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The Morning Star

Volume XLVIII.

DOVER, N. H., JANUARY 14, 1874.

Number 2.

THE MORNING STAR

A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER
FOR THE FAMILY.

ISSUED BY THE
FREEWILL BAPTIST PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT
Office, 38 Washington St., Dover, N. H.
Rev. I. D. STEWART, Publisher.

For 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, \$2.00.

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

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

Papers are forwarded until an explicit order is received by the Publisher for their discontinuance, and until payment of all arrearages is made as required by law.

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

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

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

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

4. When Agents receive premiums, no percentage on 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, JANUARY 14, 1874.

Euen Song.

The Day is spent, and hath his will on me;
I and ye sunn have run our races,
I went ye slower, yet more paces,
For I decay, not hee.

Lord, make my loss up, and sett mee free
That I who can not now by day
Look on his darning brightnes may
Shine then more bright than hee.

If thou deferst this light, then shadow mee:
Least that the Night, earth's gloomy shade
Flouting her nest, my earth invade:
As if shades knew not Thee.

But Thou art Light and darkness both together:
If that be dark we can not see,
The sunn is darker than a Tree,
And thou more dark than either.

Yet Thou art not so dark since I know thee,
But that my darkness may touch Thine.
And hope, that may teach it to shine
Since Light Thy darkness is.

O Let my Soule, whose keyes I must deliver
Into the hands of senecles dreamers,
We know not Thee, such in thy beames
And wake with Thee forever.

—George Herbert.

English Correspondence.

CHILWELL COLLEGE, ENGLAND,
Dec. 18, 1873.

Few books have been issued of late years leaving a profounder interest than the autobiography of John Stuart Mill. Everybody who reads the best literature of our land has been full of it. Newspapers, magazines, reviews have discussed at large its extraordinary details, and even the great and interminable *Edinburgh* case has been momentarily forgotten in the controversies occasioned by this remarkable book. Nor is it a matter of surprise that so much interest should be felt in the revelations Mr. Mill gives of his own early culture, mental development and inner life. The skepticism of the Duke of Somerset and the animism of Lord Russell were no sooner known than disregarded. The world did not think it of much importance what a noble Duke thought on religious subjects, nor how far a great Liberal politician had diverged from orthodox creeds. But not so with the opinions and confessions of John Stuart Mill. He has played a prominent part in forming the intellect and shaping the thoughts of the present generation. His "Logic," his "Political Economy," his "Liberty" are standard works, text-books and classics on the subjects which they treat. He is an acknowledged authority on the principles of reasoning, on the relations of the deductive and inductive methods, on the theory of government and personal freedom, and on many social and political questions. No one can deny that he fills a large place as a philosopher and politician in the minds and thoughts of the ablest men of our day. His opinions in relation to religion, as the opinions of no ordinary man and of a thinker who made it his boast that he probed to the bottom of his theme, are sure to be regarded as of unusual weight.

What then does his autobiography reveal as to his religious position? It is not too much to say that it shows what must sadden and grieve lovers of Christian truth, and what even skeptics can hardly read without a feeling of disappointment and despondency. For what was John Stuart Mill all his life long in relation to religion? Precisely, the skeptic his father taught him to be when a child. "I was brought up," he says, "from the first, without any religious belief. I am thus one of the very few examples in this country, of one who has not thrown off religious belief, but never had

it; I grew up in a negative state in regard to it. I looked upon the modern exactly as I did upon the ancient religion, as something which in no way concerned me." His father had been a Calvinist, and, rejecting Calvinism as immoral, found he could not take refuge in Deism, for Butler's analogy dislodged him from that position, so he threw up religious faith altogether. He taught his son that "concerning the origin of things nothing whatever could be known;" that the "world was so full of evil that it could not be the work of an author, combining infinite power with perfect goodness and righteousness;" that "Christianity, as commonly presented to mankind, was the *ne plus ultra* of wickedness," the "greatest enemy to morality," "radically vitiating the standard of morals," and "lavishing phrases of adulation on a Being whom, in sober truth, it depicted as eminently hateful." These are Stuart Mill's exact words, and one almost shudders to write them. And yet they are words to be weighed and pondered. They are the key to his religious position. From a child his mind was prejudiced and poisoned with respect to Christianity. From his earliest years, he looked upon the Bible as the enemy of man's best interests. He grew up with that idea a fixed idea in his mind. His father took care that nothing should interfere with the teaching he had assiduously instilled into his son's receptive nature. "It would have been wholly inconsistent with my father's ideas of duty," says Mr. Mill, "to allow me to acquire impressions contrary to his convictions and feelings respecting religion." "Loyally devoted" to his father, he held these prejudices which his father had given him, as sacred as if they were the first principles and axioms of eternal truth; and they clung to him to the last. That is to say, in plain English, John Stuart Mill knew nothing of Christianity save from a perverse misrepresentation of it, and never thought it worth while to study it for himself. Probing other subjects to the bottom, he did not even look into this; it was a "something which in no way concerned him." There is nothing in all his autobiography to show that he ever gave to the religion or character of Christ, a sober and serious thought. It is a sad and painful revelation; it takes from Mr. Mill's opinions on religion all value whatever as the opinions of a philosopher, but it awakens in the mind a deep sorrow that so fine an intellect and so noble a nature should have been shut out by early prejudice from the pure light of divine truth and the sweet and blessed life of divine grace. There was a large religious sentiment in Stuart Mill's heart. It found expression, first, in a fearful but thorough devotion to his father; it turned afterwards to a worship of Bentham, whose utilitarianism, Mill says, became to him a religion; it culminated, at last, in sheer idolatry of his wife, of whom he speaks in terms of extravagant adoration, and with whose memory he communed when she was dead as Numa Pompilius with Ogeria, or any neomaner with the spirit of the departed. He speaks of his father as a "great center of light," and as leaving in a certain force of mind and character, "no equal among men, and but one among women." He speaks of Bentham as giving to him "a creed, a doctrine, a philosophy; in one among the best senses of the word, a religion." Of his wife, after death, he writes, "I have sought for such alleviation as my state admitted of by the mode of life which she enabled me to feel her still near me."

My objects in life are solely those which were hers. Her memory is to me a religion, and her approbation the standard by which, summing up as it does all worthiness, I endeavor to regulate my life.

But though from his own confessions we can not accept his skepticism as his own deliberate and unbiased judgment after a candid and honest examination of religion, we may be permitted to marvel at one or two points which the autobiography conspicuously discloses. The first is, that a man of his large gifts should have abandoned inquiry into the most wonderful of all subjects, man's relation to eternity, to the origin of things and the origin of morality. To be content with a humane but narrow secularism is not surely a worthy thing in one possessed of a "large discourse of reason looking before and after;" and a philosopher who studies human nature deeply can scarcely be satisfied that all knowledge is the product of experience, and all ideas of morality and all intellectual conceptions are born of associations. Man's intuitions of truth, and duty, and relation to the unseen can not be snuffed out by logical analysis or a pain and pleasure philosophy. Another remarkable point is, that the chief argument urged by the elder Mill against religion, and accepted by the son as unanswerable, is the existence of "moral evil." Yet the autobiography shows that, though perplexing and bewildering to us now, it may not always be unresolvable. In Mr. Mill's own experience, light is thrown upon this problem. When mentioning the death of Mr. Taylor, whose widow Mr. Stuart Mill afterwards married, he says: "It was granted to me to derive from that even my own greatest good." In a period of mental depression he asks himself: "If all your objects in life were realized, and all the changes in institutions and opinions you desire were effected, would this be a joy to you?" He answers, No. "The

pleasures of life, being no longer kept up by struggle and privation, would cease to be pleasures." Again, he finds that happiness must not be made the end of life, or it can not be gained. "The only chance is to treat, not happiness, but some end external to it, as the purpose of life; . . . you will then inhale happiness with the air you breathe, without dwelling on it, or thinking about it." The starting-point in his recovery from depression was being moved to tears by a passage in Marmontel's "Memoires," in which is related how, in the distress of the family, owing to his father's death, Marmontel, a boy, by a sudden inspiration, resolved to be everything to them and supply the place of all they had lost. Of education, Mr. Mill says: "Much must be done and much must be learnt by children, for which rigid discipline and known liability to punishment are indispensable means. Modern teaching . . . is training up a race of men who will be incapable of doing anything that is disagreeable to them. I do not then believe that fear, as an element of education, can be dispensed with." One is surprised that, holding such opinions, and having such an experience, Mill should not see with his penetrating intellect that the existence of moral evil is no argument against the truth of religion, and that analogy shows it may, one day, admit of a sufficient and even satisfactory solution.

But Mill's education, for a philosopher, was as exclusive and sectarian as the education of a priest. His father, who was part Stoic, part Epicurean, and part Cynic, kept him as secluded from the world and human life as if his home had been a seminary for training priests of the Romish church. Mill sank the boy and youth in the philosophy, as a novice does in the priest. Comte teaches that the moral and intellectual ascendancy once exercised by priests, must, in time, pass into the hands of philosophers. It would seem as if the culture of each were to have elements in common. Escaped from the sway of his father's rigorous discipline, Mill had "years of transition," and, he says, he "re-discovered things known to all the world, which he had previously disbelieved or disregarded." One can not but wish that, among the things so re-discovered, had been the great truths that the world by wisdom knows not God, and that He who is the fountain of all love and goodness and truth is revealed to us in his Son, in whose teaching is our highest wisdom and in whose grace our truest life.

THOMAS GOADBY.

New York Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Jan. 8, 1874.

I said that good nature is the dry rot of character in America, to-day I developed notably in the style of dealing with offenders, who, for any reason, have not been accustomed to feel the rigor of the law; illustrated notably in the escape of Gen. Leitch from the Oakes Hall, and (I may add) in the strange difficulty of making any class of purveyors to the passions responsible to law.

AN HOUR WITH ANTHONY COMSTOCK is a good tonic for this weak moral nature which we complectedly call good nature. I found myself, on one evening this week, for some hours, in the radiation of the hot, relentless wrath that persecutes the corrupters of youth. I could not but acknowledge it divine, and my own more tolerant or lenient disposition, by just so much alien from a holy God, whose hate of evil must be the infinite counter-part of infinite love. Dr. Johnson, it was said, loved a good hater. I am impressed that a greater than Dr. Johnson is here—*i. e.*, in this category—one who described himself, in the strong imagery of the Revelations, as nauseated by the tepid, nice people of Laodicea. They were good-natured people, like you and me, and like us had no suspicion how despicable and disgusting to the Holy One was their easy, negative virtue. The nature of love is intense, if genuine. It can not look dispassionately on wrong; as we all find, where our natural affections are concerned.

Comstock is a sort of young Elijah, or John the Baptist, in his line. His mission is not only to harry the debauchers with fire and sword, but to inspire the community with a little of the divine wrath that is needed to tone up morality to a positive, and if need be, aggressive determination. Yet our John hath not his fragment of caustic hair and raw hide. You need not image him as a man of iron or of acid. His face is as great a contrast to one of suspicion and bitter censoriousness, like Dr. Lynam's of Methodist Book Concern fame, as to that of any malignant on the other side. A disposition more genial and endearing in the relations of home and community life can not be found. That lightning passion against vice is but the focus of a great, loving mantle that wraps his home and friends and reaches to all mankind. John the Beloved and Son of Thunder, is the paradoxical type of my hero, more nearly than the other John whom he resembles more in his calling.

The panderers to vice recognize in him a mortal foe. There is no measured and limited hostility between them. His life is in his hands in the shape of the most approved pocket-revolver wherever he goes. The subject reminds me to pay a just tribute to George Jones, N. Y. *Times*. I don't mean to call it a pious paper, but it is

the pluckiest thing ever known in the shape of a newspaper—as different from Henry J. Raymond's *Times* as any paper ever was from another; not suited, of course, to the same tastes as its predecessor, but, on the whole, a vastly more valuable and successful public journal than all the ability of Raymond could ever make it. The secret is a lion-like courage and passion. It takes the offensive against public wrongs with an impetuous force that challenges the special admiration of men in these temporizing days. Its style of fighting differs from our more customary modes. Its words are blows; meant to hurt, not persuade, and generally, it must be owned, they are put right where they will do the most good. It is easy for any man of passion and force to use strong language from a comparatively irresponsible position. He risks very little, even in person, for little execution excites little anger. But it takes a brave man to stand in George Jones's place, with a million of dollars and a great newspaper at stake, and the power to make the most formidable men gnash their teeth with mortal pain and rage, by an article, and then do it every day, and go on doing it, deliberately, persistently, year after year, amidst the hail of threats and curses and all manner of legal and illegal processes. However, the *Times* has won that fight, and can now despise its foes. It has made itself so formidable that it can have nothing to fear. It is out of all danger except that of abusing its power or wasting it on petty issues of rivalry.

I promised to tell you more of the New Hampshire man and his *Star Spangled Banner* that was one of the objects of my evening with Comstock. Meanwhile, by the way, I learn that Frank Leslie is breathing out threatenings and slaughter (so to speak), on account of my mild allusions to his business. My purpose, at the time, was a limited one,—to oppose the more specious of his publications for youth, which are by so much the more dangerous as they are capable of a more decent circulation than others. For the publisher of the *Day's Doings*, however, already under indictment for its obscenities, to prate of libel in anything I have said, or could have said, of his publications, is a curious idea, is it not? For him to invite, by actual proceedings at law, a conspicuous exposition of the identity of authorship between the infamous and the specious issues of his office, would be a concession to those who wish to curtail the circulation of the latter, altogether too valuable to expect. For example, it would be of much interest to the respectable and unsuspecting subscribers for the *Boys' & Girls' Weekly*, Frank Leslie's illustrated paper, &c., to be assured, under judicial sanction, whether or not any part of the weekly budget which includes their favorite sensationals, has sometimes been sent back by the American News Company itself, as so indecent that they dared not expose themselves to the penalties of the law by receiving it for distribution. Whether this report be true or not, however, the indictment above referred to, is unquestionable, and might become useful to the public interest, even in the pigeon holes of the state's attorney, where it shimmers with so many more of the same sort.

Pending these possibilities, we may let the Leslie papers rest, and turn our attention to another versatile publisher, who makes an apparently decent, or rather, an ostentatiously virtuous paper, the medium of an assortment of villainies suitable for a chapter in the curiosities of crime.

The *allures* of Henry E. Hunter, of Hinsdale, N. H., are not in newspaper titles, but in fictitious personal names and business firms; but they answer the purpose of diversifying his villainies as well as possible. The *Star Spangled Banner* has been the common advertising medium for them all. The first three I shall name, viz., Hunter & Co., the Union Book Company, and the New England Book Company—are names under which the miscreant transacted a large business in licentious books, prints and implements of the most disgusting character. At the same office were also received the correspondence of the "Eureka Mfg Co.," "Box 143," "Magnetico Watch Co.," "Monadnock Advertising Agency," "Ashuelot Sewing Machine Co.," "Agency," "Publisher," "New England Watch Co.," "J. G. Box 343," "U. S. Book Co.," "Union Mfg Co.," "W. P. King, Box 343," "Brattleboro, Vt., P. O.," "King & Co.," "Vt. Novelty Co.," "Union Pistol Co.," "Vt. Vinegar Co.," "N. G. Perry," "B. W. Hilliard"—the last seven pretended to be of Brattleboro, Vt. Every one of these, Mr. Comstock says, in his report to the Post Master General, is a fictitious alias of Hunter, and a medium of swindling operations through the U. S. mails. I was shown one of the "watches" advertised in the name of some of these "companies," as a valuable time-keeper for \$2 or \$5. It consists merely of a common twenty-five cent pocket compass in a brass case, with something like a miniature sundial, mounted on the needle pivot, for a pretense of indicating the hour by the direction of the shadow, while the sun is shining! This is a sufficient specimen of the sewing machines and other worthless articles disposed of at a prodigious rate and at audacious prices. The post-master at Hinsdale (to say nothing of Brattleboro) testifies that Hunter's retail receipts by mail were from 200 to 400 letters daily, and sometimes as high as 800 in a day!

More than 100,000 letters, dated within the last five years, were seized on his premises.

The special point, after all, of this story, lies in the admirable cunning and plausibility of Hunter's system of humbug. The *Star Spangled Banner* was carefully and adroitly edited, to seem not only an unexceptionable paper, but a downright champion of virtue and honesty. Pages were devoted to its leading specialty, the exposure of swindlers and the denunciation of immoral traffic. Innumerable tricks of like nature with his own, but by other operators, were shown up in every number. All police and court reports were raked for instances of victimization, and the moral was invariably taught, that you should do business only with upright and responsible firms, like those already named as Hunter's *aliases*, and paraded constantly in advertisements of the most "moral" tone. A majority of these, I notice, were artfully designed to draw out letters, at least, from the young of both sexes, the vain, the gay, the sensual, or the amative, and to all such as seemed promising for the purpose, there is no reason to doubt, secret circulars of an infamous character were assiduously forwarded.

VIDI.

Events of the Week.

REDUCING THE ESTIMATES.

The determination, with which several congressmen have attacked the report on the Department estimates is showing good results. Already figures are made whereby several millions may be saved to the country, and the work goes on. The estimates for the Navy have been cut down three million in committee, and several navy-yard organizations have been broken up, which might lead to forty per cent. reduction in force and expense. The same is true of the other departments. The lavish appropriations and expenditures of last year naturally produce this reaction, which it is hoped may prove helpful and abiding. There is strong feeling, however, against any general reduction.

TWO STATE CONVENTIONS.

The New Hampshire State Republican convention was held in Concord Wednesday, when General Luther McCutchen, of New London, was nominated for Governor and Dr. G. P. Conn, of Concord, for railroad commissioner. The platform adopted eulogized the Republican party, condemned the back-salary bill and called for its repeal, protested against the revival of the franking act, welcomed the agriculturalists to the councils of the State, deprecated the prevalence of intemperance and heartily commended all efforts for retrenchment and reform. A series of resolutions were also passed in respect to the memory of the late Hon. John P. Hale.

The Democratic State convention met in the same city on the following day, and nominated Hon. James A. Weston, of Manchester, for Governor, and A. W. Sulloway, of Franklin, for railroad commissioner. Besides the usual resolutions adopted, there was one declaring in favor of a license in place of the present prohibitory law, and calling upon the people of the State to rally in support of the clause. If they do it will show of what temperance stuff they are made. A committee from the liquor-dealers' convention, which had been held in Concord the preceding week, tried to get the same license clause inserted in the Republican platform, but, failing, successfully besieged the Democrats on the following day.

THE BANKRUPTCY BILL.

The sub-committee of the Senate judiciary committee has agreed upon a bankruptcy bill which the members think will be acceptable to the Senate and House. It makes a suspension of forty days in the payment of paper falling due necessary to an act of bankruptcy, instead of fourteen. It requires at least one-fourth of the number of creditors to unite to secure compulsory proceedings. In all compulsory cases there is to be an absolute discharge without regard to percentage realized. Proceedings may be discontinued by two-thirds of the whole number of creditors. The bill provides for a compromise arrangement by a majority of the creditors. The bill gives the judges of the Supreme Court enlarged powers to correct abuses in regard to fees, and to declare a schedule of fees to govern in all adjudications, and is so far retroactive as to apply to all pending cases.

A VALUABLE RAILROAD SIGNAL. The Eastern Railroad is about to place at each station on the line a safety signal, which seems to be the best arrangement yet adopted for that general service. It consists of powerful glass and metal reflectors, with variously colored lights so concealed within that any desirable signal can be shown at a moment's warning. This road is doing its best to get a leading position among the New England system of railroads, and is succeeding. The recent combination with the Portland and Ogdensburg road makes a route shorter by 50 miles between Boston and Montreal than any other that exists, and gives it the control of a great freight and passenger traffic.

SPANISH AFFAIRS.

