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## **The Morning Star - volume 48 number 38 - September 17, 1873**

Freewill Baptist printers

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# The Morning Star.

Volume XLVIII.

DOVER, N. H., SEPTEMBER 17, 1873.

Number 38

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

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

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

TERMS: \$3.00 per year; or if paid strictly IN ADVANCE, \$2.50.

REMITTANCES must be made in money orders, bank checks, or drafts, if possible. When neither of these can be procured, send the money in a registered letter. All Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.

Money thus sent will be at our risk. Otherwise they will be at the risk of the sending them.

The regular charges for money orders, bank checks, and Post Office money orders may be deducted from the amount due, when thus sent. Agents are particularly requested to make their remittances as large as possible and thus save expenses.

Papers are forwarded until an explicit order is received by the Publisher for their discontinuance.

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

### NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

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

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

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

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

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

## The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1873.

### In Green Pastures.

Cloud shadows lie  
Upon the soft grass underneath my feet—  
God's great infinity  
Wraps me around in blissful rest complete;  
Like angels' breath  
I feel the air from heaven, which seems so near  
No thought of pain or death,  
No want or woe, can grieve my spirit here.

God's hand holds mine,  
I lean on him in loving faith secure,  
And read in every line  
Of Nature's book, "His mercies shall endure."  
I look above  
In thankfulness for all the good I've seen,  
And trust the Father's love  
Who led my feet within these pastures green.

The day will end,  
And light fade slowly till the west is gray;  
When He at last shall send  
Cold winds and heavy dews upon my way,  
Can I still trust his love  
And wait until the morning breaks again?  
In darkness look above  
As in the sunshine, when I feel no pain?

Lord, help thy child  
To be as hopeful in the heavy night,  
When skies are dark and wild,  
As in the happy day, when all is bright;  
Let me hold fast thy hand  
In death's dark valley, as in pastures green,  
So I at last may stand  
In that dear country which my faith hath seen.

### Special Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Sept. 9, 1873.

#### BOLD FINANCIAL EXPLOITS.

Financial circles are greatly excited over a rumored forging of \$1,000,000 worth of New York Central Railroad Stock certificates. Over \$100,000 worth have already been seized, and it is believed that as much more has been successfully negotiated. Detective Capt. Irving was privately warned, about a month ago, of a contemplated attempt to flood the market with the spurious certificates. He urged the detectives of the Central office to exercise increased vigilance, and personally joined them in a vain effort to discover and capture the swindlers before they could execute their plan. On Friday, a stranger, who styled himself Leonard Brown, broker, of No. 113 Broadway, left a genuine certificate for \$1,000 with Oloot and Co., bankers and brokers of Broad St., for negotiation. Subsequently he left 16 more certificates, which appeared to be genuine. Upon examining them afterward, however, Mr. Oloot discovered two bearing the same numbers. He promptly took them all to the office of the railroad Company, where the 16 last received were pronounced forgeries—the first being the only genuine one of the lot, which represented a total of \$17,000. Both police and brokers seem greatly mystified, and apprehensive of difficulties and dangers not yet revealed.

#### A SERIES OF SYSTEMATIC THEFTS.

The ferment into which the city of Brooklyn has been thrown by the disclosure of Rodman's defalcations is simply indescribable. Some idea of the excitement that prevails may be inferred from the readiness with which the most startling rumors and absurd reports are caught up, repeated, and believed. Any one who should start a story, that Hugh McLaughlin had absorbed the entire available funds of the city, would find ready believers. According to street rumors, not only had Rodman defaulted to the tune of hundreds of thousands of dollars, but the Board of City works were under a cloud and all their funds stolen. The Tax Office showed a defalcation of two or three millions, the Treasurer of the Fire Department fund had absorbed all the money he could lay hold of, and rottenness and corruption prevailed universally. The most of the stories were credited to the comptroller, and were re-echoed with elaborate comments by the evening papers. Thus the public mind was kept at a fever heat, and the credit of the city and its fame were for a time at a low ebb.

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#### INHUMAN CONDUCT OF A CONDUCTOR.

The brutality of a certain class of the men employed on the street cars was shown in the conduct of two conductors and a driver, when a man was run over and seriously injured by car No. 302 of the Third Ave. line, near eighteenth St. and Third Ave. The injured man fell from another car of the same line, which was urged on by the conductor, who made no attempt to aid the sufferer. Both the driver and conductor of car No. 302 also showed an inhuman haste, and grudgingly waited, till the mangled man had been removed from the track, when the car rolled away.

#### GOSSIP AND JOTTINGS.

Some disheartened husband asked the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher if he approved of wives spending their time at Watering places and leaving their husbands to the mercy of servant girls, and received this characteristic reply: "No woman who values her domestic happiness will leave her husband thus unprotected."

STAR.

### India Letter.

MIDNAPORE, June 30, 1873.

My DEAR SISTER HILL,  
Our last Star is full of Missions, and the Saturday mail brought us very cheering tidings from headquarters. When we read that six new helpers were to be sent out as soon as they and the money could be had, our hearts overflowed, and before we were aware all clapped their hands and cheered. We were all seated around the table in the sitting-room when James read the glad news from brethren Libby's and Knowlton's letters. Then the Star was run through, and as the words of cheer from the brethren were read, and a letter telling what the good sisters had resolved to do, and we learned that you were again to resume your former work for India, cheers and exclamations of, "Good! Good!" could not be repressed, nor did we try to repress them.

We had been waiting so long—by turns, hoping and fearing, cheered and disappointed—that when the assurance came that India and our feeble band were not forgotten, that our brethren and sisters are really alive and determined to carry on the work, our joy was beyond our power of expression. I wished Sisters Crawford and Smith were with us, and that you and many others could have witnessed and participated in our rejoicings. Bro. Knowlton's long letter to James was read, and did us great good.

We have been here with James a fortnight to aid in a series of meetings. This is emphatically a public house, and its inmates keep "open doors." Except occasionally in the cold season, the outside doors stand invitingly open day and night, and are only closed in case of storm. The native Christians and all the school children feel quite at home here, and every room except the bath rooms, is occupied at different hours for recitation rooms. During this month, about fifty Santal teachers have been going through a course of training or drill to prepare them for more successful teaching, and during a good share of each day the whole house is one school-room. This is the last day; the next three or four will be spent in examinations, and then all will return to their jungle homes to resume their work.

Affectionately yours,

H. C. PHILLIPS.

### Defending Christianity.

The Christian Union makes good answer to those troubled souls like Dr. Blauvelt, who think Christianity will go to the wall unless we make better defense against Strauss, Renan, Lyell and Spencer.

We do not dissent from the conclusion that "something must be done," and that "intelligently, promptly, and efficiently," by the "friends of Christ among us;" but that the cause of Christ depends on their doing, that Christianity is a wreck and we are only to save from it what we can of the floating debris, that the Bible depends for its hold on the human heart upon our answering Strauss and other doctors of the Tubingen school, that Christ is in danger of losing his crown and fading into a legendary hero of romance if some one does not paint a finer and truer picture of him than Renan has done, that the grace of God is likely to be ousted from its place by the grace of development, or that God holds his place by the favor of Herbert Spencer, who graciously permits us to embrace a "relatively concrete" notion of God by reason of our inability to frame the abstract one, is quite another matter.

There never were more vigorous, telling, and seemingly successful attacks upon the authenticity and authority of the Bible than now. But there never were so many Bibles printed; never so many widely diffused; never so many persons in church, family, and Sabbath schools studying its precepts;

never so many walking by its light. There never were so many attacks on the Christ whom the Church reveres as its Lord and Master. But there never were so many bowing before him the knee, never so many following him in daily life, never a time when men in business carried out with greater fidelity Christ's precepts against lawsuits, or Christian nations were so far imbued with the spirit which seeks peace on earth and good-will toward men.

Christianity is not a hot-house plant that needs to be covered in with glass to protect it from storm. It will outlive the present phase of unbelief and be all the purer for the discussion which unbelief elicits, and the more strongly rooted in the hearts of its disciples for the storm that tosses its branches. The prayer discussion which the famous prayer gauge elicited frightened many pious but timid Christians. Their answers to the proposed test were often illogical, sometimes not sweet-tempered. But they lost no faith in prayer. There is probably no man who prays less because of that debate, and there are many who pray with clearer and wiser faith.

Our Christian faith does not rest in argument, it can not be counter-vailed by argument. It rests in personal experience. We believe in the Bible because it has been a light to our feet and a lamp to our path. We believe in prayer because by means of it we have held sweet communion with our Heavenly Father. We believe in Christ because he has spoken peace and pardon to our souls. We believe in God because we have dwelt in him and he in us.

So long as the human heart hungers and thirsts after righteousness, so long it can not be kept from the Father's house, where there is bread enough and to spare, by arguments of geographers respecting the route thither. It is indeed true that we need to do something, to meet and turn back the tide of skepticism, and to do it "intelligently, promptly, and efficiently." But Christianity is its own best breakwater. We need not to defend it, but to use it; not to invent new nor furnish old arguments for its authority, but to disclose its power by manifesting its spirit; not to argue the historical credibility of Paul's conversion, but to demonstrate the certainty of our own. The defenders of Christianity have treated it too often as men who defend a battery by clubbing off assailants with their guns. What we want to do is to unlimber the battery itself and set it to work. Let us take the Christianity which Jesus Christ gave to us; let us imbue our hearts with it, and realize its spirit in our lives, and proclaim it as a Gospel to the poor; let us by it heal the broken-hearted, preach deliverance to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind, and liberty to them that are bruised; and we may be sure that the poor whom it has made rich, the broken-hearted whom it has healed, the captives whom it has freed, the blind whom it has made to see, and the bruised whom it has set at liberty will believe in it with a radiant faith which no misist can darken, a loving faith which no skepticism can weaken.

The best answer to modern skepticism would be a modern Pentecost.

### Wave the Flag.

During the late war a regiment of Massachusetts cavalry, having seen hard service at the far South, were returning, weary and dispirited, in government transports—where little regard could be paid to comfort—of the Potomac. They had seen only enemies, and heard only curses on their flag for a long time; and perchance they may have felt that men at home did not realize their sacrifices and felt no gratitude towards them. They may, too, have been suffering from touches of home sickness, honorable even in strong-hearted men, and have been pressed down by the fear of what might await their families, should their lives, like those of their missing comrades, be called for as a new offering on Freedom's altar. They had suffered from hunger, and thirst, and other privations new to the sons of thrifty New England; and from all these causes they were dejected as they steamed their way up the James River.

At a certain spot—a spot never to be forgotten—there appeared on the bank a solitary figure, which, at first sight, attracted their attention and brought them to their feet. A lone woman stood on the bank, waving aloft for their cheer and welcome the American flag! The effect was electric; it roused their patriotism and warmed their hearts as they sent up cheer after cheer for the "Stars and Stripes," and for her who raised them aloft. It gave them new life by assuring them that they were not forgotten; that however much of self-interest there might be among some of the ease-loving at home, there were still hearts suffering with them, and praying for their safety and their return. They forgot their gloom, engaged in conversation, and ere they knew it, were at their haven. She did not create the symbol, nor inspire its folds with patriotism. And what did this woman do? She simply waved the flag to cheer them on. It was a very little thing. Probably she had long toiled and watched for her country's heroes, but it was this one little act which inspired them then with hope and courage. And even if she had done no more, if she was too poor to give, too frail to nurse, too isolated to join in benevolent and patriotic enterprises, this one deed was enough to bless her memory, and to make us wish to know her name.

There was once a bright, spirited little girl, whose hard-working father was taken suddenly away from his little family, leaving the whole burden of their support on the mother. A kind lady questioned this child, but six years old, as to how they got along.

"Oh," said little Molly, "mother and I do all the work now, and we do it first rate."

"But what can you do to help, with such little hands as those?" asked the lady.

Molly held up her plump little hands, and turning them over again and again, said,—"Oh, I can do lots and lots! I set the table, and wash the dishes, and shake up the cradle pillow, and blow the whistle for the baby. Sometimes mamma gets tired washing, and she cries. Then I go and lift baby out of the cradle—he's awful heavy—and hold him right up before mamma. Then she always laughs and takes him, and that rests her, you see."

Little Molly was doing just what the woman on the James River did,—holding up something to cheer the tired heart; something worth living and suffering for. What the flag was to the soldier, the baby was to the mother; and Molly did her part of the great work in reminding her of it. Who can not do as much as this in the family, to relieve the weariness and discouragements which are felt, more or less, by the burden-bearers?

Who can not hold up the banner for that "kingdom which is not of this world," engaged as it is in a warfare with the power of darkness? We may not be able in our weakness to wield the sword, or in our poverty to provide the sinews of war; but we can stand up boldly, and in the face of angry foes and disheartened friends wave the banner of the cross,—that banner which is a pledge of final victory.

How often do the servants of the Lord sink by the way, overcome with weariness and discouragements! And how then, like angels of light, appear sometimes those frail ones, who, unable to do more, hold aloft the symbols of their faith to cheer them on by reminding them that they are nearing home, where triumph must be certain and complete!

### Baker, Frere, and Livingstone.

Between Sir Samuel Baker, Dr. Livingstone, and Sir Bartle Frere, the slave trade in the interior of Africa is faring badly. We have already announced the extension by Sir Samuel of the boundaries of Egypt to the equator. His latest letters confirm the assurance given of the solidity of his conquests. In that dated Khartoum, July 2d, he says: "I left everything in most satisfactory order throughout my territory—the Government firmly established; the natives contented and paying their corn tax; the slave-hunters driven from the country; the officers and troops in good health and spirits, and no volunteers for Khartoum. This is a change that is the best proof of success. Two years ago all officers and men wished to abandon the expedition and return to the Sudan. The Viceroy has shown great determination in persisting against the slave trade, and thus opposing the most cherished institution of his subjects. The most decided orders have been sent here, and should the slave trade recommence when I leave, it will be the fault of the Sudan authorities. There are now eleven steamers on the White Nile, and with honest cruising no slaver could escape. The Viceroy sent orders to Khartoum that at all costs the main channel of the White Nile should be cleared."

It is equally encouraging intelligence that the Sultan of Zanzibar is coming to Europe. It is said that "he requires rest and change after the crisis through which he has passed in connection with the abolition of the slave trade, and that he wishes to escape for a time the odium which the acceptance of the treaty negotiated with him by Sir Bartle Frere has brought upon him." A visit to Europe will convince him of the hopelessness of resisting the determination of the Christian nations to put an end to the slave trade all through the continent.

These are the points of Livingstone's zeal, and show how one earnest man can move the world. With the slave trade suppressed, the way will be prepared for the Christianization of Africa.

### Thoughts.

Disappointments don't change us. They never ruin people who have not ruin in their nature. Only they are shafts sent to the bottom of our souls, and whatever is there, whether gold or only copper, they bring it to the surface.—Situations are like skeins of thread or silk. To make the most of them, we need only to take them by the right end.—Idleness is the dead sea that swallows up all virtues, and the self-made sepulcher of a living man.—The idle man is the devil's urchin, whose lively is rage, and whose diet and wages are famine and disease. As Satan selects his disciples when they are idle, so our Saviour chose his while they were busy at their trade, either mending their nets, or casting them into the sea. Nay, he himself stooped to a trade, and was a carpenter.—Public opinion is the world's law, but the church's idol. It is that line on the moral thermometer above which the worldling never rises, and to which the Christian should never sink.—Govern the children by gentleness; even the camel

moves not swifter before the whip than behind the flute.—Faith takes hold on something that is substantial and true, and makes the heart triumph in hope of things unseen.

### Paul and Felix.

We know how Paul would bring home the word on both sides. He would keep nothing back. He strikes with a will. He thrusts the sword in to the hilt. He has no compassion; for he knows that compassion in this place is unfaithfulness to a fellow-sinner's soul. Felix is compelled to listen, and, what is much more, Felix is compelled to listen with secret application of the dreadful word to himself. As the preacher advanced from point to point, the conscience of the governor, as the voice of God in his breast, murmured, "Thou art the man." On the one side he is unrighteous; on the other he is impure; and when the judgment to come is pressed forward, he felt as if an angel with a flaming sword were approaching to destroy him, while he had no power to escape.

Felix is like a man chained to the ground in the middle of Mount Cenis tunnel. Above, below, and on either side he is shut in. Without a figure, the barriers on all sides are nothing else and nothing less than the everlasting hills. While he is chained to the spot in that dark avenue, he looks along the gloomy telescope tube, and lo! in the distance a red fiery spark, like a fixed star. It is like an eye, all-seeing and angry, glaring on him from afar. But as he gazes on it, he perceives that it is growing larger, and, oh, horror! it is advancing. It is coming with inexpressible speed. It is coming rushing on—rushing over him!

Felix trembled, and well he might. He has reached that point in spiritual experience on which the Philippian jailer stood, when he "called for a light and sprang in trembling." But, alas! he does not seek relief from the terror of conviction where the official in Philipp sought and found it. Instead of "What must I do to be saved?" it is, "Go thy way for this time." Two men may be led by nearly the same path into those soul-pangs which accompany conviction of sin, and yet the two men may follow opposite courses in life, and meet opposite rewards in eternity. It is not how you fall into the pangs of conviction that fixes your state, but how you get out of them. Not how you were wounded, but how you are healed, is the turning-point of the loss or saving of the soul. Instead of seeking healing in accepting Christ his Saviour, Felix sought ease by stifling the preacher's voice—quenching the Spirit who spoke in the preacher.

### Sparks from a Welsh Anvil.

Four kings and two queens met together around the Cross. The four kings were Satan, Sin, Death, and Jesus of Nazareth, and the two queens were the Law and the Daughter of Zion; but only three of the six went home with their crowns on their heads. Jesus, a conqueror, the law honored, and the Daughter of Zion having life through his blood.

There is nothing little in religion, and there is nothing great without it.

Moses turned the water into blood, but Jesus into wine.

The body of the ungodly man is merely a coffin for a dead soul.

God has two thrones, one in heaven, and the other in the believer's heart.

Hope is the handkerchief that God gives his children to wipe away their tears.

It is not the miser that possesses his money, for the money possesses him.

Stephen could see heaven through a shower of stones.

Old Simeon in the temple had a song on his lips, Christ in his arms, and heaven in his soul.—D. Oliver Edwards.

### Events of the Week.

#### THE MAINE ELECTION.

The Me. state election passed off so quietly on Monday, 8th inst., as almost to warrant the use of the word apathy. A stranger would hardly have been aware of the fact that an election was in progress. In contrast with that of last year, when almost every town was in spasms, it is very noticeable. It illustrates the law of reaction in part; no very vital issues were thought to be involved; the democrats knew themselves to be in a hopeless minority; Mr. Dingley's election was accepted as a foregone conclusion, and he was very acceptable to the people generally. The state ticket was chosen by a majority of some more than 10,000. The democrats have gained some members in both branches of the Legislature. Mr. Dingley is sure to be a popular and efficient Governor. His election may be taken as a fresh compliment to the Press, as he has long been the able and popular editor of the Lewiston Journal.

#### MASS. REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

This body was held at Worcester, on Wednesday, 10th inst. It gave Gen. Butler notice that his services are not in demand at the State House just now, and he took the announcement with as good a grace as possible, trying to make a virtue of necessity, and to hide his disappointment and chagrin under the mask of a jocularity that did not appear wholly natural. Governor Washburn was renominated by acclamation.

Resolutions were passed denouncing the salary grab, the interference of federal officers in state elections, calling with emphasis for purity in the civil service, and tossing verbal compliments to the labor reformers, woman suffragists, prohibitionists, &c. His noticeable work was the defeat of Butler, of which we have spoken elsewhere.

#### THE ALABAMA AWARD.

Some of the most important events are performed so quietly as to arrest little attention. On Tuesday, 9th inst., such an occurrence marked the diplomatic life at Washington. About ten o'clock, Sir Edward Thornton, accompanied by Mr. Archibald, British Consul General at New York, called on Secretary Fish at the State Department, and handed over to him a certificate representing fifteen and one-half millions gold, the amount awarded to the United States by the Geneva Arbitration. The transfer of the money was not accompanied by any formal speeches or addresses, but was done in a business-like way. Secretary Fish wrote out a receipt in payment of the money, which he handed over to Minister Thornton, and thus a great controversy between two nations was settled, in a financial point of view. After a few minutes' conversation, the British Minister and Consul General took their departure, looking in a very happy frame of mind. The civilized and Christian world has a right to rejoice over such a moral triumph as that.

