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The Morning Star.

Volume XLVIII.

DOVER, N. H., AUG. 13, 1873.

Number 33

THE MORNING STAR

A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER
FOR THE FAMILY.

ISSUED BY THE
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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.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1873.

Arista.

As the iron upon the anvil,
Glowing in its fervent heat,
Only waits the skillful workman,
Waiting all his blows to meet;
So my soul and I are waiting,
Waiting for the hour of strife,
That will answer every question
We have asked of earnest life.
But my soul to me hath whispered,
Battles fought are often lost,
Midst the host but one is victor,
Reckon first the dreadful cost.
When the heated iron is beaten
Hard by the grimy hammer-man,
Think ye then the idle gazer,
Seeth half the workman's plan?
Heavy blows, that, quickly falling,
Fill the air with glistering sparks;
Stunned and dazed, only guessing,
Half the truth he never marks.
When the cruel blows of fortune,
Fall to me from every hand,
Then the world may guess their meaning,
God and I can understand.

—Interior.

Rochester, England.

Will the reader go with me to-day to Rochester? It is in Kent, the north-eastern county of England, and one of the most picturesque. In the olden time, Kent was one of the independent kingdoms of the Saxon Heptarchy, but Rochester was famous as a city long before that. It is supposed that it was founded before the Roman invasion of Britain, and it became the seat of an Episcopal bishop in A. D. 604. It has not grown like many other cities. It does not appear likely to grow. It has only a few thousand inhabitants, and they are of the quiet, not the bustling kind of people. But yet Rochester has some things to interest a visitor, and bring before his mind the work and customs of the past. It is only thirty miles from London; so the journey is not a long one. You take the cars near the south end of London Bridge, and then you whirl away by Deptford, famous as being for a while the residence of Peter the Great, the Czar of Russia, when he worked in the ship yard; Greenwich, noted as the place whence the longitude is reckoned; Dartford, Gravesend, and other places of interest. Some time after you leave Gravesend, you go through a tunnel cut through the chalk hills, which is two and an eighth miles long; and emerging from this, you are soon at Strood. It is better to leave the railroad here, as you are only a few minutes' walk from Rochester, and you thus get the best view of the city. The river Medway divides Strood from Rochester; and as you cross a handsome bridge you have the city, with its principal points of interest, before you. The nearest to you, and for that reason, if for no other, the most striking, is the Rochester Castle.

ROCHESTER CASTLE.

It is to your right as you cross the bridge. There is only a narrow path between the river and its wall, which is now in ruins; and these ruins, in some places higher and in others lower, are for the most part covered with the dark green ivy which in England is ever found covering its ancient walls and towers. We step down the river path and look at these ruins. We see they must have been strong; but they are evidences of the fact that all things earthly are tending to decay. These walls were twenty feet high, and seven feet thick, and were built of stone. They enclosed an

area about three hundred feet square. A deep and wide ditch, filled with water, ran around the three sides which the river did not cover; numerous towers were placed at intervals along the walls, from which sentinels could watch the approach of an enemy, and from which armed men could shoot their arrows at any who might approach with purposes of hostility.

These walls and towers were built by Odo, bishop of Bayeux, soon after A. D. 1060. He was half brother to William the Conqueror, and went with him when he took possession of England. William gave this brother the old Roman or Saxon fortress which had stood here for centuries, and he rebuilt and strengthened the walls and towers. William also gave him the lands surrounding the fortress, and made him Earl of Kent. This being both bishop and noble would seem to be a mixing up of things that differ; but in those days it was no uncommon thing for bishops to have as much to do with the 'state militant' as the 'church militant,' and this bishop Odo knew how to fight with carnal weapons.

But what was that large pile of stone-masonry beyond the wall, which we saw while we were on the bridge? That is

GUNDULPH'S TOWER.

This is the Keep, or strongest building in the castle. Let us go and see it. Returning to the foot of the bridge, we pass along the High-Street a short distance, and, turning to the right, we soon reach a gate in the wall. As the ditch is not only dry but is here filled up, we have no difficulty in reaching this gate. We ring the bell; a woman opens the gate; we pay a fee of six cents each, pass in, and are at liberty to go where we please. We walk along the main pathway, and are soon in front of the tower. It is seventy feet square, and the walls vary from eight to thirteen feet in thickness. It is ninety-two feet high, and at each corner a buttress tower, twelve feet square, rises twelve feet higher, making the total height one hundred and four feet. Gundulph was bishop of Rochester from A. D. 1077 to A. D. 1102. The castle came into his possession after it was taken from Odo, on account of his attempting to dethrone his nephew, William II; and Gundulph built this tower, though probably some additions and alterations were made a few years later.

We walk around, and find that on the north side, near to the north-east angle, there is another tower about twenty-eight feet square, and about two-thirds the height of the main building. About fourteen feet from the ground there is a doorway, which was probably the main entrance to the tower. A raised walk leads to this door; but on passing through this outer tower, you find there is a chasm between you and the main tower which has to be crossed by a bridge that in former times was movable; and in the arched doorway of the main tower you can see the grooves in which the strong portcullis moved and which, when it was down, barred all entrance. But there are two other entrances to the main tower. Entering one door, you immediately descend some stone steps, and find yourself in a room in which there are no windows; but from which you may ascend by eight steps into the inside of the tower. The other entrance is nearly on the level of the ground; and passing through the thick walls, you find yourself inside, and as the floors of the several stories and the roof are all gone, you look up to the sky above. We go into the north-east buttress tower, and here we find a stone stair-case of one hundred and thirty-five stone steps which are built into the wall. They are in a dilapidated condition, and by these we ascend to the top. Although the floors are all gone, we can readily tell where they were, as there is a recessed gallery in the walls all round at each floor. The basement story was about fourteen feet high; the next story about twenty feet; the third, in which were the state rooms, thirty-two feet; and the fourth, sixteen feet. But we go higher than this, and reach the battlements, which were level with the roof; and still higher, to the top of the buttress tower, and have a fine view of the surrounding country.

And this is a castle of the olden time. Here barons, knights and esquires, with courtly dames and ladies, dwelt and enjoyed themselves according to the fashions of their times; and sometimes, while they were making rude revelry, prisoners were languishing in the dark dungeons beneath. Here men have been besieged for months till they were obliged to surrender for want of provisions, or their besiegers became tired and left them. And here bishops, so called ministers of Jesus Christ, observed superstitious ceremonies and barbarous customs, both alike in consistent with the teachings of the Scriptures. Well, I for one do not believe that the former days were better than these. But let us go to

ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

This is not far from the castle, only just outside the walls. I suppose you know that a cathedral is the church of a bishop; and the cathedrals of England are among the oldest and finest buildings in that country. The first cathedral here was no doubt erected in the seventh century, soon after the appointment of Justin as the first bishop, in A. D. 604. But Gundulph rebuilt the cathedral in the eleventh century; and the 'older portions' are his work. Some portions of it, however, are of later

date. I suppose you know that in England, Roman Catholic and Episcopal places of worship are always built in the same position with reference to the points of the compass. I suppose it is the same in this country; but do not know. The front faces the west; the altar is at the east end. The front of this cathedral, which is eighty-one feet wide, is a fine specimen of Norman architecture, while the eastern end is of the early English style. The total length of this cathedral inside is three hundred and six feet. The breadth, including the side aisles, is sixty-six feet. The principal transept, however, which makes the building assume the form of a cross, is one hundred and twenty-two feet; and there is another transept on the north side, which is only ninety feet long. The roof of the nave is flat; but that of the choir and of both transepts is arched and groined. On the outside, between the two transepts, there is a square tower, called Gundulph's tower. The principal tower is also square, and is one hundred and fifty-six feet high. There are some ancient monuments in this cathedral, but they are somewhat defaced.

There are two parish churches (Episcopal), in Rochester, and several nonconformist meeting houses; but there is probably nothing more here that you will care to spend much time in examining. I spoke of Strood joining Rochester on the west. Chatham, where there are extensive fortifications and a royal dockyard, joins it on the east.

W. H.

Chicago Correspondence.

CHICAGO, Aug. 5th, 1873.

As we take up the pen to write to-day we are conscious that even letter writing has its difficulties. With the mercury indicating ninety-five in the shade, and still rising, the ceaseless din and clatter of the streets which refuse a rest even in dog-days, the clouds of dust which blind and suffocate by turns, it is not strange that a drouth should be herein apparent. Add to this the fact that the Editor-in-chief has been "among us, taking notes" so copiously of late, which the types have reproduced clothed in the choicest rhetoric, combining force and beauty, and the difficulty is not a little increased. It occurs to us, however, that the drouth complained of may very appropriately be moistened a little by a consideration of

OUR WATER SUPPLY.

Whether contemplated from the standpoint of comfort, of safety or of health, the question of supplying 400,000 souls with water is one of first importance. The protection and completion of the lake tunnel before the fire has everywhere been acknowledged as a great triumph of engineering skill. It has succeeded in giving the city a supply of the purest water from the bottom of the lake, two miles from shore. The sanitary result has been most beneficial, as shown by the general good health for three years past. With our growing population, however, the present supply is likely to prove inadequate, while the peril to the city, in conflagration injuring the pumping apparatus, would be very great. With characteristic promptness, the city authorities have commenced the construction of another tunnel parallel with and similar to the present one, with separate reservoir and engines. About a third of the work is completed from the shore lakeward. As an important feature of this work, the plan embraces a land tunnel four miles long, running southwesterly to terminate in an immense reservoir at the corner of Ashland avenue and Twenty-second street. Nine shafts are to be sunk at convenient points along the line, to serve in an emergency, by direct supply with small pumps. The work is to be finished in 1875, though the late tunnel and engines will be in working force in a few months. The importance of our water supply may be understood when it is stated that the daily consumption is over 40,000,000 gallons, and rarely, even in the winter, falls below 30,000,000. New York consumes in summer about 95,000,000 gallons per day, and as the capacity of the two tunnels will be 125,000,000 gallons, no new water works will be needed until we have outgrown New York, a matter of a dozen years at least!

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

This auxiliary of the church has not been idle during the summer. Arrangements are nearly perfected to rebuild on the old site. The lot previously occupied has a Madison St. front and a still wider one on Arcade court. By gift, in part, of Mr. Farwell, the property now becomes that of the Association proper, and a five story building is to be erected on the Madison street front for library, offices, prayer meeting room, &c., and then an elegant hall will be built on the other front, larger and better than the one of old. It is understood that Mr. Moody is now in England in the interest of this building project.

Some of your readers have doubtless seen mention of the opening by the Y. M. C. A. of a reading and waiting room in the new depot of the Michigan Southern and Rock Island R. R's. The success of this enterprise has been gratifying to all the friends of the Association. Pleasant, airy rooms have been donated by the companies, fitted up by private subscription and stocked with about 100 newspapers, including nearly all

the religious weeklies. Most of the leading magazines are also on file, and such religious matter is distributed as seems judicious. It is about five weeks since the rooms were opened, and already nearly twenty-five hundred visitors have appeared. If such facilities could be placed in reach of travelers at all our principal railway stations, the waiting hour might be actually enjoyable instead of a tantalizing weariness.

NO CLOSED CHURCHES.

The great majority of our churches are open and to remain open for at least one preaching service during the summer. If there are exceptions, they are just noticeable enough to prove the rule. True, most of the pastors are away, seeking rest and strength, but supplies are arranged for, and some of the 'supplies' are proving so acceptable that they may prolong their stay indefinitely. Why the many who are compelled to remain in the hot and dusty city these two months should be allowed to retrograde into heathenism, is not quite apparent. Your correspondent has a vivid remembrance of a fruitless search, in company with a good brother, for over an hour in the multitude of up town churches, a year ago, in New York city, to find a place where on a Sabbath evening the gospel could be heard.

Is it any wonder that young men, with the world before them to explore, should find amusement in the questionable places of New York on a Sabbath evening, where no sanctuary is found with open doors?

A. H. H.

Pin-Feather Collections.

We are indebted to Rev. Dr. Matlack, recently of New Orleans, for the following good story: In 1869 a series of missionary meetings were projected among the colored Methodist Episcopal churches of that city. At one of these it was arranged that an eccentric veteran, named Scott Chinn, should make the last speech and take the collection. The brother who preceded him greatly tried the old man's patience by the length of his address—a thing never done by a white man. "He'll spile de meetin'," said Brother Chinn to the doctor who presided. "He's too long in de wind—too much blowin'." "Be patient, be patient," said the doctor. "Oh! I se patient enough," said he. "But de people's gettin' tired, and dey dey won't gib de money," said the old philosopher. At length the long speech closed with an eloquent reference to the angel of the Apocalypse flying through the heavens, having the everlasting gospel to preach.

Scott Chinn was on his feet in a moment. "I se been afeared some of dese brothers would talk too long, and dat angel git clear out ob sight. Dat angel, bredren, is de missionary angel. He takes de eberlasting gospel wid him wher he goes—to ebery nation, kindred, tongue, people!" "Mighty angel," shouted some in the congregation. "Mighty! mighty!" repeated others as the excitement rose. Inspired with his conception and the enthusiasm of his congregation, his patriarchal form rose to its full height, and stretching out his hand toward the angel whom he seemed to see before him, he exclaimed: "Oh! dou angel ob de mighty wing, tarry wid us a leetle while in dis missionary meeting. We's de people your Lord sent you to find. Fold your wings and rest awhile here. You's been flyin' so long, and you has many a long, weary trabel before you. Blessed angel, ain't you berry tired? Den rest, for dis is de Lord's day, and de Lord's house, and de Lord's people."

Turning to the congregation, now up to the white heat of excitement, he continued: "Children, you may tank your stars and de good Lord dat dis angel come dis way to-day, and he's gwine to stay awhile now. He's foldin' his wings and lookin' right at you now. He wants to see what we's gwine to do to send dis eberlasting gospel round de world. I tell you what we'll do, children; de angel's wing's broken a little wid de big wind from de four corners ob de world. See! he needs some more fadders in de wing. He fly better, wid dis eberlasting gospel, trough de midst ob de heabens to de ends ob de earth. Up now, and bring on de fadders for de angel's wings."

In an instant the people were on their feet, filing into the aisles and marching in time to the swell of song, to the table in the altar, on which they placed their offerings of pennies and postal currency. Suddenly the preacher called out, "Stop dar—stop dar! singin'!" The order was promptly obeyed, and all waited to see what was wrong. "What dis on de table?" he continued, pointing to the pennies and postage stamps. "What you call dese? Fadders for de angel's wings? He can't fly round de world wid dese! Dese are nothin' but pin-fadders! Bring on your long quills for de angel's wings!"

The song and the marching were resumed, the offerings greatly enlarged, and the series of meetings among these poor colored people netted over \$1000.

Modern Iscariots.

We do great injustice to Iscariot in thinking him wicked above all wickedness. He was only a money-lover; did not understand Christ—could not make out his worth. He did not want him to be killed; he was horror-struck when he found that Christ would be killed.

How many of our present money-seekers, think you, would have the grace to hang themselves in like manner? But Judas was a common, selfish, muddle-headed fellow—his hand always in the bag for the poor, though not because he cared anything about them. Notwithstanding he did not understand Christ, he believed in him a great deal more than the most of us do. He had seen him do miracles—thought he was able to shift for himself—and that he might as well make something for himself out of the affair. He had no doubt that the Saviour would come out well enough; all he thought of was the thirty pieces of silver.

Now, that is just the money-seeker's idea, all over the world. He does not hate Christ, but he can't understand him; he does not care for him—sees no good in that benevolent business, but takes his own "little job" of it at all events, come what may. And thus, out of every class of men, you have a certain amount of bag-men—men whose main object is to make money; and they do make it in all sorts of unfair ways, chiefly by weight and force of money itself, or what is called capital; that is to say, the power which money, once obtained, has over the labors of the poor, so that the capitalist can take all the produce to himself, except the laborers' feed. That is the modern Judas' way of "carrying the bag" and "bearing what is put therein."

Joy in God.

Joy is the natural state of God's universe. By the natural state, I mean the state for which it has been designed by God.

Yet joy is too much the exception, and sadness the rule. The azure sky of the purest and the happiest spirit has its clouds and its summer storms, while thousands and millions in the world are like the inhabitants of some underground cavern, living and dying amid darkness, or in a mere glimmer of light, without ever having seen the glory of God's universe, or experiencing one hour of the joy which God's creatures in heaven have had for ages. The very birds seem happier than man. Men groan, while they warble notes of gladness. The lark sings like a very angel in the skies, while man bows down in anguish among the clouds of the valley. The winds are full of melody, the sun shines brightly, the waters move merrily—the whole earth wears a wedding garment, and breaks forth into singing; the trees clap their hands, and the mountains and hills rejoice. But the dusky lanes and crowded tenements are full of weary and sad hearts, and the prisons are full of wretched criminals, trying to catch a glimpse of light through the bars; and men are borne to the gallows on a morning when the whole material world is crying praise to God; and wounded and sick men fill hospitals, and maniacs rave in their dreary cells.