The new government in Spain claims

that its principal object is the establishment of order and to show that it really means to act in the interests of republican liberty. To realize these objects the most energetic measures will be used. The province of Valencia, where the insurrection exists, is declared in siege, and the question of punishing the offenders by a military code, which brought about the overthrow of Castelar, will not be pressed. Castelar has been invited to assist the new government in reorganizing the federalists, but claims that his self-respect will not permit him to do so.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 7, 1874.

Congress re-assembled on Monday, and the members, generally, looked strong and healthy, and gave some signs that it is the intent of the majority to proceed to business, and do something as speedily as may be, to relieve the country; it, indeed, it be found in the power of Congress to furnish relief.

It is proposed to get out of the way, as soon as possible, all questions requiring legislation, which partake of a party character. Hence, the civil rights bill came up almost immediately, and strong efforts will be made to pass it. Mr. Butler has it in charge, and is determined to press it to final action with as much celerity as is consistent with a fair debate of the measure.

As I now write, the bill is before the House, and Alexander H. Stephens is airing his old and stale platitudes about state rights—doctrines that ought to have been, if they are not, exploded long ago. The war taught us, in the loyal states a lesson about state rights, as Mr. Stephens and other Southern abstractionists hold them, that we ought not soon to forget. The fact that a man is a citizen under the constitution and flag of his country, ought to be his sufficient protection wherever he may go, and whatever may be his color, previous condition, or circumstances. This is understood to be a complete protection in foreign lands, but in respect to the invisibility and sacred character of these rights, so far as persons of African descent are concerned, Mr. Stephens would leave the question of protection to the states, so that when one of these citizens of Massachusetts, who has a skin not colored like our own, goes into the state of Georgia, he must depend for protection, in the enjoyment of his civil rights as a citizen of the United States, upon the laws and constitution of Georgia. This, stripped of its garniture and rhetoric, constitutes the warp and woof of Mr. Stephens's speech. He was allowed a full hour, but did not convince any one by his logic, though he tried hard to convince the people that the negro is not the equal of a white man.

Several other parties took part in the debate, and between Mr. Rainey, of S. C. (colored), and Mr. Harris (white), there were some sharp retorts.

Monday was a marked day, as it witnessed a struggle, in the National House of Representatives, of the colored man for the civil rights of his race. It was the bestowing of a new era, manifesting that higher dignity and capability of the colored man, showing that he is capable of defending himself and his people upon the nation's forum. If there was any doubt in any mind at the close of Monday's debate, as to the ability of a colored man to defend himself, his race, and the principles of human liberty on the floor of Congress, that doubt was dissipated on Tuesday by the speech of Mr. Elliot, of South Carolina. Mr. Elliot is quite a young man and a pure-blooded African, black as a coal. He was educated at Cambridge, England, is, therefore, a man of much culture. As a representative man of the colored race he has done that people signal service, and his telling speech will do much to elevate the colored masses and help largely to remove and obliterate an old and wicked prejudice.

THE SALARY BILL.

I do not like to afflict your readers with many words on this topic, and I have, therefore, only to say, that the Senate are moving in this matter with some probability that sometime before the expiration of the Forty-third Congress, this question of reducing the salary may be reached.

Senator Wright, of Iowa, who did not return his back pay till September last, is now endeavoring to claspnet retrenchment and reform, and advocates a measure which shall reduce the salaries of all government employees who receive more than \$1000 per annum 10 per cent. Such a bill will hardly pass this session. Of the reduction of the salary of members and Senators it is not safe to predict anything as to time and amount. It affords a convenient topic for discussion, on such occasions as may arise when somebody wants to speak and announce his views upon retrenchment and reform for the especial enlightenment of his constituents.

THE TEXAS PACIFIC RAILROAD.

It is known that a bill is soon to be presented to Congress, asking for a government subsidy in aid of this measure. Of course it pledges everything to the government, the road, its stocks and its revenues, including the sale of its lands to the payment of the interest on its bonds that the government may interest, and the final payment of the principal. Has not every Pacific Railroad done the same thing, and have they not all failed to meet their obligations? I do not think our people are in the habit of giving any further aid to railroads upon such conditions as have heretofore been adopted, and I should say that a vote for Mr. Scott's bill will be likely to overthrow the measure, if the Congress that has the moral hardihood to pass it.

REDUCED ESTIMATES.

The estimates have been reduced by the heads of the executive departments \$29,000,000. This is done on the principle of strict economy, as it is claimed, but it spends money on public buildings, rivers and harbors, light-houses, &c., and the inquiry may be pertinent, what good will it do, and will it save money to the treasury in the long run? All this work will have to be done sometime. Can it ever be done cheaper than now, when material and labor are at low rates? Then they have been for several years past. Besides, is it the part of wisdom to support these public works, and thus throw out of employment many hundreds of mechanics and laborers who need this work to get bread? Truly millions of dollars look like a large sum to save by retrenchment and economy, at any rate it makes a fine showing to the people, but the question returns, will anything be saved to the nation by this reduction in the end? Clearly not, as every one at all familiar with the working of this sort of economy knows full well.

THE TREASURY DEFICIT.

The committees of Banking and Currency and of Ways and Means in the House, and Finance in the Senate are holding daily meetings in reference to what is to be done to give relief to our depleted treasury. A very free and full conference is held all round, and the endeavor seems to be to get at something which the majority will approve. Mr. Kelley's plan, or one of kindred nature that is, small interest bearing bonds, appears to meet with favor.

PHAROS.

S. S. Department.

Sabbath School Lesson.—Jan. 18.

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

THE CALL OF MOSES.

EXODUS 3: 1-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And when the Lord saw that he turned aside to see, God called unto him out of the midst of the bush, and said, Moses, Moses, and he said, here am I.

NOTES AND HINTS.

1. Moses is a fugitive shepherd in Midian, not a prince in the elegant court of Pharaoh. For killing an Egyptian who was quarrelling with a Hebrew, he was exposed to the judgment of the king, and fled for his life into Midian. Here he was married to a daughter of a Midian priest, and here, for forty years, in the service of his father-in-law, he tended sheep. Quite a contrast his early condition as a son of Pharaoh presents to his condition now. In the fields of Midian he meditated, prayed, labored and studied, fitting himself for the great career to which he was hastening. The name of his father-in-law was Jethro Reuel, or Reuel Jethro. Ex. 2: 18. Reuel is also called Raguel. Nu. 10: 29. In providing for his flock Moses led them "to the back side of the desert," that is, across the desert into the pastures of Horeb. "For in this, the most elevated ground of the peninsula, you find the most fertile valleys, in which even fruit trees grow." Horeb and Sinai are interchangeable names, in Scripture, for the same mountain. As yet, nothing had occurred to signalize it, and make it memorable as "the mount of God." It receives this appellation here by anticipation; still, when this book was written, the mount was called, by virtue of what it had witnessed, "the mount of God." This title was not, however, confined to any one peak, but was given to the central group of mountains, in the southern part of the peninsula formed by two arms of the Red Sea, one of which is the gulf of Suez, the other the gulf of Akabar.

2. "And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush; and he looked, and behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed." This does not mean that any angel was visible in the flame of fire. The appearing of the fire in the bush, while it did not consume the bush, was the sign of a heavenly presence there. That blazing bush denoted just what the pillar of fire to the host of Israel denoted. It was the evidence of God's presence. He was manifested, or he appeared to Moses in this way. All that Moses saw was this illumined bush, burning with intense brightness, but not consumed by the fire. Attracted to the spot where the wonder appeared, Moses studied it with awe. He knew not how near he stood to God. The bush, so called, was properly a bramble bush. It did not consume, because God restrained the flames; that the sight might be made wonderful; or, perhaps the fire may have been like the Shekinah, an exceeding brightness, without any quality of heat. It was the failure of the bush to consume that astonished the fugitive shepherd and drew him before it in wonder. Some writers have entertained themselves and their readers by regarding this as an allegorical, or emblematic scene, and have let free their fancy in the interpretation of the emblem. The bush represents, they say, Israel burned by oppression but not consumed, because God is in the midst of his people; or, the present condition of Israel is to be seen typified by the burning bush, because the Jews have been, for centuries, under consuming fires, and have survived them all; but reason or Scripture gives no warrant for this range of fancy through the simple narrative of the word.

3. This verse describes the effect of this wonderful revelation of God's presence on Moses. It shows the action of his mind under the influence of the sight. His curiosity led him to the place where he would, in the end, hear the voice of God. To appeal to the natural curiosity of men, in order to draw them to the place where the word of God is taught and studied, is wise and prudent, and Sabbath schools should justify all healthful endeavors of their officers to attract attendants. God attracted Moses by an appeal to his curiosity. He said, "I will now turn aside and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt."

4. "And when the Lord saw that he turned aside to see, God called unto him out of the midst of the bush." Two names of the Divine Being are here introduced, as though they applied to different persons. Hence, some refer the term, "Lord," to the "angel" mentioned before in this lesson. "The angel of Jehovah" is sometimes spoken of in the Old Testament as Jehovah, at which times Christ is supposed to be the angel meant. Instead of the word, Lord, in this verse, the Hebrew has Jehovah, so that the verse really reads, "When Jehovah saw that he turned aside to see, God called unto him." No necessity exists for referring the name, Jehovah, back to the angel. We may regard both names, and should, as spoken of God. From the bush into which Moses gazed, out of the dazzling center of brightness, there came a voice which addressed him. How that tongueless voice spoke we can not explain. How the infinite God who made our voices would himself speak in words, may be mysteriously hidden from our eyes, but that he could speak to us is less to be denied than that he could give the power of speech to us, as a natural endowment. The voice that came from the bush must not be considered as too awful and thrilling, lest we frame a voice before which Moses ought to be frightened. His calm reply shows that the voice was pleasing in its tones. That Moses was not

enough impressed with the character of this sight, and was not awed by it, may be shown from the next verse.

5. The command to take off his shoe was in accord with eastern ideas. The custom prevailed of taking off the shoe when holy places were entered. "No Brahmin enters a pagoda; no Moslem a mosque; without first taking off, at least, his overshoes." When entering holy places the Arabs and Samaritans take off their sandals, lest they should defile with dust or dirt, those sacred spots. We raise our hats on entering the house of God and remain uncovered there, not lest we should pollute, but lest we fall in respect for the sanctuary. That bush and its immediate vicinity were sanctified by the special revelation of God, and for the same reasons that made necessary special preparations for the priest, in order to enter the Holy of Holies in the temple. Moses was now required to take off his shoes. Thus he would be taught caution and reverence before God. The place whereon he stood was "holy ground" because of a holy Presence there, not because the soil or its products differed from those of other places. The church is holy, and all consecrated places, only in the same sense.

6. That it was not the angel, but God himself, who spoke to Moses, is evident from this verse. "I am the God of thy father," that is, of thy forefathers whose names follow. It does not mean that Amram was a devout worshiper of God, but that the fathers of the Hebrew race were worshipers of God. The singular number was used in order to designate each patriarch as the father of the Jews, since each had singly received the promise of God. The Egyptian training of Moses was in the direction of the pagan religion. He knew, however, that he was of Hebrew extraction, and that the religion of the Israelites was unlike that of their masters. This announcement, "I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob," placed Moses, by divine appointment, among the Hebrews, as one of them. He heard with awe these words, and a feeling of natural reverence prompted him to bow before God and hide his face. "He was afraid to look upon God," that is, to stand and gaze on the manifestation of God's glory from which the voice that addressed him came. God is invisible to the natural eye. 1 Kings 19: 12; 1 Tim. 6: 16. The feelings exhibited by Moses became him then, for ignorance alone is presumptuous before God.

7. "And the Lord said, I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters." The speech of creatures of sense is often transferred to God, in the Scriptures, that when he addresses them they may understand his meaning. He portrays to them his feelings, in this only intelligible way, and they know of the sympathy of their God. Here God is said to see affliction, and to "hear their cry," as though God was possessed of eyes and ears. Every man understands, at once, the meaning of such speech, and is taught to believe that God attends to the wants of his people. God had heard the groanings of the oppressed, had known the whole history and state of Jewish bondage. The cry here mentioned is not to be interpreted as a prayer to God, but as the wail of the Hebrews, which, like smoke from the fire, had involuntarily ascended to the skies. This cry of the oppressed is the accumulated result of many tears. It is the aggregate of the sighs, tears and groans wrung by the taskmasters from the Hebrews blended in one appeal to heaven.

8. Hence, God says, "I am come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians." This language is borrowed from the speech of men and applied to God. God comes down to us because we locate him, and locate him in the skies above us. The meaning is, God will display on earth, among men, in Egypt, his personal power. He will not only deliver from oppression, but will "lead forth his people like a flock," out of Goshen, into "a good land and a large," "flowing with milk and honey." The epithet "good," was applied to the land to denote its fertility and healthfulness. It was unto a "large land" compared with that they now occupied. Attempts have been made, in modern times, to disparage the productiveness of Canaan, but though it is now in a desolate condition, and characterized more by decay than thirt, yet careful study of the soil, by travelers and resident missionaries, has abundantly confirmed the statement of this verse concerning the natural fertility of the promised land.

9. 10. Again God declares that he has determined to relieve his distressed people, declares it this second time that he may prepare Moses to hear what would be expected of him in this work. "Come now, therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth my people, the children of Israel, out of Egypt." The Pharaoh whose daughter adopted Moses, was long since dead, and all danger to Moses for his offense was obliterated. Moses was selected of God for this distinguished position, rather than any of the oppressed, because of his training and ability, which eminently fitted him to be a leader in this great undertaking. God chooses for his work, those who have adaptation, by nature, for that work. Thus Paul was called to be an apostle to the Gentiles. Moses received his call with consternation. He shrank from it, thus giving evidence that he had some qualifications for it. The promise of God preceded and followed the call. It was God who was to emancipate the children of Israel. Moses was to co-operate with God and to carry out divine commands. In every great work for humanity, God is the efficient power, man the agent of that power. To whatever work God sends, whether to preach his truth, or

to teach his word to a Sabbath school class, or to go forth on any beneficent mission, the hoped-for servant is assured and strengthened by the promises of God's efficient working through him.

Communications.

Prof. B. Van Dame.

[It is proper for the present writer to explain, which he will at once do in a very few lines. Bro. Van Dame, one of our ministers, well known in this section, died in Nottingham, N. H., April 8, 1873, aged 64 years. The 23d item in his long and very peculiar and extraordinary will, reads:—"I bequeath to Elder Porter S. Burbank, now of Danville, N. H., my black leather-covered trunk, No. 13, with all the manuscripts and books it contains," and adds that the receiver is at liberty to prepare as much for the press as he shall judge the best to do. Opening "Trunk No. 13," I find it to contain all his manuscripts (and a few books as penman's), comprising a daily journal kept for 40 years, various essays, lectures, plans of sermons, commentaries, &c., &c., in abundance, and amount sufficient, if all were printed, to make ten or a dozen good sized octavos; they are chiefly written in a very small, fine hand, difficult to read except by broad daylight. In his volume, open before me now, he employs 20 full pages to give the "contents" of its 24 chapters; and others are still larger.

In such a mass and abundance of manuscripts, what could be done, to carry out this item of the dear man's will, as all the other items are fulfilled, by his excellent executor? After counsel had, it is concluded, that a minister so beloved, a teacher for long years so eminent, and having still a multitude of alumni that revere him most sincerely, it is most fitting that, at least, several chapters in his life should be prepared and appear in the *Morning Star*, commemorative of one of the best scholars and most successful teachers in the F. Baptist denomination.—P. S. B.

So. Parsonsfield, Dec. 10, 1873.]

CHAPTER I.

HIS CHILDHOOD EXPERIENCES IN HOLLAND.
Bartholomew Van Dame "was born June 21st, 1807, in the village of Arian-deervien, in Holland, Europe. My father's name was Albert Van Dame, and my mother's, before marriage, was Kate de Vose. At a very early period of my life I was given to the care of my grandparents, with whom I lived till I was nine years of age. I was the oldest of the family, and I left two brothers and two sisters when I came to America." I shall quote the Professor's own words fully and always, when it can be done. He was, at this time, under 12 years of age, and as he could not write till a long while later, and did not commence his daily journal till 1835, he must rely mainly on his memory (good as any other man's) for the facts and impressions of the earlier chapters in his life.

One perceives a bit of change in his name. He shall put us right in his own way. "After having been many years in the United States, I changed my name from the above rough sound (Van Dame) to the more smooth and Americanized one of Bartholomew Van Dame." He found both names indeed here, but elected to make this change; and, in justification, adds, "Com. Paul Jones's original name was Paul, and he put the Jones to it.—Burns's original name was Burnett.—James K. Polk was Pollock; and Robert Barkley, was Berkeley." Bartholomew's early opportunities for schooling were poor. While living with his grandparents, he remembers attending school and paying regularly a monthly tuition. Their village was surrounded by water, and he adds, "I have frequently gone to school in a boat,"—but so meager were his chances in this direction, that at 9 years, he could read a very little, but could not write. It was by assiduous study that after years repaired the losses in childhood.

In his childhood he had great reverence for religion and ministers, and impressions thus early made, lasted a lifetime. "The meeting I attended with my grandmother was of the Calvinistic Baptist order. The dress of the minister was peculiar, especially the three-cornered hat which no one else wore; so that we always knew him by his hat. We were all taught to bow to him as he passed us in the street. I attribute my large organ of reverence very much to this early habit, as well as to my subsequent cultivation of it."

Skating in the winter season was very much in vogue, the young of both sexes engaging in it, sometimes, by large parties;—"tents at various points on the ice, at which they could refresh themselves with cake and coffee. To see a Hollander can neither skate nor smoke, would be quite a miracle, but I never could do either." On one such occasion, he fell, cut himself somehow, bled "profusely,"—"the scar of that fall I still bear."

When nearly eight years old, he saw the great Napoleon, with officers and part of his army, enter this village, which strongly impressed his child mind. "I very well remember that he had to take a few. On the next day I beheld thousands, if seemed, passing through the village on foot and horse, headed by officers, and among the rest Bonaparte was pointed out to me." The child mind never forgets such impressions.

Another spectacle presents the custom of the rich Hollander at weddings. The marriage was at the close of the forenoon services at church. "The bride and bridegroom walk from church to their dwelling, and crowds follow in the procession; waiters, appointed for the purpose, bear each a tray filled with sugar plums, raisins, flowers, and small pieces of money; these they throw at the married couple, which are scrambled up by the poor as fast as possible, lending much glee and amusement to the occasion."

"When I was about nine years old, my father came after me, and I rode with him to the city of Amsterdam. Next day took a canal boat, 20 miles, for Alkmaar. In this city, I lived with an uncle of mine, nearly three years. He was a kind of doc-

tor, and kept a large drug store. I often carried medicines to the physicians. I had the privilege of hearing professors lecture, and seeing them dissect limbs before the class. While with my uncle, I cut my finger severely with a root-chopping instrument, that always left its mark." Let the reader bear in mind these little mishaps of Bartholomew's; for they increase upon him as boyhood advances, and we never knew a man whose physical sufferings were equal, and it is strange to say that he should live through them all.

The child mind opens early to the allurements of ambition. He wants to go to sea. "In this city I frequently saw naval officers in uniform, which delighted me so much that I wished to go to sea, and become a sea captain. My parents were consulted, and means undertaken to put me in a position to become acquainted with a sea-faring life." But little chances for education the three years of abiding with his uncle.

This chapter of the future Professor's childhood experiences shall close with one other topic just in Van Dame's own words. "From my earliest childhood I have listened to frightful ghost stories, both here and in my native country, so affecting me that when I was fourteen years old, I could not be persuaded to go out of doors alone after dark, for scarcely any sum; and though I am now fifty-two years old (1860), and have no faith in these things, I can not help thinking about and being affected by them. The thoughts of such frightful stories still linger about me. For breakfast, dinner, and supper, a ghost, a witch, a hobgoblin."

