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The Morning Star

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Number 9.

THE MORNING STAR A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER FOR THE FAMILY.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1874.

Good Life.

He liveth long who liveth well;
All else is life but flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.
Then fill each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above when this is past
Is the ripe fruit of life below.
Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest home of light.

Orissa Missionary Conference.

CAMP RUSSELL, CONDAH, INDIA,
Dec. 27, 1873.

At the request of my brethren I have the pleasure to send you an account of the Annual Orissa Conference, which was held in Cuttack, Nov. 16-21. The Conference sermons were preached on the Lord's day, the first Orissa sermon by Ghanushyam, the assistant tutor in the college, from the text,—"Sit thou at my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool." Ps. 110:1. In the afternoon, the second Orissa sermon was preached by Rev. W. Hill, of Berhampore, from the words,—"He shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and former rain unto the earth." Hos. 6:3. The English sermon was preached by Rev. Thomas Bailey (who, with Mrs. Bailey, had just arrived from England), from the passage,—"For he must reign, till he hath put all his enemies under his feet." 1 Cor. 15:25.

On the following day, the brethren assembled in the college, and after the preliminary devotional exercises, Rev. Dr. Buckley was elected to preside. Communications were read from the London Tract Society, the American Tract Society, the Calcutta Auxiliary Bible Society, and from the brethren in northern Orissa. To aid us in our operations, it was stated that the London Society had made a grant of 90 reams of white printing paper, 10 reams of colored, and 1000 sets of pictures, to illustrate an Orissa edition of the "Sweet Story of Old," and that the American Society had made a grant of \$200 to assist us in our tract operations. At the expense of the new and revised edition of the Old Testament Scriptures had been bound up, and it was agreed that, both to our native Christians and the heathen, these should be sold. It was announced by Dr. Buckley that two editions of the New Testament, in small type, were in press. Preparations were also being made for a large type edition. As we are Baptists, and translate the word "baptizo," it is contrary to the rule of the British and Foreign Bible Society to afford aid in our versions of the New Testament. Happily, however, the Orissas are not to be deprived of the entire translation of the New Testament on this account. The English Bible Translation Society during the past year had granted £150 and promised £50 more to aid in printing and circulating the Orissa versions of the New Testament. Nor can we forget that in former years we received valuable help from America toward this object,—help which we should rejoice to have renewed. But I must pass on. Of separate Gospels 4,000 each of Matthew, Mark and Luke were ordered to be printed.

As regards other publications, it was stated that the printing of a new translation of the Pilgrim's Progress, Parts I and 2, had been completed, and a copy was presented to Conference. This edition is illustrated, and was translated by two native brethren. The manuscripts of eight or ten new tracts or books were presented to Conference, the

greater part of them being by native brethren. This feature of the work we regard as of great importance. To make the tracts more attractive, it was decided to have an illustrated series,—similar to one in the Bengali language,—with colored covers. During the coming year it was decided to print 13,000 tracts of various kinds.

Various other matters engaged the attention of Conference, such as the location of the native brethren, the reception of the reports of their labors, and the discussion as to what more could be done to further the cause of Christ in Orissa. Miss Parker, after a residence of nineteen years in India (seven in Calcutta and twelve in Orissa) it was stated, had decided to accept the invitation of the Ladies' Society and take a furlough; and Dr. Buckley informed the Conference that, if suitable arrangements could be made to supply his place, he should be glad, in accordance with the invitation of the committee, to visit England in the spring. As it would be fifty years on the 19th of Dec. since our venerable sister, Mrs. Lacey, first arrived in Cuttack, it was agreed to prepare a resolution on the subject, signed, by all the brethren and sisters. In accordance with the recommendation of the House Committee, brother Thomas Bailey was appointed to Peplee. It is twelve years since a new brother was sent from England to Orissa, but this year our hearts are cheered by the prospect of having two brethren and their wives. Indeed, Brother J. H. Smith was present at Conference, and Bro. J. G. Pike (the grandson of the founder of the Mission and son of the present secretary) and his wife are expected to arrive before the end of the year. The location of these brethren it was decided to leave till the end of the cold season.

During the time of Conference, our native friends held services each evening, when prayers were offered and an address given by one of the native preachers. On Thursday evening, the annual native missionary meeting was held, and addresses given on the following subjects: 1. The difference between the ancient and modern church; by Shem Sahn. 2. The hindrances to the progress of the Gospel; by Sebo Patra. 3. The way in which they may be removed; by Makunda Dass. Dr. Buckley presided, and from first to last the meeting was felt to be excellent, and that good must be the result.

On Lord's-day, November 23, the united communion service was celebrated, and addresses given by brethren Miller, in the Orissa, and Buckley, in the English. In the evening, a sermon was preached by the writer, from Col. 3:2,—"But Christ is all and in all." With the founder of the Society might each missionary say:—

Saviour, be my all in all;
While the vale of life I tread;
Saviour, be my all in all;
When I mingle with the dead;
Then through heaven's eternal year,
Still my all in all appear.
WM. HILL.

The Prison System of Ireland.

When Dr. Wines visited Europe in 1871, to arrange for the International Penitentiary Congress, and when he again visited it in 1872, to attend that Congress, he spent considerable time in personally examining the prisons of different countries, and inquiring into their management. He seems to have been especially pleased with the general features of the Irish system, or the Crofton system, as it is now often called, after Sir W. Crofton, who devised the plan, and put it into practice. The system consists of four stages. The first stage, which lasts from eight to nine months, according to the conduct of the prisoners, is intended to be severe. The prisoner is confined in his cell, he is kept at work of an uninteresting character, and his food is coarse and not very plentiful. But he is led to look forward with hope; and is taught that the duration and severity of his punishment will depend upon himself.

The second stage brings him into an improved condition. Although shut in his cell at night, he is associated with others in labor through the day; and he is by steady and continued good conduct to improve his condition still further. The prisoners in this stage are divided into four classes, the situation in each being better than in the preceding one; and they receive each a certain number of marks for good conduct; and in proportion to the number of these marks they remain a longer or shorter time in each class.

The third stage is what is called the intermediate prison. Here the prisoner dresses as a free laborer, works on a large farm with others, and is subjected to very little restraint. It is in fact to test him and ascertain whether he is reformed and can be trusted with conditional liberty, which is the fourth and last stage of the process. In this way his imprisonment may by good conduct be diminished one fourth. But while good conduct is thus rewarded, bad conduct is punished by the prisoner being put back into a lower position; even, if need be, to the first stage, from whence he has to work his way as before. It will thus be seen that discipline is maintained mainly by moral means. For good conduct, there is advancement, increased privileges, and the prospect of remission of part of the sentence; while for bad conduct, there is degradation and

increased penal severity. As Sir Walter Crofton states it, "To stimulate him (the prisoner) in his reformation, the element of hope is combined with the punitive element, and the system of classification shows him that his fate is in his own hands." He further says, "Prisoners who gain a remission of imprisonment receive a 'ticket of license,' liberating them conditionally. Escapes among prisoners so liberated are very rare, particularly since the institution of police supervision, under which system each holder of a ticket of license is required to report his residence and occupation to the police each month." To give time for the fair working of this system, the sentences to penal servitude in Ireland are for not less than five years.

The prisons for the first stage are at Mountjoy, a suburb of Dublin. The second stage is passed at Spike Island, opposite Queenstown, and more than a hundred miles from Dublin; while in the third stage the prisoners are kept at work of Dublin, at a place called Lusk. Dr. Wines spent a day at each of these places, and had full opportunity of examining them thoroughly; and of conversing with any of the prisoners he chose, without the presence of any officer of the establishment. As before stated, he found that at Mountjoy, the prisoners are kept at work in their separate cells; but even here they have an opportunity of improving their condition; and they are brought together in the chapel, schoolroom, and exercise yard.

At Spike Island, Dr. Wines found the progressive classification system in full force, and with very beneficial effects. He found 705 prisoners there, and of these there were in the advanced class, 320; in the first, 200; in the second, 101; and in the third, 84. He learned that a majority of the prisoners earn the maximum number of good marks; and from his private interviews with the prisoners, he found that Lusk is ever in their thoughts; and with the most of them a constant effort is made to reach there in the minimum time. The men at Spike Island work mostly in the open air, quarrying and dressing stone and building docks.

At Lusk, Dr. Wines found fifty-seven prisoners. They work on a farm of two hundred acres. They accomplish as much work as free laborers, and seem to have almost as much liberty. No punishments are inflicted here, but it is understood that any infraction of the rules will result in their being sent back to Spike Island. But what is very extraordinary, during the long period of nearly twenty years, only one complaint has been made against any prisoner at Lusk, and that was a venial offense, for which he was remanded to Mountjoy for a month, and then returned to Lusk. Dr. Wines says: "Truly Lusk is a magnificent triumph of reason and humanity over coercion and brute force—a splendid and irrefragable testimony to the soundness of the penitentiary system which the genius of Sir Walter Crofton has given to the world." W. H.

Religion and Congress.

Mr. Nesmith of Oregon has been exhibiting himself in a very pitiable way, while discussing the project to reduce the army. He took occasion to display his sneering and brutal spirit by indulging in a tirade against the just, pacific and humane policy adopted toward the Indians, and by holding the gospel of mercy and love up to public ridicule. We are sorry to add that he was greatly encouraged in this work by the sympathetic and noisy laughter of a large fraction of the members. Here are some of the words in which he indulged himself:—

"Now the great hue and cry that has been gotten up here for the reduction of the Army has emanated from those who are interested in maintaining what is known as the 'peace policy' in relation to the conduct of our Indian affairs. They tell us that we want no military force to protect the frontiers; that 'Jesus Christ and him crucified' is the means by which the Indians should be pacified. Why, Mr. Chairman, if Christ himself had gone to preach the gospel in the Indian country he would not have kept the hair on his head for twenty-four hours. The missionaries sent out by the Government have rendered no protection, but, on the contrary, they have robbed and plundered the Treasury. All the protection we ever get on the frontier is derived from the presence of troops. I can take you through my State for more than two hundred miles where you will never be out of sight of the grave of a white settler, butchered by ruthless savages before we had protection. I believe the transactions in the lava beds will demonstrate to every gentleman upon this floor—and if they do not now they will when the appropriation bill comes up to pay for them—that there is no peace on that border. The troops there were held in abeyance by these peace commissioners, who were sent out with the understanding they should negotiate peace with these hostile Indians with arms in their hands—as brave and as gallant troops as ever shouldered a musket or drew a sword—kept in abeyance for three months, while supplies were being sent in to feed Indians who had murdered our women and our children on the frontier. These stamp orators of the Lord, these

broken-down gospel peddlers, who are selected for the purpose of going out to investigate Indian affairs, come back with the report that the army demoralizes the Indians, and that the frontiersmen are worse than the army."

We quote this to show what sort of talk is indulged in and even applauded in Congress. It certainly proves one thing,—that there are some people besides Indians on the western frontier, who have so far proved wholly impervious to humane influences, and who suggest that the primary missionary work is greatly needed in the ceiled houses of the leading politicians not less than in the wigwag of the common savage.

A Church Dedication.

The N. Y. correspondent of the Boston Journal sometimes draws on his imagination for his facts as well as his impressions, and he is very likely to give his letters a tone and coloring borrowed from his personal likes and dislikes, and which he thinks adapted to make a sensation. Possibly therefore his account of the dedication of Mr. Talmage's new Tabernacle in New York needs to be received at a slight or a larger discount. But there is truth in what he says and suggests, as to the way in which dedications are frequently managed, to prompt inquiry and put Christian people on a wholesome guard against such excesses in the name of religion and enterprise. Here is the story as he tells it:—

"It took four hours and a half to dedicate Talmage's new Tabernacle. It was really the sensation of the day. The prominent pastors looked in and said a kind word. The cheering was lusty when Beecher, Duryea, and other familiar faces appeared on the platform. At the lowest calculation at least 10,000 people tried to get in during the day. Two hours and a half of the service were given up to exercises not usual in a Presbyterian church. The Methodists have been the most successful of all the sects among us in raising money. This is done by a system of financing very peculiar. Men who are employed in this business as Revivalists are employed in season of religious interest. The great beggar of the continent, as he is called, is Rev. L. F. Ives, of Auburn, N. Y. He has attended the dedication of 800 churches, most of which he has freed from debt. He usually takes several days in the preparation. Meetings are held, plans are drawn, leading men consulted, and the sum agreed upon placed on a list. The audience see the smooth operation of the work. The machinery, the pulleys and the wires are out of sight. The time devoted to the collection is given up exclusively to Mr. Ives. He clears the deck like a Commodore preparing for action. During the two hours and a half of his work he makes things lively. He is full of racy anecdote, humorous story, illustration and incident. As if in doubt how to proceed, he suggests that they begin with \$1000 subscriptions, or \$500. The men who have agreed to subscribe that sum are in different parts of the house and ring out the amount sonorously. The good work goes on until the smaller sums are reached. All the while the getting of money is interspersed with story and song, and the mirthfulness of the audience is kept up to a fervid range.

All this machinery was introduced into the Tabernacle on Sunday, to lift a subscription of \$35,000. The thing was admirably carried out. Mr. Ives was in his glory. His sallies brought peals of laughter from the mouth as well as money from the pocket. He gets well paid for his work. He receives from \$250 to \$1000 a Sunday, according to the amount raised. In his sphere he is supreme. No minister in the country can hold a candle to him in raising money. He is in constant demand, his popularity among the Methodists having run over into other denominations, where he seems quite at home.

Loyola.

The Renaissance came, and was for the middle ages what Christianity was for antiquity—the beginning of another age, the soul of another world. From the abyss of heaven to the abyss of the sea, from the abyss of the sea to that of conscience, all was enlightened and illumined. The human body rose from the breast of creation, and breathed, and absorbed a new spirit. At this same moment sprang forth two parties which were to divide society—the conservative or reactionary party, which is represented by Jesuitism, and the liberal or progressive party, which is represented by Masonry. And indeed the reformation has all the historical accessories of other religions. St. Francis of Assisi is its prophet, Savonarola is its Baptist, and Luther is its revealer, but Ignatius Loyola is the entire reaction against this work. He was born in Spain, in the country which was soon to sacrifice itself for the preservation of Catholic orthodoxy. He was born in the Basque province, in the province of the dark defiles and the treeless plains, at the foot of the Pyrenees, called the Mountains of Fire by the ancients, near that untamed Cantabrian sea whose waves are continually inviting to marvelous adventures. He was the compatriot of the sailor Elcano; he was the associate of Magellan, who first circumnavigated the globe. He was born in the last days of chivalry, and grew up in the dawn of modern times—the end

of the fifteenth century. War was his occupation; adventures were the employment of his youth. But in the war of Navarre, sustained by the Catholic king, he was wounded by a bullet. A long illness followed, and after the wound and the illness a miraculous exaltation. Ignatius was a cavalier in war and a cavalier in religion. He fought for his king in youth; he was to fight for God the rest of his life. The only lady of his thought was to be the Virgin Mary. He was completely possessed by the national madness—love of the superhuman and the miraculous, of all which is beyond the narrow limits of the possible. "Amadis of Gaul" was his favorite reading, and inspired him no more of less than Don Quixote himself. He also watches his arms; he also swears to redress all outrages and wrongs done to the Catholic religion. Reading the pages of the life of the cavalier of Guipuzcoa, you might imagine you are reading the pages of the life of the cavalier of La Mancha. Ignatius is also an ascetic. In the cave of Montserrat, he gives himself up to fasting; to maceration, to penitence, like those early hermits of Christianity, excited by faith, dispersed in the immensity of the desert. Thence he attempts to go to the Holy Land to imbibe from the fountains of Christianity a faith like that of the crusaders. He returns from this journey to Montserrat to surrender himself anew to penances. But he needs not only prayers and mortifications to prepare for battle, but ideas as well. How can he fight the battle of ideas, knowing nothing? He betakes himself to study in Alcalá, from Alcalá to Salamanca, from Salamanca to Paris, the universities of which contained all the science of that time. In Paris he gathers about him various friends, who are to be hereafter as famous as himself—Xavier, Salmieron—and with them he founds on Montmartre, at the base of the mountain, which is running still, after a communion famous to all time, the new religious society. From Paris, Ignatius and his associates go to Venice to take part in a crusade against the Turks. From Venice, preaching in a sort of lingua franca, composed of Spanish, French, and Italian, he goes to Rome, where the pope confirms his statutes, and where arises the most famous and most powerful, the most fervid of all religious orders—the order of the Jesuits.—Emilio Castelar.

Events of the Week.

THE FRANKING PRIVILEGE.

The proposition to restore the franking privilege was defeated in Congress by a strong vote last Thursday. Butler now means to rally the franks and make another effort.

THE BOSTON COLLECTORSHIP.

Gen. Butler has finally succeeded in getting Mr. Simmons confirmed as Collector of the Port of Boston. In the words of an honorable citizen, "The fight in Washington is over: the fight in Massachusetts is to commence."

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

The twenty-second of February fell on Sunday this year, so the birthday of Washington was celebrated on the following day. The main celebration was, as usual, in Boston, where the veterans of 1812 had their regular meeting, the State Temperance Alliance had its usual public meeting, the Baptist social union met in the Meionan, with Governor Washburn, Speaker Sanford, and Mr. Hale, the Mechanics Apprentices Library Association celebrated its fifty-third anniversary, the grand lodge of Orangemen had an installation and the Amoskeag Veterans of Manchester, N. H., celebrated their anniversary as usual. Congress adjourned in observance of the day, and in Russia the occasion was celebrated at the American Legation by a grand fete given by Minister Jewell.

A MESSAGE ON THE CENTENNIAL.

President Grant has sent to Congress a message on the proposed centennial celebration in Philadelphia, in which he gives the project his approval and recommends legislation needful to give it a national character. He would also make it international, and thinks that the benefits of such a celebration would be manifold. He closes as follows:—"Let us have a complete success of our Centennial Exposition or suppress it in its infancy, acknowledging our inability to give it the international character to which our self-esteem aspires."

A TASTE OF COMMUNISM.

It will be remembered that a party of workmen, calling themselves reformers, lately assembled in Tompkins Square, N. Y., and were dispersed with bloodshed by the police, who had good reason to be suspicious of them. A French detective, who mixed among the rioters at the time, in his full report to the chief of police states that they are almost all communists who advocate the sacking of the houses of the wealthy; and a Mr. May, who is their leader, told them after the riot that it had been a day of great success, as it had shown that the workmen would stand by them even to death, and that their organization was now become sacred by blood. Extracting all the sensational element from this statement, there is doubtless enough in it to warrant the serious consideration which it is receiving in the leading cities of the country.