This seems very strange in a universe designed for joy. But it is not all thus. Some hearts on earth sing with the birds, and shine with the sun, are merry with the waters, wear a wedding garment with the earth, and rejoice with God's beautiful creation; and dead men, who once knew sin and misery, are happier than they, and live in joy before God; and with them thousands, and ten thousands are glad, and have been glad for ages, and have filled with their melody mansions more numerous and glorious than the stars. If it is asked, Whence this joy springs? I answer: These beings have joy because they are good—because they have been delivered from eager self-will, and from the depths of their spirits have uttered a hearty Amen to God's holy and loving purpose. Their joy is full of glory in proportion as it comes from hearts that are full of God. On the other hand, the misery that exists is nought else than the righteous curse which rests upon all spirits, who, in the exercise of that spirit which belongs to them, seek to counteract God's purposes in creation, and refuse to share that joy of God which is eternally annexed to the sharing of his mind. In departing from God, in seeking a life without holiness, purity and love, they find, as they can not but find, misery; for "there is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."—Norman MacLeod.

The Student and Old Father.

A student once went for advice to a pious old man, and said to him, "Father, I love much to hear about God and spiritual things, but all the good I hear seems to go in at one ear and out at the other; I forget it so soon, and this grieves me."

Then the old father said, "My son, take this basket and bring it to me full of water."

The student obeyed; he took the basket and went to a wide brook, and worked hard for a long time, but he could get no water to stay in the basket; as soon as it was full it became empty again. Then at last he got tired, for he saw that all his labor was in vain; so he went back to the father and told him what had happened, and how the water would not remain in the basket. Then the father said, "Give me the basket, and let me look at it." And when he took the basket in his hand, and had examined it, he said, "Now see, my son, you have not worked in vain: true it is, indeed, that no water has remained in the basket, but it has washed it clean and pure." So it is too with you, and every one

who hears and reads God's word with diligence and prayer; he may not retain everything, but still it purifies his mind, and makes him more fit for heaven."

Events of the Week.

BUTLER AND THE SALARY GRAB.

Gen. Butler has published a very lame letter in defense of his conduct in the salary-grab business. The letter shows that the universal protest of the people against this outrage has touched the General in a tender spot, and that he is feeling very uncertain of his chances at the polls as well as very mad over the deserved treatment that he is getting. Good citizens are waiting hopefully to see him politically buried this fall. A great many of them profess themselves ready to sit on his grave.

STORMY CONSERVATIVES.

The Virginia conservatives held a convention in Richmond last week which was largely attended, nine-tenths of the delegates being ex-Confederate soldiers. It is mentioned in the despatches that "not one colored person" was present. The main business of the convention, which was to make a nomination for governor, was not transacted without considerable angry debate. The contest lay between Gens. J. L. Kemper and R. E. Withers, both rebel heroes, the former being the candidate of the Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio R. R. interest, and the latter the choice of the country districts. Gen. Kemper was finally nominated, his opponent accepting the office of Lieut. Governor.

NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL CONVENTION.

The National Teacher's Association held its annual meeting in Elmira, N. Y., last week. The attendance was large, comprising delegates from all sections of the country and especially from the South. Addresses on educational topics were delivered by Dr. McCosh, President Eliot of Harvard, Prof. Hammond, B. G. Northrup, and other eminent educators. The establishment of a grade of schools throughout the country between grammar schools and colleges was generally favored, also the highest education practicable in our high schools, closer attention to elementary instruction, &c. Among distinguished foreign educators present were President Van Rensselaer of Geneva, and Professor Boyd of the same city. It was an interesting and profitable gathering.

MILITARY REUNION.

The survivors of the Army and Navy of the Gulf held a reunion in Portland, Me., last week. The attendance was fair, and the exercises passed off pleasantly. There was an excursion down the harbor and a clam-bake on an island, followed by a business meeting and banquet in the city in the evening. Admiral Bailey presided at both gatherings. The speeches, toasts, sentiments, addresses, &c., at the banquet were creditable. Letters were read from Gen. Grant, Vice President Wilson, the Secretaries of War, Navy and State, regretting their inability to attend, and the convention dissolved, furnished with many reminders of old times. The next reunion will be in Hartford, Ct., Geo. F. Shepley, orator, and Col. J. W. De Forest, poet.

CONVENTION OF WORKINGMEN.

The Massachusetts labor-reform party held a convention in Lowell, Mass., last week, which was chiefly remarkable because it accomplished nothing. No nominations were made, but the resolutions decidedly endorsed Butler, denounced Gov. Washburn, and tacitly approved the salary-grab swindle. Mr. Charles Cowley of Lowell was president of the convention, and made a long speech in favor of a ten-hour law, followed by others favoring the same thing. It was arranged to canvass the State at once, and money was pledged to procure speakers. The discussions took a very wide range, even woman suffrage, free love, the government's foreign policy and almost every other topic getting the benefit of a speech. If there was a prevailing sentiment on any point, it was to secure the enactment of a ten-hour law.

PROBABLE WRECKS.

It is possible that in a few days two continents may be pained by the certainty of the loss of one, and perhaps two ocean passenger steamers, and the sacrifice of hundreds of lives. Debris has been discovered on the Irish coast which is supposed to be from the wreck of the State line-steamship Alabama, which left Glasgow for New York Saturday, Aug. 2. There are also fears for the safety of the Ernst Maritz Arndt, one of the German steamships, now fifteen days overdue at New York. Her owners believe that her machinery is disabled, and that she is proceeding under sail.

THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT PROLOGUED.

The English Parliament was brought to a close last Tuesday, the Queen's prologation speech being read by royal commission. In it she thanked the members for voting more money to her son "in view of his approaching marriage," alluded to the success of the Zanzibar mission to abolish slavery, to the favorable relations with foreign governments, the commercial negotiations with France, and other matters of a public interest. The means are provided to meet the requirements of the Geneva commission, for which the Queen is duly grateful. Much important business has been transacted during the session, and harmony has in the main prevailed.

S. S. Department.

Sabbath School Lesson.—Aug. 17.

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

TEACHING BY PROF.

MATTHEW 6: 5-15.

QUESTIONS.

3. What principle has Christ been enjoining in the Pharisees? What way are we not to pray? What is a hypocrite? The principle here forbidden? What is meant by "they have their reward?"
6. Where are men taught to pray? What is meant by "closest"? Why should prayer be offered in this way? Show that this does not condemn all public prayer. What is meant by "thy Father which seest in secret"? What by "shall reward thee openly?"
7. What wrong way of prayer is here forbidden? What are vain repetitions? Who are meant by the heathen? What opinion led them to this way? For what quality is prayer heard?
8. What is here said? If God knows what we need before we ask, why does he command prayer at all? If God knows what we need before we pray, what faith should we have in prayer?
9. How did Christ teach us to begin prayer? The meaning of "after this manner"? How much liberty of divergence from this form of prayer have we? In what sense is God our Father? The meaning of "hallowed be thy name?"
10. What is meant by "thy kingdom come"? What interest must one have in religion to offer this petition acceptably? The meaning of "thy will be done"? Show that this requires a right state of heart in the suppliant. How is the will of God done in heaven?
11. What is here meant by "bread"? How does God answer this prayer? What are we here taught to recognize? How often does the language imply that we should pray?
12. How are we to ask for forgiveness? What does Christ teach us by this? Verses 14, 15. What state of feeling towards others does this require? Why are sins called debts? Who has need to offer this prayer?
13. What is meant by "lead us not into temptation"? What by "deliver us from evil"? What does James say that God does not do? Ja. 1:13. The conclusion of this prayer? Why is this a reason for answering prayer? How else has Jesus taught us to pray? John 14: 13.
- 14, 15. What is here insisted on? Why give special prominence to the need of a forgiving spirit? Why will not God forgive the unforgiving? State the essentials of true prayer as taught in this lesson.

NOTES AND HINTS.

5. The subject of this lesson is not "teaching the prayerless to pray," but "teaching the prayerful how to pray." To condemn current conspicuous methods of praying, Jesus begins with charging his disciples not to pray after the manner of Jewish hypocrites. The word "hypocrite" originally denotes an actor, one who plays a part before the people, while his real character is concealed. Since the Jews had systematic habits of devotion and prayed at regular hours, those who coveted the name of saints timed their walks abroad so as to have their hour of prayer overtake them in public places among many of the people. The word synagogue can mean a collection of people, a congregation as well as a Jewish sanctuary. It means a congregation on the streets, in the markets, at the gates of the city, or any other place of public resort.
6. Jesus teaches that private devotions are to be offered in private. He is dealing not with congregational but with private, individual methods of prayer. He does not have in mind the prayers of the church in its social or more formal worship, but the devotions of individuals, as such. These belong to the closet, not to the street nor even to the prayer room of the sanctuary. It is a matter between the person and God. The public have no direct interest in it. Remember that Christ does not forbid social prayer, nor prayers in public which belong there. He rebukes those who go out into society to offer private devotions. "In secret" our Father seeth, because there, above all, the soul opens its own eyes to see him who is everywhere; there, retired from others, man draws near to God and God to him. Ja. 4: 8. The habits of Christ conformed to this wise law of spiritual life, so that both his example and his precept enforce the duty of secret prayer. While we insist that neither social nor public prayer is, by this passage, abrogated, we must also remember that those whose prayers are not principally of the closet, violate the spirit of the Saviour's precept.
7. 8. By "vain repetitions" are meant the frequent mention of the same request, in the same or varied language, or the reiteration of words, phrases, or a sentiment, as though one utterance were not sufficient to make known requests unto God. In 1st Kings 18: 26, a good example of the kind of praying employed by the heathen, and here condemned, may be found. "They called on Baal from morning until noon, saying, O Baal, hear us." The frequent iteration of the name of God, in prayer, was common with some of the Jews, in prohibiting which judgment is pronounced on some modern, extemporaneous, and liturgical prayers whose sonorous "repetitions" are certainly "vain." "As the heathen do." By heathen are meant the Gentiles, or those not Jews. The reason for the condemnation of repetitions in prayer is distinct and sound. They generally occur in the absence of faith, and denote the labor of the mind with itself rather than with God. If God knows all our need we might not pray at all were it not that God has commanded it, that instant prompts to it, that we are brought by it into fellowship with and personal nearness to God. The benefits of prayer arise from the communion of the suppliant with God, not from the power of prayer to propitiate God. There is a strong reason for faith in prayer, in the words of Christ, "your Father," as well as in the fact, "knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him."

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

9. After condemning prayers offered to the ear of men rather than to God, and the prayer of "much speaking," our Lord gave to his hearers a type of true and appropriate prayer, which has won from friend and foe who have studied it, unqualified praise. Its brevity, its comprehensiveness, its elevated sentiments, its devout and humble tone, its spirit of loyalty to God, of sympathy with his kingdom, of love for man, of fidelity to the human, daily wants of an earthly and sinful creature appearing before God, its sweep of thought from God and

his glory, from the planting and growth of his kingdom to pardon, temptation and daily bread, make up a prayer which is inclusive of all human wants and of all suitable adoration, and of every desire becoming an earthly suppliant.

"After this manner therefore pray ye." This prayer contains seven petitions proper to be breathed to God in every age, in every land, under all circumstances. Here then we have an outline, a model of prayer. The words employed were not designed to be used in all prayers.

"Our Father." This language gives an exalted title to God. It is language every heart may breathe. God is a father. God is our father, whoever we are. He is our father in his natural relations to us whom he has made, and our father, above all, as we are connected to him by faith in Jesus. Ro. 8: 14-17. "Which art in heaven." The only God is everywhere, but reveals himself not alike in every place. The heavens more than the earth, as the earth more than empty space, receive the manifestations of God. There he has his seat. All is holiness and peace in heaven,—fit therefore above all other places to see the glory of God. "Hallowed be thy name." The "name" of God is a term employed in the Old Testament, in place of God himself. It is the language of reverence, treading softly before the Lord. The meaning of the phrase "hallowed be thy name" is, may God be held to be holy by men, mayest thou be honored among men as the holy one.

10. "Thy kingdom come." His kingdom is not of this world. His kingdom is the gospel of his Son, which he revealed as desirous of bestowing practically on the world. The laws of righteousness which God has commanded us to observe are his efforts to establish his kingdom over us, and over all the earth. What we pray for, as we use this petition, is the prevalence of righteousness among men. "Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven." The will of God is for that to be which is wisest, which is holiest, which is best—best for all and best for the subject who has power to go contrary to the will of God. Men are everywhere found to be rebellious to the will of God. In the choice of things foreign to his will issues the misery of this world. The substitution of any human will for the will of God implies that God has some defects of wisdom and goodness which man can thus correct.

11. "Give us this day our daily bread." This petition marks a transition of the mind of the suppliant from the things of God to personal needs and requests. Having sought first the glory and reign of God, and thus also first the welfare of mankind, the individual comes appropriately to pray, next, for his own special necessities. The plural form of address, instead of the singular, prevails in this request, for daily bread and throughout the prayer, but we are not justified in founding any theories on so slight a fact. It is simply a rhetorical usage, almost a necessary usage in view of those to whom Jesus was giving instruction. But this is both a daily and a morning prayer, for the language is "this day" "our daily bread," which would at night be language ill-timed. By "daily bread" we must understand, first of all, nourishment for the body, then remember that "man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." The wants of our whole being need nutriment. This petition includes our whole nature.

12. "And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." By our debts our sins are meant. The language is figurative. That is, we are sinners, and our sins are likened to debts. Pecuniary debts are not meant. We are not required to release from obligations to us those who owe us money, unless it be in cases where the debt can not, or can not without the infliction of severe distress, be paid. The debts here mentioned as necessary to be forgiven by us before we can obtain pardon of God, are those arising from the mistakes and intentional wrongs of others, by which we are injured, as sin injures God.

13. "And lead us not into temptation." The meaning of this passage plainly is, suffer us not to become entangled in temptation. God tempts no one to do evil. God does suffer men to be tried that they may know what manner of spirit they are of. Even Jesus was put to the test. Every man, sooner or later, is called to pass through the fire. The soul, conscious of past sins, and now praying for forgiveness, asks, in view of the results it fears should new trials arise, that God would not suffer it to be tempted. What Christ endured, the disciple has no confidence that he could endure. Though promised that, with every temptation, a way of escape shall be provided, he fears lest he should be found indisposed to avail himself of it. He prefers not to be tried. Modest virtue will always pray, "lead us not into temptation." "Deliver us from evil." The original reads "the evil," or "the evil one," as many commentators, both ancient and modern, insist that it does. To "deliver" means "pull out," so to set us free from evil or from the evil one. If the petition be for deliverance from the evil one, it means from his power over our wills, from his arts and temptations, from the deeds to which he instigates us, and the doom inevitably awaiting those who continue to be his servants. To ask God to "deliver us from evil," immediately after the request, "and lead us not into temptation," indicates that two different things are here meant. Temptation relates to the inducements to sin, even to the sorrows of this life by which experience is made grievous, our sky darkened and our happiness taken away. One relates to moral, the other to natural evils. It is right to pray God to keep us from the woes of this life, and by prayer we are delivered from them, or from evil in meeting them.

The prayer closes with a doxology. It is omitted in the version by Luke. It is claimed by many that these words formed no part of the original prayer, as some of the

oldest manuscripts left by the early church, do not contain them. Reading them as they stand, they recognize the dominion of God who is universal king, his power to do all that is asked of him in prayer and all that he wills to do, and that the praise of the good here asked, when that good is enjoyed, belongs to God.

14, 15. In these verses a reason is given for the prayer "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." If we manifest and cherish a forgiving spirit, God will forgive our sins. If we ask him for forgiveness while we banish the spirit of forgiveness from our hearts, and refuse to harbor it, we pray in vain. The selection of this one request for comment by the Lord was no doubt intended to show us that it requires moral earnestness to pray this petition, and to call our attention to the fact that it is easier to ask God to forgive our sins, than to be forgiving towards those who have injured us. We find the Saviour enforcing, in other places, this sentiment. Matt. 5: 24, 18: 35. It is important that this truth be deeply impressed in our minds. God forgives only those who forgive others.

The lessons which we are here taught are many and valuable. A proper study of the Lord's Prayer will correct mistakes concerning the true character of prayer, and teach us what general and special subjects it is becoming in us to present before God. The state of heart needful for offering this prayer, or for praying aright, must be seen by the topics in which the praying soul is taught to be interested enough to make them subjects of his prayer. Devotion to God, sympathy with God, and earnestness for God are required for one half of this prayer; while love for man must be felt to pray for the prevalence of God's will with them, and deep spiritual desires relating to our own souls are necessary to conclude the petition.

Communications.

Rev. A. K. Moulton.

Rev. A. K. Moulton was born in Hatley, Canada, Sept. 27, 1810. He was the son of Rev. Avery Moulton, who, in spite of misfortunes and trials and privations of a new country, accomplished much good and so trained and educated a large family as to leave in their lives a valuable legacy to the church and the world. Three of the sons were preachers of the Gospel, and together have performed about 120 years of faithful and successful ministerial work. Rev. A. Moulton of Derby Line, Vt., and Rev. T. P. Moulton, recently removed to Iowa, are still in the field. But the younger brother has suddenly stepped from the walks and labors of earth to the safety and rewards of heaven. Like others of the family he was early converted to Christ, and an accident partially disqualifying him for manual labor was the occasion of more schooling than was usually enjoyed by boys in his circumstances. He was thus well qualified for teaching and especially in penmanship and commercial studies, and devoted sometime to these employments and to business. Not succeeding to his satisfaction either in making money or silencing his early convictions upon a call to the Christian ministry, he found himself in 1837 in a strange and at times terrible suspense. Indecision was not natural to such a mind, and yet to decide right was not easy.

