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The Morning Star

Volume XLIX.

DOVER, N. H., MARCH 25, 1874.

Number 12.

THE MORNING STAR

A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER
FOR THE FAMILY.

ISSUED BY THE
FREEWILL BAPTIST PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT
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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1874.

Be of Good Cheer.

Be of good cheer, O soul!
Angels are high;
Evil can harm thee not,
God hears thy cry.
Into no void shalt thou
Spring from this clay;
His everlasting arm
Shall be thy stay.
Day hides the stars from thee,
Sense hides the heaven
Waiting the contrite soul
That here has striven.
Soon shall the glory dawn,
Making earth dim;
Be not disquieted,
Trust thou in Him.

New York Correspondence.

NEW YORK, March 18, 1874.

A POLICE TRIBUTE.

The policemen grumble *sotto voce* among themselves and in their families, over their magnificent offering of flowers on the grave of their dead ruler, Smith. This tribute of irrepressible affection from the "beraved policemen" was elicited by the simple process of deducting a day's pay or so from each man's monthly pittance. Poor men's families must be pinched of the comforts of life that a rich police magnate may be buried in splendor without expense to his family—or rather, more accurately, that some toadying political police captain may enhance his favor with the powers that be over him, by starting a piece of flattery which no man in the force, who values the comfort of his position, can afford not to unite in. In this way policemen are so continually mulcted, for the apparent benefit of their lords, big or little, but really for the purposes of toadying comrades, that it becomes rather wonderful that they value their hard and dangerous positions so much—that is, the honest ones, if there are any, who never stoop to blackmail or bribes.

ANOTHER DISGRACEFUL VERDICT.

In the atrocious murder case of King (just convicted in the second degree only), we have a fresh and impressive exhibition of the power of the anti-punishment or "universalist" principle, which so extensively pervades the community that it is next to impossible, or a matter of the very last improbability, for the fortuitous concurrence of mortals called a jury to be without one or more living exemplars of it, who will never surrender their power of veto on the hanging of any murderer whatever. King was a practiced homicide, whose career in California and the Sandwich Islands had been a burning reproach to poor human justice; cool, deadly and relentless in temper as might befit an arch fiend; and the murder was one of the most deliberate and audacious in all the annals of open, law-defying crime. It is impossible that a single one of the jury could have felt a shadow of doubt that the crime was murder in the first degree; the only defense that could be attempted—that of insanity—serving only, by the very extreme effort devoted to it, to make its own farcical and impudent falsity conspicuous. In such a case, without a possible shadow of doubt, the no-punishment principle was yet strong enough and bold enough to force a compromise verdict. I can not join in the congratulation that King was thus convicted. Compromise in such cases is more dangerous to society than disagreements, repeated trials, and even utter—and therefore alarming—failures of justice. Juries should not be encouraged to compromise. Half a loaf is not better than no bread, in such cases.

THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT.

In the Women's Temperance Crusade there is no apparent progress to note, here. As in all vital and therefore novel, development, the influential clergy, the men of brains, are necessarily the chief obstacle. They have great powers, but docility is not among them. The ministers generally, as well as the Methodist Preachers' Meeting, are now in adjourned conferences from week to week on the great question that will not "down"—What instruction have these mighty works in the West for us? Of course, the men of brains, the men who are never carried away, the men who, in fact, are too strong in themselves intellectually, to be even moved at all until the whole world they are in moves in mass—all these men, of course, unanimously say that the abnormal methods and non-natural results in the West have no meaning for us. It was curious to hear one of the ablest Methodist preachers here, give his theory, last Monday, and then unconsciously confute himself. He thought the secret of the women's successes was their personal influence in small towns where everybody knew them—it was natural they should succeed. Then he went on to argue against adopting their method, because that to sit down at a man's door to pray him out of business was just the way, if he (the speaker) knew anything of human nature, to fix him in it with all the obstinacy and pride of his whole character. Just so. In other words, the power of the women's crusade is not according to nature, but contrary and superior to it, and, if so, all the arguments and calculations of the wise and politic leaders of our churches become foolishness before it. Docility, I repeat, is what they lack; ability to accept what is new to them and foreign to their customary ways and maxims. So they propose, as Dr. John Hall rather naively remarked, to proceed in "a way of our own," ignoring and obstructing the way authenticated by manifestations of divine power. I shall never wonder so much again, at the unbelief of the doctors of divinity of that day, in the mission of Jesus Christ; for he wrought no miracles more unequivocal than those which are meaningless to our present D's. Meanwhile, it is worthy of notice that there is nothing the publishers of our day are afraid of, but the praying hands of women. They laugh at the great doctors and their schemes, but they are all agog with expectation and apprehension of some bery of weak women coming down street. Our school girls in their teens can not take their proper constitutional promenades, under the supervision of the usual lady teacher, without a false alarm and an excitement in the streets and grog shops. A dozen young ladies walking out in this way, the present week, gathered such a crowd, that being weak in faith, they were frightened out of their innocent purpose.