AFLOAT ON THE ICE.

A threatening misfortune befell a party

of 300 fishermen in Saginaw Bay, Mich., last week Monday, the ice through which they were fishing breaking from the shore and being driven by the wind into the lake. Great consternation prevailed, and the most serious results were feared, but the ice finally drifted towards the shore, and the fishermen, a few at a time, escaped. Some of them were on the ice three days and nights, before effecting a landing. The misfortune was of so unusual a nature and so threatening, that it produced much excitement through a wide extent of country.

FAMINE IN INDIA.

Owing to drouth and consequent failure of the rice crop there is a condition of famine in the Bengal Presidency. Recent reports state that in the Tirhut and Boglipoor districts of that Presidency 280,000 persons were distressed for want of food, and that if the Government fails to furnish food 500,000 persons would perish. The Calcutta news, however, is to the effect that there are ample provisions in store for the famished districts, and that cases of actual starvation will be comparatively few.

THE ASHANTEE WAR.

The recent report of the close of this African war seems to have been false. The English troops are still in the field, and a report was received in London, Wednesday, that a severe battle had just been fought, lasting the whole day and closing with no decisive results. The loss of British troops was nearly 300, including many officers. The Highlanders alone are reported to have had 150 men killed. General Wolseley is said to be in need of re-enforcements, which were fifteen miles off.—Later reports indicate a victory for the English.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 25, 1874.

THE CENTENNIAL.

As the centennial anniversary approaches (and every true American desires to see it celebrated in a becoming manner), indications are not few that it will, in a large measure, become a disgraceful failure, because of the bickerings and strife which threaten to embarrass all the preliminary arrangements. A jealousy has sprung up against Philadelphia, and while Massachusetts and New Jersey and some other states refuse to participate cordially in the undertaking, such a division of sentiment may be created as will greatly cripple all incipient preparations, and make the occasion, to a large degree, a shameful failure. There is a prejudice against holding this celebration in the city of Brotherly Love. But this prejudice is founded upon no sufficient grounds. It is proper that this anniversary have its headquarters at Philadelphia,—just as fitting as that the battle of Bunker Hill should be celebrated at Charlestown, or that of Lexington at that ancient borough, and the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth. Why not? True, the Philadelphians have shown some selfish greed and some disposition to form money-making rings and controlling cabals, and these incipient outcroppings have excited jealousies and given rise to a spirit of opposition which may result in mischievous consequences and disastrous and embarrassing failures. Congress has twice acknowledged this Centennial Exposition as a national event, and what past Congresses have done in this behalf it is hardly decent, to say the least, for this Congress to ignore. It may be expected that, notwithstanding these are panic times, a fair appropriation of money will be made, which will, if rightly applied, make this anticipated anniversary an event which the world may recognize as something in the history and character of a free people.

FINANCE.

The Senate has had about a week's debate upon the various financial schemes brought before it, and as this discussion seems to have been a fruitless one of no especial good, the probabilities now are that the whole question will be returned to the Finance Committee, and they begin de novo to evolve a bill in accordance with the views of a majority of the Senate, if not in accordance with the known wishes of a majority of the people. Mr. Schurz made his great speech on Tuesday. It was an entertainment well worth listening to, though not because there was anything new or startling in the Senator's views. His propositions were old, and such as have been propounded time and again. Mr. Schurz is a hard money advocate, and so far as the matter of the speech is concerned, this is the gist of it. The interest you took in listening to the distinguished gentleman grew wholly out of the ornate diction and graceful finish of his sentences. The speech was carefully prepared, and much of it delivered from memory. There are but few men in this or any other country who have such a perfect command of the English language, and the marvel is how a foreigner could acquire such a perfect mastery of the English tongue. Mr. Morton followed Mr. Schurz, and spoke with his usual ability, though his effort gave no indication of thorough preparation. The Indiana Senator is an inflationist to an extent, and he would have more currency, even though it should lead to unwise speculations; and so the debate goes on; and when the final issue in either house shall be reached it is still difficult to forecast.

THE BOSTON COLLECTORSHIP.

New Englanders very well know that Mr. Simmons has been nominated for collector of the Port of Boston, and that this was brought about through the influence of Gen. Butler. Very strong efforts are being made to prevent the confirmation of the gentleman. A committee of Bostonians is here to effect the defeat of Mr. Simmons. They have called on General Butler, and earnestly implored him to allow the withdrawal of the name now before the Senate. They urge this yielding, as they allege, for the good of the Republican party, but Butler does not see it. He says to the committee these emphatic words: "With my consent, no power in Massachusetts or elsewhere shall strike down this young soldier." Here the question rests to-day.

REDUCTION.

The committee on appropriations have finished their report, and while it provides for a pretty large reduction of the force in some of the bureaus of the government, others are increased, so that, while the committee started out in a show of economy to reduce expenses, the result will show, should the bill pass, that they are actually increased. This is retrenchment and reform. PHAROS.

S. S. Department.

Sabbath School Lesson.—March 8.

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

BITTER WATERS SWEETENED.

EXODUS 15: 22-27.
GOLDEN TEXT:—And call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me.

NOTES AND HINTS.

22. "So Moses brought Israel from the Red Sea, and they went out into the wilderness of Shur." This wilderness lies on the border of Egypt mostly within Arabia Petrea. It includes an extensive tract of territory between the twenty-ninth and thirty-first degrees of north latitude, and the thirty-second and thirty-fourth degrees of east longitude. The desert of Eham was a section of this wilderness. Nu. 33:8. To this wilderness, and three days journey into it, Moses led the people. He is supposed to have been at Ayoun Musa when he celebrated the deliverance of his charge from the pursuing Egyptians. That place is south of Suez, on the opposite shore of the gulf, and means, "The fountains of Moses." The distance from this place to the next where water is found is thirty-three miles, which would be traveled easily in three days. The route is along a sandy district, having little vegetation. The valleys are depressions in the sand, and the hills along the road are of barren limestone, so that the Israelites must have tired of the way, and been impatient for the sight of water with its accompanying greenness and shade.

23. They came to Marah where wells of water were found, only to discover that the water was brackish and undrinkable. At Ayoun Musa the water, like all on the western coast of the peninsula, was dark and scarcely drinkable, but here it is so bitter that they can not endure it. The modern Huwara is supposed by many to be the ancient Marah. It contains a fountain, formerly supplied by a running brook which is now extinct. The water has deposited a white material around the place from which the water issues, so that it now appears to come from a large mound. It is regarded by the Arabians as the worst water in the whole region. The Israelites called it "Marah," that is, "bitter," but the name did not cling to the spot. Why God should have led his people to the waters of Marah may be answered by discovering why it is that he now leads them so often there. Are not bitter waters often put to our lips? Do we not walk in desolate places? Why are our wells of refreshment converted into fountains of distress? Because thus souls are prepared for the Canaan of promise. The trials of life are disciplinary, and so they pama to these traveling tribes of Israel, as they do to us. They needed to learn the lessons of faith in God more perfectly.

24. "And the people murmured against Moses, saying, What shall we drink?" It is a little strange that the people did not murmur against God, that with the pillar of fire by night and of cloud by day going before the camp, they should blame not its guidance but Moses who directed them to follow where it led. Probably, they held Moses responsible for their departure from Egypt, became accustomed to the phenomenon in the heavens, and as Moses executed the will of God to them, they looked on him as acting from his own judgment and choice. We are not to suppose that he had been for three days without water, but that they had not had in that time an abundance, and reckoned on a supply at this place. They were disposed to complain at every trial encountered, and to be fretful at all obstacles in their way. Their murmurs were natural but inexcusable, because they had seen enough of the divine power displayed in their behalf to have taught them trust in God. In the midst of all bewildering and crushing afflictions the Christian soul must not murmur, but trust the promise and love of the Lord.

25. Moses in all his perplexities cries unto Jehovah. What else could he now do? What else had he any disposition to do? He prayed and was heard. "The Lord showed unto him a tree, which when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet." To some purifying or neutralizing quality in this tree, and there, probably by nature, though perhaps supernaturally, the change of the waters was due. If the tree was valueless as a means of purification, no reason for the selection of it by the Lord can with much propriety be assigned. Had the tree which the Lord showed Moses some adaptation to remedy the evil against which it was employed, we can understand why God should show it to Moses. If the tree was not calculated to neutralize the bitter ingredients of the waters, a stone would have answered for the purpose equally well. It is objected to this view that no such tree, in the vicinity of Marah, is now known to exist, and that, had there been such a remedy in nature for brackish waters, tradition would have preserved it. To this it may be answered that Moses was ignorant of the valuable qualities of the tree until God showed it to him, and that the knowledge thus gained was confined to those who only tarried in the vicinity for a day. Josephus (Ant., book 3, chap. 1.) gives an explanation of this change which does away with the force of the Scriptural account. He says that Moses took a stick, put a piece across it and then let it down into the well. After this he told the Israelites to draw out the water and at the bottom they would find it sweet. Doing this, they agitated and purged the water, so that it became fit to drink. The implication is that he unclogged the mouth of the springs at the bottom of the well by

the stick thrust into it. This explanation originated in a desire to avoid the most obvious teaching of the narrative, and is unworthy.

"There he made for them a statute and an ordinance, and there he proved them." The actor here is not Moses but the Lord. See next verse. The nature of the "statute" and "ordinance" which was made at Marah is found in the next verse. One reason for bringing them to this experience is stated in these words,—"there he proved them." He tested their confidence in the Jehovah of their emancipation from Pharaoh, but it was found wanting. Again he proved them by enacting a conditional decree of reward and blessing in case of trust hereafter. A conditional decree of salvation by which heaven is gained or lost, according to our belief or unbelief, proves men to-day as God is here seen to prove the Israelites.

26. To "hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God" is to obey the precepts that voice utters. The law of God declares what is "right in his sight," and affords a true test of conduct. "The diseases brought upon the Egyptians" must refer to the plagues which they suffered,—called "diseases" by figure of speech. Disease in its worst forms was, by Moses, at a later period, threatened on disobedience. Deut. 28:21, 22, 27. The reference in this verse seems to be to certain definite ills which were before the mind of them all. "For I am the Lord that healeth thee." It is noticeable that God allures the Israelites by promises of temporal good. Spiritual blessings are not, as a rule, the motives to obedience, but things of this life. The age of the world, the mental state of the Israelites, the greater fascination of outward good, and the example of a sensuous idolatry may account for this difference between the Old and the New Testament. Besides, spiritual blessings are involved in the gift of material rewards for righteousness, since God will communicate his love to the soul of the man whom he loves enough to outwardly approve. In the healing which God here, as the Great Physician, pledges, a reference extends to maladies beyond those of the body. The sinner, sick at heart, may hear these words with faith, "I am the Lord that healeth thee."

27. "And they came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water and threescore and ten palm trees, and they encamped there by the waters." Elim is located, by scholars, in the wady Gharandel, distant from Marah two hours journey, in a southerly direction. This valley is the most extensive water course in the desert, and is still productive of the palm. It is described as an oasis of great attraction, yielding grass and brushwood, tamarisks and acacias, shrubs and trees. It is a mile in width and several in length. In the wet season a stream of considerable volume flows through it. In the dry season, water is still found, though now not of a very good quality. The objection to locating Elim in this valley arises from its nearness to what is supposed to be the site of Marah. It is a formidable objection; for why stop at Marah at all, if the water was so bad, when, in two hours, this valley of springs could be reached? Or why, with water miraculously sweetened at Marah, journey only two hours and stop because of water? The uncertainty of the locations assigned for the halting places of the Israelites must be remembered. For "wells" read springs, in this verse. The palm tree is called "the tree of the desert" because its presence always indicates water.

This lesson suggests the practical truth that God can sweeten the bitter waters of our lives, and teaches that God never leads us to Marah except for the purpose of proving our faith, and establishing afresh with us his covenant of mercies. Here, too, we see that Marah is never far from Elim, the bitter waters from "the twelve fountains" and the "threescore and ten palm trees."

Communications.

Prof. B. Van Dame.

CHAPTER VII.

UNPARALLELED PHYSICAL SUFFERINGS.

Prof. Van Dame suffered from terrible abscesses and other illnesses, fourfold more than any other person that I have any knowledge of. The story must however be written as a demand of fidelity to his biography; and the simple suggestion is here given, that any very sensitive and nervous reader will bear liberty to skip over such parts of this chapter as are most likely to unduly arouse the sensibilities and lacerate the feelings of the heart.

"My excessive labors at Epsom had worn me down. I did not feel like having the charge of a church any longer. I should like well enough to supply on the Sabbath; but pastoral labors with my schools were too much. Being requested by Bro. Miles Durgin and others to open a private school in New Market village, I complied, and taught both a day and evening school there in the winter of 1839. Eld. D. P. Cilley having left here for Pittsfield, I occasionally supplied this church and at other places. My schools were large in the fall and winter of 1840. I purchased in Boston a chemical, philosophical and astronomical apparatus, and gave lectures with experiments here, and at Epping, Lee, &c."

His first terrible sickness in N. M. "In March, 1840, I was taken ill, and had to leave my school. The physicians differed as to what my complaint was. At last it was decided that I had a lumbar abscess forming. For six weeks, I suffered immensely. Dr. Folsom attended me,—other doctors were sent for. I grew very weak. On one occasion as many as ten doctors came to see me! I had a sort of double hicoughs, which was very distressing. Dr. Peirry, of Exeter, thought that if I came out of

these, I might get better, but he considered it very doubtful. Dr. Cutter, of Dover, who had been five years in the New York Hospital, came to see me, through the influence of my old schoolmate, now Dr. J. H. York, of Dover,—made an examination, and pronounced me incurable,—I could live but a few days longer! I had watchers every night for three months. I dictated my will. Dr. Folsom lanced the abscess, and it discharged a large quantity of bloody matter. Eld. Hutchins visited me every day. The news went out that I was dead. But I revived and kept gaining, to the astonishment of all. In August he was able to ride out some, and in September could visit among his friends. His usual avoirdupois was 100, and he was reduced by this sickness to 75 pounds. I saw him at this time, and he seemed little better than a live, walking skeleton, and very slight at that.

His deafness. "Oct. 31, I was taken sick at Bro. Dow's, Epping. I was taken with vomiting in the night, and continued thus for some time. Before day Mr. D. went to New Market after Dr. Sanborn, who came and gave me something to stop the vomiting. I was in a state of perspiration. He took me in his arms into a colder room, and immediately I became partially deaf. I was sick here about six weeks. I had a partial fever. Soon as able I returned to N. M. I was requested to open a school on the 1st Monday of Dec.; but before that time, I had become entirely deaf. Conversation could be carried on only by slate and pencil for three months. Drs. Folsom and Ladd spoke discouragingly. As I needed a physician to dress my abscess, I called in Dr. Hayes. After a while he came partially to my hearing."

Feb. 23, I left for the Boston Eye and Ear Infirmary; but received no essential benefit. Visited a Miss Moses of Exeter, who had kept school 20 years using an ear trumpet. I went to Dover, and was under the care of Dr. Cutter two months; then returned to N. M., my hearing not improved. Still wishing to get help for my deafness, I went to Dr. Keith's Infirmary in Dover. Went through a course of medicine. Did not receive much benefit to my hearing, but otherwise I did. Returned to N. M. I should state that his expenses being pretty heavy, his friends at N. M. and other places made contributions of money to his necessities, which were most gratefully received. Henceforward Van Dame was troubled more or less with deafness, sometimes using, sometimes dispensing with, his ear trumpet.

Second severe sickness at N. M. Instead of quoting from V. D.'s journal in this case, I wish to reproduce the entire account of his sickness, as communicated at the time by his physician, to the Boston Medical Journal, the best possible authority in all such cases:

PSOAS ABSCESS.

B. Van Dame, aged 35, of a temperment highly nervous, spare in body, and of literary pursuits. It would be proper that the remarks I am about to make on this case should be prefaced by saying, that the patient suffered a severe attack of sickness in the winter of 1839-40, which, according to his bed some months, of the nature of which I am not well informed, as I did not see him during the time, nor were his medical attendants harmonious in their opinions respecting his difficulties. It is, however, sufficient for our present purpose to say that it was accompanied by the formation of an abscess on the right back, which was opened, and the lower dorsal vertebrae, the opening did not heal, and a few months small specks of bone were discharged. From this to the date I am about to give, several fistulous openings made their appearance, from which pieces of bone were discharged. In all, fifteen pieces came away during the two years.

Was called to see patient August 8, 1842. He stated that about two weeks since, he was attacked with a deep-seated pain in the right iliac region, rather severe at times, which has been gradually growing worse,—now right thigh bent a little upon the body,—can walk, in a stooping position, with much increase of pain. The body being tolerably good, I only prescribed an anodyne liniment to be applied to the painful part.

16th.—Has been getting rather worse,—all motion of right leg being very painful. A slight fullness can be perceived in right iliac region.

22d.—Swelling much increased.—More painful. No sleep except when under the influence of opium. Can lay on only the belly and face, with the right leg drawn up,—pulse 120.

Sept. 1st.—The same in most respects as at last date, only swelling is gradually enlarging. Pain very severe. Can landanum every 24 hours, in order to get any rest.

7th.—Is occasionally delirious, getting very weak,—takes but little support of any kind,—pulse 120. Tongue and mouth quite sore, probably in consequence of the opium. Abscess points most between os ilium and floating ribs.

13th.—Continues much the same; wandering at times; pain not so severe, but the matter is extending round the femur upon the bone. I judged it best to make an opening, which was done with a small abscess lancet, and 12 oz. of thick, purulent matter drawn off. The wound was closed by adhesive plaster, compress and bandage.

16th.—More comfortable as to pain; wound remains closed. Abscess nearly as large as before the opening,—points more under Poupart's ligament. Very weak; has been taking a little wine and water, but thinks it does not agree with him.

17th.—Think it advisable to open abscess in front, which was done with an abscess lancet, a very small aperture being made, and 36 oz. of purulent matter discharged. Wound closed as before. Allowed whisky and beef tea. I now dressed the wound with raw cotton, compress and bandage.

19th.—Dressings remains secure; pulse 100. Can take more support; is allowed as much light food as he desires.

