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The Morning Star.

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DOVER, N. H., MARCH 18, 1874.

Number 11.

THE MORNING STAR A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER FOR THE FAMILY.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18, 1874.

Somewhere.

How can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere in God's great universe thou art to-day; Can he not reach thee with his tender care? Can he not hear me when for thee I pray?

What matters it to him who holds within The hollow of his hand all worlds, all space, That thou art done with earthly pain and sin? Somewhere within his ken thou hast a place!

Somewhere thou livest, and hast need of him; Somewhere my soul sees higher heights to climb; And somewhere still, there may be valleys dim That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime.

Then all the more, because thou canst not hear Poor, human words of blessing, will I pray, O true, brave heart, God bless thee, whereso'er In his great universe thou art to-day!

—Seribner's.

English Correspondence.

CHILWELL COLLEGE, ENGLAND.
Feb. 19, 1874.

Surprises in politics do not always turn but for the benefit of those who make them. Mr. Gladstone startled the country by a sudden dissolution of Parliament, he must himself be somewhat startled at the result. The country has pronounced itself against him, and the Prime Minister of five years tenure of office must now descend from his place of power. "Nothing is certain," said Mr. Disraeli some years back, "but the unexpected." The saying has shown itself to be true in this instance to Mr. Disraeli's political gain. Few could have anticipated, perhaps nobody, that the elections would have gone as they have. That the tide had turned with respect to the popularity of Mr. Gladstone's government every one knew, but that the appeal to the country would show that the waters had run out and that a continent of barren sand was all that Mr. Gladstone would have to float his new financial projects upon, none ever ventured soberly to dream. But "the unexpected" has happened; and now men are not wanting who are surprised that it was unexpected. Has not Mr. Gladstone passed a series of the most beneficial measures that an English statesman has ever passed? What reward does any benefactor of his species gain at first but to be cast out for his well-doing? Has not Mr. Gladstone corrected glaring abuses in church and state, in politics, in trade, in religion? What reward can such a reformer expect but to be hated by every one who has fattened upon some profitable corruption or held a vested interest in some public wrong? It ought to have been expected, then, that the Government that has disestablished the Irish church, abolished purchase in the army, closed the public houses at earlier hours, made adulteration of beer, milk and other beverages penal, given the ballot to the voter and taken away his privilege of selling his vote for a pint of ale, paid the Alabama claims, and deprived the ignorant father of his right to transmit his ignorance to the next generation,—it ought to have been expected that such a government would be ousted when the elections came. What is secret voting good for, if you can not thereby black-ball the men you don't like and yet escape the responsibility of your vote? So, in a fit of bad temper and spite, the country rejects its benefactors and declares itself for men who are always for doing nothing with great labor and asking the people to pay ungrudgingly increased taxation! That England is conservative at heart, I do not believe; that Non-conformists have lost this election for the Liberal party by abstaining from voting, there is no sufficient evidence to prove; that Mr.

Gladstone is rejected on the same grounds as Aristides the Just was ostracized, because the country is tired of his praise, is an over-statement of the case; but that the beer-shop and the parish-church are at the bottom of this re-action against Liberalism, I entertain no manner of doubt. Upholders of the church of England and upholders of the public-house have controlled and determined the elections. One may grieve at the fact, yet good may come of it. No Tory government can reverse the legislation of the past five years, and an interval of rest and reflection will prepare the country for further and greater reforms.

The excitement in the political world has somewhat lessened the public interest that would otherwise have been shown in an extraordinary religious phenomenon. The church of England in the metropolis has given itself for a whole week into the hands of revivalists! In hundreds of churches, both Evangelical and Ritualistic, special services have been held at all hours of the day and unaccustomed hours of the night, with the view of awakening slumbering consciences and inducing the irreligious and ungodly to attend places of worship. The movement has the sanction of three Bishops, and closes with a special service in St. Paul's. The reports as to the success of the "mission," as it is called, vary with the tastes and sympathies of those who give them. Some see in it only an attempt to make teaching which ordinarily fails of effect, produce the desired result by artificial excitement. These predict spiritual emptiness as the issue of the "mission." Others see in it the endeavor to bring home the truths of the gospel to the minds of men in a more efficient manner, on a more extensive scale, and with the addition of circumstances calculated to arouse and impress. Very much of religious quickening and a fair harvest of genuine conversions are looked for by such sympathizers with the effort. It is impossible to say how much of evil may not be mixed with the good in a movement in which Ritualists are chief workers and the confessional a prominent instrument; but one thing at least all must gladly mark, the church of England is rousing herself from sleep and joining with dissenters in an earnest attack upon the mass of indifference and ungodliness that is at once the despair and shame of our land.

There is now some prospect of the Tichborne case coming to an end. The Lord Chief Justice has got so far in his summing up that in a few days the jury will be asked for their verdict. There can hardly be a doubt as to what that verdict will be. The Lord Chief Justice's able and lucid setting forth of the salient points of the case will materially assist the jury in coming to a decision.

The death of Dr. Strauss in his 65th year follows closely upon that of J. Stuart Mill. There is nothing in this case to disclose as to the relations of the deceased writer to the Christian faith. The name of Strauss stands in the front rank among opponents of Christianity. In his second "Life of Jesus" he speaks of Renan in a dedicatory preface and commends him as a fellow-laborer in skeptical inquiry and expatiates on his manly endurance of a long and painful illness without the fictitious aids of a supernatural belief. Nothing as yet is reported of the last days he himself spent in this world. Whether his worship of the Kosmos sustained him in his dying moments we know not, nor how far he realized his own assertion that it is possible to relinquish Christianity and yet be religious though not of course to be Christian. Is it not a singular fact that skeptics now admit the religious faculty in man and make provision for it in some way? Comte, Strauss, Renan, Mill are alike in this.

A portrait of Canon Grassi enriches the *General Baptist Magazine* of this month, and a brief reference to his life and work. It is a great honor that has fallen to the lot of the General Baptist Missionary Society to be privileged to minister to the temporal needs of such a man on his relinquishment of all emoluments in the Roman church, and to put him in the way of preparing for useful service in preaching the gospel in Rome. Few enterprises in the outset meet with such remarkable encouragement as this, which, by the kindness of Mr. Wall in assigning the Canon to this English society, has been granted to General Baptists. One fears lest something should occur to deprive us of such a distinguished laborer; for how could we descend to a commonplace evangelist should so marked and honorable a representative in any way be taken from us? THOMAS GOADBY.

Woman's Western Work.

How often in the world's history are we reminded of the utterance of inspiration, "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." This proverb was never more strikingly illustrated than by the "New Departure" in the temperance movement in the West.

When Dio Lewis proposed to the Christian women of Hillsboro', Ohio, the possibility of breaking up the whiskey saloons by prayer, it was regarded as the very acme of fanaticism. We had become so accustomed to fight the devil with fire, that we could trust no other weapon though coming off second best in almost every conflict. Despite all our Christian Associations

and "Church Extension," the manufacture and use of intoxicating liquors was increasing each year. The large and increasing German element of western society, demanding their "lager," made brewing a profitable business; and the increasing use of stimulants (especially since the war), with the extensive employment of alcohol in manufactures, created such a demand, that distilleries were multiplying while the products of the vast western fields were being converted into liquid misery and death. Large towns abounded with Beer Gardens, where all kinds of liquors (except pure) with various adulterations could be had for a trifle, saloons springing up all over the country,—towns of less than a thousand inhabitants, sometimes having ten or fifteen of these "Doggeries," which were the daily scenes of drunken brawls and frequent murders.

Every inducement was held out and every art employed to entice the young to these vestibules of destruction. They would even be warned by the "runners" not to drink, but "step in and read the daily paper, and take a glass of lemonade, free, and play a game of checkers, just for fun."

The awful truth was dawning upon us that the foundations of society were giving way; our young men were becoming drunkards. The pulpit and press occasionally sounded a note of warning, but the utterances seemed drowned amidst the "high carnival of sin." We had appealed to our legislators for help, but in most cases, when we asked bread they gave us a stone; even laws, good in themselves, were robbed of their power by corrupt officials, sustained by public opinion. Christian men were beginning to despair; we had come to the Red Sea, the hosts of king alcohol were pressing us to destruction. "In God is our help." And it is in the light of this conviction that the present movement must be read. Had the work begun in some other place it might have failed, but God willed it otherwise, and when the first efforts proved successful, men scarcely knew whether it was a real rift in the cloud, or a freak of the lightning's pathway, but as success followed success, we saw indeed that God was opening a passage through the sea.

My letter, already too long, is an outside view of the woman's movement against the liquor sellers and consumers, but as I have spent several weeks within the "charmed circle," I will, in my next, give you an inside view of this wonderful work.

OHIO.

Loved Ones in Heaven.

The perplexing but interesting question, whether or not we shall recognize and love our friends in the other world, and one or two incidental considerations connected with it, are thus dealt with by Frances Power Cobb:

There are problems which sometimes cloud the hopes of renewed affection in another world. How, for example, are we to reconcile the conflicting claims of relatives and friends whom we have loved, each supremely in his turn, but who now await us together in the "land of the dead"? Supposing there has been no failure of fidelity, only, as the years flowed on, the love of the parent, over whose grave the grass has many times sprung and withered, has been replaced (so far as one affection ever replaced another, which is but little) by the love of a child; and, as friends have drifted away, new attachments have caught the tendrils of our hearts; and when the wife or husband of youth has long left the earth, we have formed new ties no less sacred and near? It is a part of the beneficent order of things that such transitions should take place; and, looking back over life, it is impossible, without ruthless violence to ourselves, to give the preference to one over the other, or to be willing to renounce one for the other. If the love of youth be more vehement, that of middle life is more strong; sweet as were the affections of youth, still more tender and grave and noble are the friendships of age. But how is it possible for us to renew simultaneously these relations, which followed each other successively? This is the old Sadducean question under a more refined form, and the later doubt, as well as the earlier, seems to have sprung out of the inveterate propensity for transferring the same limitations and negations as well as the affirmations of this life to a higher sphere. Why is it we can not love now many friends with equal intensity? It is only because we are so limited, our time and thoughts are so bounded, and (what is far worse) our hearts are so cold and narrow, that, even when we recognize that A, B and C are all deserving of our utmost love we must needs make one supreme, and give the others only the residue of our tenderness and remembrance. This is the true rationale of the limits of love on earth; and those who treat them as if they were in themselves good and desirable things, and who would prefer to give or receive only a narrow and exclusive affection, have hardly yet learned the real sense of "unselfish attachment."

"That love for one, from which there doth not spring True love for all, is but a worthless thing."

But in a state of existence in which we should be altogether nobler, larger, wider-hearted, and pressed on no longer by the endless claims which break up our present

time into fragments, could we not also love more than we do now? Relieved from fears of wretched jealousies, with the cycles of immortality before us, and with the whole scope of our natures widened, what should hinder but that we should be able in the same happy hearts to hold at once the love of all whom we have ever loved truly on earth—aye, and of new friends found in heaven? Even conjugal love, fitting and inevitable as it is that there should be exclusiveness in it now, may be as tender hereafter, though no longer passionate, when the wife meets again the husband whom in dying she prayed should find another to love him as well. She will not be less generous there than here; nor will the bitter thought that affection given to another is robbed from ourselves prevail more in such connections hereafter than it does now in happy households where the children love the parents the more because they love each and all, and where the father's and mother's hearts have widened with every child born to their arms.

Christian Courtesy.

"Be courteous," was an injunction of that one of the apostles who was the most impetuous of any, and who therefore felt the need of a constant restraint of himself in this very particular. And like a truly wise man, knowing his own weakness, he made it the ground of a warning to other men. A Christian who is not courteous is a perpetual contradiction and stumbling-block to those who are without. Temperament, undoubtedly, has much to do with the matter; but if it be unfriendly to the existence of courtesy it must be held in check. If a man is naturally excitable, grace should cause him to curb his temper; if he is prone to gloom and sourness, Christianity should dispose him to light and sweetness; if, knowing his own wickedness, he is given to judge others harshly, he should remember the Lord's injunction, "Judge not;" and if rash in coming to his conclusions or ready to accept the unfavorable judgments of other men, he should put a guard over himself and verify what he hears before he gives it currency.

A gloomy, sour, discourteous Christian is Satan's unconscious ally in preventing the disobedient from turning to "the wisdom of the just," and makes that seem disagreeable and unlovely to them which is the perfection of beauty. A Christian should at all times be patient, gentle, affable, and tender of the feelings of others. He can not be hasty in speech, or forbidding in manner, or intemperate in judgment, without wounding the cause of the Saviour. Like him, while hating sin, he should love sinners, and should seek to win them to holiness of life by the exercise of those gentle but irresistible graces and virtues which adorned the walk and conversation of Him "who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth; who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously."

The Ovation Folly.

The folly which we Americans fall into of giving public ovations to almost everybody who comes across the Atlantic, is thus set forth by the *Christian Union*:

We trust that in the coming Guide-Book to America, which should be written for the special use of distinguished literary or oratorical British gentlemen who may contemplate a visit to these shores, it will be particularly mentioned that what we call ovations do not mean much here. Our appetite for trans-Atlantic celebrities is canine, and we are not very particular about the kind or the degree of celebrity which is presented to us, so that it be trans-Atlantic. We can get up ovations for anybody and at a day's notice. Our genuineness in this way is so great that we do not condescend to discriminate between the men who have a real standing in their own country and the men who are regarded there as charlatans and social bankrupts; and we illuminate our club-houses as brilliantly, and indulge in compliments almost as lavish and as lush for a Yates or a Bellevue as for a Tyndal or a Froude. Besides, our good humor is greater than our memory or our sense of wrong, or possibly even than our self-respect; and we have been known within the same twelve-month to receive with equal enthusiasm and cordiality a distinguished Englishman who had turned against us with scoff and insult in the days of our national misfortune, and another distinguished Englishman who had done battle for us in his own land when our cause was under popular reproach. Doubtless, national magnanimity is a grand and beautiful quality; but it is national magnanimity or something else to express precisely the same ardor for the men who have tried to destroy us and have succeeded in insulting us, as for the men who were our friends when days were dark and friends were few? One thing is pretty sure to follow, if our present habits continue: a popular reception in America will cease to be worth anything as an expression of respect, since it will come to be understood that it is a pleasant way we have of dealing out ungrudging compliments to foreigners, without discrimination, and in the order of their arrival.

The Bright Side.

Look on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine, and not the cloud, that makes the flower. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles—so have others. None are free from them. Trouble gives sinew and tone to life—fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailors would never get skill, where there was nothing to disturb the surface of the ocean. What though things look a little dark, the lane will turn, and night will end in a broad day. There is more virtue in a sunbeam than in a whole hemisphere of cloud and gloom.

Events of the Week.

THE DEATH OF CHARLES SUMNER.