The Name Jesus.

How significant are the great historic names of man's religious history! *Thoth*, among the ancient people of the Nile valley, meant wisdom, justice, perfection, and at length became personified as the founder of their civilization. It evidently is related to the Hebrew *Thummim*, one of the sacred names on the breast-plate of the high priest, signifying fullness or perfection, just as *Orim* signifies light, from *aur*, the East, the point where the sun rises,—where the aurora or dawn appears. In *Hermes*, the Greek form of *Thoth*, we detect the same idea; for that word is only a modification of *Ormus*, the Orient. *Moses* is suggestive of deliverance; for it is *Mousas*, sved from the water, that is, from the Nile. *Abram* is simply *Ab-ram*, patriarch, or chief father, as being the prince of the Hebrew fathers, the founder of the Israelite branch of the Semitic stock. And when his name is changed to *Ab-ra-ham*, it imports father of the multitude, as befitting him who was "the father of the believing, and the friend of God."

Israel, too, is a commemorative name. It was given to him as the wrestler with the Jehovah—Angel; for it means struggle with God. *Jesus* is the Hebrew *Yeshuu* in the Greek form, from the Hebrew verb *yasha*, I save, rescue, redeem. How appropriate is this word to indicate his office as the Saviour of those who have gone astray, as the Redeemer of those who are ready to perish! "Thou shalt call his name Jesus," said the angel, "for he shall save his people from their sins."

There is salvation in that name. In that name, no less than in that sign,—the Cross,—we conquer. There is no other name given under heaven whereby we can be saved. In his name,—the adored and sacred name *Jesus*,—the Apostles were to do all their wonderful works; and to that name, above every name of man or angel, every tongue shall confess, every knee shall bow. It represents the most intimate alliance with God. It marks the birth of a new era. It stands for a character which is the express model for all mankind. It commemorates the sublimest sacrifice ever laid on the altar of our redemption from wrong-doing; and all the fruits of the Spirit grow in that Tree of Life. How significant is that name. In fine, aside from all the passages in the Old Testament which "looked forward to the Messiah, as the crown of the wisest of the world's pre-Christian teachers, and all those of the New which invest him with supremacy, and designate him as the "Light of the World," we find in the faultless example which he left us a proof that he enjoys the glory of this pre-eminence by the will of God. L. W. MANNING.

The Promise of Joy.

"Your sorrow shall be turned into joy."

Of all the words of Jesus, none come to us with sweeter comfort than this precious promise. How full of tenderness, sympathy and love! He was acquainted with grief, and carried our sorrows, and knew full well our need. "Oh, how my heart aches," says the wife and mother, as she sees her husband stricken down by death in the strength of manhood, or her children dying like flowers, touched by an untimely frost. "Oh, how my heart aches," say the parents, whose gray hairs are coming down with sorrow to the grave, for sons and daughters astray! "Oh, how my heart aches," say the orphaned ones, and the worse than orphaned ones, whose fathers are led captive by the wine cup! "Oh, how my heart aches," say those whose earthly treasures are gone in a moment, the hard earnings of years, it may be, squandered by unfaithful stewards, or in ashes! "Oh, how my heart aches," says the world, growing in bondage to sin and suffering!

Above the wail of anguish, comes this voice from heaven, to all these aching hearts, who will look to Calvary's Cross, like a healing balm, and sweeter than angel's song, "Your sorrow shall be turned into joy!" Oh, turn you to this stronghold, ye prisoners of hope! The night may seem long, but the morning comes! The sea may be rough, but our Father's hand is on the helm. The darkness and light are alike to him. He carth-

for us. His ear is never weary of our requests.

Oh, no! "Come unto me, and I will give you rest!" "Your sorrow shall be turned into joy!" Oh, aching, breaking hearts, come to Christ, the fountain and fount of all needed blessing, and satisfy your yearning, longing, thirsting souls, by accepting all he has promised, with child-like faith, waiting patiently till the "need be" of suffering is past; then shall "your sorrow be turned into joy" even in this life, and the exultant heart sing the new song of perfect peace, perfect trust, perfect love, giving all praise to him who has redeemed us with his own precious blood, and crowned us "sons and daughters," and "heirs," to all the wealth of Heaven, where sorrow shall flee away forever!

ANNE S. DUDLEY.
New York, Dec. 11, 1873.

A Pleasant Day.

In place of coming directly home from Jellason, we made a detour and visited Babukhan, the village where lives Katibag, one of our Native Christians. Before reaching the place I was met by several of the villagers, who appeared to be both glad and grateful to see me, and in the village my reception was very cordial. Such a welcome, really has something pleasant and cheering in it, especially to one who has lived and labored for years among an ungrateful people.

I was a little disappointed at not finding Katibag at home, but soon felt rather glad than otherwise, as his absence gave me a fair pretext for accepting the generous, proffered hospitality of a well-to-do neighbor of his, where both old and young gathered around eager to hear.

I had repeatedly been invited here, to start a school; the people seem united in this zeal for a school; and a school, too, under a Christian teacher. The village is happily without either priests or temples, and the people stoutly disclaim faith in the gods.

I was interested to find that our Bro. Katibag enjoyed a good reputation at home. His enthusiasm for propagation has never appeared to be large, and still his neighbors seemed well aware that they must abandon idolatry and lead moral lives in order to be saved. There is rather a negative faith, it must be confessed. At the same time they appear to be open to conviction and desirous to learn. One old man in particular listened attentively and appeared very much in earnest as he said in substance, "My race is *gan*, and I wish to know how I may be saved."

We looked out a site for the school-house, measured and staked out the ground, and the villagers promise to erect the house at their own expense provided a teacher is furnished them. The location is central, and the prospect is encouraging for a good school.

THE CROPS.

During a ride of fourteen miles I had a good opportunity to survey the crops. On low land and near streams and tanks, where the fields have been irrigated, there will be a pretty good harvest, but on upland the prospect is gloomy enough. In many places the crop is a complete failure, especially the late sowed fields, where it will scarcely pay for cutting. Through the district there will be perhaps a little more than half the usual crop. Such an affliction, for a people like the Hindus, proverbial for living from hand to mouth, will be a sore calamity indeed. Our friends may well prepare to aid in the support and education of orphans. The call is pretty sure to come.

The advantage of our irrigation dam and canal is very manifest in a season like the present. It is estimated that not less than twelve hundred acres are watered from the Santipore irrigation dam this year, and it is believed that with due arrangements double the amount of land might be supplied with water from the same source. The tall, heavy-headed, waving grain on the watered land tells its own story beside the dry and parched fields. When will these Hindus learn wisdom, with reference either to this life or that which is to come? Hinduism is a curse, and only a curse, both here and hereafter. It is emphatically the Gospel of Christ which emancipates men, physically, mentally and morally. J. P.

Santipore, Oct. 30, 1873.

Rev. J. S. Lovejoy.

HOW HE SLID.

This man, brother to Owen and Elijah Lovejoy (the last an anti-slavery martyr at Alton, Ill., Nov. 7, '37), was one of our firmest temperance and anti-slavery lecturers. But in Buchanan's Administration we find him holding an office in the Boston custom house, and a believer in slavery, having edited an anti-temperance paper. This was the inclined plane upon which he slid. He became pastor of an anti-slavery church near Boston, whose members were mostly rich wine merchants. His lecturing tours had not enriched him. And when a law was to be voted on, touching the "sale" of

liquor, including wine, he was induced to defend, by speech and the press, this god, and he slid into the embraces of that helper of the rebels, Buchanan. He once lectured in Chicago to a class of red nosed bloats.

W. B. H.

For What Are We Laboring?

It is well occasionally to stop and inquire into the motives which stir us to action. And may not this apply to churches and denominations as well as to individuals? For what are we as a denomination laboring? Are we moved by a sense of the lost and perishing condition of sinners; or may there be danger that a desire to increase our influence as a denomination may be in part the object for which we labor? It is undoubtedly the duty of every one who would be on the Lord's side, to unite himself with that denomination which he believes to be the nearest right in doctrine and usage, and to teach and preach what he believes to be truth; and if his labors are blessed to the conversion of sinners, they will be very likely to unite with the same, and there is certainly no harm in rejoicing that truth and right are prevailing and our borders enlarged.

In a late number of the *Star* a writer gives an account of the work of a brother in organizing churches at the South, and asks as a contribution to that work "any of our denominational literature. That is all right; extend a knowledge of our denomination; but do we not too often speak of our cause, when it should be the cause of Christ?"

A short time since, I was reading an account of a successful missionary work in a city, those engaged in it being moved by a sense of the destitute and perishing condition of those in that part of the city. In the same city we attempted to establish a F. Baptist interest, and failed. Do the words, "These ought ye to have done and not to leave the other undone," apply to us? Let our object be the glory of God in the salvation of sinners, the conversion of the world to Christ. In this way shall our denominational interests be best promoted, and we be acknowledged as "laborers together with God."

VESTA.

The Religion We Want.

We want a religion that bears heavily, not only on "the exceeding sinfulness of sin," but on the exceeding rascality of lying and stealing. A religion that banishes small measures from the counters, small baskets from the stalls, pebbles from the cotton-bags, clay from the paper, sand from the sugar, chickory from coffee, alum from the bread, and water from the milkcans. The religion that is to save the world will not put all the big strawberries at the top, and all the little ones at the bottom. It will not make one-half a pair of shoes of good leather, so that the first shall redound to the maker's credit, and the second to his cash. It will not put Jourvin's stamp on Jenkins's kid gloves; or make Paris bonnets in the back room of a Boston milliner shop; nor let a piece of velvet that professes to measure twelve yards come to an untimely end in the tenth, nor a spool of sewing silk that vouches for twenty yards be nipped in the bud at fourteen and a half; nor all-wool delaines and all-linen handkerchiefs be amalgamated with clandestine cotton; nor coats made of old rags pressed together be sold to the unsuspecting public for real broad-cloth. It does not put bricks at five dollars a thousand into chimneys it contracts to build with seven dollar material; nor smuggle white pine into floors that have paid for hard pine; nor leave yawning cracks in closets where boards ought to join; nor daub the ceilings that ought to be smoothly plastered; nor make window blinds of slats that can not stand the sun, and fastenings that may be looked at but on no account touched. The religion that is going to sanctify the world, pays its debts. It does not consider that forty cents returned from one hundred cents given, is according to the gospel, though it may be according to law. It looks on a man who has failed in trade, and who continues to live in luxury, as a thief.—*The Christian*.

By Faith.

O John the Baptist! man of the old covenant! thou didst expect a glorious Messiah, and thou couldst not see that his works of love announced him better than miracle or visible majesty! If he be true, my friends, why ask for miracles? It is by faith we must walk, not by sight. No; God will not open the heavens; no signs will be given to this unbelieving generation other than the cross. And he whom the cross does not touch, who passes before it without reading there the presence of God and his infinite mercy, would not be touched though one rose from the dead and stood before him. Do not ask God for these visible signs of his intervention, you who already believe; for it would be saying in effect that a miracle attests better the presence of God than does the most striking proof he has ever given of his love. It would be saying that for you there is something more convincing and decisive than the wonderful sacrifice of Calvary, that abyss of love, over whose brink the angels bend; for never in the splendor of heaven, in the home of infinite glory, have they seen aught greater or more sublime.

Make thy recreation servant to thy business; lest thou become slave to thy recreation; when thou goest up into the mountain leave this servant in the valley; when thou goest to the city, leave him in the suburbs; and remember the servant must not be greater than his master.—*Charles*.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1874.

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.

A Word of the Premiums.

We have sent off a large number of the Chromos, both to old and new subscribers, and have word from not a few of them indicating their special satisfaction with what has been received. A little delay on the part of the Publishers of the pictures in sending them here, leaves us a little behind in sending them to subscribers, but we hope to fill all the orders now on hand very speedily.

We can not well fill orders in future for any of the Swiss Chromos, nor for the "Boquet of Flowers." We have on hand a small lot of "Chocoma Lake and Mountain," a small lot of "A View on the Saco River," and a larger number of "Harvest on the banks of the Kennebec." We ordered a double quantity of this last mentioned picture, which is one that has proved especially popular—hence the larger number of copies of this Chromo now on hand. We shall still send these pictures last specified, on the terms already mentioned, both to old and new subscribers, until the lot is exhausted. First-comers will be first served, and the sooner they order the suffer will subscribers be of obtaining what they want. Let the orders come in promptly.

The New Order Exemplified.

The Bourbonism of the South is like Bourbonism everywhere else,—almost incapable of learning or forgetting. One is equally provoked and amused by it. It is just now showing itself in Congress, in the persons, in the manners, the plans and the speeches of more or less of the members who come up to represent what was Secession.

Alexander Stephens, of Georgia, is a very notable example. He comes back to the House apparently unconscious that any vital change has taken place in that body or in the country since he went out, a dozen years since, to help in pulling the nation in pieces and building a civil government on the foundation of Slavery. He was once a recognized power in the lower branch of Congress. He is a man with definite personal opinions and no little persistence and force of character. And he used to speak for a constituency that was greatly feared. What was known as the South voiced itself through his lips. He had a general following in his own section, and more or less elsewhere, when he urged the extreme theory of state rights, the inferiority of the negro, and the sacred privilege of the strong race to be the imperious ruler of the weak one. He clung to this theory all through the war. Since it was put into the grave, along with the rebellion that grew out of it, he has lingered about the cemetery to commune with its ghost, till he imagines it still alive and active and royal as ever. He has lately written two bulky volumes to prove that secession was a divine right, and the confederacy a government formed on a heavenly model. He appears to himself to have shown that Providence was absolutely bound to give supremacy to the southern ideas, and victory to the armies gathered to enslave them. He seems even now hardly able to believe that Providence has not done just that. That slavery has ceased, that the negro is a real citizen, that the laws refuse to discriminate between races and colors, appear to strike him as so many illusions, dreams, hallucinations, that are suddenly to pass away and give place to the old realities. And so he gets up in the House of Representatives at Washington, leans his little withered body on his staff and against his desk, strikes the old attitude, lifts his pinched and bloodless face to the Speaker and the galleries, peers around with his hollow and wondering eyes, and with his thin, cracked, shrill, piping voice talks away for two or three mortal hours to an audience that listens a while out of curiosity, good nature, and deference to his age and infirmities and sufferings, treating his hearers to a relish of old opinions long since exploded, until the bore becomes too serious to be quietly endured. Then the members fall into conversation, write letters, yawn, look at their watches, stroll into the ante-room, and wonder when the tiresome drama is to end, and ask how long patient endurance of such an infliction can continue to be a virtue. Some few members from his own section try to persuade themselves that the old regime is possibly coming back, and follow up his tiresome harangue with their vain assumptions, their insolent swagger and their weak audacity. But the effort to bring back the bygone order utterly fails; it strikes the House and the public as a tedious piece of stage-play; and the actors, except those quite incapable of taking in a fresh idea,—are forced to confess to themselves that a new and different order of things has really succeeded to the old.

That new order was most strikingly exhibited on Tuesday last week, when Mr. Elliott, representative from South Carolina, spoke in the House at Washington in support of the Civil Rights bill, partly in reply to Mr. Stephens and others who sympathized with him. But his discussion of the subject took him over a pretty wide range of thought, brought out a vigor of mind and a cultured force of expression that commanded the closest attention of the floor and galleries, and won him many noticeable and

annual congratulations at the close. Among others, Gen. Sherman, hastened to pay him a hearty compliment, and Gen. Butler was just and frank enough to say that Mr. Elliott had shown himself, by his speech, the peer of any man in the House.

The picture was certainly striking and suggestive. Mr. Elliott is a thoroughly a negro while being pre-eminently a man. He has dignity, character, culture. He proved himself at once the vigorous debater and the refined gentleman. Judged without any reference to his race, he is a man of marked power. No other colored member of Congress has proved nearly his equal. His bearing is such as commands respect, and he is quite above the bitter and indecent personalities that too often disfigure Congressional speech-making and humiliate the country. He showed the authority for the need of special legislation to make good the constitutional guarantee of equal rights for the negro;—the very doctrines avowed by Mr. Stephens and the imperious tone in which they were applied by Mr. Harris, both of whom were in the House through the gracious clemency of the government, illustrated and enforced the need. Courteous but most effective was his reminder given to Mr. Stephens, that he had shown a poor return for the magnanimity of the government in allowing him to come back to Congress, after he had done what he could to "blot it out from the galaxy of nations." And the burst of applause and the shout of laughter which broke out on all sides at his splendid retort upon Mr. Harris of Va., whose supercilious impudence toward the whole African race was fresh in everybody's mind, were but fitting tributes to the colored orator. "I will have no words with that gentleman," he said. "I will let him see that a negro is not only too magnanimous to smite him in his weakness, but is even charitable enough to grant him the mercy of silence."

Such testimony as this will at once establish, illustrate and justify the new order of things on which we have entered. A few such men to represent the negro in Congress,—who will stand up face to face with the lingering advocates of the old regime, reason down the false theories with forcible logic, and prove their own superiority by exhibiting a higher type of manhood,—will just now be worth more to the cause of equal rights and negro elevation than almost anything else that can be had. They show how real and radical is the revolution through which we have passed and are passing, and they give a promise for the future of civil life in America that is large enough to surprise the most hopeful lovers of liberty and make the down-cast glad.

Beginning Anew.

We know of several persons who object to the book entitled "The Life of John B. Gough," and others of its class, because, they say, they carry with them a bad moral influence. Take the life of Mr. Gough, for instance. During quite a portion of his early life he was continually reeling between sobriety and drunkenness, with a constant leaning towards the latter condition. But he would repeatedly get upon his feet, wash and clothe himself, sign the pledge, and call heaven to witness that he had entered upon a career of sobriety and usefulness. In a few weeks he would have returned to his cups again, thus burlesquing his previous efforts at reform, and virtually encouraging others, with similar passions, to do likewise. Hence, say the complainers, the authority of good resolutions was outraged, and so the book which records those failures becomes a "beacon of evil to men."

We don't believe a word of it. The teaching of the book is in the sequel, and not altogether in the record of those terrible contests with, and frequent yieldings to, the tempter. And it is the same with other similar failures. What is the value of a moral triumph, only as it involves the defeat of foes which summoned every moral energy to the contest? It is likely that there are thousands of teetotallers to-day, whose habits of abstinence imply no particular virtue of temperance in them. The very sight of liquor disgusts them; its taste sickens them, and really it would require as heroic an effort for them to establish themselves in drunkenness as it did for Gough to establish himself in sobriety. We suppose it is so in great measure with respect to the other vices, like gambling, licentiousness, the use of tobacco, &c. The passion for them determines in great measure the moral value of the principle which rejects them. It is not meant that this class is not entitled to the full reward which is sure by and by to be given them. But who shall say that there is not greater divine compassion for, and that there should not be a higher human appreciation of, that great class in whom passion rages like a consuming fire, whose constant purpose is to enter the temple of purity and sobriety, but who are constantly pulled back from the threshold, and who, as often as they sink in the slums, come up again, and set both the feet and the will towards firmer ground? Isn't he a braver soldier who bears his colors past the foe, and plants them on the enemy's ramparts, although both he and his colors are torn by bullets and grimed with smoke, and were frequently lost to sight in the contest, than he who simply bears an unsoiled banner on dress parade at home, while fair women fling garlands at his feet or wave embroidered kerchiefs from their windows?

We suppose there are a great many who begin this new year with something of the same purpose that inspired Gough at his each successive trial. They see how they have failed in the past, even when they meant as well as they do now, and the bare thought of it appalls them while

facing a fresh endeavor. They have drunk, when they vowed they wouldn't. They have indulged temper, and blushed with shame over it for weeks. They have betrayed trusts, just as they were in a fair way to fill up and repair other similar breaches. They have taken into the sacred atmosphere of home bodies that were polluted by nameless sins. They have been false to their convictions of right, even when it involved only the simplest matters of ordinary intercourse. And so they have come to the beginning of a New Year, resolved to enter upon a better life, but appalled by the ghosts that come up from just such efforts that have died in the past.