But something must be done. In principle and purpose he was strongly anti-slavery, and would not labor in that work answer instead of preaching the gospel?

Believing that as a kind of itinerant teacher of penmanship and book-keeping he might learn more of the practical workings of slavery, and then through the press and public speeches work effectually for that cause, he started from Connecticut, Ohio, for the slave plantations of the South. Within 50 miles he reached Mecca, just in time to attend the Aug. term of the Ashtabula Q. Meeting, where Rev. Saml Wire preached an affecting discourse at the ordination of the writer of this sketch. It was an "old fashioned," "spiritual" Q. M., closing as usual in those times, with a "Parting Meeting" on Monday morning. Brother Moulton being present was made a subject of special prayer in this meeting. His feelings respecting the ministry were well known. Eld. Wire (using terms then employed), the pastor of the Connecticut church, could exert with awful power, Eld. D. H. Miller, then just entering a new field in adjoining counties, could importune with terrible persistence, and the "Boy Preacher," who had loved him since the first introduction in June, could weep, and thus the three urged and at last literally lifted him into the carriage which conveyed him to a new field and a new work. This was the turning point of his life. A congregation was soon found in Portage Co., O., from which other preachers were intentionally detained, and thus he was almost compelled to preach his first sermon. From this time he labored faithfully, growing in grace and knowledge and increasing in strength and confidence.

In New Lyme, at the Oct. session of the Ashtabula Q. Meeting, in 1837, he received his first Q. M. license. His membership was soon after removed to the Geauga Q. Meeting, where he labored earnestly and successfully, generally in new fields, supporting himself in part by teaching. The next year at the Aug. session of the Geauga Q. Meeting in Burton, he was ordained to the gospel ministry. About this time a partner in life's work was secured, whose spirit and qualifications relieved him of much of the despondency to which at times he was subject, and whose influence and assistance he often remarked was, outside of divine grace, the principal source of his happiness and success. The comfort arising from this re-

flection is deserved and needed now, while real worth and the whole truth must be left to another hand and a future day.

The three or four years spent in this Q. Meeting constituted a laborious but profitable period of his life. Many souls were converted, and two or three churches organized under his labors; and much general influence left for future usefulness.

With his habits of study and close application it was a period of discipline, a kind of theological course, for himself. In 1841 he was called to the Washington St. church of Dover, N. H., where his labors were greatly blessed. An extensive revival was enjoyed, and the society encouraged that a house of worship was commenced, which was completed and paid for the year after he left.

Early in 1843 there was a demand for a new church in Portland, Me., and although the church in Dover was very unwilling to relinquish their pastor, yet the pressing demand at the former place and Bro. Moulton's qualifications for the work seemed to determine the line of duty, and he entered upon that new and important work. His skill in organizing and zeal in labor were successful, and very soon a good, self-supporting church and congregation with a good Sabbath school, choir, &c., were gathered.

During his labors in P. a kind of ecclesiastical schism attracted some attention in N. E., and especially in Me. He had for sometime been an assistant editor of the *Star*, and his position and ability and readiness for discussion naturally made him a leader in this controversy, which was conducted with ability and earnestness, securing of course many enemies and much friendship, according to the relative position of individuals and their views respecting the nature and utility of the controversy. But he acted firmly and conscientiously, and with hosts of his friends believed to the last that his self-sacrificing efforts against secession and in behalf of church unity and integrity were the most important part of his work for his loved denomination. The church in Roxbury, Mass., secured his services in 1848. Here an immediate revival interest and increase of the congregation, with other causes, excited more confidence and hopefulness upon the part of the people than in any previous field of his labors. But in the midst of these high anticipations, and before they were fully realized, he was called to Lowell, Mass., and in spite of personal attachments and disappointed expectations, very discouraging to a successor, the change was effected.

By the failures of a former pastor and the efforts of a very noted if not notorious lawyer of Lowell, the church in that city had lost their house of worship some years before, and after worshipping so long in a hall, greatly needed a place of their own. An increasing religious interest and many additions gave such encouragement that the work was undertaken, and with great exertion and much sacrifice, a good and convenient church was built.

But in this struggle of four or five years of the hardest labor of his life health failed, and the nervous system became so debilitated that pastoral labor was impracticable. He then retired to the prairies of Iowa, where in manual labor and secular business health gradually improved, so that after two or three years he was able to preach moderately and edit a weekly paper. Feeling able again to resume the pastoral work in 1860, he accepted a call from the church at Great Falls, N. H. Peculiar circumstances and some trials rendered this a trying field, demanding all the spirit and strength which a long rest had secured, but the toils were not fruitless, nor the labor lost. His more recent labors in Auburn, Me., Concord, N. H., and Cleveland, Ohio, need no specific notice in this place. These churches were all too weak to render full support or give such encouragement and assistance as a man in his situation needed, and therefore as a kind of missionary he toiled on with weakened nerves and feeble health, supporting his family in part with means secured by his western residence and by his pen. During his four years residence in Cleveland, the embarrassing debt of the society was paid, and the cause maintained, but the larger additions and the larger house for which he prayed and labored were not secured.

He had naturally a very strong constitution, full form and powerful muscles, and such a fulcrum was necessary to the natural, happy and most successful action of such a mind. These physical conditions were weakened years ago, leaving him at times depressed and desponding. With these symptoms and whitening hairs he had come to feel a strong desire to provide a home and means for his family, and a few months since purchased a house and 35 acres of land at Lindale, about four miles west of Cleveland P. O., with the hope of selling a portion so as to leave the remainder free for a home. The location is a good one, the purchase made at low figures, and if the administrator is able to carry out the original plan, it is well with the family, and if not, then—

But in this enterprise our Brother never lost his interest in the great cause to which his life had been consecrated. Immediately after removing to this new town he organized a Sabbath school and commenced regular meetings of worship, preaching every Sabbath until death.

The new interest needed an organ, and a Sabbath school festival was held upon the 19th of June for this purpose. In returning from this last and benevolent work, for remarks at which a brief preparation was found in his pocket, in company with his wife and youngest son he had occasion to cross a Railroad bridge over a deep, rocky ravine. It was a stone bridge, fifty feet high, with a double track and about 3 feet of smooth stone outside the tracks. He was evidently walking upon

this smooth space, which could be seen in outline by the dim light of the evening, which however was not clear enough to reveal the long end of one tie extending about 15 inches beyond all others. Probably the foot touched this projecting tie, and without a word or a groan, he fell upon the rocks below, crushing the back of the head and shoulders, closing the day of life's work without twilight or pain. In that still evening hour, while all the stars were watching and the angels waiting, the wife, holding the little son by the hand, heard that last step, the strange concussion in the deep ravine, asked the cause but heard no answer, save the echo of her own trembling voice from the rocky vale. That ear that had so affectionately listened to her voice for a half century was closed alike to the voice of love and alarm. The walking upon so narrow a space at such a height in the night, and the fall without a single exclamation, were characteristic of his firmness, and the smile upon the face, like sunshine in the night of others' gloom, was the natural expression of a pious soul which knew no fear and which was always most triumphant in the severest conflict.

The funeral was attended upon the 22nd by Revs. Anson Smyth and M. H. Abbey. While the body rested quiet in the beautiful Cleveland cemetery and the soul in heaven, the wife, two sons and two daughters mourn a loss such as few families can ever suffer, and the church and the world suffer a loss not easily supplied.

The world's welfare and every benevolent enterprise were subjects of his regard and anxiety. He was a member of the church of Christ, possessing a true catholic spirit, but knowing how to be denominational without being sectarian. He was strictly denominational, loving the doctrines, the usages and the institutions of the people of his early choice. For more than 30 years he was a regular writer for the *Star*, and for most of that time a member of the Ex. Board of the Printing Establishment, or of the Missionary and Education Societies. His sharp pen had been felt in every part of the denomination, and upon almost every subject of public interest, so that the whole body having known him long feel his loss. He was a great reasoner and of course a strong disputant, but he had a great heart and knew how to discuss a question with earnestness and vehemence even without disturbing the feeling of true Christian affection. So few understand the difference between pointed argument and personal reflection, that our brother was often misunderstood and considered severe when his heart was all right and the severity was only in his logic, which frequently allowed no escape. But no man was less artificial, less superficial or more true in his friendship, and whoever enjoyed it had one solid rest in the shifting sands of the world's deceptive smiles. But enology is not my province, and there is no space for even the analysis of character. A great soul has left us, a good man has departed, an earnest worker has rested from his labor, and who shall take his mantle? R. D.

Rev. Daniel Williams.

Daniel Williams was the son of John Williams. He was born in Gloucester, R. I., Oct. 3, 1790, and was the sixth generation in regular descent from Roger Williams, the first settler of Rhode Island.

He was converted when but eleven years of age, and for some time enjoyed the love of God, but after a while he lost his enjoyment and lived a vain life. But during the revival under the preaching of Rev. John Colby he was again awakened to a sense of his danger, obtained forgiveness, was baptized May 13, 1813, by Colby, and united with the Freewill Baptist church in Burrillville. Soon after, he felt it his duty to preach the gospel, and after making many excuses he commenced to preach in the vicinity, and his labors were very acceptable. In 1817 he was impressed by the spirit of God to go to Foster, a town very destitute of religious influences, and by his faithful preaching many were converted. He labored on, and in 1819 a most powerful revival was enjoyed, scores were converted to God, and its salutary influence is manifest at the present time. During these years he traveled much with Rev. Joseph White. In 1819 he was married to Nancy Smith of Gloucester, and moved to the south part of the town. He was ordained in Burrillville, Oct. 13, 1822, the council consisting of Reuben Allen, Timothy Morse, David Sweet and Daniel Green (of Pawtucket), all of whom have passed away. In 1820 he organized the church in Foster, and for more than half a century was its only pastor. He preached in the school-houses at Mt. Hygiea, Harmony, and Hopkins' Mills.

He moved to Chestnut Hill (East Killingly) Conn., June 7, 1826, where he lived until his death. Soon after he moved to this village, he commenced to preach "in his own hired house" without money or price, supporting his family "by the sweat of his brow," working at his trade, that of a blacksmith. A revival soon followed, and a number were baptized and united with the church in Foster. He now preached in the school-house in the village, and at the Mt. Hygiea and Harmony school houses in Foster. In 1830 a glorious revival was witnessed at Chestnut Hill, a number were baptized and became connected with the church, which now assumed the name of the Foster and Killingly church. At one time this church numbered some three hundred members, but as other churches were organized in more convenient places, the membership decreased. The church in Foster have a good house of worship, a good society, worthy membership and for more than fifty years have had no serious dissensions among themselves, an honor to the cause, and a blessing to the world. A large number of

ministers have gone out from this church to preach Christ.

But a few ministers have ever been more abundant in labors than Eld. Williams. He ever regarded a fixed salary for a minister as contrary to the teachings of the Bible. For years he worked during the week at his trade, leaving the forge and hammer on Saturday night for the desk on Sunday. Several years ago he ceased to work at his trade, the labors of the ministry engaging so much of his time. He preached more than two thousand funeral sermons, and among the number were those of nine that had committed suicide.

During his ministry he baptized some 700, and united in marriage between 1300 and 1400. He was punctual to his appointments, as well as to the social meetings of the church, and to the Quarterly Meetings. His life has not been characterized by any striking incidents nor a wide-spread notoriety, yet large results have been gradually realized. He was in favor of and advocated the cause of temperance, the abolition of slavery, and missions. He ever looked with favor upon the progress and improvements of the times. His education was very limited, but he had the advantage of a well balanced mind. He read men, not books. The Bible was his book of books. He had confidence in its truths and believed it safe to follow its teachings. He was strongly attached to his denomination, and especially loved to preach the doctrine of the freedom of the will. He had large individuality, but was never obstinate. He was cautious and firm. He was social and kind to the poor as well as to the rich. He depended on the influence of the Holy Spirit for success in preaching, and for wisdom from above to manage the business of the church. His wife, who died Jan. 8, 1861, was a helpmeet indeed. Her patience, her kind, Christian spirit, her wise counsel, her economy and industrious habits were so many helps to him. Their work is done. Not a doubt but they are now united together in praise and thanksgiving, sweeter, holier than ever they enjoyed on earth.

After laboring here with Colby, White, Lamb, Cheney, Allen, Darling, McKenzie and other ministers of Christ, how joyous to meet with them and with Christ, and enjoy the blessings of heaven that they talked and sang about when on earth. The stars in their crowns are not few nor dim. Elder Williams has done for Foster, for the Quarterly Meeting, for us, for the world, a glorious work.

July 16 as he was quietly seated, in his usual health, instantly, without a struggle, his spirit was called from the house it had occupied for 82 years, 9 months, and 13 days, to "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" and the mourners go about the streets."

A. H. CHASE.

We append the following, from an obituary sketch of Bro. Williams furnished by another party:

At his request the writer attended his funeral and preached a discourse at East Killingly on Friday, the 18th. The meeting house was filled with those who would honor his memory. Eleven ministers were present, the most of whom took some part in the services. Eld. Wade, who is upwards of 80, read the Scriptures; Elders Green and Brown, who had been baptized just 49 years previous to the day of the funeral, added to the interest of the occasion. Text—John 17: 4.

The Sabbath following, the writer conducted memorial services at his church in Foster. The meeting house was draped in mourning, and filled to overflowing. A sermon was preached from the text, "He being dead yet speaketh." The hour was one of mournful sadness, and grateful remembrances. At our suggestion a collection of \$75.00 was soon raised towards erecting a suitable monument at his grave. More friends in Foster will add to this sum, while a gentleman who was his nearest neighbor at Killingly and who took a deep interest in him will raise an additional amount in that vicinity.

The aged veteran died at his post. The remembrance of the just is pleasant.

J. MARNER.

A Hint to the Fair Readers.

Were women as attentive to the inestimable blessings of health as to the capricious extremes of novelty and fashion, it would be fortunate for themselves and their offspring, but as this is rather to be wished than expected, it may be necessary to remind them that, although health does not altogether constitute beauty, beauty is the child of health, and can not long exist without her parental influence. In vain they would strive to preserve one without due regard to the other. The great secret of improving beauty consists in the art of preserving health; it is that which animates and lights the countenance with expressive smiles, which touches the lips with vermilion, and diffuses over the cheeks a freshness and vivid glow surpassing Circassian bloom. It gives sweetness to the breath and luster to the eye; but let sickness and disease overshadow the beauteous form, and its appearance is no longer retained; the snowy whiteness of the skin is exchanged for a sallow hue; the luster of the eye is tarnished, and the blooming cheek will fade. Is it not then to be lamented that the true value of health is seldom sufficiently regarded, until it is either impaired or irretrievably lost?

MRS. ELIZABETH F. P.

School houses are the Republican line of fortifications.—Horace Mann.

Conscience warns us as a friend before it punishes us as a judge.—Stanislaus.

The nerve which never relaxes,—the eye which never blanches,—the thought which never wanders,—these are the masters of victory.—Anon.

Selections.

Olivet.

Soft falls the shade; the sun is set,
And cooled the fervid palms of noon,
And calmly, over Olivet,
Ascends the Paschal Moon.

After the glowing radiance falls
On either plain, a silver sea,
On Bethlehem's palm-shaded walls,
On sleeping Bethany.

The weeping priests at last repair
To sweet repose; the streets are mute;
No sound of viol rises the air,
Nor dulcimer, nor lute.

The princes sleep; the world is still;
Peace on the shadowy kingdoms lies;
The ancient types of faith fulfill
With Christ the sacrifice.

To sad Gethsemane, oppressed,
With sharpest grief, the Saviour goes;
For him no more the night brings rest,
Nor dawns eye repose.

On Olivet his work began,
On Olivet his work shall cease;
He there shall pray, "Thy will be done,"
Where first his lips said "Peace."

Sad is the night; not such mankind
Has ever seen, nor yet shall see;
Sad is the streamlet, and the wind
In gloomed Gethsemane.

Sad as the night when Egypt slept
In hard-earned pride and luxury, while
The Angel of Destruction swept
Along the temple Nile.

And smote each Egyptian house that dared
Tempt Israel's God, the great I Am,
But Israel's own children spared,
Saved by the Paschal Lamb.

Low on the ground the Saviour bows,
With midnight dew his tears he weeps,
While "hail the holiest olive boughs"
The word disciple sleeps.

He bends in anguish to the knee,
Pursued by the world, and men,
He prays, and breathes the prayer for thee,
"Thy will, O God, be done."

O night of sadness, grief and woe!
All that I have been, all I am,
To thee, O Christ, I give thee,
Thou wert my Paschal Lamb!

In sickness, weariness and grief,
My spirit sometimes feels alone,
The cross is light, I find relief
In thinking of thy own.