This distinguished Senator died at his residence in Washington, last Wednesday afternoon. He has for some time suffered from an affection of the heart, which finally caused his death. He was in his place in the Senate the day preceding his fatal illness, and was apparently suffering, although no one except possibly himself anticipated so sudden a closing of his career. In his dying moments he commended his Civil Rights Bill to the care of a congressional friend, who stood by his bed, and then quietly met his God, to whose care a whole lifetime had commended his spirit. Congress immediately adjourned on learning of his death; so did the Massachusetts Legislature. All government institutions immediately showed signs of mourning, the whole country agreeing that its chief man had fallen. His remains have been embalmed. A funeral service was held in the Senate Chamber Friday, the remains were brought to Boston Saturday, lay in State in Faneuil hall Sunday, and were buried on Monday.

—This death leaves a vacancy in the Senate, for which Ben Butler has advertised that he is not a candidate. Does he suppose he could get the appointment if he was? What a successor that would be for Charles Sumner!

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION.

New Hampshire held its state election on the 10th, and it seems quite probable that a Democratic house will have the privilege of choosing a Governor. A great many Republicans stayed away from the polls, as they had reason to do, since the miserable record that the Administration has made for the past year thoroughly disgusts them. In many cases also the nominations, especially for Representatives, were such as no respectable man could support, and so the tickets were badly cut, thus scattering the forces of the party and reducing its power. The Prohibitionists, also, coming mainly from the Republican party, reduced its vote certainly by 1500, thus contributing directly to put the State under the control of license and free rum. We do not say that the course of the Republican party in this State on the liquor question for the last few years has not merited such a rebuke as this.

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

The great temperance wave perhaps spent its force in the West, for it moves very gently here in the East. There is something being done for the cause, but the results are nothing like those in Ohio and Indiana. Neither are the methods of procedure just like those. They are quieter, but we should say quite as well calculated to meet the condition of affairs in this section. There have really been no open air demonstrations like those to which the famous Van Pelt surrendered, but there have been results achieved nevertheless. In New York several saloons have been closed, likewise in Worcester and Boston. Dr. Lewis has also begun the work in St. Albans, Vt., it seeming to be his aim to create a wide and general movement in favor of the temperance cause. The work in Vermont, however, starts heavily, as though the community was not quite up to the interested point. But there is evidently a good deal of thought given the question in different portions of the country, and great good must apparently come out of it.

A NIGHT OF FIRES.

There were ten alarms of fire in four hours in Boston last Wednesday night, the conflagrations which followed destroying about \$130,000 worth of property. The loss was mainly on Commercial and Plympton streets, where two large warehouses were destroyed. A melancholy incident of the fire was the death of a fireman by a falling wall, and the serious injury of four others.

OCEAN STORMS.

There has been an unusual prevalence of ocean hurricanes during the past fortnight. Captains of steamships lately arrived here from English and German ports report the severest passages that they have ever known. One steamer coming to Philadelphia lost its Captain and first and second officers in one of these tempests, and it was only by the heroism of a cabin passenger that the steamer itself was brought out of the storm. Thus far no loss of steamships has been reported, but several sailing vessels have gone down with all on board.

THE CUSTOMS INVESTIGATIONS.

The investigation into the fraudulent practices of Revenue informers and collectors has been going on steadily the past week, and the evidence against the so-called treasury agents is clear. The purpose to defraud the Government, to black-mail merchants, and to swindle business concerns in all possible ways appears to have been deliberate and persistent, and the agents deserve hardly a word in their favor.

A CONTEMPLATED TREATY.

Minister Schenck is about to make a visit to this country to attend to the negotiation of a proposed new reciprocity treaty between Great Britain and this republic, which is to obviate any further proceedings under those clauses of the Alabama treaty which provided a joint commission to remunerate the British colonies for their losses on account of the free admission of our fishermen to their coasts.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 11, 1874.
CONGRESS.

Business in Congress drags its slow length along, and were I to note what public legislation has been done I should be puzzled to say what bills, if any, of special interest to the nation have been enacted. And yet it must not be concluded that Congress is idle. The members are busy. For the many years I have watched the progress of legislation I do not recollect to have seen greater activity, nor has there ever been a more determined effort on the part of members and Senators to ascertain the nature of all propositions submitted, and to understand, if possible, what the people want, and what the nation needs. To this end matters are very thoroughly examined and canvassed in committees, and light is sought for from every quarter. Especially is this true upon the question of finance. The conflicting views upon this subject both in and out of Congress, and the monetary and commercial embarrassment under which we labor as a people, render the problem a most difficult one to solve. The best minds and clearest heads are puzzled with it, and hence both Houses of Congress are making haste slowly. As time advances and the various theories are propounded, I am more and more convinced of the soundness of the views stated in one of my letters one or two months since, viz., that what is needed more than anything else is a fixed policy. This, it seems to me, Congress should define at the earliest possible moment. If it be desirable to restore confidence to the industrial, mechanical, manufacturing and commercial interests of the country, then the sooner this confidence is inspired the better it will be. Confidence is said to be a plant of slow growth; the sooner, therefore, it is planted, the better will it be for all concerned. There is no reason now why Congress may not make the announcement that our legal tenders shall be redeemed with coin at some fixed time in the future. It does seem as though we ought by this time to be ready to fix a time for redemption of our debentures and to make the proper announcement of this determination. This is one thing that Congress can do, and it will go far to inspire confidence. As it now is, our national bank currency is redeemable with legal tenders, and these legal tenders are not redeemable with any specified money, except certain government dues, nor is this done at any fixed time, therefore in times like these, there is a trust and will be a good deal of unrest and nervousness in the minds of the business people of the land. If Congress is not disposed to do this, as many of the best and clearest thinkers upon finance think they should, then by all means let them give us a fixed policy of some sort, and this too at an early day.

DEBATE.

There are a very large number of talkers in Congress, and many of these men are anxious to have it understood at home that they are attending to the public business and that their constituents made a wise selection when they, the constituents, chose these men to represent them in the national Congress; so it seems, for speeches abound. It did indeed seem, on Tuesday, that there was no limit to discussion. The legislative appropriation bill was up, and the debate took a wide range, but the Sanborn Contract was the central topic, and it seemed almost everybody had something to say. Many shafts were aimed at Butler, as it is supposed that Mr. Sanborn is his man Friday.

Mr. Beck, of Kentucky, led off in a rambling, disconnected diatribe, assailing the Republican party, the treasury management and General Butler. He said that crime, corruption and incompetency reigned in the treasury, and if his charges are true, there must not only be "something rotten in the state of Denmark," but there must be prodigious crime, which calls for immediate punishment, and the entire government must be purged. I have so often heard this sort of charge against those in authority, by partisans on the other side, that to me much that is said is as idle wind. The most of these exhibitions in Congress, wherein charges of awful corruption are made, have become so frequent that they do not impress the country with any serious conviction of their truthfulness. They are as the three-fold tale, as it falls upon the dull ear of some drowsy men.

The charges made against Sanborn were heavy, and they fell upon him continuously for hours, till General Butler could stand it no longer, and he entered the arena, and this was a signal for a long column of combatants to enter the field. It was an interesting sight and a singular forensic battle.

CHARLES SUMNER.

As I write, Charles Sumner is reported dying, if he is not already dead. It is but a day or two since he was in his seat in the Senate Chamber, and only Saturday I met him on the street. Such is life. To-day man is, but to-morrow he is numbered with the pale nations. Charles Sumner's life has been an active and useful one, and no American statesman of this generation will fill a larger place in history.

TEMPERANCE.

The Senate has passed the bill which provides for a commission to inquire into the effects and results of the liquor traffic. By the enlightenment of the human mind, and God's power, slavery was overthrown. Will the rum fiend go down in the same way, and by the same means? We shall see, but in the meantime let us work.

PHANOS.

S. S. Department.

Sabbath School Lesson.—March 22.

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

DEFEAT OF AMALEK.

EXODUS 17:8-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.

NOTES AND HINTS.

8. "Then came Amalek, and fought with Israel in Rephidim." The lesson opens with the Israelites in a new location, at Rephidim, a place situated either in the Wady Feiran, or in the Wady Es Sheikh. The latest explorers of the peninsula are divided in opinion over the site, because locations are found, one at the ancient city of Feiran, the other, at the pass El Watiyeh, either of which answers all biblical accounts of Rephidim. The disputes of travelers and explorers can not be profitably discussed, either in these notes, or in the Sabbath school. For an account of the journey to Rephidim, and of the experience there, see preceding verses. Amalek was one of the tribes that dwelt in the peninsula, one of the fiercest and most powerful tribes. "Amalek was the first of the nations," said Balaam. Nu. 24:20. This assault was begun by them, in a way characteristic of savage warfare. Deut. 25:17. It is probable that knowledge of the migration of the Israelites, and fearful of losing their rights of pasturing, they began this assault. The contest thus opened and here described answers well to introduce the subject of moral conflicts between good and evil, the people of God and the forces of sin. Let it be noticed that a contest is now raging in society, and that the church finds its Amalek, fierce and strong, ever assaulting the "hindermost" and the "feeble." Intemperance, licentiousness, covetousness, worldliness, in their relations to virtue and piety, are well represented by this figure.

9, 10. This verse shows how Moses, recognizing the conflict thrust on him, prepared to make stout fight against his foes. He adopts two methods: the first looking to the employment of human valor and skill; the second regarding the issue as in the hands of Jehovah, and prayer as the means of gaining his interposition. Joshua is selected as general, who, choosing out the bravest of the men, is to undertake the human part, while Moses himself, with Aaron and Hur, ascending the hill, having with him "the rod of God," is to lift up supplicatory hands before Jehovah. "The rod of God" was taken because it was associated with many other marvelous workings of Jehovah; was a symbol, to the warriors, of the power that would give them the battle; helped faith and enthusiasm, and taught them to look unto God in the time of need. Why Hur was associated with Aaron and Moses is not clear. He was the grandfather of Bezaleel, the artist of the camp. Ex. 31:2-5. He was a prominent Israelite, and is associated, in another instance, with Aaron, as a person of influence. Ex. 24:14. Then the battle opened, here on the plain the warriors contended, there on the hill Moses stood stretching out and up that rod with which he wrought the wonders of Egypt, and split asunder the waters of the Red Sea.

This will illustrate the necessity both of wise preparation and of a judicious use of means, in our moral warfare. Nothing can be more essential to victory than forecast and plan; nothing can oftener explain defeat than thoughtlessness and neglect of the means of success. Resolution, self-reliance, courage and effort are the human part of good warfare; prayer, and trust in Jesus are the ascending of the hill, with the rod of God in our hands. The incident here described is often used to teach the relation of the ministry to the church, in the battle of life. One, on the plain, contends with sins and temptations, knowing what are "fightings without and fears within"; the other, on the hill, lifts up to God, in their behalf, hands of supplication. The pastor, in his closet, helps his people,—the young at school, on the streets and at home, those of riper years, in their shops, and stores, and wherever else they meet the foe.

11, 12. So long as Moses held up the rod, as an appeal to God, Israel prevailed; when he let down his hands, Amalek prevailed. The combatants saw that appeal to God and took courage. Israel felt the effect of Moses' prayer, even when Moses, by the change of the lines, was hidden from sight. God wished to show the people who were not in the fight, the mothers, the aged, and especially the young, the value of divine aid secured by prayer. Hence, the varying fortunes of the battle according to the continuance of Moses' appeal to God. So, today, the battle of the churches against vice and error, according to the conduct of the leaders on the mount, prevails or gives way. What power is in the hands of good men, who begin with dedication of what they are to Christ, and who get, by intimate communion with him, the energy that conquers the world. Some must pray, while others contend. The duties of all are not alike, but the warfare is one. Moses, Aaron and Hur have an office for which they are fitted; Joshua and his followers have other work,—both win the victory; either, alone, would fail. When prayer and dependence on God are forgotten, the history of the past week, in any Sabbath school or church of our land will show that then it is the Amalekites prevail. Or, exceptional cases there may be, where failure before temptation comes not from forgetfulness of prayer, but of human effort in conjunction with it. The individual must be both a warrior and a suppliant.

One other truth notice in this place. The 12th verse shows that good men, whose hearts bear the burden of the congregation, need encouragement. The hands of Moses grew heavy and yet the tide of battle, as his hands drooped or were uplifted, ebbed or flowed. He must have relief from his helpers. The men who stood by his side must aid him bear this exhausting responsibility. With their own hands they must stay up his, like good officers the pastor in the church. The minister of Christ is still aptly represented, in his needs, by this fact. He ought not, it may be, but he does and will weary without human, brotherly aid. The burden of the church will tire him. Hence, the Sabbath school teacher, by his fidelity to his class, helps uphold the hands of the pastor. But the hands of the teacher himself grow weary, as he holds his class up to God, and the conversion of its members waits far into the day. Who shall stay up his hands? The scholar who unites with him in his work, and adds his efforts to keep the class attentive to its duties. The hands of the good everywhere tend to weariness. The battle with sin is an endless war. Encourage then the good, somehow, somewhere, and if you can not be a Moses, be an Aaron or a Hur. We see that the hands of Moses "were made steady until the going down of the sun." The conflict then is long. It is life-long. Sin, temptation, Satan must be fought against on the one hand, and prayed against, on the other, until the sun of life goes down. It is a mistake to regard, at any time, the victory as won, or to weary of, but not in, our proper moral work. God will give vigor, good men will lend aid, the light of death comes on only too soon, if we continue to contend.

13. "Joshua discomfited Amalek." Joshua, the young captain, defeated the fierce and bloody tribe of savages that threw themselves across the path of God's people. Let the young notice the fact. Those who are inexperienced, if on the side of Christ, are stronger than the veterans against Christ. A praying child will withstand more temptation than a man strong in years and powers, but in sympathy with ungodliness. Notice here, too, the value of moral victory. Who can think of it without a thrill? Who can avoid desiring it for all the members of the home circle, or of the Sabbath school? When the young are conquered by vice, how dreadful! Be for God, and prevail.

14. God threatens the extermination of Amalek. The reason for it is given in Deut. 25:17-19. This prophecy was for this reason to be "written in a book" (read in the book), viz., that after ages might see how God predicts, how God fulfills, how evil and destruction inevitably cast down the wicked. The "book" referred to is the book of the history of God's dealings with his people. Joshua was to hear rehearsed this threatening, because he was to be instrumental in helping on its accomplishment. The end of the Amalekites is recorded in 1 Chron. 4:43. The prophecy was long of fulfillment, and that is one reason for making a record of it.

15, 16. In consequence of this threatening Moses reared an altar, as a witness to the vow, and as an act of gratitude for it. See other instances of this in Gen. 8:20; 12:7; 35:1. The inscription on this altar was "Jehovah-nissi," the Lord my banner. How appropriate this name engraven on it! It was built to honor, not Joshua, but God.

The true rendering of the last verse it is difficult to determine. The weight of authority favors the marginal reading, though that is not altogether satisfactory, "because his hand (i. e. of Amalek) is against the throne of God, therefore the Lord hath war with Amalek from generation to generation." In consequence of the wickedness of this tribe, and of their dastardly assault on his people, God pronounced this judgment. He will reward the wicked according to their deeds. They are arrayed against eternal laws, which, though merciless, are, in their nature, merciful. The grace of God hardens a resisting heart which it addresses only that it may redeem and save it.