#### STOCK OPERATIONS IN WALL STREET.

The Gold quotations during the past week have changed enough to surprise and gladden the country,—dropping to 110 and a fraction. It is apparently the outcome of gambling operations in stocks, in New York, similar to those which gave us the Black Friday a few years since, and managed largely by the same speculators. Jay Gould had his hand in the affair, but, instead of controlling the gold market, it was too much for him. The price went down in spite of his pushing upward, and he is reported a loser to the amount of a million and a half of dollars. Whereat the public is hard-hearted enough to say, "Served him right; pity the losses were not heavy enough to strip him financially naked, and send him to the pillory of bankruptcy."

#### MORE NEWS OF THE POLARIS.

Information has been received from the ship Tigris, belonging to the relief expedition sent to learn the fate of the steamer Polaris and the remainder of her crew. The substance of what is now reported is this: The Polaris went down a wreck in Aug., having been previously abandoned; She drifted away from the Tyson party on the 15th of October last, being then about sixty miles north of Northumberland Island. There, on Littleton Island, Captain Budington and the portion of the crew with him passed the winter, and on the first of July, set off southward in two boats; since which time there is no trace of them. It is conjectured that they fell in with whalers off the southern coast of Greenland, and will yet make their appearance. The records of the party up to the time of their leaving Littleton's Island have been secured, but whether they throw any light on the abandonment of the Tyson party, and on other points, remains to be seen.

#### FRUIT AND FRUIT-GROWERS.

The American Pomological Society held its annual meeting in Boston last week, and made a most creditable display and a grateful impression. Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, Texas, &c., sent up collections of fruit that were a surprise and a joy, both in their variety, quantity and quality. The Mass. Horticultural Society played the part of host most generously and agreeably. Faneuil, Horticultural and Music Halls were all appropriated to the show, which set half the visitors into ecstasies, and gave all of them an intense fruit hunger, which was treated much more effectually by the discussions that took place at the tables than by those which distinguished the platform.

#### TRANSATLANTIC BALLOON PROJECT.

At the time of our writing, it is not known whether the projected balloon trip to Europe is to come off or not. Wise and Donaldson were to have gone off in company and fellowship on Wednesday. Instead of that, they quarreled; talked naughtily about each other to interviewers and through cards published in the papers; left the balloon to be partially inflated by incompetent hands, and then ripped open a seam to discharge the gas and save it from being blown away; then came forward as if half-reconciled, and promised to go off according to the programme. Whether there is much more than a stupendous hoax and a scheme for advertising men who want to be rich and notorious, will probably be learned before this statement reaches its readers.—P. S. The balloon collapsed on Friday, in the process of inflation.

#### FRANCE AND SPAIN.

France has paid the last installment of her war indemnity to Germany, and the German troops have left for home. Whereat Paris makes no secret of her satisfaction, and Berlin, while glad of the money, seems not over-jubilant at this new proof of French energy.—Castelar has been put at the head of affairs in Spain, clothed with ample powers, has framed a new cabinet in sympathy with his republican views, and the people generally wait with an honest interest to see whether he knows how to build a free nation out of the debris of an overthrown and prostrate monarchy.



## S. S. Department.

Sabbath School Lesson.—Sept. 21.

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

## THE GRACIOUS CALL.

MATTHEW 11: 25-30.

## QUESTIONS.

25. What expression of thankfulness is here recorded? The occasion of it? Luke 10: 17-20. What is meant by "these things"? Who are meant by "the wise and prudent"? Who by "babes"? How did God hide, and how reveal these things?

26. Why did God choose this principle of hiding and revealing truth? When did God make this choice? Eph. 1: 4.

27. What is delivered to Jesus? The meaning of the statement? What does Jesus further declare? The meaning of "no man knoweth the Son, but the Father"? The meaning of "neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son"? How does Jesus reveal the Father? To whom? 1 John 4: 7, 8. Why does he not reveal the Father? John 9: 16.

28. What invitation does Jesus give? Whom does he mean by "those that labor and are heavy laden"? Why does he give this invitation at all? Why to all? What is meant by "and I will give you rest"?

29. What does he require of the heavy laden? How can one take the yoke of Christ? What grounds for heeding the invitation does he present? Why are the meekness and lowliness of Christ a pledge of rest to those who come to him?

30. How does he describe his yoke and burden? What does he mean by this? How does the service of Jesus compare with the service of other masters? What burdens has a life of sin? What a Christian life? Are you wearing the yoke of Christ? What is his invitation to you?

## NOTES AND HINTS.

25. The time when Jesus offered this praise to his Father was on the return of the seventy whom he had sent, as he did the twelve, to preach and heal. Luke 10: 22. They reported to him the success of their mission, and the power of his name over evil spirits. The kingdom of darkness bowed to the authority of Jesus. Satan fell, as lightning from heaven. Even the babes of this world beheld the divinity of Christ.

Jesus calls God "Father, Lord of heaven and earth." It is a favorite term usually employed by Christ in prayer, and in such discourse as explains his relation to God. Jesus does not address the Father as his Lord, but "Lord of heaven and earth." The reason for speaking of God in this way is found in what follows. God, the universal Ruler, has so governed that "things hidden from the wise and prudent" are "revealed unto babes." He, as "Lord of heaven and earth," could do this. The "things" of which Jesus speaks as "hid from the wise and prudent," were those truths concerning himself and his kingdom which he had sent the apostles and the seventy to preach. They declared him to be the Christ, and verified their words by wonderful works wrought in his name. They declared the reign of the Messiah to be "at hand," and proved it by preaching the gospel to the poor, and casting out devils. These were the things of which, on their return, they spoke "with joy" to Christ, calling him "Lord." By "the wise" are meant the philosophical, speculative and self-conceited; by "the prudent," the shrewd men of this world, able to command the very stones to be made gold. 1 Cor. 1: 19. By "babes" are meant those of a child-like temper. The Pharisees and Scribes represented the former class, who had eyes but could not see and ears but could not hear, from whom the truths of Christ were hid; the apostles and all disciples constituted the latter class, who became as little children and entered the kingdom of God. The method of God's hiding "these things from the wise and prudent" was the same as that by which he "revealed them unto babes." The mission of the apostles, as they went preaching and healing, accomplished this result. It was not an arbitrary operation. God shuts no eyes when spreading the evidences of his working before men to secure their faith. God does not mock men appearing to disclose to them the presence of his Son, yet secretly veiling the face of the Son from their sight. When Christ was preached, the proud philosopher, the wise scholar, the lofty and the shrewd disdained the truth; the humble, poor and lowly listened and believed. Thus, by the operation of an eternal principle of righteousness, God hid, on the one hand, what he revealed on the other—hid from one class of hearers, revealed to another class. So it is to-day. To see the truth, we must be humble before it.

26. In this verse we have the consent of Christ to the excellence of the principle by which the results described in the preceding verse were reached. What "seemed good" was the mode of divine action, not an arbitrary choice among men, without regard to their spirit, of certain ones to be his elect. "It seemed good" because it was good for him not to regard the outward condition, nor the mental capacity, nor the acquired knowledge, but the cherished disposition of men towards the truth, as he proclaimed the doctrine of the kingdom of heaven. Otherwise, he must change the doctrine according to the perverted tastes and the high conceits of men, and thus take the good of the gospel, together with the good of earth away from the poor and lowly. Whatever seems good in the sight of God should be studied as a good, an excellence, a perfection.

27. Christ announces the extent and source of his authority. To his government all things in heaven or on earth have been made subject, so that Jesus can take to himself the very title just given by him to the Father, "Lord of heaven and earth." This truth is often stated in the New Testament. Matt. 28: 18; John 3: 35; 1 Cor. 15: 25-28; Eph. 1: 21, 22; Phil. 2: 9; Col. 1: 16, 17. The object of committing to Christ the government of this world is that he may carry out the work of redemption, that he may be our Mediator, our Saviour, our Lord. If "all things" are delivered unto him, we have confidence that error and sin will not pre-

vail against his church. The gospel of the Son of God is directed by him that has "all power in heaven and in earth." Even the wicked are subject to his power. They do not, can not, baffle his designs, nor escape from his rightful sway. What can not an omnipotent Saviour do for his follower and friend? But as his power is infinite, so is his knowledge. "No man knoweth the Son but the Father, neither knoweth any man the Father save the Son." Expressing such a bewildering claim as that of universal Lord, how could Christ avoid confounding his hearers, and overturning their faith? Could he expect them, as they looked on him in the limits of manhood, to believe that he was an infinite being? Did they not know him, as they had known the prophet before him? Christ reconciles his claim of universal government to his condition. They did not know him. The very angels did not. Only God himself could fathom the mystery of his being and understand his nature. "No man" may be read "no one," that is, no being, human or angelic, "knoweth the Son." Jesus calls himself "the Son" because he is the "only begotten of the Father." Luke 1: 35. In his nature divine, in his person both human and divine, "the Son of man," "the Son of God," the God-man.

"Neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him." The nature of God is love, goodness, truth, holiness. It is an infinite nature of excellence. It is an infinite nature of energy and effectiveness. Who can hope to comprehend God? To grasp the length and breadth, the height and depth of his thought? The fullness of his sympathies with men? The wisdom of his counsels? The mysteries and excellences of his benevolence? The riches of redemptive grace? David said of the knowledge of God, "It is too wonderful for me." It is high; it is too wonderful for me. "It is high; it is too wonderful for me." Jesus declares, "No man knows the Father save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him." By his knowledge of the Father, Jesus is qualified to reveal him. This he does. He brings God and men together, and discloses the goodness of God to the soul. Men, however, to whom the forgiving, sympathetic, merciful character of God is shown, only see "in part." They do not know as Jesus knows. They know truly, but not altogether. The Son will reveal the Father to every sincere heart, hungering for God and coming to Christ for this revelation. It is an office of Jesus to make the race know of God with better knowledge than nature gives, to make all who come unto God by him behold the divine character in a true and glorious light, hidden from those who stay away from Christ, or come to God by some other path. Besides, Christ is, in himself, the "express image" of the Father, the unfolding of God's mysterious being in a visible way. He that hath seen Christ hath seen the Father. But Christ is only known, God is only revealed, to the eye of faith.

28. Christ, having declared his authority and character, now invites those who have never known God to come and be at peace with him. By those that "labor and are heavy laden" he means all whose souls are burdened and distressed. The toil and the burden from which the Jews suffered were produced by their ignorance of God's character and will. They had made his worship difficult, his laws trivial and perplexing. They were cumbered with the teachings of blind leaders. Yet they knew more of God than any other people. To them, to all, therefore, Jesus said, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." But the reason that the Jews were heavy laden was that, not able to get near to God, their sins remained. They were not at peace with God. Theirs is the burden of the sinner. Jesus says, not to them only, but to "all ye that labor and are heavy laden," come unto me. The way to come is to believe and do his will. When we bow sincerely at his feet, when we say honestly and heartily, "We accept thee as our Master and our Saviour," we "come" to Christ. Then rest is given,—that is, guilt before God is not felt, and we, pardoned of sin, made the children of God, have in our hearts "the love of God shed abroad by the Holy Ghost." That is a state of rest, a rest in harmony with Christian enterprise and a life of work.

29, 30. The yoke to which Christ invites is in contrast with the yoke of the law, with the "yoke of paganism," with the yoke of irreligion and infidelity, with the yoke of guilt borne by every neck, and galling every neck not wearing the yoke of Christ instead. The religion of Christ is a hindrance to men in the pursuit of evil, in every dangerous and hurtful course. So far as it restricts us it restricts us to our true welfare, and bounds our liberty by the limits of happiness. It denies to us just what it is a woe, in the end, to have. Hence, comparison of Christ's requirements with those of any rival shows that his yoke is easy. The restraints of Jesus are mild, and the commands of Jesus are to deeds that bless those who do them, and those who receive the direct results of the obedience. It is not a hard thing to be a Christian. We are not called to serve a master who is rigorous, exacting, unsympathetic and oppressive. Love is the fulfillment of Christ's law. Love is a pleasant yoke for the neck. Selfishness galls, pride, hatred and passion gall the sensitive flesh, and the more so our years advance. But the service of Jesus grows pleasanter as the heart habituates itself to the requirements of love.

We take the yoke of Jesus when we give ourselves to him, and continuing as disciples to learn of him, we find rest unto our souls. We find rest in doing the will of Jesus because we were made to find our element in the things he requires. It is the natural air of the soul; we find rest, too, because we enter, then, into fellowship with God; we find rest, also, because

Jesus says, "I am meek and lowly in heart," that is, gentle, considerate, reasonable, loving in all relations to men. This character which Jesus claims, he claims for his service. It is meek, not harsh, not grinding, not oppressive, but gentle and kind. His heart is expressed in his laws, counsels, promises, warnings. We find in the religion of Jesus his own sweet spirit enthroned. Hence, to take his yoke, or what is the same, to enter on service to him and to live a Christian life is to find what every man hungers and yearns after, rest unto the soul. It is true that the state of a disciple is that of a "door of the world." In that is the pleasure of the state. Active virtue is necessary to rest of soul. To be alive unto righteousness and dead unto sin is a state of happiness.

Jesus does not promise slumber or torpor, but sympathy with his benevolence and love for his truth that make his yoke easy and his burden light. In view of the evident truth of this promise of rest, and the assurance that the service of Jesus is pleasant and satisfying, none should be hindered by their timidity, their fears of failing in the Christian life, their age, poverty, sense of guilt, or aught else, from coming to him. To every one in the community, at home, in the Sabbath school, Jesus says, "Come unto me." But come not expecting to find a rest of ease, self-indulgence, sleep, but of rest of soul in the activity and fruitfulness of virtue, in a state of harmony with God, and of union and fellowship with Jesus. His yoke is easier than the galling yoke of Satan. It is suited to our natures, to our condition and to our destiny.

## Communications.

Writers of S. S. Hymns

BY HEBERIAN BUTTERWORTH.

The writers of the best Sunday School hymns are benefactors, whose influence is hardly calculable, but whose personal history, with but few exceptions, is little known. Many of the facts in this article are gathered from an English volume on hymn writers, compiled after years of correspondence, research and comparison of authorities, entitled "Singers and Songs of the Church."

The favorite Sunday School hymn beginning—

"There is a happy land,"

seems to have been suggested by a Hebrew melody. It was written by Andrew Young, a cultured Scotchman, and a popular teacher of youth. In 1830, he was elected by the City Council of Edinburgh, head Master of the Niddry St. School, and in 1840 was appointed English master in Madras College. He held the latter position thirteen years, and has since resided in Edinburgh. The hymn beginning—

"I think when I read that sweet story of old,"

which is sometimes attributed to Mrs. Judson, was composed by Mrs. Jemima Luke, a benevolent and accomplished English lady, born at Colebrook Terrace, Islington, Aug. 19th, 1813. She took a great interest in missionary enterprises, and, for several years edited *The Missionary Repository*. She exhibited a fine literary and poetic taste early in life, and at the age of thirteen was able to write acceptably for the *Juvenile Magazine*. The hymn was composed under somewhat peculiar circumstances, and she had no idea of its value or ultimate popularity at the time of writing. Her father, Thomas Thompson, Esq., was a philanthropist, and took an interest, like herself, in missions, and in the education of poor children. Mrs. Luke became much attached to a little village school near her father's residence at Pondsford Park, and, on a certain occasion, wished to write a little song for it, that would awaken an interest in religion, and have a salutary effect on the minds of the children. The leading thought of the hymn, which is Christ's present sympathy for the little ones, was brought to her mind while riding in a stage coach, and she composed the poem during the ride, while the inspiration of the subject yet lingered. It was published in 1865.

The hymn found in nearly all Sunday School collections, entitled "What must it be to be there?" and beginning—

"We speak of the realms of the blest,"

was written by a young English lady, the wife of Thomas Mills, Esq., M. P., who was much esteemed for her amiableness, tenderness of feeling, and calm religious trust. She died at the age of twenty-four. The hymn was composed about three weeks before her decease, while she was yet lingering as it were, on the heavenly border, refreshed with the near prospect of Paradise. She had been reading Bridges on Psalm 119, verse 44,—"We speak of heaven, but Oh! to be there."—The original has six stanzas.

The American Sunday School hymn, beginning—

"Stand up, stand up for Jesus,"

was composed by George Duffield, a Presbyterian clergyman in Detroit. He was born at Carlisle, Penn., in 1818, and graduated at Yale College in 1837. He has written a number of hymns, of which "Stand up for Jesus," owing perhaps to its associations, is best known. It was composed to be sung after a sermon delivered by the writer on the sudden death of Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, whose dying words to his Christian brothers were, "Stand up for Jesus."

The fine English Sunday School hymn, so popular in Episcopal churches, beginning—

"Daily, daily sing the praises  
Of the city God has made,"

was composed by Sabine Baring Gould, and originally printed on a card for the use of St. John's Mission, Horbury Bridge, Yorkshire. The same year it appeared in the *Church Times*. The chorus is vigorous, and the music is as animating as the hymn:

"Oh, that I had wings of angels,  
Here to spread and heavenward fly,  
I would seek the walls of Zion,  
Far beyond the starry sky."

The authorship of the hymn beginning—

"Just as I am, without one plea,"

has recently been noticed in several religious papers. It was written by Charlotte Elliott of Torquay, in Devon. The original hymn has a stanza which is usually omitted, which we give here:

"Just as I am, of that free love,  
The breadth, length, depth and height to prove,  
Here for a season, then above,  
O Lamb of God, I come."

The favorite Sunday School hymn, beginning—

"By cool Siloam's shady rill,"

was composed by Bishop Heber. He but gives in it his own experience. His early feet "trod the paths of peace," and his mind was early "upward drawn to God." He was a solitary student at Oxford, his gentle, devotional nature shrinking from the show and affectation of society. His fine poem, "Palestine," was written for a college exercise. Though so quiet, he became greatly beloved at Oxford, and when "Palestine" was first read by him in the theater, at the annual college commencement, it was received with such an outburst of applause as probably never before greeted an Oxford student. His aged father and mother were present on the occasion. After the reading of the poem, young Heber was for a long time missing, and his mother, going to look for him, softly opened the door of his sleeping room. She found him on his knees breathing out his soul in gratitude and prayer.

The hymn, used both in the church and Sunday School, beginning—

"Jerusalem, my happy home,"

was written in the Tower of London on the Thames, during the reign of Elizabeth. Its figures and contrasts are those of imprisonment. Such lines as

"O happy harbour of God's saints,"

"There every weary soul may find,"

"Thy turret and thy pinnacles,"

"We that are here in banishment,"

have new meanings as we understand the associations amid which they were written. Some of the stanzas, usually omitted in hymn books, are very beautiful:

"Quite through the street with silver sound,  
The flood of life doth flow;  
Upon whose banks on every side  
The wood of life doth grow.

There trees forevermore bear fruit,  
And evermore do spring;  
There evermore the angels sit,  
And evermore do sing.

Jerusalem, my happy home,  
Would God I were in thee;  
Would God my woes were at an end,  
Thy joys that I might see."

Its author was Francis Baker.

The beautiful hymn which has lately become a favorite in the Sunday School, Young People's Meetings, and Inquiry Meetings, beginning, "God calling yet," was written by Gerhard Tersteegen. Thousands who sing this hymn, and who also love to sing another precious stanza from a hymn by the same author, beginning—

"Is there a thing beneath the sun,  
That strives with Thee my heart, to share?"

know but little of the personal history of the writer. Others who love to read—

"Thou hidden love of God, whose light—"

have never heard of the great religious happiness and elevation of soul that its German author enjoyed.

Gerhard Tersteegen, the original author of the hymns to which we have alluded; and one of the most eminent religious poets of the Reformed German Church in its early days, was born in 1697, in the town of Mors, in Westphalia. He was left an orphan in boyhood by the death of his father, and, as his mother's means were limited, he was put to work as an apprentice when very young at Muhlheim, on the Rhur. Here, when about fifteen years of age, he became deeply concerned for his soul, and experienced a deep and abiding spiritual work. He was riding one day to Duisburg in a deep forest alone, when he suddenly fell ill, being thrown into violent convulsions that threatened his life. He fell upon his knees and implored God to spare his life, that he might prepare for eternity. He experienced almost immediate relief, and at once dedicated his life to Christ. An inward conflict followed, for his early religious comforts seem to have been like wandering lights, now vanishing and now appearing. He used to express this state of his experience in the words of St. Augustine:

"My heart is pained, nor can it be  
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee."

