little feet were pattering on the cold oil cloth; then they hushed themselves on the soft stair carpet. Down, down she went, quite sure that this night was like every other night when the "children" were in bed, and fully expecting to see all "the big people" with dolls and toys in their hands.

The little one did not see exactly that, but before she had traveled very far down the stairway, she saw quite enough to make her bright eyes stare with astonishment—for, though Jenny did not know it, mamma was having a grand "party." The lights, the scent of the flowers, the music, the beautiful creatures in white, blue and pink gauze dresses that seemed floating through the hall at the foot of the staircase, were more than she could bear.

"It's Hebbin!" she cried aloud. "It's angels!" and then between delight and fear, the little one screamed frantically, "Mamma! mamma! mamma!"

"Oh! the dear, sweet, precious little midget!" exclaimed a young lady, suddenly looking up at the sound of Jenny's baby voice, and spying the pretty baby figure standing there in its white night-gown.

Jenny heard no more—she felt sure that one of the angels was coming up stairs after her, and away she toddled, crying, tripping, and climbing, until she suddenly found herself folded close in her nurse's arms. Nurse, giving her a cake, coaxed the little one back to her crib again where the angel could not find her. And at last Jenny dropped asleep in the midst of the music that floated through the bright crack of the door—dropped asleep with a half-entranced crackeroon, as she called it, tightly clasped in her hand, and a tear slowly drying upon her cheek. Meantime, the big people, down-stairs, went on playing.—Hearth and Home.

A Clergyman at Cedar Falls prayed "that the editors of this place may be brought to realize the danger of their situation."

The man who has been condemned to read the Credit Mobilier investigation through has petitioned for a commutation of the sentence to imprisonment for life.

An Irish editor says that, "In the absence of both editors, the publishers have succeeded in securing the services of a gentleman to edit the paper this week."

Mend thyself since thou art so willing that others should not offend in anything.

Literary Review.

LECTURES AND SERMONS. By the Rev. W. Morley Punshon, LL. D. Boston: Estes & Lane & Co. 1873. 12mo. pp. 378. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

Mr. Punshon is one of the few lecturers and preachers whose performances keep up with his promise, and whose reputation does not become endangered by time and repeated hearings. He is fresh, positive, bold, fervid, and an eminent master of assemblies. His spoken word is more effective than his written, for he puts his strong and magnetic personality into the living voice as he can not wholly put it into the silent lines. And the careful and appreciative reader will perceive that he writes with an audience ever present to his thought, and that he seems to be haranguing them from his study chair and the point of his pen. But his printed page carries strong forces and an immense amount of mental magnetism, so that they who have heard him in the pulpit and on the platform readily live over those experiences as they peruse these pages.

The lectures here appearing are those which have won him no small or doubtful fame on both sides of the sea. They have been frequently and widely spoken to large and appreciative audiences. The intellectual vigor which they embody is abundant; the thought they carry is discriminating and clear; the style is picturesque and forcible; the quotations, references and metaphors indicate a wide and careful reading; the logic and the imagination are interested; there are both wit and humor in the author, and neither is forbidden a place in his address; and the moral and evangelical tone of the whole performance is most unequivocal and eminent. There are six lectures and four sermons bound up in the volume, besides an account of his visit to Whitefield's tomb and to Plymouth Rock. His lectures are devoted respectively to Daniel in Babylon, Macaulay, John Bunyan, Wesley and his Times, Florence and the Florentines, and the Huguenots. His sermons deal with Kindness to the Poor, The Salvation of Israel, The Lord's Supper, and the Transfiguration. The whole spiritual aim of the preacher appears in almost every paragraph of the lectures, and the direct, energetic and practical qualities of the lecturer come out in each of the sermons. It is Punshon all the while, for he never sinks his personality into the service of God. He is a man of rare gifts and eminent power. The forces in him would anywhere make themselves felt, and anywhere men would crowd about him, hang on his lips, quote him, honor him, follow him, and be kindled and lifted by him. His stay in Canada has served to give him power to the truth he so forcibly urges and vividly illustrates; his visits among us have been fruitful and grateful; and he has done a fitting thing in yielding to the solicitation of many friends, and leaving this memorial volume behind him, now that he goes back to his English home. It will be widely read, and it can not fail to kindle and lift wherever it is allowed to exert its influence. We can hardly do anything like justice to such a man by quoting any single paragraph, for a mind so broad and versatile will hardly be able to symbolize or mirror itself in any such limited area. And yet we venture to extract a brief passage from his lecture on Daniel. His keen, ready, forcible mind shows itself even in these few words:

Then out speaks a frank and manly worldling, knowing little and caring less about religion, but delighted with Daniel because he is so close, so almost worshipping the diplomacy which is astute, and sagacious, and above all, successful. He is a brave, true man, doing a man's work in a right many way. What needs should he have his best prayers, and he should be to pray, except perhaps to pray that he may not come to a close too soon? Ah! so you think that the thought of Eternity must paralyze the effort of Time. You think that your nature, when a strong man yields, it may claim its own place among the gods. You, to whom prayer is an impertinence, and the acknowledgment of sin hypocrisy, alas for you that you are not in the secret! Why, this prayer is a revelation of everything which you admire in the man. Is he brave? What makes him so? Because the fear of God has filled his heart so full that there is no room for the fear of man to get in. Does he walk warily on a giddy height, which would make weaker brains dizzy? It is because he knows that the sky is higher than the mountain, and cherishes in all his ways the humble feeling of dependence and faith. Is he conscientious in the discharge of duty? It is because he has learnt, and recoils, that "every one of us must give account of himself to God." Go then, and learn his piety, and humble trust in his chamber as he does. It will teach thee higher views of life than thou hast ever realized. Immortality shall burst upon thee, as America burst upon Columbus, a new world, shining with a new heaven, and thou shalt be shown that not in stalwart arm nor cunning brain shall be thy strength, but in quietness and confidence, and in the joy of the Lord."

But we commend our readers to the volume itself, assuring them that they will find themselves in vital contact with one of those noble natures whose influence it is no common blessing to share.—The Publishers, though having come lately into the field, are exhibiting an enterprise and taste in their work which already yield grateful results, and give a large promise for the future. They have given the book superior mechanical excellences, so that the gems of thought have a fit setting.

The same House issues No. 8 of the Half-Hour Recreations in Popular Science, which is one of the most entertaining and suggestive of the series, and will most amply repay a careful reading. First, we have an ESSAY ON YEAST, PROTOPLASM AND THE GERM THEORY, by Thomas H. Huxley, F. R. S. This is followed by a discussion of THE RELATIONS BETWEEN MATTER AND FORCE, by Prof. J. H. Tice. The discussion deals with some of the latest and most significant phases of science that have presented themselves, and they are equally discriminating and popular. These Recreations are among the choice things of their kind, and can scarcely fail to command attention and secure a liberal patronage.

THE LIFE OF REV. ALFRED COOKMAN: with some account of his father, the Rev. George Grimstone Cookman. By Henry B. Ridgway, D. D. With an introduction by Rev. R. S. Foster, LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1873. 12mo. pp. 480.

Mr. Cookman was a Methodist preacher, whose family connections, ecclesiastical standing, fervent piety, and impressive personal address helped to give him a considerable local celebrity. He was also quite closely and prominently identified with the peculiar views of sanctification somewhat prevalent in the denomination to which he belonged, and his own meek and gracious spirit lent no little force to his advocacy of that special tenet. The biographer's estimate of him, as a man of mental power, seems to us extravagant, and there is what seems an almost constant struggle to make him something other and not really better than he was. It is rather a labored eulogy than a discriminating biography, and the subject unintentionally suffers from this treatment, while the reader's distrust is awakened and his patience now and then taxed. The genuinely human element, even as religion, and illumines it, seems to us too much crowded out in the attempt to picture something abnormally exalted. A plainer, simpler, calmer and less stilted narrative would have been far better, for we believe the subject would have both borne and justified it;—if he would not, the biographer could have gone elsewhere for occupation and found it.

LOVE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, A FRAGMENT, by Harriet W. Preston, author of "Aspen Dale." Boston: Roberts Bros. 1873. 10mo. pp. 153. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

Miss Preston is as fresh, and breezy, and piquant, and semi-audacious, and self-restrained as ever in this new volume. She has certainly drawn some taking portraits of Julius May and Clara Benson,—portraits which are full of human features, and underlain with qualities which make her lovers magnetic rather than weakly sentimental. She does not attempt to set before us two perfect young people, nor to show us the working of the strong and tender passion free from all the phases and developments that render it liable to criticism. She has shown us certain aspects of character and types of life that are thoroughly realistic, and which must now and then awaken dissent and call out silent protest; but her book, taken as a whole and according to its real intent, is one that will be found equally full of good and wholesome. Her name on the title-page of any book may be safely accepted as proof that the contents are at once artistic and exhilarating. Whoever fails to find this volume thus ministering to the aesthetic and intellectual nature may suspect that the fault is in the reader's brain rather than in the author's pen.

ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD. By George Macdonald, LL. D. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Dover, N. H.: G. T. Day & Co. 1873. 16mo. pp. 324.

THE SEABOARD PARISH. A Sequel to "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood." Same Author and Publishers. 1873. 16mo. pp. 324.

BRANCHES OF PALM. By L. L. author of "Evening Rest." Same Publishers. 16mo. pp. 334.

GOLDEN LINES. Same Publishers. 16mo. pp. 339.

SUNSET MOUNTAIN. By Mrs. E. A. Porter. Same Publishers. 16mo. pp. 365.