We do not attempt to conceal a great amount of interest in such people. Their failures, so long as they keep trying to retrieve them, are just so many added claims upon our sympathy and help. "Seventy times seven," said Christ, must we receive the person who comes back from his failures, wishing to repeat the attempt. Not to put it so high as a Christian obligation, which all must own it to be, what but a human duty is it for us to keep open arms and warm hearts for such as would return from frequent wanderings in the broad way? If our word of sympathy or prayer for help will assure any such, they may confidently take that assurance.

What feature of all the divine plan is better or fairer than this of trying again? None of us can look back upon a spotless past. At the beginning of this year God kindly gives us a clean page to put in our volume of life. Shall we not try to present it as fair as possible when the year shall close?

The Grangers' Request.

The Grangers have practically agreed upon the points which they will ask Congress to legislate upon, and they are about as follows:—First, the opening of the mouth of the Mississippi to large vessels, so that they may pass in and out at all stages of water; second, legislation to prevent railroads west of the Mississippi river from discriminating in the rates of freight against points on the river, at the same time that they discriminate in favor of railroad points beyond the river; third, legislation to prevent similar discriminations by roads running east and west, against north and south roads; and, fourth, legislation fixing the rates for the transportation of live stock on railroads from west to east.

It would be difficult for the Grangers to present their case in a milder way, or to ask legislation upon matters whose need of it is more apparent. The first point is the only one which involves the expenditure of money, and even in this the Grangers only ask that some of the large and plainly needless appropriations voted for points up the river be applied at the river's mouth. And whether the facility is afforded them by dredging or by building a canal, is immaterial. They only wish water-transportation for their grain to the ocean.—As for the second clause in their request, it is virtually a plea that cheap water-transportation for his produce be made possible for the farmer. As it is, the whole tendency is to drive him to patronize the railroads, paying them exorbitant rates, and so consuming the profits of his industry before he has realized them.—The petition in the third clause is practically aimed at the same abuse of privilege, for the railroads about the northern Mississippi so arrange matters that it is ruinous for a farmer to attempt to reach the lower open ports for his produce while the upper ports are closed by ice. Thus the only practical road to eastern markets for him is the iron one, and this usually leads nearer to the almshouse than the palace.—Finally, in the transportation of live stock the farmer is shut up to the railroads. It is only fair, therefore, that the greed of monopolists be not allowed to take advantage of his necessity. Besides, this is the only commodity on which he asks that the rates be legislatively fixed, and it would seem hardly just to ignore the request.

Here, then, is thrown down the bone of about the sharpest contention that Congress has lately witnessed. The whole railroad force of the country, on one hand, will wrestle with the great industrial portion, on the other. The power that the first is reported to hold over Congressmen, in the shape of free passes, hints at what real estate and stocks to purchase, &c., will test its strength with that which the latter is believed to hold, in the shape of votes and the favor of candidature. Already, the right of Congress to legislate on rates of transportation, and kindred matters, is denied by a loud voice from the lobby. But the House Committee on railways and canals is made up of men who are familiar not only with the proper scope of legislative treatment, but who thoroughly understand the practical condition of this whole matter in the West. The chairman, Mr. McGary, of Iowa, knows the whole history of the Grange movement, its occasion and its merits, and will be able to treat it in a familiar way.—It is certainly to be hoped, also, in a just way. New England people hear a constant wail of complaint coming from the farmers of the West. We are not intimately acquainted with their condition. But there must be great wrongs imposed on them, or else they are a different class in the West from what we find them in other sections.

The movement promises to be a very sharp and interesting one. Its forces are well organized, and it has real ability in its ranks. Of course it is in danger of working itself into a frenzy, and fostering the opinion that it is under a greater burden of wrong than it really is. But we believe there is enough in the matter to make it properly a national one, so far as correcting its abuses is concerned, and it seems to be hastening towards that condition. We already see that political conventions shape their policy to win its support.

The Law of Love.

Generosity, sympathy and amiableness are easily mistaken for true benevolence. In the sunshine of prosperity, with a full board, and offices of kindness lavished upon us, who can fail to be grateful and loving? There are exceptions even here. Some natures are so selfish that bounties bestowed on them only make them the more mean and shriveled. The richer their blessings, the less they have to impart. Men will live in opulence, really oppressed by the weight of their luxuries, while the multitudes around them are famishing and dying. Such specimens of unnatural depravity deserve, as they usually receive, the execrations of mankind.

But while the lack of genial and sympathetic qualities is evidence of the want of benevolence, their possession does not prove its existence. There may be honor among thieves, gifts even to prodigality from those who do not scruple to practice fraud at every opportunity. By these very means they cover up their baseness and impose on society. In the judgment of many, those who practice large charity, and are polite and liberal, must be accounted worthy of high esteem; and if found guilty of high crimes are treated rather as unfortunate than criminal.

It is often one of the most difficult things imaginable to hold an even balance of character. The supreme aim is happiness, and so whatever contributes to secure it must be good. The man who makes his fellows and dependents feel well, is himself deserving and cherished. We are referred to the benevolence of nature in all its innumerable manifestations, with no evidences of an opposite quality. The attribute of divine benevolence is represented as being such as not only to express the substance of all excellence, but to be exclusive of other excellence.

More happiness, however, is not the most worthy object of pursuit, and he who commits the error of supposing it is, is likely to mistake both the means and end. Right, justice, honor, are above it. He who regards happiness first is sure to become selfish and even reckless. We may sacrifice happiness to right, but never the reverse. We should be just before being generous. True, right, justice, honor, are not inconsistent with happiness, on the whole. There is no real, substantial happiness procured at their cost. When, therefore, the whole moral law is comprehended in love, it is as a result of all the moral precepts in a harmonious blending. Such are the dictates of reason, the testimony of experience, the sum of the teachings of revelation. It might seem that there could be no doubt on so plain a subject, though multitudes neglect and pervert the truth ignorantly or willfully.

The illustrations furnished in our own times of the validity of these principles are full of significance and encouragement. There are times when the foundation of morals seem to be giving way, when the demands of right and equity are shamelessly sacrificed to greed of gain and selfish gratification. So it was in the prolonged reign of slavery. The anomaly of a people fleeing from home oppression, and founding and sustaining the noblest institutions of freedom and equality at untold cost of comfort and advantage, yet trampling ruthlessly on the rights of millions, establishing and sustaining a system of gross immorality and barbarism, was almost enough to beget loss of faith in man in his best estate. The absurdity had been maintained so long, and so wielded increasing power and influence, that there seemed little ground of hope. But in the time of our extremity came the vindication of truth and right, by a terrible ordeal, a baptism of blood, still to show the majesty of justice and its harmony with love. Now, it is clear to all but a few of the willfully blind and obstinate, that this awful convulsion was necessary to the welfare, not only of the nation at large, but especially of the misguided portion who so tenaciously clung to the destroyer. The overthrow of chattel slavery in this country, though so mysterious in its working and result, has restored and exalted faith in ourselves, and given us a high position among other nations.

Then arose the evidence of internal corruption in the great channels and fountains of business. Selfish men had taken advantage of the country's calamity in the days of the rebellion, to fatten upon their base gains. Shoddy seemed to be all-pervading. In some of the large cities, and in the metropolis especially, the most shameful abuses were rampant. The highest officials were guilty of stupendous frauds, involving many millions of treasure, the courts were corrupt, and redress seemed impossible. But there has been a returning sense of justice, the law has risen in its majesty, plunderers have been hurled from their seats of power, and branded with the infamy their crimes deserved, so that a brighter day has dawned upon us with reference to these great pecuniary interests and moral tests, showing that real worth and prosperity depend on right and justice.

Let not such lessons be neglected in the distress in which many are now involved. There are fearful sufferings in various localities, threatening, and ominous of evil. Selfish men take advantage of natural and moral calamities to confound essential distinctions, and involve the innocent with the guilty. Those truly benevolent, and who would most effectually relieve the needy, should use the occasion, while repressing crime, to cherish industry, self-denial and prudence, that all may learn to practice what shall serve the highest good.

J. J. B.

BEAUTY AND USE. It is always pleasant to note any new feature appearing in connection with the enterprise of James Vick, Esq., of Rochester, N. Y. His business, as a dealer in everything pertaining to the

flower, fruit and vegetable garden, is very large and constantly increasing. Seeds, bulbs, roots, cuttings, &c., of all desirable sorts, are sent out by him on reasonable terms, and his methods of dealing are such as to command general and strong approval. His Floral Chromos, of which he has now issued quite a number, are marvels of richness, beauty and good taste. Every one is an advance in merit upon its predecessors. A new one just issued,—a Floral Cross,—seems almost the perfection of design and execution. We have seen nothing of its class that approaches it in the admirableness of its general effect or in the exquisiteness of its smallest details. It is a thing of marvelous beauty, its merits grow on one by study, and the observer never turns to it but to be kindled into admiration over the floral wealth displayed and chastened by the sacred suggestions which it offers. These are strong words, we know; but the picture warrants every one of them.

Current Topics.

—FREE RELIGION AND PROTESTANTISM. The Boston Free Religious course of lectures was opened by Rev. O. B. Frothingham, on the first Sunday of the year, in Horticultural Hall. The speaker's subject was peculiarly adapted to bring out the leading idea of the radical faith, which is, that Protestantism is a failure, and that it is rapidly losing its power over the human mind. "At every point," said Mr. Frothingham, "Protestantism is giving way to the pressure of secular thought, and its wall is gloomy and despairing."—How is it, then, that the great body of Protestants in the world have not observed this "giving way," nor been startled by the "gloomy and despairing wall?" May it not be that Mr. Frothingham has rather voiced a wish than a conviction, and mistaken the Horticultural Hall congregation for the general assembly of the Christian church? "Back of Parker, of Calvin, of Luther, of Leo," said the clergyman, "is a power greater than them all,—the human brain."—True, every word of it. But then, there is a power greater than the human brain, which is the Holy Spirit, the inspirer of all truth, the author of the Christian faith,—for we understand Mr. Frothingham to aim at Christianity in setting up Protestantism for a target,—and which will easily resist the influence of more than one attack like this. "It was the human mind which gave us Christianity and the Bible," said the preacher. And so the body of Free Thinkers, whom Mr. F. represents, make the human mind both their god and guide, and in that sign profess ability to convert an eternal edict. Is it genuine freedom, either of intellect or will, to ignore conscience, and to rest wholly on human deductions? Again, if, as the Free Thinkers claim, "the human mind gave us Christianity and the Bible," and now it is so completely failing; what encouragement can it offer them to attempt the establishment of another human faith? Must it not also fail? And yet they pretend to have found the only sure and abiding way. We do not believe Protestantism will suffer from such attacks. We do not believe it needs any word of defense in the face of such attacks.

—THE NEW CHURCH MOVEMENT. Bishop Cummins inaugurated his new ecclesiastical movement in New York, Jan. 4. He affirms that this is not a departure, in any schismatic sense, but that he seeks to return to primitive Christianity. Indeed, his text implied as much, for it declares that Christ is the only foundation of the Christian church. The Bishop gathered a good congregation, and the spirit of the whole service seemed to have been the expression of a sincere and humble faith. At least, no harm has come of the movement yet.

—THE WEEK OF PRAYER. The whole country has been in prayer during the past week, judging from the general manner in which the Week of Prayer seems to have been observed. Foul weather has had its effect in some localities, but the Spirit can find its way through fogs and storms to its home in every earnest heart. The churches, together with many in the country villages, have been much at the throne, and the communion has no doubt been close and sacred. The practical results should now be carefully attended to. Just the exercises of the week will not insure a lasting blessing, unless the heart still keeps itself fixed in the Master's service, and those who may have felt the Spirit's influence be wisely and faithfully looked after. Thus following up the advantage of the week's service, it may prove indeed to have been a long march towards home.

—INTERNATIONALIST WHIMS. After all, we seem to have a pretty good sprinkling of Internationalist nonsense in our own midst. In Chicago lately a great company of persons, mainly foreigners, besieged the City Hall, demanding that employment be given them by the city during the winter, or else that the city provide for their support. A similar movement was lately made in New York. It is only another form of the oft-repeated folly, that the rich should divide their wealth with the poor, and this is insisted on in various ways, by a class who do not seem to acknowledge that what a person fairly earns is his own, nor that he has any business to refuse a division of funds with every idler that may apply. We trust that in this country, at least, no such folly may prevail, as it is not likely to. To demand wages for work is fair. But to demand support in idleness is the popular report of beggars.

—A DREAM DISSOLVING. It was too nearly a prevalent notion some years ago, that crops grew spontaneously on the western prairies, and that if a family could

only become located on them, and get partially covered from the weather, then it had but little to do but gather rich harvests and secure great incomes. A hard experience has, in many cases, corrected the false impression. In Iowa, for instance, there are at this present time over five hundred families destitute of food and clothing, and a special Com. of the State Grange calls for contributions to supply their wants. They went there with too visionary hopes, and this is the result. But it needn't discourage immigration into the State. It should, however, help to fix this fact in the mind,—that labor must be expended there, as everywhere, for a living, and also that the expectation of life amid flowers and sunshine can never be realized on western prairies. First, count the cost, and then do not hesitate to build, for it only needs practicable men and women to get a comfortable living from Iowa farms, or from any others in the West.

HILLSDALE COLLEGE sends out its annual Catalogue, and thus gives an account of the past year's experiences and work, and so unfolds its prospects for the future as to offer large satisfaction and excite fresh hope. It has enlarged and strengthened its Faculty, added to its pecuniary and other resources, and gives us an aggregate attendance of 638 students, of whom 413 were gentlemen, and 225 were ladies. This College has had a cheering past, it has large opportunities in the present, and all its friends may well enter into hopeful labor to give it an honorable and efficient future.

Brief Jottings.

—THE Pews in Plymouth church (Mr. Beecher's) have just been rented for more than \$60,000 for the present year, the highest figure ever reached. It does not suggest hard times on the benches or unpopularity in the pulpit. But how many members, who are common day laborers, sewing girls and washer-women, and a chance to sit regularly under the ministrations of their pastor?

—THE OPPONENTS of mixed schools in Washington,—exclusive, would-be aristocrats, and some well-meaning but morally timid people,—alarmed at the prospective passage of the Civil Rights bill, are threatening to break up the public schools of the city if the negro is allowed to sit on the bench with the Saxon, the German and the Celt. They would thus perform the work of lobbyists, and scare Congress into a negative vote on a milk-and-water measure; and there is danger of their success. It never seems quite easy and convenient and polite to be thoroughly just. But it is always right, and the right soon proves wise, and wisdom in the end is found truly polite.

—DR. CLARKE'S "Sex in Education" stirs much thought, calls out vigorous debate, and wins many commendations. Agassiz gave it his emphatic approval, the North American Review fully endorses its main principle, advocates of co-education confess that it puts a new and important element into their problem, and the passionate heat with which it is here and there quarreled with shows that it is a weighty word which he has spoken. He did well in writing it; possibly he would have done still better if he had kept back a little vehement satire, and charged upon social habits a part of the wrong which he lays off upon study.

—NOT a few prominent Sunday school workers begin to see and confess that the work of memorizing Scripture is falling too much into disuse among the pupils, since the new elements and methods were introduced. One extreme is likely to follow another. And this memorizing of Scripture is a fitting thing. Didn't the psalmist think so when he wrote, "Thy word have I hid in my heart?"

—REV. MR. GREENE, who preached the annual sermon this year before the assembled Legislature of Mass., pleaded most stoutly, bravely and skillfully for a recognition of Christianity by the civil state, without giving any approval to the extreme views which the Catholics urge. He said a Christian's conscience deserved as much respect by legislators and magistrates as an atheist's. Why not?

—THE Universalist clergyman in Chicago, who plagiarized Dr. Chapin's splendid discourse on the Atlantic disaster, and tried to palm it off as his own presentation of the moral taught by the sinking of the Ville de Havre, found that there were people who read and had memories in the pews before him. Compliments grow scanty in that church, and the eloquence of that pulp it is quoted a good way below par. Possibly the incident may have a warning for others.

—THE new church movement has passed through its exciting stage, and the public lips and press have dropped it for greater sensations and more exciting and recent topics. Its real strength and momentum will now be found and gauged. Its outward promise is not large; its avowed adherents are few and lack eminence; the latent and active opponents of it are very decided, and they incline to quote,—"Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up." Is the word applicable? We shall see.

—MR. L's autobiography is a disappointing and saddening book to many of his admirers. It certainly weakens his living protest against religion in general and Christianity in particular. Few could indulge an intelligent wish to follow him in his atheism after reading his account of it. Our correspondent dealt justly and forcibly with the matter on our first page.

—THE STUDENTS of Bates College are generally an industrious, hard-working and independent company of young men, who show their appreciation of an education by paying a round price for it in hard work. They hire themselves out at annual labor, go on book agencies, &c., during the summer vacation, and act the pedagogue in the winter. Not less than two-thirds of them are said to be teaching the young idea how to shoot at the present hour. Success to them.

—STATEMENTS in the papers announce the sale of the Independent, by Mr. Bowen, to the association which has Mr. Talmage for a nucleus and the Christian at Work for a mouth-piece. If this is true, will not the seller naturally feel that a big thing has passed out of his hands, and the buyers find themselves in possession of an intractable literary elephant?

—LYCEUM COMMITTEES are generally having a hard time of it this winter. It is easy enough to engage lecturers, but exceedingly hard to pay them. By many the lecture is thought of as a luxury of uncertain value, and so it is apt to be struck off from the list of things to be purchased, as soon as breadstuffs go up, or wages go down, or the wheels of business begin to lag or threaten to stop. The courses that pay expenses this season are few; many are given up after a trial; and here and there a closed hall leaves the literary appetite to whet itself into sharpness for another season. If only this privation would set com-

At the last session of the Western R. I. M. the question of the union of the Q. M. th the Asso. was submitted to the church-
Could such a union be consummated, would be advantageous in many ways. among other things, it would bring all our churches in the State of the same faith and order into one consolidated organization

CHICAGO, ILL. We learn that the pastorate of Rev. J. Mulvern in Chicago has several encouraging features. The congregation is steadily increasing, the hopefulness of the church grows greater, the religious interest seems gradually rising, a few cases of conversion greatly gladden

presented by letter and delegates. The season was one of great interest. Business was one with despatch and perfect harmony. We were favored with the presence of Prof. Dunn, Hillsdale, Bro. Clark, of Wisconsin, Bro. Apple, of Steuben and Branch Q. M., and Bro. Embocker, and by their labors were much encouraged. The Saturday afternoon conference meeting was interesting, and we trust in the assembly good seed was sown which shall spring and bring forth fruit to the honor and glory of God. The Spring Arbor church was received

om persons coming into our office or in some
ther way, of the success of *Johnson's Anodyne Lin-*
gent in the cure of coughs and colds, so prevalent
out town just now.

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Poetry.

Graves.

BY AURELIA.

Mingled together in this earthly life,
Are joy and sorrow, happiness and pain,
And, thickly scattered over hill and plain,
Are sad reminders of the bitter strife.

Ah! sacred graves of those our early dead,
Who, in the first sweet blossoming of youth,
Were taken, with pure hearts of love and truth,
To bloom within God's paradise instead.

Perhaps they left us in the springtime hours;
When birds sang sweet, and rippling sunshine lay
On all around us; but they took away
The brightness from the sunshine and the flowers—

Or, when the winter winds were sobbing low,
Breathing a mournful cadence on the air,
And o'er the sleeping forms so loved and fair,
A shroud was woven of the falling snow.