22d.—Patient continues to improve. Have removed the dressing every morning, and allowed what matter there was to flow out, which has varied from one to three ounces. Appetite good, takes food freely.

24th.—Opened wound, and about one ounce of dark, serous fluid passed off.

26th.—Allowed the orifice to open, and less than one ounce of light-colored fluid passed off. No purulent matter discharged since 22d.

Oct. 2d.—Wound remains closed, and there is no appearance of any collection of matter of any description. No pain or soreness in region of abscess. Can walk about his room without any assistance.

20th.—Has continued to improve. B. Van D. called upon me a few days ago, looking quite hale and strong. He stated that he had been perfectly well since October last; that the fistulous openings upon the back healed immediately after his recovery at that time, and that there had been no trouble of any kind since.

Considering the unfrequency of this disease, and its favorable termination, I have been looking out for any note-book, and make the above transcript, which is at your disposal to make such disposition of as you see fit.

JACOB HAYES.

New Market, N. H., Aug. 15, 1843.

Here, as lawyers say, I might rest the argument; but should I, only one half

would be written. Very briefly then: "In December, 1843, I was taken with a pain in my foot, which lasted a long time, and terminated in an abscess on my leg. Went to Dr. Keith's Infirmary, this sickness lasting three months. While here I read the Greek Testament, lying on the sofa unable to sit up."

"In 1846, I taught the Stratford Academy two terms. I was afflicted with two abscesses here, and was obliged to go to my school on crutches for six weeks. I held meetings on the Sabbath half of the time, and had to lean on a crutch while speaking."

For later cases I will quote the larger half of Van Dame's list, as follows: "In June, 1849, Dr. Keith opened an abscess on the left leg near the knee on the inside. It was 8 weeks gathering. Jan., 1850, I opened one while confined in my bed in Nottingham. It broke twice afterwards. In Sept. and Oct., 1850, Dr. Woodman opened two, the latter of which discharged in all four quarts,—in my side. In Dec., 1851, Dr. Keith lanced one in my right groin. From May till Sept. I had a run-round on my middle finger, left hand. In 1854, I had a hard sickness in Nottingham, and took a piece of bone from my right ear. Dec., 1855, Dr. Tuttle opened one abscess on my back. Sept., 1858, Dr. Batchelder opened an abscess on my neck. It lasted eight weeks, and discharged in all three pints. March, '59, an abscess broke on my left knee, in Nottingham, and I was hauled to my school. . . . March, '64, I opened an abscess in the left groin that was four weeks coming. Up to this time, I have had 33 abscesses." Here I pause.

If the reader has ever experienced an abscess, let him ponder what that last sentence must mean. A rare surgical operation. In the spring and summer of 1854, he had had several spells of unconsciousness lasting two or three days; supposed to be produced by a pressure on the brain. "In Aug., through the influence of Dr. J. H. York, I got a free bed in the Mass. Gen. Hospital. There was a council of 30 doctors on my case. They trepanned my skull on the left side to let out the matter that was pressing on my brain. There was quite a discharge of pus, and I was relieved at once. They called my case a very difficult one, and the first they had ever had. I was at the Hospital seven weeks, free of charge."

Twenty-eight pieces of bone had come in all from his back, and four from his head, which I found in a small box carefully labeled in "Trunk No. 13." Two wonders this chapter impresses on the reader,—that our Bro. Van Dame lived so long,—that he wrought so much.

P. S. B.

Home Greetings.

We were too anxious to see our old friends and be at work again, to remain in Calcutta longer than was absolutely necessary. Mrs. Smith had sent me a very earnest invitation to visit Balasore on my way to Midnapore, and this gave me an opportunity of seeing once more the friends at my first station.

The canal from the Ganges below Calcutta to Midnapore is just open, so that the journey there is relieved of annoyances of changing from boats to carts. We chartered a good boat, with two cabins and manned by seven men, for the accommodation of our party, with a smaller boat to take the extra baggage.

Bro. J. Phillips, Mrs. Phillips and Julia were in Calcutta when we arrived; ready to return with us to Midnapore. Our Consul, Gen. Litchfield, takes a lively interest in our work. He kindly came down to see us off, and brought along an American flag which was displayed at the mast-head of our little craft. Early in the evening we were unmoored, and soon losing sight of the lights of the city, quietly floated down the Ganges on the ebb tide. The flood set in when we were yet some four miles from the entrance to the canal, so that we were not able to pass the locks until daylight of the following morning. Leaving our party here to go on to Midnapore, I turned back to Calcutta in order to take the weekly steamer to Balasore the next morning. A famine is in prospect in the region above Calcutta, and a large steamer is employed to carry rice from Balasore for the relief of the sufferers.

We had occasion to make this voyage to Balasore on our first arrival in India, in 1840. Then it was by a small schooner manned by natives, with scanty provisions and most disgusting water, with swarms of hungry mosquitoes coming from all the country round, and calling their friends to feast on our young, fresh blood. That voyage of one hundred and fifty miles occupied thirteen days, and right miserable days they were. I was now to make it again under a new dispensation, that of steam. Leaving Calcutta at early dawn, we were anchored at the mouth of Balasore river at dark. Having to wait for the flood tide and daylight, we could not weigh anchor till 10 o'clock, and the sixteen miles up to town, with occasionally running into a sand-bank in the shallow stream, took us two hours.

I first reached Balasore in 1840, at midnight. It was now noon of the Sabbath. More light now than formerly, certainly, in more senses than one. The Catholic Bishop had come down on a visit to their convent at Balasore, and we were both looking out for our friends and the means of conveyance up to our stations, two miles from the landing. I soon discovered two Christian faces with a gent sent by Mrs. Smith for me, while the bishop's friends had come with a bullock cart for him. His community turned out to the last man, woman and child, with flying banners to welcome him, while ours were quietly at home, engaged in the duties of God's holy day.

I found Mrs. Smith quite feeble, yet full of courage and hope, still determined to remain at her post as long as possible. A year has passed since her husband's death,—a year of sadness and mourning, and all of much physical suffering, but she had faithfully kept her pledge to remain and carry on the work until a re-inforcement should arrive. I never saw the station looking better, or so well,—everything so neat and trim and Christian-like. I was too late for the morning service, but the Sabbath school came together in the commodious chapel, representing largely the strength of the Christian community. It was heart cheering to meet these friends of former years. There were a few, two or three, who were adults when I first saw Balasore; some whom we noticed in the schools as children, now with their grown children about them. There were those who were famine orphans, now settled in life with their merry children around them. So the years have passed, and not without their rich fruits. In the rear of the mission chapel, where the jacksals used to howl at night, is now a thriving Christian village. Bro. Marshall will enter on his labors here, cheered by the warm sympathy of many loving hearts. May God's blessing be upon him and this interesting field.

Mrs. Smith will go on with her zenana work, which has assumed most interesting proportions. She has secured the unlimited confidence of the higher classes, and already has fifty family schools, with the prospect of a further increase, as her means for supplying teachers increase.

Hastening on toward Midnapore, I looked in upon good Miss Crawford, late in the evening, and found her as much absorbed in her work as ever, with her large family of girls about her. Some twenty of the larger girls were stretched out in rows on the floor of her large center room, sound asleep, while the rest, to the number of nearly a hundred, and fifty, were quartered in the sleeping houses close by. We talked and chatted of the past, present and future, of friends far away, the living and the dead, till the early hours of morning, when I resumed my journey. Eighteen hours to Midnapore, forty-eight miles, in a palankeen, on wheels drawn by three men, changed every ten miles, and the end of my long journey was reached. Our party had come safely, the "Flag of our Union" floating all the way, and had, I should judge from reports, created quite a sensation.

But I must be brief, or my letter will be condemned for its length. Suffice it to say, warm hearts were not few that welcomed us to old scenes of labor. Many outside the Christian community, and some with the warm pressure of the hand and with smiling countenances have made our hearts glad with their expressions of esteem, and thankfulness for our safe return. May they be long receive the Master as cordially as they do the servant.

O. R. BACHELER.

Rev. Hiram Watrus.

Rev. Hiram Watrus died of bilious fever in Boscobel, Wis., Jan. 25, 1874, aged 69 years. His sickness was only of 13 days continuance, but it was attended almost constantly with intense physical suffering. Yet amid it all he seemed to manifest perfect resignation and assurance of faith. Jesus was to him a felt presence and an all-powerful support. He said he had more than earthly support to lean upon. Deceased was born Jan. 26, 1815, in Williamson, Wayne Co., N. Y.; in 1820 removed to Geneva, Ohio; in 1854 removed to Genoa, Ill.; in 1856 removed to Scott, Wis.; in 1863 removed to Marion, Wis.; Feb. 17, 1873, removed to the City of Boscobel, where he died.

Brother Watrus experienced religion in 1833, and became an active Christian. In 1837 he married Miss Taktary Case. In 1861 was ordained, and his labors have been mainly on the frontier and in destitute fields, laboring in the ministry without any worldly compensation, and laboring with his hands for the support of his family. In Crawford and Grant Co's he has organized several churches, and in the hand of God, has been the instrument of bringing many souls to Christ. For several years past Boscobel has been looked upon as a place, where the F. B. interest ought to be looked after, there being several F. B. Baptists here without a home. But no one was willing to undertake the labors, unless he could have several hundred dollars to commence with; but Brother Watrus, true to the principle that had governed his ministerial life, sold his farm and located in Boscobel, rented a house for worship, and on the 15th of July, 1873, organized a church of 9 members; it now numbers 29. As our brother was just entering upon his labors here, with a zeal that was surprising, the Master of the vineyard called him from labor to reward. He was rich in all the Christian graces. Those that knew him best, loved him most. He leaves a wife and four children to mourn his death. There is a great vacancy here, both in the church and community, but we know that our loss is his eternal gain.

M. F. CROUCH.

Love and Rum.

I have heard it said that in the suppression of drinking "you must not deal harshly with the rumrunner, but be kind to him, Christian like, say good words, and by moral suasion and good thoughts planted in his heart, compel him to desist from the rum traffic, upon the ground of moral considerations to himself, family, and the community."

Now the above view of this matter looks Christian-like, sure; but then, experience shows that no good man is under any obligation to pursue such a course. For the facts in the case demonstrate that neither

moral suasion nor human appeals will result in a change of their intention or practice in the use or vending of the accursed stuff. I have seen this tried for more than thirty years, and even now, am unable to point to the reform of a single rumrunner, based upon this ground. And when I hear people pleading for such a course as this, and denouncing a legal and positive course, I understand that they are mistaken Christians, or persons that never practice what they preach, or they would know better and talk differently.

It appears that there are three classes in this matter. First, the class that know that human appeals and moral suasion are utterly useless, but, being in favor of the vending, plead for moral instead of civil restraint, knowing and designing that their pleading and position shall block the wheels of the law, and thereby weaken the endeavors of legal, positive, temperance men.

The second class, also, either do or do not know that moral suasion on whiskey traffickers utterly fails. But then, they are now water and then milk, would like to be temperance men, but dare not take the lion by the beard, and if others do, they are more likely to throw a wet blanket over their endeavors than to help them. Being neither positive nor negative, they are, in fact, of no account to either, having no strength as temperance men, and not the confidence of the rum trafficker. Still, the latter quote them and their policy as the better way to redeem the community from the traffic and results of rum.

The third class are persons of fine intention, expecting moral results from moral endeavors, and question the propriety of the father that arraigns the whiskey fiend before the law, that has made his boy a drunkard and sends him to a drunkard's hell. Those men may say, "Love thy neighbor as thyself" but never say, "The law was made for evil doers." Their goodness of heart don't allow them to say or practice that. Hence, neither their moral force nor the law, as far as they are concerned, has any restraint on the rumrunner.

But then, there is another class I wish to notice, and that is the positive class. They are the class most found fault with, and yet the most trusted and relied upon. This is not only true in regard to the suppression of drunkenness; but in business, politics, religion, science, or war, positive men become the leaders and captains. By positive men, I mean the men that have convictions, and will stand by them and proclaim them. These men are our wind and thunder storms, that stir up, blow away, and purify the moral atmosphere. Had all the ministers taken the position against drunkenness that some have, who could doubt the grand results? A man may be a good man, and a Christian, but having no positive aggressive force, drunkenness will spring up and thrive all around him; his goodness fails to redeem the drunkard or his destroyer, and having no war to make upon the crime, he is like salt that has lost its savor.

D. D. HALSTEAD.

Ft. Dodge, Iowa, Feb. 12, 1874.

A Reminiscence.

In a sermon I had the privilege of hearing from the lips of the late John Howard Hinton, more than fifty years ago, after reading his text, as near as I can recollect, he commenced with these words: "It is common to divide our congregations into two classes. But in this large assembly, there probably are three classes. First, I trust here is a class of true Christians; or the subjects of pure religion. Well, I have nothing to say to you. Here is another class that have no religion; they do not want any; they are satisfied without it; they reject Christ, his word, truth and ordinances altogether, and have nothing to do with him. Well, I have nothing to say to you. But there is one passage of Scripture spoken by Christ himself I would recommend to your notice; it is this: 'He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my words, hath one that judgeth him; the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day.' Here is another class that have no religion; they strive hard to be religious and want to go to heaven, but can not. Well, yours is a hard case; let us hear about this striving. Well, you say, I tried to repent, and prayed that God would have mercy on me, give me faith and true repentance, and forgive me my sins and make me a Christian. Ah! you will never get to heaven in that way. Not in that way! Don't the gospel say, when the wicked man turneth from his wickedness and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall live thereby? No; the law says that, not the gospel. The Scripture saith, 'By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight.' Well, then, what must I do? The Philippian jailer asked that question; and the Apostle did not tell him to repent and pray that God would forgive his sins, give him faith, &c. But he said, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; and thou shalt be saved.'

"What am I to believe? Believe the record that God has given of his Son. Believe that 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' Believe that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. Believe that whosoever cometh unto him, he will in no wise cast out. Believe his promises, trust his word, copy his life; imitate his example, and thou shalt be saved"—and other words to the same effect.

R. W.

It is a pity to see a great dwelling in which everything seems to dwarf the occupant, in which the occupant is the least circumstance. I have seen men that were only the punctuation of their wealth.

Selections.

An Evening Prayer.

I come to Thee to-night,
In my lone closet where no eye can see,
And thus to crave an interview with Thee,
Father of love and light.

Only the moonbeams shine
On the still branches of the shadowy trees,
While all sweet sounds of evening on the breeze
Steal through the slumbering vine.

Thou gav'st the calm repose
That rests on all—the air, the bird, the flower,
The human spirit in its weary hour—
Now at the bright day's close.

'Tis Nature's time for prayer;
The silent praises of the glorious sky,
And the earth's orisons profound and high,
To heaven their breathings bear.

With them my soul would bend
To humble reveries at Thy holy throne,
Trusting the merits of Thy Son alone,
Thy seer to extend.

If I this day have striven
With Thy blessed Spirit, or have bowed the knee
To aught of earth, in weak idolatry,
I pray to be forgiven.

If in my heart has been
An unforgiving thought, or word, or look—
Though deep the malice which I scarce could
brook, Wash me from this dark sin.

If I have turned away
From grief or suffering which I might relieve,
Careless the "cup of water" I've given,
Forgive me, Lord, I pray.

And teach me how to feel
My sinful wanderings with a deeper smart;
And more of mercy and of grace impart,
My sinfulness to heal.

Father, my soul would be
Pure as the drops of eve's unclouded dew,
And as the stars, whose nightly course is true,
So would I be to Thee.

Not for myself alone
Would I these blessings of Thy love implore,
But for each penitent, the wide earth o'er,
Whom Thou hast called Thine own.

And for my heart's best friends,
Whose steadfast kindness o'er my painful years
Has watched to soothe affliction's grief and tears,
My warmest prayer ascends.

Should o'er their path decline
The light of gladness, or of hope, or health,
Be thou their solace, and their joy and wealth,
As they have long been mine.

And one—O Father, guide
The youthful traveler in his dangerous hour;
Save him from evil and temptation's power,
And keep him near Thy side.

Watch o'er his couch to-night,
And draw him sweetly by the cords of love
To blest communion with Thee, far above
Earth's withering cares and blight.

And now, O Father, take
The heart I cast with humble faith on Thee,
And cleanse its depths from each impurity,
For my Redeemer's sake.

Prayer Meeting Killers.

Blessed is that church which has no
prayer meeting killers hanging around it.
Sometimes a meeting dies of long speeches,
and sometimes of short ones; now it is
killed with kindness, and then with cruelty.

Sometimes the pastor kills it. If a minister
makes two long speeches, one at the
beginning, and one at the end, leaving only
time for some saint to sandwich in a little
speech between the two, he will soon
kill out the best prayer meeting on earth.

Some pastors talk long and dry, and then
ask their brethren to be short and sharp.
You can choke down a deacon, or head off
a long-winded sister, but the pastor has
the matter in his own hands, and when he gets
into the terrible habit of longness he is
generally incurable. Better let him alone.

Then the singers can kill a meeting.
Unfortunately much of the music sung in
prayer meetings is of the button-hole style.
It rings and rattles, jumps and hops, dances
and squirms, and is just as well calculated
to produce religious impression, as a minister
who turns a somersault on the platform
would be to create solemnity and sobriety.

Sometimes those who lead in this delightful
exercise feel it their duty to sing every
time a brother sits down, and to fill up
every little pause with a fig that trills along
until it spurs into a rafter-dapper chorus.
You might offend singers, you know, so
sometimes they are allowed to put in their
performances to the death of the meeting.

You can talk a meeting to death; so you
can sing it to death. I once had a brother
who annoyed me in a certain direction. He
loved to sing, but he had the misfortune to
be destitute of taste. He wanted to make
the meeting go! So he would put in his
little choruses all along the way. The devil
used him, and yet made him think he was
doing God service. When something very
solemn had been said, he would break out
into "Bounding Billows." Or when the
audience were awed under a weight
of sin, he would sing,

"The morning light is breaking."

I have seen the solemnity sung out of
a meeting before the end of the third verse.
At the early part of a meeting there
should be considerable singing, but when
the services are more advanced, the leader
of the service needs great discrimination
and care. The story is told of a former
pastor in this city, that he once complained
that the strain played after the prayer was
too lively. "Oh," said the organist, "I
do that purposely. I wish to dissipate the
solemnity of your prayer. Don't you like it?"
The idea that the singing in the prayer
meeting is to make things lively, generally
prevails. But we don't want to be
lively all the time. When a people is coming
down before God in humility and contrition;
the whole tone of the service may be
destroyed by some incongruity in the song.