DAVY'S JACKET. By Hetta L. H. Ward. Miss Elsie's Boys and Girls. Same Publishers. 18mo. pp. 176.

THE CITY OF NOCROSS, and its Famous Physician. By A. L. O. E. Same Publishers. 18mo. pp. 257.

THE LADY OF PROVENCE; or, Humbled and Healed. A Tale of the French Revolution. Same Author and Publishers. 18mo. pp. 486.

LITTLE WAVIE. The Foundling of Glendery. By Crona Temple. Same Publishers. 16mo. pp. 249.

SAILING ORDERS. Fisher-Lieut. at Land's End. By Mrs. George Glanville, author of "Norwegian Stories," etc. Same Publishers. 16mo. pp. 144.

LARRY CONNOR'S CHANGE. By the author of "Harry's Battles." Same Publishers. 18mo. pp. 135.

The pile of books whose titles are given above is a goodly one, whether considered in respect to quantity, appearance or quality. There are no poor or even doubtful things among them.—The two volumes by Macdonald are by many in intelligent and discerning readers accounted his best. They bring out his special felicities of style, his clear insight into character, his warm sympathy with whatever is excellent and beautiful in life, his pity for all sufferers, and his appreciation of the humble, devout and unselfish piety that thrives often among the poor and lowly, whose daily work taxes them with duties near the earth, but whose thoughts and aspirations keep them in constant fellowship with the skies. Much of what is especially Scottish, as well as what is widely and profoundly human, comes out in his vivid sketches, and we should be sorry for the heart that remained dull or the eyes that failed to grow moist at this panorama of life unrolled itself. With special emphasis we commend these books to the attention of our readers.—Branches of Palm hardly needs a special word of commendation for those who have read its predecessor by the same author. Its pictures of nature and domestic life, its exaltation of the great truths of the gospel and the vital facts of Christian experience, its glimpses of the glory that belongs to the perfect and heavenly state,—all these will help to make a grand and inspiring book to thoughtful and devout readers, while its revelations of life will furnish constant stimulus and rest to the young.—Golden Lines and Sunset Mountain are two of the books belonging to the \$1000 Prize Series, and they possess all the excellences which one has a right to look for in the members of that popular collection. The first takes the form of a Diary, and the reading of the entries in the journal is a service that is not all likely to grow wearisome or fail to be instructive. Mrs. Porter, who is never feeble or wanting in a high aim, has brought out her best qualities in picturing the life and the natural scenery which combine to make a New England village noticeable, and lend to its personages, even though fashioned from ordinary clay, an interest that is real and enduring.—Davy's Jacket is a charming little book for the little people, dealing in a very admirable way with Davy and other children, who are so much like the boys and girls that are to be found in many neighborhoods, that they will probably be claimed as cousins or intimate acquaintances by nearly all the young readers. The author shows the working of a happy faculty in portraying both the inner and outer phases of young life.—The remainder of the books mentioned are reprints of English publications, and are all very excellent. The two vols. by A. L. O. E. hardly need any other commendation than that given by their authorship, for she writes only excellent things. One of these will remind one of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, and the other brings out a good deal of information concerning the persecutions and struggles and fidelity of the friends of Christ in one of the stormy periods of French history.—Little Wavie is a very touching story, which will start wholesome tears; Sailing Orders is full of the very odor of the sea and of the spirit of devotion to Great Captain; and Larry Connor's story will teach many a boy some of the lessons that are most needed in life.—We put our hearty approval upon this whole pile of books, and hope to see them going everywhere into families and S. S. libraries.

Nos. 17 and 18 of the NATIONAL ENCYCLOPEDIA are at hand, completing the work. It makes a large octavo volume of 1000 pages, and is by far the most comprehensive, trustworthy and valuable thing of the kind ever issued for the same money. Its information is wonderfully sifted and condensed without sacrificing clearness. Its 700 diagrams and wood-cuts happily illustrate the text, and the mechanical excellences are real and many. Used according to its design, it is a compendium to be prized.—Horse Neck, Thompsonville, Conn., is agent for New England.

INNOCENT is the latest of the Library of Select Novels, issued by the Harpers, New York. Of its power and excellence we need say nothing, except that it is by Mrs. Oliphant, and is in all ways worthy of her. Octavo, pp. 186.

The proper notice of HARPER'S MAGAZINE for Aug. was crowded out. But it is enough to say that it reaches one of its own higher levels in appearance and inward qualities. That signifies an elevated plane.

ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE comes full as usual of varied and pleasant reading, high in aim, pure in tone, and dealing with just such topics as at once interest and profit the readers who make up the average home circles of the country. It deserves a liberal patronage.—Phila.: T. S. Arthur & Son.

THE NURSERY is as beautiful, as bright, as breezy, as vivacious, and as taking, both in its pictures and in its reading matter, as ever. That is the climax of praise.—Boston: John L. Shorey.