Special Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 17, 1874.
CHARLES SUMNER.—HIS FUNERAL OBSEQUES.

Every other interest has been overshadowed by our great national bereavement. The last day Charles Sumner, the noble statesman, occupied his seat in the Senate was Tuesday, March 10. Many of his friends remarked that day his changed appearance. His face had a dark, sickly look, his manner was languid, and his long hair seemed neglected. On this memorable day was read in the Senate the resolution of the Massachusetts Legislature, rescinding its vote by which it censured him for moving to strike all names of battles off from our battle flags. He made no speech in response to this; but quietly received the congratulations of his friends. On Monday evening, when asked by an intimate friend if he should address the Senate when these Legislative resolutions were presented, he replied, "The dear old Commonwealth has spoken for me, that is enough." The Hon. Henry L. Pierce, who dined with him at 6 o'clock on Tuesday evening, was about leaving when Mr. Sumner said, "Sit down a few moments. I want to talk to you about my health." He told him of his pain on Sunday night, the return of his old enemy, the neuralgia of the heart, and described the agony he felt on Monday night, when Dr. Joseph Tabor Johnson was sent for, who administered a hypodermic injection of morphia, which relieved him. Soon after Mr. Pierce left, the Senator felt a return of the pain and sent for Dr. Johnson, who found him walking to and fro as if suffering severe pain. He welcomed the Dr., and asked for relief, by a hypodermic injection. Dr. Johnson replied that he must undress and retire, to which Mr. Sumner reluctantly consented, apologizing all the while for giving "so much trouble." The second injection produced relief, when Mr. Sumner said in a pleasant tone, "I've turned the corner, and am on the road to sleep. Do go home, Doctor, and you (addressing his secretary) go to bed." These gentlemen retired to the next room and soon heard his full, regular breathing, as if enjoying a quiet sleep. They were soon, however, startled by his groans, and a second attack of severe pain was followed by great prostration. Friends and physicians were summoned, and every possible effort was used to restore reaction, but without permanent effect.

He frequently exclaimed, "Oh! I'm very tired. Can I not have relief?" He several times commended the Civil Rights bill to Judge Hoar, saying, "Don't let the bill be lost." Again he said—"Tell Emerson [Ralph Waldo] how much I love and revere him."

About half an hour previous to his death he said to Mr. A. B. Johnson, who was rubbing his hands to restore circulation, "My poor Johnson, you can soon rest." Conscious to the last, he knew his friends, and between his paroxysms of pain fully assured them he was soon to cross over. His colored friends held his hands, administered to his wants, and watched the glorious flame of a great life go out, while hundreds lingered about his home whose faces bore a touch of grief pitiful to behold, when, on Wednesday they said of Charles Sumner, "He is dead!"

On Wednesday his seat in the Senate Chamber was draped in mourning, and his desk was covered with beautiful flowers placed there by loving hands.

On Thursday, Senator Sumner was borne from his home, and at 10:20 o'clock the long procession wound its way to the Capitol, whose heavy columns were draped in black, as was the rotunda, whose entrances, pictures, and cornices were all similarly draped. In the center, on a low catafalque was placed the casket containing the remains, and a police force held positions near this, and conducted the crowds of people who were thronging every avenue for admittance to these sad services. The casket was of richest walnut, covered with black cloth. There were massive silver handles, and the inner lid of plate glass exposed the entire body before the walnut lid was placed thereon. The casket was completely covered with flowers. At the foot of this was a large, broken column, the base of which was formed of violets surrounded by azaleas. Other columns were made of lilies, and, crossed about these, were the beautiful Barbadoes fern. A large cross of camellias and lilies bore a card marked, "The ladies of the Massachusetts delegation." A magnificent wreath at the head of the casket bore a card inscribed, "From Louise C. Butler and other heart-broken friends." This was from the colored ladies.

After glancing over these mute mementoes, we took our last and final look at the dead face. The features were natural, and a look of repose suggested peaceful rest. His right arm was crossed over his breast, and the hand held a pure white camellia; his left rested at his side. His rich suit of black, purchased in England and never worn by him while living, was his burial robe.