But his religious perceptions became clearer; the fountains of heavenly refreshment were opened; his soul entered into the rest of divine love, and found in it a present heaven. He thus gratefully writes of the change: "He took me by the hand, he drew me away from perdition's yawning gulf, directed my eye to Himself, and opened to me the unfathomable abyss of his loving heart." He seemed to be drawn into closer fellowship with God as youth ripened into manhood, and to live, as it were, on the heavenly confines as manhood fruited in a serene and cloudless old age. At the age of 27, he dedicated all his resources and energies to the cause of Christ, writing the dedication in his own blood,—"God graciously called me," he says, "out of the world, and granted me the desire to belong to Him, and to be willing to follow Him. I long for an eternity that I may suitably glorify Him for it."

When he was thirty years of age, a great spiritual awakening was experienced at Muhlheim, and although Tersteegen shrank from public notice, he was prevailed upon to address the people on themes relating to religious experience. He began to preach in private houses, but was soon compelled to enter upon more public labors. He gave up secular employments altogether, and devoted his whole time to religious instruction and to the poor. His house be-

came famous as the Pilgrim's Cottage, and was visited not only by the most eminent Christians of Germany, but by multitudes of people from foreign lands. Thus spending his time in communion with God and in humble charities, and speaking to the spiritually minded people who flocked to visit him, of the consolations of his own luminous experience, and of the new discoveries that grace was constantly making to his soul, beloved at home and revered and respected in foreign lands, his life drew near a triumphant exit, which took place, April 3d, 1769. He lived an ascetic life in his best years, practicing austerities, that no physical impediment might shut out the heavenly light or hinder the work of the Holy Spirit in conforming his soul to the will of God. He produced one hundred religious poems and spiritual songs, some of the best of which Wesley translated, and whose authorship is attributed to Wesley in most American collections of hymns. The following is a very literal translation of Tersteegen's hymn beginning—

## GOD CALLING YET.

God calling yet—and shall I never hearken?  
But still earth's witcheries my spirit darken;  
This passing life, these passing joys, all flying,  
And still my soul in dreamy slumbers lying.

God calling yet!—and I not yet arising?  
So long his loving, faithful voice desiring;  
So falsely his unwearied care repaying;  
He calls me still—and still I am delaying.

God calling yet!—loud at my door is knocking,  
And I, my heart, my ear, still firmer locking.  
He still is ready, willing to receive me,  
Is waiting now, but ah! He soon may leave me.

God calling yet!—and I no answer giving;  
I dread his yoke, and am in bondage living.  
Too long I linger, but not yet forsaken,  
He calls me still—O my poor heart, awaken!

Oh, calling yet! I can no longer tarry,  
Not to my God a heart divided carry:  
Now, vain and giddy world, your spells are broken,  
Sweeter than all the voices of God hath spoken.

## Homeward.

BY REV. J. M. W. EARNHAM.

## MONT CENIS TUNNEL.

The Alps form a natural boundary between France, Switzerland and the Tyrol on the North, and Italy on the South.

There are numerous passes over these mountains. Mont Cenis and the St. Gothard attracted our attention. If you select the latter, you may go from Milan by rail to Lake Como, thence by steamer through the lake, and by diligence to the Swiss side of the Alps. By this route one must be prepared with winter clothing, or he can not endure the cold of the upper region where he may have a day or two among snow-drifts.

This consideration led a party, provided with only suitable clothes for this fine spring weather, to abandon all thought of an otherwise desirable route. We are shut up to Mont Cenis, and do not so much regret it, since we shall see one of the greatest achievements of science the world has witnessed.

After leaving Turin, our way lay through the finely cultivated fields which cover the level plateau of upper Italy. But it is soon evident that we are leaving the plain and entering the mountains, winding along the banks of a mountain stream fed by the glaciers and fathomless snow-beds of the upper regions. We shoot through tunnels, and toil up steep grades, and round high cliffs, till we are in the snow region, and look down upon the road or village far below and almost perpendicularly beneath us. The houses, men and donkeys seem dwarfed to the size of a child's toys. It is a beautiful, clear day, and the mists disappear before us up the mountain-side, and the air constantly grows colder, as the train with two engines is urged onward and upward.

After several hours amidst this beautiful and sublime Alpine scenery, the train stops before the entrance to the great tunnel. The pause affords the hands connected with the train an opportunity to see that all is in order, previous to entering the eight-mile tunnel, to spend some twenty minutes under ground. An automatic passenger in our car wished the windows carefully closed, but it is said that the air is pure, and no inconvenience is experienced from the smoke if the windows are open. We quickly glide down the other side, and at the first station in France meet the passport and custom service nuisance. We presented our luggage to be rummaged as much as they pleased. Handling the officer a franc to expedite matters and pay him for his trouble, he immediately put a chalk mark upon each package, and there was no more trouble. It is perfectly wonderful to me how a little money greases the wheels of government. We arrived in Geneva late in the evening. The scenery we have passed through to-day has been the most remarkable you could well see in one day, picturesque, beautiful, quiet and sublime.

Geneva is beautifully situated on the southern shore of the lake of the same name. In clear weather, Mont Blanc is plainly seen towering far above all the other high mountains of this mountainous region, lifting his head to the very clouds from which he is sometimes hardly distinguishable. Pretty little steamers ply on the lake making regular excursions daily.

Its beautiful natural scenery, salubrious climate, good institutions of learning and healthy moral atmosphere make Geneva one of the most desirable places for a residence in the world. Here lived the Empress Josephine, Voltaire, Milton and Byron. Calvin and Sir Humphrey Davy are buried here, and Gibbon, the historian, lived near by, at Lausanne.

To-day we have taken a carriage and spent several hours visiting some of the most interesting localities. We drove to a point where the blue waters of the Rhone, after passing through the lake, mingle with the muddy water of the Arve, fresh from the

glaciers. The streams run side by side for a little distance, and the lines of water of two colors may be traced far below the point of junction.

We are strongly tempted to make the trip to Mont Blanc while so near and it is within our reach, but better counsels prevail, and to-morrow we leave for Basle via Freybourg and Berne.

## A Biblical Question.

In answer to the inquirer in the *Morning Star* of Sept. 3, as to whether "the wise men spoken of by Matthew; and the shepherds spoken of by Luke, were the same persons," the following facts are presented to show that they could not have been the same persons:

The men spoken of by Luke were shepherds; those by Matthew were "wise men," or magi. The shepherds were keeping flocks in the same country as that in which Jesus was, that is, somewhere near Bethlehem; but the wise men came "from the east," which was evidently outside of Palestine, and probably at a considerable distance therefrom. The shepherds were informed by an angel that the Christ was born in Bethlehem; the wise men knew the fact of his birth from having "seen his star in the east." The shepherds visited directly from their flocks to Bethlehem; the wise men went to Jerusalem to inquire where he might be found. The shepherds went full of wonder and curiosity to verify the fact that had been made known to them; the wise men came believing him to be king, that they might pay homage to him, and present gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. The shepherds visited Jesus on the day of his birth; the wise men did not go until more than forty days after his birth; for Luke tells us that Joseph and Mary presented the child in the temple at the end of forty days, and Matthew says that Joseph took the young child and his mother into Egypt immediately after the wise men left them. The shepherds found Jesus lying in a manger, indicating that he was in a stable; the wise men found him in a house. The shepherds, having seen the child, told those who were present, what the angel told them about the child, and then "returned to their flocks," glorifying and praising God; the wise men, being warned of God in a dream, went "into their own country," by a different way from that which they came. There is no evidence that Herod knew anything about the visit of the shepherds, as, if he had, it might have been dangerous to Joseph and Mary and the child to remain at Bethlehem till the time arrived for purification in the temple; but when the wise men came to Jerusalem, inquiring, "Where is he that is born king of the Jews?" it made a great stir, and not only was Herod the king, troubled, but all Jerusalem with him. The shepherds found Jesus at Bethlehem; but we think there is reason to suppose that, after the wise men left Herod, the star which they had seen in the east led them to Nazareth. (See Matthew 2:9, 14; Luke 2:39.) If the reader is interested in this last suggestion, he can, in the *Star* of Jan. 13th, of the present year, find an article under the title, "Visit of the Wise Men," which enters fully into the reasons for this opinion.

We think that the foregoing facts are amply sufficient to prove that the shepherds and the wise men were entirely different persons. We can not conceive why any one should think that they were the same, unless it is because Matthew speaks of the wise men, and says nothing about the shepherds; while Luke, on the other hand, speaks of the shepherds, but says nothing about the wise men. But it should be remembered that neither of the evangelists professes to narrate all the events in the history of Jesus Christ, and that quite a number of incidents are narrated by only one evangelist. Thus John alone tells of Jesus Christ driving the buyers and sellers and the money-changers out of the temple at the beginning of his ministry; while the similar event at the close of his ministry is narrated by Matthew, Mark, and Luke. And Luke alone tells of "the woman which was a sinner," who, in the early part of the ministry of Jesus Christ, anointed his feet with ointment in the house of Simon the Pharisee, in Galilee; while Matthew and Mark tell of the woman who anointed his head a few days before his crucifixion in the house of Simon the leper at Bethany in Judea; and from John we learn that the woman last named was Mary the sister of Martha and of Lazarus, and that she also anointed his feet.

## No Service Too Small.

No form of holy service is to be lightly set by. To unloose the latches of Christ's shoes might seem very trivial; it might even seem as if it involved the loss of self-respect for a man of position and influence to stoop to offices which a servant might quite as well perform. Why should I bring myself down to that? I will learn of Christ; I will distribute bread among the multitude for Christ; I will have my boat by the seashore ready for Christ to preach in, or I will go and fetch the ass upon which he shall ride in triumph into Jerusalem; but what need can there be for the disciple to become a mere menial? Such a question as that is here forever silenced, and the spirit which dictates it is practically rebuked. Nothing is dishonorable by which Jesus may be honored. Nothing lowers a man, if thereby he honors his Lord. It is not possible for any godly work to be beneath our dignity; rather ought we to know that the lowest grade of service bestows dignity upon the man who heartily performs it. Even the least and most obscure form of serving Christ is more high and lofty than we are worthy to undertake.—S.

It is easier to set a man against all the world than to make him fight with himself.



## Selections.

### All Things Well.

Bending o'er our baby's cradle,  
Filled with an awful dread,  
Lowly came the whisper  
"Dear wife, our child is dead."  
Swift ceased my heart from beating—  
Would it beat again no more?  
Yet through the blank, the whisper  
Seemed repeated o'er and o'er.

All through that day of torture,  
And seeming endless night,  
My lips were often moved in prayer,  
But never once aright.  
I would not pray for strength to bear  
This trial He had sent;  
But madly asked the jewel back  
Which He had only lent.

But tired at last with grieving,  
And praying fruitless prayer,  
He kindly sent me sleep,  
To banish earthly care.  
And in my slumbers, God-like,  
He sent me sweetest rest;  
For in dreams I saw my darling  
Pressed to her Saviour's breast.

And somewhere from the distance  
Came a soft, sweet voice to me  
Saying, "Know thy child is cared for,  
Though it may not come to thee."  
Then o'er my troubled spirit  
Such blessed calm there fell,  
My soul caught up the glad refrain,  
"He doeth all things well!"

### Rich and Elegant Churches.

Should we build them? There are two sides to this question. No! if we can not pay for them; or if we can not afford to pay what they cost; or if we can only pay it by giving less than we ought to other objects; or if, in raising the money, we must assume a responsibility which neither we nor our brethren are able to bear. There are those who run such financial risks in church-building, and cannot afford to be prudent; nor a due regard to the regular claims of Christian benevolence, (not to speak of any special claims), can ever warrant. There are those, too, who grow until they sink under their self-imposed burdens. But what if we must draw to some extent on the future, and rely, in part, on others? In every new and rapidly-growing community, do we not build for others even more than for ourselves? What if we must temporarily give less than we otherwise would to Home and Foreign Missions? Are we not learning how to give on a free and liberal scale, and thus opening a fountain to which they may continually resort for their needed supplies. Is it certain that more would go abroad if less were spent at home? And, after all, how seldom do those break down who would bear heavy burdens and submit even to unprecedented sacrifices for the Lord. Only let them not pledge what is not their own. Let them beware, too, lest they "tempt the Lord."

No! if they must be so rich and elegant as to attract attention to themselves, and even cultivate a love of show and display. How much that seems dazzling if not ostentatious! How much that is fitted to divert and distract the mind! The embellishments which might answer for a gallery of art, or a temple of music and pleasure, have no place in a church. What if they are only in keeping with the richness and elegance of the residences of its worshippers? A poor, cheap church is indeed a shame to those who dwell in "celled houses." But many a splendid house makes the life of its occupant less sweetly and gloriously Christ-like; and the splendour, the furniture, dress and ornament of a rich and elegant home, are not fit for the sanctuary, except, perhaps, on some high festival. Why wear silks, satins and jewels at the Lord's Supper? Why fill the eyes with gay colors, and the ears with entrancing melodies, when you would listen to solemn sermons and join in holy hymns and prayers? Alas! if the house of worship become a house to worship! But, then, there is no need of this. How much that is rich without being showy—elegant without being extravagant! Nor should we be blamed, if we can only learn to do a thing well by occasionally over-doing it.

No! if they are not to be open and free, or at least inviting to all classes—if they must lead to needlessly expensive seats, and choirs, and salaries; to a religious aristocracy; to a spirit of exclusiveness; to all manner of social finery and excess—if they are made so rich and elegant that the poor can not be welcomed to them, or, if welcomed, can not feel at home. But the danger, though real, is by no means insurmountable. The cheapness of the seats, the smallness of the incidental expenses, the equality of different classes, and the cordiality with which the poor are received, and their chances for a true Christian home, depend, after all, not so much on the house of worship as on the number, character and culture of the worshippers.

No! if they are at variance with the spirit or genius of Christianity. They are corded with Judaism, with its types and shadows, its altars and sacrifices, its elaborate and splendid ceremonial. Hence the Jewish Tabernacle and temple. If we were building but one great central metropolitan church, we might well make it as magnificent as possible, and might lead, in so doing, a divine sanction. Romanism may well boast of its cathedrals, and heathenism of its costly temples. But Christianity! How simple its ritual! It celebrates the death of its founder with but a morsel of bread and a sip of wine. It makes every believer a priest and every heart an altar. It seems to abhor brilliant shows. How can it dwell in all its simplicity and purity except in a plain and humble building? But then we should not argue from its infancy to its maturity. Is not the Kingdom of Heaven to be outwardly as well as inwardly perfected? Is not the Bride—the Lamb's wife—to be adorned with beautiful garments as well as with virtues and graces? Must not the church, as she approaches her millennial triumphs, have far more of the external glory of the heavenly city and temple than ever in her early beginning?

No! not if they will make our worship less spiritual. Here is the most serious danger. The visible sanctuary has not the highest claims. "Ye are God's building," "ye are built up a spiritual house," "Nothing is more ensnaring, if not more

corrupting, to religion, than a devotion to its outward forms. If you enter a magnificent temple, you are filled with sacred awe. You can hardly join in worship with the throngs that frequent its courts, without a thrill of pious emotion. But how easily do you mistake the lower for the higher, and perhaps the spurious for the genuine; mere natural and sentimental for spiritual and holy affections! There is a special infatuation in the love of what is grand and splendid in religion. The mind lingers on mere symbols and shadows. The heart contents itself with the mere shell and semblance of worship. You can not take a beautiful image as a guide and help to devotion, except at the hazard of making the image an idol. How, then, can you call to your aid in the sanctuary all that can delight the sense, the imagination, or the taste, without danger of a more sensuous and less spiritual worship? Besides, it is not a sign of spiritual inferiority and immaturity, when one relies much on sensible helps? Only in the earlier stages of the Christian life should we care to spell, as it were, out of a picture-book.

But then, are we not all children, or so much like children that we need, more than we suppose, to have things symbolized? Who is not more active in sense, and in imagination, than in reason? How can we rise higher and grow stronger in religion, if we despise the external forms and graces of worship? Moreover, how can we reach the worldly and wicked, unless we make our worship as attractive and impressive as possible? The very fact that even the worst of men confess to a kindling of heart, and swelling of soul, when they look on the sculptured or pictured cross, or listen to the loud-voiced organ with its rich and solemn tones, or join in the multitudinous responses of prayer and praise, should lead us to avail ourselves of the proper accessories of public worship. And if of music and eloquence, why not of architecture? Only let us guard against its spiritual dangers.

Art is, indeed, a handmaid to religion. So close is the connection between our esthetic and moral nature, that we should never denounce or disdain its charms. One of the greatest problems of the present and the future is, how to make it a more true and powerful helper. Our worship need not become a mere art. It will not be, if we will preach and pray, so as to move the very posts of the doors, and thunder at the gates of mercy. If the tendency of rich and elegant churches be towards a genteel, exquisite, entertaining piety, this tendency is to be overcome by such words from the pulpit as will fall like hot shot on guilty consciences, and such prayers from the pews as will wrestle in real penitence and faith. Then will all that fascinates be turned to our profit.—*Advance.*

### How We Are Saved.

When, in the darkness of the midnight train, the conductor's lamp is seen glimmering through the car, does he hold it to your face to learn who you are, in order to be satisfied of your right to proceed? No! he lets its beams fall on the ticket which you hold out to him, and if that is right you are right, no matter who you are, whether rich or poor, whether rude or noble, whether Christ alone, is our passport to glory. Never can we say, "O Lord, look upon me, for I am holy." Always must we say, rather, "Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of thine Anointed." And ever since that face dropped pale and gory on his breast with that dying sentence, "It is finished," God has only to look upon it to justify any sinner, however guilty, who looks upon it also in a trusting faith. Believest thou this, my heart? Or is pride setting you to the hopeless task of self-redemption, putting you to gazing upon some thin transgression of self, to find a ground-work for confidence and trust?

But many are beguiled away from the simplicity that is in Christ by a false humility. "Unworthy? Most assuredly you are. And if you lived to be the very saint you will be so still. And that is the reason why God has chosen to save you by one who is worthy. It is not a question of what you deserve, but what Christ deserves. And for you to refuse to take the place which God assigned you a redemption, because of a sense of unworthiness, is not humility, but unbelief. It is putting in the place of the cross, and that is always to set aside Christ. I care not whether I be a proud self or a humble; a self-righteous self or a self-condemning self; the moment you put it in the place of the cross, you throw the atonement into eclipse, and Christ is made of none effect to you.

The gospel stipulates to take men at their worst or at their best. And it matters little which. It has to do the same for both. You know it costs our government just as much to uniform a well-dressed recruit as it does a ragged one. In either case the recruit must put off his citizen's dress and put on the army blue. And so it is not worth while for a volunteer to spend his labor and pains to get a new suit to enlist in. There is likewise no necessity for a sinner's waiting to get a better moral garb, a more respectable wardrobe of frames and feelings, before he may come to Christ. For in any event he must put off the old man with his deeds, and put on the Lord Jesus Christ, who of God is made unto him wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption.—*Nat. Baptist.*

### The Crooked Stick.

"Christ has a service for all his members," says James Therrall, an old carpenter in a village on Salisbury Plain, to a young Christian who complained that she was unworthy to work for the Lord. "Let not one of the members say, 'The Head has no need of me.' I used to think as you do long ago, but he taught me otherwise by a crooked stick."

"One day my son went to a sale of timber, and in the lot was a stick so twisted and bent that I spoke sharply to him, saying, 'You have a bad bargain there, lad; that crooked stick will be of no use to any one.' 'It's all timber,' replied my son, 'not the least vexed by my reproach.' I paid the same price for it as the rest. Depend upon it, no tree grows for nothing. Wait a bit; don't fret, father; let us keep a look-out; there's a place somewhere for it."

"A little time after this I had a cottage to build; a queer bit of a house it was, and pretty enough when it was finished; there was a corner turn in it, and not a stick in the yard would fit. I thought of the crooked one, and fetched it. Many a hard day's work would have failed to prepare a joist like it. It seemed as if the tree had grown aside for this very purpose."

"Then," said I, "there's a place for the crooked stick after all! Then there's a place for poor James Therrall. Dear Lord! show him the place into which he may fit in building thy heavenly temple. That very day I learned that what God

gives me he gives me for his glory; and as poor and unlettered as I was, there was a work for me. There is a work for you; God has something for you to do, and nobody else can do it!"

### Useful Truths.

It is a mistake to expect to receive welcome, hospitality, words of cheer, and help over rugged and difficult passes in life, in return for cold selfishness, which cares for nothing in the world but self.

Cultivate consideration for the feelings of other people, if you would never have your own injured. Those who complain most of ill-usage are the ones who abuse themselves and others the oftenest.

If life to you is not all you would have it, seek to make it better and more enjoyable yourself. For at best life is what we make it.

Employment for the mind is what thousands of women are in need of. After the plodding routine required for material necessities has been gone through with for the day, and the tired body requires and enjoys rest, the minds of many women reach out hungering and thirsting after intellectual food. Not having that craving satisfied is what causes unhappiness for many whose lives seem dark and barren.