Communications.

John Frederic Oberlin.

BY MRS. V. G. RAMSEY.

CHAPTER II.

The sagacious and practical mind of Oberlin had not been long in discovering the connection between the physical misery, and the moral degradation of his people. They had been for generations, literally shut out from the civilized world. The roads which led out of the Ban were impassable a greater part of the year. Torn by mountain torrents, and blocked by landslides, at the best they were dangerous and wearisome to the traveler. He saw that there could be no great change for the better till they could be brought into connection with the surrounding region. They must find a motive for exertion by comparing their condition with others. They must find improvement possible by being able to sell what they could produce, and buy what they needed. For this purpose a road was indispensable, and a road he resolved to make which should connect the Ban with the highway to Strasburg.

He called his people together, and announced his purpose to them. They were astonished. "He is mad," they said. "The thing is impossible." Oberlin pressed the matter upon them, pointed out the absolute necessity of the work, and its manifold advantages to them, and their children. He had a most persuasive eloquence, but his words would have effected nothing. It was his example that moved them. He wound up his harangue by shouldering a pick-axe, and exclaiming,

"Let every one who sees the importance of this work come with me." The effect was electric. Opposition gave way to enthusiasm, and he soon had more helpers than he could find tools for. News of his undertaking reached Strasburg, and implements were sent to him. Rocks were undermined, and blasted; torrents, which often overflowed and damaged their fields, were guided into channels cut to receive them; a solid wall was constructed to support the road a mile and a half along the bank of a deep mountain stream, called the Bruche, and a substantial bridge built to span its turbulent waters, which to this day is known as Le Pont de Charité. Where the land appeared likely to slip, it was supported by massive walls. Ever foremost in the work, shrinking from no toil or danger, the good pastor led his people on, and in less than two years from its commencement, he had the unspeakable pleasure of seeing the road completed and a communication opened with the surrounding towns.

While laboring so ardently for the temporal good of his people, Oberlin never forgot that he was a religious teacher, a spiritual guide, and that every thing should be subservient to their moral interests. The immediate effect of his success in opening the road, was an almost unbounded influence over them. They listened with reverence to his teachings, and engaged cheerfully in any work which he advised.

He very soon began to reap the reward of his toil. Everywhere around him civilization and the power of the gospel made themselves manifest. Among his other studies, Oberlin had acquired an intimate knowledge of botanical science; not merely the knowledge which enables one to classify and denominate, but he understood the nature and properties of plants, and the conditions necessary for the successful culture of those designed for food or medicine. This knowledge was of the utmost value to him, and he at once turned it to account. The soil, never rich, by their miserable methods of agriculture had grown poorer year by year. He taught them the necessity of labor, and the value of manure. He imported the seeds of the Dutch clover, of flax, and beans, and taught them how to cultivate them successfully. In this, as in every thing, he depended more on the power of example, than of precept. The people were tenacious of their old ways, and he knew too well that obstinacy is generally in proportion to ignorance to attempt to force them. When he wished to introduce a new plant or tree, he began in his own garden, and when their curiosity was excited, he explained to them its use, the method of its culture, and showed them the result of his labor. He tried the cultivation of fruit trees on a piece of ground belonging to the parsonage, which had been noted for its sterility. It cost a good deal of labor, and patient care, but in due time the apples, pears, and plums appeared, and the crop was fine and abundant. The people, as they passed, paused to gaze with wonder and admiration on the unaccustomed sight. Then they began to contrast their own garden, overgrown with brambles and weeds, with their pastor's, and soon they came, begging him to instruct them how to grow trees themselves. He had a happy faculty of improving all such occasions, by pointing them to him "who maketh the earth to bring forth her bud, and crowneth the year with his goodness," and then showing them the connection between labor and reward in temporal and spiritual things. He gave them young trees from his nursery, and taught them the art of grafting, and the best methods of cultivation. In a short time the whole district changed its aspect. Their cottages, formerly so squalid and miserable, were improved, and surrounded with fruitful and well kept gardens and orchards. They became beautiful and happy homes. Their moral and spiritual improvement went hand in hand with the advancement in their physical condition. So great had been their progress, that in 1778, eleven years after he commenced his labor, he formed an Agricultural Society, which he connected with the central Society at Strasburg, where nothing excited so much astonishment as the wonderful change in the people of the Ban de la Roche.

Years went by, each bringing fresh blessings to the pastor and his people, and the Valley of Stones became indeed as the garden of the Lord, filled with beauty, abundance and peace; and the humble minister, without seeking or desiring it, had obtained an almost worldwide celebrity. Foreigners of distinction visited the Ban to see the great work which had been done, and young persons were sent to him from distant parts of Germany and France to be educated in his schools. The king of France sent him the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and the Royal Society of Agriculture voted him a gold medal.

When the Revolution swept over France, drenching the land in blood, and overthrowing reason in the place of God—when to be a Christian was to be suspected as a traitor, Oberlin and his flock were un molested, and many persons of distinction found shelter in their mountain homes.

The faithful and devoted pastor grew old as a father in the midst of his family, loving more, and more beloved as the years went by. The gospel which he had preached grew more and more precious to his heart, and as his strength departed he preached with an added unction from on high which melted all hearts. As his increasing infirmities compelled him to relinquish his public work, he gave himself almost unceasingly to prayer.

He prepared an address to his people, which he desired to be read to them after his death, in which he poured out the deep affection and interest of his faithful heart. Towards its close he said, "O my dear parish! God will not forsake thee. He has towards thee thoughts of peace and mercy. All things will go well with thee, only cleave thou to him and leave him not. Oh! mayest thou forget my name, and remember only that of Jesus Christ whom I have preached to thee. He is thy pastor; I am but his servant. He is the good Master who trained and prepared me from my youth, and sent me unto thee."

He concluded the address with this touching prayer: "O my God! let thine eye watch over my dear people; let thine ear be open to hear them; let thine arm be extended to succor and protect them; Lord Jesus, thou hast entrusted this parish to my care, feeble and miserable as I am; suffer me to commend it to thee—to resign it into thine hands. Give it pastors after thine own heart—love them, enlighten, guide, and bless them! and grant that the old and the young, the pastors and the flock may meet together in thy paradise! Even so, Amen."

The earthly career of this saintly man closed on the 1st of June, 1820, when he was in the eighty-sixth year of his age. His last act was to clasp his hands in prayer, and raising his eyes, beaming with joy, toward heaven for a moment, he closed them with a smile, and departed to be with God. The passing bell sent mourning into every house in the valley. His death fell like the death of a father, on the whole community, to whom for nearly sixty years he had broken the bread of life.

His funeral took place four days after his death, and was attended by a great concourse of people, many of them persons of high rank from the neighboring cities, who came to take a farewell look at his be-

would render the task of the teacher more difficult in after years. His active mind devised a remedy for this evil, and with his usual self-forgetfulness he carried his plan into execution, paying the cost from his own little income. He rented a room in each of the four villages of his parish, and hired the most pious and intelligent women he could find to take charge of the little ones. The instruction given was mingled with amusement, and habits of attention and subordination were formed. He knew the power of music and poetry in molding the human heart, and believed in applying these forces while it was tender and plastic; so, instead of idle rhymes, these infant lips were taught to sing the psalms of David, and the grand and heart-thrilling hymns of Luther.

Robert Raikes is said to have founded the first Sabbath school in the year 1771, and we are not able to say whether it was a little earlier or later than this time that Oberlin made a like movement. In each of the villages in rotation, he assembled the children of the whole district on the Sabbath. They sang the hymns and repeated the Scripture lessons they had learned during the week, and the good pastor addressed them, explaining and enforcing the lessons, rewarding the diligent with his smiles, restraining the wayward, and stimulating the idle by the gentle authority which he knew so well how to exercise.

Sixteen years of arduous and successful labor had passed, labor in which the husband and wife had wrought with one heart; but henceforth he must work alone. The excellent and beloved Madame Oberlin died suddenly, leaving seven children, the youngest but ten weeks old. The death was wholly unlooked for, and when the sad intelligence was brought to him, he was stunned and remained for sometime silent and motionless. Then he fell on his knees, and returned thanks to God that such a wife had been given him so many years, and that new heavenly Father had crowned the abundance of his mercies towards her by giving her an easy departure to that better land where she would know no more of suffering or toil. No word of mourning escaped his lips. He kissed the hand that smote him, saying, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth good to him," but from that time, there was a deepened seriousness in his conversation and deportment. The presence which made the earth fair and life a delight had departed, and sometimes he felt a great longing to follow her, but still he was able to say, "Not my will but thine be done," and to take up his work with a quickened diligence, and a deepened solicitude for the spiritual welfare of his charge.

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loved face, and to mingle their tears over his sacred dust.

The place of interment was two miles distant from his house, but the foremost of the funeral train had reached the churchyard, before the last had left the parsonage. The burying ground was surrounded by Roman Catholic women, all dressed in deep mourning, and kneeling in silent prayer; and several Catholic priests, dressed in their canonical robes, sat among the mourners and evidently shared the general grief. Then with simple and appropriate ceremonies, amid the tears of the assembled thousands, they laid the form of clay to rest by the side of his loved ones who had gone before. There, encircled by the everlasting hills, and guarded by the reverential love of the Christian church, he sleeps well after his long and toilsome life. Thoughtful travelers still visit the Ban de la Roche, and musing beneath the willow which shadows his grave, feel the inspiration of his holy life prompting them to service in the Master's cause, and acknowledge that though dead he yet speaketh.

Aesthetics and Religion.

BY CHARLES C. STARBUCK.

[Concluded from last week.]

There is another aspect of the evangelical faith in which it is found unwelcome to the worshippers of the Ideal. It is not the faith of the gifted few alone; they must share it with the uncultivated many. True, it has begun to be acknowledged that common life has its poetry, and whatever of common life can be turned into poetry these men are not averse to acknowledge. After all of this that can be done, the vast bulk of that which interests and employs the mass of men, must still be left in the region of tame prose, of the mere actual and commonplace. Now it is with these uninteresting details that evangelical religion chiefly concerns herself, and it is in these rude and homely forms that, in her work of renewing the souls of men, she is willing to be clothed. A man whose thoughts have learned to take hold on immortality is willing that this should be so now, knowing that if all can not apprehend the high forms of ideal beauty, all are capable of holiness, and that holiness, when it is consummated in the kingdom of light, shall purge their mortal grossness and shall become the perfection of beauty. But we are now considering how Imagination, unaccompanied with a spiritual faith, may lead a man to regard practical religion, and we need hardly say that with such an one, the consideration of what this may become hereafter, will hardly serve greatly to mitigate his distaste at its present homeliness.

If a man has not such a personal and independent interest in religion as shall lead him to make its true nature his own particular study (and we are supposing this to be the case), what more natural than that he should take Christianity, at least, as being in form no less than in substance essentially as it is presented by its acknowledged teachers and disciples? Therefore the dry formulas of theology, the minute labors of commentators, the thousand-fold iterations of preaching, the wranglings of sects, the solemn importance attached to the breadth of phylacteries, all this is likely to dishearten such a man from becoming the devoted servant of a faith which will, he fears, wed him to so many repulsive associations. He may choose, rather, to remain in the airy region of Idealism than to involve himself with such a toiling and distracted thought.

But whoever is willing to subject the activities of intellect and fancy to the obedience of Christ, to ascertain for himself the true nature of religion by becoming a devout student of the divine oracles, may hope to have his eyes enlightened to discern the golden thread of divine providence running through the tangled web of the church's history, to see how the errors of one generation have left an inheritance of wisdom to the following ones, how corruption has been the parent of more thorough reform, how dry controversy has been the scaffolding, useless in itself, by which a more established faith has been built up. Such a man, moreover, conscious how imperfectly he himself understands divine truth, will not be disposed to regard disdainfully his brethren whose conceptions of it may be yet more distorted and inadequate than his own. Whatever, then, may be repulsive or unlovely in those who are yet really good men, will not stand in the way of his acknowledging himself one in heart, in effort and in fortune with every member of that church and kingdom of which it is said that God himself is not ashamed to be their God, and whose Head and King is the Lord Christ.

In conclusion, let it be understood that it is not meant hereby to be implied that the larger infusion of the aesthetic element into religion which is beginning to be noticeable of late, is to be deplored. In due subordination to the real facts of human nature, to a scriptural faith and to a sound understanding, it is to be hoped that it will be introduced still more largely into the religion of the future, mitigating much that is needlessly cold and narrow. It is an admirable addition to the superstructure of our faith; we only protest against its being put at the foundation.

"I Will Come to You."

JOHN 14:18.

Afflictions from God are so many proofs of his love; for "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." The musician energetically works his way through the discord, that the after chords may appear with increased sweetness to the cultivated ear; so to the Christian, in times of the deepest distress, when the discord and jar of trouble seem to undermine his very existence, then it is, that that wonderful resolution, prepared by

the Great Harmonist, shall burst upon the chastened soul with impressive richness. Sometimes the musician will refrain from the harsh discord that presents itself, and substitute something less objectionable; but of course the grand effect intended is lost. So when sorrow and pain come upon the child of God, he is often unwilling to submit to the trial of his faith, though sufficient grace is ever at hand, to carry him through to the joyous and peaceable result. That experience which is most humiliating to the natural heart, God sees to be most needful to our higher development. By submitting to our Father's discipline, and saying with Job, "though he slay me yet will I trust in him," our sad experiences, though bitter for the time, will the sooner yield us the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

It is often through the furnace of affliction, that men, hardened in sin, are led to a saving knowledge of the truth; in the midnight of their strong griefs, when perhaps cruel thoughts of the Almighty are entertained, the voice of the spirit, sweeter than music, whispers to the troubled conscience,—"Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace; thereby good shall come unto thee." E.

Stamina.

At all times of life circumstances are liable to occur which put to the test whatever of mental strength we may possess.

Whenever this is the case, it should be our aim to determine, as honestly as we may be able, what is right, and then act up to our convictions with the utmost fidelity.

Many can and do discern what is right to be done under the circumstances, but if an influence from others is felt in an opposite direction, too often the mental decision for the right is overcome by an actual participation in wrong.

College life comes in for its portion of these questionable circumstances. A class, two of three excepted, agree upon an absence from a recitation, or resolve to stop short of the assigned limits of the lesson. Without doubt, a half dozen more feel that to recite in the one case, or to take the prescribed lesson, in the other, is right, and hence that they should do so. But an opposing influence being brought to bear upon them, they yield their convictions. From such souls as these one loves to turn, and behold Casablanca standing firm and decided at his post; Washington, gazing up to his father's face, exclaiming, "I can not tell a lie!"

Somewhere we have read of a little boy whom his fellows persuaded to steal, and who, on persistently refusing, was killed and hurled beneath the surface of a pond. Better by far is it to incur ridicule and criticism by doing right, than to be carried on the bosom of popular feeling by catering to wrong. M. H. W.

Rev. William P. Chase.