And, with our hearts overwhelmed with bitter pain,
We gazed our last on their dear forms, and then
We gave them back unto the earth again,
And left them to the sunshine and the rain.

Bright hopes have scattered sunlight o'er our way,
And brightened up the future's misty haze
With golden visions of the coming days,
Then sudden at our feet in ruins lay.

Amazed and sorrowing, he saw them fall,
Then softly covered them from ruder gaze;
The light which they had shed on future days
Now darkened to a drooping funeral pall.

All earthly pleasures now but empty toys,
Praying for strength to bear the weary hours,
With faith-rings hands sadly we scatter flowers
O'er the graves of buried hopes and joys.

But still on all around their forms they cast,
And, melted into shadows, seem to glide,
Pale, silent phantoms o'er the memory's tide,
Pointing with shadow fingers to the past.

And awful purposes, that filled the mind
With earnest thought and aspiration high,
A while were cherished, then we let them die;
Silent, unnoticed, they were left behind.

We all have graves. Ah! happy might he be,
Who in his inmost soul with truth could say,
No graves have cast their shadows o'er my way.

And dimmed the happiness of life for me,
But in the Bright Eternal, of whose joy
We catch faint glimpses through the gates ajar,
Its perfect peace no sad unrest annoy.

No graves shall mark the site of buried love,
Or friends, of joys, of hope, of purpose high,
Within the sweet eternal By-and-By;
There is no dying in that land above.

The Family Circle.

God's Judgments.

BY MARILLA.

Frances Elwin came home from school with a look of unusual seriousness on her happy face. Finding her mother alone in the sitting-room, she sat down for a few moments' conversation. Mrs. Elwin greeted her pleasantly, as was her wont, waiting for Frances to speak first of the cause of her apparent sadness, for she was sure of her confidence.

"Mother, do you believe in God's judgments?" the young lady asked at length.

"My reply must depend very much on what you would call God's judgments. Many things are called so that might better be termed his mercies."

"Well, you know I went home with Jennie Cummings last night. Every one—at school and on the street—was talking of Miss Nutting's accident. Some said it was the most striking case of God's direct judgment they ever knew. Others said it was wrong to charge man's carelessness to God, for, with proper care, the boat might have been kept upright, even though too heavily loaded, and Miss Nutting might still have been living. I was feeling very unhappy. It seemed so strange, so very sad, that one in full health should have to die thus, without a moment's warning. As Jennie's father is a minister, I thought I would learn his opinion of this sad affair, and rest wholly upon that."

"He began speaking of the accident, at once, and I listened eagerly, hoping to find some comfort; but, O mother," and Frances Elwin sobbed as though her heart would break.

"What is it, my child? what could he say to trouble you so?" asked Mrs. Elwin.

"He said that although Miss Nutting seemed to be a pious and exemplary young woman, yet God knew her heart as we could not know it, and that her sudden death was no doubt a merited punishment, direct from God. I thought I was unhappy before, but this made me perfectly miserable. I could not sleep, or visit, or anything. It seems to me none of us are safe a moment."

"There is safety in Christ. I thought you had accepted him as your refuge," said the mother, tenderly.

"I thought so too," was the plaintive reply, "but I trusted in God as one who loved his children. I thought he had taken away my evil nature and given me a clean heart, and I felt that I could love and trust him forever. I never thought of my God as a Being, who, as Mr. Cummings says, 'delights in judgments, that he may show his people their sins'; and, O my mother! the very thought is darkness and sorrow."

"Frances, you should not allow yourself to feel thus for a moment. I think it is wrong. It is not strange that your young heart was somewhat influenced by Mr. Cummings's words, but you should never allow any one, however wise, to cause you to distrust God. Remember his words; his promises are far above all others, and

they can never fail. When you are tempted to believe that God purposely brings a punishment on any of his believing children, then, my child, remember, that his own word plainly tells us, 'He doth not willingly afflict.' And even from the lips of our Saviour we have the blessed assurance that, although we can not know what he doeth now, we shall know hereafter."

While mother and daughter were thus deeply absorbed in conversation, Grandma Elwin, a Christian woman, whose face told alike of care and suffering, crowned with perfect trust, had come in from her own room and stood beside her grandchild, laying her hand on Frances' bowed head, she said,

"Is it not a blessed thought that all these things which now seem mysterious, sad, and strange, will by and by be explained to us? that we shall then see them in the light of God's love, and shall know that they are mercies, and not judgments?"

"Do you really believe this, Grandma?"

"I do, child, without one lingering doubt!" was the triumphant reply. "Can't you too, believe?"

"I don't!" was Frances' earnest answer, and, as she lifted her head, there was a more trustful light in the fearful eyes.

"The accident which caused Miss Nutting's death," Grandma Elwin went on to say, "reminds me of a story I heard years ago. And yet, it is not so much the accident, as the different view people take of it, which reminds me of that story. Indeed, I have never heard any one say that a flash of lightning, a fall from a horse, or sudden drowning were judgments from God, without thinking of it, for it made a deep impression on my mind, and I know not but my whole life has been changed by this one remembrance."

"What is the story, Grandma? It may be my life may be made better by its teachings," said Frances.

"Your position is so different from mine it can not help you as it has me, but if the sorrows and cares of life should ever be yours, it might help you to a deeper, firmer trust in him whose tender mercies are over all his works; and I will try to relate it as I heard it."

"Elbert Washburne was a young man whose life, previous to his marriage, had passed amid the bustling activities of a city. His family were wealthy, aristocratic and influential. No pains had been spared to fit him for ornament and usefulness in society, and so well had this gifted and fine-looking young man improved his opportunities that no parents were prouder and no bride happier than the parents and bride of Elbert Washburne at the time of his marriage with Ethel Everett."

"Ethel is represented as having been very beautiful, with heavy, waving, black hair, a rich, clear complexion, rosy lips, and large, full brown eyes, which spoke of a heart and mind strong and true, never wavering in devotion to the loved, until death should burst each tender bond. For some reason Elbert and Ethel Washburne choose their new home in a secluded nook among the mountains, far away from the city, and here they came, bringing servants for farm and household."

"Elbert Washburne was a Christian who ever sought, by thoughtfulness, kindness and self-sacrifice, to make the lives of all around him brighter and better, and it seemed that there was no other abode so full of joy as this home by the mountain lake."

"Ethel was unlike her husband, for, though her life was one of outward beauty and sunlight, it was such that she might please her husband, and win his approving word and smile."

"Thus three years passed, the young couple being seldom separated from each other for a day. Their friends visited them only in the summer, and they only visited former homes to spend the holidays, so that for most of the year they were wholly dependent on each other for society."

"At length Elbert was obliged to leave his home on business which would require him to be absent a week, and it was impossible for his wife to accompany him."

"It was in the grey, chilly mist of an October morning that he mounted his favorite horse to take his departure. Riding to the door to bid Ethel good-bye once more, he found her in tears."

"Do not allow yourself to be thus saddened by the thought of my absence," he said, tenderly. "Trust me in the hands of God, and Ethel, trust yourself in his hands!" he said fervently, in a lower tone, as he bent over and pressed his lips to her forehead."

"If I could have the assurance from this moment that you gave your true heart to God and his service, I should return wholly blest, perfectly happy. Good-bye, may God forever bless you," he whispered, as he brushed away her tears, and, with a loving smile, gave her a last long kiss."

"During the following week Ethel seemed strangely sad, wandering listlessly from room to room, until the day of her husband's expected return; when she was quite happy, speaking in a cheerful manner to Mrs. Freeman, the kind servant who had all the week watched her mistress' absent manner with the deepest solicitude. Night came, a dark, rainy, October night, but it did not bring Elbert Washburne to the arms of his agonized wife, who had commenced weeping, and walking the house as soon as night came down on the mountains, and not for one moment did she rest through all its long and fearful watches. Alas! her husband never came again. His lifeless remains were found on a craggy rock, lying beneath the bleeding horse, where he had probably been thrown in the darkness, by some misstep of the faithful animal. To all appearance his death had been instantaneous. The features, so handsome in life, were unmarred, and calmly peaceful in death."

"From the hour when Ethel's eyes first rested on the still form which in life had been so dear to her, all her tears and violent demonstrations of grief ceased. Every thought and emotion seemed to settle into a deep, tearless, unutterable anguish. Her idol was gone, and with him all hope, all animation, and almost life itself had vanished. She spoke to no one, noticed no one. Vainly did parents and friends, who had come to her with all possible haste, seek to comfort her. She appeared wholly unconscious of their presence."

"The funeral sermon was preached by an old friend of the Washburne family, one who had been their pastor during Elbert's boyhood and early manhood. Speaking of sudden death, by accident, or otherwise, the minister said, 'Let no man dare to call this a judgment from the hand of God. If you say it, you do not fully believe what you say. Those of my hearers who are Christians believe with St. Paul, that to a child of God, it is gain to die; that they are taken at once to a land whose delights it is impossible for us fully to understand. You believe, too, that our young friend, who has thus suddenly passed from earth, was truly a child of God. I say you believe it, for, had you known his life as I have known it, you could have no doubts in regard to this matter. Knowing and believing this, can you call that a judgment which took him in an instant from all possibility of pain, or anguish, or loss of friends, to a land of perfect joy, of eternal bliss, a home forever with the Lord? Ah, we do not, we will not call it a judgment; we will call it a mercy, a glorious blessing to him who was taken, and while it is a deep, a sad affliction to those who are left, let us trust that it is a chastening which shall yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness!'"

"For several weeks after these melancholy events Ethel Washburne continued in this terrible state of mind. Then there was the low wail of a new-born babe, and Ethel's parents rejoiced that the life of their only daughter was spared. With returning health her reason was restored, still she was very unlike her former self. In vain her parents offered every inducement to her to return with them to her childhood's home. Nothing could tempt her to leave this secluded spot. Here she would stay and devote her life to her child, whom she called Elbert."

"All the young mother's time was spent in caring for the baby, or in bending over him as he slept."

"As little Elbert grew older, it was strange, passing strange that the eyes of the ever attentive mother failed to notice what every one else saw so quickly, that the light of reason and intellect was wanting in the large, dark eyes of the boy, and that he never spoke save to repeat the words that were taught him. Impossible as it may seem, it was true; Ethel had never thought that the mind of her boy could be darkened, until he was about five years old, when, in asking him some simple question which he could not comprehend, the whole truth, in all its terrible bitterness, flashed upon her. She did not speak, but going to her own room she shut herself in—alone, with her trouble, and with her God. What passed there no one ever knew, but she came from that room with a new purpose in her heart and a new and hallowed glow on her countenance, far surpassing all her former beauty. From that hour she was ever at the post of duty, working nobly and earnestly for God and humanity. Whether tenderly caring for her poor child, or ministering to the wants of the sick and unfortunate, among her servants, or with her parents, she was ever a light, a help, a trustful, humble Christian. Her little boy only lived to be ten years old, and just before passing away, the light of reason and of love seemed to dawn on his mind. Putting up both arms to his mother he said, 'Kiss me, mamma, God is going to take me to papa!'"

"Now, Frances, let this story help you to remember that to every heart there is a lesson of life. To the great soul may be appointed the great pang, that, thrice-refined, all its powers may be awakened. Let us draw nearer to God, that our lesson may be more easily learned."

Sewing-Aches.

Jessie sat down by her mother to sew. She was making a pillow-case for her own little pillow.

"All this?" she asked, in a discontented tone, holding the seam out.

"That is not much for a little girl who has a work-basket of her own," said her mother.

"Yes," thought Jessie, "mother has given me a work-basket, and I ought to be willing to sew," and with that she took a few stitches quite diligently.

"I have a dreadful pain in my side," said Jessie, in a few moments. "My thumb is very sore," she said in a very few minutes after. "Oh! my hand is so tired." That was next. And with that she laid down her work. Next there was something the matter with her foot, and then her eye.

At length the sewing was done. Jessie brought it to her mother.

"Should I not first send for a doctor?" said her mother.

"The doctor for me, mother?" cried the little girl, as surprised as she could be.

"Certainly," said her mother; "a little girl so full of pains and aches must be sick, and the sooner we have the doctor the better."

"O mother!" said Jessie, laughing, "they were sewing-aches. I am well enough now."

I have heard of other little girls besides Jessie who had sewing-aches and pains whenever their parents had work for them to do. These aches and pains do show sickness. They are symptoms of a bad disease, a disease which causes people up. This disease is called "selfishness." It

makes children cross, and fretful, and disobedient; and troublesome, and unhappy; and I am sure it makes those selfish and sad who have charge of them.—Selected.

Switched Off.

"Yes, mother, I know; but then you see my good feelings only last a moment."

So said my boy to me last evening, in answer to my appeal.

"I know it, Henry," said I; "but how long does it take you to switch off a locomotive on the wrong track? Once started on the wrong track, no matter how smoothly and swiftly it may run, it is running to destruction. On the other hand, a moment only, and the switch-tender will have put the locomotive on the right track, and the cars will go safely."

"So with the heart. It takes only a moment to pray sincerely, 'Lord, save me.' It takes only a moment to say from the heart, 'Lord, give me thy Holy Spirit; make me thy child; do not leave me; let me not leave thee.'"

"On the other hand, it takes but a moment to say, 'Pshaw! what's the use? I don't care!' It takes only a moment to say, 'I'm not going to be laughed at for being a Christian, I know.' It takes but a moment to drive the Spirit of God away, by simply diverting the mind, which may be done in many ways."

"And so the soul may be switched on to the right track or on to the wrong track in a moment of time, and either run safely to the end of life by God's grace, or run swiftly and surely to destruction."

"Don't, Charley."

"Don't, Charley," came to my ears in a sweet, musical tone, while I was seated in a railway-car, last summer. I should not have heard the soft, touching voice, had it not been very near me. I looked to see who it was that had spoken, and saw a sweet, beautiful woman upon the seat in front of me. A half-sad look rested upon the young face that was all aglow with love and tenderness. A young man was seated by her side, whose face wore a restless, dissipated look, and in a moment I comprehended it all. His face was flushed slightly, and I knew why it was thus. He was talking very fast to some one in advance of him, and once I heard a low oath. "Don't, Charley," she said again, in the same sweet voice. But Charley did not seem to heed her words, but went on in a half-wild way to the man. Several more oaths came from his lips; but the woman remained silent, yet looking so pleadingly at the erring one that I thought, if he had been half human, he would have heeded the mild, loving reproach that was so visible in her tear-dimmed eyes.

A friend by my side whispered in my ear, "They have been married just one year."

"He is a brute," I only said in reply.

At that moment I saw the young husband wink slyly to the man, and then they both arose and went into the baggage-car. I understood the movement when I saw a bottle protruding from the husband's coat-pocket.

"Don't, Charley; don't go," the young wife had pleaded before he had got beyond her reach; but he tore himself from her slight grasp, and rushed along. Her eyes filled with tears, and a low moan came from her pale lips, and then she bowed her head and wept silently.

He came back in a few moments, his face flushed still more, and his voice was a key or two louder than before. He brushed rudely past the wife, evidently to get near the car-window.

"Let me alone, Mag," he said, as she laid her white hand upon his arm. "Women are always in the way," he said, again turning to the man in front of him.

The wife turned away, and I did not hear her sweet, reproving voice again.

How I pitied that young, loving wife, and how often I wonder if her sensitive heart must suffer and bleed for many long years! I think not; for her tender, loving soul, and frail, slender body will not bear such unkindness. Strange how soon liquor will transform human beings into unfeeling monsters, and chill the ardent, loving nature of a tender husband and trusting wife!

—American Temperance Union.

Maggie's Fault.

I have a little girl whose great fault is forgetting. She forgets to hang up her dresses; she forgets to put buttons on her shoes; she forgets where she left her mittens, or the hammer, or her thimble; she forgets to do her errands; she forgets to come home when she is told to. Yet she always seems sorry when I talk to her, and means, I think, to improve; but she does not. Every week, if it finds her no worse, does not find her better. I often wonder how it happens. In other respects Maggie is a good child. She is an industrious little girl, and speaks the truth. But all these fine qualities are almost spoiled by forgetfulness. It lends to much disorder, as you may suppose. I should not like you to see her room; and I cannot depend, of course, that what I tell her will be done. I could not for a long time think how she could forget so. I have found out now; the Bible told me. God says in it, 'My son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments.' Whatever is done from the heart, is done quickly, and done well. Poor Maggie, alas! has no heart in it, therefore she forgets and disobeys. And many a mother is grieving over this same fault in her dear child; and perhaps many a poor child is grieving for it too. "How shall I remember what mother says?" "How came I to forget?"—feeling ashamed, and sorry, and mortified as can be. My dear child, I can only tell you to fall down on your knees before God, and beg him to give you that "new heart" which the Bible tells of, filled with the spirit of humble, faithful

love: That will remember; that will try hard, and will assuredly succeed, you may depend upon it.

Literary Review.

LITTLE PEOPLE OF GOD, and what the poets have said of them. Edited by Mrs. George L. Austin. Boston: Shepard & Gill, 1874. 16mo. pp. 176. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

One is reminded, in looking over this volume, of Whittier's collection of poems in the work entitled "Child-Life in Poetry." And yet there are differences as well as similarities, and one possessing either of the books will find that the appetite has been thus whetted for the other. This work is equally beautiful in appearance and excellent in character. Paper, type and the numerous engravings are all choice things. And the field from which these poems are drawn is wide and rich. Many noted names enter into the list of authors, and their choicest lines are here brought together. Lovers of children were all the members of this musical company, and their songs have the qualities that bring us into contact with what is most significant in the life and experience and ministry of the little ones. One could hardly fail to find fresh meaning and higher force in Christ's words, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," as he opens mind and heart to the influence of these poems. Mr. Whittier furnishes the opening piece, as an original contribution. The selections that follow are divided into two classes,—one is designated Poems of Infancy, and the other, Poems of Childhood. Many of these productions will be at once recognized as familiar and favorite things; not a few will be new to the reader; and perhaps almost every one will miss something that has been wedded to the memory and the heart by some special circumstance or rare experience. But no single book of reasonable dimensions would hold all the choice products of this sort, and it is more fitting to be grateful over the rich feast here spread for us than to sigh over the absence of some imagined dish. Nothing seems quite perfect to us,—not even such a book as this, but it is a very choice one, nevertheless. We miss one of the most beautiful stanzas here from "The Little Boy that Died," and its absence strikes us as little less than a personal loss, and a few slight changes in the words elsewhere seem to us like the marring of what was well nigh perfect. A few other things strike us in a similar way. But we thank both compiler and publishers for the choice and beautiful book. We show our appreciation of Whittier's fine product, with which the volume opens, by copying it entire. It is worthy of the genius, the heart, and the matured manhood of the Quaker poet:

THE CHILD AND THE POETS.

Still linger in our noon of time,
And on our Saxon tongue,
The echoes of the home-born hymns
The Aryan mothers sung.

And childhood had its litanies
In every age and clime;
The earliest cradles of the race
Were rocked to poet's rhyme.

Nor sky, nor wave, nor tree, nor flower,
Nor green earth's virgin sod,
So moved the singer's heart of old
As these small ones of God.

The mystery of unfolding life
Was more than morning's dawn,
Than opening flower or crescent moon
The human soul new-born!

And, still to childhood's sweet appeal
The heart of genius turns,
And more than all the sages teach
From hisping voices learns.

The voices loved of him who sang,
Where Tweed and Teviot glide,
That sound to-day on all the winds
That blow from Rydal side.

Heard in the Teuton's household songs,
And folk-lore of the Finn,
Where'er to holy Christmas hearths
The Christ-child enters in!

Before life's sweetest mystery still
The heart in reverence kneels;
The wonder of the primal birth
The latest mother feels.

We need love's tender lessons taught
As only weakness can;
God hath His small interpreters;
The child must teach the man.