For thoughtful faith a vision sees,
As to my Lord I lift my eyes,
The garden lone, the olive trees,
The everlooming Paradise.

Then comes to me in my distress
The sorrowful; the place is sweet;
I am no more companionless,
Disciplined at his feet.

Christ in his heavenly garden waits
To lift each soul that tires and fails,
And pass through the celestial gates
Our lowliest complaints.

Sweet Comforter in want and woe,
Though all mankind did him forget,
Not one who seeks his face shall know
A friendless Olivet.

The Heavenly Council.

Take up the picture of an ancient allegory.
Imagine the all-seeing Creator,
When, in the midst of his councils, he
was determining whether he would issue
the order to make man. The world was
already fashioned, so the little story runs.
But about the middle of the sixth day,
the Almighty paused and took advice.
The morning stars were singing together
over the beauty of the new earth, as they
saw it rolling in majesty and bloom
beneath them. At this supreme moment
God summoned all his attributes to draw
nigh, and invited each in turn to say what
should be done as to peopling it.

Prudence spoke first. Looking forward
into the future, she foresaw (as they all did)
the inevitable catastrophe of sin. She
gave warning as to the cost it would cost to
mold and manage a race so willful and
rebellious as men were sure to be if they
were created. She said, "Alas, we have
had enough of that!" and voted unhesitatingly,
No.

Then came Justice. He remarked he
well understood that the immutable law
flung all the burden of inflicting its penalties
upon him. These men would be
disobedient, and so the curse would have
to fall upon them. Everybody knew that
he desired nothing so much as to give
God glory; but he hoped there might
some way be chosen, if possible, this time
beside that of public executions for sin.
He voted, No.

Truth was summoned next, and wished
to be allowed to say nothing; but being
pressed, declared that she feared there
would be trouble coming, if any new class
of creatures at all should be brought into
being, free-willed. For ever since this
awful rebellion of Satan, it had been
announced that God would punish every sin.
Satan was loose now, and he had denied
it and defied it. He wanted to renew the
old conflict. God would have to stand by
his word. She voted, "It is better—No."

Love seemed a little anxious to inter-
rupt, at any rate, he said he "felt sur-
prised at so much forbidding in the coun-
cil; for here was Wisdom to plan, and
Power to carry out, any sort of arrange-
ment." For his part he was strongly in
favor of this new creation. Oh, how
beautiful the earth looked down there!
With all his heart he voted, Yes.

After this, Wisdom, Power, Holiness,
and all the rest, took part in the reverent
discussion, and at the end voted variously.
But while the conversation lingered, the
omnipotent eye observed that one meek
and beloved Attribute was silent. "And
has Mercy nothing to say?" he asked, be-
nignantly.

"Thus beckoned, Mercy answered, humbly:
—'No word, no race, has ever been
given to me. In all these eternal ages,
I have never been permitted to show how
I, all-wise, can glorify the adorable Fa-
ther of heaven. Power had the shining
planets, Wisdom had the seraphs, Love
has now even on this new orb, the beasts,
the fishes, the birds. Even Justice had
the sinning angels; I had none. Let
man be created; he will sin; he will re-
pent. Let Wisdom help me; give this
penitent sinner to me; let me see if I
can not bring him back, and outwork a
new glory to our God.'"

Then they joined their voices; and
even Prudence changed her vote. They
agreed that man should be created, and
Mercy should have this world to herself.
But they set up this test: If she should
bring into heaven one sinner redeemed,
that Justice would admit unchallenged,
then they would wait to hear him sing,
standing on the golden floor. And then
her face all aglow, Mercy exclaimed:
—"One! I will have a whole choir of them,
a hundred and forty and four thousand;
and when their new song begins, there
will be a matchless silence in heaven!"

Then the divine Word was spoken, and

Truth was sent to bear it to the earth.
Man was created. Justice put on his awful
panoply, and stood at the door, for his
keen eye caught a glimpse of Satan, that
old serpent, gliding in the garden. Like
a beautiful seraph, Mercy, white clad,
passed out underneath the arch Wisdom
mysteriously keeping her company. And
all the Attributes watched the history in
Paradise. And all the angels of God
peered over the battlements of heaven,
earnestly desiring the look into it. They
saw the sin—the fall—the horror—the
shame; all done before the two sisters had
reached the spot; Adam and Eve were
lost!

And then they marked, oh, with un-
utterable wonder, that Mercy planted just
the cross at the gate, and Wisdom went
in to tell those two sinners what it meant.
At their side stood Truth. She had found
her unaided power of no avail to stay the
catastrophe. She went to the gate and
saw the symbol of atonement, Mercy and
Truth kissed each other when they met.

Then Justice up in heaven drew a long
breath of relief and whispered, "It is
done!" Before long, the train of the re-
deemed began to come in. They bore
palms. They wore crowns. Justice look-
ed every one in the forehead, and found
the mark of the Lamb; so he passed them
in. On the glittering pavement they as-
sembled. There beside the eternal Father
sat the Son, Immanuel the Prince, returned
from the earth.

"And they sang a new song, saying—
Thou art worthy to take the book, and to
open the seals thereof; for thou wast
slain, and hast redeemed us to God, by thy
blood, out of every kindred, and tongue,
and people, and nation, and hast made us
unto our God kings and priests, and we
shall reign on the earth."

This God showed he was rich in mercy
to man, for his great love wherewith
he loved us. Thus now he forbears, and
invites, only saying, "Him that cometh
unto me I will in no wise cast out."—
Charles S. Robinson, D. D.

The Meaning of Trouble.

Men often think that suffering is punish-
ment. "What have I done that God should
punish me?" As if this were the supreme
idea of providential grace! As if this were
an honorable interpretation of the great con-
stitution which belongs to all time, and to
the race! As if suffering were necessarily
punishment! Sometimes it is; but for the
most part, in this world, it is not. It is
said that suffering is the penalty for the
violation of law. Yes, Penalty but not
Punishment. Law violated acts back, as
it were, upon men in the form of suffering;
but suffering is not necessarily a sign of
disfavor. It is the hint to a man that he
is out of the way; but there is nothing il-
lignoble in it. Because I am not born with
a knowledge of law, I am not to blame.
It is not my fault that I was a baby before
I was a man. It is not my fault that I had
to learn to walk, that my starchy-like bones
had to acquire strength in walking, and
that I had to learn by stumbling. God
chastises men, but not in anger. And when
he is building them up, when, having
sprung from the earth, they are getting rid
of its dust; when they are working from
lower to higher conditions; when there
are a thousand things that they do not
know, that have not been revealed to them,
and they are set, without implements, to
perform great tasks in a world like this,
it is a shame to say that troubles which
come upon them are mainly punishments.

"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth,
and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."
That is a part of the constitution by
which men are lifted from a lower to a higher
sphere; from imperfection toward per-
fection.

The string that has been out of tune, low
down, upon which the key is placed, comes
groaning and sighing up to its concord;
and the sighing and groaning is a sign
of disgrace and penalty in the string. It
must come but the tune with the other
strings, and the groaning and sighing are
simply caused by the process of bringing
about that result.

Now troubles and weakness are, as it
were, pointer's eyes looking for strength;
and the drift or intent of trouble and sor-
row in the world is upbuilding, plenitude,
reparation, restoration, and final glorifi-
cation.—Beecher.

A Physician May Help.

Calling upon a neighboring physician
one morning, he remarked to me that one
of his patients was very sick, and that
her husband desired she should receive
Christian instruction and consolation. I
was requested to call, and did so. Such
was her physical condition, however, that
several visits were made before she could
gather strength sufficient to communicate
the state of her mind. In the meantime,
I was permitted, at brief intervals, to speak
to her of the will of the soul by sin, re-
covery by the blood of the Cross; the faith-
ful saying of the Gospel, and the mercy of
God in our Lord Jesus Christ. At length,
one cool morning, her decaying energies
revived.

Having repeated to her a portion of the
14th chapter of St. John's Gospel, I asked
if she had any sweet sense of pardoning
mercy? She whispered, "I have, through
faith in Jesus Christ." Then, gathering
renewed strength, in a sweet, soft voice,
she expressed herself in substance as fol-
lows:—A short time since I was enabled,
by the grace of God, to cast myself entire-
ly upon the Lord Jesus Christ for salva-
tion. For you know God's promise is,
that whosoever believeth on him shall be
saved. That is the ground of my hope,
and nothing else. I shall love to hear you
speak of Jesus and the promises, but I can-
not answer you; I am too weak. Thy
strength and comfort me; I am hap-
py; I know all you say; it is refreshing;
I thank you for it." Her irreligious hus-
band was a silent and deeply affected listen-
er to these words; as they dropped from
the lips of his dying wife; and we trust
not without good effect. In another in-
stance, such intercourse, under similar cir-
cumstances, resulted under God in the con-
version of the patient and her sister-in-law.
Both are now enjoying the fellowship of
the saints, and the privileges of membership
of the Christian church.—Christian Banner.

Stray Gatherings.

Reason never shows itself so reasonable
as when it ceases to reason about things
which are above reason. When Paul was a
Pharisee, he thought he was blameless;
when he was a Christian, the chief of sin-
ners. Where sin enters, pride will enter
too, and supply the place of real honor; as
iniquity aboundeth, pride aboundeth also;
and how could sinners boast of dignity, and
take up mighty state on account of verbal

titles, of transient honors, when they them-
selves must presently be eaten up with
worms? Pass by the learned, the mighty and
the wise, for they are dust; but let us rever-
ence the little children; for they are God's
messengers to us. Ministers only draw the
bow successfully when God's Holy Spirit
sharpens the gospel arrow, and wings it to
the hearts of them that hear. It does not
require much religion to cry hosannah, or
glory to God, or praise the Lord at the top
of your voice. Almost any one can do that,
and use all the vain repetitions you can,
and not have religion. It is the pure in-
heart who shall see God. A few minutes'
devotion at night will not clear the con-
science of a foul trick done during the day,
nor will going to church on Sunday atone
for the willful sins of a week. Men plant
prayers and endeavors, and go next day
looking to see if they have borne graces.
Now God does not send graces as he sends
light and rain, but they are wrought in us
through long days of discipline and growth.
Accords and graces sprout quickly, but grow
long before ripening. The only way to
find comfort in earthly things is to sur-
render them, in a faithful carelessness, into
the hands of God. He who cares for our
eternal salvation, will not forget our temporal
wants.

The Poetry of Calvinism.

Calvinism is said to be prosaic and unpo-
etical. "What poem," it is asked, "has it
written?" Our reply is ready. We know not
that those Calvinists who led to their homes,
across river and meadow and mountain
boundaries, across channels and oceans, on
wintry days, had any fairy-land pleasure at
all, or "one ray of effluence, or one emotion of
dainty, poetical taste." Their hats were
steep-crowned; their beards were un-
shaven; their trousers were patched. They
had membership not at St. Paul's, nor at
Notre Dame, but in the churches of the
Desert. Their preachers were "preachers
of the tub and of the barn." Their sermons
and prayers were "linked sweetness, long
drawn out." They were seldom, if ever,
sentimental, and as far removed as possible
from dapper dilettantism. Nevertheless,
they were candidiores imperiorum, the "most
remarkable body of men, perhaps, which
the world has ever produced." Pollok, we
believe, wrote "The Course of Time";
Bunyan, the "Pilgrim's Progress"; Cow-
per, "The Task"; Watts, the foremost of
English sacred lyrics; Milton, "Paradise
Lost"—(said by some to be brilliant). But,
letting these pass, what poems have Calvin-
ists written? Oh, ye bones blanched on
Alpine cliffs and French heights, ye shade of
the Bastille, and of St. Bartholomew's day;
ye cool and valorous ironides, winning
victory for Cromwell at Marston Moor; ye
daring companions of Knox and Melville,
chiding fearlessly kings and queens; ye sa-
tirical, but immortalized body of Puritans,
"crushing and trampling down oppression,
pierced by no weapons and withstood by no
barriers; charmed by no pleasures, and
terrified by no deaths"; pursued, and yet
pursuing freedom to worship God—your
judgment has come,—what poem have you
written? We listen as the answer comes:

Seen in all our toils and sorrows, separa-
tions and seclusions, journeyings, voyag-
ings and fastings from famine and fear;
our cells and caves, our stocks and martyr
fires, our enforced expatriations and colo-
nial plantings, you have "a whole illiad in
action" and an epic of heroism more
sweet and grand than ever Virgil con-
ceived. We show you deeds of valor of
which Achilles and Aeneas never dreamed.
We offer you bolder and braver knights
than any ever dubbed by St. Michael or St.
George. For chivalrous daring and high
undertaking we yield not to the crusaders
at the gates of the holy city. For lofty en-
terprises and heroic events, to have been ex-
celled. For brilliant achievement and sub-
lime self-sacrifice and invincible faith, we
challenge the world of romance to excel the
reality of our history. What poem has Cal-
vinism written? It has written on the sub-
lime and the beautiful, on the self-denying
and the grand, on the tender and the emo-
tional, on the picturesque and the lovely, in
a large book of ancestral recollections and
inspirations such as the world had never
before possessed. Its poetry is its thrilling
history and "the mighty visions passing
there."—Bibliotheca Sacra.

Waiting to Be Ready.

When Christ was on earth, a great many
persons that came to him were going to be
his disciples after a preparation. One says,
"I will follow thee, but suffer me first."
"Stop!" says the Saviour; "I do not want
you unless you will follow me at once." These
suffer-me-first folks are not the ones to
follow Christ. If you have any secular
preparation to make, you are not the one to
follow Christ. When he was on earth, and
people came to him, what he demanded of
them was this: "Follow me now."

And that is what he demands of every
person to-day. If any say, "Lord, we do
not understand the doctrine yet," he says,
"Then follow me for that reason, and I will
teach you." "Lord, we do not feel that our
hearts are sufficiently subdued." "Follow
me, and then they will become subdued."
"But, Lord, we do not know that we shall
hold out." "You certainly will not if you
do not begin. The best way is to follow
me just as you are."

Remember, you must either follow Christ
or go away from him. You must either ac-
cept him or renounce him. And if any one
is conscious of being sinful, has a burdened
conscience, has a heavy heart, and needs
consolation and salvation, I beseech you to
follow Christ unhesitatingly, and he will re-
veal, hour by hour, and day by day, what
your duty is, and all that is needful for you
to know.

Home in Sight.

A godly friend of mine, through perse-
verance and industry had been able to
build himself a house. But his chief boast
was, that from his fireside he could see his
father's house on a distant hill. "No
matter the weather," said he, "whether
Winter or Summer, Spring or Autumn,—
no matter the sky, whether cloudless or
stormy,—when I sit by my east window,
father's roof and chimney tops, the gleam
of his lamp at night, are always visible to
my sight." His words contain the philoso-
phy of life, and enclose, as in a nutshell,
the principles of holy living. Envious,
—yea, thrice enviable,—is the man who can
peer the clouds of social darkness, which
surround our earthly homes, and see his
Father's house, with its many mansions, in
the distant heaven.

Let the winter wind sweep and the long
rains pour, still from his mansion here the
Christian, by faith, can see, through all the
tempest and darkness, the light beaming
from the mansions in heaven; and by-and-
by, bidding farewell to the earthly, he shall
take perpetual possession of his eternal
home.—Preacher's Lantern.

Spiritual Singing.

Have a rocking-chair in some large room,
at the top of the house, all cozy, quiet, and
clean, and in some of the old familiar tunes
of the village church of your childhood,
sing by the hour, with an open mouth and
a loud voice—not on a penny-whistle pitch
—the psalms and hymns, and spiritual
songs of Watts and Wesley, of David and
Moses, and "Deuteronomy and all of them."
Sing away and rock away, and
don't be afraid if your neighbors do think
you are a Methodist; for if you are a live
one, the angels won't be ashamed of you;
but while you are singing think what the
words mean, and let your heart go out in
that meaning; think, too, the many who
used to sing these same songs with you,
side by side, in the same pew, but who can
sing them no more now, for their lips are
stilled in death, and their sweet voices are
hushed in the church-yard grave, to be
heard no more, until you join together in
singing the hallelujahs of the skies.—John
Hall.

Preaching.

Lawyers do not care to hear preaching
upon law, nor doctors upon physic, nor ar-
tists upon art, nor business-men upon banks
and cotton and railroad securities. They
know more of these things than ministers
do. They want the pure, fresh, and simple
Gospel, applied with all wisdom to the reg-
ulation of human motives, words, and
deeds, and to the wants of living men. But
they want it also as "spiritual refreshment,"
the manna of the desert pathway, the
stream that flows from its source in the
sacred Rock. They have enough of
secular things all the six days of the week,
but on the Lord's day let them have some
of his "heavenly meat and drink." Every
pastor of an educated and intelligent people
will testify that their most learned Christian
parishioners are less critical, less exacting,
and far more inspiring hearers than those
who have only a smattering of science or of
literature.

Let the pulpit do its own legitimate work.
That work only has the promise, of the Spirit.
The preacher who subordinates the Gospel
to any human science is more likely to
make skeptics than believers.—Intelligencer.