Open the window of your heart, and let light into the dark, unhealthy places you have for years dampened with your tears. Send disappointment to the winds; take life as it is, and with a strong will make it as near what it should be as possible.

### Knocking Away Props.

"See, father," said a lad who was walking with his father, "they are knocking away the props from under the bridge; what are they doing that for? Won't the bridge fall?"

"They are knocking them away," said the father, "that the timbers may rest more firmly upon the stone piers, which are now finished."

God often takes away our earthly props that we may rest more firmly upon him. God sometimes takes away a man's health, that he may rest upon him for his daily bread. Before his health failed, though he perhaps repeated daily the words, "Give us this day our daily bread," he looked to his own industry for that which he asked of God. That prop being taken away, he rests wholly upon God's bounty. He receives his bread; he receives it as the gift of God.

### Signs of a True Revival.

1st. The filling up of the seats in the prayer meeting by the heads of families.  
2d. A spirit of devotion and prayer pervading the young men of the church.  
3d. An earnest study of the Scriptures, and a desire on the part of all the members of the Sabbath School.

4th. The revival of family worship among those who have neglected it.  
5th. A better attendance on the services of God's house on the Sabbath.  
6th. And last, but not least, A consecration even of the mites of the widow to the cause of missions.

These, we think, are evidences of no mean revival, when they begin to show themselves in any church. They will soon be followed by a striving, on the part of the godless, to be like-minded.

**The Lord's Prayer.**

As for the Lord's prayer, the plain truth is, we lie unto God, for the most part, clean through it; and, for want of desiring indeed what in word we pray for, tell him to his face as many false tales as we make petitions. For who shows that his endeavors that he desires heartily that God's name should be hallowed, that is, holily and religiously worshipped and adored by all men; that his kingdom should be advanced and enlarged; that his blessed will should be universally obeyed? Who shows, by his forsaking sin, that he desires so much as he should have the forgiveness of it? Nay, who do not revenge, upon all occasions, the affronts, contempts and injuries put upon him, and so, upon the matter, curse himself as often as he says, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them who trespass against us?" How few depend upon God only for their "daily bread," viz: the good things of this life, as upon the only giver of them, not seeking them by any means which they know or fear to be offensive unto God? How few desire in earnest to avoid temptation? Nay, who almost, if not all, take the devil's office out of his hand, and is not himself a tempter, both to himself and others? Lastly, who, almost, is there that desires heartily and above all things, so much as the thing deserves, to be delivered from the greatest evil; sin, I mean, and the anger of God? Now, beloved, this is certain; he that employs not requisite industry to obtain what he pretends to desire, does not desire indeed, but only pretends to do so: he that desires not what he prays for, prays with tongue only, and not with his heart; indeed, does not pray to God, but plays and dallies with him. And yet, this is all which men generally do, and, therefore, herein also accomplish this prophecy: "Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof."—*Chillingworth.*

### A Parable.

A certain man going up from youth to manhood, fell among grog-shops, where he was stripped of his money, his character, and his friends, and left poor and half dead with disease. And by chance there came down a moderate drinker that way, and when he saw him he passed by on the other side. And likewise a friend of temperance came where he was, and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. But a temperance man, as he journeyed, came to where he was, and when he saw him he had compassion on him, and went to him, and wept over him, and besought him with tears to repent and reform. And he persuaded him to sit upon his own back. Total Abstinence, and brought him to his family, and he took care of him. And in the morning he spoke kindly to him, and offered up prayers for him, and departed.

Which of these was neighbor to him that fell among grog-shops?

### A Swearer with God.

A carrier in a large town in Yorkshire heard his carter one day in the yard swearing dreadfully at his horses. The carrier was a man who feared God, spent his Lord's days as a teacher in Sunday school, and endeavored to promote the spiritual good of his fellow-creatures. He was shocked to hear the terrible oaths that resounded through the yard. He went up to the young man, who was just setting off with his cart for Manchester, and kindly expos-

tulated with him on the enormity of his sin, and then added, "But if thou wilt swear, stop till thou get through the turnpike on the moor, where none but God and thyself can hear."

The poor fellow cracked his whip and pursued his journey, but he could not get over his master's words. Some time after, his master observed him in the yard, and was very much surprised to see him so altered. There was a seriousness and quietness about him which he had never seen before; and he often seemed as if he had something to say that he could not get out. At length his master was so much struck with his manner, that he asked him if he wanted anything.

"Ah! master," said he, "do you know what you said to me about swearing? I was thunderstruck. I went on the road, and I got through the turnpike, and reached the moor; and there I thought that, though I was alone, yet God was with me; and I trembled to think how he had been with me, and had known all my sins and follies all my life long. My sins came to my remembrance, and I was afraid that he would strike me dead; and I thank God that I have been aroused to seek after the salvation of my poor soul."

The master, as may be supposed, was overjoyed to hear the young man's confession; and it is gratifying to know that his subsequent conduct gave proof of his having ceased to be a slave to sin.

A word spoken in due season, how good it is!—*English Paper.*

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# The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1873.

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

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

## Church Membership.

The ways of estimating and treating the question of church membership are many and dissimilar. Sometimes too much is made of it; more frequently, too little. The Catholic sees no clear evidence that anybody can really be at peace with God who is not within the pale of his own church. There, as he says, the stream of grace finds its divinely appointed channel, and no one can be sure of being reached by it if he abides beyond its borders. The Episcopalian puts the matter not quite as strongly as this, but even he thinks it a very presumptuous and dangerous piece of business to be out of a church having the apostolic succession in its ministry. Over against these are those who account joining the church a sort of harmless custom among religious people; those who join it in a kind of patronizing spirit, as though they had laid it under immense obligations by entering its circle; those who keep aloof from it because more or less of its members are not select or saintly enough for them to be bound up with; those who quarrel with it because of what they call its exclusiveness and pharisaism; and those who affect to hate or despise it through their want of sympathy with its doctrines, its aims and its efforts. What is the result?

1. Joining a church—any church—can not of itself secure a Christian character, a continued Christian life, or a Christian death and heaven. It is not an organized company that insures souls. It has no spiritual chemistry by means of which it transmutes reprobates into the very elect. All it can do falls far short of re-creating a human spirit or marrying it to a blessed immortality. In the church, just as really as out of it, God's agency can not be dispensed with, and every member is still put upon the great task of working out his or her own salvation.

2. If circumstances really forbid one to join a church, there is no reason for despair or repining. God's grace is not pent up within ecclesiastical organizations. The churches can not monopolize his favor. The prayers of Cornelius were heard and his charities taken note of in heaven, while he was yet an isolated disciple. The eunuch went on his way rejoicing, though no organized body of Christians had endorsed him. The penitent thief had the promise of an opening paradise, while yet his hand had never been clasped by a fellow-believer in the Redeemer. And wherever a human soul really struggles after and yields itself dutifully to the apprehended will of God, it can not fail to find an infinite sympathy which at once offers it a sacred solace and an eternal hope. Like the rain and the sunshine God sends abroad his love. And as the daisy by the highway, the fern in the forest, and the lichen on the mountain take the warmth and the moisture and thrive thereon, no less than the gorgeous flowers in the rich man's garden; so the loyal human soul, providentially shut away from church life and fellowship, may count on the coming of that infinite affection which blesses as with heavenly beam and dew. It is never forgotten; it is never left without help; it never need fear that God's care will be denied it in the future.

3. But when a real church association is offered, it is not well to turn away. To neglect a duty or spurn a privilege brings loss. It may bring even more serious things than this. The reasons for openly taking Christ's yoke and joining the company of his recognized friends and servants are many and strong. Refusing to do this has a look of shirking responsibility. It suggests a seeking after the easier and half neutral way. It is declining the help which comes of a close union of heart and hand with other disciples. It is ignoring one of the schools in which the lore of the Christian life is learned. It is declining the moral buttresses which are offered to hold steady our faith and purpose. It is a choice to work for and with other Christians at arm's length rather than shoulder to shoulder, and so a choice to work with a promise of the less instead of the greater success. And, making such a choice, one hardly has the right to expect God's richest favor or his own highest prosperity. For the shrinking and compromising soul is not one that Heaven especially honors, and he who welcomes but half his trusts has little reason to expect a rounded experience or a fruitful life. To him who is faithful in all things is given the highest and surest promise.

4. Joining the church is not the ending up of Christian responsibility. In some sense, it is the open and formal acceptance of such responsibility. One does not carry his finished duty there. It is not a mere asylum where the inmates, retiring from labor and turmoil, are to be nursed and cared for, and saved from all future struggle and burden and responsibility. Rather, one goes there as into an organized company of workers, to accept the great service of life, learn to do it in a wise way, and find such stimulants and aids as will most strongly assure its accomplishment. He goes not simply to get, but still more to give. He may indeed take whatever of light, and moral security, and peace, and comfort, and quickening the church offers him. This indeed is both his privilege and duty. But it is chiefly as a helper of his associates and an added item of moral power, that his coming should be a grateful thing both to him and to others.

5. One should expect to find not a little ignorance and weakness in the church, and,

as far as possible, labor to remove it by gifts of wisdom and moral help. One may not seek church association merely to find cultivated and agreeable companionship. If this is found, as generally it will be by those seeking it in a Christian spirit, it is proper to welcome, enjoy and make the most of it. But the church of Christ is not meant to serve the same purposes as a social "set." It is more like a great family. Some of the members are old; others are young. Some are strong; others are weak. Some are self-reliant and masterful; others are timid and confiding. Some represent maturity of thought and fineness of culture; others are like inquiring and anxious children, who have not yet outgrown the mental and moral uncouthness of nature. Some suggest an eminent moral robustness; others carry continually the phases of the spiritual dyspeptic or consumptive. Every church, because it is on earth, and made up of very incomplete human beings, is sure to contain more or less of these types of character. And so there is much need of patience and charity, of unselfish efforts, and perhaps of unprized planning and care. There is much of the teacher's enthusiasm needed, and not less of the mother's unwearied sympathy and the nurse's assiduous service. And they who lack heart for such tasks as this state of things calls for, thereby show that they have a very imperfect fitness for their place as church members and may hinder where they ought to help.

6. A church is not chiefly organized for the sake of serving its own members in a pleasant way, but for the sake of the needy and sinful masses outside. And so each member should expect to enter into labor for the world of unsaved ones. Like the Master, his followers should find their chief work in trying to save the lost. That work will not hinder true self-development and religious culture, but help it on to success. The church that gives itself most earnestly to the work of saving souls without itself, is the church that grows into the most precious experiences and highest graces. They who most fully water others receive the amplest showers of refreshment for themselves.

7. Each church member needs to feel that he or she is accepted by observers as a representative, not only of religion in general, not only of Christ the Master, but also of the church as an organized body and its members in particular. Such a member does not live to himself merely. He can not if he would. The reputation of his fellow members is largely in his hands. The estimate put upon the church will be often made up from the qualities he himself exhibits. He is taken as a specimen. His fidelity carries honor to the whole church; his unfaithfulness brings the whole brotherhood under suspicion and hinders its work. The body is judged by the individual; and so when he is true in heart and life all the members find gladness and esteem; when he falters they are all shocked by the stumble. For their sake as well as his own, therefore, he should guard his heart and be a pattern of fidelity.

8. Whether one finds little or much meaning and joy and profit in church life, depends, more than on almost anything else, upon his own active fidelity. He who knows little of the church's life will think and care little for it. He who enters with vital and active sympathy into the plans, and experiences, and trials, and toils and triumphs of the church, will find it filling mind and heart. The one gets little from its associations and sets a low value upon its influence; the other can adopt with the whole heart the poet's language:

For her my tears shall fall,  
For her my prayers ascend,  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.  
Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.

May our churches be real, living, working churches. May our readers know the blessing of a true and faithful membership.

## Spain and Civil Liberty.

For three years and more the politics of Spain have been in a constant turmoil. She has spued out a vicious queen, welcomed and rejected a feeble king, put her foot upon Bonaparte intolerance, struck down Bourbonism as often as it has lifted its head, testified in favor of constitutional law, heard republicanism glorified in words and clapped its hands as at a new revelation, and is harnessing nineteenth-century ideas to the car of state. There are, to be sure, singular episodes and surprising reactions; there is more sentiment than conviction among the masses; it often seems as though liberty were confounded with license; and it is hard for the Spanish people to comprehend that there can be anything having the real qualities of law unless its central element is autocratic and coercive.

But, on the whole, in spite of factions and changes that keep affairs boiling like a cauldron and threaten a general chaos, there has been real progress toward true ideas and a genuine and healthy national life. The old monarchical regime seems now a thing of the past. Each convulsion is followed by a better promise. Lately, the movement in the direction of a true civil order has seemed to grow steadier and stronger. To-day the great orator, Castelar, is at the very head of the nation, and has almost the power of a dictator. His devotion to republican ideas seems equally intelligent and hearty. His opportunity has come. It is to be hoped that Spain's opportunity has come with it. And it is especially to be desired that both parties may recognize the fact and rise to the demands of the occasion. We may certainly hope, though not without misgivings, if Spain is really successful in inaugurating and maintaining a republican government, her example will be full of power, and her influence will work in Europe like leaven in meal.

We find in the *Christian Union* so just and forcible a paragraph touching the present aspect and attitude of Spanish affairs, that we quote it, instead of adding other words of our own. It is evidently Mr. Beecher's pen that writes as follows:

"It looks as if Spain had actually found a man. His name is Señor Castelar. Ten years ago, Spain discovered that he was a good historical professor and art-critic. Four years ago, Spain discovered that he was an orator. He can reason powerfully; he can talk eloquently; but can he do anything? Toss him into the midst of a nation in chaos, and is he the man to bring it into order? The latest word from Spain intimates that some such hope as that may be formed concerning the scholarly and eloquent Castelar. We must not be hasty even in our hopes; and we must remember that he is with Spain that Castelar has to deal. The Cortes desire him to form a Cabinet. He replies that he will not do so unless they promise two things: First, that they will attend to their own proper business, promptly and without shirking; and second, that it shall be his affair to deal with the insurgents. To these conditions he subsequently added the following: that he be empowered to increase the army, to purchase 500,000 rifles, to organize the militia, to raise, by forced loan if necessary, 500,000,000 reals, to suspend constitutional guarantees when he deems it proper. The Cortes yielded every demand, and Castelar becomes Dictator of Spain. This man talks as if he had something more than the 'gift of gab.' The Spanish Republic is now in the very crisis of its fate. If Señor Castelar, by a patriotic and judicious exercise of the powers conferred upon him, can rally the intelligent people of Spain to his support and defeat the machinations of the Carlists, his victory will be of immense service to Republicanism in every quarter of the globe. The prayers and wishes of the friends of Republican liberty everywhere attend his steps."

## Gen. Butler and his Retreat.

The great agony in Massachusetts is over. That is, it is over for the present. How soon it may return, either in the old shape or a new one, can not be told. So long as Gen. Butler is alive, there can be no sure promise of rest for the politicians or the people of the Old Bay State. For it is not in his nature to be quiet. And when he moves he means something. He always rises somebody. He is sure to provoke resistance, and is not unlikely to win an enthusiastic following. He is shrewd, able, and resolute. He does not hasten to retire from a contest into which he has entered. What looks like a retreat or a surrender is generally an expedient for gaining time and reorganizing his forces. He is slow to forgive and forget. To beat his opponents in some way is one of his strongest ambitions. And he couples with his persistent determination a rare mastery of the whole science and art of tactics. He could not have said a truer thing of himself than when he recently declared that, after he entered into a fight, he was not wont to leave it till he had made his enemies regret the contest and long to be out of it. And so, though he is now counted out from the list of candidates for the Governor's chair, there is no telling how soon or in what way he may put himself forward as a claimant for the public endorsement and the largest honors of his state. Utterly defeated a second time in his desperate effort to attain the chief executive office in his own state, and in which he had assured himself of success, he is not less but more likely than before to come forward and say, substantially and boldly, as he has been saying for the last few weeks,—"I am a much better man for Governor than the present incumbent; put him out; put me in." And it is just this audacity and pluck, joined with an ability which nobody can honestly question, that seems to compel the enthusiastic support of even good men, as they certainly create a dread of the work of resisting him and gaining his enmity, in minds that shrink and shudder at his arrogance and coarseness.

The story of his defeat is known over the country; for the attention of the general public was called to the struggle which preceded it. That struggle has been intense, not to say bitter, beyond anything that Massachusetts has known for many years. It was not a contest between opposite political parties, for the democratic party in Massachusetts is too feeble to create a contest. It arose over the question, whether a single man, and such a man as Gen. Butler, with such antecedents as his, should be allowed to take the control of the politics of the state into his own hands, on his own motion, by methods open to the severest criticism, and chiefly to further his own designs, even though he had succeeded in enlisting in his behalf the sympathy of many earnest men and the aid of the national administration. It was a practical question, and one whose bearings are very wide, and whose settlement at one point is important to the whole country. Massachusetts was a good place to make up that issue and fight it through to a definite result. Her leading citizens and her best men have taken hold of that question with a moral resolution that one is glad to see.

And it is worth much that the real battle was fought at the primary meetings. For once the caucuses rose into dignity. The people were there to see, to speak, to act. The selection of delegates to nominate the chief state officers was not left to a handful of third-rate politicians. The brain, the public spirit and the conscience of the community for once made themselves felt. And so the delegates went to the convention at Worcester with the most definite opinions, explicitly instructed, and carrying a sense of responsibility that dignified their functions and forbade heedlessness. The lesson needed to be taught and learned. It ought

to be remembered and practiced hereafter and generally. We trust it will be.

We need not stop to speak at any length of the convention at Worcester, nor of what was done there. The dailies have reported that, and the details are not important to our purpose. But 1100 men have rarely met with intense feelings or a more settled purpose than did those men in the convention on Wednesday. It was known well enough, by those who had taken the pains to look candidly at the facts, that a very decided majority of the delegates were under instructions to vote for the renomination of Washburn, and were there to do it,—though papers and placards, in the interest of Butler, kept up the claim that his triumph might be looked for. He was there himself to lead his followers and direct the fight. His shrewdness, his audacity and persistence, his knowledge of parliamentary strategy, his promptness to take advantage of every favoring circumstance, and especially his varied power in leadership and debate,—all this was well known and somewhat feared. Even his silence was ominous in the preliminary stages of the meeting. The feeling was intense enough to make the stillness painful at times, and then it broke out in a vehemence that was almost wild and furious.

The General's tactics were worthy of him. He brought up test questions over incidental points, so that his real strength in the convention might be apparent; and, discovering that his supporters were a hopeless minority, he rose and withdrew himself from the contest, professing great interest to maintain the unity and harmony of the Republican party, suggesting that Gov. Washburn be re-nominated by acclamation, gave a general approval to the platform,—which condemned his action in the matter of the salary grab and the enlistment of federal officials in support of his pretensions,—and in a speech full of biting satire and grim humor hinted that he might hereafter run as an independent candidate; then he sat down as though he were a generous and martyred statesman instead of a self-seeking and baffled politician. There was a sense of relief, a little bewilderment over this development, night was approaching, and the convention made its nominations without the formality of a ballot, adopted its platform without debate, and hastened to adjourn. Afterward, there was not a little dissatisfaction felt by the majority over the result. The feeling may not have been very amiable or magnanimous, but there was a deep regret that, after getting ready for a decisive fight, the enemy was allowed to steal off under a flag of truce, and so escape a drubbing, a discomfiture, a rout, and a public overthrow. But it may be as well as it is. While Gen. Butler lives, it will be as impossible to put and keep him down as it was to lay the ghost of Banquo. It is not wise to waste ammunition. The inevitable may as well be accepted. But if he can not be taught modesty and discretion, certainly by this time his supporters should have learned a lesson of sobriety.

The platform of the convention contained two resolutions that it was fitting to adopt at this hour. One of them condemned the salary grab, which Gen. Butler chiefly engineered through Congress, and which he still most emphatically commends. The other utters a strong and timely protest against the influence of federal office-holders in state and other local elections, in such a way as to make the Presidential patronage sway the voters. Massachusetts has done well in uttering this protest. We trust other states will take it up and swell it. We copy the resolution for the same reason that we have dealt with this struggle,—because it bears vitally upon principles which, in our character as citizens, we can not with safety ignore. Here is the word that deserves a wide and emphatic repetition, in the interest of good morals as well as in that of good government, no matter who is hit by it:

Resolved, That while we recognize the right of every citizen to express and act upon his convictions upon all questions of public interest, no person holding federal office has the right to seek to influence the action of his subordinates by exciting their fear of loss of place if their opinions or actions shall differ from his own; and we call upon the President forthwith to remove every public officer who has thus improperly interfered with the independence of the republicans of Massachusetts in the management of their local concerns, wherever the fact is proved to his satisfaction.