Rev. William Plummer Chase was born in Canterbury, N. H., May 31, 1812. He was baptized in 1829, and joined the F. Baptist church. At the age of 19 he commenced holding meetings, and was ordained at Canterbury, Oct., 1834. He married Miss Sarah Ann Morehouse, of Warrensburg, N. Y., May 12, 1835. For five years, commencing in the autumn of 1831, he labored in northern New York, then a new country, the people being very poor and rather destitute of religious privileges. Here amid poverty and hardship he labored earnestly, saw many revivals and gathered a Q. M. that united with the Vermont N. H. He next labored at East Weare, N. H., saw a powerful revival and organized a church that united with the Boston Q. M. In 1841, he removed to Limerick, Me., and there saw some revival, but overwork and overstudy had broken down a naturally good constitution, and in the spring of 1843 he returned to New Hampshire an invalid. Since then, he has acted as a supply for different pulpits as strength and circumstances permitted.

Bro. Chase was a ready and interesting speaker, and an early and warm advocate of all the benevolent and progressive movements of the denomination.

In his last days his faith in Christ was unwavering, his hope triumphant, and he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, Feb. 5, 1874, in South Vineland, New Jersey. H. E.

Religion Attractive.

The way to make church-membership a thing sought and shared is to show that it is a thing worth having. I would not join a church that spent its time in petty debates, and wasted its energies in party struggles. I would not, if I were a child, be attracted to my father's church if, around his table, I heard nothing but sharp criticism of sermons, covert insinuation against ministers, scandal about fellow-members, or if in his house I met bad temper and careless living on the part of them who went, next day, to the communion. But let them adorn their profession, and I am drawn to it. Let them so live that I identify with Christ and his church all that is holiest and happiest in my little world. Let religion mean not a melancholy mystery for old people coming out in long family prayers and scraps of Dr. Watts, and ominous shaking of the head over every youthful peccadillo; but a secret of bright faces and kind words and helpful acts; a thing to take the bitterness out of sorrow, and roll away the cloud of sin, and knit young hearts to Christ, their Saviour, and set them in the way to heaven. Many such homes we have, and there, I think, you will see the old church still working, not without exception, for every child has a will of his own, but as a divine rule a gracious disposition of the divine purpose. —Rev. W. Brock.

JAMEST. FURBER, Gen. Supt.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18, 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 to Subscribers.

The special Premiums offered for a limited time to both old and new subscribers to this paper, are set forth on our third page. We ask the attention of our readers to these offers. We also suggest that they call the attention of those who are not now subscribers, both to the *Star* and to these special Premiums. They may thus serve more than one important end by a small outlay of time and effort.

The Living Gospel.

If we were to put faith in the statements and prophecies of men who dislike Christianity, we might expect to see it speedily carried to burial, with few mourners to follow it, and almost nobody to weep around its grave. Ever since Christ appeared as the Lord of mankind and the Hope of the human soul, he has been, as was predicted, a sign to be spoken against, a stone of stumbling, a rock of offense, and a revealer of the thoughts of many hostile hearts. The Jew struck passionately at the Messiah while listening to his human speech. The Greek contemptuously sneered at the pretensions of the Nazarene when they were set forth by the great Apostle standing on Mars Hill. The former felt sure that he had finally disposed of the Son of Mary when he had induced Pilate to send him to the cross. The latter presumed that Athens had heard the last of Jesus and the resurrection when Paul's discourse was answered with contemptuous mockery by the critical citizens as they walked complacently away from the place of discourse. Nero imagined that he had rid Rome forever of a pestilent heresy when he had driven the Christians into the amphitheater to be slain by the wild beasts. Celsus persuaded himself that he had dealt the new faith a fatal blow with the mailed hand of his logic. Julian, the apostate, went about the work of showing that Christ was only a weak and short-lived impostor as if it were an easy task and failure were not to be thought of.

We know what came of these early attempts to overthrow Christianity. The Jew's blow so reacted on himself as to result in a fall from which he has never recovered. The Greek culture and philosophy were found too weak to cope with the divine enthusiasm begotten by the teachings of Jesus. In spite of all opposition, Christianity marched into Rome, put on the imperial purple and diadem, and seated herself on the throne of the Caesars. Celsus lived long enough to perceive and confess the failure of his attack on the Christian system. Julian's soul went out from his death chamber shrieking in bitter mortification, "O Galilean, thou hast conquered, after all!"

What was true in the earlier centuries has proved not less so in the later. Fresh foes spring up with each generation, using the old weapons or forging new ones, and they meet a fate not unlike that which befell their predecessors. Sometimes the old weapons are exhausted and tried afresh; sometimes there is an attempt to fashion something that at least shall wear the aspect of novelty. Little practical wisdom is learned through the abounding failures. The old prophecies are heard, and apparently in the old confident tone. They have many times come to naught, but the fight is kept up, the credulity is still indulged, the would-be prophets reproduce the old oracular predictions, as though they were worthy of all trust.

We have such bitter, or complacent prophecies in our own day. Just as in other times, so now, we are most emphatically assured that Christianity is effete, an outgrown system, and is destined to a speedy burial. Some of them imagine that they themselves have dealt it a fatal blow, and they appear to be looking confidently for the end. But somehow the end doesn't come. Churches are built, men come forward and give themselves to the ministry, the Bible Societies plan for even increased work, the foreign missionary operations go forward with unusual energy and interest, and the Christian forces were never before so well united, so large in their plans, so aggressive in their spirit or so hopeful of great achievements as they are to-day.

All this talk about the failure of the gospel, the disproof of the theory of a special inspiration of the Scriptures, and the certain substitution of science, philosophy and a better system of social and public morals for the preaching of Christ and him crucified, is nothing new. It has been going on for centuries. There has been just as much confidence in the tone of these false prophecies in the past as there is at the present. There was of old as much fear among the timid disciples of Christ, lest he should be weighed in the balance of human judgment and declared wanting, as there is among this class of disciples to-day. But the men have died, their systems have gone to the grave, their arguments against the gospel have been forgotten, and the truth and church of Christ have gone on conquering and to conquer. And so it is likely to be hereafter.

We have lately witnessed the departure of two noted men who have often been quoted as champions against the gospel, and whose disciples were wont to think of them as having really undermined the

evangelical faith. We refer to the English philosopher and the German rationalist. Mill and Strauss were men of keen minds, independent thought, large mental courage, high social standing, and most estimable character. Strauss claimed that he had resolved the gospel story into myth. Mill took the position of a practical atheist, and ignored God in the realm of thought and life. Both affected to pity the weak credulity of Christian believers, and assured us that the gospel, as a foundation of belief and practice, was hastening to its tomb. Bad men took courage at their words, and some good men were sorely plagued with fears. But they have both lately ended their human work, and it is almost surprising to see what a general consent the world pronounces their systems inadequate, their warfare a baffled fight, and their personal lives a pathetic and disheartening failure. Mill's autobiography is a book from whose chief lessons even skeptics shrink, and Strauss's last volume settles upon his thoughtful disciples like a dense fog over a vessel that is struggling to find her way into the hidden harbor.

Yes, it is a vital gospel that is in our hands. Its words are spirit and life. He of whom it tells us was dead, but is alive forevermore, and has the keys of hell and of death. His truth is still like an angel standing in the sun, and on his own head are many crowns. He walks daily to fresh triumphs over the graves of opposing systems and confident antagonists. His steps lead to a final triumph. Shouts of victory from his friends blend with the prophecies that his overthrow is sure. And so his truth will live. He will reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet. And the great voice will yet be heard, saying,—"The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ."

The Revenue Frauds.

If we ever become a Christian nation, it will not be until some of the swindlers in the country have been either converted or buried. That class is so large who regard public offices wholly with an eye to the money that may be got out of them, and they succeed in getting into so many of these offices, and then make such efforts not only to entrench themselves there but also to degrade the standard of public integrity, that it might well be a question whether they should not be proceeded against somewhat as Cromwell went at "the debauched Parliament," or as Gustavus Adolphus thinned out the foes of Sweden.

Perhaps the late frauds in the revenue department best illustrate the extent and the seriousness of this evil. They have been practiced under an act of Congress of May 8, 1872, drawn up by a South Carolina Senator, and engineered through Congress by Ben Butler, men after whose own heart it is who have thus far pocketed the most of the profits. The act provided that "The Secretary of the Treasury shall have power to employ not more than three persons to assist the proper officers of the Government in discovering and collecting any money belonging to the United States" on account of unpaid revenue taxes. It happened that two men, named Kelley and Sanborn, first successfully applied for employment under this act, and were usually allowed in compensation one half of all taxes thus collected. Thus no stronger temptation could be imagined to induce such men as they are to find delinquencies where none existed, and by strained interpretations of revenue laws to extort from importing merchants whatever sums they might be able. Probably no law has been lately enacted which enabled its agents to so effectually plunder not only the U. S. Treasury but also the leading importing merchants of the country, railroad companies, &c. If A promises to give B half of all the money which B may collect for him under certain very flexible and indefinite laws, B must be a man of the strictest integrity not to attempt collections where he has no right whatever to do so.

It was just this feature of the late revenue law that enabled Kelley, and Sanborn, and Jayne, and several other detectives and informers, to practice an almost unparalleled series of swindles and extortions. It has been shown nearly beyond a doubt that it was by such means as these that a prominent firm in New York city was charged last winter with defrauding the Government, the Christian church being greatly, but, as it now appears, unjustly, scandalized thereby.

Fortunately, the evil has brought about its own correction. Business men all through the country became convinced that this law placed them at the mercy of these three men chosen "to assist the proper officers of the Government" in collecting its taxes. They consulted, united in a protest, and the result is the investigation into the doings of these collectors that has been going on in Washington for a fortnight past. Delegations from the business portions of most of the commercial cities in the country have appeared before the committees, and explained the practical workings of the law, to the apparent surprise and chagrin of all concerned. Some of the most barefaced frauds have been exposed, and the collectors shown to have practically disgraced many honorable firms by a strange misuse of their authority. The result will doubtless be the repeal of the present law, with the infamous moiety system of revenue collections, and the enactment of another which shall not be so powerful and serviceable an engine of corruption.

We will not undertake to say what the Republican party is worth, in its present condition, to the country. But if it is worth saving, the sooner its managers show an unmistakable disposition to put it to higher service, the better. The fact that this party, being in authority, is responsible for this and numerous similar

abuses, will not be winked at much longer, unless the abuses are rebuked. Can not the public see that we were promised several important reforms two years ago, which turn out to have been only campaign measures? And can not it see that hundreds of important offices in the country are held by men who are notoriously bad, simply as a reward for some party service? And can not the managers, whoever they be, see that this sort of mismanagement will not be endured much longer?

Perhaps our readers care but little about this feature of the case. We confess to caring considerably about it ourselves. The cause of pure religion in this or in any country can not well spare the moral help that it would get from upright political government. Should any effort, then, which really aims at securing such government, be lightly regarded?

Charles Sumner.

Charles Sumner died last Wednesday afternoon, at three o'clock. He suffered an attack of his old complaint, neuralgia of the heart, the previous night, and although he rallied slightly in the morning, the agony returned at noon, and after three hours of intense suffering he died. The Senate is thus left without a chief, the oppressed have lost their best friend, and the country mourns its most illustrious statesman.

Mr. Sumner was born in Boston in 1811, graduated at Harvard in 1830, was admitted to the Bar in 1834, and elected to the United States Senate in 1851, to succeed Daniel Webster, who had been called to the Cabinet of President Fillmore. He has held the office of Senator since that time, making for himself an enduring fame, reflecting credit upon the State which he represented, honoring the country to whose welfare he devoted his best service, and in a great measure holding American statesmanship above the low level to which its driving and ignorant representatives would have degraded it.

The public life of Senator Sumner has been characterized by an unwavering fidelity to truth. He was one of the unpurchasable Congressmen, whom the lobbyists dare not approach. His integrity of character was a real force, in whose presence designing men hung their heads and kept closed mouths. All consistent attempts at moral reform found in him a strong champion, and to know that he endorsed a measure gave it unusual favor with a large portion of his countrymen. In all his career he kept clean hands and a pure heart, and has gone uncompromised into the eternal presence.

Mr. Sumner's outspoken opposition to slavery began with his public life, and the colored race in this country have not since missed his efforts in their behalf. His first speech in Congress was against the Fugitive Slave Act, in which he laid down the formula which soon became freedom's rallying cry, "Freedom is national and slavery sectional." His near approach to martyrdom, when he was so fiercely assaulted in the Senate Chamber in 1856 by a Southern Senator for his hot denunciation of slaveholders, both witnesses to his fidelity to principle and helps to explain the unparalleled esteem in which the colored race everywhere hold him.

His efforts to secure the passage of a Civil Rights bill, which should give the colored people unprejudiced admission to hotels, cars, steamboats, theaters, &c., show with what constant fidelity he was in the habit of seeking the completion of every worthy work. Persistently pressing it at every opportunity in Congress, urging its claims to the favorable consideration of all friends of humanity, and putting into the effort a faith which seemed already to foresee its triumph, he has left it only at death, where brave men only leave their work. It is like an unfinished monument to his memory. Shall it be completed?

Mr. Sumner was a man of unusual culture, great refinement, and a critical student of literature and the elegant arts. His public speeches rarely contain a coarse or unfinished sentence, while his familiar quotations from classic authors show in what choice companionship he spent his leisure hours. Such a gentleman, an ornament in both political and cultivated circles, the public service has hardly been honored with before, and it will with the greatest difficulty fill his place.

Mr. Sumner's defects resulted from his intense nature, which poorly prepared him to endure defeat or opposition in any shape. We incline to the belief, however, that the more the country learns of President Grant the more it will feel compelled to agree with the distinguished Senator's opinion of him.

Massachusetts has been especially honored in the career of her late Senator. To have indorsed the public record of such a man by keeping him for twenty-three years her representative in the national government, is no small credit to the State. One can imagine something of the satisfaction with which it recalls its late rescinding of the obnoxious battle-flag resolutions, and the joy which it could thus add to the Senator's last hours.

The Nation has shown no such sense of loss since the death of Lincoln. All classes unite to honor his name, the lowest, in grief over the death of a friend, the highest, in sadness over the loss of a companion. This country has lost few such men, and it will do well to hold him in lasting remembrance.

A WELCOME IN ADVANCE. We learn with pleasure that Rev. H. Cross, of Coventry, Edg., a prominent Baptist preacher in that country, is coming to America to seek a sphere of labor. He may be sure of a hearty welcome and a God speed, for we know too well the worth of these English Baptist brethren not to receive them cordially. As for a sphere of labor here, he should find hundreds of them.

Christian Union.

The last prayer of Jesus in the presence of his disciples, as recorded in John, chap. 17, is, in its sentiments and the circumstances of its utterance, the most pathetic and sublime ever offered. It was the night on which he celebrated with them for the last time the Passover, in which he instituted the Communion, in which he was betrayed. With his eventful career on earth about closing, and the crucifixion scene at hand, he gave a discourse replete with consolation, instruction, love; then raised his eyes to heaven, and breathed forth those blessed words of supplication. After praying most tenderly for his immediate disciples, he remembered their successors: "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word: That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me."