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

The Religion of Materialism.

Most of what is recognized as skepticism or infidelity, as we meet it among thoughtful men to-day, has a courtly air and uses deferential speech. It eschews the bold atheism of the older times. It says what it deems a generous word for the Bible and its Christ, for Christians and their creeds, for churches and their aims. It admits the inspiration of Isaiah and John, but claims it also for Swedenborg and Parker, Henri Taine and Waldo Emerson. It rhapsodizes in poetry; it talks reverently in the dialect of pantheism; it claims to illustrate the charity which Paul commended, in exalting the good things found in every system of pagan religion. It would give us a truer interpretation of the New Testament so that it shall square with modern science and philosophy, and make the regeneration of the soul simply a natural human phenomenon. That is the prevalent type of skepticism, and by its very subtlety and seeming friendliness the danger from it may be greater instead of less.

But the spirit of Paine and Diderot still lives. The old audacious and egotistic infidelity is now and then heard declaring itself. This comes from the circle of the materialists, who find much which they insist justifies their position and aids their cause in the deductions of physical science. They claim Huxley and Darwin and Draper as their strong allies, and try to swear by Dana and Agassiz, though the oaths now and then stick and sputter in their throats. They are bold in accusation, but not over-modest in the claims which they set up. If strong assertions could carry a point, they would certainly have everything their own way. And when speaking to those who hate Christianity for the demands it makes and the restraints it imposes, their radical and half-reckless words are very likely to be answered by sympathy, by a more settled bitterness, and by a more impatient and heated defiance.

One of the later and more popular expositions of materialism, as representing the truth which Christianity discards, appears in a pamphlet sent us from New York, and of which a Mr. Underwood is the author. He charges Christianity with various singular things. He says it teaches that "woman is man's inferior and subordinate, made for his gratification and convenience, while man was made for himself and the glory of God;" that God, according to it, "has approved and sanctioned polygamy, slavery and despotism;" "Christianity has been, on the whole, terribly pernicious," &c., &c. And then, after this arraignment, the author proceeds to set forth the moral superiority of his system of materialism. There is no revelation aside from that furnished by reason and experience, which are the best guides; "an unbroken, everlasting sleep probably awaits us all," and this is "infinitely preferable" to the future which Christianity pictures. Of Christ, he writes such words as these:

Materialists generally regard Jesus—the records of whose life are very scanty and largely fabulous, and of whose existence even there is some ground for doubt—as probably a man of no great intellect but of a benevolent heart, of some chimerical and fanciful notions, together with a good deal of moral wisdom, a man thoroughly conscientious, who lived a life of purity and died a martyr to his faith and supposed mission. As a reformer and a benefactor, he has ever esteem and gratitude. Could he return to earth at the present day, there is scarcely a doubt that he would be regarded by a large proportion of his professed followers somewhat as he was by the Pharisee of eighteen hundred years ago. He would, probably, find less cordial welcome and less courteous treatment in the churches where service is performed in his name, than in the Liberal halls where his character is freely criticized, and the miracles ascribed to him are ridiculed as fabulous and foolish.

That is enough to quote. And the mere statement of the position of this exponent of the materialists suffices. No formal answer is needed. If the religion of these teachers can give us only this, it would do better to refrain from mocking us with the semblance of good, only to astonish and cheat, and outrage our confidence and hope. If it can not tell the truth when it pretends to state the nature and teachings of Christianity; if it can find only the silence of a blind, heartless, infinite Force when we are pleading for a Father's pity; if our aspirations for limitless life are given only a handful of ashes at the end of their quest and snoring; if the alleged miracles of Christ are to be explained away by assuming a far greater miracle,—that, though he was a weak fanatic, with "a character having grave defects and deficiencies; inferior to that of Socrates and hundreds who have appeared in later times," yet his words and deeds have been the mightiest agencies operating in society for eighteen centuries, and are still adding to their power,—if this is the best thing which the religion of materialism has to offer us, we may well turn away from its prophets in bitter disappointment, and repeat in the Master's ear the question of Peter,—"TO WHOM SHALL WE GO? THOU HAST THE WORDS OF ETERNAL LIFE."

Skepticism may be chiefly the misfortune of some minds. It is just that. They are constitutionally "slow of heart to believe." Doubts and questionings have haunted them from their cradles upward. Or unfavorable surroundings, and mischievous teachers, and treacherous and unprincipled professors of religion may have warped the understanding, and blurred the eyes with preju-

dice. They have to fight for every inch of the territory of a genuine faith which they gain and keep. The most earnest prayer they ever offer is that of the man in the gospel,—“Help thou mine unbelief!” Such souls as these deserve the charitable sympathy of men, as they are sure to have the infinite and helpful pity of God.

But there is another sort of skepticism which fights against the higher light and the diviner truth. It shuts its eyes. It stops its ears. It twists evidence. It keeps important witnesses away from the inner court, or it perverts their uttered testimony. It loves darkness. It craves the license which infidelity allows. It keeps on crying “No God!” until it imposes upon itself, and believes its own passionate word to be the utterance of an infallible oracle, called Reason, or Philosophy, or Science.

And thus it justifies and illustrates the statement of the Scriptures,—“The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God!” The best, nay, the only real cure for much and even for most of the skepticism that exists, is found in that vital experience which comes to the heart that opens itself upward in earnest prayer, and then puts the truth it has learned into faithful Christian service. Logic is not the needed medicine, but Love; not metaphysical analysis, but an unselfish and consecrated life. For such prayer makes unseen things visible, and such service fills the soul with the very powers of the divine life, so that there is a grateful repetition of the old word,—“I know that my Redeemer liveth.”

Struggling Churches.

There are many such churches. In the best sense, every church ought to be a struggling body,—putting forth its highest energies for good. If it is large, strong, wealthy, influential, it ought to struggle in behalf of feeble interests that need its aid, establish and maintain mission interests, and bend its powers to carry the gospel to “the regions beyond.” Stagnant forces are discreditable anywhere, but nowhere else do they burlesque what they are meant to exalt as in the sphere of Christian effort. For a church is especially meant to be a working body. Every one of its members is set to be a laborer with God. Now, as of old, the woe is a fearful one that falls upon those who are at ease in Zion.

But we had in mind churches that are forced to struggle in order to live. There are many such. They are found both east and west, in the cities and in the country, in communities where wealth abounds and in those where most of the people eat their bread in the sweat of the face and bend under the burdens of daily toil. For the strongest currents of influence are often found setting in the worldly direction, and the gains men get in the marts of trade are by no means as a rule at the service of godliness. And so churches must struggle. They who labor hard and give generously for their support are often but a handful, while the many pass them by as though they were things of small consequence. The money needed to pay for the built or needed sanctuary is hard to get. Subscriptions to meet the expense of maintaining public worship come slowly and sometimes grudgingly. The pastor's salary is constantly in arrears. More or less of what is promised fails to be paid. The prayer meetings are thin, and the hour often wears away between dragging songs, and distrustful supplications, and deep-drawn sighs, and disheartening silence. The Sunday school lacks punctual and efficient teachers,—it lacks too a library, singing-books, and the presence of the men and women that would give it a meaning and help it toward a character. There are as many empty pews as full ones even in the pleasant days of summer; in the winter and on stormy days, the sense of solitude is almost oppressive, and the preacher needs to be a master of the bow if his arrows of truth go home to the proper target. Many of these churches are small, so that, though each member does service full of heroism and self-denial, the contest for continued life is fierce, prolonged, and often seems doubtful. Such churches know the meaning of the word “struggle.”

What of such churches? Possibly some of them may have been unwisely planted, and the energy and devotion now given to them might be more wisely spent. But let that pass. Most of them doubtless are greatly needed just where they are, and all the more because of the general lack of religious interest which makes such a struggle necessary. And they may find encouragement in several thoughts:

It is no new or unusual thing which comes to them. Such fiery trials are quite common. They have many partners in this tribulation. Many of the churches which to-day are strong, went up to their vigor over a similar path and through equally severe discipline. It is the price which must often be paid for moral eminence and power. We must frequently buy victories by paying just such an equivalent.

Through such struggle comes large and true personal profit. Earnest and self-sacrificing toil is what builds both body and soul into vigor and capacity. The eminent and heroic Christian is the working Christian. Self-mastery, power over others, and genuine fellowship with God all come of this earnest style of life. And, whatever may be the fate of the special church which is thus toiled for, the worker himself will win daily victories in his own soul of whose fruits nothing can cheat him. And this work of building ourselves into a round and mature Christian character is by no means the least vital part of the work set for us. That end gained, and life can yield no radical failure. Heaven crowns it triumphant.

There is, besides, a high and sacred enjoyment connected with such struggling churches. Earnest and unselfish labor yields some of the highest satisfactions that come to us. Many members of churches that have gone up to power and eminence

through years of struggle, recall those early days as among the best days of life. Seen in retrospect, they are luminous and attractive. Into them, as they stand out in memory, there seems to have been distilled the poetry of ardor and the heroism of dutifulness. The later days of ease and outward honor have nothing that equals them in interest. And there are often honest and not senseless sighs for the return of those special satisfactions of heart which sprang from the struggles that were so full of intensity as to tax every power and test the mettle of the soul.

By means of these necessary struggles churches are kept from the formality, heedlessness and stagnation which are among their worst as well as their subtlest foes. Somebody has said, with scarcely less truth than bluntly, that human nature is likely to be about as lax as circumstances will allow. The remark is applicable to the moral sphere as well as to the secular. And many a church is an example of high and useful activity when forced to struggle for life, that might have illustrated little save irresponsible indolence but for this pressure. Even in religion, the faithful workers who sing at their toil were at first sent to it by coercion. Necessity drove them to service, but at length they are held to it by love, and enthusiasm, and habit.

And when a real triumph comes to such churches,—as it is pretty sure to come sooner or later,—it is something to be prized and profited by. They use the power wisely which has been thus acquired. The great and strong churches that make themselves felt as saving forces on all hands, are generally those that came up through struggle. They keep the zeal which they long ago nurtured, and they employ thankfully the resources which were sanctified by the prayer and toil which united to bring them.

We mean to write soberly and truly. We do not claim more value for weakness than for power, nor insist that it is best for a church to be always struggling desperately for mere life. Not that. But we do mean to say that such struggling churches need not fret nor faint over their lot. Let them always hope and sometimes sing. It may prove a most needful and valuable discipline for them. God may make it work for their highest profit. It may be the only real road to victory. Let them be resolute and patient; let them pray and hope; and they need not fear that it will be all in vain.

A Question.

A correspondent sends the following query, desiring the answer to be given in the Star:

In case evangelists and others assist in revivals in a church where there is a regular pastor, who is the proper person to administer the ordinance of baptism when the converts are admitted to the church?

ANSWER. As a rule, it is plainly both the privilege and the duty of the pastor to administer the ordinance, and formally receive the members, in the circumstances referred to, as on other and more ordinary occasions. The reasons need to be very special, strong and peculiar, to warrant the evangelist, or any other minister temporarily employed, in doing what is pre-eminently the work of the pastor, in such a case as the one supposed. There must be some of the weakness of vanity, or selfishness, or unsanctified personal ambition in a minister who would encourage an estrangement of a company of converts from the man especially set to watch over and train them for service as members of the church. He should be the pastor's helper, not his rival, and aid especially to serve the church, not to exalt himself. It is not hard to imagine cases where the exceptional policy might be proper; but the rule is obvious enough, and should not be lightly set aside.

On the Beach.

Old Orchard Beach, Saco, Me., has enjoyed a good reputation as a place of summer resort for many years. But it has suddenly sprung into notoriety, owing to the facilities now afforded for reaching it by the extension of the Boston & Maine R. R. from Berwick along the shore to Portland. Indeed, I know of no watering place by the sea so happily convenient in this respect as this beach. The cars drop you within an easy walk by plank to nearly all the hotels and boarding houses in the place,—some on one side of the beach, and some on the other. A few days' sojourn here has given me a general insight into the character and facilities of the place for serving the purpose to which it is appropriated, some of which will be noted in due form.

HOTELS.—There are some seven or eight hotels, including one up the beach some two miles. Two of them are quite large, together furnishing accommodations for some 800 guests. The others have a capacity for from 50 to 150 each. These are all nearly or quite full at the present time. Besides these, there are several excellent boarding houses for the accommodation of persons whose income hardly warrants an expense, by way of rest and recreation, of three or four dollars per day.

The accommodations at the public houses are generally good, and quite deserving of satisfaction. Our hotel, the St. Cloud, is quite on the beach, the sea reaching up to within a few yards of the front steps, affording from the upper piazza as fine a sea prospect as one will often look upon. The house and everything about it are new and neat. “Mine hostess” is just a complete mistress of the situation,—the table is excellent, the waiters are tidy and attentive; indeed, all the appointments of the house mean welcome and comfort.

THE BEACH.—Nothing that I have seen

yet on the coast from this place to Newport, R. I., and I believe I have visited all the noted places within that range,—exceeds it for beauty and convenience. The extent of it is some twelve miles, over the whole length of which drives can be taken, if one wishes for so much of the same good thing. The beach is perfectly hard, and much of the way smooth and even, delightfully adapted to drives at low tide. And then the white glistening surf and the sounding wave, God's psalm of praise to himself, resounding through all the ages, is grand and inspiring. How can one ever be weary of it?

BATHING.—This is the institution here. The beach is superbly adapted to this delightful and healthy exercise. It slopes very gradually, and is perfectly free from undertow. Children may wade out to their necks with perfect safety. Scores and hundreds may be seen at all hours of the day swashing about in the brine, jumping, plunging and yelling in the wildest ecstasy. It is wonderful how this huge wash-tub is patronized by persons so sadly neglectful of the smaller ones at home. I dare say there are hundreds here who may be seen sousing about in the brine two or three times a day, almost crazy with delight, whose carcases have not known what soap and water mean for a twelvemonth before. Well, let us derive some satisfaction from the consideration of a few days' practice of that virtue which stands next to godliness, though it be of but annual occurrence.

THE GROVE AND ITS USES.—Commencing near the depot and extending a long way between the rail track and the beach, is a grove of pines. This is devoted to the entertainment of Sabbath school picnics, excursionists of all classes, and groups of people from the rural districts, who come in large numbers every pleasant day, to bathe in the sea and eat their lunch in the shade. There is a side track with a long platform laid for the express accommodation of such parties as come by rail. It is largely patronized by excursionists from far and near, making the times lively, and still more enjoyable to such sojourners as find their own pleasures heightened by the enjoyments of others.

There is another grove, or park, as it is somewhat more pompously named, near the Old Orchard House, and belonging to it. It is wholly a native forest, art having done nothing for it but to clear away the underbrush for walks, &c. It is a most pleasant retreat, and is largely patronized. Foot paths diverge, cross and recross in every direction, and are labeled at the corners with so sweet and inviting names, that one is tempted to enter them for this if for no other reason. The following are specimens:—Cedar Path, Myrtle Path, Joy Path, Fern Path, The Poet's Walk. At convenient intervals, there are seats and arbors, constructed in the most rustic manner of the bodies of small and the limbs of larger trees, with names so hospitable and patronizing, that any one fancies himself especially and particularly meant and provided for. The following may be noted among many others: The Artist's Retreat, the Astronomer's Seat, The Peasant's Nest, The Parson's Study, The Wanderer's Rest. Near the entrance, on an elevation, is the Oratory, consisting of a pulpit and its surroundings, constructed of the limbs of trees preserved as nearly as possible in their native form. This is used for religious and other public services. There was an appointment for divine service at 4 o'clock last Sabbath. This was prevented by a shower, which pretty thoroughly wetted down that particular hour.

Upon looking over the above record, I find it pretty largely made up of dry description, so I may as well end with the “dollar and cent” consideration, which is hardest and cruelest of all.

EXPENSES.—The price of board, &c., is graded here to suit customers, ranging from \$1.00 to \$3.00 or \$4.00 per day. For the least sum named, to a limited extent, excellent board, with neat, tidy accommodations can be obtained. The only drawback is the smallness of the sleeping rooms. This is a matter of general complaint here, no less against the larger than against the smaller hotels. I heard the matter somewhat warmly discussed one day on the railroad platform, between an irate gentleman, who had lodgings at one of the most fashionable hotels, and one of the employees of the same. The said employee alleged that people coming from the cities into the country and to the sea-side, ought not to expect so ample room as in New York and Boston. The irate gentleman, who regarded himself as defrauded of several cubic yards of fresh air every night, affirmed that quite the opposite was true; that people left the city for the express purpose of breathing free, wholesome air, which was an impossibility in these pent-up seven-by-nine rooms. He doubtless had the argument. Land is cheap, why don't they spread the houses? More moderate priced houses are wanted. Those now existing were filled up long before the more expensive ones, and are kept crowded almost to suffocation, as they are preferred by many whose means are ample, and whose standing is respectable and even honorable.—J. F.

Current Topics.