"My Bible leads to glory,"

when "Depths of mercy" is the verse
needed, is shocking.

Then a prayer meeting may be killed by
long, empty, dry, cold speeches. It is un-
fortunate that so many of those who have
the gift of continuance, have no other gift.
When a man gets up, and talks on, and on,
and on, without imparting any ideas, he
becomes one of the most effective of prayer
meeting killers. No meeting will stand
such an infliction. It will die under the
process.

This I say of those long-winded people
who talk against time, and do not say any-
thing. A long speech will not hurt a prayer
meeting, if it is as good as it is long. The
remark we make applies to the speech makers
who take up the time, but speak to no profit.

How to stop such folks is the question.
The pastor has no right to say how long a
man shall talk. I have known ministers
who would attempt to manipulate a meeting
to their own liking, and would not hesi-
tate to tell a man who was talking too long
to sit down. The pastor simply a leader
of the meeting, not its dictator. Every
member has the same rights that he has,
this service. He has no more right to tell

a member to stop, than the member has to
tell him to stop.

When a brother is continually lengthy in
his speeches—enough so as to injure the
meeting by his addresses, the church should
take it up and labor with him. They should
in a proper way show him his fault, and
prove to him his duty to "Sit down for
Jesus."

If he will not, they should act as
in the case of other transgressors. No man
has a right to kill the prayer meeting, by
his unwelcome talk. The service is of too
much consequence to be spoiled by any man.

We should save it from those who would
sing it to death or talk it to death.—*Chris-
tian Era.*

The Breaker of Chains.

Once there was a deceitful man who
wished to make slaves of some ignorant
savages. So he went to them, taking some
rough bits of bright steel, and said to
them, "Put these bracelets on your arms."

The poor creatures thought they were pre-
tensions, and they gladly put them on.
Now, these bracelets were not really brace-
lets, but handcuffs, made to fasten prisoners
with. So, when the deceiver had once got
the men in his power, he said, "Now put
these pretty chains on your ankles, and
these on your legs, and this big chain
around your neck." Then most of the ig-
norant men obeyed him gladly, and went
on putting on the chains; but some said,

"No, we have had enough; these chains
on our wrists cramp us; take them off
again." But he laughed at them, and an-
swered, "You should have thought of that
before; now you are in my power and must
do as I bid; put on these other chains, or
I will make you."

So all the slaves (for they were slaves now)
did as they were bid, and made themselves
more and more completely slaves. And the worst of it
all was, that when the deceiver had them
completely in his power, he set them to work
at making more chains for other people.

Many and many a time the poor ones
struggled to get free, but all in vain; and
many a time people came with large ham-
mers and huge stones, and tried to break
the chains; but it was all to no purpose.
The hammers and stones made a great
noise, but they broke nothing; and the de-
ceiver only laughed at them.

At last there came one bringing a bag of
files, and he offered one to each prisoner.
Some of the prisoners were so used to their
chains that they liked them, and did not
take the files, because they did not want to
be free. Another of the men said,

"This file is of no use; can this little thing
do what the great hammer there could not
do? Look at this thick chain around my
body; though I work for a year, I could
not break it." So some of them would not
take the file, others threw them down after
a few moments' trial; others worked pa-
tiently away. Those that had only the thin
bracelet around their arm soon filed it
through, and sometimes the heaviest chain
would snap asunder with a touch of the
file; others, who had many thick chains,
had to work on patiently for years before
they were quite free; but, in the end, all
that worked gained their freedom.

The deceiver is sin, and the chains are
sinful habits. A bad habit sometimes at
first does not seem very wrong. For in-
stance, many a little child will steal a piece
of sugar, or tell a falsehood for fun, who
would not steal money or tell a serious lie.

When we have once been caught with
these little sins we are loaded with heavier
ones. Punishments and warnings do not
break us from our sins.

Then Christ comes with the file, that is,
love or gratitude; and if we patiently work
away in love for Christ, we shall be free
in time. Sometimes Christ frees us while
we are quite little children, sometimes not
till we are older; sometimes he frees us
suddenly, sometimes not for a long time.
The longer we have gone on serving as
slaves to sin, the harder it is to gain our
freedom.

Scripture Characters.

If we set ourselves to study the Bible,
not as a collection of enigmas to be puzzled
out, not as a string of falsehoods to be
corrected, but as a Book which is meant to
shed, and which does shed, light and
warmth upon the path of life, we shall find
that the characters and the histories and
the doctrines it contains are many-sided.

For instance, the characters in the Old
and New Testaments are not only links
in the great chain of human history, not only
examples of the way God deals with men
of different ranks and ages and tempera-
ments, but they are lights and landmarks
showing us who come after, what rocks of
temptation to avoid, into what currents of
habit we may drift unawares.

There is not one character drawn with
any fullness in the Bible which does not
sound a note of warning or encouragement.
There is no sex nor age, no rank nor em-
ployment, in the lives of the men of the word
which does not find itself reflected there.
It is this "many-sidedness" of the Bible which
makes it a book to be studied, not merely
read through; which includes it in Lord
Bacon's list of works to be chewed and digested.

Let us walk down the gallery of portraits
in the Bible, which are none the less vivid
and beautiful because they are old, and
have been copied over and over again in
paintings and sculptures, in poetry and
history. Each character that we read about
seems to have its type in the lives of the
world, to be a living, human being, and
this remains the same, though tents have
been exchanged for houses, and wealth in
flocks and herds for large rent-rolls, and
investments in the funds.

What, for instance, may a nobleman
learn from Abraham who stands forth, not
only as the founder of a wonderful race,
but in his social position and in his own
character, as one of the great problemen of
the Old Testament? First, how simple
his life was compared with what it might
have been, had he wished to make a show
of splendor—how free, too, from that grasping
desire for power and place which is the
curse of modern political life. Abraham
conquers Chedorlaomer; and then, instead
of setting himself up as a rival to Melchizedek,
meekly receives his blessing.

Let us pass on to Job. We think of him
usually as a model of patience and resig-
nation; but he is a great deal more. Job
is a model for all men of wealth—for mer-
chants and bankers and farmers.

He never forgets, as the rich men of our
day do so often, that all he possessed was
a gift from God, and might be taken away
by God without injustice being done. He
used his wealth, and the power which it
gave him, to help those who were in need.
When the ear heard him, then it blessed
him; when the eye saw him, it gave witness
to him, because he delivered the poor that
cried, and the fatherless, and him that
had none to help him; the blessing of him
that was ready to perish came upon him,
and he caused the widow's heart to sing
for joy. Job remembered, too, that wealth

may be a snare as well as a help; for we
are told that he sacrificed every day for his
sons and daughters, saying, "It may be
that my sons have sinned, and cursed God
in their hearts." Are there many rich
fathers now who daily sacrifice some of
their money, or their money, or their property,
for the sake of making their children forsake
sin and love holiness?—*Day of Rest.*

Soaring Above the Storm.

We are told by distinguished naturalists,
that the eagle is wont to weigh with in-
stinctive precision his ability to withstand
without injury the force of an impending
storm. If, in the gathering and blackening
clouds, he describes the signals of danger
too great for his power of endurance, he
spreads his broad wings and soars above
them, where from his proud altitude he has
only to look down with a consciousness of
safety on the scene of turmoil below.

This fact suggests a beautiful lesson. It
is as true of the moral as of the natural
world, that when a storm of trouble or
trouble of trouble, and sooner or
alter in the experience of every one they
will come. And when they come, the ques-
tion, "How can we meet them?" is one of
momentous interest. The great mass of
men have never solved it. Too many, even
among those who profess to have discov-
ered the true secret of happiness, seem to
suppose that they must remain beneath the
cloud, and bear the storm as best they can.
But they have less wisdom than the eagle.

With what touching simplicity does Jesus
unfold the way. Anticipating the trials
that would befall his friends, he directs
their eyes upward. "Let not your heart be
troubled; ye believe in God, believe also
in me. In my Father's house are many
mansions; if it were not so, I would have
told you. I go to prepare a place for you.
And if I go to prepare a place for you, I
will come again and receive you unto my-
self; that where I am there ye may be also."

The Saviour would have his disciple meet
the storm by soaring above it. Like the
eagle, or rather the lark, soaring, and sing-
ing at the gates of heaven, he should rise
above the region of sorrow, and to a region
of serenity and rest. This Jesus invites
him to do. And of all men, he should be
the last, when the dark clouds gather and
impend, to linger beneath them shelterless
and exposed.

O Christians, when you see the storm
approaching, take warning; and if you
would be safe, or find peace and rest to
your spirit while it rages, soar aloft.—*Am.
Messenger.*

The Unmusical Singer.

The story of Deacon Goodman was very
popular twenty-five years ago. He would
sing in his church, though he annoyed all
the congregation. The Deacon had a con-
science in the matter, and said it was his
duty to sing, and he would sing. And he
did sing. They drove him out of one
church, and he went to another to bear the
same persecutions.

The law has been invoked in North
Carolina, recently, to stop another good
man who will sing when he can't sing.
William Linkins is his name, and he was
indicted for misdemeanor, and tried be-
fore Russell, Judge at Robeson Superior
Court. Defendant was indicted for distur-
bing a religious congregation. The evi-
dence, as detailed by several witnesses,
was substantially this:

Defendant is a member of the Metho-
dist church. He sings in such a way as to
disturb the congregation. At the end of
each verse his voice is heard after the other
singers have ceased. One of the wit-
nesses being requested to describe defend-
ant's singing, testified by singing a
verse in the voice and manner of defendant.

Defendant introduced a burst of prolonged
and irresistible laughter, convulsing alike
the spectators, the bar, the jury, and the
court.

It was in evidence that the disturbance
occasioned by defendant's singing was de-
cided and serious; the effect of it was to
make one part of the congregation laugh,
and the other mad; that the irreverent and
frivolous enjoyed it as fun, while the se-
rious and devout were indignant. It was
also in evidence (without objection) that
the congregation had been so much dis-
turbed by defendant's singing, that he had
been refused to sing in the church on
account of the disturbance occasioned by
it; and that on one occasion a leading
member of the church, appreciating that
there was a feeling of solemnity pervading
the congregation in consequence of the
sermon just delivered, and fearing that it
would be turned into ridicule, went to the
defendant and asked him not to sing. It
also appeared that on one occasion the
church authorities expostulated with the
defendant about his singing and the dis-
turbance growing out of it. To all of
which, he replied, "That he would worship
his God; and that as a part of his worship
it was his duty to sing."

Defendant is a strict member of the
church and a man of exemplary deport-
ment. It was not contended by the State
upon the evidence that he had any inten-
tion or purpose to disturb the congregation,
but on the contrary, it was admitted that
he was conscientiously taking part in the
religious services. There was no verdict of
guilty, judgment, and an appeal by the
defendant.

Let All Men Pray.

Let us not be too particular whether we
pray philosophically or not. I have tried,
in opposition to the skepticism of the time,
to find a philosophical basis for prayer; but
in the act of devotion philosophy may be
forgotten. Indeed, the language of devotion
must be different from the language of
philosophy. In act of devotion, we crave
a human sympathy and love responsive to
our own; we want to place our hands in
a warm, loving hand; we want to feel the
pulsations of a loving heart; we want to
see the smile of affection beaming upon us
from eyes and lips that respond to ours.

Poor babies that we are in our weakness,
we may still be the children of God. Let
the child pray for toys and gingerbread;
he will grow to a condition in which he will
want them no longer. Let the farmer pray
for rain and sunshine; he will come some
day where the twelve-fruited tree of life
needs no rain to water it, and no sunshine
to make it grow. Let the sailor pray for
favoring breezes; he will come some time
to a haven where no stormy winds ever blow.
Let the sick man pray for recovery; he
will come at last to a land where sickness
is unknown. Let anxious friends, watch-
ing by the bedside where life trembles in
the balance, pray that life may be spared;
the friends shall meet at last where the
great family of God is never broken. Let
us pray then for things we seem to need;
but let the undertone of "Thy will be done"

run through all our prayers, till that alone
of all our earthly petitions shall blend with
the myriad-voiced chorus of adoration in
heaven. After this manner therefore let us
pray: "Hallowed be Thy name. Thy
kingdom come, thy will be done."—*Zion's
Herald.*

The Number Seven.

On the seventh day God ended his work.
On the seventh month Noah's ark touched
the ground.

In seven days a dove was sent.
Abraham pleaded seven times for Sodom.
Jacob mourned seven days for Joseph.
Jacob served seven years for Rachel.
And yet another seven years more.
Jacob was pursued a seven days' journey
by Laban.

A plenty of seven years and a famine of
seven years were foretold in Pharaoh's
dream by seven fat and seven lean beasts
and seven ears of full and seven ears of
blasted corn.

On the seventh day of the seventh month
the children of Israel fasted seven days and
remained seven days in their tent.

Every seventh day the land rested.
Every seventh year the law was read to
the people.

In the destruction of Jericho, seven per-
sons bore seven trumpets seven days. On
the seventh day they surrounded the walls
seven times, and at the end of the seventh
round the walls fell.

Solomon was seven years building the
Temple and fasted seven days at its dedi-
cation.

In the tabernacle were seven lamps.
The golden candle-stick had seven
branches.

Naaman washed seven times in the river
Jordan.

Job's friends sat with him seven days
and seven nights, and offered seven bul-
locks, and seven rams for an atonement.

Our Saviour spoke seven times from the
cross, on which he hung seven hours, and
after his resurrection appeared seven
times.

In the Revelation we read of seven
churches, seven candlesticks, seven stars,
seven trumpets, seven plagues, seven
thunders, seven vials, seven angels, and a
seven-headed monster.

Go Yourself.

The Christian man should neither be
content when he goes to worship to leave
others behind, nor should he be content to
drive others before him and stop behind
himself. It is said of Julius Cæsar that he
owed his victories to the fact that he never
said to his soldiers "Go," but always
said, "Let us go." That is the way to
win. Example is better than precept. We
read of the Pharisees of old that they laid
burdens on other men's shoulders, but they
themselves did not touch them with their
fingers. The Christians are not so. They
say, "I will go also."

Was not that bravely spoken of poor old
Latimer when he was to be burnt with Ridley?
Ridley was a younger and stronger man,
and as he walked to the stake, old
Latimer, with his quaintness about him to
the last, cried to his brother Ridley, "Have
after, as fast as my poor legs can carry me."

The dear old saint was marching to his
burning as fast as he could; not at all to
lay his aged body upon the altar for his
brother. That is the kind of man who makes
others into men; the man who habitually
others into men; the man who habitually
others into men.

"I will go also, even if I am called to
be burned for Christ. Whatever is to be
done or suffered, I will go also." I
would be ashamed to stand here, and say
to you, "Brethren, pray; brethren, preach;
brethren, labor," and then be an idler my-
self; and you also would be ashamed to
say to others, "Let us pray; let us be in
earnest," while you are not praying and
not earnest yourselves. Example is the
backbone of instruction. Be thyself what
thou wouldst have others be, and do thy-
self what thou wouldst have others do.—
Spurgeon.

The Heart.

How hard it is to feel that the power of
life is to be found inside, not outside; in
the heart and thoughts, not in the visible
actions and show; in the living seed, not
in the plant, which has no root! How
often do men cultivate the garden of their
souls just the other way? How often do
we try and persevere in trying to make a
sort of neat show of outer good qualities,
without anything within to correspond.
Just like children who plant blossoms with-
out any roots in the ground to make a
pretty show for the hour! We find fault
in ourselves and cut off the weed, but we
do not root it up; we find something want-
ing in ourselves, and we supply it not
by sowing the divine seed of the heavenly
principle; but by copying the deeds that
the principle ought to produce.—*Temple.*

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 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.

Premiums.—A Special Word.

We have already stated that the offering of Chromos, &c., as premiums to subscribers, is open to grave objections, and that it would be a real relief to reach the end of it. We have yielded to the prevalent custom of offering them because the call for it was urgent, and because it involved only a doubtful policy instead of a sacrifice of principle. There are strong reasons for saying that the practice is not unlikely to end with the present season. If it can properly do so, we shall gratefully accept the result. But while we offer anything, we mean to offer only what has merit and character. We wish our subscribers to get good things. And such things they have had in the Chromos lately sent. With the exception of a small lot of the "View on the Kennebec," that lot of premiums is exhausted, and we can no longer fill orders for them.

Owing to the difficulty of obtaining money the past season, more or less subscribers have wished us to extend the time for making payment and obtaining the premiums. We appreciate their case, and find pleasure in seeking to gratify them. And as we have recently found an unexpected opportunity to do a very good thing for them, we have decided to do it.

We have just obtained a superior and quite large Chromo, 13 by 16 inches, entitled, "The Illuminated Cross." Both in design and execution, it is by far the best thing we have offered on similar terms. We knew nothing of it till a few weeks since, or we should have given it the first place in the offers of last winter. Every way, it is a real gem, sure to command admiration. We do not stop to describe or praise it in detail; we are quite willing to risk it anywhere to speak for itself. We offer it to both old and new subscribers, until June 1, on the terms mentioned below.

We have also made arrangements with the Publisher of *The Fruit Recorder & Cottage Gardener*, a most excellent monthly sheet of 16 pages, issued at \$1.00 per year, and devoted to the culture of garden fruits and vegetables,—to furnish that paper to our subscribers, with the *Star*, and a most superb Fruit Chromo, 13 by 16 inches. This Chromo is issued by the same parties as the other, is of the same size, and not inferior in richness and merit. It is no cheap dabb, but a piece of genuine artistic work. These Chromos are too large to go safely by mail when mounted, and so we shall send them only in their plain form. Any framer will mount them. And so our offers, extending only to June 1, are as follows:

1. Every new subscriber, sending us \$2.50, with 10 cts. to pay for wrapping, mailing, &c., we will send the *Star* for one year, and a copy of the Illuminated Cross. For \$3.25 we will send the *Star* and the *Fruit Recorder* for one year, and a copy of both the Illuminated Cross and the *Fruit Chromo*.—Those who prefer it, may receive the "View on the Kennebec" instead of the Cross.