At 12 o'clock Senator Sumner was borne from the rotunda to the Senate Chamber. The procession advanced in order, the members of the House of Representatives, the Supreme Court, the President and members of the Cabinet, followed by Speaker Blaine, who led the procession, which defiled to right and left, and took seats with the Senators. The Committee of arrangements entered last, led by Sergeant French and the Chaplain, Dr. Sunderland, the latter reading,—"I am the resurrection and the life. Whosoever believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." After the entire procession had been seated, a beautiful floral offering to the noble dead—a snowy white cross from Miss Nellie Grant, "was placed above the heart of the sleeper. The senate galleries and corridors were crowded to suffocation. Dr. Sunderland read passages of Scripture, as also did Rev. Dr. Butler, who offered a prayer, after which Rev. Dr. Sunderland read other Scripture selections and offered a prayer. After the benediction, Senator Carpenter uttered a few simple, touching words, that found responsive utterance in the hearts of that vast assembly of mourners. The casket was then closed, and soon Charles Sumner was carried from the Senate Chamber, which for 23 years he had honored by his dignified and noble presence.

Through police courtesy, we were able to find our way out of the crowd, and, seated in our carriage we watched one of the grandest and most impressive scenes memory will ever have to cherish. In the background one succession of carriages filled the space in front of the Capitol, and slowly passing back and forth a line of mounted police filed along the line of carriages. Not less than five thousand people crowded every inch of room on the immense stairs leading to the door through which the carriages now slowly came, bearing the flower-wreathed casket. Soon the hearse, drawn by four snowy white horses, passed up to the stairs fronting the Senate Chamber (the East part of main building), the body was deposited therein, and at a little past 1 o'clock this immense procession, followed by about five hundred colored people on foot, escorted the remains to the depot.

It is estimated that at least ten thousand people viewed the remains as they lay in state in the rotunda on this last day.

At the residence of Hon. Frederick Douglass, Jr., we saw in the window a steel engraving of Charles Sumner, heavily draped in mourning. Not alone here, but in lowly cottages of the colored people, did we notice the same tribute of reverence.

For a moment mortals have stopped. The presence of God's power, as he affixes his irrevocable seal on the bounds of our

habitation here, makes the living pause. Our plans and purposes for a moment look meager; but how soon they assume their wonted significance. To day, the newspapers take on their business-like air again, and affairs go on as usual.

BESSIE BEECH.

The Women's Crusade.

A letter just received at this office from Athens, O., gives some incidents of the women's work in that place, and says something in defense of its methods:

The "Women's Whiskey War" in Athens has succeeded well. But two places out of a dozen where whiskey was sold now furnish it. One of these two is kept (her son keeps it, she owns it) by an old lady who has declared her intention never to yield to the Temperance pressure. The prayer-band of ladies call every day, but none of them have ever succeeded in seeing her. She is always in her private room, and excuses herself from seeing the ladies either on the plea of sickness or because she has important business letters to write. A short time since when the plea was illness, a few of the ladies asked to see her in her room, and have a small, quiet prayer-meeting with her. She declined.

I see that some of our Yankee friends strongly condemn our Buckeye way of doing the work. They seem to argue that the attendant inconveniences, and perhaps evils, of the movement are sufficient to condemn it. I am glad that the *Star* does not think and say so. Those who can and do prosecute the work in a truly Christian spirit, and put forth their efforts strictly within the bounds of law and propriety, are certainly largely in the majority. I think no honest observer of the work so far can deny this. Well, this majority must not be held responsible for the rash zeal, the unchristian disposition, and the general lack of judgment, which are to be found in the exceptional instances; nor are they to desert from the good work because in these exceptional cases it wears some objectionable features, and is made the occasion of evil.

J. M. D.

New Haven Celebrities.

Dr. Joseph Parker sketches the following portraits in his last London *Christian Shield*. All Yale men will read them with interest, and at the same time make the proper allowances:

I spent a Sunday at New Haven, preaching in the morning in the College chapel of Yale University; in the evening in the Center Congregational church, of which the Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon was pastor for more than a generation. I did not find it easy work preaching in the College chapel, for the audience was by no means a popular one, and the pulpit was certainly not one that would be spoken of as supremely comfortable. The body of the church was occupied entirely by students, and the galleries were filled with the professors and their families. Dr. Noah Porter accompanied me to the pulpit, where he sat during the whole of the service. Dr. Porter is the very image of a metaphysician, having a face marked by unusual keenness, a long, penetrating nose, which seems to be inquiring into everything, and an eye remarkable for its microscopic power, so deep sunken, so sharp, and withal so suspicious, in an intellectual sense; it must be a piece of close reasoning that will satisfy Dr. Porter's critical faculty. I can imagine that a very little poetry will go a long way with the learned President, but that he has an insatiable appetite for metaphysical disquisition and analysis. Yet a pleasant man is President Porter, having a genial smile, a most friendly voice, and a very brotherly grip of the hand. Dr. Porter is the author of a very complete treatise on the Human Intellect, a work which has made a deep impression in America, and which can not fail to create a large constituency of admiring readers in this country. I expected to find Dr. Porter in the serene and yellow leaf, but instead of this I found him not much beyond middle age, very agile in his movements, and apparently capable of undergoing a good deal of fatigue. To say that Dr. Porter is not overburdened with flesh is to give a very faint idea of his sinewy spareness; he is all muscle, nerve, and bone; just the man to climb a hill without exhaustion, or other inconvenience. I hope Dr. Porter will revisit England in the course of a year or two, where he will be received on every hand with cordial applause.