THE FOUR WHO REMAIN. The founding of the first anti-slavery Society in Massachusetts is called freshly to mind by the visit to Cambridge last week of Mr. Benj. C. Bacon, of Beverly, N. J., who is one of the original twelve that formed the Society. It is related that the “little band met in a small hall in Butolph, now Irving street, Boston, January 6, 1832, and the twelve apostles drew up a constitution which was solemnly signed by each. Not one of these departed from the principles which he then avowed. At that time there was no odium attached to the movement,

its founders being simply regarded as enthusiastic, impracticable fanatics.” Of the twelve, only four are now living, the other three being Wm. Lloyd Garrison, of Boston; Moses Thatcher, now a pastor in northern New York; and Oliver Johnson, of the Christian Union. They are indeed the survivors of a noble fight, well worthy all the honor that a grateful nation accords to them.

JESUITS IN ENGLAND. The Jesuits die hard. Banished from Germany, they finally seek a home in England. A great many of the Order, who were banished by Bismarck's decree, have already settled in Lancashire. After they had wandered through France, Belgium and a portion of England, an estate in the latter country was placed at their disposal, on which they immediately opened a convent, and began to gather followers. A large company of German teachers and students are already there, and other colonies have settled themselves at Stonyhurst and St. Buenos, whence they hold daily communication with Germany. Is England to admit to homes a class that Germany deemed it unsafe to harbor? The Jesuits have never yet dwelt in any country with safety to it, and it will be surprising if England isn't agitated by their coming.

THE REST OF THE CHURCHES. If ministers need rest from pastoral cares, we hardly see why churches should not be allowed something of the same privilege. It is leading in the work that mainly tires the minister. Why should not following and doing also tire the members? To be sure many of them make their church work merely incidental, so that it rarely wearies them. But it is easy to conceive of a church getting into that over-pressed if not over-worked condition where a round month's respite from the same routine of service would bring them back to their work with a fresh vigor and a new interest, such as would accomplish much more in the following six months than they would if the previous one of relaxation had made the number seven. Since spiritual force depends in great measure on physical vigor, they work the wisest who aim to keep the latter at the proper pitch.

BVELL UNDERTAKEN. The colored people of Richmond, Va., are subscribing money with which to build a Home in that city for the aged and infirm of their race. The contributions are said to come in well, and the friends of the undertaking go about the work with a spirit which promises success. Such a Home is greatly needed. Aged colored people are said to suffer great neglect in that section. That the negroes should thus take measures to provide for their own is a thrifty sign, and will be likely to dull the point of a good many epithets that their foes are fond of flinging at them. With schools and churches and charity asylums, sustained by their own efforts, the colored people are making for themselves no unworthy record.

THE METHOD OF ELECTING PRESIDENT. Senator Morton has called a meeting of the senatorial committee on privileges and elections to be held in New York, Oct. 1, to consider the best method of electing President and Vice President, and to discuss the constitutional changes that would thereby be needed. The defects of the present system are apparent. The death of Horace Greeley called special attention to the plight in which the country might at almost any presidential election be left. Either the Electoral College must be superseded, or its instructions be such as shall cover these special cases. It is understood that the proposed meeting will be of a public character, several of the leading constitutional lawyers and writers on the special subject being invited to address the committee. It is a matter of great public importance, and will doubtless claim wide and earnest attention.

THE PICNIC SEASON. It is almost bewildering to glance at the list of picnics for any given week about this time. Out of Chicago there is said to go weekly about fifty picnic parties of all grades, while New York furnishes more than that number and Boston from thirty to forty. And so from the cities down to nearly every country school district the routine of life is being broken in this pleasant way. We wonder if they can come home at night without some degree of gratitude to him who has so bountifully provided for rest and refreshing in the midst of weariness? What a great volume of joy these gatherings must represent. Care is thrown off, work is forgotten, and for a day there is that natural freedom which God probably meant for the world before he was obliged to utter that terrible sentence, “In the sweat of the brow.”—If that sentiment snacks of laziness, don't accept it.

A WAIL FROM THE LIBERALS. The organ of the Free Religionists is sending forth some most dismal notes. As though it had received some cruel usage in its war upon “the despotism of Christianity,” it now comes out and frankly pleads for help, at the same time acknowledging that its affairs are in a desperate strait. “The Index,” says its frantic Editor, now “needs money to do its great work greatly. It is unnecessary to expatiate on the why or the wherefore, but that is the fact. Shall it be left,” he asks, “to struggle alone out of the slough, or perhaps be abandoned in it?” How about “the despotism of Christianity,” if the latter should be the case? It would exercise its tyranny unrebuked. But really, we wonder how Mr. Abbot could expect, in taking his outrageous position, anything but the prayers of those who pray for sinners and the laughter of

those who laugh at fools. Let us add, that it is proposed to publish the *Index* in Boston, beginning this autumn.

INTERESTING OBSERVATIONS. Professor Hayden, who lately went to the region of the Rocky Mountains in charge of an exploring expedition, sends home some very important reports. His expedition had reached the summit of Mt. Lincoln, and found its elevation to be 14,900 feet. From this point at least fifteen mountains were seen that are 14,000 feet above the sea level, with two hundred and fifty that have a height of 13,000 ft. above tide water. Verily, America can boast of some pretty tall scenery. Also from the summit of Lincoln a mountain 17,000 feet high could be seen, which was named the Holy Cross, from the appearance of two deep ravines which cross each other at right angles on the high face of the mountain. These are constantly filled with snow and present a grand appearance. This mountain is believed to be the highest in North America. The Naturalists of the expedition were also very successful, capturing many rare specimens of the animal kingdom. The results of the Expedition are thus warranted to be successful beforehand. There can be no doubt but America offers wide and interesting fields of research to the explorer and naturalist, and Professor Hayden and his party deserve great credit for the bold manner in which they push their undertaking. The completed report of the expedition must make a document that every intelligent person will be fond of reading.

THE FOREIGN MISSION REPORT. The annual report of our Foreign Mission in India has been forwarded to more or less of our readers. Printed on the ground, it is itself a testimony to the successes wrought in that field,—a sort of symbol of the achievements of the laborers, present and absent, dead and living. It is interesting, instructive, encouraging. It tells alike of joys and griefs, both of which have attained unusual proportions during the year. It is a record of work,—hard, patient, prayerful, and not fruitless. It records too of anxieties and fears, of efforts baffled and hopes disappointed. It has some protest and some pathos. One can see that some paragraphs were written with a hot heart and a quickened pulse; there are others that yet seem almost moist with the tears that blurred the page on which they were first written. We hope it will be read and pondered. It was finished before the first word telling of coming reinforcements had reached the writers. And so it ends less jubilantly, though perhaps not less resolutely, than would have been the case had the grateful message gone sooner. It has cheering facts to report. It does not fail to put brave words among its pungent appeals. It was somewhat epitomized by our missionary correspondent, and so we only ask now that it may be carefully read and faithfully heeded.

A GOOD CHOICE. The selection of our English correspondent to fill the office of President of Chilwell College, made vacant by the retirement of our excellent and genial friend, Dr. Underwood, was an act that did fitting honor to the electors and to the appointee. Bro. Goadby will be greatly missed from the pastorate which he has filled so acceptably and ably, but he will find a most important and promising sphere for his scholarly intellect, his fine tastes, his manly piety and his genial spirit. We predict for him a popular and useful career in his new position and relations, and congratulate the young men who are to have the benefit of his direct service in their behalf.

GOING ABROAD. Prof. Hayes, of Bates College, is allowed an absence to visit Europe, where he proposes to tarry for the larger part of a year, doing something in the way of travel and sight-seeing, but giving himself chiefly to study for the sake of greater efficiency in his chair at the College. He has earned the respite by years of hard, steady and effective work, and he will carry a spirit and purpose that assure a large profit from the privileges that will be open to him. He goes very soon, accompanied by his wife. Our readers will hear from them frequently, as he will use his pen for them as well as his eyes and brain for himself and his College classes, and she will impart as well as gather. Good wishes will attend and fervent prayers follow them.

PRIMARY LESSON PAPERS. Eben Shute, 40 Winter St., Boston, issues, at the usual price, Lesson Papers containing simple questions and answers on the International Series of Lessons, adapted to the youngest classes. They aim only to give the pupils the facts brought out, and the questions are generally answered in the words of Scripture. The work seems done with good judgment and skill.

Denominational News and Notes.

Home Mission Chit-Chat.

TEXAS.

The following is an extract from a letter of a white minister, ordained by Bro. Manning, who is now laboring in the state of Texas. For obvious reasons we omit his name and place of residence:

“I am in Texas and getting along as well as could be expected. The society is dull, and the people seem to have a form of religion, but they are so prejudiced against the colored people and Yankees, that they can have but a little of the love of Christ in their hearts. War and bitterness seem to fill their hearts. In some localities they have burned down the school houses built for the colored people, and do all they can to prevent their having any school. If a Yankee preaches he must look out for him-

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Poetry.

School Life.

I sat in the school of sorrow,
The Master was teaching there,
But my eyes were dim with weeping,
And my heart was full of care.

Instead of looking upwards
And seeing the face divine,
So full of the tenderest pity
For weary hearts like mine.

Only thought of the burden,
The cross that before me lay,
So hard and heavy to carry,
That it darkened the light of day.

So I could not learn my lesson,
And say, "Thy will be done;"
And the Master came near me
As the weary hours went on.

At last, in my heavy sorrow,
I looked from the cross above,
And I saw the Master watching,
With a glance of tender love.

He turned to the cross before me,
And I thought I heard Him say,
"My child, thou hast but thy burden,
And learn thy task to-day."

"I may not tell the reason,
'Tis enough for thee to know
That I, the Master, am teaching,
And give this cup of woe."

So I stooped to that weary sorrow;
One look at that face divine
Had given me power to trust Him,
And say, "Thy will, not mine."

And then I learnt my lesson,
Taught by the Master alone,
He only knows the tears I shed,
For he has wept His own.

But from them came a brightness,
Straight from the home above,
Where the school life will be ended,
And the cross will show the Love.

The Song of Labor.

From the mountain and the valley,
From the wayside and the glen,
From the street and from the alley,
Come the songs of workmen.

Where the fire bright is glowing,
By the furnace and the mould,
Where the lurid flame is flowing,
Labor's songs are sung and told.

Where the hammers ply the quickest,
And the anvils notes resound,
Where the sparks are flying thickest,
There do laborers' songs abound.

By the work-bench shall ye hear them
Where glide swiftly knife and plane,
Honest hearts and hands to steer them,
Those who will not toll in vain.

Where the ponderous wheels are rushing
In the mill so worn and old,
Hark! the songs of labor gushing,
As go round the grains of gold.

Where the sickle gleams so brightly,
As the reaper strides along,
Where the gleaners follow lightly,
There they chant the labor song.

Where the husbandman is plowing,
There where shines the sweaty brow—
There where honest hearts are bounding,
Bounding and rejoicing now.

Waft the burden, breezes blowing!
Till it reaches other lands,
And the tide which now is flowing,
Washes old and foreign strands.

Till the earth shall know no master,
Till shall ring no tawny slave;
Spread the tidings faster, faster—
Labor's banner proudly wave.

The Family Circle.

Amusements in the Country.

BY MRS. V. G. RAMEY.

CHAPTER III.

THE SNAILS AND BUTTERFLIES.

Ralph and Mary had become so interested in the snails which they examined, that they were constantly looking for them in their rambles. The consequence was, they found such a variety that their mother proposed that they should preserve them.

"We will begin," she said. "Everything has a beginning. There was a time when Hugh Cumming found his first shell, and felt for the first time the impulse to explore the mysteries of nature."

"And what has he done, mamma?" inquired Ralph; "I do not not think I ever heard of him."

"He has made a collection of twenty thousand species of mollusks. A few years ago it was the largest in the world. I do not know whether Agassiz has succeeded in equalling it."

"Mollusks, mamma? Do you mean snails?"

"Mollusks, or Mollusca, means soft-bodied animals. This division includes clams, oysters, snails, slugs, and a vast variety of creatures. The twenty thousand species, which Mr. Cumming has arranged in his cabinets, have not exhausted the store-house of nature. There are perhaps as many more of those curious and strange creatures waiting their opportunity to come forth from their hidden recesses, and to bear witness to the infinite wisdom and power of God."

The children, at the suggestion of their mother, had placed the shells which they had found at different times, in a box covered by a wire screen in the cellar. The box was now brought out for examination, and she said: "If we preserve these shells, we must arrange them scientifically. There will be little pleasure in having a confused heap of them, and it would add nothing to your knowledge of natural history. I want you to remember the Mollusca are divided into six classes, and all these which you have found, or will find about here, belong to the second class, which is called Gasteropoda. Now look at these snails as they move about, and tell me where their feet are."

"They do not walk," said Ralph, laughing, "they crawl flat on the ground."

"Without their feet they would not crawl. The long, hard word, Gasteropoda, means stomach-footed;—their feet grow out of their stomachs. The larger part of the beautiful sea-shells belong to this class. Remember, these shells are univalves,—that is, they are, as you see, in one piece, and the animals crawl flat on their stomachs, and these two points decide that they belong to the class Gasteropoda."

"We can remember that," said Mary. "This class is divided into four orders, because their breathing organs are differently placed. All land snails belong to the second order, called Pulmonifera, which means having lungs. This order is divided into many families. The first family, the Helicidae, have coiled shells. Now look at our shells, and tell me if they answer this description."

"Yes, mamma," said Ralph, "they are all coiled, but they are not alike."

"Very true; there are a great many species in this family of coiled shells. If we preserve these shells, we must take the animals out of them."

She placed the snails in a basin and poured boiling water over them. Then with a coiled wire she removed the bodies from the shells. When this work was finished, she went to her room and brought back a paper box, lined with a soft, white bat of cotton.

"This," said she, "is our cabinet. Now, Ralph, you must label it."

"Yes, mamma, I will write Mollusca in large letters on the top; that is the division to which our shells belong; class,—Gasteropoda; order,—Pulmonifera;—Family,—Helicidae."

"Very well, my dear; and we will write the specific names on slips of paper, and lay them in the box under each kind. Here are the little shining shells, the first of our acquaintance."

"Helix Pulchella," said Mary; "pretty coiled shell; I have not forgotten its name."

"And here," said Ralph, "is Helix Albulabris, the white tipped shell." The fellow that lived in it carried his eyes on the top of his horns, and drew them in when he was frightened."

"These land snails all carry their eyes in the same way," replied the mother, laughing. "Where do you think they carry their teeth?"

"In their jaws, where other creatures do."

"Oh no, my dear; they carry their teeth on their tongues."

A hearty laugh greeted this information. "But how can they bite?" asked Ralph.

"On the upper lip there is a saw-like plate, and the tongue is covered with rows of minute teeth, the sharp, shining points turned backward. What is wanting in size is made up in numbers, for some species have as many as twelve thousand of those little teeth."

"O mamma!" exclaimed Mary; "I wonder God should take such pains with little things."

"All the works of God are perfect, very different from our poor, clumsy work."

They proceeded to examine and arrange the shells, and found that they had no less than twelve kinds, all belonging to the family Helicidae. They were not brilliantly colored like many sea-shells which are brought from tropical regions, but they were really beautiful and interesting.

"We have a cabinet and a collection," said Ralph, "and I mean to make it grow."

"Make the collection grow," said the mother, "and who can tell but some day you may have twenty thousand species of Mollusca, instead of twelve? I want you to learn to despise no overlook the humblest thing that God has made, for 'in wisdom has he made them all'; and he gives them messages for us, if we will but listen to them."

Mary went to look at the little caskets hanging in the jar. She had looked at them several times a day, and this was the fourteenth day they had hung there, still and apparently lifeless. Now there was a change. The shells had become quite dark colored, and while she looked at them, one burst with a little snap, and a butterfly came out. She gave a cry of wonder and delight which brought the whole family to the spot.

"Oh, here is a real butterfly at last!" cried Ralph; "but he is not a very lively looking fellow. He is all crumpled up."

"To be sure he is," said the mother; "but watch him now, and you will see he will soon straighten himself out." Snap, snap, went the chrysalides! "There," cried Mary, "the other butterflies are born;—poor little crumpled fellows, they look as wet and miserable as drowned chickens."

They began in a few minutes to stretch out their legs and antennae, and then to unfold their beautiful velvet wings.

Mrs. Cramer removed the gauze from the top of the jar. "This prison is too small for them now," she said.

One after the other they crept out of the jar, and, spreading their wings, flew to the window which was closed. What beautiful creatures they were! Their wings, measuring three and a half inches from tip to tip, were of rich orange-brown color, with border and veins of black, and dots of white.

Mary wanted to take one in her hand, but the mother said, "Oh no, my dear; the wings are very frail, and you might tear them, and you would be sure to mar their beauty by rubbing some of the feathers off."

"Now you are joking, mamma," she said, laughing.

"No, indeed I am not. Look at this wing as the insect flutters against the glass. You see it seems to be covered with a delicate plush, like the finest velvet. Under a microscope you would see that this plush is a coat of the most delicate and beautiful feathers, every one as perfect as a peacock's feathers, and as gorgeously tinted."

"That is wonderful," said the grand-

mother, who had come to see the butterflies, and was quite as much astonished as the children. "I think the dear Lord must delight in beauty, for he adorns the very humblest of his works with matchless skill."