2. To all our present subscribers who shall pay all arrears, and a year's subscription in advance,—with the additional 10 cts. for wrapping, mailing, &c.,—we will send a copy of the Illuminated Cross. For 75 cts. additional, we will send a copy of the *Fruit Recorder* and the *Fruit Chromo*.—Or, we will send "View on the Kennebec" instead of the Cross.

3. Those of our old subscribers who have already paid a year in advance, and who wish the Cross, shall be entitled to a copy on sending 50 cts., or on sending \$2.50 to pay for the *Star* a second year in advance. And for 75 cts. additional, they shall also receive the *Fruit Recorder* and the *Fruit Chromo*. These last named subscribers will be charged nothing extra for postage.

Let the orders come promptly, and they will be promptly filled. If the Chromo business is coming to an end, we propose to finish it generously during the three months to come.

AN APOLOGY. We ask the charitable indulgence of our friends who take the *Lessons Papers*. The quality of the paper used in printing those for the month of March is very inferior. It wholly disatisfies us. But it happened that we were so situated as to be, in some sense, shut up to the necessity of using it at that time. We shall hereafter print on a decidedly better paper, and one which will make the *Lessons* wear at least a pleasant and creditable aspect. Eschewing extravagance, we shall at least seek to deal fairly with our patrons and

honor good taste. We have had no protests or complaint from our friends, and we decide on the improvement from an inward impulse and conviction. Perhaps our subscribers were satisfied with what they got. But we were not, and are sure they ought not to be. Look for the April issue, and see if our repentance does not prove genuine, and if the promise does not pass into fulfillment.

Spiritual Refreshings.

From various sources we learn that the religious interest is rising in the churches and congregations. The reports from Scotland, where Mr. Moody and others are holding meetings, indicate that the state of things there is something very noticeable. Pastors and people are profoundly stirred. The educated and the masses of the people alike feel themselves roused as by a divine touch. In the leading cities, in the towns and in the country, men and women are thrilled as by the conscious presence of God. Settled worldly habits are suddenly broken. Indifference, that seemed chronic or constitutional, gives place to an eagerness of spirit that transforms the whole man. Houses of worship are crowded, not only on Sunday, but on the week days as well. Hundreds tarry at the close of the formal service, for special prayer, and there is apparent a sort of solemn awe and a real wrestling of soul with God.

Scotland has rarely known such a season as that through which she is now passing. Even her social habits are being tested by the Christian standard. The intemperance that abounds in all circles comes up for scrutiny. Ministers are earnestly asking what can be done to check this indulgence at the cup, and so render the minds and hearts of the people more susceptible to religious influences. And not a few preachers of the gospel, who have freely used their wine and beer with scarcely a thought of the mischievous tendency of such indulgence, are seriously taking home the question, whether they are not required to abandon a habit which, if it does not directly imperil their own Christian manhood, certainly becomes a stumbling-block and a cause of offense to their weaker brethren.

Mr. Moody deals with this matter, as with others, in his thoroughly frank, incisive, earnest way. Being present at a meeting where a number of ministers were discussing the means of arresting the evils of intemperance among the people, and having been appealed to for his opinion, he said he thought the ministers might do an important work for the good cause, "by utterly banishing the infernal stuff from their own sideboards and tables." That was just like Mr. Moody. And though it made a sensation, his downright earnestness and honesty helped his strong word to awaken serious thought in the minds of his clerical hearers, and gave some promise that the thought would ripen into fitting action.

That is one of the proofs that a religious work is genuine, that it takes hold of the foundations of character, enforces vital principles, purifies influence and rectifies conduct. A faith that does not elevate social and public life, sweeten the temper, increase the interest in the welfare of others, cleanse away outward defilements, and lift the whole tone of conduct to a higher level,—such a faith shows that it lacks an essential thing. Is it not without works, and so, taking the apostle's definition, dead? Thank God for the evidences that the real Spirit of the Lord is at work across the sea, entering the heart to find a temple, and then sending out its redeeming forces through all the channels of conduct.

And in this country, too, the same gracious influence is at work. The reports that reach us from many points are very cheering. Our great cities seem to be especially stirred by the power of the gospel. New York and Boston are sharing an unusual measure of quickening influence. In several of the churches of these cities the whole congregation is powerfully impressed. Great numbers frankly confess their vital need of Christ's saving power. They own their sin and weakness. In plain speech. They earnestly ask for Christian counsel and prayers. They seek unto God as only they seek who realize that he alone can help and save. And they who come into the sanctuary largely from motives of curiosity, find themselves breathing a fresh and vital atmosphere, and the soul, from being a critical observer, becomes a longer after the divine life whose reality it can no more doubt and whose necessity it freshly realizes. And from not a few other points, both city and country, the cheering news reaches us, that the old scriptural doctrine of regeneration by the Spirit of God is preached in plainness and realized in experience.

That there may be some unhealthy excitement in connection with such seasons; that sympathy will sway some souls that are unreached by settled conviction; that regeneration of heart will be presumed upon, where there is not much besides the sudden rousing of conscience and the play of transient emotion; that some who profess largely and promise high things for the future will fall back into the old worldly ways when the special exhilaration has gone by; that more or less who take upon themselves the badge of the disciple may hereafter bring more scandal upon religion than strength to the churches,—that all these drawbacks may be found in connection with these seasons of revival, is what we have too much reason to expect. The best earthly ground is imperfect.

Still, there is ample ground for hope that, on the whole, these times, that they will really tokens of God's favor; that they will swell the tide of life in the church; that they will put many straying feet upon the true path; that they will bring a genuine salvation to many that were really lost. Thanking God for what he is already granting us, there is reason for more fervent prayer, larger faith and ampler effort, that a rain of righteousness may bless the whole land.

The Women's Crusade.

The efforts of the women to suppress liquor selling and promote temperance are assuming striking proportions and attracting general attention. Though the chief theater of operations is still in the states of Ohio and Indiana, yet the movement is taken up, either in the original form or with some modifications, in several other States. The wave of enthusiasm travels both east and west. St. Louis and Chicago are feeling the impulse; New York and Boston are laying out plans and mustering their forces.

There is ample reason for uniting hearts and special measures in this work. No words can do full justice to the evils that spring from the prevalence of liquor selling and drinking. The gains secured by the one class and the abnormal gratifications obtained by the other seem to override all higher considerations. Men sell their consciences with the fiery draughts for the sake of money; other men drown their manhood in the bowl for the sake of a momentary pleasure. Laws are evaded or defied. Dealers and drinkers combine to master the better citizens, to terrify magistrates, to baffle the courts, to pervert judgment, to outwit justice, to shame morality, to silence religion, to corrupt public sentiment, to buy legislatures, to bribe politicians, to shelter themselves and their crimes behind a barricade of statutes. And their successes are neither few nor small. In spite of all opposition, the work of death goes on. Open bars abound where the law makes the dealer's act a crime. Officers shut their eyes to the prevalent iniquity. Men and women reel through the streets, and nobody interferes. The brightest and most promising of our young men fall, but the enemy that strikes them down is allowed full liberty. The very strongest of our citizens are smitten into weakness and the grave; but they who deal the blow look on complacently for new victims, and so effective public protest is heard. It seems, at times, a desperate case, warranting and calling for desperate remedies.

Women are the sorest sufferers from this evil. The grief, the shame, the fear, the dread, the agony, the despair which fall on them from this source, no words can portray. One must see it all, feel it all, in order to understand it. To take home a husband at night, whose lips drop only maudlin indecencies, or whose hand deals out only brutal violence, and feel that her life is wedded to such living loathsomeness, instead of to the manly nobility which made her heart so bound with joyful pride years ago; to see her cherished boy, whose pictured future has been her cheering vision, becoming more and more the victim of a perverted appetite, until a dishonored life and an early grave are all that offer themselves to her hope,—to share such experiences as these, is for a refined and sensitive woman to know how terrible a work intemperance is doing, and to find urgent reasons for entering into almost any effort that carries the promise of relief. And they who coolly criticize this recent crusade against liquor selling, and ask whether the rules of etiquette or the technicalities of law will wholly warrant the women in their prayers and appeals at the shops of the liquor dealers, might, with about the same propriety, stop to criticize the tone in which a widowed mother prayed for submission under the death of her only child, or the movements of the facial muscles when the surgeon's knife was cutting a cancer out of the quivering flesh. There are times when the voice of a wounded and yearning heart, giving way to its strongest impulse, illustrates the divinest law that bears upon our being. And these women, who go to this work of putting an end to rum-selling in such a spirit, are incarnating the sublimest idea of duty and voicing the majestic protest of God. That is not only their apology, it is also their warrant and their distinction.

Of course there are and there will be excesses in this field of effort. Things will be said and done that are open to just criticism. The zeal will at times outrun the discretion. The laborers will here and there strengthen the barriers upon which they charge. They will find hearts too hard to be melted by their paths. More or less of the promises of amendment, given under annoyance, or sudden impulse, or in the hope of relief, will not be kept. Driven from one point, the evil-doers will sometimes flee to another, only to resume their nefarious work with increased skill and fiercer determination. The fever heat and furious purpose attending the movement, are likely to be followed by a reaction that brings in exhaustion of courage and quietude. The reform that comes through constraint is likely to cease, here and there, through lack of conviction. Men that have resisted argument, and fought down conscience, and defied law, and sneered at public sentiment, will more or less come in time to mock at prayers and appeals. And so, for all these and other reasons, we can not anticipate the utter and speedy overthrow of the liquor traffic by this crusade of the women.

But yet there is much in it to awaken hope and call forth sympathy. Their work will not be wholly in vain. The protest which they are uttering will call fresh attention to the moral as well as the legal aspects of the great question; it will help to arouse and energize the latent public sentiment; not a few genuine conversions may be hoped for; and the great cause of temperance can hardly fall henceforth to represent a higher plane of life, and unite hearts and hands in the work of pushing on to final victory.

Outlay and Income.

All prudent persons are governed in their outlay by the probability of income. Will it pay? is the great question, and the model man of business rarely invests a dollar until he sees some good prospect, near or remote, of getting profit from his investment. The shipbuilder does not build ships when there is no commerce for them, nor the capitalist put up buildings until tenants and business men in some way call for them, nor does the farmer raise an abundance of grain, nor the manufacturer pile his goods upon the market longer than there is such a demand for them as makes the outlay profitable.

If one wants illustrations, let him recall what silent and desolate scenes our shipyards presented during and after the war; how the dry-goods king of New York has stopped the progress of his cheap home for working-girls because he could not quite consent to the small pecuniary profit that it promises, and how, during this past winter, mills have been stopped, and operatives discharged, and pay reduced, because the market was proportionally lessening its demand for their products.

The same practical wisdom that governs business men in the management of their affairs, should also govern Christians in their proper sphere of effort. The theory with the men of affairs is, to keep the supply fully up to the demand, and never to lay down the hammer nor stop a mill so long as there is an adequate market for the products of the hammer and the mill. Shall these be wiser in their way than the children of light?

One can hardly conceive of an occasion for Christian workers relaxing their efforts. In which of all the departments of labor is there so great an opportunity for successful effort? Where is the demand greater or more pressing? Why should we not put more of the spirit which actuates enterprising business men into our work for the church? Think of its being known that there is a rich mine of coal, or iron, or gold, or silver in any accessible quarter, and not a dozen companies organized at once to operate it. We have suggested an absurdity. There would be at once preparations made whose outlay would be on a scale commensurate with the income usually derived from such sources.

But what are we as churches doing, with the great opportunities presented? We do not refer to the great mission enterprises, such as contemplate the conversion of foreign countries. These are recently well cared for. But we have in mind hosts of church organizations throughout the country, whose condition is a reproach to the Christian name. They are in communities where the gospel has not been preached for months. All about them are the unsaved,—the old, just ready to enter the other world; and the young, following the example of the old, and growing up to a worse condition than theirs. We have reports from parts of our own denomination, that there are meeting houses entirely forsaken, churches with neither pulse nor voice, and professed Christians whom near neighbors of six years' residence had not suspected of bearing the name. Such cases could be multiplied by referring to the other denominations. What opportunities they present to make priceless gains. Whole communities in a perishing condition, steadily advancing to a more deplorable state of ignorance, and mental barrenness, and spiritual death; eternal destinies left unshaped, except by the ever-present evil hand; coldness creeping over the spirit; faith fleeing from the heart; unbelief gaining a wider and firmer sway;—doesn't all this suggest the need of greater Christian activity, and more of that Christian living and influence that in all ages have constituted the strongest appeal and best recommendation to the minds of the unsaved? By as much as income for eternity is more valuable than that for mere temporal use, by so much should the outlay of all Christian effort and enterprise exceed that which expects only dollars and cents in return.

This outlay is oftentimes to be made in a very practical way. Will I attend meeting to-night, will I visit that neighbor who is sick and unsaved, will I warn this one of the fatal results to which certain indulgences are leading him, and in a spirit of love for my fellowmen do all I can, in my neighborhood and in all proper spheres, to win them to a higher life?—such simple service as these questions suggest is the kind that we oftentimes need to perform to secure these results. Neither in the heavens above nor in the earth beneath are we called to labor, but right about us, where the erring and lost are found; and in our own hearts, where the roots of evil are thick and vigorous. Thus doing we help not only ourselves; we save others from their follies, and our Father has coupled a very gracious promise with such service as that.

Current Topics.

—THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH CONTROVERSY. The controversy over the removal of the Old South church, and the desertion of the present site, so far as religious occupation of it is concerned, still agitates the Boston mind. The Society has grown up from before the revolution, and its place of worship, being in the midst of the business portion of the city, has brought about a desire since the fire to locate in a more fashionable and retired quarter. Indeed, the most of the Society have practically done this, and now have a majority petition before the legislature praying that an entire removal be legalized. But the Old South Society holds immense property, which has grown out of a bequest made by one Madam Norton long years ago to assist in maintaining public religious worship. The reasoners claim that the proposed selling of

the Old South would violate the terms of this bequest, and there is an earnest effort to induce the legislature to think the same. At this point a noted Andover Professor comes to the aid of the petitioners, claiming that "(1) It is customary to allow to trustees large liberty in regard to the construction of testamentary provisions. (2) The Old South meeting-house has become, in the opinion of the pew-owners, unfit for religious services, and therefore the spirit of Mrs. Norton's will requires that the proprietors be permitted to sell or lease it for other purposes, and add the proceeds to their funds." These points are well enough taken, but we should say that they do not meet the objections in the minds of the remonstrants. Whatever may be the result of the controversy, doubtless the primary wish in their minds is to keep the Old South more as a historic relic than anything else. And this is not an unworthy consideration. Canon Kingsley uttered the sentiment of their protest when in his late lecture he urged Americans to preserve with the utmost care their few old buildings. With a clean income of \$50,000 the Old South Society can certainly present no pecuniary consideration in favor of the sale. In any case, they will doubtless continue to worship where the most of them now do, in the Back Bay quarter. So that the antiquarian feature of the case seems to be the one on which the controversy is likely to turn. Having continued from the revolution, and escaped numerous perils by flame and invasion, and particularly having been the scene of so many and large Christian triumphs, why should it not be continued as a monument and reminder of all these experiences?

—A PERSISTENT CONTENDANT. Mrs. Myra Gaines, who has carried on such a signal legal contest with the New Orleans municipal authorities to secure lands and other property which she has thus established her claims upon, has lately laid legal hands upon Hon. Caleb Cushing, restraining him from entering upon his Spanish mission until he has rectified certain matters which involve an alleged violation of Mrs. Gaines's rights. And the lady seems to be getting the best of it, for when Mr. Cushing's answer was read in the Supreme Court in Washington the other day, it proved to be of such a character that the Judge ordered its amendment before being received, for the reason that it was irrelevant, scurrilous and libelous. Has Caleb Cushing, then, come to this, that he suffers himself to be thus rebuked before a tribunal of which he was lately nominated to be the chief? It may be that his respectability felt itself shocked to be thus balked by a woman. The case promises to furnish only another triumph for a lady who has already secured a vast property by successful legal suits. She doubtless learned the art of persistent contending from her husband, the gallant General who fought at Chrysler's field and repulsed the British from Fort Erie.

—BUDDHISM IN NEW YORK. It seems that there are Buddhist worshippers in Gotham. At least a temple, furnished after the idea of that peculiar superstition, has just been discovered in Baxter Street. It is in an underground cellar, which may account for its tardy discovery. One might inquire if Max Müller's classification of Buddhism among the missionary religions is going to be practically sustained by its introduction into America. However, this temple does not seem to be of very great dimensions, and the number who worship in it can hardly be large enough to merit very serious attention.

—THE BOSTON SCHOOL COMMITTEE CASE. A good many persons were credulous enough to suppose that, after the Supreme Court decided that the ladies of Boston were not constitutionally prevented (politically speaking) from serving on the School Committee, the chief difficulty had been surmounted. Perhaps it had, but the School Committee, either having failed to hear of the decision or else unconscious of the nature of such a judicial ruling, have again refused a reconsideration of the vote that expelled the ladies. Meanwhile, the parties interested are getting their temper up, fixing their faces towards the Courts, and seem disposed to go there for a decision. Since the matter has taken the shape that it has, we would like to see it authoritatively settled.

—WHITETOWN SEMINARY. The annual Catalogue of this institution, as usual, comes out in fine style, and what is still better, furnishes evidence of large and genuine prosperity. Its several departments are well manned by efficient teachers and appliances, and the attendance shows clearly that the work done is well appreciated. The Principal, J. S. Gardner, seems the permanent and central force, and he keeps always associated with him efficient helpers. The attendance during the past year was 376, of whom 321 were gentlemen and 155 were ladies. Plans for an enlargement of its sphere and operations have been formed, which the managers are bent on executing.

—UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN. A Catalogue of this University, sustained by the State, and presided over by our old schoolmate and genial friend, J. B. Angell, LL. D., comes to our table, and reports large resources and plans, and efficient work. Ladies are admitted to its various departments on the same terms as gentlemen, and a considerable company of them are hard at work. The whole number of different students reported for the year is 1105,—484 are in the Department of Literature, Science and the Arts, 314 in the Department of Medicine and Surgery, and 314 in the Department of Law. In its way, the University is a significant affair.