We wander wide through evil years,
Our eyes of faith grow dim;
But he is freshest from His hands
And nearest unto Him!

And hark, pleading long with Him
For sin-licked hearts and cold,
The angels of our childhood still
The Father's face behold.

Of such the kingdom! Teach thou us,
O Master most divine,
To feel the deep significance
Of these wise words of thine!

The haughty feet of power shall fall
Where meekness surely goes;
No cunning find the key of Heaven,
No strength its gates uncloses.

Alope to guilelessness and love
Those gates shall open all;
The mind of pride is nothingness,
The child-like heart is all!

THE WORK OF THE SPIRIT; or, Doctrinal and Practical Meditations on the Nature and Work of the Holy Ghost. By the Rev. Samuel Cutler, author of "The Name above every Name." Published by the Am. Tract Society, Boston. Hurd & Houghton, New York. 1873. 16mo. pp. 240. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

This volume is outwardly attractive as it is inwardly excellent. Cream-laid paper, clear type, red lines about the border of each page, gilt enough to suggest special richness but never ostentatiously pushing itself into notice,—these are the features of what is especially fitted to be a Christian gift-book at the season of the holidays. But it is chiefly meant for daily use by the soul, and not for a more ornament to the center table or the chamber mantel. It aims to set forth the nature and office of the Holy Spirit, in a series of passages of Scripture, one for each day of the week, and these are followed by brief meditations upon the special aspect of the Spirit thus presented, and a devout poem or hymn. This arrangement runs through the fifty-two weeks that make up the year, so that the volume is meant to serve the same purposes as many other works which offer something of sacred nutriment for each morning from the first of Jan. to the last of Dec. The highest Christian aim underlies the work, and they who use it according to the author's intention can hardly fail to derive a large profit.

MY KALULU, Prince, King and Slave: A Story of Central Africa. By Henry M. Stanley, author of "How I Found Livingstone." With illustrations. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1874. 12mo. pp. 432.

Mr. Stanley is no myth or pretender. So much the public is now quite ready to concede,—even that part of it that is a little impatient over what is called his egotism, his audacity, his iconoclasm and his independence. He knows how to write what is interesting, as well as how to explore. He is never dull or backbowed, and when he is thin and prolix and extravagant, he keeps firm hold even of the reader who aches to turn upon him with the critic's weapons, or who every now and then breaks out under his breath with the word "Pshaw!" The larger book, which purports to be a simple narrative of facts, was widely read; this smaller one, which is frankly a romance, will attract more interest as its predecessor, and in about the same circles. The substance of it, the author says, stands for substan-

tial truth. It tells of things that actually occurred, many of them witnessed by himself or reported to him by unquestionable authority. His principal characters are drawn from real life in Africa, though with assumed names and changed situations. He gives us a continuous story, dealing with an expedition of eminent native princes, with friends and attendants, from Zanzibar, into the interior of the African continent and beyond, in search of ivory, slaves and other things that enter into an African chief's idea of wealth and distinction. The descriptions of the country, the adventures of travelers, the characteristics, customs and habits of the people, the wonders of animal and vegetable life, the brutalities of war, the horrors of the slave-trade, &c., &c., all these things are set forth in such ways as make one seem for the time, little less than an actual explorer and observer. Assuming the substantial accuracy of the representations, we have reason for gratitude to Mr. Stanley for these vivid sketches of African life and character, and trust he may find sufficient encouragement to induce the preparation of another similar volume, which is indirectly promised us. Wide-awake boys especially will bend over these pages with enthusiasm.

THE CHILD'S CHRISTMAS STORIES. From the Bible Field. 1. The Good Voices. II. Parables. By the Rev. Edwin A. Abbott, M. A., Head Master of City London School. Revised from the London Edition. Illustrated. Boston: Am. Tract Society, New York: Hurd & Houghton. 16mo. pp. 202.

A most excellent little book for the little people. A great variety of the incidents recorded in the Bible are used to convey instruction, and enforce such lessons of piety toward God and beneficent love toward men as children can readily appreciate and will almost surely profit by. The author's heart is evidently full of sympathy for the children, and his aim is to render them the highest possible service. And he can hardly fail. The talks are brief, pithy, juicy, and their plain, practical bearings are such as forbid them to pass away and be forgotten with the emotion which they may stir at the moment. Pastors and others, who are set to deal in a religious way with the children, would find much that is suggestive and helpful to them in the little volume, and the children themselves would almost feel in the presence of a living teacher with this book in their hands.

UNDER THE EVERGREENS; or, A Night with St. Nicholas. By George C. Lorimer. Boston: Shepard & Gill. 1874. 16mo. pp. 284. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

Dr. Lorimer has written a genuine Christmas story. Taking his cue from Dickens, to whom he frankly confesses his indebtedness, he has wrought into a very pleasant tale much that is calculated to translate the burden of the angels' song from sentiment into fact—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." It has the genius that belongs to the vital brain, and the unctious and humanity that spring from the Christian heart. Children will like it, and men and women will enjoy and profit by an attentive reading of it.

STORIES OF A GRANDFATHER about American History. By N. S. Dodge. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1874. 16mo. pp. 176. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

A little book of American History that can hardly miss a general and significant success. It begins with the Discovery of America, and takes us through the War of the Revolution. Each of its twenty-two brief chapters deals with some special topic, and these together cover nearly all the salient points of the varied story. The style is wonderfully happy and effective, when the special aim is kept in mind. It is unadorned, simple, straightforward, strong, easily understood by young readers, and yet with no patronizing condescension or approach to nursery and baby talk. We hope the author will keep on with the good work he has so happily commenced. The bold, open type is not the least of the many merits which the book embodies.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for Jan. comes out promptly, bearing the imprint which has for years been a grateful introduction of it to the reading public and no slight guarantee of high culture and solid character. Some fears were entertained that, in the changes which involved the transfer of the two monthlies to other hands, this House was to dissolve its responsible connection with the great Quarterly. But those fears are proved groundless by the appearance of this initial number of the new volume,—the 118th. The prospectus is full of promise. The managers of the Review evidently appreciate the importance of having such a vehicle and medium of strong thought on vital and practical topics, and they are intent on giving the Review whatever is necessary to its highest success. The promise for the future is large and definite, and it is warranted by its past history. It will still deal both with current and special topics, and with those that are of general and permanent interest. The sources from whence the contributions are drawn for its pages are many, varied, wide-spread and significant, and the editorial work will be performed in a way worthy of that which has marked the service of the eminent scholars who have heretofore filled the editorial chair—Channing, Everett, Palfrey, Sparks, Peabody, Lowell, Norton, &c. We congratulate the lovers of sound literature throughout the country on the assurance that the North American is to be carried forward with no loss of vigor or value.

The table of contents of the last issue are as follows: The Constitutions of Great Britain and the United States; Arctic Exploration; Antiquity of the North American Indians; The Currency and Finances of the United States; Dr. Clarke's "Sex in Education"; La Marmora's Revelations of the War of 1866; Critical Notices. Not one of these is indifferent or of doubtful value, but the second, third and fourth papers are, taken especially, suggestive and interesting. Taken altogether, however, the North American never promises more or better things than to-day, or deserved a more generous support. It has heretofore done a large work in educating its readers to a higher appreciation of what is solid in literature and significant in criticism, and it has by no means completed the work of this sort that needs to be done. And so we trust its future is to be even more successful than its past.—Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

THE BIBLIOTHECA SACRA keeps faithfully in mind its avowed object, and that object is truly and largely served by every one of its issues. It opens the new year with a remarkably critical paper, full of learning and vigor, passing under review the leading and later metaphysicians of Great Britain and Europe in a way that will be equally a surprise and a gratification. The second article presents much detailed and welcome information respecting Galilee in the time of Christ, which will correct many popular misapprehensions and offer much that is new even to intelligent readers. We have a very good article on Faith as the Basis of Science; a very pleasant and enjoyable paper on Book Rarities at Washington, furnished by the Assistant Librarian of Congress; a scholarly article on the Hebrew Tense; a second paper on the Natural Basis of our Spiritual Language; a review of the Rawlinson's Historical Illustrations and the Old Testament, and the quarterly will well serve up material which this unusually so well occupied by no other, and deserves the most liberal support.—Andover, Mass.: Warren F. Draper.

Literary Miscellany.

Hippopotami in the Gardens.

By the kindness of Mr. Bartlett, I had the good fortune to be present on the occasion when the little Hippopotamus, Guy Pawke—who is now eight months old—was introduced to his disagreeable old father, Obese, a resident of the gardens for twenty-three years. Obese was quietly munching his breakfast of grass in the outside den, when at a given signal the portcullis of the mother's den was gradually raised, and the two heads appeared gazing out with a most comical expression. Seeing his wife, Obese left off munching his grass, grunted a ghastly grin, and loudly trumpeted "Umph," "Umph," "Umph."

Little Guy Pawke then came forward from behind his mother, with the action and stiffness of a pointer when he has discovered a covey of birds; gradually and slowly he went up to his father, and their outstretched noses were just touching, when the mother—Dil, by name—sounded the signal for war, and rushing past the young one, fairly challenged her lord and master to single combat. He instantly retreated a step or two, and she began to pretend to munch at the grass, keeping her eyes always fixed spitefully upon him. Just at this moment the sun shone out, and I was enabled to see most distinctly the remarkable phenomenon of the "blood-sweat" of these gigantic animals when excited. The usual pale chocolate color of their skins became densely covered with spots that looked like thin red gum, and then the male turned his head I could see that these spots were globular; they glistened like dew on a cabbage, and stood high upon the skin like blood-stained diamonds. I managed subsequently to wipe off one of these globules, and it stained my note-book quite red. After gazing at each other for about a minute, Dil made a savage rush at Obese, and simultaneously both animals reared right up on their hind legs, like bull-dogs fighting. They gaped wide their gigantic mouths, and bit, and struck, and lunged at each other savagely. For a second or two these two gigantic animals closed together and swayed to and fro like Cornish wrestlers. When they settled on their four legs again Dil followed up her advantage by giving Obese a tremendous push, "well" with her head; and while the cowardly old fellow sneaked backwards into his pond, she trumpeted a triumphant signal of victory from the bank. All this time little Guy kept well in rear of his mother, occasionally peeping round her sides to see the rare and extraordinary phenomenon of a husband and wife having a fight. Dil then slowly, and in a Shal-like manner, walked down the steps into the water, and hunted the old fellow about until he drove him up into a corner; she then mounted him up over her head. The young one then mounted on to his mother's back, and gazed with filial respect, not unmixed with impudence, at his father. At the least movement of the other he sank down into the water as quiet as an otter, without making the slightest ripple or sending up a bubble of air, and shortly reappeared with his pretty little head, erect ears, and bright eyes, and looking like a gigantic frog. During his aqueous excursion the little creature had probably gone up to and touched his father, for he gave a sudden plunge and jump as if he had been touched. Thus the three remained for about half an hour, grunting and staring at each other. Obese made one attempt to get out of his corner, and retreat into his den, but the awful old Dil was too quick for him, cut off his retreat, and drove him back. In about three-quarters of an hour the quarrel was all over, and instead of angry trumpeting the signals gradually assumed a more adiabatic tone, and it was evident that the two behemoths were getting into good temper. At last the female swam nearer, and distinguishing her great nostrils to the utmost, uttered a kind of hiss, not the least like a war cry. When the keeper heard this he said, "They're all right now, Sir; they'll fight any more. See, they are beginning to smile, and have uncorked their ears, and left off staring." The faithful keeper was quite right, for all three Hippopotami at once became friends, and the domestic scene was over.

I understand that on the previous day, when these three beauties were first put together, little Guy Pawke immediately went up to Obese and checked him in the most insolent manner; he bristled up, grunted at him, showed his teeth, and actually challenged him to fight. The mother then charged the old father, scratched his face, and pushed him into the water. The little one followed up directly, swam under his father's legs, and actually bit at and pulled his tail. On the second occasion the younger behaved very differently; it was quite evident that he was somewhat of a coward. He somehow or other orders to keep in the rear while she did the fighting. On this occasion Obese was terribly alarmed, although Dil frightened more than him. She so alarmed him that a new discovery was made by Mr. Bartlett. After the fight was over the cowardly old Obese changed color. His mulatto-colored skin got gradually whiter and whiter, and the lower part of his head and sides became of a creamy-white tint, and the poor old fellow looked "as white as a ghost." It was some hours before he came to his proper color again. On the second day's fight Obese again turned somewhat white, making his blood spots almost invisible. "Who, in heaven's name, is that man?" But when he answered slowly and deliberately, "Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy," he staggered as if struck by a tremendous blow. "And I refused him to touch my organ!" he sorrowfully said. But as Mendelssohn began again to play, he gave an impatient sign that he should not be disturbed, and listened and listened as he never listened again. If some mighty spirit had entered him, the object gained, Mendelssohn spoke a few kind words to the old man, and so departed, leaving an impression upon his mind and heart that, without doubt, during the time that he was spared, was never for an hour obliterated. —*Parley's Magazine.*

Nathan Rothschild.

The high-priest of the Exchange was not happy even in the midst of his overflowing coffers. Naturally enough, he had few friends and numberless enemies. In his later years he suffered from constant dread of assassination. He was always receiving threatening letters, declaring that his life depended on his sending certain sums of money to his creditors. He spent murder in every cup. In sleep, he had nightmare visions of crouching things; in waking hours, he started at every unexpected noise.

One morning two strangers were announced as having important business with the banker, and were shown into his private office. He bowed to them and inquired the nature of their business. They bowed and said nothing, but advanced toward him, thrusting their fingers nervously into their pockets. Rothschild's alarm was excited at once. They were searching for concealed weapons; their bearded faces made it clear to his frightened fancy that they were homicidal ruffians. He retreated in terror behind a large desk, seized a ponderous ledger, and with a look of intense anxiety, he began to write.

buried it at their heads, and, screaming "Murder!" at the top of his voice. A small army of clerks poured into the room, and laid violent hands on the strangers, who proved to be wealthy Polish bankers bringing letters of introduction to the financially distressed firm of loans. Embarrassed by his uttermost august presence—what is there in a breathing money-bag capable of inspiring awe?—they forgot their speech and their common coyness of conduct. They were nearly as much terrified as the renowned Israelite; and as it was their initial visit to England, they imagined at first that all foreigners were deemed robbers and desperadoes until the contrary was established.

The wretchedly rich Nathan never went out alone after dark, never entered an unlighted room, had servants within call of his bed-chamber, slept with loaded pistols under his pillow.

A fellow-Frankforter, dining with him one evening, and observing the luxury of his household, remarked,

"You must be happy, baron, with the power to gratify every wish."

"Happy! Indeed!" was the response. "Do you think it happiness to be haunted always by a dread of murder—to have your appetite for breakfast sharpened by a threat to stab you to the heart unless you include a thousand guineas to some unknown villain?"

On one occasion, when the great financier had been to an evening-party, and had gotten into his carriage to go home, a friend, wishing to make an appointment, stepped out to speak to him. The financier mistook his familiar for a for a highwayman, and thrust a pistol out of the carriage window, with his favorite cry of "Murder!" before he could be acquainted with the situation.

As Rothschild grew richer and older his fears increased. He became almost a monomaniac on the subject of assassination, and many of his relatives thought him in a serious danger of insanity through his constant apprehensions. Most of the menacing messages were unquestionably sent him by his enemies, with whom he was plentifully supplied. Conscious of his weakness, they revenged themselves upon him by inspiring him with baseless terrors. He was repeatedly told so, but he could not dwell in an atmosphere of poisons, poisons, and pistols. —*Harper's Magazine.*

Anecdote of Mendelssohn.

Great as Mendelssohn was as a composer, I believe he was far greater both as a pianist and an organist. Under his hands each instrument "discoursed" after a manner as original as it was captivating. Scarcely had he touched the key-board than something that can only be explained as similar to a pleasurable electric shock, passed through his hearers and held them spell-bound—a sensation that was only dissolved as the last chord was struck, and when one's pent-up breath seemed as if only able to recover its usual action by means of a gulp or a gasp.

An anecdote relative to this feeling I may here introduce as told me by Sir Michael Costa. On one occasion of Mendelssohn being in Switzerland, he and Sir Michael met at the church of Friburg, in which building the organ is, of such world-wide celebrity that few persons, especially those who lay claim to any musical taste, leave the town without going to hear it. At the time referred to, the custodian was somewhat of a bear, and most determinedly refused, either for love or money, to permit any stranger to place his fingers upon the keys, although he himself had not the slightest pretension to the designation of the organist; and so far from showing the capabilities of the instrument, induced very many to go away under the impression that they had been "sold," and that all Murray and other guide-books have stated was nothing better than a "delusion and a snare." Mendelssohn was resolved, by hook or by crook, to ascertain what the Friburg organ had to offer. For this purpose he drew the custodian out, working upon his weak points of character—for the old man really loved the organ as if it had been his child—but as to getting his consent, it seemed to be beyond the probability of realization. Every one who ever had the good fortune to be acquainted with Mendelssohn must have been attracted by his winning manners, his courteous bearing, and his manifestation of decided character. Whether he won upon the old man by one of these peculiarities of his "native worth," in particular by his "native worth," or by his boldness by their combination, can only be inferred.

Suffice it to say, that after long parley he was permitted to try one of the keys. One hand he employed at first, quietly using the other in drawing the stops, and when he had got out as many as seemed applicable for his purpose, he made a dash which completely staggered the old man, and began to play as only he could play. The old man gasped for breath. He clutched the rail against which he was standing, and for an instant seemed as if he would drag this bold intruder from his seat. That impulse was however only momentary; for he soon stood as if very much surprised, until a break in the gushing harmony enabled him to make an effort to ascertain to the master-spirit was that made the organ speak as he had never heard it speak before. Sir Michael Costa, at first scarcely knowing whether it were better to smile at the old man's astonishment, or let events take their course, or to enlighten him at once, decided upon the former course; but at this moment the old man seized him by the arm and gasped out, "Who, in heaven's name, is that man?" But when he answered slowly and deliberately, "Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy," he staggered as if struck by a tremendous blow. "And I refused him to touch my organ!" he sorrowfully said. But as Mendelssohn began again to play, he gave an impatient sign that he should not be disturbed, and listened and listened as he never listened again.

We All Have Faults.

He who boasts of being perfect is perfect in folly. I have been a good deal up and down in the world, and I never did see a perfect horse or a perfect man, and I never shall till two Sundays come together. You can not get white flour out of a coalsack, nor perfection out of human nature; he who looks for it had better look for sugar in the sea. The old saying is, "Lifeless, faultless," of dead men; we should say nothing but good; but as for the living, they are all tarred with the same brush, and half an eye can see it. Every head has a soft place in it, and every heart has its black dog. Every

rose has its prickles, and every day its night. Even the sun shows spots, and the skies are darkened with clouds. Nobody is so wise, but he has folly enough to stock a stall at Vanity Fair. Where I could not see the fool's-cap, I have nevertheless heard the bells jingle. As there is no sun without some shadows, so is all human nature mixed up with more or less of evil; even poor-law guardians have their little failings, and parish beadles are wholly of heavenly nature. The best wisdom has its less. All men's faults are not written on their foreheads, and it's quite as well they are not, or hats would need wide brims; yet as sure as eggs are eggs, faults of some sort nestle in every man's bosom. There's no telling when a man's sins may show themselves, for hares pop out of the ditch just when you are not looking for them. A horse that is weak in the legs may stumble for a mile or two, but it is in him up well. The rider had better hold milk just now, but let his dirty door open, and we will see if she is not a thief as the kitchen. There's fire in the flint, cool as it looks; wait till the steel gets a knock at it, and you will see. Everybody can read that riddle, but it is not every body that will remember to keep his gun-powder out of the way of the candle.

Ancient London.