## French Energy.

France feels that she is herself again. Burdened and bled as she was by the great war, smitten and rent as she was by the Commune, despoiled of the fairest part of her territories when Alsace and Lorraine went into the hands of her conquerors, humiliated in the eyes of the civilized world just where she was proudest and most sensitive, the theater of struggling factions, yet her vital and recuperative energy has come out in a way at once surprising and full of promise. She has just paid the last installment of her great war indemnity to Germany,—5,000,000,000 of francs,—and seen the last of the Prussian soldiers evacuate her soil and march homeward. A nation capable of so much is certainly capable of more and better things.

True enough, her wounded pride had much to do with raising this mass of money. The presence of an armed and victorious enemy on her soil has been an almost intolerable thing to her. And so she has strained every energy to pay off the debt and rid herself of the burden. Whatever the government asked, in this direction, the people have been even more than ready to grant. It touched the Frenchman's self-complacency and patriotic sentiment, and nothing is too great or too hard when these are involved. But there appears to have been no unusual sense of being burdened while this money has been in process of collection. Governmental expenses have been provided for, industry has not complained of any un-

endurable pressure, and Paris has seldom been gayier than during the last eighteen months. A people that shows an energy like this ought surely to make itself felt in some higher ways than are implied in pleasure, art, novels, and revolutions.

Knowing the fickleness of the French people, with their kaleidoscopic and sensational history in mind, it does not seem wise or safe to assume that stability and progress are to mark the political life of that country. To-day, as usual, there are partisans of the Bourbons, supporters of the pretensions of the Orleansist princes, apostles of genuine republicanism, and enthusiastic Jacobin leaders, all intent on getting and keeping control of the government. Each hates the rest, and waits impatiently for its opportunity to strike. And yet, the gains in favor of a real republic appear to be steady and large. M. Thiers is certainly showing equal moderation and energy, and his triumph over hostile forces has been steady and marked. He grows more and more decided in his avowal of republican principles and methods. Long the ablest supporter of monarchy, he is now the venerable and powerful champion and practical exponent of republican ideas. His experience has evidently made him a real convert, and he frankly avows his radical change of opinion and purpose, in words that are as brave as they are cheering. He says:

"I have devoted my life to the establishment of liberty in France. I have endeavored to establish it under the monarchy. I have not succeeded; and I have come to the conclusion that the one excludes the other. I have therefore become a republican. I shall give the remainder of my life to the endeavor to establish a republican form of government in France."

Such an avowal as that, made by such a man, in such a position, and wielding a power that gives him the mastery of France and the respect of the world, can not be without a deep meaning, and it surely carries a cheering promise. Who knows but France may learn, through her misfortunes, the lesson of wisdom to which her prosperity seemed forever blinding her?

## The Religious Press.

We now and then give our readers a view of the leading religious papers by quoting paragraphs which set forth the topics they discuss and the methods and spirit in which the work is done. We serve up a few such specimen bits this week.

*Zion's Herald*, referring to the incident in Alfred Cookman's history which shows him, while a mere boy, eagerly listening in the corner of the meeting house to the word of the preacher that was deeply touching his heart, puts in this fitting plea for the hosts of other boys:

"These boys are constantly in the corners of the churches. They are very susceptible in their early years. Sermons and affectionate instructions quite often touch them. These little fellows often weep, without attracting much attention. It is quite easy to draw them to prayer and to the presence of the Lord Jesus. Hundreds of them have sobbed in common sympathy at the children's meetings which have been held during the late services in the groves, and have sung, after prayer and ready trust in the children's Saviour, songs of exulting praise. No great act has been made of their tears or prayers or professions. The number of grown persons that have knelt at the foot of altars has been counted, and published as an occasion of special thanksgiving, as certainly it is; but the most hopeful work accomplished, if it could be adequately followed up with tender and constant Christian culture, is the answered call upon the susceptible childhood at these gatherings. Now is the hour when the 'elder's' hand should rest upon their heads, and kindly counsels be bestowed upon them. A serious injury is done these youthful disciples if they are encouraged to enter upon the divine life, and no further interest is taken to instruct them in the way, pointing out their temptations, establishing them in wholesome religious habits, introducing them into the Master's vineyard, and patiently and prayerfully watching over them for good."

The *Christian Union* finds a general and sad heathenism in our churches at home, which it describes in these words:

"The impatient Christian wonders how long it will be before the religion of Christ shall have conquered the heathenism of the world. But let us rather ask, how long it will be until the religion of Christ shall have conquered the paganism of our hearts? How do we talk of God as though he were to be placated! We forget that repentance and faith are necessary conditions to salvation on account of their effect on us, and we look at the broken and contrite heart as something that softens the anger of God. We treat baptism, not as understanding its deep symbolism, but as though God were a master of ceremonies, exacting the most literal obedience for the sake of his own whims. We talk about the Scriptural authority and divine right of certain forms of church government, as if God would only save people whose societies had the requisite number of officers, and called them by their right names, and elected them in certain fashions. We make him a God of bylaws. We even represent God as the central selfishness of the universe, doing all things for his own glory. Behold how invincible is our heathenism!"

The *New York Observer* is generally cautious and conservative, but the experience it has had in dealing with clerical swindlers prompts it to the utterance of plain words. It does well in raising this note of protest and warning:

"We have too many of this sort of clerical fraternity in our country. Men who, under various false guises, are going about raising money, some of them by borrowing when they have not the slightest intention of paying. We have posted many of their names from time to time, but it is very easy for a man to change his name and start anew in the business. We had repeated calls about two years since from several letters from clergymen in Philadelphia, on the strength of which he obtained money on a false pretense, and he has not since turned up here. We recently

saw that a Rev. of the same name had been arrested in a neighboring town on a grave charge, but released for want of evidence.

The public can not be too much on their guard against imposition from such swindlers. Good men and good causes must sometimes suffer by suspicion and delay; but in these days it is entirely unsafe to give money, and much more to give names, to those who do not show indubitable evidence that they are good and true men. Nor is it always safe, even then. Beware of wolves in sheep's clothing!"

The shameful extreme to which the work of interviewing, and spreading out the details of private life by the reporters has gone, is properly struck at by the *Watchman and Reflector*. It says:

"We happen to know that in a letter of a correspondent, one of our daily papers, which appeared within a week, two material sicknesses were referred to in such a way as to bring great pain and sorrow to the members of these households. We heard it said in justification of this correspondent that, as he is a rival of another letter-writer in the same place, 'he is pushed' to gather up every fact or event to which any public interest might possibly attach itself. There is a great deal in this matter of newsgathering that is bad. Much of the material is without any importance whatever. Much of it is of a character that the public have no right to know and be concerned about. And as to the way in which the material is collected, we say much of it that it is outrageous. It was once a maxim of the law that 'a man's house is his castle.' It is not so to-day. No man can be built wide and deep enough to keep out the modern reporting-man. Neither can there be any law or public opinion, or individual protest so stout as to bar him out where once he is determined to enter. What to do about it we don't know. But we do protest."

The *Western Advocate* has an eloquent editorial on the treatment of aged preachers by the Church. It says:

"Every year we hear of wounded hearts and crushed spirits, of rejected men and rebellious charges. Not only the stations, but the circuits, have caught the contagion, and to such a degree that sometimes—rarely as yet, we trust—old men who have spent their lives as useful and successful ministers, are turned adrift, even in midwinter, to live as best they can; only not to starve, because God who hears the raven's cry, and remembers the hairs of their heads, hides them in the cleft of the rock till their calamities be overpast. If our brethren—good meaning, but thoughtless in their action—could feel, for a little time, the smart of the crushing blows they inflict, they would be more careful in future how they raise their hands to strike them. Surely, God will not hold them guiltless who smite his anointed. If this capricious spirit continue, everything Methodist will be destroyed. We shall need no bishop, no presiding elders, no quarterly meetings. Preachers will soon be rusting by scores for want of employment; and the people will be spending thousands on importations and trial sermons, and thousands of charges will be destitute of pastors. Let us rather try the old paths. The old itinerant road is hard, plain, crucifying, but healthy for the soul, and successful to save the masses."

It is not strange that the *Examiner* and *Chronicle* should resist the unfortunate but prevailing and mastering tendency on the part of papers, to give chromos or other premiums to subscribers. But whether it can resist the pressure is not certain. This is what it says about the matter:

"It has been our aim, for more than eighteen years, to make a paper that would not need to be propped or propagated by the device of a chromo premium. Having succeeded pretty well in abiding by the stand-on-your-merits principle, we could not, at so late a day as this, confess that our journal needs the help of a poor chromo to make it worth what we sell it at. Our ambition is to make a newspaper in no respect second to any other paper of its kind, to publish it at the lowest possible price, and let it speak for itself. With such an ambition, cherished for so many years, how could we now come down to the chromo-premium venture?"

Advice to ministers is freely given. Some of it is wise and wholesome; some of it isn't. The following, from the *Vermont Chronicle*, is plain and pithy, and if a little extreme in its terms, it touches a matter of far more consequence than might at first be imagined:

"Husband all your strength for the delivery of your sermon. Take not a step, sing not a line, speak not a word unnecessarily; for we arise in the morning with a certain amount of physical power, and acquire but little power during the day from other sources. It is the recuperation which it gives, and if that force be expended in a long walk or ride to a church, or in any muscular effort whatever, you have just that much less for the sermon, and every clergyman must know that the more physical vigor he has, the easier he can preach. Singing is an effort; hence every verse sung is a loss of vital power. Be more of a man than to be the slave of a sip of water, a lounge, or a lump of sugar, before or during preaching; the necessity of these grows upon a man with great rapidity, and detracts from his recuperation from the time of rising in the morning until the sermon is delivered; for the more your subject absorbs your whole being, the greater will be the union with which the message is delivered. Begin in a low tone, but with the utmost distinctness of utterance; and as the lungs grow warm and the vocal organs more pliable, throw in more voice gradually, until the end of the discourse; otherwise, you will break down before you are half through. Never study a posture or an intonation; this involves a mental diversion from the subject, and impairs your force."

We fancy that most sensible people will be quite ready to endorse what the *National Baptist* says about the parties who have been devising new expedients for bleeding the pockets of everybody who goes to see the majesty which God has furnished at Niagara. "It is evidently a bit impatient; but these words are none too strong:

"Now, when man has made improvements and expended money, by building bridges, stairs, and the like, it is proper that a suitable charge should be made for the use of them. But when God has put this miracle of beauty and grandeur in the heart of a continent, in full sight of two nations, it is infamous beyond expression for any man or set of men to try to shut mankind out from the sight of it except on payment of a fee. As well charge every man who looks up at







## Poetry.

## John Janin's Sermon.

The minister said last night, says he,  
"Don't be afraid of giving,  
If your life ain't giving to other folks,  
Why, what's the use of living?"  
And that's what I says to wife; says I,  
There's Brown, the miserable sinner,  
He'd sooner a beggar would starve than give  
A cent toward buying a dinner.

I tell you our minister's prime, he is,  
But I couldn't quite determine,  
When he heard him a-giving it right and left,  
Just who was hit by his sermon.  
Of course there couldn't be no mistake  
When he talked of long-winded praying,  
For Peter and Johnson, they sat and scowled  
At every word he was saying.

And the minister he went on to say,  
"There's various kinds of cheating,  
And religion's as good for every day  
As it is to bring to meeting.  
I don't think much of a man that gives  
The loud Amens at my preaching,  
And spends his time the following week  
In cheating and overreaching."

I guess that dose was bitter enough  
For a man like Jones to swallow,  
But I noticed he didn't open his mouth,  
Not once after that, to holler;  
Hurray, says I, for the minister—  
Of course I said it quiet—  
Give us some more of this open talk;  
It's very refreshing diet.

The minister hit 'em every time;  
And when he spoke of fashion,  
Abba-riggin' out in bows and things,  
As woman's ruing passion,  
And a-comeing to church to see the styles,  
I couldn't help a-winking  
And a-nudging my wife, and says I, "That's  
you."

And I guess it set her thinking.  
Says I to myself, That sermon's pat;  
But man is a queer creation,  
And I'm much afraid that most o' the folks  
Won't take the application.  
Now if he had said a word about  
My personal mode of sinning,  
I'd gone to work to right myself,  
And not sit here a-grinning.

Just then the minister says, says he,  
"And now I've come to the feller  
Who've lost this shaver by using their friends  
As sort o' moral umbrellas,  
Go home," says he, "and find your faults,  
Instead of hunting your brothers';  
Go home," he says, "and wear the coats  
You've tried to fit for others."

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked,  
And there was lots of smiling,  
And lots o' looking at our pew;  
It set my blood a-bubbling.  
Says I to myself, Our minister  
Is getting a little better;  
I'll tell him, when meeting's out, that I  
Ain't at all that kind of a critter.

## The Family Circle.

## My Friend's Story.

BY MARILLA.

CHAPTER II.

"There were eighty-five men and seven women in our company. We had the usual white-covered, emigrant wagons, in which we carried all our supplies. There were many incidents in our travels, highly interesting to us at the time, but to another they might seem unworthy of notice.

"There was one evening, in the early part of our journey, of which I must speak. Bert Ashley had been gaining in health and spirits, and Nell was becoming quite cheerful once more. When we were clearing away supper, Bert came up to us saying there were indications of a severe thunder-storm, and it would be well to return everything to its place in the wagon. This was hardly accomplished when the lightning flashes became more frequent and vivid, and the thunder seemed just above our heads. I was afraid, more so than ever before, and went to find James, for I thought if I was by his side, the raging of the storm would seem less terrible.

"Come, James, I said, 'let's go into our wagon. It is awful out here.' With an oath he turned from me, and began chatting with a man who stood near. I shrank back in terror, for, although I was accustomed to his profanity, I could not bear it then. The hail and wind had reached us, and the darkness and tempest seemed more terrific every instant. As I entered our wagon I heard Bert's voice, in fervent prayer, and by the lightning's flash I saw that Frank Clifford was kneeling with them. I stood by Nell's side until they arose. They noticed my agitation, and in tones of melting pathos Bert said, 'Lizzie, can't you too trust in our Saviour for protection?'  
"O Bert, I answered, 'I don't know. I only wish I had some place to hide.'  
"Hide in Christ, sister. Let him be our refuge. In him is the only safety."  
Then they sang,

"Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly."

"When the song was finished there was a calm in the elements. In a few hours the storm had wholly passed, and the stars came out clear and bright.

"I never shall forget how Bert Ashley looked as he talked to me that night. He had lifted Ida in his arms, and her little sweet face and long light curls were nestled on his shoulder. As the wind blew harder, Ida clung closer to him for protection, and still talking of Jesus, his hazel eyes glowing with love divine, he pressed his cheek to his little girl's forehead, and his golden brown hair half hid her little face. I have since thought that an artist might well have taken them to represent the Shepherd bearing the lambs in his arms.  
"Not long after this, Bert grew more restless and feverish, and used often to cough all night. When we reached Fort

Riley he could not sit up. As he was such a general favorite, the whole company waited here several days. Then our leaders had some trouble, and the company was divided, a part taking one road, and part deciding to remain at the Fort a while longer and take another route. James and I remained, but as day after day passed, and Bert seemed worse rather than better, he urged the party to proceed without him. They had found kind friends at the Fort, but I knew that Nell needed my assistance and sympathy, and I determined to stay with her. My husband said I should not stay, I was his, and must go with him. 'Yes, Lizzie,' said Nell, with her eyes full of tears, 'it is your duty to go with your husband. Go, and be a blessing to him, for you can be if you will.'

"I went, but all the while it seemed as though my heart was breaking. This was my first bitter lesson in life's school. 'It had been hard to part with my mother, but while Nell and little Ida were with me, the grief was nothing to this terrible loneliness, this anxiety for Nell in her coming sorrow.'

"In this sorrow I began to think of my husband as my all of future happiness. Every strong heart must have something to worship, something which it enshrines as a Deity. I had rejected God. My sister and her child I must never expect to see again, and so in a quiet way I began to devise plans for James's happiness. I pictured the little cabin that should be ours in the Golden State, the privations I should learn to enjoy, the hardship and toil I would welcome, and in all my dreams the presence of the loved-one was to be my heaven. Well, I like to think of this now, it does bring the tears. It brightens the miseries I have known since then.

"After we left the Fort, I noticed that Frank Clifford was not with us, and I inquired the cause of his absence. 'Why, I thought you knew he went back to the Fort after we had been out a day and night. He declared he couldn't sleep, thinking of Ashley,' was the reply.  
"Frank's going to be a minister, I conclude by the way he stuck to that preacher," said another.

"I don't care," said a third; 'Frank's as true as steel, and if we were all like him, Bert Ashley might lead us straight into heaven. There ain't one particle of deceit there, if he was raised on a plantation with darkies to wait on him.'

(To be Continued)

## Running to the Fire.

A warm, sultry day in August: papa was taking his after-dinner nap in the library with a big red handkerchief spread over his head to keep the flies away from the bald place; for flies like bald places, you know, and how they can bite!—mamma was down stairs reading, puss lay comfortably stretched out on the rug where the sunshine fell warm upon her fur, and even Dick, the canary, sat drowsily upon his perch; everything was still; when suddenly the front door slammed, a pair of little boots clattered on the stairs, and in burst eight-year old Fred, all perspiration and excitement:

"O papa! may I, can I, O please, mayn't I run to the fire?"  
The red handkerchief was whisked away in an instant, leaving the poor, bare place to care for itself, for Mr. Maynard owned a block of stores down town, and fires he dreaded more than even flies.  
"Where is it, my son?"

"Oh, they ain't none now; but maybe they will be, and Tommy Herriek he runs to 'em, and his pa lets him, and it's lots of fun! May I please, papa, I want to awful!" and the boy paused for very lack of breath, and waited with great anxiety for his father's answer.

"Certainly, certainly; but, don't bother any more," and with a sigh of relief the tired gentleman threw himself back upon the sofa, and stretched the red covering over his head again, while Fred, delighted beyond thanks, rushed out to tell Tommy Herriek of his success, and to listen with longing ears for the sound of the bells.  
"But no bells rang. That day passed and many others, yet the day was not visited by the dreaded scourge. Fall came, and amid apples, melons, grapes, and all the lesser fruits of the season, Fred found pleasures on every hand, and forgot his wish, so that even when the great bells did send their warning notes abroad they did not call it back to him. The matter had passed from papa's memory the very moment the boy's question was answered. Mamma never knew of it; and so time went on and winter came, overcoats and mittens, sleds and snow-balls took up the little boy's attention, and he had no thought of ever running to the fires that so often rang by night and day in that time of year.

It was December. The chill northeast wind had blown all day, bringing with it the flying snow-flakes, and as night settled down the storm grew more and more furious, and the great drifts blocked paths and doorways up and down the town. The street-lamps threw but faint and fitful gleams through the darkness, and solitary pedestrians fought their way homeward with aching fingers and frost-chilled forms.  
Fred sat by the open grate and gazed at the glowing embers. Suddenly out of the brilliant coals there came a memory back to him, a memory of the permission which papa had given so long, long ago—and he had never yet taken advantage of it, he had never been to a fire!

The longer he meditated, the stronger the desire grew. "O, if there was only a fire to-night!" and the boy's eyes danced in anticipation of the fun it would be to plunge into the deep snow and face the flying storm! How grand, too, in this fierce wind! Oh, a fire would be jolly if it could only come to-night! But his reverie was broken by mamma's call,—"Fred,

come! It's bed time!" and away he went to be tucked warm and cozy in his nest, there to dream out the fancies that filled his little brain.

The hours slipped by. Twelve, one, half past one. A distant clangor sounds through the night air. Nearer and nearer it comes; louder and louder, until the boy's chamber is filled with the wild crash of the frightened bells, and Fred springs from his bed to see the snow all aglow with the strange red light, to see the flying sparks drifting away overhead, to hear the uproar outside, and to know that there is really a fire!

How quickly he dressed! Had it been the breakfast-bell which called the boy from his bed, an hour would hardly have been time enough to make his toilet, with mamma's help, too; but now, within ten minutes, he was creeping from his room in overcoat and tippet, pants tucked in boots, and a warm cap tied over his ears.

Down the broad stairway, through the dim hall, and with a turn of the key, the front door opened and closed, and Fred was running to a fire.