A TEMPERANCE VETERAN. That genial and large-hearted friend of us all, Rev. Dr. BURNS, of London, sends us a copy of his thirty-fourth Annual Temperance Sermon, preached in his own church, Jan. 25. We need not say it is good, earnest, straightforward, genial, incisive and practical, for they who know the author would be sure of so much beforehand. His theme is Rising and Building, his text being taken from Nehemiah 2: 18, and his sermon, as always, showing a vital relation to the text. He first deals with the work to be accomplished, then with the qualifications needed to carry it forward, and then with the motives that ought to impel the workers. He is equally sound, fervent and forcible in the presentation of his subject. It is a most creditable temperance record which he has made for himself, and he will not miss his large share of satisfaction and credit when the principles he advocates shall have won their way to a practical and general supremacy. We trust he is to be spared to bear his testimony and urge his plea on many other Anniversary Sundays, and that the day may be far off when his persuasive voice shall settle into the silence of infirmity and the grave.

—CHRISTIANS AND SECRET SOCIETIES. A pamphlet with this title, constituting a paper read by Rev. M. W. Fairfield before the Genesee Congregational Conference, at Ovid, Mich., has been received. It illustrates the fact, that the interest felt in the question of membership in Secret Societies is one that profoundly stirs not a small part of the Christian mind of the West. That subject is debated there pro and con, with an intensity of earnestness and a depth of feeling that are seldom found in New England. The author discusses the question with a candid moderation and a real force, stating his objections frankly, plainly and with no intemperance of speech. His points seem to us, in the main, well taken and effectively urged.

TEMPERANCE PRIZE ESSAYS. The National Temperance Society, New York, will offer two prizes for each of three Essays, open to all writers who choose to compete therefor,—which Essays shall deal with specified aspects of the subject of Temperance. 1. The Scientific; embracing the Chemical, Physiological and Medical aspect. 2. The Historical, Statistical, Economical and Political. 3. The Social, Educational and Religious. For the best Essay, adjudged satisfactory, on the Scientific aspects, \$500 will be paid; for the second best, \$300. Accepted manuscripts become the property of the Society. The offer remains open till Jan. 1, 1875. Manuscripts are to be forwarded to A. M. Powell, 58 Reade St., New York. In quantity, the Essay should not extend beyond 300 pages of print, medium sized octavo. It is hoped that the generosity of friends may soon enable the Society to make equally liberal offers for Essays devoted to the other, specified branches of the subject. A thoroughly competent Committee, of five persons, has been appointed to examine and decide upon the merits of the manuscripts.—It is a good undertaking, and one which we trust will bear choice and abundant fruit.

Denominational News and Notes.

Home Mission Chit-Chat.

ONCE MORE. The words on organizing churches in the cities have awakened an interest in the subject that will result in good. It is well to learn wisdom from the past. It is bad to get into the ruts, for it is so difficult to get out.

Another evil growing out of our not having churches in central points, is in not paying our ministers a liberal salary. But a very few churches pay their pastors a good salary promptly every month, or every quarter. But the reply is, We are not able. This is probably true of some churches, and perhaps some pay more than they are able, but as a denomination it is not true. We scarcely know of a church that pays their pastor as much as churches of other denominations, numbers and wealth being equal. We have noticed where we have had churches as able to pay as those of other denominations, and as able and worthy pastors, that our ministers do not receive more, than one-half or two-thirds as much salary. East and west this is true, as a rule. A pastor that receives \$1,000 in one of our churches would receive \$1,500 or \$2,000 in another denomination. The question will arise in ministers' minds, whether God requires them to make such sacrifices, when the members in their respective churches are increasing in wealth, and pay but a small fraction of their income for God's cause. Many would be willing to do it for themselves, but when in doing it they must cause their families to be deprived of the comforts of life, and their children to grow up uneducated, the question of duty becomes a serious one. Hence, so many turn their attention to some secular business for a livelihood. Hence, so many good and able men leave us and unite with other denominations. If you think that pastor of yours leaves his study, leaves his Master's work, and works on a farm, or goes into some business because he chooses to do it, you are simply mistaken. It is a burden that necessity compels him to bear, and a burden that at times crushes him to the ground. I verily believe that the most of our ministers that leave us and unite with other denominations would prefer to remain with the Free-Will Baptists if they could have a salary to support them. The reply is, "Let them go, we don't want such men with us." We can't afford to let them go. We are paying a great sum to educate men for the ministry. If we are not going to have churches in the villages to employ these men, then we might as well stop paying

country—a rare chance—particulars free—B. B.
RUSSEL, Publisher, Boston, Mass. 419

Poetry.

The Gleaner.

BY REV. A. D. SANDBORN.

I have wandered over mountains,
Over deserts, lone and drear;
Now have stood by gushing fountains,
Now, in forests old and rare;

All the way from youth's spring morning,
Where the sun, with golden light—
Hill and vale and stream adorning—
Makes all nature fair and bright;

To the wintry landscape dreary,
Bleak, and desolate, and cold—
Where we halt, infirm and weary,
Lonely, bowed, and sad, and old;

Where streams of pleasure, flowing
Through rich pastures, green and fair,
And sweet bowers of ease, bestowing
Rest and freedom from all care.

Where riches tempt to low indulgence,
Or refine and purify;
Leading where a pure exultance
Lights up all the social sky.

Where poverty and want, combining,
Force to serve toil and care;
Prompting, one to vain repining,
One to filial trust and prayer.

In the fields where health, relying
On his strength and stalwart frame,
Cheerful toils, nor thinks of trying
Any other path to fame.

Where the sufferer lies in anguish,
Pining daily, wan and low,
Doomed in wretchedness to languish,
While his life is ebbing slow;

'Mid all scenes of joy and sorrow,
Pain and pleasure, peace and strife,
With the present, past, and morrow
Marking all our varied life.

Now I stand beside the river,
And I hear the boatman's oar
Dipping, dipping, dipping ever,
As he nears the hither shore.

And I peer amid the shadows,
But my sight is growing dim,
And a mist is on the waters,
Veiling all things, hiding him.

And I look with anxious longing
O'er the years of life gone by—
Vain regrets my bosom thronging,
Darkening all my mental sky.

And I ask in eager accents
What of good my life has seen;
Sad mistakes and disappointments
All along my path have been.

Purposes of high ambition,
Schemes for gaining wealth and fame,
Plans for pleasure's full fruition
Have not reached their lofty aim.

All the pains and all the pleasures
Seen or tasted here on earth,
Pinching want and princely treasures
Now appear of little worth.

But a light beyond the river
Breaks upon my vision clear,
From the land of the hereafter,
Showing precious treasure there—

Any kind attention given
That could make a lone one glad,
Any word of cheering even,
When a heart was bowed and sad;

Even the gentle hand extended,
Laid upon the throbbing brow—
Or a sufferer's benighted
Kindly, with no thought of show;

Any word, a thought awakening
That might lift the struggling heart
From its doubt,—his wish partaking,
Helping it to bear its part;

Trifling things,—mere straws appearing,
Not affording room for pride,
Only my own bosom cheering,
When I'd chided a spirit tried;

These appear. Each straw is gathered,
With its head of golden grain,
And the pearls kernels treasured
In the sheaf upon the plain.

These I'll sow in fields elysian,
Where no blighting storms arise,
Thus this life has made provision
For a harvest in the skies.

Rochelle, Ill.

The Family Circle.

A Little Sharp Fellow.

There's a bright little fellow, dressed in
a suit of brown, that lives in your desk,
and since you're getting so very learned,
of course you want to know about him.

When I was young I used to make them
for myself, but it takes—oh, dozens of men
and women and boys and girls to make
one for you.

Mine were made of quills from the state-
ly goose, but the material for yours is dug
from the dark holes of earth. I must ad-
mit, though, that yours are much better
than mine were—as cheap, and a thousand
times less troublesome.

You've guessed before now, haven't you,
that I mean your steel pen? I wish you
could go in Gillott's manufactory and see
how bars of steel are cut and rolled and
stamped and ground and polished into
dainty pens. But you have to go to Eng-
land to do that, and I don't believe you can
just yet. So I'll tell you about it.

The steel comes from the Sheffield iron-
works, and the first operation in the pen-
factory is to cut it into strips a yard long
and four inches wide.

You don't see how they can cut steel.
Well, they couldn't cut it if they had only
the strength of men; but they use the same
useful servant that carries our messages,
draws our railroad-cars, warms our houses,
and makes nearly everything we use—
steam. With the help of steam power it
is as easy to cut steel as for you to cut an
apple; and not only to cut it into strips,
but to roll it out thin enough for pens.

And that isn't all steam does. It makes
all the rollers and stamps and presses and
grind-stones and chisels that I'm going to
tell you about.

To go back to our pens. When the steel
is rolled thin enough, the pens are cut out
just as you've seen cook cut biscuits, only

the girl who uses that cutter holds the
sheet of steel, and the cutter goes by steam.
The cutter is made of hard steel, and works
all the time up and down like a stamp.
The girl moves the steel around, and every
time the stamp comes down it bites out a
pen, or the outside shape of a pen.

As it is cut out it falls into a box, and
from that goes to another girl at another
stamping machine. One by one the girl
puts the flat bits of steel under the stamp,
which comes down and cuts the hole at the
top of the split—or where the split will be.
Then thousands of them together go into a
muffle!

That has a mysterious sound, and some-
how suggests smothering, but it really is
merely an innocent earthen box, which goes
into a furnace for the purpose of annealing
the pens. I needn't tell you again that an-
nealing is only softening.

When they are cool they go to another
girl, with another stamp, and this, coming
down in its irresistible way, prints in the
maker's name.

Have you a pen you can look at? Let me
see—I have one. The stamp says, "Joseph
Gillott's Pen," and there's a swan and
the number 332 on it. Perhaps your pen,
if you find one, is number 303, as that is
a favorite school pen.

When the name is on, they are ready to
be rounded up; for till now, you know,
they have been only flat pieces of steel.
Another girl, with another stamp, presses
them into their half-round shape in an in-
stant, and then they are hardened again.

"Do you know how they harden steel?"
I told you how they soften it. Well, it seems
rather odd, but they go to work in exactly
the same way that they do to soften it: they
heat the pens again, in another muffle,
red-hot. But instead of letting them cool
slowly, as they do to soften them, the work-
men plunge the hot pens into oil. A
greasy bath, it's true; but it cools them
suddenly, and makes them hard yet elastic,
so they will bend as you write. They're
dreadfully sticky and unpleasant to handle,
however; so thousands of them are put
into a tin barrel (did you ever hear of a
tin barrel?) and shaken violently for a long
time by the same steam-power that drives
the stamps.

All this snapping of stamps and rattling
of tin barrels full of pens make a horrid
noise, I can tell you. You need to leave
your nerves at home when you go to a
steel-pen factory—that is, if you have any
nerves. I hope you haven't.

The mad dance of the pens is not yet
over. They come out of the barrel into a
box with sand and other scouring things,
and there they have another horrible shak-
ing.

This leaves them clean and bright
and ready for another lot of girls. The
first one takes a pen, in a pair of pliers,
holds it an instant to an emery wheel—
which does nothing but fly around all day
—that grinds off the point.

The next girl takes it, lays it in a groove
made exactly to fit it, and down comes a
sharp chisel that cuts the split in a second.
That's the last stamp and the last cut for
the little pen.

Now it must be colored. Perhaps you
didn't know your pens were colored, but
if you look at one you'll see it isn't the
color of your knife-blade. It is blue
or brown, and it got its color not in a dye
tub, but by being heated in a metal box
over a charcoal fire.

The workman—not a girl this time—
watches them very carefully, and when they
are exactly right snatches them off. They
now have their color, but they must
have a luster, a "shine," before they're
nice enough to live in your desk. For this
they go into a bath of some liquids, and
are dried again before being shut up in
little boxes. I don't know how many do-
zens together. You've seen them many a
time.

There are some funny pens in Gillott's
show room, some so large as to need both
hands to hold one, and others so small
you need a microscope to see the split—regular
fairies' pens. Why, a gross of them will
go into a nutshell—not a cocoa-nut either,
but a Barcelona nut shell.

The first steel pens sold for one dollar
apiece; now you can buy them at the fac-
tory for one cent a gross!

Don't tell me you don't know that a gross
is twelve dozen!

I want to tell you something very won-
derful that the iron and steel workers have
done of late. It is almost too wonderful to
be true.

They have, with their immense rollers,
made iron into sheets thinner than the
thinnest tissue-paper you ever saw—of
which sheets it would take forty-eight hun-
dred in a pile to be an inch thick. Why,
two hundred and forty sheets of ordinary
note-paper make an inch. Think of taking
twenty of the marvelous iron sheets to be
as thick as one of the paper!

And this wonderful iron paper, as it is
called, can be written on and sent as a let-
ter.

I must tell you the story of this iron pa-
per.

To the World's Fair, in 1851, an American
in Pittsburgh sent a sheet of iron paper a
good deal thinner than letter-paper, but
not so thin as tissue. The English iron-
rollers did not like to be outdone by an
American, of course, so they set their wits
and their rollers to work to beat this. Gil-
lott, the steel pen man, rolled one very thin.
It took eighteen hundred to make an inch,
—but another English factory—a tin
factory—made the very thin one I told you
of.

So far in the contest England is ahead.
Whether that Pittsburgh man will allow
himself to be beaten by an English work-
man we shall see. I shouldn't wonder if
he was rolling away now night and day to
beat that Englishman. Should you?

People seldom improve when they have
no other model but themselves to copy
after.—*Goldsmith.*

An Odd Fellow.

Odd—I should think so! why, he carries
his house on his back, and his teeth on his
legs!

That's a tough story, but—dear me!—it's
nothing to what you'll have to believe when
you come to study the curious creatures
that live in the sea.

As to carrying his house about with him,
that is nothing new; all crabs and turtles do
that, but I must admit he's the only fellow I
ever heard of who has teeth on his legs. If
you and I are not acquainted with him, it is
merely because we haven't been prying in-
to the domestic manners of the crab family
all these years, as some scientific gentle-
men have. They have known about him
for many years, and he has even got into
the dictionary. Look in Webster's big dic-
tionary, at the word *Limulus*, and you'll
see a picture of him. *Limulus*, you must
know, is his grand Latin name, which he
doesn't wear at home in the sea. There he
is called Horse-foot Crab, or King Crab.

And there's another droll thing about
him,—he's just the shape of the bottom of
a horse's foot, with a long sharp tail strik-
ing out at the heel. He's a funny sight
when he is digging—and digging is his
special delight, I can tell you. This shell
is in two pieces; the front piece bends down
and shovels up the dirt, the back piece
bends down the other way, and the hard,
sharp tail braces against the ground; while
all his feet—eight or ten there are—throw
long for him to burrow into the mud out of
sight.

But I haven't told you about those useful
legs, besides the work of jaws, besides
their regular business of carrying their
owner about.

There are five pairs of them, besides a
short pair in front, called feelers, or antennae,
if you want the book name. The first four
pairs are furnished with sharp teeth—lots
of them, sometimes as many as a hundred
and fifty.

When this comical gentleman wants to
eat, he seizes a soft worm, or some other
sea delicacy, with his two hind feet, and
holds it up to his mouth, which is conveni-
ently placed among all these useful legs. Then
the hundred and fifty sharp little teeth go to
work, and rasp the food into bits, and the
mouth takes it in.

How do you suppose all this was found
out? A naturalist, who was curious to see
what the horse-foot did with the food that
he always pulled under his shell, waited
till he was hard at work at his dinner, and
then very coolly turned him over on his
back. Mr. *Limulus* was too busy to mind,
so he went on eating, and the naturalist
saw the whole performance.

But I haven't told you half the wonderful
things about him. When he is first hatched
he is a quarter of an inch in diameter, has
no tail, and has a shell just the right size
for him, of course. When he gets bigger
he outgrows the shell, as you youngsters
do your clothes, and he has to get out of
the old suit. It's a very droll sight to see
him come out of himself in that way. He
doesn't have so much trouble about it as lob-
sters and some other crabs do—he just splits
open the front edge of his shell, and pulls
himself out. But you know he has been
growing some time since that baby suit fit-
ted him, and the fact is, he has been very
much crowded these last few days. So
when he gets fairly out of the shell, he
swells out an inch or two bigger than he
was before, and in a short time he has
another shell big enough for him, besides a
little sharp tail.

So he goes on as long as he lives, throw-
ing off his old shells and getting new ones.

This interesting little fellow is well sup-
plied with eyes, having two large ones up
high on the shell, to see all about with, and
two more in front.

I must tell you how Mamma Horse-foot
makes her nursery. In May or June, when
she has, perhaps, half a pint of eggs under
her shell, and when the tide is in—that is, the
water is up high on shore—she comes up to
the sand as far as she can without getting
out of the water. She then digs a hole,
and puts the eggs into it—and that's just all
she does about it, and she never sees one of
the babies.

The next wave covers these eggs up with
sand, the hot sun hatches them out, and the
little ones know everything belonging to a
crab's education, and can take care of them-
selves the minute they come out of the
shell. But the drollest part of the business
is the behavior of Mr. *Limulus*. He wants
to see that the eggs are properly laid in the
sand, and he doesn't want the trouble of
walking, so the lazy fellow jumps upon
Mamma *Limulus*'s shell, and lets her carry
him up, and back again in the same way.

That's most as lazy as our noble red men,
who sit and smoke while their wives work
for them.—*St. Nicholas.*

The Miller's Story.

"When I was fourteen years of age, my
uncle, with whom I lived, had hired a man
who took my part, so that I had a very com-
fortable summer. He was a very young
man, and could do more work than any
man I ever saw. My uncle was glad to
hire him. I heard my uncle say, 'I expect
to get as much work out of him as I could
get out of any two men I could hire.' Mr.
Paddock, for that was his name, was a
Christian man. Once we were in the field
at work, and something went wrong, and
my uncle began to swear—a very common
thing with him. Mr. Paddock stopped
and said:

"I say, I'm getting more than I bar-
gained for. I agreed to work for you for
sixteen dollars a month. I was hired to
work for you—not to hear you swear. Now,
either the working or the swearing has got
to be stopped."

"I never heard my uncle swear after that,
when Paddock was present. At another
time, when my uncle had treated me un-

kindly, he said, looking him full in the eye,
'You don't treat that boy right; you don't
do as you would be done by.'

"He don't belong to you," said my uncle,
who was very angry.

"That is true; but he belongs to the
Lord, and as I am in the Lord's service, I
must see that his property is not abused.
God says, 'All souls are mine.'

"My uncle didn't say anything, for he
was afraid Paddock would leave him.