When they had examined the butterflies as long as they wished, Mrs. Cramer raised the window, and they darted out into the sunlight and the open air. They watched them as they fluttered from flower to flower. "They are dainty creatures," she said. "They seem to be hungry, but they will eat nothing less delicate than honey."

"Are there any other butterflies as beautiful as these?" inquired Ralph.

"These are among the plainest and humblest of the butterfly tribe. Mr. Bates found twelve hundred species in Brazil alone. Some of them are seven or eight inches in expanse, and so gorgeously colored that they resemble the richest metals and gems. They do not come, as here, singly or in pairs, but in flocks which look like fluttering rainbow tinted clouds, that rival the beds of flowers over which they hang."

"How I wish I could see them," said Mary.

"Learn to appreciate and enjoy what you do see. That is the secret of happiness, and of success in the pursuit of knowledge."

Ten Pumpkinheads.

BY ELIZABETH MARBLE.

"I feel just like cutting up, to-night," observed Tom Ryder.

The boys of Glenville school, or a good share of them, were assembled in Will Raymond's barn, one night, after-school.

"What would you do?" inquired some one.

"Oh, I don't know;—I'd like to scare some one. Oh, I'll tell you what, boys," sitting upright, in his eagerness; "let's go scare Joe Slocum!"

"All right, How shall we do it?"

So the boys began discussing the matter with great solemnity. Several plans were proposed and discussed, till at last a bright idea was hit upon. They were to dress up as ghosts, and go under Joe's window at night, and frighten him.

As to the matter of head-gear, they had been long in doubt, but had at last decided on pumpkins. Sam Wiggins had been in favor of scooping out the inside, and illuminating them,—the pumpkins, not the boys,—and carrying them in their hands; but they had concluded that this wouldn't frighten him any; so they had decided to wear them on their heads instead; which, the evenings being moonlight, would produce a beautiful effect. The afternoon was Thursday, and on Saturday the boys had arranged to meet in the barn, to manufacture their masks.

Now, Joe Slocum was a big, awkward, good-natured young farmer, who had fallen violently in love with a blooming damsel of 26, Sarah Ann Smith by name, and had wooed and won her.

The happy couple had moved to an old farm-house about half a mile from the village, and had there lived in peace and felicity until the eventful Monday night, chosen by the boys for carrying out their grand scheme.

On Saturday forenoon the boys met in the barn and began the work of scooping out the ten pumpkinheads which they had collected.

"I say, boys," said Will Hayward, snapping seeds reflectively at a swallow's nest, "we ought to have some one to dress us up."

"Oh, I'll go and get Jule to," said Tom Ryder, and started off for her. But "Jule," on being applied to, steadily refused. It was only a little while ago that she read how a boy got frightened to death that way, and she wasn't going to have anything to do with it. So Tom went back to the barn.

"What did she say?" asked Will.

"She won't come," replied Tom.

"Never mind; I'll get Nellie," said Will. So he went to the house for her, and brought her out.

"What do you want me to do?" she asked, as she entered the barn.

"Nothing, now, only we want you to dress us up, Monday night. You know father won't be home till Tuesday morning, and we'll have the boys here to spend the evening, and then we'll go to Joe's. Oh, I say, fellows, we ought to chant, or something."

"How do you chant? I don't know," interrupted Bill Smith.

"Oh, just keep going right along, and once in a while go up and down; the tenor will go for itself, I guess; but come on, boys, it's time for dinner."

So the boys separated, promising to meet again on Monday.

I am afraid that on Sunday there was not so strict attention paid to the sermon as there should have been, the boys being so impatient for Monday to come, that some of them went to bed at eight o'clock on Sunday night.

As soon as school was out, Monday afternoon, the boys, true to their appointment, assembled in Will's barn, bringing their apparel with them. Sam Wiggins appeared, looking very elegant in his sister Emma's white marseilles dress, which he had borrowed (?) for the occasion, with basque and overskirt, and immediately became the envy of all the boys. Bill Smith, being unable to procure anything else, had fallen back on a pair of his mother's linen table-cloths, which, pinned together, with places for the arms, produced quite a startling effect. The other boys had provided themselves with sheets and waterproofs. They were coming in the evening to make a call on Will, and then were to go to Joe's.

"Now we must rehearse," said Will, with an air. "Nell, you go and put your head through the window of the corn-room, and we'll go up to it, and holler at her."

"I shan't put my head out till you holler," said Nell.

"No, of course not. I was just going to tell you so. Now, fellows, you all stand

in a row, and then march up to the window, and—what shall we do to wake him up?"

"Howl," suggested some one.

"No, I don't believe spirits howl; we might rap, only the window's too high to reach."

"Somebody hoist a feller up, and let him rap, and then run," was some one's suggestion.

"Agreed, so we can,"

So they began the rehearsal, when, just in the most exciting part, the boys heard a laugh. Turning quickly, they saw through the window, little Pete Simmons, leaning on the sill, enjoying the fun immensely.

"Hi! What's you fellows up to?" was his salutation.

Tom made a spring for him, and dragged him through the window, before the astonished child knew what was happening.

"I'll teach you," began Tom, furiously.

"You jest let me go!" cried Pete, bristling up. "What's I done?"

"If we let you go," said Tom, "you'll go and tell every one what you saw us doing, and—"

"No, I won't," interposed Pete.

"If we let you go, will you promise not to tell a living soul what you saw us doing?"

But Tom's fierce attitude was such a funny contrast to his ridiculous rig, that Pete, instead of promising, only snickered. This exasperated Tom still more. He paused for something to vent his wrath upon most expressively, and Will Hayward came to the rescue.

"There, Tom, let him alone," he said, "perhaps he can help us. I say, Pete, how many times do spirits rap?"

"Three," said Nell.

"You shut up!" was Tom's ungracious response; "when we want girls' advice we'll ask for it. Three, of course. I was just going to tell him so. I say, Pete, do you know how spirits rap?"

"Yes," said Pete, solemnly. "I've heard 'em. Here's de way dey goes," and he walked to the window and gave three loud raps on it.

"Yes, that's it. Now, to-night, you be under Joe Slocum's window, and wait till we come. Now go home, and stay there till ten o'clock."

So Pete departed out of the window.

"Now, boys," said Will, "Joe's got the words to the chant copied off, and you take the papers and learn 'em by evening, and then we'll sing 'em. Let's go home, now."

At eight o'clock they met again, in high feather, and spent the time till half-past nine in making sugar candy. When the hour struck, they set out for the barn, to make preparations for the grand scare. Nellie helped them into their costumes, and, after all was completed, led them into the house to survey themselves in the large drawing-room mirror.

The young gentlemen were highly delighted with their appearance, and planned midnight raids on their teachers, and various other charmingly impossible things.

At a quarter before ten they set out for Joe Slocum's residence, which was three-quarters of a mile from the village. The distance, however, did not seem long, as the moon was shining brightly; and the boys were full of anticipation.

They reached the house, and found little Pete waiting for them on the rail fence. He jumped down, as they came up, saying, "Now, what have I got to do?"

"Go and thump on the window three times, good and loud, and then run."

As the window was rather high, one of the boys was to "boost" Pete, while he thumped.

The boys stationed themselves at the other side of the house and waited. Soon Pete came round the corner, not looking as much pleased as the boys expected.

"What did he do?" they asked, eagerly.

"He opened the window, and asked who was there; and when I never answered, he said he hoped I wouldn't come back, because, if I did, he would have to pour some water on me, and he wouldn't like to do that."

"Oh, bother!" exclaimed Bill Smith, "what will we do now?"

"Let's all go under the window, and stand in a row, and groan."

Accordingly, the ten ghosts ranged themselves in a row, and gave a loud groan. A night-capped head was thrust out of the window, and a voice exclaimed in tones of great astonishment:

"What on airth be you a-doin' on?"

No answer. One of the boys whispered softly, "Let's chant; perhaps 'twill frighten him."

So they struck up a doleful chant, to various time and tunes, informing him that they were—

"Avenge spirits from the silent tomb.
Who had come to read his doom,"

or words to that effect.

The head disappeared; a voice was heard, saying, "Sarah Ann! Sarah Ann! Can't you wake up? If you women don't beat all!"

"Can't you let me alone! What's the matter?"

"Sarah Ann! Wake up! There's a whole lot of boys out here, hollerin' like fury. They're singin' away like mad. Something 'bout spirits."

"Sarrynadin", may be," returned Sarah Ann, sleepily.

"Didn't know's they rigged up that way, though."

"What be they like?"

"Pumpkin-head" was the prompt reply; and black and white gowns on. "Sarah!"

"What?"

"What'll I do?"

"Oh, let 'em alone. They'll get tired soon enough. Now don't talk to me again; I want to go to sleep."

The chant under the window had suddenly ceased, the inspired songsters without

probably finding the tune didn't "go of itself," quite so easily as Tom had anticipated.

The head appeared once more at the window. "Now, boys," began Joe, in a tone of mild persuasion, "don't you see how foolish you be, a-comin' round here this time of night. It's goin' to rain, too, and you'd better go right home."

Sure enough, the moon was hid by thick clouds, and the sky looked dark. The boys looked at each other in despair.

"Sing again," whispered some one.

So the voices struck up again, and the chant went on to the end.

As they finished, Joe looked at them for a moment in silence, and then summed up his astonishment and compassion in the brief but expressive sentence, "Wall, if you ain't pumpkinheads!"

He shut the windows, and left them to their own reflections. A whispered consultation went on under the window, after which the whole company of avenging spirits took flight for the silent tomb, but paused at the first corner; evidently coming to the wise conclusion that, as the village cemetery was three-quarters of a mile from there, they had better defer their visit until some more favorable time, as the sky was black with clouds, and large drops of rain were already beginning to fall.

"What'll we do, now?"

"Go home, of course. I told you 'twouldn't scare him any."

"You shut up, Bill Smith!" groaned Tom Wiggins. "Oh dear, my sister's best dress will be spoilt!"

"And my mother's table-cloths!"

"I'm glad I've got a waterproof. Let's run!"

So the boys ran, and did not stop till, dripping wet, they reached Will's barn, where a man confronted them at the door.

"Oh, it's your father got home!" whispered Tom.

"Well, boys, what does this mean? Here, come in and tell me about it, only take those things off your heads, if you don't want me to kill myself."

So the spirits, in crestfallen silence, removed their masks, while Will told the story. When he finished, his father looked from one to the other, till at last, his eye lighting on Tom's marseilles, limp and dripping, he burst into a peal of laughter.

"Well, boys, I guess you're punished enough. You can go, now."

Mr. Hayward promised secrecy, but somehow the story leaked out, and to this day, the boys of Glenville delight to call after the avenging spirits, whenever they see them, "Pumpkinheads! Pumpkinheads!"

They are hardly inclined to repeat that operation. Possibly they have grown wiser.

Troublesome Prepositions.

The perplexities of our language to a foreigner are shown in an amusing sketch, which sets forth the changing meanings of the word break, with different prepositions: "begin to understand your language better," said my French friend, Mr. Arcourt, to me; "but your verbs trouble me still, you mix them so with your prepositions."

"I am sorry you find them troublesome," was all I could say.

"I saw our friend Mrs. Jones, just now," continued he. "She says she intends to break down housekeeping. Am I right there?"

"Break up housekeeping, she must have said."

"Oh! yes, I remember. Break up housekeeping."

"Why does she do that?" I asked.

"Because her health is so broken into."

"Broken down, you should say."

"Broken down; oh! yes. And indeed since the small pox has broken up in your city—"

"Broken out."

"She thinks she will leave it for a few weeks."

"Indeed! And will she close her house?"

"No; she is afraid it will be broken—broken—how do I say that?"

"Broken into."

"Certainly; it is what I mean to say."

"Is her son to be married soon?"

"No; that engagement is broken—broken—"

"Broken off."

"Ah! I had not heard that. She is very sorry about it. Her son only broke the news down to her last week. Am I right? I am so anxious to speak the English well."

"He merely broke the news; no preposition this time."

"It is hard to understand. That young man, her son, is a fine fellow; a breaker, I think."

"A breaker, and a very fine fellow. Good day."

"So much," thought I, "for the verb 'to break.'"

A Lesson of Gratitude.

A gentleman was once making inquiries in Russia about the method of catching bears in that country. He was told that to entrap them, a pit was dug several feet deep, and after covering it over with turf, leaves, &c., some food was placed on the top. The bear, if tempted by the bait, easily fell into the snare.

"But," he added, "if four or five happen to get in together, they all get out again."

"How is that?" asked the gentleman.

"They form a sort of ladder by stepping their escape."

Literary Review.

THE WAYS OF WOMEN, in their Physical, Moral and Intellectual Relations. By MARY CLEMMER AMES. New York: John P. Jewett & Co. 1873. octavo. pp. 401.

We do not greatly fancy the title of this book; we are however much more favorably impressed with its contents, which constitute the main thing. We hardly know why the volume should be designated the "ways" of women, since it makes no attempt at setting forth the special modes of life which they adopt in view of their sex or their relations. Instead, it deals, and in the main very happily, with the laws and conditions of good health, especially as applicable to women, though a large portion of what is said may be

Literary Miscellany.

A Plea for Pedestrians.

When I see the discomforts that afflicted American men will put up with rather than go a mile or half mile on foot, the abuses they will tolerate and encourage, crowding the street car on a little fall in the temperature or the appearance of an inch or two of snow, packing up to overflowing, dangling to the straps, treading on each other's toes, breathing each other's breaths, crushing the women and children, hanging by tooth and nail to a square inch of the platform, impeding their limbs and killing the horses—I think the commonest tramp in the street has good reason to felicitate himself on his rare privilege of going afoot. Indeed, a race that neglects or despises this primitive gift, that fears the touch of the soil, that has no footpaths, no community of ownership in the land which they imply, that wars off the walker as a trespasser, that knows no way but the highway, the carriage way, that forgets the stifle, the foot-bridge, that even ignores the rights of the pedestrian in the public road, providing no escape for him but in the ditch or up the bank, is in a fair way to far more serious degeneracy.

The human body is a steel that goes freest and longest under a light rider, and the lightest of all riders is a cheerful heart. Your sad, or morose, or embittered, or preoccupied heart settles heavily into the saddle, and the poor beast, the body, breaks down the first mile. Indeed, the heaviest thing in the world is a heavy heart. Next to that the most burdensome to the walker is a heart not in perfect sympathy and accord with the body. The horse and rider must both be willing to go the same way. This is no doubt our trouble and the main reason of the decay of the noble art in this country. As a people we are not so positively sad, or taciturn, or misanthropic, as we are vacillating of that sportiveness and surplage of animal spirits that characterized our ancestors, and that springs from full and harmonious life—a sound heart in accord with a sound body. A man must invest himself near at hand and in common things and be content with a steady and moderate return, if he would know the blessedness of a cheerful heart and the sweetness of a walk over the round earth. This is the lesson the American has yet to learn—capability of amusement on a low key. He expects rapid and extraordinary returns. He would make the very elemental laws pay usury. He has nothing to invest in a walk; it is too slow; too cheap. We crave the astonishing, the exciting, the far away, and do not know the highways of the gods when we see them—always a sign of the decay of the faith and simplicity of man.

If I were to say to my neighbor, "Come, let us go walk amid the heavenly bodies," he would prick up his ears and come forth; but if I were to take him out on the hills under the full blaze of the sun, or along the country road, our footsteps lighted by the moon and stars, and say to him, "Behold, these are the heavenly bodies, this we now tread is a morning star," he would feel defrauded and as if I had played him a trick. And yet nothing less than dilatation and enthusiasm like this is the badge of the master walker.

If we are not sad, we are careworn, hurried, discontented, mortgaging the present for the promise of the future. If we take a walk, it is as we take a prescription, with about the same relief and with about the same purpose; and the more the fatigue the greater our faith in the virtue of the medicine.

Of those gleesome saunters over the hills in spring, or those sallies of the body in winter, those excursions into space when the foot strikes first at every step, when the tastes like a new and finer mixture, when we accumulate force and gladness as we go along, when the sight of objects by the roadside and of the fields and woods pleases more than pictures or than all the art in the world—these ten or twelve mile dashes that are but the wit and effluence of the corporeal powers—of such diversion and open road entertainment, I say, most of us know very little.

I notice with astonishment that at our fashionable watering-places nobody walks; that of all those vast crowds of health-seekers and lovers of country air, you can never catch one in the fields or woods, or guilty of trudging along the country road with dust on his shoes and sun-tan on his hands and face. The sole amusement seems to be to eat and dress and sit about the hotels and glare at each other. The men look bored, the women look tired, and all seem to sigh, "O Lord! what shall we do to be happy and not be vulgar?" Quite different from our British cousins across the water, who have plenty of amusement and hilarity, speeding most of the time in their watering places in the open air, strolling, picnicking, boating, climbing, briskly walking, apparently with little fear of sun-tan or of compromising their "gentility."—*Galaxy.*

Sagacity of a Dog.