"That they all may be one." For a time after the Saviour's ascension the words appeared to have literal fulfillment; the gospel spread with unexampled power, converts were multiplied by thousands, pervading every department of the Roman empire, and giving promise of the speedy conversion of the world to God. But dissension and division arose, with consequent weakness on the part of the church, and increasing skepticism of observers. Union was sought by ambitious potentates for selfish ends, until the Christian civilization of the age, such as it was, yielded to the eruptions of barbarism, and for centuries thick darkness enshrouded mankind. So with alternations of light and shade the ages have moved on, until now but three-tenths of the world are even nominally Christians. Most expressive commentary, by inference, on the words of Christ. Christians must be one in heart and work, before the world will believe in the divine mission of their Master, and become members of his spiritual kingdom.

Again a brighter day is dawning. The present century is most auspicious, not more for the progress of science and art, discovery and invention, enterprise and improvement in general, than for wonderful achievements in the circulation of the Scriptures, Missions, and other forms of evangelical labor. Within the last few years especially a more hopeful spirit of Christian union has been increasingly manifested. Within the period of our own recollection it was very different; denominations were arrayed against each other, a large part of the preaching was controversial, and of church labor for proselytism. As might be expected, not only did bitterness prevail between the sects, but greatly also among members of the same sect. We hardly need specify. The great Presbyterian body furnished a striking example. One of their eccentric preachers said there was a jubilee in hell every time the General Assembly met, there was so much of rivalry and contention in its sessions. It was much the same with the Baptists and Methodists. These things were most discouraging to those most earnestly devoted to the gospel work. True, in this as in other cases, the wrath and even the envy of man are made in some respects a means of good. The sharp discussions of the past on foreordination decrees, the atonement, free will, and the like elicited truth of great practical value; as those of the present on the Darwinism and other materialistic and ideal theories will doubtless do. Little is to be feared from the most specious errors, when subjected to the tests of truth. But it is a sad case when good men leave essentials to wrangle over trifles; when they neglect the great object of their own salvation and that of their fellow beings, and become absorbed in matters no better than what occupies the masses of the worldly. Under such circumstances the work of grace can not make progress, because the necessary conditions are lacking. God employs none but consistent means.

As already intimated, the indications of real Christian unity and co-operation are full of encouragement. The formation and working thus far of the Evangelical Alliance furnish one of these indications. It has already done much to bring members of various church organizations together, make them acquainted with each, and unite them in feeling and effort. We may mention also the correspondence by letters and delegates between different denominations, cordial reception of visiting brethren, interchange of pulpits, union meetings, and other means all powerfully tending to make Christians feel that they are truly and essentially one. The tendency to union among brethren of the same name is strongly marked. The two great divisions of Presbyterians have become united as never before; feuds of Old School and New School are well nigh forgotten. Andover, Princeton, Oberlin, New Haven, East Windsor are no longer points of antagonism to each other, but in hearty sympathy and fraternal intercourse.

The former branches in the Methodist body are mostly healed. So with the Baptists, save that yoke of Close Communion, which is galling many, and must ere long be shaken off. Christians are all members of the body of Christ, and they will manifest their vital relation to each other as to the living head. We can not but remark the growing mutual attachment of the members of our own branch of the Christian family. Local jealousies have disappeared, East and West are united by indissoluble bonds as in a common cause. Our Mission interests are felt to be one; Hillsdale and Bates, New Hampton, Whitestown, Storers and the other interests are precious and prized alike by one and all. God smiles on these manifestations so becoming and hopeful in his children, and the appropriate fruits are beginning to appear. Revivals are multiplying, the showers of heavenly grace are descending, Zion is indeed extending her conquests, and shall soon obtain her full triumph.—J. J. B.

Current Topics.

—TEMPERANCE IN CONGRESS. It is really gratifying to be able to find some indications of a temperance feeling in Congress. It is indeed doubtful if anything directly helpful to the cause will be accomplished there at present, but it is worth something to know that a few members of that body have the cause sufficiently at heart to attempt legislation upon it. Conspicuous among these few members is Senator Flanagan, of Texas, who lately addressed a stirring speech to the Senate, pointing out the immense evil of the liquor traffic, and affirming his belief that the country's welfare needed legislation upon the subject quite as much as upon financial or other similar questions. He thus expressed the conviction doubtless of a great many of his fellow citizens, whether he did that of his fellow Senators or not. Of course Congress can do only a small part of the work that is needed to rid the country of this evil. But if it would only do its part, it might thereby add an irresistible force to the efforts of its general constituency.

—RITUALISTS AND CONFSSIONALISTS. The withdrawal of Bishop Cummins from the Episcopal church has provoked a discussion in that body which is drawing out some rather important statements. Bishop Pinckney, of Maryland, lately preached on the general reasons given for Mr. Cummins's withdrawal, and said some things about the Ritual which have provoked a reply from Rev. Mr. Jackson, of St. Paul's church, Washington, in which he expressed some rather astonishing opinions about the confessional. The divine authority of private confession and absolution was prominently set forth in his sermon, the ground being taken that in the Bible, the writings of the fathers, of English reformers, and the Prayer Book, all show that the Bishop or other confessor has authority to convey God's pardon to the penitent after true and hearty confession of his sins, and advised the laity to avail themselves of the blessing whenever they felt the need of it, and to value it as one of the precious privileges which the good providence of God has reserved in his church. Opinions like these are rather widely held in England, but this seems to be taking advanced ground for an American churchman. Ritualism, however, is essentially the same, whether found as part of the Episcopal or the Catholic system. It owes its existence to those partly social and partly moral and wholly selfish theories which communities would generally find themselves better off without. It may be classed among the benefits of Bishop Cummins's movement; that it has given us this unqualified statement of a growing ritualistic dogma.

—WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE. Dr. Patton, of the *Interior*, and Dr. Patterson, "the Nestor of western Presbyterianism," are raising a breeze in the Chicago Presbytery that is likely to blow somebody over. The former gentleman, through his newspaper, lately made an attack upon the orthodoxy of certain sermons that Prof. Swing, a Chicago minister of that denomination, had preached, and having failed to draw a proper confession out of him, gave notice that he should summon the Professor before the April meeting of the Presbytery. At this point Dr. Patterson comes to the defense of Prof. Swing, claiming intimate knowledge of him and holding that his views are strictly evangelical. When two such Doctors as these hold a difference, the result is likely to be something that will awake an interest outside of purely denominational circles. It may help to a better understanding of the precise relation between Presbyterianism and Princetonism, which is sometimes a matter of perplexity to outsiders. Thus far, Prof. Swing has not been very severely criticised, except by the paper above mentioned.

—THE DECLINE OF ACADEMIES. The recent refusal of the New York Assembly to vote the usual appropriation to the academies in the State is the subject of considerable remark there. The Academies in that State, as in most of the other states, are in a forlorn condition. They have mainly answered their end, and are being left to whatever fate awaits them. In Maine the majority of them are accepting the terms of a recent law which puts them under the head of free high schools; in New Hampshire and Massachusetts a good many of them are still sustained, surrounded by historic association and haunted by old time memories; while in most of the other states they are taking the shape of meeting houses, stores, dwellings, &c. Perhaps the cause of education is not going to suffer by this change. Our modern Seminaries, Institutes, High Schools, &c., offer a more comprehensive course of study, with greater advantages in the shape of system, philosophical apparatus, lectures, and the rest; so far as preparation for college is concerned, and it was for that that many of the Academies were founded, the modern facilities are better.

—DR. WAYLAND'S POSITION. Dr. Wayland having been lately claimed by one of the leading Baptist papers to be a close communionist, in the common acceptance of that term, the following extract from a letter which he wrote to a Free Baptist minister in 1866 may be admitted in evidence on the other side:

As to the subject of communion I believe that it is one to be left to the individual conscience of every believer. If I believed it to be my duty or my privilege to commune with a disciple of Christ who holds to paedobaptism, it should give offense

to no one. If another brother thinks it his duty to decline such communion, it should give me no offense. Both desire to please the Master, and we should not judge another man's servant. There is no precept respecting it in the New Testament. Men, from what is revealed, may infer one thing or the other. Their inferences bind themselves, but no one else.

One could not reasonably ask for more generous opinions than those. They leave the question with the individual conscience, and, we may infer, with the individual church, just where the whole Baptist brotherhood will doubtless consent ere long to leave it.

—ART IN COMMON SCHOOLS. The growing sentiment in favor of teaching drawing in our common schools is an encouraging sign of the times. Instruction in this art receives careful attention in many of the schools of Europe, special appropriations being annually made for this purpose. This may help to account for the greater number of skilled artisans there than we have in America. Indeed, the most of the engravers in our American print works are from over the sea. It is so in this city, and is said to be the case in most of the New England manufacturing towns. This kind of service is in good demand, which is among the least things that can be said in its favor. It trains both the eye and the hand, the one to detect and appreciate beauty of form, and the other to reproduce and multiply it. And as we become familiar with the beautiful and finished in that measure will our national life move on a higher plane. We hope yet to see that the fundamental principles of the art are taught in two-thirds of the schools in the country.

—DEATH OF AN EX-PRESIDENT. Millard Fillmore, President of the United States from 1850 to 1853, succeeding to that office by the death of President Taylor, died in Buffalo, N. Y., the 8th inst., aged 73. He went into the Vice President's chair on the anti-masonic wave, and filled the office to which he soon succeeded ordinarily well. His personal qualities were of a very acceptable kind, and but for his having signed the fugitive slave bill he would be held in higher esteem than he is. It is noticeable that Andrew Johnson is now the only surviving Ex-President of the United States.

—AID TO HILLSDALE. The communication from the President of Hillsdale College, found elsewhere, was prepared before the buildings went down amid the flame into a pile of rubbish and ashes. But a ray of light is very grateful in a dark night. And so this first decided step toward the endowment of the lady Principal's chair, of which he tells us, is specially welcome just at this hour. It is an important end to be accomplished; the filling up of the requisite sum within a short period would do not a little to lighten the load which is just now pressing heavily on many hearts, and quicken into fresh life the courage needed to animate the work of rebuilding.

The circular, which may be found below, briefly states its own case, and we feel almost certain will meet a fitting response. Indeed, aid has already begun to drop into the treasury; a plentiful shower is hoped for. A letter from the treasurer gratefully acknowledges contributions, forwarded by mail, on the day of the fire, and expresses the reasonable belief that these may be a prophecy of the speedy arising of the college from its ashes.—Just the origin of the fire we have not learned, but for several particulars refer readers to the article by J. J. B. in the following column.

A HOME CATALOGUE. We have at hand the annual floral catalogue issued by J. T. Smith & Sons, Broadwood, N. H. It is got up in excellent shape, and makes a good appearance, but its contents especially commend it to the attention of all admirers of floral beauty. The list of seeds, bulbs, cuttings, &c., which it contains, and the reasonable prices at which they are furnished, should bring him orders from all quarters.

Denominational News and Notes.

Circular.

TO THE FRIENDS OF HILLSDALE COLLEGE.—The great calamity which has befallen our College is already known to you. In the burning of the building the valuable Cabinet of minerals and of collections in Natural History was entirely destroyed, and the philosophical and chemical apparatus was either wholly burned or seriously damaged.

It is difficult to estimate these losses, for the Cabinet contained many rare and valuable specimens.

Without these facilities the work of teaching the Natural Sciences will be greatly embarrassed, but with prompt and earnest efforts by the friends of the College, a new Cabinet and apparatus may be speedily supplied, more extensive and valuable than the old.

By the exercise of your accustomed liberality and by appeals to personal friends, you will enable us to turn this apparent calamity into a great advantage. We therefore solicit your co-operation in efforts to secure this end. The College has no funds for such purposes; our only hope is in personal donations; and the liberality with which the Alumni contributed to the former Cabinet gives assurance that this hope will not be disappointed. Offerings in money or specimens in Geology and Natural History will be acceptable, and may be sent to the undersigned committee.

Prof. S. J. FOWLER,
Prof. G. McMillan,
Prof. D. M. FISK.
Hillsdale, Mich., March 10, 1874.

Poetry.

Faithful in the Least.

It is not much that I can do to help the great world on;
I'll gladly do what'er I can," said little crippled John.
"So every day I'll watch my chance, from early morn till night,
To do some kindly act, or speak in favor of the right."
"I'll bear my burden cheerfully;—the loving Lord will care;
I know He watches, and will help,—He gave it me to bear."
So little John went bravely on;—his Master saw, and smiled,
And graciously accepted all the service of the child.
"He that is faithful in the least is faithful in much more,"
So for that servant small he set a blessed task in store.
One day the boys cried: "Hunchback, run! now run with all your might!"
Mocking his hapless gait;—yet John cried cheerfully, "All right."
And quickening his halting steps, he left them on the green,
And hid him in a distant wood, where he might weep unseen;
Yet wept not long, since every bird sang loud of peace and joy,
And the very purring of the brook spoke comfort to the boy.
Soon in his wanderings he came beside the iron road,
On which the monster iron horse carries his precious load.
"I'll follow down the track; I know the train is due," he said;
"I like to see the mighty thing go thundering ahead!"
Then soon he came to where a bridge a mighty chasm crossed,
A rail was broken!—John grew pale!—"The train would sure be lost!"
Then quick as thought he fell to work and gathered twigs and bark,
Dead limbs of trees, dry grass,—what'er would burn or catch a spark.
"Thank God, I have a match!" he cried, and soon the fire blazed high
Upon the track, and still he worked, until the train was nigh.
He saw the engine slack its speed, then hid him in the wood;
No praise or thanks craved little John, but the joy of doing good.

Cottage Cradle Song.

Close its eyes; it must not peep;
Drop its fists; its fingers slack;
Slide away far into sleep—
Sis will watch till it comes back.
Mother's knitting at the door,
Waiting till the kettle sings;
When the kettle's song is o'er,
She will set the bright tea-things.
Father's busy making hay
In the meadow by the brook;
Not so very far away—
Close its peeps, it needn't look.
God is here, and God is there—
Sees the great scythe glitter and rip;
Watches baby gone somewhere;
Sees the mother's fingers trip.
Sleep, dear baby; sleep outright;
Mother's sitting just behind;
Father's only out of sight;
God is round us like the wind.
—Geo. MacDonald.

The Family Circle.

One Year's Work for Jesus.