"That evening, as we were on our way
home, he said to me, 'You need to have a
father to take care of you.' He spoke so
kindly that I felt the need of one to take
care of me so keenly, that I burst into cry-

ing.

"I wish I had a father to take care of
me," said I.

"You might have had a Father all along
if you hadn't run away from him," said
I. 'I never ran away from my father,' said
I, 'my father died when I was young.'

"One father died then. The other is
still living."

"I knew then what he meant, but I didn't
say anything."

"You have a Father in heaven from
whom you have wandered, who loves you
more than your earthly father did, and is
more able to help you than he was. You
had better go to him and let him help you."

"How shall I go to him?"

"Go away by yourself and pray, to him.
Tell him that you are a poor, friendless boy,
and that you want him to take care of you.
Tell him that you are a great sinner, and
that you want him to forgive you, and to
give you a heart to love and serve him. Be
in earnest, and he will hear you."

"That night I went to the barn and tried
to do as Paddock told me to do. I wasn't
used to praying, and didn't succeed very
well at first. Paddock continued to tell me
what to do, and was the means of bringing
me back to my Father. I came just as the
predigal son came, and I was received in
pretty much the same manner. You have
a kind earthly father, but you still need the
care of your heavenly Father."—*Bright
Side.*

About Hisses.

Frank and Fred went out rowing on the
pond. They had business of their own this
morning. They were going across to the
swamp to pick cowslips for dinner; so they
went very straight on their way.

But Madame Squawk and all the young
Squawks were out on the pond, and came
sailing and hissing after them, as much as
to say, "S-s-s! what are you here for?
This pond belongs to us. S-s-s! what right
have you ruffling up the water?" And so
on all across the pond.

And, when they rowed back to the house,
on came all the Squawks again, sneering
and hissing. "S-s-s! fore I'd pick greens
this bright morning! S-s-s! don't you wish
you could sail and dive, and sun yourself,
as we do? S-s-s! go along with your clum-
sy old boat!"

Now, what did Fred and Frank do at
such treatment as this? Why, they laugh-
ed, and splashed a little water on the gos-
lings' backs, and rowed along. They did
not think it worth while to argue the point
with goslings; and as for hissing and sneer-
ing back, that was not their way of express-
ing themselves. So the Squawks hissed
and paddled after till they got ashore, and
then sailed back with great dignity, as if
they had really driven them off the pond.

I wonder if our young readers have ever
seen any of the Squawk family on this great
pond which we call life? We have known
some old geese that were about as silly as
these goslings. We heard once of a man
who got angry at something his pastor said
in church; and he said to his friend next
day—

"I just got up and walked out of the
house."

"Did you?" said his friend. "Well, the
services went on; didn't they?"

We have heard of a lawyer who was an-
noyed by a young prig who kept interrupt-
ing him; till finally he stopped his plea,
and began telling a story about his dog.
The dog went out every night, and barked
at the moon hour after hour. The lawyer
dwelt on this till the judge got out of pa-
tience, and said, "Well, what of it?"

"Oh! nothing," said the lawyer; "noth-
ing in the world. The moon went right on."

And when an honest, straightforward boy
hears any small geese paddling and hissing
behind him—"S-s-s! fore I'd wear padded
clothes, and save every cent of my money!"
—"S-s-s, old book-worm! hasn't got spirit
enough to play truant!"—"S-s-s, baby-boy!
to be cooped up in Sabbath-school all day!"
—what had he better do? We would ad-
vise him to do about what Frank and Fred
did,—row right along.

Theodore Parker's Conscience.

Theodore Parker, in his autobiography,
tells a beautiful story of his childhood. It
reveals a tender conscience in the boy, and
a wise training in the mother. When he
was four years old, he was passing a pond-
hole in a field, and turned to look at a rare
flower in the water. He saw a spotted to-
rtoise sunning himself in the shallow water.
Very naturally he lifted a stick he was car-
rying, to strike the reptile. But all at once
a voice within him said, loud and clear, "It
is wrong." He was surprised, and the up-
lifted stick fell. He hurried home, and
asked his mother what it was that told him
it was wrong. Taking him in her arms,
she said, "Some man call it conscience,
but I prefer to call it the voice of
God in the soul of man. If you listen and
obey it, then it will speak clearer and clear-
er, and always guide you right; but if you
turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will fade
out little by little, and leave you all in the
dark and without a guide. Your life de-
pends on hearing this little voice."—"I am
sure," he says, "no event in my life made
so deep and lasting an impression as that."

Literary Review.

THE MINOR PROPHETS. Exegetically, Theologi-
cally and Homiletically expounded. By
Paul Kleinert, Otto Scholler, George R.
Bliss, Talbot W. Chambers, Charles Elliott,
John Forsyth, J. Frederick McCurdy and
J. S. Packard. Edited by Philip Schaff, D. D.
New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1874.
Octavo, pp. 660. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

The great work popularly known as Lange's
Commentary gradually approaches completion.
Lange has indeed had a great deal to do in its
preparation, but his relation to it is not very
much more intimate or important than that of
Dr. Schaff, who has directly wrought most effi-
ciently in its preparation, translation and revisi-
on, and has also secured the active co-operation
of many eminent American expositors. This
volume well illustrates his labor. The commen-
tary on the Minor Prophets is issued in this
country in advance of its appearance in Germa-
ny. Notes on nine of the twelve books had ap-
peared there, but those on the remaining three
were delayed through a failure on the part of
Dr. Lange to enlist the desired collaborators. Dr.
Schaff, unwilling to wait longer, secured the
services of competent American scholars to aid
in bringing out the remainder of the work at
home, and so, with Dr. Lange's approval, Ameri-
can students get the work in advance of the
Continental.—The General Introduction to the
Prophets, and especially to this group of them,
is prepared by Dr. Elliott of Chicago, and it is
marked by many and peculiar excellences. Not-
withstanding the large number of persons en-
gaged on this work, there is a substantial unity
underlying the diversities and peculiarities given
to it by the several expositors. The original de-
sign and plan are never forgotten, but constan-
tly honored and illustrated. The critical and the
practical ends aimed at are ever kept in mind.

The learning and the piety set forth are genu-
ine. All the ends sought in the formal exposi-
tion of Scripture are distinctly regarded in this
commentary, and each secures a proper degree
of attention. Such a work is and must be some-
what extensive and costly, but, considering the
fact that it is so comprehensive in plan and so
admirable in the execution,—considering the
fact that it is little less than a Biblical Library
itself, there is much to be said in commendation
of it even on the score of economy. There is no
heedless or hurried work allowed here, and in-
competent hands are not permitted to deal with
a task which carries so much significance. The
result is seen in a work which can hardly have
any real rival for many years to come.—We are
assured that the volumes yet to be issued will
be brought out as rapidly as is consistent, with
the principles upon which the whole undertak-
ing is based, and so it is hoped that the com-
pleted commentary may, at no distant day, be found
in the hands of students in two hemispheres.

ON SELF-CULTURE. Intellectual, Physical and
Moral. A Yale Memento for Young Men and
Students. By John Stuart Blackie, Professor
of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. New
York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1874, 16mo.
pp. 116.

Prof. Blackie is a strong, fresh, philosophic
thinker, who is never content to deal in com-
monplaces nor skim over the surface of a sub-
ject. He is not the mere echo of other men, nor
the reproducer of his earlier self. His "Four
Phases of Morals" showed the vigor, the com-
prehensiveness and the precision of his thought.
It showed also that he kept a forcible conscience
and a devout heart. In this volume he speaks
from what is more nearly the average level of
human minds, and he deals with just those top-
ics that concern and interest the very class to
which he addresses himself,—young men and
students. He occupies himself with those very
matters which many others have dealt with, and
there is no affectation of originality. He is
no mere theorizer or controversialist. Every-
thing here found is plain and practical, and not
least so when his way of putting a point is
peculiarly striking and impressive. He sets forth
in detail the methods in which culture may be
effectively carried on, so as to be in harmony
with the laws of the constitution God has given
us. His suggestions are especially excellent and
will commend themselves to general approval.
He believes in the vigorous intellect, the tough
and elastic body, and the royal moral nature. He
tells us why and how to cultivate the powers of
observation, of reasoning, of imagination, of mem-
ory, and of expression; by what means the body
may be made healthy and capable of pleasure
and endurance, and he sets forth the real
elements of moral strength and excellence, and
the sure methods of attaining them. It is a book
full of wise thoughts and calm counsels, at once
interesting to thinkers and helpful to those who
would make the best and highest thing out of
life.

EUTHANASY, or Happy Talk towards the End of
Life. By William Mountford. Boston: James
R. Osgood & Co. 1874. 12mo. pp. 511. Sold
by E. J. Lane & Co.

It is with special satisfaction that we welcome
a new edition of this volume which has been for
some years nearly if not quite out of print. We
know of more or less persons who have kept it
at their elbows for years, turning to it day after
day for the sake of communing with its cheer-
ful, wise, helpful, elevating thoughts, and drink-
ing in afresh something of its own devout, trust-
ful, serene, mellowing spirit. To a true, meli-
orative, aspiring nature its thoughts and words
come like dew upon thirsty fields, like a psalm
of a tropical island to one who has long pined
on a wreck as he was tossed over the pitiless
sea, like a strain of music to the ear of an exile
full of the dearest suggestions of a far-away
home, like a vision of the better land and life
that makes one half forget the weariness of the
world-journey and seems to lift the path our
feet are treading so that we walk near the bor-
ders of the immortal realm. And yet this book-
ism may mislead the reader. For there is
nothing high-wrought, or sensational, or extrava-
gant, or intense, or adapted to take the imagina-
tion by storm. The words are very calm;
there is nothing suggestive of cant; the talk of
death and the life beyond it is eminently con-
siderate; all the really wise words which science,
metaphysics and philosophy have uttered over
the experiences of age, the mysteries of death
and the qualities of life in the other realm, are
here translated into familiar speech, while the
revelations of the New Testament are brooded
over in a spirit that makes them seem equally
fresh, suggestive and sacred. It is the healthi-
est sort of talk which one finds on these pages.
To be able to enjoy it will find a heart really
teachable and measurably true, and such a heart
can hardly fail to gain wisdom, cheerfulness,
bravery, and a blessed trust, while it thus com-
munes with the truth and with the future, and
which it is being daily pressed. For all
thoughtful and religious souls the book has
much that will prove eminently welcome and
helpful.

A MEMOIR OF MRS. ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD,
with many of her Letters, and a Selection from
her Poems and Prose Writings. By Grace
A. Ellis. In two volumes. Boston: James R.
Osgood & Co. 1874. 12mo. pp. 650, 472. Sold
by E. J. Lane & Co.

Mrs. Ellis has done a fitting thing in prepar-
ing these volumes, and she has done it with ex-
cellent judgment and taste. It is not alone that
Mrs. Barbauld was one of the earlier women
who won an honorable distinction in the field of

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Literary Miscellany.

Literary Hinderances.

There was something very impressive and suggestive in what Mr. Stedman recently printed in these pages on the embarrasments of Hood's literary life. The brave, cheerful, mirth-provoking man, spreading innocent pleasure all over a realm from his bed of pain, coining his wailing blood into peace with which to buy bread for himself and his family, presents to the imagination an object at once pitiful and inspiring. Yet the literary world is full of spectacles only less touching. Three-quarters of the literary men and women of the present time are loaded down with cares that seem to forbid the free development of their genius, and deny to them the power to do their best possible work. The poet, with the greatest ambition and the noblest genius, is obliged to come down to what he calls his "pot-boilers," and most literary men and women do the same. They do work in which they take no pleasure, simply because it is necessary to win their bread and clothing. Even this work they do under a pressure that is sometimes degrading, and some of them are obliged to do so much of it that, after a time, the spontaneous, creative impulse dies out of them, and they become disheartened and demoralized literary hacks.

But suppose the case were as we would like to have it. Suppose that when genius should be discovered in any man, or woman, a competent pension were provided at once for his or her maintenance, so that all common cares could be forever set aside, and the song be sung, and the story be told in perfect freedom, and at perfect leisure. Suppose every writer could have Byron's wealth, or Tennyson's competence, or Dickens's literary income, would it be better for the world than, as even better for literature? It is an open question, which it would be well for all readers to examine. Would Byron have had more for the great world of struggling and sorrowing life with smaller possibilities of self-seclusion? Were not Dickens's wide-mouthed wants, natural and artificial, among the productive motives which have given to the world the most remarkable series of novels that the English language holds among its treasures?

If the truth must be confessed, the literary men and women of the world can hardly be trusted with wealth, when we remember that literature has no uses save as it ministers to the comfort, the pure pleasure, the strength, the elevation and the spiritual culture of the race. To be placed beyond the common needs and the common struggles of men, is to be placed beyond their sympathies, is to be placed outside of a realm of knowledge which all must possess whose function is that of artistic ministry.

That the operation of this law brings individual hardship may not be questioned, but we can not afford to lose it because of this. Tennyson could never have sung "The Song of the Shire," "The Bridge of Sighs," "It took a man to do these things," had he lived close to London life, and who in his own person and fortunes, had shared in the trials and tragedies of its struggling multitudes. Cowper is dearest to those whose lives have been clouded, and he sings to them by a divine commission. We should have lost our Burns if he had been born in a palace, and reared in luxury. Mrs. Browning, like the lark, would have sung all her songs in the sky, beyond the hearing of the common ear, if she had not been bound to the earth by the chain of pain. Even Shakespeare, in his most wonderful plays, "meant business." How true, and sweet, and pure remains the spirit that still shines under the Quaker brown, and waits for translation within the consecrated cottage of Amesbury! God made Whittier poor, that every son of want, and every victim of wrong should have a sympathizing and ministering brother. Uncounted and inestimable literary successes have been founded upon a knowledge of, and sympathy with, the world, only won and only attainable by sharing that world's homely needs and homely work.

Sometimes, however, the conviction comes to the literary worker that he is having something too much of drudgery. There are undoubtedly cases of this kind, but, after all, we can not afford to lose the test which work for bread furnishes in deciding upon the genuineness of a literary man's mission. He who becomes soured by toil shows that he is not fit for prosperity, and can not be trusted with it. He who makes the best of his conditions, and bends them all to the service of his art; who keeps a good conscience in all his work, and makes men better and happier in winning the bread for himself and his dependents; who learns to love his life while sharing their toils, and to serve his God in serving them, is the man whose name is safe in the keeping of his country. The man, on the contrary, who takes his lot with discontent; who ceases to do good work because he must work or starve, and becomes willing at last to do any work that offers, writing on any required side of any prescribed question, shows himself made of poor material—unworthy, under any circumstances, to hold a high place in the regard of his countrymen. If the ideal, literary life of freedom and leisure were best for the mass of literary workers, they would doubtless have it. If the poet of the modern *idyllist*, that beauty is its own excuse for being, and that the artist has no mission which does not end in his art, were sound, we should find literary conditions adjusted to it. But the artist is a minister—a servant; and that he may learn his duty to his race, he must mingle with it, work with it, weep with it. Only thus can he know how to charm it with story, and inspire it with song.—*Scribner's*.

The Bermudas.

Among the near-by places of late years sought by invalids are the Bermudas. The climate of these islands is mild and of unusual evenness throughout the year, and is very beneficial to delicate or diseased lungs. Bermuda is only some six or seven hundred miles from this continent, and shares with Cuba and Nassau all the advantages of being easily reached. It is not every one that can get as far as Madeira, or the south of France. The preparation for any of these farther pilgrimages is much more elaborate and formidable. One can safely go to Bermuda without having so varied a stock of clothing, or so many trunks to hold it. No circular notes or letters of credit are required, or could be used, but a few eagles and half eagles will safely land the tourist, and keep him from starving until the boat returns from New York. The communication between Bermuda and New York, for

some years, has been once in every three weeks by steam vessels, and at all odd and intermediate times by sailing craft. In spring, when the vegetable crops of the islands are shipped, the communication is much more frequent and rapid, and a steam vessel leaves Bermuda and New York almost every week.

It is a most delightful change to leave the snow and cold of New York in December, and in a few hours to land on an island where flowers are in bloom and green peas are growing in the open air. If Bermuda lacked all other charms or attractions, its soil and safe climate would make it a haven for the sick and weary. The thermometer seldom gets as low as fifty, and when it does get there, returns as soon as possible to its staying place among the seventies and eighties. There is no frost to check or kill vegetation. In the traditions of the island, there are one or two occasions, with long intervals between, when a snow-cloud has been blown over from the shores, and before it could get thawed or melted, has shed its sudden and startling chills over the islands. But such instances are very rare. The prevailing evenness of temperature does not vary twenty-five degrees from January to December. People with diseased lungs, or with no lungs to speak of, find comfort and delight in breathing the balmy atmosphere of the islands. Air of the best and purest kind envelops and bathes the islands. It comes directly from the Atlantic ocean, untainted and without defilement, its only peculiarity being a salt strength, which may not suit all weakness or conditions of health.—*The Sanitarian*.

Lucky Omens.

What an exhibition of human weakness is made in the petty superstitions regarding so-called omens and lucky and unlucky days! Let us run over a few of these follies, not yet exploded in certain sections of the population.

Odd numbers—barring the ever fatal thirteen—are thought to be lucky. The shrill piping of the household cock is prophetic of happiness to the hearth it haunts, as surely as the settling of a storm upon a Dutchman's roof-tree bodes pleasant times to the dwellers beneath it. That forlornest of animals, the master dog that follows close upon the heels of a night-walker, and will not be balked of companionship, is a certain luck-bringer. Black cats should be at a premium, considering a stray puss of that hue who takes a fancy to establishing himself in a house introduces good fortune with him; while a cat of any color, whether an uninvited visitor or an acknowledged member of the family, ought never to be restrained from sharpening his talons at the expense of the table's legs, since, when he scratches, he scratches for luck. Pat kindly the head of the first lamb of spring, if you have the chance; it will bring prosperity to you and yours; but avoid the innocent creature if it presents its tail to view.

To come suddenly upon a couple of magpies, to pick up a pin lying with its head toward you, to find—of course without seeking—a four-leaved clover, or a bit of old iron, is matter for rejoicing; if the iron take the shape of a rusty nail or an old horseshoe, the omen is so much the more fortunate. Accident-minded and careless dressers are likely to be often in luck's way. To put on any garment wrong side out, provided we are not neat enough to spoil the charm, is an infallible prognostic that something is about to happen which will profit the sloven greatly.