Recent accidental discoveries in the city of London show that the old Roman town which once stood upon its site, and both larger in area and more elegant in taste and structure than has hitherto been supposed. On pulling down an old house in Bishopsgate-street, the workmen recently came upon a beautiful tessellated pavement, enriched with graceful figures and lavish variety of color. This pavement had lain upon no one knows how many times by past generations of city tradesmen and merchants, and it was only by a most careful and laborious excavation that it was brought to light.

It proves clear, that there were spacious and aristocratic Roman mansions in old London, with highly-decorated atria, and seems to hint that the East End was, with the Romans, the fashionable part of the town. Previous discoveries had seemed to indicate that this was on the banks of what used to be a picturesque little stream, the Fleet, which ran down from the north through Holborn Valley; and that the finer residences of the Romans occupied the slopes of Ludgate and Holborn Hills on either side. But none but a person of considerable rank would have a residence of this kind, and it now seems more probable that the Fleet was the military quarter, where also stood, perhaps, the palace of the governor. It seems a pity that the historic secrets, which still lie beneath the jumbled mass of the edifice in East London, can not be systematically examined. Much has already been revealed, but this has been by accident, when the main purpose of excavation has been to lay new foundations, build railways and tunnels, or carry new streets from point to point. The Roman occupation of London stands at the threshold of important and interesting English history, and under ground London, if revealed, would no doubt settle many points regarding that occupation, which are as not matters of conjecture and analogical inference. —*Appleton's Journal.*

An Indian Grave.

The Toledo (Ohio) Blade describes some Indian remains recently found in that neighborhood as follows:—

At a point a little below Manhattan, on the banks of the Maumee, the water has gradually washed away the road-bed to such an extent as to make it necessary to remove the same and make a new road. While engaged in this work yesterday, the workmen unearthed a human skeleton, evidently the remains of a famous chief of the Maumee or Ottawa tribe of Indians. The skull was of an unusually large size, and in the lower jaw was a row of double teeth, in a better state of preservation than many daily doing duty. A lock of the great chief's hair was also found, long, black, and thick. When laid in his lonely grave, the chief was enshrouded in the skins of wild animals by the tooth of time. Upon his breast were a number of once glittering spangles; and around his neck had been suspended a mammoth brooch. The warrior's wrist had been encircled with a pair of silver wrist-lets, as bright and fresh when found, apparently, as when the red men first left him for the "happy hunting-grounds," perhaps fifty years ago. The accoutrements of war were also there—a tomahawk and knife of stone, and arrow-heads of flint. These ornaments, spegules, etc., would probably fill a pint the dead warrior had been a famous man of his age and race. Stated by the hope of finding more relics, Mr. S. renewed the search, and soon unearthed a stone hatchet, more arrow-heads and a copper bucket, in a good state of preservation, except the iron handle, which had nearly corroded away. This neighborhood was once evidently a favorite place of assembly and sepulture, as many Indian relics have at times been found, and just across the river is an old Indian burying-ground, which no doubt holds many interesting mementoes of that primitive race.

Tact in Little Kindnesses.

I spent a few days on a steamboat journey last spring, and in the evening the passengers would gather in the cabins, and each contributing something to the general entertainment, we had very pleasant times. One young man gave a recitation, not much of a piece, perhaps, —one of the old-time school-boy declamations,—and in the midst of it he forgot how it went, got confused and broke down, feeling immensely mortified. But one of the ladies sitting near him, spoke, "Thank you for that piece. It was particularly pleasant to me to be reminded of it; for I used to hear it years ago, and it brings to mind those pleasant old times when I went to district school in the country. But I have not heard of it, nor thought of it for a long time." The man's embarrassment was half taken away by such thoughtful acknowledgment that he had given pleasure by his attempt, and the lady proved herself a "real lady." But unfortunately, nine out of ten would not have thought to say anything of the kind.

If the man who happens to sit on the same seat with you in the cars has not the morning paper, and you have, do not read it through and put it in your pocket; but offer it to your neighbor. And in offering a kindness, if you can put it into shape of asking one, so much the pleasanter. A lady said to me: "I hate to carry round a subscription paper and go begging; but when I do, there is just one man I like to go to. Mr. A. always thanks me for coming just as though I had done him a favor by giving him a chance to subscribe. Sometimes he

says he can't give me anything; but he all ways thanks me for coming." How easy for Mr. A. to do so; yet, as the most agreeable person whom she knows. The impressions left by these little things last so long, —I remember well how an old gentleman—a stranger to me—gave me a lucious-looking pear, one day, when I was an errand-boy, in Boston. I was waiting in one of the banks, and he slipped it through the wire-grating to me without saying a word. Why, that little thing has been a pleasure to me every time I have thought of it, all these years! —*Adeline.*

How I Was Saved.

To every wife whose husband is the slave to liquor, I say, hope and pray! Do not give up to despair, and if your husband has any sense of religion or affection for you, he will, by the grace of God, reform.

For ten years alcohol was my master, and for seven years I battled fiercely to overcome him. Sometimes I would abstain for several months—once for six, then, trusting in my own strength, would fail.

My angel wife bore her tears and wearies, a murmur, and though delicate and nervous, never gave way to despair; was always most kind and affectionate, and clinging to my neck, would say, "Poor dear John, how I pity you, but let us hope and pray, and you will yet conquer." We did hope and pray, and God in His mercy answered our prayers, and a happier home on earth than ours can be found. We are both old and gray and are looking forward to that happy home above. No memory of the past is ever allowed to mar our perfect peace, for we know that the blood of the Lamb cleanse from all sin.

"I love you all the more, John, for I know how you struggled, and I feel proud that I was the instrument in God's hands of saving you. I never, even in the darkest moments, regretted marrying you, for I thought if I had not, you would have been lost."

Oh, if all wives were like mine, how many more might be saved, if they would adopt her course instead of a harsh one. —*Montreal Witness.*

Obituaries.

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

[CORRECTION.] It was the wife of Edmund Lougee, and not Sawyer, whose obituary appeared in a recent Star.

DEA THOMAS HOLBROOK died at brother James Cook's, in Littlefield, Michigan, Oct. 27, 1873, aged 3 years and 3 months. He was formerly a member of the Free Baptist church in Byron, New York, and was much beloved by all that knew him. His meek and quiet spirit rendered him a man of peace, and his examples to his family were of great value. He was a member of the church, and his prayers for the world were of great value. He was a member of the church, and his prayers for the world were of great value. He was a member of the church, and his prayers for the world were of great value.

ADOLPH F. son of Freeman R. and Bessie J. Watson, died in Pittsfield, Nov. 27, aged 1 year and 6 months. "So fades the lovely, blooming flower."

INEZ BELL, daughter of Dr. J. H. and M. M. Wescher, of Kirksville, Mo., Nov. 26, 1873, aged 3 years and 16 days. Her disease was congestion of the lungs. She was a lovely child, in whom the affections of parents, sisters and friends were centered.

JAMES HILTON, Esq., died of pneumonia in Middleton, N. H., Dec. 21, aged about 67 years. He had been a member of the legislature for 18 years, a member of the legislature 4 years, and a delegate to the constitutional convention. He had never made a public profession of religion, but he was a man of deep and earnest piety of his soul. For a number of years he suffered much from rheumatism, but at length he was able to leave his home, and he was a man of deep and earnest piety of his soul.

LEWIS FRANK died of old age in Hatley, Sept. 27, aged 79 years. He was brought through a quite a piece of woods in his mother's arms some 78 years ago, they being the first white child born in the town of Hatley. He joined the F. B. church at an early day and has acted well his part. He died in peace and rests from his labors.

SARAH E., daughter of Benjamin and Mary Cilley, of Andover, N. H., died of consumption, Nov. 17, aged 23 years and 6 months. Sister Cilley embraced Christ in the winter of 1863, and her husband, who then obtained support, died in her dying hour. She was a great sufferer, but patient, made every arrangement for her funeral, conversed and prayed with her husband, and finally fell asleep in Christ. So dies the Christian.

JOSEPH BEAN died at his residence at Bean's Island, Cape Cod, Nov. 16, 1873, aged 82 years and 1 month. He was the late Dea. Abraham Bean, one of the fathers of the Free Will Baptist denomination. When a young man he became a member of the Free Will Baptist church at Candia Village, and so remained till his death, carrying his religion into a life of good business activity, and constant to his church relations till disabled by age. He was a good citizen, benevolent and obliging, and his acts of kindness will be remembered long in the community. His confidence in men and love of his fellow-men were warm. The cry of "want or promise of reform" was not new to his sympathies, and many temperate and otherwise unfortunate persons were helped by him to a better condition. He was one of the earliest and truest friends of the cause of the colored people in this country. He was a man of deep and earnest piety of his soul.

BRO. RICHARD SWERT died Nov. 8, 1873, in Colton, Erie Co., N. Y., in the 80th year of his age. He was a member of the F. B. church in the Holland Purchase in early life, where he endured all the privations of pioneering. He also served in the war of 1812. He married Maria Burton in 1814, with whom he was joined in wedlock for over sixty-two years. He was converted under the preaching of Eld. Folsom, and he and his wife became members of the F. B. church. He was a man of deep and earnest piety of his soul.

CHARLES E. SCAMMON died in South Berwick, Dec. 9, of malignant spinal fever, aged 16 years and 8 months. It is not often that the death of a young man occurs, and a young man of the community will die of a disease so common. He was a man of deep and earnest piety of his soul.

NICHOLS LATIN SCHOOL. The Winter Term of eleven weeks will commence Wednesday, Dec. 10, 1873.

WILLIAM H. COTTON, A. B., Principal, with competent Assistants. The tuition will be as follows:

Primary Branches, \$1.50
Common English, \$1.50
Higher English, \$2.00
Classical, \$2.50
French and Music extra.

Boards and Rooms can be obtained at reasonable rates. For further particulars address the Principal, or Northwood, N. H., Nov. 20, 1873.

GREEN MOUNTAIN SEMINARY. WATERBURY CENTER, VT.

Rev. R. H. Tozer, A. M., Principal.
Mrs. E. C. Smith, Principal Ladies' Department.
Miss M. E. Prentiss, Assistant.
C. T. Swain, A. B., D. D., and 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, 13 weeks. Opens Feb. 2, 1874.

Tuition: Common English, \$1.50
Latin and Greek, extra, \$1.00
French and German, extra, \$1.00
Instrumental Music, \$2.00
Use of Piano and Organ, \$2.00
Use of Piano and Organ (extra), \$2.00
Instruction on Guitar, \$2.00
Vocal Music, 15 Lessons, \$1.50
Penmanship, 15 Lessons, \$1.50
Clergymen's children and students relying on their own exertions for an education, received at reduced tuition.
Board from \$3.00 to \$3.50 in families; in clubs at lower rates, and rooms furnished for self-support.

LOCATION: The new, commodious building, ample in its arrangements, recently erected for the use of the school, is situated on a gentle eminence in the village of Lyndon Center, and is in the midst of the Lyndon Center station, on the Passumpsic railroad, is but ten minutes walk from the station. It is thus easily accessible from all parts of the country, and at the same time removed from the activities and corrupting influences of the young in our cities. For further particulars, address the Principal at Lyndon Center, or I. W. SANBORN, Secretary, at Lyndonville, Lyndon Center, Vt., 1873.

WHITESTOWN SEMINARY. The 32d Academeal year of this institution will commence Dec. 8th.

EDWIN J. CORWELL died in Great Falls, Nov. 23, of kidney disease, aged 29 years and 3 months. Bro. C. united with the Free Baptist church when quite young and continued a worthy member of it until called up higher. He possessed many valuable traits of character, and had the spirit of a true Christian. He was thus devoted to the service of the church of Christ. Cheerfully he took the yoke of the Master and bore it to the last. His gentle words and kind spirit to his brethren can not soon be forgotten, and his attachment to his relatives and especially to the one who had embarked on life's voyage with him was so great that it seemed a severe struggle to give up earth and to have all the dear ties sundered forever here. But he was finally enabled to say, "Thy will be done, O God." He leaves a brother, two sisters and wife, who feel deeply afflicted and stricken by his early death, but God has caused to be written, "As thy day is so shall thy strength be."

Academies, &c.

HOSEA CLOUGH died in Concord, Oct. 16, aged 68 years. Bro. C. experienced religion in 1842 in a revival at Concord. He was baptized by Rev. G. Brown, and united with our church in Concord, and remained a member till death. For ten years, or more, softening of the brain greatly impaired his mental powers, and he was unable to minister to his congregation, who have faithfully ministered to his wants during his long illness, an adopted daughter and other relatives to mourn him whose death to him was gain.

ALFRED MITCHELL, M. D., Secretary. Brunswick, Me., Dec. 1, 1873.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE. Medical Department. THE annual course of Lectures at the Medical School of Maine, will commence FEBRUARY 18th, 1874, and continue SIXTEEN WEEKS.

Circulars containing full information may be obtained on application to the Registrar, D. F. ELLIS, M. D., or to the Secretary, ALFRED MITCHELL, M. D., Secretary.

BRANT AND STRATTON COLLEGE, BOSTON, MASS. Course of Study, Commercial and Common English branches. Students received at any time year and a half.

WILTON COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, WILTON, MASCATINE CO., IOWA. Commenced its Fall Term September 2. Continues 16 weeks. Vacation during holidays. Winter Term commences January 5, 1874, and continues 11 weeks, followed by Spring term of the same length. Catalogues sent to inquirers. PER ORDER.

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

Location can not be surpassed in healthfulness, beauty, and freedom from corrupting influences. Pleasant surroundings. Catalogue of 40 weeks, including Tuition, Boarding, Washing, Rent, Fuel and use of heavier Furniture.

For Catalogue or further information, address the President, BELLEVILLE, CENTER CO., or the Trustees, MISS JANE W. HOYT, A. M., Agricultural College P. O., Center Co., Pa.

The Spring Session of the above institution, located near Belleville, Center Co., has opened under very pleasant circumstances. Already upwards of one hundred students are upon the roll, and others have signified their intention to enter. Professors Collier and Downey, Miss Hoyt and Pres. Calder, all formerly of Hillsdale College, are laboring in this institution, and are much encouraged by the results already achieved.

NORTHWOOD SEMINARY. The Winter Term of eleven weeks will commence Wednesday, Dec. 10, 1873.

WILLIAM H. COTTON, A. B., Principal, with competent Assistants. The tuition will be as follows:

Primary Branches, \$1.50
Common English, \$1.50
Higher English, \$2.00
Classical, \$2.50
French and Music extra.

Boards and Rooms can be obtained at reasonable rates. For further particulars address the Principal, or Northwood, N. H., Nov. 20, 1873.

GREEN MOUNTAIN SEMINARY. WATERBURY CENTER, VT. Faculty: Rev. R. H. Tozer, A. M., Principal.

Mrs. E. C. Smith, Principal Ladies' Department. Miss M. E. Prentiss, Assistant. C. T. Swain, A. B., D. D., and 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, 13 weeks. Opens Feb. 2, 1874.

Tuition: Common English, \$1.50
Latin and Greek, extra, \$1.00
French and German, extra, \$1.00
Instrumental Music, \$2.00
Use of Piano and Organ, \$2.00
Use of Piano and Organ (extra), \$2.00
Instruction on Guitar, \$2.00
Vocal Music, 15 Lessons, \$1.50
Penmanship, 15 Lessons, \$1.50
Clergymen's children and students relying on their own exertions for an education, received at reduced tuition.

Board from \$3.00 to \$3.50 in families; in clubs at lower rates, and rooms furnished for self-support.

LOCATION: The new, commodious building, ample in its arrangements, recently erected for the use of the school, is situated on a gentle eminence in the village of Lyndon Center, and is in the midst of the Lyndon Center station, on the Passumpsic railroad, is but ten minutes walk from the station. It is thus easily accessible from all parts of the country, and at the same time removed from the activities and corrupting influences of the young in our cities. For further particulars, address the Principal at Lyndon Center, or I. W. SANBORN, Secretary, at Lyndonville, Lyndon Center, Vt., 1873.

WHITESTOWN SEMINARY. The 32d Academeal year of this institution will commence Dec. 8th.

The enlargement is fully completed, at an expense of over \$50,000; and the finest of a first class institution are furnished to both sexes, at moderate rates. Send for Catalogue. GARDNER, Principal.

Whitestown, N. Y., June 4, 1873.

TREATISE. The new Treatise, just revised by order of the General Conference, can now be had on application, for 25 cents for each copy. Postage (extra) 4 cents for single one, 4 cents each for two or more copies. Orders are solicited to purchase off students and teachers.

LAPHAM INSTITUTE. The Winter Term, of 13 weeks, commences Wednesday, Dec. 10, 1873.

Completed courses of study for both sexes. Circulars sent on request. G. H. BUCKER, Principal. North Scituate, R. I., Nov. 8, 1873.

MAN IN GENESIS AND IN GEOLOGY. The new edition of the "Man in Genesis and in Geology," by Joseph F. THOMPSON, D. D., LL.D., and others, is now published. It is a work of great value to the student of the Bible and of the earth. It is a work of great value to the student of the Bible and of the earth. It is a work of great value to the student of the Bible and of the earth.

For further particulars, address the Principal at Lyndon Center, or I. W. SANBORN, Secretary, at Lyndonville, Lyndon Center, Vt., 1873.

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LEBANON ACADEMY.

LOCATED AT WEST LEBANON, ME.

The FALL TERM of this Institution commenced Tuesday, August 19, 1873, and continues eleven weeks, under the instruction of:

G. W. FLINT, A. B., Principal.
Mrs. S. A. GILMAN, Assistant.
Mrs. M. E. FLINT, Teacher of Instrumental Music.
I. G. N. FISK, Teacher of Vocal Music.

The course of studies in this school embraces everything necessary to fit one for college or a practical business life.

For beauty of scenery, healthfulness and comfort, this location is unsurpassed. It is free from those places of resort conducive to idleness and pernicious morals, common to large villages and cities.

News Summary.

CONGRESSIONAL.

On Monday, in the Senate, the committee on the judiciary reported a substitute for the House bill to repeal the bankruptcy law. The salary bill was again considered, but no action was taken on it; and the currency question was briefly discussed. In the House of Representatives a large number of bills were introduced, among which was one by Mr. G. F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, providing for a commission on the general subject of the relations of capital and labor. The army appropriation bill, amounting to \$28,449,916, was reported. A civil rights bill was discussed, and Mr. Stevens of Georgia made a speech in opposition to the measure. A message from the President was received in both branches, transmitting the correspondence in the Virginia case.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, the consideration of the repeal of the salary bill was resumed, and Mr. Carpenter, of Wisconsin, made a speech opposed to the repeal. Mr. Butler, of Massachusetts, reported a naval appropriation bill amounting to \$30,500,856 in the House of Representatives; the debate on the civil rights bill was continued, and Mr. Elliott (colored) of South Carolina made a notable speech in its favor.

On Wednesday, in the Senate, the salary bill was again taken up and discussed at length. In the House of Representatives the debate on the supplementary civil rights bill was continued, and Mr. Butler of Massachusetts made an effective speech in its favor, after which the bill was recommitted. A bill was passed appropriating \$20,000 for the pay and mileage of the Colorado legislature.

On Thursday, in the Senate, the repeal of the bankruptcy law was again under consideration, and various amendments to the original repealing bill were offered, but no favorable action was taken thereon. The salary bill was taken up, and an amendment passed withholding the mileage allowance from the members of the first session of the present Congress. A despatch was received from the McEnery legislature praying for the protection and aid of the government. In the House of Representatives the bill to establish an educational fund from the proceeds of the sale of public lands, and the naval appropriation bill, were discussed.

On Friday, in the Senate, the House bill appropriating \$20,000 for the expenses of the Colorado legislature was passed, and the finance committee's amendment to the Senate finance bill and the salary repeal bill were discussed at length, various amendments to the latter being offered. In the House of Representatives no business of importance was transacted.