"Oh dear! I am completely discouraged," and May Elton's black eyes were filled to overflowing as she sank down upon the bed she had just opened for its daily airing.
"Discouraged?" echoed Fannie from across the room. "What's the matter now, May?"
"Matter enough; here it is the very last of April, and not a solitary committee has spoken to me."
"Let patience have her perfect"—
"Don't finish, I beg of you. You needn't look so solemn either, for I haven't one spark left. I know what you are going to say now, too. Yes, I can have yours in the Fall; this one at home, two; Brown's hill, three; but what of that? I want one now."
"I am sorry, my sister, but you must remember that you are just out of school, and no one knows as yet that you wish to teach."
"They might know if they would."
"Wait patiently, darling."
"There it is again!" and May seized the feather bed and fiercely whirled and pounded it until every feather stood upon end, then abruptly facing her sister, she began:
"If you think you can be patient with a fifty dollar debt hanging over you, you may, but I can not, and will not, God helping me,"—the fierce tempest dying away at the last clause, for May Elton was trying to recognize God's hand in everything.
"That is right, dear sister, you know you hired the money for your schooling, with the feeling that if it were right, God would prosper you, and enable you to return it the present year. Shall we not trust him, then?"
"I will try, Fannie."
But, as her sister left the room, May sank into a chair and indulged herself, for the next half hour, in a hearty cry. Who shall say that that was not just the best thing? "Like as a father pilleth his children so the Lord pilleth them that fear him." May went forth with a quiet, happy trust in her God. "All things work together for good to them that love God," she believed, why should she not be peaceful?
A week passed swiftly by, for when the heart is at rest with God, we do not notice time. May glanced up one morning to

see old Father White coming slowly up the walk. In answer to Fannie's invitation to "come in," he said, "Yes, I will, for I wish to see Miss May." After the usual salutation he turned to May and asked: "Are you engaged this summer?"
"No sir, I am not," and May's heart gave one bound of joyful anticipation.
"I have been visiting friends in W. the past week, and I met with the chairman of the school committee, who was looking for a teacher of the Primary Department. I spoke of you, and he authorized me to invite you to meet him at the city hotel to-morrow at ten; will you go?"
"Certainly, and many thanks for your interest in me."
"None at all, my dear child; just go and see him. I am confident you will make the necessary arrangements, and then, when the little immortal are entrusted to your care, work for Jesus."
A low "I will try," a hearty clasp from the good old father's hand, and May stole away to her room to thank her heavenly Father for this his goodness, and seek divine guidance for the coming interview.
At the appointed hour, she met Mr. Harrison, and an engagement was made. He had said to her,
"We very much wish, Miss Elton, to make our schools the coming year more prosperous than ever. We have aimed to secure wide-awake, earnest teachers, those that shall have a special interest in each individual pupil. We trust you will not disappoint us."
A few days later found May whirling away in the cars to her new field of labor. Her thoughts were very busy. The responsibility resting upon her as a teacher of immortal souls, her ambition to do her best, her desire to be faithful because this was the work of the Lord, and Father White's last words,—"Work for Jesus," so filled her mind that she noted not the passing time. Yes, she would work for Jesus, with God's help. The little children should love her, and she would teach them to love Him.
With such joyful thoughts she was soon at her journey's end. Mr. Harrison met her, and walked with her to her boarding place. Mr. Dow's. A cordial reception from the lady would have set her at her ease, but she must be introduced to Miss Wood, the teacher of the Grammar Department. Her dress of black aroused May's sympathy, but the face was set with such cold, hard lines that it repelled her, and she was glad when Mrs. Dow said,—"I will show you your room, Miss Elton, which you will occupy with Miss Wood. I hope you will find it agreeable."
She led her into a neat little chamber, and with one rapid glance May saw the snowy white bed, easy chair, low sewing table, old fashioned clock in the corner, and bright carpet, and with a smile, said:—"Thank you; I think I shall like very much."
"We hope you will; rest now until five, when tea will be ready; I will ring."
Left alone, May quickly divested herself of her dusty traveling dress, and, drawing the easy chair to the window, gazed upon the beautiful scenery with a thankful heart, and an earnest prayer that here she might work for Jesus.
"The cosy little room! how I might enjoy myself if I were only alone; I never can live a Christian life, or pray before Miss Wood. I know she is not a Christian; her face is not peaceful enough," she was saying to herself.
Ah! Christian man or woman, do you always remember that the face is the index of the character? If Jesus is with you, granting you that peace that the world knows not of, have you any right to let the little cares of the world fret you? Is it right that you carry a "long, solemn face"? The world expects to see your Master in your actions, words, and looks. Think then of the souls you may win for him, if you carry a cheerful, loving face always. May was roused from her reverie by a tap at the door, and Miss Wood said, pleasantly,—"Are you ready for tea? I came up to go down with you, thinking it might relieve you of some embarrassment. I have the advantage of coming so early in the day, you know."
"Thank you for your thoughtfulness."
"No thanks; I wish to get acquainted. As we are to have such close relations, the sooner we know each other the better."
After tea, when in their room together, Miss Wood said,—"Do you play?"
"May thought the question abrupt, but said,—"I always do. I could not live without prayer."
"You misunderstand me; I said play. I was thinking if you could, by sitting myself for a first-class teacher, when I was quite young, and have not found time thus far to study music."
A moment's silence, and May thought, here is work, and continued,—"I thought you asked me if I prayed, and I was very glad, for I thought it showed your interest in such matters."
"I am interested, but I never pray in school; I think it better for them to repeat the Lord's prayer."
"I never dare ask them to do that, for you rarely find a Christian in school, and it would be in service there mockery."
"But you would pray with the heart; you would not have to answer for their sin."
"But the responsibility! Should I feel that I had honored God by compelling others to do what they had no heart in?"
"But they might come to have a heart in it through your influence."
"Yes, but I would rather teach them to

love God first, and in the meantime I will pray for them."
"But you don't mean to say you have courage to pray before a whole room full of boys and girls nearly your own age, do you? It would be too great a cross."
The reply was prompt:—"Must Jesus bear the cross alone, and all the world go free? No, there's a cross for every one, and there's a cross for me."
[To be continued.]

Tom Bent's Revenge.

Tom Bent, of Wentworth Academy, was a tall, muscular fellow of fifteen, whom the little boys all feared, and the big boys all hated. Despite his unpopularity, however, he succeeded in brow-beating the whole school, and acted towards his companions very much as his ill nature inclined him. After every tussle he grew more and more insolent and domineering, until at last, the younger boys used to separate, and disperse in every direction, if he were seen coming toward them.
One little chap, named Bennie Clapp, seemed to be the particular object of Tom's spite and malice. Bennie was a delicate, sweet-tempered lad, about eleven years old, who had never been known to do a mean or unkind thing since he entered the school. It was all the stranger, therefore, that Tom Bent should take so much trouble to plague and annoy him.
There seemed absolutely no reason for Tom's ugliness to Bennie, except that Bennie was always especially good to him. Whenever Tom did any particularly mean thing, Bennie would say to his friends:—"I don't think it's all Tom's fault that he is so wicked. Half the time I don't believe he knows how bad he is. You see he hasn't any father or mother to tell him what's right and wrong; and they say the uncle he lives with treats him awfully."
"He is a great deal bigger and older than we are," Charlie Dean would reply; "and he ought to know better."
"That's nothing," Bennie would add. "I know lots of men that's bigger and older than my father, and they don't know half so much as he does."
So, with a sweet spirit of charity, Bennie would forgive Tom for all his tricks.
By-and-by the autumn slipped away and the boys began to get out their skates, grease and sharpen them, look at the condition of their sleds, and generally prepare for cold weather. The school-house stood on a knoll close beside a small winding stream. The water was deep only in certain places, which the boys were well acquainted with, and the tiny river afforded them much amusement as a place to bathe and swim in in summer, and a fine field of smooth, glare ice to skate on in winter.
Of all the lads, there was no one who enjoyed skating and coasting so much as Bennie Clapp. From the first morning when he discovered the water just glazed by the frost, he tried the strength and thickness of the ice every day, until it was safe to test it upon runners. Small and slight as he was, he was the best skater in the school; and he was envied for his accomplishments by all his companions. He was skilled in letter-cutting, figure-drawing, and all sorts of fancy devices; and was a perfect adept in "outer edge" and the "Dutch roll." He would stand on the point of one skate, and describe with any other circle ten times as perfect as any he could draw in the school with the aid of compasses and pencil. He was perfectly ready to teach any one all his tricks on runners, but none of the boys could ever learn enough to rival him.
"It seems just as if Bennie's feet were hands," Charlie Dean used to say disconsolately, after some failure of his own to make a ring or cut an "S"; "they always go just where he wants 'em to, and never sprawl about, and trip him up as other fellows' feet do."
Bennie's proficiency on the ice was one of Tom Bent's chief grievances. By practicing in private, and performing in public, Tom tried to outdo Bennie; but he never succeeded. One or two of Bennie's most fantastic and graceful feats, Tom, who was much heavier and clumsier, could never approach. He was always boasting that he could teach Bennie Clapp a thing or two on skates; but nobody had ever seen him do or attempt to do anything which Bennie could not accomplish much better. So, nobody took any notice of his boasts and threats, and this indifference only irritated him the more against Bennie.
One day, at afternoon recess, Bennie discovered lying on the ground near the river-bank a good, strong strap, with holes and a buckle—just such a one, indeed, as he had been wanting for a long time to fasten around his skates when he had to carry them in his hand. He picked it up, and ran about among the boys trying to find its owner. Nobody claimed it, or knew to whom it belonged; so Bennie concluded to keep it until inquiries were made for it. He put his skates together; buckled the strap around them; thought how nice it would be to carry them that way, and then, at the sound of the bell, went back to his lessons.
"Where's my skate-strap?" shouted Tom Bent, after school was out, fumbling among the books in his desk.
"At first there was no answer; for many of the boys, including Bennie, had already gone out into the yard, and the others were too busy about their own affairs to observe Tom. He scowled, picked up his books, and snatching his cap from the book, rushed out among the scholars gathered around the stone steps.
"Oh! it's you, is it, Clapp, who've stolen my strap?" cried Tom, seizing poor Bennie by the collar, and lifting him with a shake several inches from the ground. "I might have known you it was, if I had only thought a minute."
Bennie's face flushed, for he deeply re-

sented the imputation of having taken something that did not belong to him. When he got breath enough to speak, said:
"I didn't steal your strap, at all, Tom Bent. I picked it up in the yard at recess. Nobody knew whose it was, so I kept it till I should find the owner. I didn't think it was any harm to put it around my skates; but I'm very glad to give it back, Tom, now I know whom it belongs to."
And Bennie, winding the unfortunate piece of leather into a coil, handed it to Tom, who stood over him like the brute and tyrant that he was.
"I'll be revenged on you, that's all!" cried Tom, as he walked off down the road.
"I'll skate home now, I guess," said Bennie, beginning to fit his runners to his boots.
"All right," added Charlie Dean; "I'll go as far as I can with you."
The little river that passed the school-house flowed through land that Bennie's father owned, and often, when the ice was good, the boy would skate home from school, which it took him much less time to do than to walk over the broken road.
Tom Bent lived a little beyond Bennie; but they rarely went home together, for Bennie seldom spoke to Tom when the latter did not molest him in some way.
As Tom walked along, nursing his anger against poor Bennie, and vowing to be revenged on him, he heard the low, whirling sound of skates on ice. He turned around and saw, some distance behind him, a little figure rapidly approaching backward. He knew very well who the lad was, but he took no notice of him.
Just in front of him, around a slight bend in the river, Tom could see a great black breathing-hole, about which the ice was very thin for several yards.
If the skater continued the course he was then taking, he must inevitably fall into the water. There was plenty of time to warn him, if Tom chose. The water was horribly cold. It made Tom shiver to look at it. The skater was nearing the curve faster and faster. One moment, and he would disappear beneath the ice.
All that was wicked in Tom Bent's nature rose up in his brain, and whispered:—"Let him go. It'll give him a good scare, and serve him right for taking the strap. Now is the time for revenge!"
The skater was almost on the black, thin ice. All that was good in Tom Bent's nature filled his heart with a flood of kindness toward the little fellow, who had never done him any harm, and whom he had tormented so often.
"Look out!" cried Tom, eagerly.
Too late! A shriek, a splash, a cracking that split the ice into hundreds of odd pieces, and the merry skater disappeared in the cold, black depths. Forever? No; Tom Bent's stalwart figure is already struggling with ice, water, everything. Now he has his strong arms clasped tightly about Bennie's senseless form. A minute more—two minutes—he is safely on the bank, panting, shivering, but with Bennie still in his arms.
To this day, he can scarcely tell you how he managed to carry Bennie home without help, almost exhausted as he was himself. But he did so, and the half-drowned boy was brought back to consciousness, and Tom was warmed and clothed, and fed, and made to know what kindness meant.
The two boys became fast friends after that, and through Bennie's gentle influence, Tom ceased to be a brutal tyrant and mean bully—became after many struggles and much striving one of the kindest and best boys in the academy. And Bennie is fond of telling all the new boys who come to the school how Tom revenged himself on him by saving his life.—The Methodist.

The Willful Lie.

When Henry B. was about twelve years old he worked a few weeks in a cotton-factory, a half-mile from his house. Every morning, after bidding mother, little sister and brother, as well as his favorite "Chip," good-by, he would trudge, dinner-pail in hand, to his work.
Chip was a little dog which a gentleman had given Henry, and he was a sprightly creature, very fond of his young master, who loved him in return. Indeed, it seemed hard for them to be separated for a day.
In the room with Henry worked a young man called Fred, who was eighteen years old, and who appeared to like Henry. One day, when Fred had been out riding, he went to Henry on his return, and told him that as he was passing his mother's house, Chip ran out, barking at the horse, and running under the carriage, the wheels went over him and killed him. "I am so sorry," said Fred, "but could not help it."
How badly Henry felt! His favorite Chip dead! Being a truthful boy himself, he never doubted Fred's story.
When he sat down to eat his dinner, the thought of his poor Chip almost choked him; it seemed that he could not swallow a mouthful. How long the afternoon was! and how he dreaded going home! No little dog to greet him as usual.
Boys, refrain from lying. It is mean, cowardly, and an awful sin in the sight of God, to lie.
Chip lived to comfort his little master, who is now a respectable young man, and a comfort to his parents and friends.—Young Pilgrim.

Literary Review.

ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY OF FAVORITE SONGS. Based upon Folk-Songs, and comprising Songs of the Heart, Songs of Home, Songs of Life, and Songs of Nature. With an Introduction, and edited by J. G. Holland, author of "Bitter Sweet," "Kathrina," etc. Illustrated with one hundred and twenty-five engravings, after designs by Church, Johnson, Darley, Hoppin, Nast, Hennessey, Moran, Griswold, etc., and with twenty-five autographs in facsimile. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Octavo, pp. 721.

The volumes which have been issued for the Holidays under the general title of Folk-Songs have gained a wide and deserved popularity. The selections were made with an ample knowledge of the elements that enter into real poems and songs and give them a vital and permanent hold upon the hearts of the people; and there was no overlooking of either the artistic or the popular qualities. The pencils of the best artists were also laid under contribution to make the books still more attractive, and the highest mechanical excellences that appear in connection with the publisher's common work were added as another step toward a complete result. And now nearly everything in those collections which could serve the purpose has been brought forward to aid in making up this single volume that is so fittingly called a "Library of Favorite Song."