It is not pleasant to stumble up stairs, but there is some consolation for sore shins in knowing that a wedding will come off in the house ere twelve months have passed by, even if the stumbler has no hope of being a party concerned in the event. Should a spinster or a bachelor be inadvertently placed between a married pair at the dinner-table, he or she will taste the sweets of conjugal bliss before the year is out. A maiden who has constant ill luck at the card-table will play the game of life with greater success, partnered with a good husband. If a happy wife be the bride the sun shines on; and if a hen cackles in her new home as she crosses its threshold, she will be a happy mother as well as a contented wife. The odd notion prevails in some parts of France that when two marriages take place at the same time, the bride who first leaves the church will have a boy for her first child. Not long ago two weddings were celebrated simultaneously at Arches. As soon as the ceremony was over, the two couples and their friends made all haste to reach the church door, and to use a sporting phrase, made a dead-end of it. Neither party was inclined to yield precedence, defiant looks were exchanged, and things were a threatening aspect, when the mayor, stepping to the front, solved the difficulty by giving an arm to each of the brides, and taking them out together, to the immense relief of their respective friends.

To barter away old shoes for the benefit of the "translator" is a sad waste; there is nothing like well-worn leather to propitiate fate. The time-honored custom of throwing an old shoe after a departing friend, in order that his journey may have a prosperous issue, is so ancient and so common that we only mention it here to remind intending throwers that the shoe should belong to the left foot—there is no virtue in its fellow—and that the harder the recipient is hit, the happier will be the result. Old shoes are within everybody's reach, but a friend is not always at hand to perform the ceremony. However, that scarcely matters much, since we have lately learned success is to be retrieved, whether it be deserved or not, by simply pocketing a bit of coal.—*Harper's Weekly*.

A Great French Painter.

Gustave Doré is a short, stout man with a large head, a fine brown complexion, a broad forehead, a handsome face, very bright beaming eyes, and a peculiar frank and winning smile. There is something indescribably animating about his friendly and cordial manner. He is rather more than 40 years of age, but he looks much younger; and he has been so short a time, comparatively, before the world, that one is surprised to learn he has even attained his fortieth year.

On a bright and beautiful afternoon of September last, I had the pleasure of visiting his studio. It was something of a change from the almost glaring brightness of everything outside to enter that large, cool, solemn room. M. Doré lives and works in one of the avenues leading out of the Champs Elysees. His studio (on the ground floor, as we should call it in England), is at the back of the house, and is, as I have said, a large and almost a vast chamber. It is tapestried, if I may say so, with the records and trophies of that wonderful fertile genius which has filled Europe and America with such prodigious proofs of its rapid skill. More than one wild Dantesque scene may be looked on

there, and recognized as an old acquaintance by all eyes familiar with the illustrations to the "Inferno." There is a copy made by the artist himself of "Christian Martyrs," which at present is on exhibition in the Doré gallery in London. Only think of the artist's capacity for labor, who, still young, has a gallery of his own paintings in London, another in New York, and a third in Paris! On the walls of Doré's studio are some grim and pathetic figures illustrative in various ways of Alsace and her sufferings; the artist is a native of Strasbourg. He was born in January, 1832, and when very young was brought by his father to Paris, where his education was finished. Doré's mother is still living, a woman of the most attractive manners, always delighted to welcome and entertain the large circle of friends and visitors that her own genial ways and the renown of her son have brought about her. Another of her sons is, I believe, a banker in Paris, and is married. Gustave Doré still remains a bachelor. The life of an artist has hitherto been naturally somewhat uneventful unless in so far as artistic enterprises and achievements may be considered events. The great eye in his life was when the public first became conscious of the new and strong power that was growing up in art.—*Galaxy*.

The Bird and the Mirror.

As I was retiring from the dinner-table of a friend in the country, one bright sunny day last autumn, casting my eyes through the bay-window, my attention was attracted by a little brown bird, sitting on the ground near the mirror which the coachman had brought from the city that morning, and left leaning against the wing of the house. A group of friends and children immediately gathered around to see "birdie," and with one voice we said it had received an injury, and could not fly; but the next moment we found ourselves mistaken, for it took wing and was off. Very soon, however, it returned, taking its place again before the mirror, and by its movements, we soon discovered that it was watching its reflection in the glass—mistaking it for an enemy. It gazed a moment, moved its head toward one side, then toward the other; raised its feathers, stepped back a little—the reflection, of course, making the same defiant movements—and then, with all its power rushed forward to strike its foe. The force with which it struck the mirror was such as to send it backward. Recovering itself a little it would resume the same position, and repeatedly go through similar movements. Then it would fly away for two or three minutes. On returning, it would repeat its attacks, with little variation, till it was tired. Sometimes, before flying away to recruit, it would step behind the glass as if looking for its foe there.

The bird was left undisturbed by the family, though it was closely watched till sunset. I do not think it was absent five minutes at any time.

The next morning when the family assembled in the dining-room, the first inquiry was for "birdie." The mirror having been left unmoved, we found him at his post apparently with the motto in mind "Never give up." The same defiant spirit, the same pugnaunt encounters were continued, with but a few minutes' recess, till late in the afternoon, when the mirror was taken away.

As I watched the little creature's movements, and saw its persistent, unrelenting spirit, I thought how much this is like the spirit and conduct of too many human beings, both of larger and smaller growth. How many, like "birdie," are fighting shadows or imaginary enemies; how many think they have defeated their opponent, when, if like "birdie," they will look behind that which caused the shadow, they will find that there was none to defeat.

"Bunyan's Dell."

Within a few hundred yards of Preston gates, and in the midst of a thick wood which borders the Castle meadows, is a green-space called "Bunyan's Dell." In this hollow in the wilderness a thousand people would once assemble to listen to their Baptist—the inspired speaker of Bedford. A Protestant may admire Ignatius Loyola, or the gentle St. Francis, and the most severe Churchman must give due honor to the memory of John Bunyan, the saint-errant of Dissent. Any one who reads his life may see that he lived through his own spiritual romance. Surrounded by the wild passions and blind bigotry of the seventeenth century, "his pure and powerful mind" fought a good fight with Apollyon, passed with trembling anguish through the Valley of the shadow of Death, and escaped serene and blameless from Vanity Fair. No doubt the "Meeter" who came to the Preston wood to hear Bunyan's rousing and searching sermons, understood very well that he was the Christian hero of his "Pilgrim's Progress."

Living in Hertfordshire, from sixteen to twenty miles from Bedford, they would probably know much of his history. A prisoner for Nonconformity, and illegal preaching, Bunyan had spent twelve weary years in Bedford jail. Though not shut up in the Venetian *pozzi*, he must have suffered severely in his dull, dark, damp chamber, built over the river. There with only two books—the Bible and "Fox's Book of Martyrs"—he gave himself up to studies more absorbing than those which endeared the "Martin Tower" to the Wizard Earl of Northumberland. And there he resolved to remain "until the moss grew on his eyebrows" rather than promise not to preach. At length Dr. Barlow, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, is said to have obtained his unconditional release. All honor to the wise, kind Churchman! Wise and kind people, having read the "Pilgrim's Progress," felt that the writer had heart and intellect for a broader catholic faith, and that nothing would narrow him into a mischievous sectarian.

So he left the dismal old jail on Bedford Bridge, and went out into the world as a preacher. It was probably some time after this release in 1671, that Bishop Bunyan, as he was popularly called, made Hertfordshire part of his diocese. Justices and constables paid tribute to his character by allowing him to preach in several counties. But as the times were full of danger, he was often obliged to travel in disguise, and the people of his pastorate met during the night, and in places from which they might easily escape. One such place was found in Preston Wood, three miles from Hitchin.

When we look at "Bunyan's Dell" we can see the midnight "Meeters" and their preacher. The dense thicket of trees around the starry sky—the multitude of enthusiasts half buried in shadow—this is a scene to inspire John Bunyan with the best of "his powerful and piercing words," which drawn from the common language of tinker and peasant, can work wonders. We feel that, like Dante, Bunyan is able to produce a sublime effect and a strong sense of reality

by a few bold, abrupt touches. He has come, like the great Florentine, from *la valle d'abisso doloroso*, but he tells of its horrors with the vivid brevity of intense feeling. Let me read a passage from his "Sermons on the Greatness of the Soul": "Once I dreamed that I saw two persons whom I knew, in hell; and methought I saw a continual dropping, as of great drops of fire, lighting upon them in their sore distress. Oh, words are wanting—imagination and fancy are poor things here!—Hell is another place than any alive can think." This is truly Dantesque. But Bunyan devoted his Dantesque genius to the loving purpose of an Evangelist.

Seven Wonders of the World.

The seven wonders of the world are among the traditions of childhood; and yet it is a remarkable fact that ninety-nine persons out of one hundred who might be asked the question could not name them. They are the pyramids—the mystery of the past—the enigma of the present—and the enduring for the future claims of the world. The temple, the walls and hanging gardens of Babylon, the most celebrated city of Assyria, and the residence of the kings of that country after the destruction of Nineveh, the Chryselephantine statue of Jupiter Olympus, the most renowned work of Phidias, the illustrious artist of Greece. The statue was formed of gold, and was sitting on a throne almost touching the summit of the temple, which was 70 feet high. The Temple of Diana at Ephesus, which was 220 years in building, and which was 425 feet in length and 220 in breadth, and supported by 127 marble columns of the Ionic order, sixty feet high. The Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, erected to the memory of Mausolus, king of Caria, by his wife Artemesia, B. C. 358. The Pharos, at Alexandria, a light-house erected by Ptolemy Soter at the entrance of the harbor of Alexandria. It was 450 feet high, and could be seen at a distance of 100 miles, and upon which was inscribed, "King Ptolemy, to the gods, the saviors, for the benefit of sailors." Lastly the Colossus at Rhodes, a brazen image of Apollo, 105 Grecian feet in height, and which was to be located at the entrance of one of the harbors of the city of Rhodes.

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.

MILLIE F. PEARSON died in the vigor of life, only 24 years of age. Eight years ago, Millie F. Pearson graduated at the Maine State Seminary, at the early age of 16, the first in her class, and the youngest, and one who graduated from the school, and one of the most intelligent and accomplished. She subsequently completed her musical education at the Conservatory in Boston, when she became Preceptor of West Lebanon Academy, serving there several years, and was very highly esteemed by all. Then followed her marriage, about three months since, to C. H. Pearson, Esq., a graduate of Bates College, Andover, Mass., and a member of the Baptist faith in Christ, she goes joyfully to be forever with him, leaving a multitude of dear friends in painful grief and tears, over her absence and their loss. Millie's girlish was bright and beautiful as the sun light. Her school days were as full of hope and promise as June for autumn. Her maturity was ripe scholarship, ripe womanhood, ripe in all the endearing and ever enduring Christian graces, and ripe for the kingdom of her blessed Lord. Over her lifeless but beautiful remains were bent in grief and sorrow husband, father, mother, sister, brother, grandfather, and many other relatives and dear friends. We heard as from heaven the voice of Jesus "I am the resurrection and the life," she shall rise again. And all were comforted.

J. S. BURGESS.

MR. C. L. BEBEE died Jan. 1, 1874, at his father's residence, in Apalachia, Pa., aged 28. He went to the woods, on the morning of the 29th of December, and while there he was seized by a cold, which he neglected, and which prevented him from reaching the house until some three hours after, when help came to his aid. He was a very old man. His physical system became exhausted, and after a reaction of a few hours he relapsed into a stupor, and became unconscious until Jan. 1, when he departed from whence no traveler returns. Notwithstanding all this was due to that could be by skillful physicians, thus a strong and estimable young man has fallen in our midst, and his loss is a great one. The community sympathize deeply with the bereaved parents and brothers and sister in their great loss, which we hope and trust will be his eternal gain. He was to have been united to a worthy young lady of this vicinity on the day of his death.

MRS. ANNA CURRIER died in Warren, Pa., aged 81 years. Mother Currier has lived to a good old age, surviving her husband about twenty years, with whom she came into the town of Warren in an early day, meeting together the vicissitudes and hardships of early pioneer life, raising up a large and respectable family of children, most of whom still survive, and leaving six children, 33 grandchildren and 6 great-grandchildren. She was a good and affectionate mother, a good neighbor and a kind friend, and will miss her many who loved her, but they hope to meet her where parting will be no more.

W. C. PECK.

PHILANDER AUSTIN died near Strawberry Point, Iowa, Jan. 24, 1874, at the 74th year of his age. He was born in Conn. At middle age of life he removed to Fitchville, Ohio, where he professed religion and maintained that profession till the last. For several of the last years of life he was a sufferer from a rheumatic affection, yet he loved dearly to meet the church in covenant and Sabbath meetings, though living in a remote place, and in removing to Iowa he became a member of the P. Baptist church in Lodowillo, in July, 1864. For several years he had been struggling and praying for the "higher life." On the day that he died, in answer to his inquiry if he had found it, he said, "Yes, I have laid all on the altar, and let God dispose of it." He was conscious till the last, and died peacefully, just after quoting the Scripture, "And he showed me a pure river of water of life as clear as crystal." He leaves a widow, now the second time bereaved of her husband (her former husband was Rev. Samuel Clayson, known to many in Ohio), and two grandchildren, for whom he had cared as his own, and other friends.

N. W. BIXBY.

ALBA J. daughter of Bro. Joseph Otis, of Durham, died in Christ as her personal Saviour, about two years ago was baptized and received into the Free Baptist church in New Market, of which she was a member, and died of a rheumatic attack, after a long and painful sickness, her trust in God never wavered. Surviving friends mourn her early death, but not as those who have no hope.

MRS. BETSEY, wife of Dea. William Wood, died in Lewiston, Me., Dec. 17, aged 78 years. Sister W. embraced religion 48 years ago, was baptized by Rev. A. Bridges and united with the So. Lewiston P. Baptist church, of which she remained a worthy member until death. For the last few years she was a great sufferer, being entirely helpless, but she has gone where the weary are at rest.

D. LIBBY.

MRS. JANE BURTON, wife of Elbridge G. Pearson, died in Lewiston, Me., Jan. 14, of consumption. She was born near Glasgow, Scotland, and began a religious life in early youth. She had been several years before her death a member of the First Free Baptist church of Lewiston. She died in the traditions of faith.

A. E. H.

MARTIN V., son of J. B. Tompkins and Eliza Tompkins, died of consumption, in Girard, Mich., Jan. 2, 1874, aged 25 years and 3 months. The subject of this notice went to California hoping that the climate would restore his health, but he failed, and took to flight to the westward. He spent 11 months there, decided to come home. After his return to the home of his childhood, he lived 6 weeks and 2 days, and then his feet took to flight to the westward. His aged parents are bereft of a kind, loving son, and brothers and sisters called to mourn, with many friends who admired him for his talents and loved him for his virtues.

E. J. KEVILLE.

FREEMAN M. MARSON died in Charleston, Me., Dec. 29, aged 19 years and 7 months. "The only son of his mother, and she is a widow," having lost her husband in the late war. The last sickness of Freeman was short, but very severe. He left the evidence that he died at peace with God.

H. G.

SARAH A. C., widow of the late Enoch Berry, died in the home of Geo. Elm, died in New Durham, Feb. 5, aged 63 years and 21 days. Her life had long and daily been a simple, modest and affectionate confession of Christ. Not only her having a home, but her whole life was simple and lowly, but whose acts were great;—who went about doing good. She died of cancer.

C. C. FOSTER.

\$72 EACH WEEK. Agents wanted, particular free. J. Worth & Co., St. Louis, Mo. 1345

This certifies that my wife, Mary E. Runnels, has left my bed and board without just provocation, and I hereby forbid all persons harboring or trusting her on my account after this date.

ELLERIDGE W. FOX—attest. ISRAEL RUNNELS.

Acton, Maine, Feb. 9, 1874.

Academies, &c.

WILTON COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, WILTON, MASCATINE CO., IOWA.

Commenced its Fall Term September 2. Continues 10 weeks. Vacation during holidays. Winter Term commences January 3, 1874, and continues 11 weeks, followed by Spring term of the same length.

Catalogues sent to inquirers. PER ORDER.

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For Catalogue or further information, address the President, Rev. J. CALDER, D. D., Agricultural College, P. O., Center Co., Pa.

The Spring Session of the above institution, located near Bellefonte, 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.

1448

AUSTIN ACADEMY.

The Spring Term of ten weeks will commence Tuesday, Feb. 24, 1874.

O. T. MAXFIELD, Principal.

Miss NELLIE D. MAXFIELD, Assistant.

For further particulars address the Principal, Center Strafford, N. H., Jan. 12, 1874.

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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, 50

Latin and Greek, extra, 1.00

French, extra, 50

Classical, 60

French and Music extra.

Board and Rooms can be obtained at reasonable rates.

For further particulars address the Principal, or Northwood, N. H., Nov. 20, 1873.

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WATERBURY CENTER, VT.

Faculty:

Rev. R. H. TOZER, A. M., Principal.

Mrs. C. Smith, Principal Ladies' Department.

Miss M. C. Prentiss, Assistant.

W. S. Swasey, L. A. Butterfield, E. C. Smith, Miss Abbie Lyon.

Calendar:

FALL TERM, 13 weeks. Opens Sept. 2, 1873.

WINTER TERM, 13 weeks. Opens Dec. 2, 1873.

SPRING TERM, 12 weeks. Opens Feb. 2, 1874.

Tuition:

Common English, \$3.50

Latin and Greek, extra, 1.00

French, extra, 50

Instrumental Music, 10.00

Use of Piano and Organ, extra, 1.50

Board, 2.00

Book-Keeping, Penmanship, Pen-Drawing, Instruction in Penciling, Crayoning, Pastel, Wax Flowers, &c., each extra.

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The Building, one of the finest in the State, is romantically situated amidst the highest mountains and grandest scenery of Vermont.

A special effort will be made by the Principal, to prepare those students who may have the Gospel Ministry in view, by furnishing them with the Bible in his power towards the prosecution of theological studies.

For further particulars, address the Principal at Waterbury Center, Vermont.

NICHOLS LATIN SCHOOL.

L. G. JORDAN, A. M., Principal, with three Assistants.

Spring Term begins Jan. 6.

Summer Term begins Mar. 30.

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

A. M. JONES, Sec.

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.

Miss SARAH C. GILMAN, Assistant.

Mrs. M. E. FLINT, Teacher of Instrumental Music.

I. G. N. FISKE, 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 the places of resort conducive to