The wind whistled around the corners and tossed the drifting, blinding snow in his eyes; the cold pierced through overcoat and coat, chilling his body; the strange, weird light flared up and down in the night, but he kept on. Men passed him, great rough men, swearing as they ran; the engines plowed their way through the deserted roads; he heard the distant cries of the firemen, but still he kept on. More than a mile in and out of the winding streets he ran, until, at a sudden turn, the burning building burst upon the sight in all its wild and fearful beauty!

It was a wooden tenement house, six stories high, and ere Fred reached the spot the flames had wrapped it in a blazing robe. How the fire leaped from open window to window, or crept along the trembling roof! How the wind sucked in and out the door-ways, and then rushed roaring away as if in terrible pain, carrying great clouds of sparks riding on the dun-colored smoke! How the engines rattled, the water hissed, and the firemen yelled! Oh, it was a wild storm and a wild fire, but little Fred enjoyed it all.

Notwithstanding the efforts made to overcome it, the devouring element was conqueror, and within an hour the great roof fell with a mighty bang, sending a blaze of light to the very sky; and then the fire died down, the crowd moved noisily away, and soon Fred found that he was almost the only one left in the street. One good look at the ruins and he would go too.

Crossing the street, he pushed his way toward where the house had been. Dull, red coals, a great smoke and charred timbers were all that remained. As the boy gazed upon the desolate scene, a cry came to his ear, a child's cry. He started and turned about; there it was again! What could it be? Moving cautiously along, the sound became more and more distinct, until, close under an old shed and wrapped in a rough blanket that smelled strongly of smoke, Fred found a little baby; left there to die, or forgotten by some half-crazed mother whose shelter had that night been destroyed! The great heart of the boy grew tender as he lifted the ragged bundle in his arms, and with soothing words to the little wail he turned at once and started for home.

It had been hard work coming to the fire through the deep snow, the storm and the darkness; it was doubly hard returning; yet Fred floundered bravely along. Once or twice he fell, but with unwavering courage rose and pushed on again. At last the corner was reached; which way should he turn, up or down? He debated the matter for some time, but at length, growing cold and worried, started hurriedly off in what he thought was the right direction. Was it right? On, on, turning here and there, following, as nearly as he could remember it, the course that he had come, the little boy waded through the night and the snow. But the streets all looked strange; the great houses loomed up gloomily on either hand, the storm grew thicker, and only the wild wind answered when he called. He had really lost his way!

Crying with terror, staggering through the drifts, and half frozen with the cold, Fred kept in motion; he must find some one or he might die! How the snow whirled, and the tall trees swayed and groaned in the gale! Would he never get home? must he stop here? Faster and faster came his breath, and the little legs trembled as the drifts grew deeper and the piercing cold more intense. The baby did not cry now, but he hugged the bundle closer to him to keep it warm, and tried to struggle on; yet the battle was almost over, and his eyes were growing dim, when suddenly a form appeared before him, a heavy hand fell upon his shoulder, a gruff voice said, "Whose boy is this, out so late at night?" and with a cry of joy Fred cast himself upon the friendly breast and sobbed out his story in the policeman's ear.

When the tale was told next morning to papa and mamma around the cozy breakfast-table and before a glowing fire, it seemed almost a dream; but the fair baby stranger who drank so greedily of the fresh milk was proof that it had been a reality.

The child was never claimed; and to-day Fred calls a beautiful girl "Sister," and "Snow-flake," and sometimes tells the story of how he found her that wild night when first he ran to a fire.—Chris. Union.

## Skimmed Milk.

Good Mrs. Cotton once dreamed that a poor man came to her door and begged a drink of milk. Always ready to do a kindly deed, she hastened to the cellar, but with housewifely thrift was about to skim the milk before taking it to him, when a voice seemed to whisper in her ear: "Give him cream and all!" For a moment there was

an inward struggle. "Skimmed milk is good enough for a tramp like him," said selfishness; but the good angel conquered, and the great bowl covered with golden cream was carried to the thirsty beggar. If the good woman craved any reward for her generous deed, she had it at once in the poor man's grateful look as his brown hands grasped the tempting bowl, and it was with real regret that she waked to find it only a dream.

But the dream has a moral. How many of our best deeds are spoiled by having the cream taken off! The most princely gift, if given with an unloving heart, is, to the giver at least, nothing but skimmed milk; and the same is true of all good deeds done only from a sense of duty or for the praise of men. The lady who loads the little beggar at the door with the dainties of her table, but gives no loving smile or friendly word, gives, after all, but skimmed milk to the hungry child.

Love is the golden cream of all good deeds, and without it they are, at best, only skimmed milk.

## Harry's Lesson.

Harry Conners was fifteen years old, and he thought himself a very fine, manly fellow; and so he was in his way; he despised everything mean, never ordered about the little boys, and was always respectful to his parents; but he had some unfortunate notions of manliness. One of these was, that doing errands was not dignified and proper employment for a person of his age and experience, and should be left entirely to small boys.

One day his mother asked him to go to Mrs. Lucas with a basket of work and a turkey for the widow's Thanksgiving dinner. Harry did not like to refuse, though he thought his mother might have sent some one else as well; so he took up the basket and the turkey and walked along rather sullenly. Mrs. Conners looked after him, feeling a little proud of her boy, and a little sorry that he was no wiser, and hoping that Mrs. Lucas, who was a very good woman, might say something useful to him.

The day was rather unpleasant, and the cold rain chilled Harry so that he felt uncomfortable, and it must be owned, quite cross, as he turned up the lane that led to Mrs. Lucas's door. He was glad to find a good fire inside and to have an opportunity of warming and drying himself, while the good woman put away the work and the turkey he had brought, and thanked him over and over for his kindness. As he took up the empty basket and put on his cap, Mrs. Lucas said to him—

"I believe the Lord sent you here this dismal day. Did you ever think what a privilege it is to do the Lord's errands?"

"I certainly didn't think of it in that way," answered Harry. "I came to oblige my mother."

"You have obliged me too," said the widow; "but the best of it is that you have done an errand for our Master."

Harry said "good morning," and went out thoughtfully. He didn't think much about the rain on the way home, but he thought a good deal about what Mrs. Lucas had said to him, and his silly feeling that he was too much of a man to do errands. He was really manly enough to see where he had made a mistake and to try to correct it, and the few words that reminded him that he was serving our Lord in the little service he had done for his mother put the matter in quite a new light. What can be nobler than to work for our Master, our Father in Heaven?

## That Kiss of My Mother.

George Brown wanted to go somewhere, and his mother was not willing. He tried to argue the matter. When that would not do, instead of saying, "I should really like to go; but if you can not give your consent, dear mother, I will try to be content to stay," he spoke roughly, and went off slamming the door behind him. Too many boys do so. George was fourteen, and with his fourteen years' experience of one of the best of mothers, one would have thought better of him. "But he was only a boy. What can you expect of boys?" So say some people.

Stop! hear more. That night, George found thorns in his pillow. He could not fix it any way to go to sleep on. He turned and tossed, and he shook and patted it; but not a wink of sleep for him. The thorns kept pricking. They were the angry words he spoke to his mother. "My dear mother, who deserves nothing but kindness and love and obedience from me," he said to himself. "I never do enough for her; yet how have I behaved? her eldest boy! How tenderly she nursed me through that fever!"

These unhappy thoughts quite overcame him. He would ask her to forgive him in the morning. But suppose something should happen before morning? He would ask her now, to-night, this moment. George crept out of bed, and went softly to his mother's room.

"George," she said, "is that you? Are you sick?" For mothers, you know, seem to sleep with one eye and ear open, especially when the fathers are away, as George's father was.

"Dear mother," he said, kneeling at her bedside, "I could not sleep for thinking of my rude words to you. Forgive me, mother, my dear mother! and may God help me never to behave so again!"  
She clasped the penitent boy in her arms and kissed his warm cheek. George is a big man now, but he says that was the sweetest moment of his life. His strong, healthy, impetuous nature became tempered by a gentleness of spirit. It softened his roughness, sweetened his temper, and helped him on to a true and noble Christian manhood.

Boys are sometimes ashamed to act out their best feelings. Oh, if they only knew what a loss it is to them not to do so!—Mother's Magazine.

## Literary Review.

THE PERFECT HORSE: How to know him. How to breed him. How to train him. How to shoe him. How to drive him. By William H. Murray. With an introduction by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and a Treatise on Agriculture and the Horse, by Hon. George B. Loring. Containing illustrations of the best trotting stock-horses in the United States, with their pedigrees, records, and full descriptions. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1873. octavo. pp. 480. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

Mr. Murray has no fear of the criticism which possibly awaits him in view of the interest in horses to which this volume so emphatically testifies. That he is a clergyman and is expected to understand theology, he insists is no reason why he may not understand some other things, or why he should not tell what he knows. To intelligent and honest criticism he is quite ready to reply in words; to that which springs from ignorance and prejudice he is content to answer with silence. And this book furnishes the amplest proof of his wide reading, careful observation, varied experience and discriminating thought. He thoroughly appreciates whatever is noble in his favorite animal and useful in the service he renders. And his admiration is never blind. He has made the animal a study, and he has also rendered himself familiar with almost everything of importance which others have written on the subject. And he has put into this beautiful book the substance of nearly everything valuable which has been written by others, besides adding much that comes of his own observation and study. There is no literary ambition apparent. Nothing is written to produce a sensation. There is not a paragraph of glowing rhetoric. He writes with a practical end ever in view. He means to be understood, and he will be. It requires only an average mental capacity to apprehend the facts and principles and rules he has here laid down. And we think very few candid readers will go through this book without acquiring something of the author's appreciation of the horse, and finding their interest increased in whatever legitimately tends to improve our equine stock. Even if some scrupulous readers here and there dissent from Mr. Murray when he writes about training the trotter for the race and bringing out his speed at fairs, it will be generally conceded that he argues that question with moderation, fairness and vigor, and leaves no room for doubt that, in his own case, holding the lines over an animal that does his mile in 2:30, does not disqualify for going to the study and preparing a sermon that drives the truth home to the heart of an audience in urgent need of conversion.

The mechanical features of the book are in keeping with its contents. Paper, type, illustrations and binding are especially attractive and excellent. Every way, the volume is worthy to take the first place among works of its class, and he who has this can very well afford to dispense with nearly every other.

A MANUAL OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY. Designed for Colleges and High Schools. By Andrew P. Peabody, D. D., LL. D., Plummer Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard University. New York & Chicago. A. S. Barnes & Co. 1873. 12mo. pp. 225.

The modest title of this book is in keeping with the spirit of the author. But the "manual" is really more significant than many another volume which does not hesitate to announce itself as a "treatise." The work grew up, as all such things ought to grow up,—that is, in connection with the work of actual teaching in the class-room. It bears the characteristic traits of its author. It is wonderfully clear in thought, accurate and felicitous in statement, simplifying what elsewhere seems abstruse, free from dogmatism as it is cogent in argument, solid in substance, analytic in method, cultivated in style, and eminently gracious in spirit. Avoiding tedious prolixity and needless detail, it nevertheless presents the substance of the fuller treatises, and in such a way that the pupil, having mastered what is here presented, will not only have made definite and positive acquisitions, but also have put himself in the way to comprehend the more elaborate works which solicit his attention. We confess to a strong liking for this manual, and are confident that it will be found admirably adapted to the sphere for which it is intended.

We quote a few specimen paragraphs, in which he deals with a point that F. Baptists and Arminians have often heard urged against one of their distinguishing tenets:

"It is urged against the freedom of the human will that it is inconsistent with God's foreknowledge of future events, and thus represents the Supreme Being as not omniscient, and in that particular finite and imperfect."

To this objection we reply:—  
(a) If human freedom and the Divine foreknowledge of human acts are mutually incompatible, we must still retain the freedom of the will as a truth of consciousness; for if we discredit our own consciousness, we can not trust even the act of the understanding by which we set it aside, which act we know by the testimony of consciousness alone.

(b) If the acts of a freely willing being can not be foreknown, the ignorance of them does not detract from the perfectness of the Supreme Being. Omniscience can not make two and two five. Omniscience can not do what is intrinsically impossible. No man can omnisciently know what is intrinsically unknowable.  
(c) If God's foreknowledge is entire, it must include his own acts, no less than those of men. If his foreknowledge of men's acts is incompatible with their freedom, then his foreknowledge of his own acts is incompatible with his own freedom. We have, therefore, on the theory of necessity, instead of a Supreme Will on the throne of the universe, mere fate or destiny. This is equivalent to the denial of a personal God.

(d) It can not be proved that God's foreknowledge and man's free will are incompatible with each other. The most that we can say is that we do not fully see how they are to be reconciled, which is the case with many pairs of undoubted truths that might be named.  
When we can foresee outward events, we can often foresee, with little danger of mistake, the courses of conduct to which they will give rise. In view of the extent, and accuracy of human foresight, we can not pronounce it impossible, that he who possesses antecedent knowledge of the native constitution of every human being, and of the shaping circumstances and influences to which each being is subjected, may foreknow men's acts, even though their wills be entirely free."

THE UNDEVELOPED WEST; or, Five years in the Territories: Being a complete history of that vast region between the Mississippi and the Pacific, its resources, climate, inhabitants, natural curiosities, etc., etc. Life and Adventure on prairies, mountains and the Pacific coast. With two hundred and forty illustrations from original sketches, and photographic views of the scenery, cities, lakes, mines, people, and curiosities of the great West. By J. H. Beadle, author of "Life in Utah," etc., etc. Issued by subscription only, and not for sale in the book stores. Philadelphia and Chicago: National Publishing Co. octavo. pp. 825.

This is a full title-page, and the promises it makes are certainly large enough to meet the demands of the most exacting. But what of the performance? Well, Mr. Beadle has certainly succeeded in making a very interesting book. He has seen quite a portion of the West,—perhaps specimens of nearly every noticeable feature in its scenery, agricultural resources and life. He has, too, a keen eye, an acute mind,

quick sensibility, abounding self-reliance, and a ready, pointed and somewhat effective pen. He is not a man slow to "make up his mind," and not backward or over-moderate in expressing it. He has very definite and pronounced opinions on almost every subject that circumstances call up, or that experience and reflection prompt him to deal with. He has seen all sorts of men; he has passed through a wide circle of experiences; he has often had his courage and his wits taxed as severely as they would bear taxing; he has lived amid rough characters; he has seen peril; he has tasted freely of adventure; he has borne hardship; he has frequently stood face to face with what is grand and what is pitiable, in the world of phenomena and action. He writes graphically and not without exaggeration; he puts himself most prominently into every part of his narrative; he indulges his audacity without stint; and he cuts and slashes right and left without any great fear of wounding somebody's feelings or of incurring the charge of egotism. But, after all, he has given us a book that abounds in information, that is alive on every page, that is sure to be popular with average readers, and that, in the main, presents us with a vivid and fairly drawn view of the great section of our country which he sets himself to describe. One must now and then make allowance for the intensity of his nature and his language, and not be too certain that his confident opinions would remain unchanged in every case if he were to enlarge his knowledge. But no reader can fail to find entertainment as he follows Mr. Beadle through the five significant years whose story he here tells.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY. By Arnold Guyot, author of "Earth and Man," etc. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. folio. pp. 124.

In the special departments of study of which Physical Geography treats, Prof. Guyot is unrivaled. Ever since the publication of his "Earth and Man," he has been both an authority and the delightful instructor and literary companion of a great multitude of pupils and general readers. The series of maps prepared under his direction, and the two more elementary school-books previously furnished, have been recognized as incomparably superior to all other products of similar aim and character. In this, the third and highest member of the series of text-books which he long since undertook to prepare, he seems to have combined all the excellencies which distinguished his earlier works, and to have lifted the whole product to a higher level by adopting what seems almost the perfection of methods, and the employment of a style at once so scientifically exact, so peculiarly picturesque, and so aglow with enthusiasm, that the reader is surprised and charmed as he proceeds, and the most severely taxed pupil finds study more a luxury than a burden. Whether considered in the amount of information conveyed, the skill with which facts are grouped and classified, the progressive steps by which each new level of thought is attained, the unity of plan and view which is finally set forth, or the elevated tone of thought and feeling that is constantly induced, the work stands out as something peculiar and grateful, and almost defies hostile criticism and successful rivalry. We take it for granted that this is to be the textbook used in teaching advanced classes in our Grammar and High Schools, from Maine to Texas.—The maps and illustrations are executed with much more than the average skill, and in all respects the publishers have nobly co-operated with the author, and both may well join the great mass of teachers and pupils in congratulation over the result.

WHITE ROSK AND RED. A Love Story. By the author of "St. Abe." Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1873. 16mo. pp. 242. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

The substance of this book is really suggested by its second title, and one can fairly well state it in a short paragraph. The form is metrical, the verse generally flowing on with a pleasant rhythmic movement, though now and then rising into something like majesty, and breaking out in a tone that kindles and thrills like a voice from a higher level of life. It is no mere rhyme-making novice that sings of Eureka Hart, and the two differing types of womanhood which successfully made their appeal to his fancy and his affection, but a writer who knows something of the poetic afflatus, and can translate fine conceptions into choice musical speech. It is not a poem of the first order, either in theme or treatment, but a pleasant volume which even high-toned and cultivated readers need not be ashamed to like.

PRONOUNCING HANDBOOK OF Words often mispronounced, and of words as to which a choice of pronunciation is allowed. By Richard Soule and Loomis J. Campbell. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1873. 18mo. pp. 99. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

THE SALARY GRAB: A History of the passage of the Act increasing the salaries of members of Congress; and the history of the wages and Nays in both branches, with a skeleton of the debates, and a review of the apologies for the bill; with special reference to the responsibility of Gen. B. F. Butler therefor; not neglecting, however, Senator Carpenter and the other accomplices. By W. S. Robinson. ("Warrington.") Same publishers, etc. 1873. 16mo. pp. 80.

Both these little publications very fully and fairly set forth their aim and character in their titles. The little volume prepared in aid of correct pronunciation, contains a list of 3000 words which are most likely to illustrate the prevailing faults in pronunciation, and yet, though its make-up is really tasteful and rich, it can easily be carried in the pocket, and hardly makes any perceptible addition to the pile of reference books which every student wishes to have at his right elbow. It is a most useful and timely little composition.

"Warrington" has done himself, the general subject and the special individual at whose pretensions he strikes, most ample justice in this little pamphlet which deals with what is popularly known as the salary grab. Few men surpass him in the use of plain, direct, forcible, English; and he is thoroughly at home in collecting and arranging facts, making an argument, playing the critic, parrying and returning a thrust, or dealing out pungent and biting satire. He does all those things here; and while Gen. Butler is especially singled out for exposure and discipline, quite a number of other men are made disagreeably but justly conspicuous as partners in that pitiable and audacious business. Aside from all its personal aims and bearings, it is a plain, faithful, admirable statement, and ought to go into the hands of the millions of voters throughout the country.

GOLDEN SUNBEAMS: A Collection of New Music for the Sabbath School, the Social Meeting, and the Home Circle. By D. F. Hodges and J. H. Tenney. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1874. pp. 176.

A good work, both in its hymns and music. It shows the results of thought and painstaking, and gives proof of capacity and appreciation. Possibly it may require more careful practice to master more or less of the music than children like to give, but such practice will be rewarded. The moral and religious tone of the hymns is unusually high, and there is very little doggerel.

T. Whitaker, New York, announces the speedy issue of two books that promise to be of real interest and value. One is by Prof. C. S. Henry, entitled ABOUT MEN AND THINGS, a collection of varied papers; the other by Dr. Geiske, and is called SUCCESS OF THE FIFTH GOSPEL, a title that will provoke curiosity, and possibly reward its exercise.



## Literary Miscellany.

## Stupidity and Sense.

There is a prevailing faith in the country districts that the urban dry-goods clerk is a being of preternatural acuteness, that he can detect character at a glance, and discern instantaneously between the righteous and the wicked. If this is a correct opinion, it must be admitted that there are exceptional cases of outrageous stupidity, and that these exceptions are liable to make a greater ado and a deeper impression than the shrewd and keen majority. It would seem sometimes as if clerks understood dry-goods, and nothing else. Silk, velvet, flowers and fancies, they appreciate, but words, modulations, manners, they count for nothing. If a woman's culture shows itself in elegant, elaborate, expensive dress, that they comprehend, to that they defer. But culture that has of choice or by force of circumstances been expended in other directions they know nothing about. They can not see it. They do not miss it. Long companionship with dry-goods seems to have given them a sense of dry-goods, and to have stripped them of every other.

A plainly but perfectly dressed lady, with the best blood of the world in her veins, and—what is more imposing to the haberdashery heart—with plenty of money in her pocket, went not long since into a shop to buy napkins. The potentate of the counter showed her such napkins as he thought suited to her social position. "These are rather coarse," she suggested. "Have you none finer?" "Oh yes," said the gentleman, "but they are more expensive." It is ever to be regretted that the lady turned in silence and left the shop, because that clerk will never know that it was his own idiotic off-frontery, and not the expense of the napkins, which lost him the custom.