There is little danger of exaggeration in speaking of this book. The statements, the implications and the promises found on the title-page are all justified by what follows. Dr. Holland is himself a poet of no doubtful taste, skill or standing. He appreciates both the fine art and the democratic sympathy that combine to make the singer a favorite and friend. He keeps the critical brain and the warm heart. And he is at home among the poets of many periods and two hemispheres. He knows the rank they respectively hold, and what each has done to make the heart of humanity beat in responsive sympathy. The selections cover a pretty wide field, and there is not one thing here of doubtful value or which fails to contribute some real item to the final product. There is music in the soul of each, such as is almost sure to sing itself into the soul of the appreciative reader, drowning the inner discords and helping experience toward a grateful harmony. Scarcely a genuine favorite will be missed from the collection, and the few readers who will fall to find new treasures in this sort worthy to be put side by side with the choicest of the old. Take it all in all, we do not hesitate to pronounce the volume the very richest thing of its kind that has appeared. It excels all others in variety, in comprehensiveness, in abounding merit, in all the essentials of a true popularity. It is at once a treasury of literature and art. The rare mechanical excellences strike one at a glance, but become still more noticeable by careful inspection. The numerous illustrations represent some of the highest attainments in wood engraving. And the specimens of the chirography of twenty-five noted names in poetic literature, in which a stanza or more of a favorite poem appears, with the autograph, as the author sent it to the publisher, is a feature as noteworthy as it is unique. To those who prize such things, as most sympathetic and cultivated readers do, these facsimiles alone are worth the price of the book. Every way, we have here an exceptionally choice product, such as can hardly go into a home without carrying a chastened and elevated gladness, or tarry without dispensing very precious satisfactions.

The work is issued in three different styles of binding, so as to suit the tastes and respect the purses of readers. It is sold only by subscription, and the agents ought to be able to offer it, not only with a clear conscience, but with the consciousness of being benefactors toward the public. Messrs. Geo. M. Smith & Co., Boston, have the general management of the agencies for the work in the larger part of New England.

FABLES IN SONG. By Robert Lord Lytton, author of "Poems by Owen Meredith," "Lullaby," etc. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1874. 16mo, pp. 382. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co. Lord Lytton is no new comer into the field of literature. He is at home in the region of both prose and poetry, and the work he has done in both departments is of a noticeable sort. In its way, his "Lullaby" is a very admirable product, showing an unusual keenness of insight, a special delicacy of perception and feeling, setting forth the subtlety of thought and the real dramatic quality in plan and expression. This new volume is one showing the results of working a year quite unlike those that have heretofore occupied his attention. His underlying idea will naturally suggest Æsop, that prince in his own realm, and recall that more recent attempt of one of our own popular authors in "Mother Goose for Grown Folks." But he is no copyist. Many of the fables are thoroughly his own, and both in telling the story and drawing out the meaning and moral, he displays his keen perception of hidden analogies, his skill as a master of speech, and his ability to fill the inanimate and brute world with bounding life and the highest and most peculiar human qualities. The introduction happily and quaintly sets forth the spirit in which he has prepared the book. He represents himself as having met a fox gifted with the power of speech, who tells him that Æsop is really living to-day, and that the open eye and sympathetic heart will not fail to discover him in all sorts of things. The poet, at the end of the colloquy, thus utters himself in the narrative:—"Then," I said, "whatsoever they be, if I speak to question them, all—Bees that hover, and blossoms that hum; The best of the field or the stalk; The trees, leaves, rushes and grasses; The rivulet, running away; The bird of the air, as it passes; Or the mountains, that motionless stay, And yet whose tremulous masses I tread—Keep changing, as dreams do, all day—Will they answer me? Tell me, oh tell me, for, look you, I love them well!" The fox, as he turned aside, Gave me a friendly glance, And fading into the forest, replied "With encouraging voice, 'Perchance. Try!'" And so, I well, I have tried.

The author has indeed tried, for there are here the products of eight years' labor, not exclusively devoted to this object, perhaps, but it has evidently occupied him much of the time and he has wrought to some high purpose. Nature will henceforth have more and deeper meaning to those who go out to inspect and study it with the illumination which they will carry from a careful perusal of this volume, as they will find no little enjoyment in drinking in the influence offered by the book itself.

THE GATES OF PRAYER: A Book of Private Devotion for Morning and Evening. By the author of "Morning and Night Watches," "Memories of Bethany," etc. New York: Robert Carter & others. 1874. pp. 663. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

The devotional volumes previously prepared by the author of this work have been very welcome and helpful to many devout souls. He comprehends the waits, the experiences, the conflicts and the longings of such souls, and he knows also how to voice their inward struggles and open to them the way of relief and strength. In this volume he has wrought with a similar aim and with not less success. There is a pray-

er for the morning and the evening of each of the thirty-one days in the month; and to those who can find help and profit in employing set forms of prayer, they will doubtless come home as something very welcome. The prayers are varied in specific subject, simple, comprehensive, and bear directly and strongly upon the very things which concern the true seeker's soul and duty.

CURE FOR THOUGHT-TAKING. By George MacDonald. New York: Warren & Wyman. 18mo, pp. 46.

There is something peculiarly fresh, unhackneyed and effective in MacDonald's way of dealing with the deeper questions of the Christian life. He evidently has depth and fervor in his own religious experience, and so it is not the mere development of a theory, much less the indulgence of cant, when he opens his lips or takes his pen to deal with the sacred things that belong to the life of the soul. Taking as a sort of text the precept of Christ, when he bids us take no thought for our life, he goes on to unfold and apply his idea of the Great Teacher's meaning. It is a forcible and beautiful presentation of the duty of faithfulness and the reasonableness of trust which he gives us in this tasteful little book, whose outward delicacy is so fully in keeping with its choice contents. One could hardly read it with a receptive mind and an open heart without feeling rebuked for a lack of what is urged, and encouraged to look up for what is promised. The style is wonderfully simple and forcible, as the thought is peculiarly clear and deep.

PET: or, Pastimes and Penalties. By the Rev. H. H. Havelis, M. A., author of "Mistle and Morals," "With fifty illustrations by M. E. Havelis." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1874. 12mo, pp. 314.

Mr. Havelis does only good work in the several special spheres of literature where we have found him occupied. We had first a volume of sermons, then a treatise showing the mutual relations of aesthetics and morality, and now he appears in the rôle of a painter of juvenile life for the special gratification of the little people. All that we have received from his pen has richly merited a reading, but this last book avakens equal surprise and gratification. It is a most cheering volume that now comes to us, as fresh as spring crocuses, and as fragrant as the trailing arbutus. His Pet is neither fairy nor angel, but a thoroughly human child, alive all over and all through, quaint and yet natural, poetic and still matter-of-fact, showing an abundance of impulse and not a few choice bits of incipient philosophy. And she is by no means the only interesting personage who sits here for a skillfully executed portrait. The whole story is most admirably told. There is not a dull page in the book, and the vivacity is of the sunniest and wholesomest sort. The readers, young and old, are sure to enter into hearty sympathy with the author, and his book with regret, and wish for his coming again. And we hereby invite the repetition of his call on our own account, and in anticipation of the emphatic approval which we are sure will come from the many readers who are yet to be gladdened by his book.

WISE AND OTHERWISE. By Pansy, author of "Tip-Top," "Ester Reed," etc. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Dover, N. H.: G. T. Day & Co. 1874. 16mo, pp. 388.

After becoming somewhat familiar with the products of this author's pen, we are that ready to endorse anything new from that quarter without undue examination. It would involve only a small risk, figuratively speaking, to sign blank checks in any ordinary quantity and let them be filled out afterward and presented in our absence. The books are eminent in excellence. The writer's spirit and style often remind one of Mrs. Whitney. There is a freshness, a force, a directness, a pungency, an incisiveness that make the words very effective and send the thought straight and sure to the brain and heart. It is a live soul that touches the reader's, and a prompt response follows the contact. The whole tone of this book is decidedly religious, while there is little set speech on the great subject, and not a word is suggestive of cant. The characters are drawn with great sharpness of outline, and there is nothing contrived in the scenes that are urged and the traits that are exalted. An intelligent young reader could hardly fail to be interested, stirred, morally braced and truly benefited by reading the book, and few persons are either too old or too wise to be beyond the need of such influences as are here offered.

WILLOW BROOK. By the author of "The Wide World." New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 16mo, pp. 348. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

GIUSEPPE'S HOME. By Julia A. Mathews, author of the "Golden Ladder Series," etc. Same Publishers, etc. 1874. 16mo, pp. 343.

The author of *Wide World* hardly needs any specific commendation as a writer. She indulges in no slipshod service. Writing is responsible and sacred work to her. She waits until she has something to say, and then she seeks to say it so that it shall prove effective. She has always a definite aim, and one worthy of a Christian woman who exercises the functions of authorship as a conscious servant of a heavenly Master. *Willow Brook* is in some sense a continuation of a narrative begun in a previous volume, of what has gone before. Special prominence is given to talks upon the Lord's Prayer, held at the home in *Woodwood*, and into which a large amount of the best sort of teaching and suggestion constantly enters. There is the sparkle of real life in the colloquies, and the genuine but thoughtful freedom of speech indulged in a constant exhalation, while the high moral ends are ever kept in the supreme place. The book is worthy of its predecessors from the same source.

Giuseppe's Home is a touching account of the life and experiences of a little Italian boy, struggling bravely with trial, hardship and temptation in a foreign land, and winning helpers and achieving success by means of the real manliness which he blended with his touching childlike traits. A wholesome pity and generosity are almost sure to be stirred by the well-told story. It is No. 3 in the "Dare to Do Right Series," and it takes a fitting place among excellent companions.

THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE ORATOR. A new and choice collection of prose and poetical Articles and Selections, for Public Readings, Addresses and Recitations, together with a Series of Dialogues, designed for the use of all Temperance Workers and Speakers, Divisions, Lodges, Juvenile Temperance Societies, etc. Edited by Miss L. Penny. New York: National Temp. Soc. & Pub. House. 1874. 12mo, pp. 288.

A very excellent collection of material for use in the various spheres specified. The compiler has shown good taste and judgment. The articles represent a large number of the ablest and best writers on this subject to be found in the country. There are at least fifty Prose Selections, nearly a hundred Poems, and thirty Dialogues, and they possess character and do not lack adaptation. It is cheap at \$1.00, and well worth the price.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, Issue LOTTE DAHLING, by John Gorty Jefferson, as No. 405 in their Library of Select Novels. To fill an octavo pamphlet of 198 pages, and it portrays certain phases of English life with no little skill and effect. It is a fruitful past that turns out these books, and it is a somewhat greedy public whose demands keep pace with such an ample supply.

News Summary.

CONGRESSIONAL.

On Monday, Congress adjourned without doing any business, on account of ex-President Fillmore's death.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, a resolution of respect to the memory of the late ex-President Fillmore was passed, and members were appointed to attend the funeral. There was a report of the financial discussion, and Senator Ferry, of Michigan, made an extended speech. In the House of Representatives the session proved a very exciting one, from the introduction of the subject of the Sanborn contracts, in which there was a general and emphatic expression of feeling against the system, Mr. Butler alone defending it, and with but poor success.

On Wednesday, in the Senate, the announcement of Senator Sumner's approaching death was made after the prayer by the chaplain, and the Senate immediately adjourned. In the House of Representatives some miscellaneous business was transacted, and the House went into a committee of the whole on the legislative appropriation bill. In the midst of the discussion the death of Senator Sumner was announced, and the House adjourned.

On Thursday, Congress occupied its time in honoring the memory of Charles Sumner. In the Senate the announcement was made by Senator Anthony of Rhode Island, and was accompanied by a fitting tribute to the memory of the dead Senator. A similar duty was performed in the House by Judge E. R. Hoar of Massachusetts, and appropriate resolutions were adopted in both branches. In the Senate chamber, and the vacant chair was heavily draped, and on the deserted desk were placed beautiful flowers. The remainder of the week was also passed in practical adjournment in view of the nation's loss.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The funeral services of Charles Sumner on the part of the national government were attended in Washington, Friday. The exercises were held in the Senate chamber at noon, the body having previously lain in state in the rotunda of the Capitol. The Senate was called to order in accordance with the usual custom, by Senator Carpenter, and then followed religious services of a simple character, conducted by the chaplain of the Senate and House, no eulogy or remarks of any kind being made, with the exception of brief closing words by Senator Carpenter. The exercises were attended by the President and his Cabinet, with representatives of all the other departments of the government and of foreign legations, besides many other distinguished persons, and a large representation of colored people. At the close of the services the body was conveyed to the Baltimore railroad station, and attended by the Congressional committees appointed for that purpose, started at three o'clock for Boston, arriving at five o'clock, Saturday, P. M. A memorial meeting was held in Faneuil Hall on Saturday. Addresses were made by Mayor Cobb, Richard H. Dana, Alexander H. Rice, William Gaston, the Rev. E. E. Hale and N. P. Banks. Mr. Sumner's remains on arrival, were conveyed to the State house, where Sunday they lay in state. Thousands crowded through the corridors during the entire day. Many of the clergymen of the city took the events of the week as the text from which to draw their moral lessons. The emblems of grief are visible on every hand. The funeral services were held Monday in King's chapel, (Unitarian) and were conducted by the pastor, Rev. H. W. Foote. They were very impressive, and at their conclusion a long procession, including many colored people, moved to Mount Auburn, where the distinguished remains were buried.

The postage-stamps issued during February show an increase of 18 1/2 per cent. over the same month in 1873. The Agassiz memorial fund has reached \$91,263. The Iowa Senate has adopted the House joint resolution for a constitutional amendment giving the right of suffrage to women. The Brooklyn Union publishes a statement of Lizzie King, alias Kate Stoddard, denying having murdered Charles Goodrich, and implying that he committed suicide. The woods of Florida are white with the snowy flowers of the dogwood, the borders of the swamps golden with the yellow jessamine, and the farm-houses buried in a bed of peach and plum blossoms, while the warm air is burdened with the fragrance.

The funeral of ex-President Fillmore occurred in Buffalo, N. Y., Thursday, in St. Paul's Cathedral, religious services having been previously held in the ex-President's late residence. The exercises were attended by the U. S. Senatorial and House committees appointed for that purpose, besides Representatives of the State and city governments, and a large number of citizens and personal friends. The services were in the Episcopal form, and the body was deposited in the family vault in the Forest Lawn Cemetery.

A watchman in Brooklyn Sunday, without previous quarrel and in a sober condition, beat his wife into a shapeless mass, and then cut his own throat, causing speedy death. Advice from Panama state that no news has been received of the steamship "Rising Star," and all hope of hearing from her was given up. Petitions have been presented to the supreme court from Miss Lucia W. Penabody and Albert Palmer and others, for the issuing of writs of mandamus against the school board of the city of Boston to show cause why Miss Penabody should not occupy the seat in the board from Ward 14, in the city, to which she was legally elected last December.

FOREIGN.

Latest despatches from the Ashantee expedition state that the British loss in the war was 16 killed and 988 wounded. Advice from Spain state that Marshal Serrano has assumed supreme command of the forces operating against the Carlists in the North. In the French assembly a petition has been presented charging Gambetta with having sacrificed the national defense to political design. Charles Orion has confessed that he was bribed to keep silence in regard to his professional relationship to the Tichborne claimant. A despatch from Japan states that the insurrection at Nagasaki is at an end, all the offenders having surrendered to the government. Advice from Austria state that the Hungarian ministry has resigned, and their resignation has been accepted by the Emperor.