On Saturday, the Senate was not in session, and the House met for debate only.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The supreme court of Kentucky has pronounced the recent election in that State illegal.

The examination of the accounts of R. H. Rowland, treasurer of Richland county, Ohio, who disappeared last Wednesday, shows \$111,412 missing.

The sale of pews in Mr. Beecher's church, Wednesday evening, was very successful, larger premiums than last year's being realized. Hydrophobia is reported as prevailing to an alarming extent among dogs and horses in Sussex county, New Jersey.

The report of the special commissioners to Vienna to the State legislature, recommends an appropriation of a million dollars in aid of the centennial.

Twelve subjects of Great Britain, survivors of the Virginia, have been taken charge of by the British consul, and will leave for Liverpool next week.

Clinton Kouff, of West Jefferson, Ohio, aged 17 years, having become enraged because his sister entreated him to cease playing a violin on Sunday, struck her on the head with a poker, killing her almost instantly.

The Rev. Drs. Storrs and Budington and Beecher have settled the differences growing out of the Plymouth church proceedings in the case of Theodore Tilton.

The schooner Eliza, with all on board, is reported lost a short distance from San Francisco. The barque Polly, from Liverpool, is reported abandoned at sea and nine lives lost.

The bank commissioners of New Hampshire have examined into the affairs of the National Savings Bank at Concord, and find that Mr. Storrs' defalcation amounts to \$22,054.73. There is also a deficiency in the bank of \$19,212.11 above the amount of the treasurer's defalcation. Depositors are believed to be secure, but a change in the bank officers is recommended in order to insure confidence.

The nomination of Attorney-General Williams for the chief-justice is withdrawn by the President, at the request of the candidate.

Reports from the West and South tell of the continuance of the storm, which has proved to be of unusual severity, causing various frosts and consequent damage to railroads and the interruption of telegraphic communication.

The President has nominated Caleb Cushing to be Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and the judiciary committee has reported favorably upon the nomination.

The Pacific Mail Line steamer China is overdue at San Francisco, and there are fears for her safety.

Heavy frosts are reported as a consequence of the January thaw. The Connecticut and Merrimack rivers have risen to a considerable extent, and travel and business have been seriously interfered with in some parts of Connecticut, in Concord and Manchester, N. H., and other places. In Toronto there has been a heavy storm of snow and sleet, and telegraphic communication is almost entirely suspended. Storms are reported in various other places.

Trustworthy advice make it appear almost impossible that the nomination of Mr. Cushing for the Chief-Justice can be confirmed.

FOREIGN.

The health of Emperor William continues to improve.

The Assembly of Panama has passed a bill establishing a neutral zone to cover the railway across the isthmus.

Aspirinval deaths of December 24th state that the Salvadoran soldiers captured the town of Amapa on the 15th. One hundred men were killed.

The French admiralty court finds the officers of the Ville du Havre blameless in the late disaster, and attributes the accident to Loch Earn.

Late advices from Spain report the rapid growth in strength of the new government, the resignation of several diplomatic emissaries, and the dissolution of the disaffected organizations. Castelar protests against the revolution, and Jovellar offers co-operation from Cuba.

It is now known that a British fleet has been ordered to concentrate in Cuban waters.

The Danish party was successful in the elections for the Reichstag.

It is reported that Gaget has been seen by the detectives in Belfast, Ireland.

The republican forces besieging Carthagen,

Spain, were repulsed with heavy loss on Friday. An insurrection broke out in Barcelona on Thursday.

Paragraphs.

Out of the 178,076 children attending the public schools in Tennessee, 34,325 are colored.

Colored persons are excluded from the fringe movement in Maryland and Virginia.

The Jubilee singers will not return from England before May.

Jeff. Davis is now the sole survivor of his father's family.

Great Britain appears to be growing really alarmed at the remarkable progress which Roman Catholicism is making in that country.

The tables have been, wofully turned in the Fiji Islands. It is the whites now, and not the blacks, who are rampaging around with guns in their hands and threatening havoc and destruction.

A man at Prairie City, Iowa, tried to buy some whiskey of a druggist for a sick child, but the man of pills refused to sell. The child died that night and the father sued the druggist for damages.

The demand for office in the Treasury department by females is greater now than ever before.

Virginia is manufacturing paper from the reeds which grow so abundantly in the Dismal Swamp.

A Christmas tree trimmed with five-dollar bills was one of the features of a New York juvenile ball.

The Empress of Germany and the Princess Bismarck sport calico dresses except on state occasions.

Ludgate Hill, London, is now paved with wood. The streets have been laid with blocks of fir, each about the size of a brick, which are placed on gravel and beaten together. Melted tar is then poured into the interstices, and the whole is covered with sand.

The voyager in the Rob Roy canoe, Mr. John McGregor, who is also a barrister, was married to a daughter of Admiral Sir Crawford Macfarlane, lately at Blackheath, near London. The boys of the shoeblack brigade were present at the wedding, Mr. McGregor being their patron.

A marriage of rather a singular description took place a short time since. A young man about eighteen years of age, by the name of Zoph, married his grandmother, a lady nearly eighty. By this, *compé de main*, he becomes his father's son and his own grandfather, and thereby occupies a supremely independent and enviable position.

John Bright has not lost his power of expressing himself in very vigorous Anglo-Saxon, and lately replied to some charges made by a clergyman that he would advise him to stay in the pulpit, for "on the platform he is, and is not uncommon in the hot partisan priest, ignorant and scurrilous, and a guide whom no sensible man would wish to follow. His congregation should pray for him."

Stolen fruits are not always sweet. A Montreal man, seeing a sleigh in the street without a driver, stole therefrom a bottle containing what he supposed to be sherry. He summoned all the inmates of the tenement in which he lived, as well as several neighbors, to share the liquor with him. Seven died and five others will probably fall to survive. It wasn't sherry; it was wine of colchicum.

The high price of coal in England has had the effect of developing the inventive faculties of the poor classes, and "substitutes" have been brought forward in vast numbers. A laboring man has recently discovered that a scuttle filled with equal proportions of small coal and common mud, and with a small quantity of dissolved carbonate of soda mixed with it, will last twice as long as a same amount of pure coal.

The Eastern Railroad has carried 5,000,339 passengers the past year, and 15 persons have been killed. The Boston and Maine has carried 4,135,469 passengers, and 17 persons have been killed.

In the "Bad Lands" of Colorado over seventy new species of fossils have been discovered. They range in size from a mole to nearly that of an elephant. One of the largest species had a huge horn over each eye, while another had one on each side of the nose, and more than a foot in length, resembling those on the back of the head of an ox. A third one, of larger size than the last, had rudimentary horns on the nose.

Still another was about as large as an elephant. Its cheek bones were enormously expanded, and its horns were flat. A fifth species had triangular horns, turned outward.

Our new minister to Russia writes from St. Petersburg that the man next to the Emperor in importance there is Tripoli, the chief-of-police, a man of wonderful executive ability, always at a fire, a row or a parade. He is always just behind the Emperor when out, and says who may come and who may go, and who shall be tried, too, I think, and perhaps who may be convicted. He just runs this city, and does it to perfection. He is accountable to nobody but the Emperor. I send him to get Americans out of scrapes, or out of the country, or to do anything else. All I know is that it is done. His dispatch to the frontier lets anything in and out, or stops them for examination. He is said to be a very just man, as he is certainly a very active one.

The granite sarcophagus presented by Queen Victoria to the Empress Eugénie as a receptacle for the remains of the late Emperor has arrived at Chislehurst from Aberdeen, and been placed in the handsome mortuary chapel which has been erected to cover the Emperor's tomb. The sarcophagus will stand on a tessellated pavement in the center of the new building, and will be approached from the interior of the church by two steps through a double bay, divided by columns of jasper. This approach being always open, the tomb will always remain in view of the congregation. The work will be completed by Christmas, and the coffin will then be removed across the church to its new resting place. The translation will not be attended by any ceremony, but will be conducted in the presence of some of the French nobility, and there will be a solemn service on the 6th of January, the 1st anniversary of the Emperor's death.

A remarkable instance of the instinct of discipline in the Russian army has just occurred at a fire in the small town of Bardosk, where 192 houses were burned. A sentinel who was on duty, having been forgotten, remained at his post. His watch-box was consumed, and his clothes were already on fire, when a corporal arrived to relieve him. The Emperor, upon hearing of the circumstance, sent the man fifty roubles, decorated him with the Order of St. Anne, and gave instructions for him to be made a non-commissioned officer.

The number of hogs packed in Chicago during the present packing season, up to this time, is 639,449. The number packed in the cities of Cincinnati, St. Louis, Louisville and Milwaukee added together is 665,217. The four cities named have packed 55,708 more than Chicago.

The number of hogs handled in Chicago is much larger relatively than the number packed. Both Cincinnati and Milwaukee packers have been largely supplied from the Chicago market.

Rural and Domestic.

French Breeds of Poultry.

The enormous production of eggs and poultry in France, and the fact that the breeds most esteemed by the French were very distinct from those varieties which were formerly known to poultry-keepers, might naturally lead at first to the conclusion that to the breeds in question was the great production due. This idea seems to have been in fact entertained by the managers of the National Poultry Company mentioned in the earlier portion of this work, who devoted much time, money and energy to the dissemination in this country of French breeds of poultry, which, though long known, were, previously to the company's existence, very little known.

To a great extent these exertions succeeded; but subsequent experience of the French breeds has not shown any such general or conclusive good qualities in them as an account for the immense poultry crops of France, which appears rather, as we have already said in the proper place, to be owing to the immense number of small proprietors, who for many reasons, especially with a fine climate in their favor, are in the most favorable position for poultry-keeping of any individuals in the world.

All expectations that "French fowls" would give French success has long since vanished; but nevertheless some of the French races have been found to possess truly valuable qualities, and one of them in particular—the Houdan—has formed a most useful addition to our poultry yards, and is becoming every year deservedly better known.

The French breeds have all one point in common—every one is a delicious eating. They, moreover, show in a very suggestive manner what may be done by a judicious system of crossing, and subsequent selection, in the way of founding new breeds, since they are evidently built upon the Polish fowls as a foundation, obtaining from this race the juicy flesh, excellent laying properties, and absence of incubating instinct, while size has been added from foreign sources.

The Crevecoeur is a Polish fowl to all intents and purposes, but increased in size; and the same ancestry is shown by the delicate constitution which characterizes nearly all of the varieties. This fault, which is of little consequence in a climate like that of France, becomes of serious importance in less favored localities, and will probably interfere with the extensive popularity of any French variety save the Houdan, though the Creve appears to have manifested of late symptoms of more satisfactory acclimation than at one time appeared probable.

Two Crops at Once.

There is always some new idea coming up in the cultivation of the soil, originating frequently by accident, and quite often by those who have not made the work of the farm or garden the study of their lives. A case of this kind came under my observation, wherein a gentleman living in the upper part of New York State, and cultivating but a small garden patch behind his house, discovered that, to utilize his small space, he could sow his "Little Gem" peas, and carrots, beets, or parsnips at the same time, in fact, in the same row, two feet apart.

The peas, of course, came up boldly, seemingly leaving the more tardy root seeds so far behind that they would be no more seen. Not so, however, for as soon as the peas were matured for use, clustering among the stems came the feeble seedlings of this second crop. The "straw" of the pea crop was carefully removed on a cloudy day, so as not to have the sun burn up the then unshaded seedlings of the root crop. A few days' exposure to sun and air, and they were thinned out to the usual distance of three or four inches, and by fall the crops of carrots, beets, or parsnips were just as good as if they had had the space entirely to themselves, or that the first crop of peas had not been taken.

Market gardeners, who usually occupy valuable land, are obliged to resort to every possible expedient to keep the land earning something all the time, and they make it produce two and often three crops in a year.—Am. Ag.

Experiments with Tobacco.

First experiment, a hog was shut up in a tight pen, and his only food was one-half pound of tobacco a day. In one week he had lost four pounds. Second, a mule was placed in a stall without food. Two plugs of tobacco were placed before her, twice a day. She grew gradually restive. On the third day, one plug was forced down her throat, when she tore the partition's ear with her teeth, showing the bad effects tobacco has on one's disposition. It had taken her nearly a month to get so that she could not open her mouth. At the end of eight days she died. Third, a dog was nailed up in a tobacco hoghead. At the end of four days he was taken out much reduced. Fourth, a yearling dog was enclosed in a tobacco barrel and rolled down a steep hill. Within two years that dog went mad. Truly these are Satan's nets! I could cite plenty more of such experiments. We all know that a single drop of the oil of tobacco placed on the end of a dog's tail will kill a man in a minute. Of four men lately killed on the Erie railway, three were smokers, and the other an inveterate chewer of tobacco. On the bodies of the two men washed ashore after the late storm on Lake Michigan, papers of tobacco were found. In my own neighborhood, a distressing accident, by which a most estimable lady, the mother of seven lively children, broke her leg, was occasioned by a pair of runaway horses running into a fence that surrounded a field of tobacco. Miss Clifton recently died in the county adjoining mine at the age of 118. She had both cheeks and smoked over 100 years, and as she had a hot coal for end of a cigar. In case of poisoning, excite vomiting by tickling the throat, or by water and mustard. For acid poisonings, give acids; in cases of opium poisoning, give strong coffee and keep moving. If in water, float on

meats, like contagion in the hold of a ship or vermin on an old penny. There is not one house in one hundred in our community that is thoroughly and carefully aired throughout each day. Tidy housewives insist that the beds must be made early in the morning, and each chamber be in complete order, at the time when the bed-clothes and mattresses should be spread out to be purified from the poisonous secretions that have been thrown from the body over night.

So the beds are made while the bedding is yet warm, and the chambermaid, who dislikes to work where the windows are open, does not lift the sash. How many persons depend upon the cracks in the windows, the door ajar, or the air from the sitting-room adjoining, which has been well exhausted of its oxygen during the day, to ventilate their chambers at night? How many women, having the charge of families, are sufficiently thoughtful to open the windows several times daily when the sitting-room is vacated for the dining-room, to blow out the foul air that so rapidly accumulates? And how many persons know that the windows must be drawn down from the top and raised from the bottom, to obtain the right ventilation? It requires much pains and faithful supervision to keep a house sufficiently supplied with fresh air to be fit to live in. At this season it is, of course, more difficult to ventilate our houses than in summer, when the windows are constantly open. And it requires great judgment to regulate the currents of air of different temperature to keep our rooms healthy and protect their occupants from the coughs and colds prevalent to winter. Catarrhs and influenzae are generally contracted from draughts in the house, and not from exposure outside. Rheumatism and sciatica can be caught in a few moments, by sitting with the warm air blowing from one side, and the cool draughts from the other. Persons who toast their feet at the fender, and feel the current from the door on their backs, are very likely to awaken the next morning with a stiff neck or running nose.

A Medical Incident.

Persons with an aggravated case of mumps, or who may be suffering from a severe attack of brain fever would do well to try a mode of treatment which seems to have been adopted with very considerable success in the case of two individuals living in the neighborhood of Pittsburgh, Pa. It appears that a gentleman with brain fever was lying in one room very sick. So much so, indeed, that watchers were needed every night, and it was thought by no means impossible that the brain-fever gentleman might at any moment, and without much ado, go out of the world. A man was engaged to watch the patients and to wake a nurse whenever it was necessary to administer medicine. As some people will do on occasions of the kind, in a still room and by a sick bed, both water and nurse fell asleep. The gentleman with mumps, who seems to have been a person of determination and considerable sympathy, lay awake watching the clock which gave notice of its being time for his friend with the brain fever to have a dose of medicine. Mumps being a disease which opens the mouth, let alone speak, the mumps patient found it difficult to jump out of bed—probably the room was cold on the fever man's account, and for the moment in a difficulty; but it was only for an instant. He seized hold of a pillow, and apparently with a great deal of vigor struck the watcher in the face with it. This seems to have had the desired effect, for it not only awoke the watcher but knocked him down, awakening also the nurse and the man with fever. The position of affairs and the scene sent the mumps man into fits of laughter so uncontrollable that it threatened not only to crack his sides but his cheeks. The fever man saw the joke, and had just sufficient reason in him to enjoy it. He laughed, too. Then nurse and watcher joined, and there was a quartette of laughers, who, "for fifteen or twenty minutes," literally brought down the house in their night-shirts, to find out what all this row could be about in the dead of night. To follow the account given in the Pittsburgh Gazette: "When the doctor came in the morning he found his patients vastly improved; said he never knew so sudden a turn for the better; and now both are up and well." We commend this curious discovery to the special attention of earnest workers in the profession, in the hope that doctors will hereafter find it desirable to recommend a proper supply of pillows and sleepy watchers to be always at hand in cases of mumps and brain fever.

Frozen Flesh.

Frozen members of the body are to be restored by the revival of circulation and vital heat from within. The application of external heat is worse than useless. The blood maintains its own temperature with great equality, no matter what the surrounding temperature may be, the range being between 96 to 100 degrees. Human beings may therefore be subjected, without danger to life, to very great extremes. In arctic regions a severity of 102 degrees below zero has been endured, and on the other side of the thermometer men have entered a heat of 280 degrees, and even in one recorded case of 400 degrees and upwards, that is above the boiling point. The effects of cold are to contract the tissues exposed and drive the blood out of the veins and arteries back up on the internal organs. When a part is frozen the blood is gone from it, and if restoration can be made, it is only possible by having the circulation return, bringing heat from within the tissues through the flowing blood. External heat can only warm, in any case, by preventing a loss of internal heat, and by preventing a loss of the stimulating little flow of blood. But the best stimulus is friction, or action in the part. The milkman's device of slapping his hands is better than all fires, and will soon relieve cold fingers. Frozen members, then, are to be treated with snow, with friction, and warm coverings while the circulation is stimulated by warm drinks. Heat applied, on coming to the fire, will be very likely to insure the death of the affected part.

Presence of Mind.

Professor Wilder, of Cornell University, gives these sharp rules for action in case of accident: For dust in the eyes, avoid rubbing, dash water into them; remove clinders, etc., with the round point of a lead pencil. Remove insects from the ear by tepid water; never put a hard instrument into the ear. If an artery is cut, compress above the wound; if a vein is cut, compress below. If choked, get upon all fours, and cough. For light burns, dip the part in cold water; if the skin is destroyed, cover with vasoline. Smother a fire with carpets, etc.; water will often spread burning oil, and increase danger. Before passing through smoke, take a full breath, and then stoop low, but if carbon is suspected, walk erect. Suck—poison—wound, unless your mouth is sore. Enlarge the wound, or better, cut out the part without delay. Hold the wounded part as long as can be borne to the hot coal end of a cigar. In case of poisoning, excite vomiting by tickling the throat, or by water and mustard. For acid poisonings, give acids; in cases of opium poisoning, give strong coffee and keep moving. If in water, float on

the back, with the nose and mouth projecting. For apoplexy, raise the head and body; for fainting, lay the person flat.

There is scarcely any disease in which purgatives 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 coarser 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 Pills, or Sugar-Coated Concentrated Root and Herbal Juice, Anti-Bilious Granules. These little pills, unlike every other cathartic, produce such a secondary tonic effect upon the bowels as to bring about a permanent, healthy action and increase their peristaltic motions. Price 25 cents a vial, by all Druggists.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Hofman's London (London) Washing Crystal saves time, labor, money, and soap. Makes hard water soft. Cleanses and brightens heavy goods; it is unequalled. Washes Bannels and colored goods perfectly, without injury to colors. Try it. Samples sent free by mail. One gross (144 packages) \$3. Address: HOFMAN & CO., general Agents, 41 Cedar St., New York.

HAS NEVER BEEN EQUALLED. Teacher practical plane and other methods. Clarke's New Method for the Plane & other curves the best for the student. Sent by mail, 25 cts. per copy. LEE & WALKER, Philadelphia.

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