A lady who never made any great figure in the world, and certainly not in a water-proof cloak on a rainy day, was seeking a parcel. The clerk showed her some very common, not to say shabby, specimens, which she declined. A little farther down the counter she bought a whole piece of fine and costly linen, observing which, the knight of the parol came down and begged her to re-examine his assortment, of which he had contrived to unearth an altogether different and better collection. She too fell below the requirements of the occasion, and bought her parcel without enlightening him upon his discovery of his stupid mistake.

A lady, large and lovely, a serene Quaker goddess, made some benevolent casual remark to the clerk with whom she was trafficking, just as she would have patted the head of a strange dog who might have run up and sniffed at her gown, and the little whipper-snapper clerk followed her to the door and—winked at her! And while she stood staring at him in her first amazed consciousness of his individual existence, he winked again!

Thus vacuous do the gods make a human skull, yet furnish it with all the ganglia of life. Happy are those merchants who can secure the right sort of clerks—for a right sort there is. I bought a table-cloth of him yesterday. I had forgotten to take the size of the table, or a pattern of the color to be matched. Patiently he evolved my probable needs from my fragmentary facts, discussed pleasantly my presumptive evidence, and seemed as much interested in the harmonies of my dining-rooms as if he had expected to eat there twice a day during the remainder of his natural life. Did he deceive me? Not a bit. I knew of a surety that my dining-room was no more to him than the peanut stand on the common opposite. Me and it he had already forgot. None the less was his momentary and friendly, but not familiar, assumption in me and mine altogether winning and encouraging; and doubtless was it, for that moment, sincere. His sympathetic and refined nature does not understand, and spontaneity ally itself for comfort and good cheer to all who appear to him. My kind heart, his welcome face, and his engaging manners be a mine of wealth to him and his employers and dependents!

Not to all men is given that grace and graciousness, servicable, not servile, which distinguishes a seller of saucers in a warehouse I wot of. A saucer rich and fine, but not overladen with trimming, not grotesque in art, requires the quest of a Sir Galahad, and Sir Galahad was there to make it. With indescribable deftness and swiftness he overturned pile after pile of garnitures, turning rummaging comments into "This is good material, but too low on the shoulder; this is too deep a collar; this too loud a trimming. If this was a quiter shade, Ah! here it is!—and here! Or you may like this." And out they come, shapely and sober. And if they had been gorgeous, I suspect the lady would hardly have known it, so—won over as she by his helpfulness. And when he brought a brush and assisted her in disengaging her folds from the dust of our long drought with a dexterity wholly free from officiousness, he needed but to speak the word, and she would have bought every saucer in the shop.

Dry-goods clerks it is bad business.—*Gail Hamilton.*

## The Evolution Theory.

The thorough-going evolutionist, availing himself of the doctrine of the unity of the forces, paces with firm step through the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and then brings all things home to the parentage of matter and force. He drives back beyond all life, beyond all form, beyond even the present material elements, back to the beginnings of matter and force. At that distant point there are no such myths as life and mind; these are unimaginable ages down to the future. There is nothing but little lumps of good-hard matter. These are the fountain-head of existence, and need to be left alone long enough to transform chaos into creation. This is what purports to be the scientific book of Genesis. This is evolution as it is held by the "New School" of philosophy, of which Mr. Spencer is one of the chief apostles.

It often happens that a few vague and general analogies are allowed to blind the reason to the infinite complexity of the problem, and it may even be questioned whether many of the evolutionists themselves properly appreciate the task they have to perform. Their proposition in plain words is this: All things have come by a rigid, mechanical sequence from the condensation of that primeval mist. Not merely the forms of matter, but life, and mind, and their various manifestations, have all been evolved by necessary physical causation. Men think that thought and motion have nothing in common with the buzzing of atoms, but, in truth, these little lumps need only to be properly combined to become self-conscious, and think, and feel, and hope, and aspire. If there had been a speck of matter who had detected the position of the forces in that nebulous mass, he could by the parallelism of forces have reasoned down through

orbital rings to solid globes, to continents and seas, to the lowest forms of life, to man, to Homer and the *Iliad*, to Newton and the *Principia*, to Milton and the *Paradise Lost*, to Shakespeare and his plays. By simple deductive reasoning, as the engineer traces beforehand the track of a ball, so that spectator could have foreseen all our art, our science, our civilization, and could have prophesied all that is yet to come. He could have foretold all the folly and suffering and sin of men. There is not a mote that trembles in the sunbeam, nor a feat that is driven in the wind, whose existence and whose exact position he could not have foretold. The problem would have been a complex one, to be sure, but it would have been a purely mechanical one. There is not a thought that has ever floated or that ever shall float in a human brain, there is not an ache that has ever wrung a human heart, that was not potentially there. Our longings for knowledge were there, and when we inquire after the origin of things, our thoughts do not return to their right home. Whenever we receive these complex, or accidental, or free, was there. Those dancing atoms whirled and whirled until they became self-conscious, and thought, and reflected, and wrote their own autobiography in the philosophy of Mr. Spencer. We are not misrepresenting the theory. Prof. Tyndal says of it: "Strip it naked and you stand face to face with the notion that not only the more ignoble forms of animalcules or animal life, not alone the nobler forms of the horse and the lion, not alone the exquisite and wonderful mechanism of the human body, but that the human mind itself—emotion, intellect, will, and all their phenomena—were once latent in a fiery cloud."—*Borden P. Bowen in the New Englander.*

## Gen. Taylor as a Historian.

Gen. Taylor, although an excellent soldier, and a man of strong good sense in the every-day affairs of life, had been educated in the camp, and knew no more of statesmanship or the operations of government than a Comanche Indian; not was he distinguished for colloquial accomplishments, or narrative or descriptive talent. Then he had a habit of hesitation in conversation that amounted almost to stammer. He spoke in a terse, sententious style upon subjects with which he was familiar, and his sentences, especially on military matters, were marked by quick perception and sound judgment. But he was never diffuse or demonstrative, and wasted no words upon anybody.

Judge Butler, a colleague in the Senate, of Mr. Calloun, calling to pay his respects to the President, begged him to describe the manner in which the battle of Buena Vista was fought. His brother, Pierce Butler, commanding the Palmetto Regiment, and a very gallant officer, fell in the battle, and the Judge was naturally anxious to learn the particulars of that desperate contest.

"Well, well, Judge, you want to know how the thing was done. Come and dine with me to-day, and I will tell you all that I know about it."

Judge Butler was a hasty, impetuous man, and the words flowed from his mouth in a torrent whenever he had occasion to speak. He was all impatience during the dinner, and the moment they were alone he brought up the subject of the battle.

"Yes, yes, Judge, your brother was a brave man, and behaved like a true soldier. But about the battle—you want to know how it was fought?"

"Yes, General, if you will be so kind, I wish to learn how your troops were disposed on the field, and how you posted them to resist a force so overwhelming. Santa Anna must have outnumbered you four or five to one."

"The difference was greater than that, I think, but we didn't stop to count the Mexicans. I knew there was a heavy force, and longed for a couple of regiments more of regulars."

"Undoubtedly," said the Judge; "but what was your order of battle?"

"Why, why, you see, Judge, we went to fighting early in the morning the first day, and we fit all day long; losing a good many men, and at night I looked pretty bad."

"When I got off I rode over to Saltillo to look after our stores and to provide against a surprise."

"Why did you go yourself? Why not send one of your aids?"

"You see, Judge, everything depended on not having our supplies cut off, and I wanted to see after things myself."

"How was it the next morning when you came on the field?" inquired Judge Butler.

"Not much change since the night before."

"Who was the first man you met?"

"Gen. Wood."

"And what did he say?"

"All is lost."

"What was your reply?"

"Maybe so, General, we'll see. And upon that we went to fighting again, and fit all that day, and towards night it looked better."

The Judge, looking rather blank, asked, "What next?"

"Well, the next morning it was reported to me that Santa Anna and all his men had disappeared in the night, and I was glad to be rid of them so."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

## The Sign Language.

I had not spent many days in the institution before I awoke to the fact that the sign language is an exceedingly curious and attractive matter to study. Though I had elsewhere witnessed some slight exhibitions of its pantomimic story-telling, and had even been taught a few of its terms, if I may call them so, it was rather startling to discover here a complete language, adequate to all sorts of ideas, with which words have nothing to do. It is no more English than it is Chinese. Its signs represent objects, actions, qualities, and whatever else words express; but they do not represent words. Many people fancy it to be merely a short-hand of words, signs being interspersed here and there just to save the trouble of spelling out all the words. Doubtless it does save trouble; but that is not the main thing. Signs can make their way where words can not. They go before words; they prepare the way for them; they rouse the unconscious soul; they bring candles into its dungeon; it bestirs itself at last, and cries for the light of day. When words begin to be admitted, signs introduce them; and not until the expanding intellect has grown beyond its childhood does the sign language at length withdraw from the scene, and give place to the language of words.

At table I used to notice the lively conversation carried on by the mute teachers between themselves. Some of them scarcely needed interpreting, since the expression of the face supplied a key. The grand principle of signs being resemblance, they are not very difficult to comprehend when they refer to visible objects and actions, or to

simple emotions. Beyond this the uninitiated are apt to find themselves in the dark; unless there is somebody to interpret. For example, the sign for "Quaker" is made by twirling the thumbs about each other, the fingers being loosely interlaced. "Humbly" is indicated by extending the right hand upon the back and extending the fingers of the left, while the thumbs are wringed, sarcastically, no doubt, upon either side. If you wish to allude to what is called "courting," you interlace the fingers so that their tips are toward you, and the tips of your bent thumbs about an inch apart; then wag the thumbs slightly, as if the happy pair were nodding and chattering in a cosy *le-tote*, and you will be struck with the aptness of the representation.

One day, happening to inquire whether it were possible to express in sign language the grammatical modifications of mode, tense, and number, Professor Cooke did me the favor to summon a very intelligent pupil in the collegiate department, named Jones, to give illustrations. He immediately represented various forms of a given verb, in each instance naming the mode, tense, person and number with great precision. I am sorry that I can not recollect how to make, for instance, the third person singular, pluperfect subjunctive, of the verb to write, in sign language; but I was glad to learn that upon a pinch the thing can be done. In point of fact, however, I presume it is not always done. Some of these grammatical accidents may very well be left for the imagination to supply.

After having exhibited the signs representing various animals and other objects, the young man gave us some specimens of pantomime, in which he excels. To see how he would succeed with something entirely new, the teacher related to the class the well-known anecdote of Henry Clay's adventure with the goat. All eyes were intently fixed upon the rapidly moving fingers as they spelled word after word; and no sooner was the story finished than Jones proceeded to dramatize it in the most amusing fashion that can be imagined. We saw the great Senator taking his dignified "constitutional" stroll through Washington, the little graminette maliciously teasing the long-bearded goat, the benevolent interference of Mr. Clay in behalf of the unhappy animal, the ungrateful attack of the goat upon the deliverer, and the glee of the rascally little spectators, and finally the ignominious retreat of the great statesman when he was forced to "let go and run like blazes." Of course it was ten times funnier in pantomime than in words.—*Harper's Magazine.*

## Persian Etiquette.

The London *Globe*, in an article on this subject, remarks that Persia is now almost the only country where Oriental etiquette is kept up in all its ancient purity. It gives a few illustrations of the dinner customs which prevail, or have prevailed:

The customs of the Court of the present Shah are very different from those which prevailed in the time of the celebrated Futeh Ali Shah, who died in 1835. When he took his mid-day meal, or dinner, he used first of all to seat himself and taste some of the dishes; then, on a given signal, his wives came in and stood round the room. At the same time the princes, his sons, and grandsons, were summoned from the antechamber, and stood round the table-cloth without saying a word. On a signal from the Shah they quitted the room in their appointed places, and silently proceeded to eat. The dishes which stood next them might be to their tastes or the contrary, but it was not etiquette to ask for anything, or to help themselves from a dish at a distance. The Shah only spoke to the senior prince, who sat by his side. During the whole time his Majesty's favorite wife remained seated behind him. Every now and then the Shah would show a handful of food into her mouth, and as his handiwork were remarkable large, the poor creature was nearly choked. When the time allotted for dinner expired, the prince, who sat next the Shah, quitted the room without washing their hands, for this indispensable termination to an Eastern meal is not permitted to take place in the presence of royalty.

Among other customs enforced by etiquette is the rule that, where a superior dines with an inferior, the latter brings in the first dish himself, a practice not without precedent in Western courts. The bringing in a dish is, however, in Persia, no light undertaking, and requires considerable skill, strength, and practice, for the manner in which the operation is performed is, especially at court, strictly prescribed. The dish may not be held at arm's length, carried perfectly horizontally, and deposited precisely in the right place at once. Some ludicrous stories are related about this practice. One old gentleman with a magnificent beard had to bring in a large tray containing several dishes, and place it in front of the Shah. The tray was heavy, the bearer was feeble, and, to make matters worse, just as he was about to deposit it, a candle, which he had not observed, fell to the ground, and he was obliged to stop to pick it up.

For the last three years he had occupied the position of Paymaster in Chah's Mills, where he earned the adequate reward of all his labors. His mind was both solid and brilliant, fitting him to be a valuable member of society. His peculiar gentleness of character he inherited from his mother, a woman of many virtues, and for whom the son had a deep and deplorable affection. He realized death's approach, and requested the attendance of the minister of the Cross, and received baptism a few days before he died. His deeply affected parents in Hyde Park, as well as a large circle of friends and acquaintances, mourn his loss most deeply.

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sins, wants and miseries as, during twelve months, it will lay before you.

(3) And Spiritual Wisdom said—There is scarcely any better Commentary on the Bible than a good religious periodical. Ten thousand bees will bring forth the honey. Prophecies are rapidly being fulfilled, divine promises are being performed, Bible doctrines confirmed, providences illustrating the Sacred Record, constantly occurring, missionary operations in all lands successful, etc.; all these bright clouds will sail over your horizon, so that, in fifty weeks, you will get fifty times that number of the lessons of that wisdom that cometh from above.

(4) Personal Piety said—A higher type of the Christian life should be the history of the near-at-hand New Year; and you can not get anywhere, save from the Bible, more varied and pressing and affecting appeals for the higher life of the soul than are contained in our weekly sheets of a good religious periodical.

(5) Conscience here appeared, and gave selfishness a frown that caused a hasty exit of that personage, and bade economy be wiser in counsel next time, sustaining all the above appeals in behalf of the cause they plead, and making me feel that I could not do a more unwise thing than to stop my paper.

## 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.

Mrs. WALTER POTTER died in Alabama, Nov. 20, 1872, at the residence of her son, S. S. Potter, Esq. She was the widow of the late Selden Potter, Esq., and lived to the age of 73 years and 9 months. She was a member of the Free Will Baptist Church, and was an attendant upon the means of grace, and the religion of Jesus was her comfort in her last hours. She often expressed her religious interest for her children, among whom was Elder Potter, of Lansing, Michigan. She was an amiable and devoted mother, and every attention that loving children could give was rendered; her Christian cheerfulness continued to the end. She rests in peace.

CHARLES AUSTIN, infant son of Marshall and Lydia M. Austin, died in Middlefield, N. H., May 11, 1873, aged 5 months and 3 days. Precious baby! thus early called to the good Shepherd above where sin and sorrow are unknown.

ROBERT FRANKLIN MARSON, son of Robert and Margaret Marson, died in Limerick, March 18, aged 19 years and 3 months. The deceased possessed many amiable qualities, which endeared him to a wide circle of friends. His father died some years since, killed by the accidental discharge of a gun. Young Robert, who was an attendant upon the means of grace, and the S. school, as death drew near, became deeply interested for his soul, prayed and requested the prayers of others. His disease progressed to such a degree that he was unable to converse. The Lord knew them that are his.

ISAAC BOWLEY died of dropsy and heart disease, in Melunhus, Arrostook Co., Me., aged 73. Bro. Bowley experienced religion under the labors of Dexter Waterman, at Bangley, thirty years ago. His last years were his best, and his religious experience, especially his last days, when his hope was firm and his joy increased. He was a great sufferer, but bore it with true patience. He leaves a wife and 8 children to mourn his loss. He died at his son's, Elias Bowley, where all possible was done to relieve his wants and comfort him in his last moments.

ASA W. GREEN died at his residence in Chicago, after a brief illness, of hemorrhage of the lungs, Dec. 27, 1872, in the 49th year of his age. He leaves a wife and one child. Also JULIUS I. GREEN died in Bethany, N. Y., July 10, 1873, in the 47th year of his age. He leaves an aged mother, one brother and a sister to mourn their loss.

ESTHER, widow of the late Deacon Elhan Thomsen, died in Greenwich, Aug. 29, in the 82nd year of her age. Our esteemed sister was baptized over fifty years ago, by Elder Joseph White, and was among the first, with her husband, to join the first Free Baptist church in Southfield. Her religious life has been uniform, earnest and exemplary, and her death was calm and hopeful. She was a mother in Israel, and her memory is a source of comfort and encouragement to her numerous acquaintances.

NATHANIEL TODD died in Kittery, March 18, 1873, aged 70 years. More than half a century had Mr. T. been a professor of the religion of Christ, and maintained his faith to the close of life. He regarded the Sabbath as the day of rest, given him by God for a day of worship and praise. He observed the day in accordance with Bible requirements, reading from his sacred pages the truths of God, and with his family, engaged in prayer, singing psalms, and salvation in the name of Jesus. He labored to impress his children with the importance of keeping the Sabbath holy unto the Lord. His family deeply mourn his loss, and remembered his children with special satisfaction.

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## Academies, &amp;c.

## Bryant and Stratton College.

BOSTON, MASS.  
Next school year begins Sept. 1, 1873. Course of study, Commercial and English branches. Annual Catalogue and Report for 1873 ready; furnished free upon application in person or by mail. Office 18 A, Tremont street, Room 15. Open daily during vacation from 10 till 12 o'clock.

H. E. HIBBARD, Principal.

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GREEN MOUNTAIN SEMINARY.  
WATERBURY CENTER, VT.  
Faculty: Rev. R. H. Tozer, A. M., Principal. Miss Sarah C. Gilman, Assistant. Miss M. E. Prentiss, Assistant. G. T. Swaney, L. A. Butterfield, E. C. Smith, Miss Abbie Lyon.

Calendar:  
FALL TERM, 13 weeks. Opens Sept. 2, 1873.  
WINTER TERM, 13 weeks. Opens Dec. 2, 1873.  
SPRING TERM, 12 weeks. Opens Feb. 20, 1874.

Tuition:  
Common English, \$5.00  
Latin and Greek extra, 1.00  
French, extra, 2.00  
Board, 2.00  
Use of Piano and Organ, 2.50  
Board, 2.25

Book-keeping, Penmanship, Pen-Drawing, Instruction in Fencing, Carpentry, Pastel, Wax Flowers, &c., each extra.

The



## News Summary.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Governor Washburn and the entire Mass. state ticket was re-nominated by acclamation at the Worcester convention, Wednesday.

The returns from Maine indicate the election of Dingley (Republican) for Governor, by about 11,000 majority. The vote was much lighter than last year.

The formal payment of the amount of the Geneva award, \$15,500,000 by the British minister, Sir Edward Thornton, to Secretary Fish, took place Tuesday.

A balcony containing many people witnessing a military parade at Williamsburg, L. I., Monday evening, gave way and fell to the pavement, fatally injuring two and wounding many other persons.

An important witness in the Stokes case has been arrested in New York, being a woman who, it is said, picked up and secreted a pistol dropped by Fisk at the time of the homicide.

It is said that no efforts are at present being made in behalf of the condemned Modocs.

The whaling schooner Abbie Bradford arrived in New Bedford on Sunday, bringing fifteen men of the crew of the Ansel Gibbs of the same port, which was wrecked in the Arctic Ocean in October, 1872. Some of the men who have arrived in this city tell a horrible story of suffering and torture. They say that on account of the neglect of the owners to provide suitable provisions they were all attacked with scurvy. They were terribly beaten by the captain and first mate, and after the vessel was wrecked, ten men died in protesting against the action were left on the island, the captain of the Abbie Bradford refusing them passage.

The coroner's jury in the case of the falling building on 11th St., New York, by which eight people were killed, rendered a verdict, Wednesday, that the accident was caused by the gross negligence of the contractors. Two of them are held in \$5000 bail for trial and one in \$2000.