One of the dogs whose ways we have watched with the greatest interest was a fine Newfoundland. His name was Calder, from the name of a neighboring stream. He was a noble animal, very large, very gentle and playful, with an expressive face, large, hanging ears, a great quantity of rich, curling hair, and a bushy tail, that sometimes, when it was whisked incautiously, brushed things off the table. He was a very intelligent dog, and evidently understood many things that were said to him. We are very sure that he knew the names of many things, for he went to seek them when he was told, and brought the thing named. He seemed to feel much pride in carrying anything with which he was intrusted, and nothing gratified him more than to be permitted to carry in his mouth his master's snuff-box. Although, if it was presented to him open, he drew back from it with signs of great dislike, making grimaces, and uttering little short barks. When his master happened to leave home without his snuff-box, he sometimes sent Calder back for it, and, as the omission had probably already been discovered, the purpose of the dog's return was speedily understood, and the snuff-box intrusted to him, with which he made all haste to his master, never failing to carry it safely. He was sometimes permitted to carry a walking-stick or an umbrella, which evidently afforded him great delight. To carry an umbrella, especially, was an honor which he seemed to appreciate as highly as any mace-bearer or Usher of the Black or White Rod can appreciate the duty of his office. To gratify him in this particular, as it was found that a good umbrella was not improved by being carried in his mouth, an old one was given him for his own especial benefit. On one occasion, he made the mistake of taking the umbrella with him when he went for a swim in the lake, along the side of which the road led. He happened to let it go whilst he was in the water, and it sunk to the bottom, and

that part of the lake being shallow, his swimming and diving stirred up so much mud that he could not find it again, and had to be called off. It was interesting to see how shamefaced he was when he came home, and the story of the loss of the umbrella was told. He bore all reproaches meekly, but hunched his head and let his tail droop. A week or ten days afterward, however, he was ordered to seek for and bring the umbrella, which mission he faithfully executed, returning triumphant with the lost article in his mouth.

There was nothing in which he more delighted than to carry an egg. He never broke one that we knew of, and never seemed to think of an egg as a thing to be eaten; but apparently had a notion that it was something valuable, and much to be preferred to a stone, which he would sometimes pick up in his gamboling, and fling out of his mouth again very carelessly. Of an egg he always took great care. He knew where the hens' nests were, and as some of them were easily accessible to him, he occasionally visited them and then might be seen walking slowly and proudly, with head aloft, and an egg in his mouth. The servants soon learned to know from his demeanor when he had an egg. If called upon by them, he was not always ready to give it up at once, but drew back, faling them, wagging his tail, and looking all fun and delight. However, if they let him alone he was satisfied with taking a short promenade, and then came in and deposited the egg upon the kitchen floor. He was evidently quite aware of the danger of breaking it, laid it down on the stone floor with great caution, and then seemed to take no further interest in it, but was quite willing that any one should take it away.—*Chamber's Journal.*

Eastern Bottles.

The bottle is a necessary article in the tent of Arabian shepherds. It holds water and other liquids, and is frequently used as a pitcher. The Eastern bottle is made of a goat or kid skin, stripped off without opening the belly; the openings made by cutting off the tail and legs are sewed up, and when filled it is tied about the neck.

The Arab and Persians never go a journey without a small leather bottle by their side like a scrip. These skin bottles preserve their water, milk, and other fluids in a fresher state than any other vessels they can use. The people of the East, indeed, put in them everything they mean to carry to a distance, whether dry, or liquid, and very rarely make use of boxes or pots, unless to keep such things as are liable to be broken. They enclose these leather bottles in woven sacks, because their beasts of carriage often fall down under their load, or cast it down on the sandy desert. This mode of transporting the necessities of life has another advantage; the skin bottles not only preserve them fresh, but defend them against the ants and other insects, which can not pierce the skin; and they also prevent the fine dust, of which immense quantities are moving about the arid region of Asia, from reaching them. It is for these reasons that provisions of every kind are enclosed in vessels made of skins of animals.

These bottles are liable to be rent, when old or much used, and at the same time are capable of being repaired. In the book of Joshua we are informed the Gibeonites "took wine-bottles, old and rent, and bound up." This is perfectly according to the custom of the East, and the manner in which they mend their old and rent bottles is various. Sometimes they sew in a piece; sometimes they gather up the torn place in the manner of a purse; sometimes they put in a round flat piece of wood, and by that means stop the hole.

The liability of skin-bottles to rent, will explain a figure used in one of our Lord's discourses—"Neither do men put new wine into old bottles; else the bottles break, and the wine runneth out, and the bottles perish;" but they put new wine into new bottles, capable of accommodating themselves to the swelling of liquor as it ferments. But when they have been once stretched out in this way, they do not admit of any further enlargement, and will therefore give way if new wine is poured into them.—*Early Days.*

Happiness in Work.

It is written, "in the sweat of thy brow," but it was never written, "in the breakage of thine heart," thou shalt eat bread; and I find that, as on the one hand, infinite misery is caused by idle people, who both fail in doing what is appointed for them to do, and set in motion various springs of mischief in matters in which they should have no concern, so on the other hand, no small misery is caused by overworked and unhappy people, in the dark views which they necessarily take up of their lot, and their consequent gloom and depression. Were it not so, I believe the fact of their being unhappy is in itself a violation of divine law, and a sign of some kind of folly or sin in their way of life. Now, in order that people may be happy in their work, these three things are needed: They must be fit for it; they must not do too much of it; and they must have a sense of success in it—not a doubtful sense, such as needs some testimony of other people for its confirmation, but a sure sense, or rather knowledge, that so much work has been done well, and fruitfully done, whatever the world may say or think about it. So that, in order that a man may be happy in his work, that he should not only be capable of his work, but a good judge of his work.—*Ruskin.*

Lost Arts.

During the past century many occupations have been entirely lost. Belows making was once a thriving trade. Every household had a pair of belows, and in every well-furnished mansion there was a pair hung by the side of every fireplace. Now the business as a separate trade has quite died out. The same is true of flint-cutting. Flints were once necessary, not only for fire-arms, but for tinder, and a tinder-box was necessary for every house. Brimstone matches were for sale at a cent the half dozen bunches. Both have as completely vanished from England and New England as have the Druids and the Indians. The plumbers also are gone, who though they have been in their graves this quarter of a century, still figure divinely in the industry. Time was, and that in this 19th century, when every nail was made on the anvil. Now, from 100 to 1,000 nails per minute are made by machines, and pins at the rate of 300 per minute by machines, of which a single child attends to half a dozen. In the days of Presidents Madison and Monroe, and even later, straw bonnet making was practiced in every middle-class house where there were growing families, and straw plaiting formed the staple of domestic leisure work. The work has vanished, and will never reappear, unless the whirligig of fashion should glide again into the forsaken track.

Hindoo Jugglery.

Rev. Norman Macleod, in an account of a visit to Bombay, gives a description of a juggler first, known as the "bamboo trick." He says:

While the tom-tom was beating, and the pipe playing, the jugglers, singing all the time in low accents, smoothed a place in the gravel, three or four yards before us. Having thus prepared a bed for the plant to grow in, he took a basket and placed it over the prepared place, covering it with a thin blanket. The man himself did not wear a thread of clothing, except a strip round the loins. The time seemed to have come for the detective's eye! So, just as he was becoming more earnest in his song, and while the tom-tom beat and the pipe shrilled more loudly, I stepped forward with becoming dignity and begged him to bring the basket and its cover to me. The juggler cheerfully complied. I examined the basket. It was made of woven wickerwork. I then examined the cloth covering. It was thin, almost transparent, and certainly there was nothing concealed in it. I then fixed my eyes upon his strip of clothing, with such intensity that it was not possible it could have been touched without discovery; and bade him go on. I felt perfectly sure that the trick could not succeed. Sitting down, he stretched his naked arms under the basket, singing and smiling as he did so; he then lifted the basket off the ground; and, behold, a green plant, about a foot high! Satisfied with our applause, he went on with his song. After having sat a little, he gave his plant the grow, and again lifted the basket, and the plant was two feet high. He asked us to wait a little longer that we might taste the fruit! But on being assured by those who had seen the trick performed before, that this result would be obtained, I confessed myself "done" without the slightest notion of the how. I examined the ground, and found it was smooth and upturned. Apparently delighted with my surprise, the juggler stood up, laughing. One of his companions just then chucked a pebble to him, which he put into his mouth. I immediately the same companion, walking backwards, drew forth a cord of silk, twenty feet or so in length. But this was not all the discharge; for the juggler, with his hands behind his back, threw forth from his mouth two decenter stoppers, two shells, a spinning-top, and several other things, followed by a long jet of fire!

Birds at Prayer.

Rev. W. C. Prime, in his *I Go a Fishing*, relates the following curious custom of birds:

"A—s birds yonder have, beyond question, means of exchanging ideas. 'You would think so you saw them at prayers.' 'What-a-!' 'Yes,' at prayers. It isn't anything less. There are birds of every country under the whole heavens, and with voices as various as the languages of men, and you hear what a wild concert of delight they keep up all day long. But every day this entire group of birds assembles in silence, and if it isn't a prayer-meeting, I don't know what it is. There is no forewarning that we can detect. While they are all chattering, singing, playing here, there and everywhere, suddenly one of them—sometimes one and sometimes another—utters a peculiar call, totally dissimilar from its ordinary note. Whatever bird it is, the call is much the same, and instantly every bird stops his play and his noise. They gather in rows on the perches, shorten their necks so as almost to sink their heads into their feathers, and make no motion of wing, head or foot for a space of thirty minutes, and often longer. It is almost a daily occurrence. Ordinarily, you can not approach the aviary without frightening some of the birds and producing a sharp commotion; but while this exercise is going on, nothing disturbs them. They are birds of every land and climate, as you see; but this is the custom, and no one fails to attend, or behaves ill in meeting. You may think it something like mesmerism, for the leader keeps up his curious call-note throughout the service. The instant it is ended, they break up with a shout of delight, and rush around singing and having a jolly time of it, as if thoroughly refreshed."

Creole Characteristics.

There is a general integrity of character in the Creole. In the city of his heart—New Orleans—he may go to the theater and dance on Sundays, for which he is continually reproved by his neighbors; but, as a rule, he may be depended on for the fulfillment of mundane obligations. He lives long. Fair food and wine, easy digestion, and a healthy life, generally carry him, with but little accidental sickness, past the line of fourscore. Thus his death follows with the natural sequence of night to day. A Creole proverb puts it that at last he dries up and blows away. He is hospitable according to his means, which are usually limited, compared to those of the American. He is not cosmopolitan, taking little interest in anything outside of his local affairs; but whenever his mind moves out of the home groove, it travels Franceward to the cradle of his race. It is against his nature to feel that interest in our national institutions and progress common to all citizens. National prosperity and civilization are words that fall still-born on his indifferent ear. That part of Louisiana inhabited by his own people alone awakens his interest. Patriotism for the United States, as a rule, is a dead language which he does not speak. To assume that he would only be an affectionate, and he wisely refrains. He is habitually polite, and in this he is strikingly superior to his American neighbors. To employ a figure after the fashion of the Creole, a rough manner is like raspy, rude wine, which passes the palate under protest and grates the throat; a polished manner is like fine wine, which is welcomed, chap-bred, by the sentinel of the stomach, and slips down the larynx as smoothly as a velvet ribbon, conferring happiness in its passage and leaving behind it a lingering taste of fragrance.

Fans.

Fans are so increased in size that they have become legitimate targets for the caricaturist's pencil. They are shown in the shops a yard in length from tip to tip, but of half this size are found most salable. The fan for full dress is the Trianon, of silk or satin, with a bunch of flowers painted in one corner, and a long branch of spray trailing across to the opposite corner. It is mounted on fine lacquered wood sticks of the same color, or else on pearl or ivory. The plain fan may be bought for 25 cents. Lady artists charge four dollars or five dollars for painting in oil a rose cluster, monograms, butterflies, or imps. A French gray silk fan is prettily decorated with scar-

let geraniums and white daisies; another is black, with a rose in true Spanish taste. For everyday use, the fancy this summer is for Japanese fans of thin, light paper, painted in characteristic fashion, and mounted on lacquered or sandalwood sticks. The Russian leather and tortoise-shell fans, introduced last year, are now made very large and ornamented with monograms. Dark-blue linen fans were imported early in the season, but are difficult to find now. White and black feather fans are shown for mourning, also black silk fans wrought with jets. The bridal fan is of white silk, with painting on one side and lace on the other. The spread Japanese fans, as cheap as palm leaves, are strewn about parlors and chambers for general use. Chateauxes for hanging fans to the belt are this season made long enough to permit the fans to be used without detaching.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Obituaries.

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

REV. WM. A. JACKSON died in Georgia, on the 19th inst. COM.

THIRZA E. daughter of Thomas and Nancy Harmon died in Madison, July 10, aged 18 years. No words of eulogy can make dear the memory of those who depart hence in hope. Yet, it is not a privilege to recall the marks of a pure life. Such of life has closed, and we lovingly call to mind her quiet walk, her love for the Star and the Bible, and her serious thoughtfulness of religious things. Obedient and conscientious, she won the love of her numerous friends and associates. I would drop a tear to her memory, and weave a few simple flowers over her grave, whilst I believe she has entered the celestial city.

COVIL, son of Mark P. and Dorcas Blaisdell, died in East Madison, July 9, aged 24 years. Remarkable for many endearing traits of character, sweetened with the virtues of an upright life, which made him the object of love and affection and cherished friend in all social relations, his loss is deeply deplored by a large circle of relatives and friends. His memory will be long and sacred. His mind was both solid and brilliant, quick in his perceptions and of large grasp, fitting him to be a successful teacher of youth, a valuable member of society. During his illness he conversed freely on the bright prospects of the future, and spoke with assurance of his hope, and prayed with his bleeding lungs, would allow. He fell asleep as infants do. Lovingly and tenderly to the heart group that hung around his dying couch, closed a probation over which the light of hope and faith rested.

JOSHUA NICKERSON died in Danvers, June 30, aged 80 years. We grieve to record a loss to the church in this venerable member of his communion. Early identifying himself with its interests, he continued an active, working member unto the last, having filled the office of clerk for many years. He was a licentiate of the Sandwich M. M. for a time, and did what he could in preaching the gospel. He was a good man. Best of all is the blessed record he has left of a long life of duty fulfilled. While deeply deploring his removal, through the mysterious providence which has permitted the loss, we humbly submit to God's holy will, and tender our deepest sympathies to his bereaved family. J. R.

JOHN A. DAVIS died in Laconia, June 7, aged 35 years. Brother D. was a worthy and exemplary member of the F. B. Church in Laconia, an earnest, faithful Christian, beloved and respected by all. He has fallen in the prime of manhood, making a loss to the church and society, and leaving behind him many, but not all of the hearts of a wife and six young children, who deeply mourn their loss. COM.

COMFORT, wife of Daniel Avery, died in Laconia, May 29, aged 70 years. For more than half a century, Sister Avery was a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. Twenty years of her life were spent with the F. B. Church in Laconia. Ever a constant attendant upon the stated meetings of the church, ready to every good word and work, she was to (express all that may be said in a few words) a Christian, faithful in life, triumphant in death. COM.

FANNIE BURKE, wife of J. O. Gorry, died in Madison, July 13, aged 25 years. She was worthy of the great love felt for her by a large circle of friends, and of the deep and sincere sorrow occasioned by her early death. A beautiful person, combined with the sweet graces of a gentle and affectionate nature, inspired a warm affection for her, and made her an object of interest to those who came within the sphere of her influence. A kind husband, tender childhood, feeble infancy and dotting parents, and an endeared circle of friends mourn her quiet departure to the evergreen shore. J. R.

SARAH ALVORD, widow of Aretas Graham, died at the residence of her son, in Sherman, N. Y., July 9, 1873, in her 80th year. Sister Graham was born in North Hampton, Mass., April 8, 1794, married May 14, 1817, in two years after moved to Monroe Co., N. Y., where she and her companion united with the Free Baptists in Sweden. Some forty-three years ago she came to this country, when they united with the Free Baptist Church in Harmony, and remained members until the church lost its visibility. Although sister G. had been confined at home and deprived of church privileges, yet the Bible was her daily study and delight. She is now gathered as a shock of corn, fit and meet for her Master's use. Her Christian influence will ever remain with her numerous family of children and grand-children, who now mourn the death of this good mother in Israel. B. MARTIN.

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Location one week.

Summer term begins Monday, April 27, 1874.

Summer term commences July 2, 1874.

For further particulars apply to the Secretary, or

E. C. LEWIS, Sec. Treasurer.

New Hampton, N. H., July 22, 1874.

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PARSONSFIELD SEMINARY.

The Fall Term will commence Tuesday, Aug. 26, and continue eleven weeks under the continued charge of J. LINCOLN, Principal, Mrs. E. Barker, Teacher of Music, with such other assistance as may be needed.

For further information address DR. MOSES D. SWEAT, of Ivory March, North Parsonsfield, Me. DR. MOSES E. SWEAT, Secy.

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Winter Term closes Friday, Jan. 23, 1874.

Location one week.

Spring Term begins Monday, Feb. 25, 1874.

Spring Term closes Friday, April 10, 1874.

Location two weeks.

Summer Term begins Monday, April 27, 1874.

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