A Berlin special states that the physicians are now apprehensive of serious results from the sickness of Bismarck. Emperor Francis Joseph has authorized his government to assume a strong attitude against the ultramontane opposition to ecclesiastical laws. Advice from Spain state that the Carlists claim that their forces have entered Trun and began operations against Olot.

French advices state that the Achinese are mustering all their forces for a general attack on the Dutch position.

Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia will make a tour around the world next summer. He goes eastward through Russia, Siberia and Japan, lands at San Francisco, traverses the United States and returns by the way of London.

A stage coach was attacked by bandits in Mexico, recently, and the passengers resisting, a fight occurred, in which two persons were killed, and others were injured and treated in a barbarous manner.

There was a number of casualties attending the holiday in London on the occasion of the reception of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, by which four persons were killed, and twenty-four wounded.

The cholera and fever have disappeared from Buenos Ayres.

Paragraphs.

England spends sixty-four million dollars a year for tobacco.

The death rate on English railways during 1873 was equal to the slain in battle during the Crimean war.

Chicago proposes to institute a series of Sunday afternoon scientific lectures for working-men, after the London fashion.

One person killed and four injured every working-day in the year, is a pretty good record for American railways.

Carl Rosa has expressed the intention of founding by his will, a "Parepa-Rosa Scholarship" in this country, the income of which is to be expended in educating the American female singers in Italy.

A great deal of the present misery of the Jews in Jerusalem is directly traced to the misplaced, ill-advised generosity of the European Jews, who think they are discharging a religious duty, as well as performing a charitable act, by sending them money.

Santa Anna, who is seventy-six years old, is going to Mexico to spend his remaining days in the land of his birth and early glories. He says he returns under President Lerdo's proclamation of amnesty, but is firmly resolved to take no part in Mexican politics.

It is said that a vein of gold bearing quartz has been found on Butte Island, in the Firth of Clyde. This is the first known case of gold occurring in situ in Great Britain, although placer gold was known to the ancient Britons, the localities being exhausted long ago.

The conductor and engineer of a train in South Carolina are under indictment for the murder of a colored man, who was run over by their own train. It is a test case to ascertain how far the law holds the men responsible in such cases.

Mr. Jefferson, the actor, is now on his plantation in Louisiana, where he intends staying during the cold weather. It is uncertain when he will make his appearance on the stage again, as he talks of retiring from it altogether.

Sixty years ago every island in Polynesia was under the spell of heathenism. There are now about 400,000 Polynesians who profess Christianity, who have been reclaimed from heathenism, and many of whose islands cannibalism has been exterminated.

A southern paper relates that during the war one of the colored troops ran away from a fight and was severely reprimanded by a lieutenant, who asked him, smilingly, if he thought the company would have missed him much had he been killed. Sambo promptly answered: "Not much, boss; dey don't miss de white folks, much less a nigger. But den I would hab miss myself—and dat's de plat wid me."

Even heathen India furnishes some practical ideas on temperance reform which Christian countries might consistently copy. A monster petition, signed by 16,200 persons, was recently presented to the Viceroy, protesting against the rum traffic, and suggesting, as practical measures of reform, the closing of all liquor shops "where the majority of the inhabitants object to their existence," and also "in the vicinity of educational and religious establishments."

A strange species of gull has lately made its appearance in considerable numbers in the vicinity of Salmon River, Oswego county, New York. One was captured the other day, but not without a determined resistance, the bird being provided with a long, sharp beak, an aggressive temper, and bull-dog grip. The feathers were pure white, and the length from tip of tip of the wings was five feet eight inches. The body was small in proportion. The breast feathers were in layers fully an inch and a half in thickness.

Marriage and railway travel do not seem to be very closely connected in America, but in India the reverse is the fact, for we find an officer of an East Indian railroad company explaining a falling off in the passenger receipts of the year by the fact that it was a "twelfth year," which is regarded by the Hindus as so unfavorable to marriage that no one, or scarcely any one is married. And as weddings are the great occasion in Hindu life, when there is great pomp and a general gathering together of friends, they cause a great deal of traveling.

A Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette tells this singular story of the supervision of the French press: In the days of the empire a fiery editor of the south was summoned before the correctional police, and fined for an article written by a person whose name he refused to reveal till the court had pronounced its sentence. The verdict delivered, the editor betrayed the name of the guilty party. It was the name of the Emperor.

The Emperor of Russia having presented four magnificent horses to the King of Italy, the latter has now presented to the Emperor a table of silver, did workmanship. The slab is of pietra-dura mosaic work, representing Apollo surrounded by the emblems of the Muses and wreaths of flowers. Below the slab is a relief of oxidized silver, representing Dante and scenes from the Divina Commedia. The foot of ebony, with lions' feet of silver, is ornamented with the arms of Italy. This masterpiece of work has been placed in the hermitage.

Observing men in Paris contend that the commune is not yet dead in that city, but that on the contrary it is more dangerous now than under the empire, when it had less to hunger for and to be envious of, when its members were better fed and paid. Napoleon, whether he was a great statesman or not, knew better how to deal with the canaille than his successors. He gave them plenty of work and amusement, and although there were higher moral and social agencies that might have been employed, these were sufficient for his purposes. Paris had no street beggars during the empire.

It was feared that the famous masterpiece by Rubens in Antwerp cathedral had been injured by dampness, but a commission recently appointed to investigate the matter reported that the pictures had suffered no material damage. The inquiry was made at the same time as to the ownership of the paintings—whether they belonged to the cathedral or the Belgian authorities. The decision was in favor of the government, and the Antwerp council has now under consideration the propriety of removing the pictures to the museum of Antwerp, where so many other fine works of Rubens are preserved.

Rural and Domestic.

Concerning Medical Matters.

A lady in Illinois writes that she sent several months ago some recipes that she had found exceedingly useful in her family, and wonders that we have not published them. In respect to medical matters we have some very positive opinions, one of which is that there is far too much medicine taken for the good of the people, and that, so far as we are concerned, we shall do nothing towards inducing our readers to dose themselves. Physicians are far in advance of the people in this respect; they do not give one-tenth part of the drugs they did twenty-five years ago, and were it not that their patients would not be satisfied if they did not "do something," they would give still less than they do now. A sick person needs to have his mind treated as well as his body, and if he feels that something is being done for him his mind is at ease, and he will not fret about himself. So a physician really does him a benefit by leaving some harmless thing, to be taken in exact doses every few hours, the oftener the better, as it will occupy the mind in looking out for the precise time. Every physician knows that while the patient's view of his service is confined to the medicine given, his trouble is to find out exactly what is the matter, and how far nature is tending to repair damages. If matters are going on well enough, and if he has to do to nature will effect a cure; all he has to do is to amuse the patient with harmless doses. If he were to say, "There is nothing serious the matter with you; you have only to keep in bed and feed on slops, and you will be well in a week," that doctor would be discharged, and one sent for who would "understand the case and give something to cure it." The mental effect of the visits of a cheery doctor is of great help to patients who are not especially ill, and his services in this respect are worth all his cost. Now, we do not mean to say that there are no cases that need medicine, for there are many in which life may depend upon the most prompt and energetic treatment; but what we wish most especially to enforce, is the fact that when there is any serious illness no one who has not been educated to the matter can make a proper diagnosis, which is the medical term for finding out what is the matter, and is the most difficult thing to do; if this is not correct, the treatment may be useless, or even harmful. It would be folly for us to publish remedies for particular maladies when it is almost impossible for other than a physician to know whether such diseases are present or not. We do not wish to convey the idea that a physician should be called for every minor ailment; colds, irregularities of the stomach and bowels, local pains, and other such ills can be treated by the domestic remedies. Every family keeps a few simple remedies at hand, every variety according to usage; but should always be at hand, especially in farm-houses, something to make a warm drink to promote perspiration, some cathartic or laxative to move the bowels, some anodyne, and in fever and acute districts quinine or such other anti-periodic as is known to be useful. For the rest the kitchen may be depended upon for soda as an antacid, salt to stop vomiting, cayenne pepper as a stimulant, and mustard, one of the most useful of applications for local pains. When an illness does not yield, and promptly, to these domestic remedies, do not hesitate about calling a doctor. The pain in the stomach or bowels that does not yield to a mustard plaster and a few doses of paregoric or laudanum may be a symptom of some serious disease of those parts that requires an entirely different treatment. A sore throat with a pain not relieved at once by the use of remedies may indicate the severe and often fatal diphtheria, and a continued and increasing looseness of the bowels may be a symptom of something more serious than an ordinary diarrhea. Every sensible mother will, the moment that of some one who knows more than she does, delay may be dangerous. We think that the papers which under the head of a "Hygienic Department" publish all sorts of remedies and recipes do more harm than good. Hygiene has very little to do with dosing. We may here perhaps properly answer questions which have been proposed probably a hundred times in one form or another, that is, in our denunciations of all secret remedies, patent or proprietary medicines, we would not exempt this or that particular one which the writer has tried and found useful. No; we do not except one. A large portion of these are frauds, being mere stimulants, but there is not one of them from beginning to end that is composed of any other than well-known drugs. No; we object to all these things put up in bottles and labelled, for the reasons that you do not know what you are taking, for some cheap drug, fifty cents or a dollar, which could be bought for five or ten cents, simply because it is put up in a bottle with a showy label, and called something, "balsam," "panacea," or what not. The hundreds of babies that have come to their untimely death from the use of "soothing syrups," which the mothers did not know contained deadly quantities of morphia, should be a sufficient warning against secret compounds. Our friends who have sent us recipes for their "best thing in the world" for this or that disease, must excuse us if we do not publish them. It is a little curious that most persons recommend any remedy as "the best thing in the world," while their knowledge of the world is exceedingly limited.—Am. Ag.

Hair as an Index of Character.

Coarse black hair and dark skin signify great power of character, with a tendency to sensuality. Fine black hair and dark skin indicate strength of character along with purity and goodness. Soft, straight black hair and beard indicate a coarse, strong, rigid, straightforward character. Fine dark brown hair signifies the combination of exquisite sensibilities with great strength of character. Flat, clinging, straight hair, a melancholy but extremely constant character. Harsh, upright hair is the sign of a reticent and sour spirit; a stubborn and harsh character. Coarse red hair indicates powerful animal passions, together with a corresponding strength of character. Auburn hair with florid countenance denotes the highest order of sentiment and intensity of feeling, purity of character, with the highest capacity for enjoyment or suffering. Straight, even, smooth and glossy hair denotes strength, harmony, and evenness of character, hearty affections, a clear head, and superior talents. Fine, silky, supple hair is the mark of a delicate and sensitive temperament, and speaks in favor of the mind and character of the owner. Crisp, curly hair indicates a hasty, somewhat impetuous and rash character. White hair denotes a sympathetic and indolent constitution; and we may add that besides all these qualities, there are chemical properties residing in the coloring matter of the hair, which undoubtedly have some effect upon the disposition. Thus, red-haired people are notoriously passionate. No red hair is proved by analysis to contain a large amount of sulphur, whilst very black hair is colored with almost pure carbon. The presence of these matters in the blood points to peculiarities of temperament and feeling which are almost universally associated with them. The very way in which the hair falls is strongly indicative of the ruling passions and inclinations, and perhaps a person could give a shrewd guess at the manner of a man or woman's disposition by only seeing the backs of their heads.—Hair Markets of Europe.

Laughter as a Medicine.

A short time since two individuals were lying in one room very sick, one with the brain fever, and another with an aggravated case of the mumps; they were so low that watchers were needed every night, and it was thought doubtful if the one sick of fever would recover. A gentleman was engaged to watch over night, his duty being to wake the nurse whenever it became necessary to administer medicine. In the course of the night both watcher and nurse fell asleep. The man with the mumps lay watching the clock, and saw that it was time to give the fever patient his portion. He was unable to speak aloud, or to move any portion of his body except his arms, but, seizing a pillow, he managed to strike the watcher in the face with it. Thus suddenly awakened, the watcher sprang from his seat, falling to the floor, and awakened both the nurse and fever patient. The incident struck the sick men as very ludicrous, and they laughed heartily at it for some fifteen or twenty minutes. When the doctor came in the morning he found his patient vastly improved; said he never knew so sudden a turn for the better, and now both are up and well. Who says laughter is not the best of medicine? And this reminds the writer of another case. A gentleman was suffering from an ulceration in the throat, which at length became so swollen that his life was despaired of. His household came to his bedside to bid him farewell. Each individual shook hands with the dying man, and then went away weeping. Last of all came a pet dog, and shaking the man's hand went away also with his hand over its eyes. It was so ludicrous a sight that the patient was forced to laugh, and laughed so heartily that the ulcer broke, and his life was saved.

Curiosities of Lunacy.

There are cases where blows on the head have benefited the brain and produced extraordinary changes for the better. Mabilion was almost an idiot at the age of twenty-six. He fell down a stone staircase, fractured his skull, and was trepanned. From that moment he became a genius. Dr. Priehard mentions a case of three brothers who were nearly idiots. One of them was injured on the head, and from that time he brightened up, and is now a successful barrister. Wallenstein too, they say, was a mere fool, till he fell out of a window and awoke with enlarged capabilities. A patient in an asylum was the victim of many delusions. He was twice taken to a common room, and was paying off the National debt, going into partnership with Baron Rothschild, and forming a lodge of Female Freemasons. One day an epileptic patient imagined that he was perpetually being interrupted by a man who was a treacherous spy, and he was ordered to be taken to the bridge of the nose. From that time he improved rapidly, and acknowledged that the blow had had a sobering effect, and had quite knocked the nonsense out of him.

There is no doubt, that this was the secret of that cruel, old remedy for madness, the circulating swing, mentioned favorably by physicians of the last century. This horrible swing was a small box fixed upon a pivot, and worked by a windlass. The "infectible" maniac, or the maniac expecting a paroxysm, was firmly strapped in a strong or recumbent posture, and then whirled round at the average velocity of a hundred revolutions a minute, and its beneficial effect was supposed to be heightened by reversing the motion every six or eight minutes, and by stopping it occasionally with a sudden jerk. The results of this swing (which occasionally brought on convulsions of the brain) were profound and prolonged sleep, intense perspiration, mental exhaustion, and a not unnatural horror of any recurrence to the same remedy, which left a moral impression, that acted as a permanent restraint. That the results were often beneficial we have indisputable evidence.

The cases of suspended consciousness after brain injury are well worthy of attention. A man who wakes out of a sleep is conscious of a lapse of time, and can generally even guess its duration, but the man struck on the brain is often unconscious of any lapse. A man was struck in the head by a stone, and was afterwards delirious. He was then delirious and maniacal for ten weeks. When he became more tranquil they brought him to the asylum in a strait-jacket. He soon recovered, but when he became conscious, he remained in Greenwich Hospital for fifteen months, deprived of his sense and speech. At the end of that period an operation was performed, and the brain relieved from the pressure. He instantly rose from his bed and continued the orders to the sailors, which had been so abruptly interrupted. Fifteen months before.

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