The women of Glen Cove, N. Y., Tuesday night, tarred and feathered a woman who they suspected of being guilty of improper actions.

In Boston, Wednesday evening, there was a mass meeting of liquor dealers and other opponents of prohibition, to take measures to carry into the election in November, a movement to repeal the prohibitory law, and substitute license. A procession was got up and speeches made.

The cholera epidemic in Millersburg, Ky., is abating. There were only two deaths, Thursday. Provisions having given out, the citizens of Paris are sending them cooked food, and the city council has made an appropriation for their benefit.

The United States Treasurer has learned of the existence in nearly all of the large cities of the recently discovered counterfeit \$500 notes. The treasury department has had photographs of the genuine and counterfeit \$500 notes taken together on cards, representing those notes enlarged to about five or six times the real size.

A herd of 115 short-horn cattle was sold by auction at Utica, N. Y., and the total price obtained was \$380,000. One animal brought \$40,000.

The grain cars that arrived in Chicago last Tuesday would make a train 12-14 miles long.

Governor Kellogg, of La., has issued a proclamation offering \$5,000 reward for the apprehension and conviction of the murderer of Judge Crawford and District Attorney Harris. Also \$2,500 for the apprehension and conviction of the murderers of Thomas Archibald, who was murdered by two unknown men while standing at the gate of his house, in Richland parish, on the 2d instant.

A butcher last Monday, on his way to market in New York, was lassoed by some desperadoes, who threw a rope over his head with an accurate aim which practice alone could secure, hauled the man into the wagon, robbed the victim of \$900, when the desperadoes made their escape.

The Mississippi State Grange assembled at Jackson, on Tuesday. There are upward of 300 Granges in the state, and nearly all are represented. Among the delegates were about 20 ladies.

Many delegates to the Evangelical Alliance, which is to be held in New York, from October 2d to the 12th, have arrived from Europe.

The yellow fever epidemic at Shreveport, La., has reduced that place to a deplorable condition. Nurses and physicians are being sent in, and measures for pecuniary aid are in progress.

A considerable number of state-rooms on the steamer Rhode Island were robbed during the trip to Stoughton, Tuesday night. The robbers literally looted the parlors and other gentlemen found themselves sans *culottes* when aroused to take the train.

A collision occurred on the Pennsylvania Railroad at Willmore Friday night, by which an engineer was killed and a fireman wounded. A passenger train and two freight trains came together and a terrible disaster was narrowly avoided.

The yellow fever is increasing at Shreveport, La., and has appeared at Memphis, Tenn., where about thirty deaths have occurred, chiefly among the negro population. Quarantine against New Orleans has been established at all the principal ports of Texas.

A vigilance committee in Vermilion parish, La., has been operating against a gang of cattle thieves and several executions under Lynch law are reported.

Alexander R. Shepherd is appointed governor of the District of Columbia, vice Cooke, resigned.

The Mississippi steamboat James Howard caught fire and was scuttled near Commerce, Miss., Friday. Loss \$100,000.

A New York policeman was fatally stabbed by a drunken man Saturday evening. The list of homicides comprises a murder in Chicago and fatal quarrels at New York and Jersey City.

## FOREIGN.

Notwithstanding the Abyssinian war and the Geneva award, the public debt of England has been reduced by \$23,727,775 within the last fifteen years.

Important official despatches are received from the Polish search expedition, to the effect that the Tigris has discovered the winter camp of the Polish crew on Littleton Island; that the Polish is sunk; and that probably the crew are on board a whaler from Cape York. Other despatches, however, give a less hopeful opinion as to the situation of the crew.

An accident to the steamer City of Bristol occurred on Monday last, 250 miles south of Halifax Cross Head, one of her cylinders having broken. The Bristol kept on to New York under sail, keeping in the track of the homeward-bound ships of the Inman Line, and met the City of Brussels on Monday night, which immediately took her in tow and bore up for Halifax.

Senor Castelar is elected president of the Spanish ministry, and has organized a new cabinet. He is resolved upon a determined effort to put down the Carlists and intransigents, proposing to call out 150,000 men and arm half a million reserves.

A serious riot occurred in the presidency of Madras recently, and eight natives were killed by the troops sent to quell it.

A party of Mormon emigrants, who have just arrived at Paris, on their way to America, have been notified by the Prefect of Police that if they attempt to hold their religious exercises in public, they will be expelled from the city.

The elegant Quaker, John Bright, has become an officer in the Church of England; that is, a Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; he has the patronage of forty-one livings. Strange anomalies time is constantly presenting; but there is none more strange than that of a Quaker locating pastors for churches of the establishment.

Edmund Yates, the novelist, writing from Vienna, says that the exhibition is a great financial failure. It cost between seventeen and eighteen millions of florins, and the receipts, everything taken into consideration, have not yet reached two millions.

Several hundred Kickapoo and Potawatomi are on their way from Mexico to the Kickapoo reservation in Kansas, under the direction of the special commissioners, and the successful transfer of all these Indians is confidently anticipated.

It is reported that the German Government has taken an additional five millions of United States five per cents. The subscription was made through the syndicate. This makes about seventeen millions subscribed by the German Government.

## Paragraphs.

Weston is walking at county fairs in Wisconsin.

Father Burke is lecturing in the South of Ireland.

Paris is given the palm for producing male flirts.

Oranges of Georgia growth were never as big as they are this year.

"Sermonette" is what they call a brief hot-weather discourse in Illinois.

The California University will explore the lava beds in the interests of science.

M. du Chailu is said to be writing a book of his travels in Sweden and Norway.

The Wanderer, the oldest journal in Vienna, established in 1809, has ceased to appear. Its policies were of a federal tendency.

A Texas paper keeps the commandments in type at the head of its editorial page. As leading articles the editor can't beat them.

A Minnesota editor says that he had rather pick a pocket than write a sonnet. Possibly he is more used to the former occupation.

The class-list of the Cambridge University examinations for English women shows 220 candidates at the nine different centers where examinations are held. Last year there were 154, and the year before that 127.

There is a singular natural curiosity in Sadawga pond in Whitingham, Vt., consisting of 150 acres of land floating on the surface of the water. The tract is covered with cranberries and there are trees fifteen feet high. When the water is raised or lowered at the dam of the pond, the island rises and falls with it. It affords a fine shelter for fish, large numbers of which are caught by boring a hole and fishing down through, as through the ice in winter.

In the hilly regions traversed by the intercolonial Railway of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, thousands of large trees were uprooted by the recent tempest, and in some localities lie thick and regular in a swarth as though they had been mown by a gigantic scythe. Fortunately none fell across the track.

Italy's monks are not to disappear entirely, as was expected, with the confiscation of their monasteries. It seems that in a number of cases devout Catholics have purchased the confiscated property and given it back to the dispossessed monks. Some have appeared in the buildings from which they were ejected a short time ago.

A Danbury boy found a pocket-book belonging to a Mill Plain man, and restored it to the owner, who gave him a five-cent piece. The boy looked at the coin an instant, and then handing it reluctantly back, audibly sighed as he said, "I can't change it."

A short time since a colored man entered the office of the clerk of a county court in the West, and advancing to the table where the deputy clerk was busily engaged, he produced a marriage license, for which he had paid the legal fee a few days before. "Boss," said he, "de lady declines dis document, and I fetch it in to get my money back." It was a little consoling to the clerk to be told that some went farther and had fared worse; but when assured his money could not be returned, he turned indignantly, and muttered as he made his exit, "Everybody's gone back on de document!"

George Francis Train has an income of \$28,000 yearly from rents alone.

Gen. Jubal Early has written a letter vigorously defending Jefferson Davis's late address before the Southern Historical Society.

The Shah of Persia explained to the Empress of Austria that his non-presentation to her immediately after arriving in Vienna was due to his ignorance of European customs, and that, if he had failed in courtesy, the stars were alone to blame. A Persian king only makes use of lucky hours; and the time at which the Empress was prepared to receive her host was an unlucky hour. The Shah's astrologer had read this in the skies, and this is why his Persian Majesty kept away from the audience with the Empress.

Oak Ames's brother and executor says that his estate will not settle more than \$2,000,000, or about one-third what was estimated at his death. The net result of all his Pacific Railroad operations and speculations turns out a positive loss.

It has been demonstrated that a beetle is capable of lifting 315 times its own weight. A man of ordinary muscular power is fully one hundred times feebler, and had an elephant such comparative strength it could run away with a load of 5,000,000 pounds. The flea, too, scarcely to leap without difficulty over a barrier fully 300 times his own altitude. For a man, six feet is an unusually high leap. Imagine him jumping 3,000 feet or nearly three-fifths of a mile.

An Englishman, so it is said, proposes to sell in the United States the uniform in which Frederick the Great died. He offered it to a Prussian prince at £1,200, but the price was too high. The speculator having heard that we preserved the uniform of Washington in the Patent Office, and the old clothes of Stephen Girard in the Girard College, doubtless thinks that we are the best customers for great men. If he will apply to Barnum, he will be convinced that our love of relics will not stand \$6,000 in gold.

## Rural and Domestic.

## Beet Sugar.

From the December Report of the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, which came to hand a few days ago, it appears that the exports of breadstuffs, including wheat, corn, barley, flour, etc., from the United States, seldom equal in value the imports of foreign sugars. In 1871, the total exports of breadstuffs amounted to over \$90,000,000, and the imports of sugars and molasses to upwards of \$86,000,000. The value of grain and flour exported is stated, however, in currency except that shipped from the Pacific coast, while, as to the imports, none but gold values are given. These two items of trade, therefore, were nearly equal in that year. But in 1872, the balance was clearly in favor of the imports. The exports of breadstuffs amounted to something above \$88,000,000, and the imports of sugars exceeded \$90,000,000.

Apologies of the present plethora of grain in the West, and the resulting dissatisfaction among the farmers, the above figures are eminently suggestive. There is no good reason why we should import sugar any more than that we should depend upon foreign countries for our flour and potatoes. Why may not our farmers cultivate beet sugar upon a large scale, as was suggested in the Report of the Department of Agriculture for 1871? In 1869 the breadstuffs sent abroad were not valued at almost \$24,000,000, to pay for the sugar and molasses imported; and there has usually been a considerable difference against this country.

The farmers who are located near the center of the continent, more than a thousand miles from either ocean, should have learned by this time that they can not profitably raise wheat or corn to sell in Europe. They may accuse the high freights or high customs tariff, or what they will, but the real cause of their trouble is that they are raising altogether too much wheat for the home market, and are too distant from Europe to compete successfully in that market, even with the lowest possible freights. Let them then go to raising sugar-beets, which we understand are well adapted to the rich prairie soils of the West. Napoleon I. instituted the beet-sugar industry in France, and after some years of inefficient protection it took a strong foothold. Now it supplies the French with all the sugar they want, leaving a large surplus for export.

The average yield of sugar beets to the acre, with ordinary tillage, is from 15 to 20 tons. In France extra good culture produces 30 bushels, and so much as 68 bushels has been raised from a single acre. Five tons of clear roots, we learn from an excellent authority, produce about 450 pounds of coarse sugar, which, when thoroughly refined, can not be distinguished from the finest cane sugar. Taking the lowest yield of the beets, —15 tons to the acre,—we would have 1,350 pounds as the product of coarse sugar per acre. The commonest kind of brown sugar is now quoted at eight cents in Chicago, and is much higher in the interior towns of the West. Supposing the unrefined beet-sugar to sell at that price, the product would be worth \$108 per acre. But these estimates are extremely low.

A work on "Beet-root Sugar," published a few years ago, states that in Germany the average production from beets is 2,100 pounds of sugar. In France the average production is said to be 2,300, and the highest production 5,000 pounds per acre. The rich lands of Illinois and Iowa should, with proper culture, yield more than any in France, but it only 2,000 pounds of sugar could be obtained, this at eight cents a pound would be a gross return of \$160 an acre, which is at least quadruple the largest return ever received from wheat in that section of the United States, and about ten times the average gross value per acre of the wheat product in the West. Sixteen bushels of wheat above the average crop of wheat, and it seldom brings over a dollar a bushel at the place of production.

This subject of beet culture has been discussed at different times in these columns, and at considerable length, but it gains a new interest from the present condition of agriculture in the West. The farmers must perceive at last that they can not go on growing grain in constantly increasing quantities with any hope of profit, unless the cost of sending it to market can be diminished. The question with them now should be, what other staple they can best substitute in part for wheat. Very much can be said in favor of sugar beet. It is an exceedingly productive crop, and there is a practically unlimited demand of sugar within the country at highly remunerative prices. Establishments for the manufacture of sugar from beets would need to be erected within not too great distances from the farms, but at present there is a like necessity for threshing machines and flour mills to convert the product of the wheat field into a marketable form.—Press.

## Where Nebraska Came From.

Of the 122,993 inhabitants of Nebraska, in 1870, one-fourth, or 30,754, were of foreign birth. Of the 92,245, native born, 18,530, were natives of Nebraska. Of the remaining 73,715, nearly five-sevenths, or 50,277, were born in the six States lying in the latitude of Nebraska, and between it and the Atlantic, namely,—in Iowa, 11,111; in Illinois, 9,633; in Indiana, 6,043; in Ohio, 10,707; in Pennsylvania, 6,991; and in New York, 9,248.

Here is a notable proof of how prone Western emigrants are to stick to their native latitude. With reason have we more roads running east and west than north and south.

Of the remaining 34,683 Nebraskaans, all but about 10,000 came either from Missouri, 4,650; Wisconsin, 3,756; or from New England, 4,601. Ten thousand four hundred and thirty-one remain to be accounted for. More than half of them, or 5,751, were born in Virginia, Kentucky or Michigan. But some portions of the twenty-two States in the Union, as well as in the ten territories.

This result had been reached within three years after Nebraska became a State, and affords a striking illustration of the internal migrations or reciprocal removals, which are so characteristic a feature of American life. Foreign immigration is nothing to domestic, no more than our foreign commerce is to that of inland. Each State is hence a sort of Congress representing all others. It is a mosaic of fragments from the four winds of heaven joined together.

Between 1870 and 1872, the Nebraska increment in population, if proportionate to that of school children, was 63,935. At this rate the present population can not be less than 200,000. Such a growth is very creditable when we remember that the claims filed since 1870 in Lincoln alone, by homesteaders and pre-emptors have been more than 14,000,—while more than 4,000 actual settlers have bought farms of the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad. Railroad land-buyers have been more numerous because they bought on ten years' credit, at six per cent interest, and in contracts since 1872, nothing of the principal is payable till the end of four years. Twenty per cent is thrown off from land prices for speedy improvement, &c.—Prof. J. D. Butler.

He is a good farmer who makes good compost heaps; he is a better farmer who manages to have the manure applied as fast as it is made.

## Exercising Colts.

To begin with, then, let it be remarked that colts need a great deal of exercise. By nature they were made for rapid movement. Like young birds, they develop in motion. The number of miles a colt of high breeding, and in good condition, will go when at pasture each day, is something surprising. I will not mention my estimate, because no one would believe it to be correct; and I only ask you to watch a colt twenty-four hours, and make your own estimate; and, if you are not astonished, I shall be. Now, no sensible man will turn a colt of fine promise loose in the pasture after the second year; and I do not after the first. A valuable colt is too valuable to risk in that foolish manner, especially if he is a horse-colt. He should be kept in a large, roomy stall, where he can be attended to and trained day by day. But do not forget his need of daily exercise. Do not think that a box-stall will suffice. You might as well teach an eagle to fly in a large cage, as to give the needed discipline to a colt's legs, heart, and lungs in a box-stall. Many most promising youngsters are fatally checked in the development of their powers by lack of needed exercise in their second and third years. I hold that a colt needs a great deal of exercise; not to the halter, which is good for nothing but to sweat out a lazy groom, but sharp, quick exercise, in the taking of which every, and every, brought into play, every joint tested, and every vein, however small, swelled with rapid blood, as is the case when allowed the liberty of hill and plain, and to follow the promptings of nature. Ah, me! how full of bounding life the youngsters are, when in a drove of twenty, heads uplifted and tails erect, their long hair streaming straight out behind, they charge in thundering column across the shaking field! See how they tear along with hoofs that spurn the plain, with changeful gait, and action free and swift as a swallow's! See that sort of trot! Look at his stride! How he opens out! Ha! did you see the chestnut catch his step? Good heavens! how that brown one runs! Ho! there, boys; here! Now look and see them come strung out in line, heads towards us, ears pricked, and eyes on fire! Hi, there! hi, there! Now see them swoop to the left, and go tearing away like mad, nuzzles straight out, and ears laid back, until they pass the ridge, and the valley catches them from our sight! Circus!—there never was such a circus as that! It's enough to stir the blood in the veins of a deacon!—Myrris's "The Perfect Horse."

## Drinking while Eating.

Nature never intended for any one to wash down their food while eating. She has wisely placed salivary glands in various places in our mouths; they secrete a fluid for the moistening, besides a chemical action of the food after mastication. This gets the food in a suitable condition for swallowing. Drinking every few minutes while eating, prevents the usual flow of saliva; also it washes it down before it can have a chemical action on certain portions of the food. One of the most pernicious habits to health, is drinking several tumblers of water while eating; better drink warm drinks. The stomach will not digest one particle of food when it has a temperature below one hundred degrees of Fahrenheit; neither will it digest one atom of food until all the fluid is first absorbed. No healthy person should drink more than half a pint of some mild fluid while taking food, and dyspepsia should not drink a drop while they are eating, nor for three or four hours after.

## Items.

Lands that are overstocked not only yield less food, but the animals pastured upon them make a less yield in beef or milk than when the stock is in proportion to the capacity of land for producing it.

Stagnant or foul water is injurious to all animals. It causes blood poisoning, and this leads to many febrile complaints, and is one of the great causes of abortion in cows and other animals.

It is impossible to imagine my occupation more suited to a life living in the country than that of poultry rearing. If she has any superfluous affection to brood, let it be on her chicken-kind, and it will be returned cent per cent.

The bad farmer, despite of a good soil and home markets, will become bankrupt and wretched, while the industrious and intelligent shall triumph over every difficulty and find himself in the enjoyment of peace, prosperity and happiness.

Nature, in providing grass for the food for domestic animals, seems to have designed it for frequent clipping. Can we not, therefore, make our hay of better quality, and at the same time give larger profits, at the close of a long series of years, than will the following of that system which attempts to change from one specialty to another, as the prices of different products vary.

Wherever good land is in a fair state of fertility and has been manured occasionally, clover sod plowed in the Fall and exposed to the cold of Winter, or plowed immediately after a crop of hay is taken off, or still better, if the crop of grass is plowed under about the time it is in bloom and left to lie until seeding time, will always yield the best crops of wheat.

By means of the drill wheat is sown regularly and all at the same depth. If the seed is good there need be no allowance made for wastage as in sowing by hand. One bushel and a peck per acre is plenty, and if the grains be small, one bushel. It is planted regularly and at a proper depth, and it all has an equal chance to grow, and to fasten its roots firmly in the soil. By drilling, fertilizers can also be sown at the same time.

The Texas cattle drive to Kansas this season foots up about half a million head, a large proportion of which passed over the Atchafalpa, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad.

There is scarcely any disease in which purgative medicines are not more or less required, and much sickness and suffering might be prevented were they more generally used. No person can feel well while a costive habit of body prevails; besides, it soon generates serious and often fatal diseases, which might have been avoided by a timely and judicious use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, or Sugar-Coated Concentrated Root and Herbal Juice, Anti-Bilious Granules, 25 cents by Druggists.

Many have expressed a desire to obtain the Photograph of Miss Sibbie Cilly, one of the newly appointed missionaries to India. All such may now be accommodated by enclosing 30 cents, with address, to the undersigned at Hillsdale, Mich. The proceeds, beyond cost, will go to the Mission.

Notice. J. W. HALLACK, 3138 Hillsdale, Sept. 6, 1873.

Job Work! POSTERS, BUSINESS CARDS, &c., done in the best manner, at this Office.

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A fine collection of New Anthems and Opening Pieces of superior merit, by REV. ROBT LOWRY and W. HOWARD DOANE.

Temple Anthems is especially valuable in Churches where Hymn and Tune books are used, and for Singing Class exercises.

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Never Well.—Thousands of people who are not absolutely sick, complain that they are "never well." Without being in pain they are perpetually in a state of discomfort worse than bodily suffering. The cause of this indescribable weakness is a morbid condition of the digestive, assimilating and discharging organs. Tone, invigorate and regulate these viscera with

Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient, and the languor, depression and nervous debility, which are inevitable results of indigestion, biliousness and an irregular habit of body will cease. The Seltzer Spring is a quite delicious, and equally refreshing. Sold by all druggists.

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