The congregation in the Center church was large as the building could accommodate, every available space being occupied. Dr. Leonard Bacon is the Nestor of Congregationalism in New England. He, too, is a man of remarkable keenness and penetration. He is well known throughout the States as a controversialist of rare acquirement and skill, knowing everything and putting everything in its most telling aspect. Dr. Bacon is just the man who would be in danger of mistaking the State paper office for heaven. He has an amazing penchant for old papers, for monumental records, and for ecclesiastical antiquities. Probably the history of England, especially in its church aspects, is as familiar to Dr. Bacon as his own name. Woe betide the unhappy wight who makes a mistake in his dates or other facts in an ecclesiastical controversy with the redoubtable Doctor! He

has left a mark upon the Congregationalism of his own country, which will be increasingly appreciated by students and pastors. From what I have read of the productions of Dr. Bacon, I should characterize him as one of the most keen, far-sighted, and trenchant writers either in America or this country; an unsparing critic, a judicious counselor, and an honest man.

My impression of New Haven was of the most favorable kind altogether.

Events of the Week.

TRIBUTES TO SUMNER.

In every city of note and many of the important villages, testimonials to the memory of Senator Sumner have been adopted the past week. Even some of the southern cities have spoken official words in his honor,—a striking contrast with their feelings towards him ten years ago. The colored people everywhere are deeply impressed by his death, and show in many fitting ways their appreciation of the service that he rendered their race.—Meanwhile the question of Mr. Sumner's successor in the Senate is earnestly discussed in Massachusetts, the aim seeming to be to elect a person who will the most unflinchingly and effectively rebuke the tendencies to corruption now so prevalent in the Republican Party. Charles Francis Adams, E. R. Hoar and Representative Dawes are the most frequently mentioned at present. The election may occur Tuesday. The State's most fitting tribute to Sumner's memory might be embodied in its choice of the Senator to succeed him.

MR. MURRAY CRITICISED.

A meeting of Mr. Murray's parishioners, called last week to consider some complaints made against the pastor, had the largest attendance of any parish meeting for twenty years. So it would seem that there is considerable interest in the matter. A motion to give Mr. Murray a vacation of 6 months and a salary of \$7000, brought the senior Deacon in the church to the floor, who preferred very grave charges against his minister, chiefly for remissness of pastoral duties and neglecting to keep his engagements. Several other members thought that Mr. Murray had not been much a pastor of late, and believed that his ill health, to mend which he asked a vacation, was not to be charged to pastoral work. A committee has been appointed to confer with Mr. Murray in the matter, but the opinion is frequently expressed that he will not continue much longer with the Park St. church. Which result might be worse for the church, than for Mr. Murray.

THE TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.

Incidents of the Women's crusade the past week are an effort which the Chicago ladies made before the city government to prevent the repeal of the Sunday liquor law, and a meeting of Rhode Island clergymen to adopt temperance measures. In the former case, the ladies were unsuccessful, and were also most disgracefully treated by a crowd of roughs, whom the police could barely control. In the latter case, the clergymen adopted resolutions, which, if followed up, will help the cause much in that State. There has been steady work but no marked advance in the movement elsewhere. The Worcester ladies continue their visits to the saloons of that city, but without success thus far. But they declare that they are enlisted in the work for life and know nothing about failure. That is good pluck, whatever may be its basis.

ARE WE TO HAVE A VOLCANO?

The dwellers about Bald Mountain, in the western part of North Carolina, report that it is in a very uneasy state, and they predict a volcanic eruption from it. The mountain trembles and bellows, shaking the earth for miles around, and also keeps a sort of smoky veil over its head, as though it was about to do something that it is ashamed of. It is at present uncertain how this will turn out, but we judge from reports that something serious is pending over that locality. If it should prove to be really a volcanic mountain, it will make, with St. Helen's mountain of the Cascade range in Washington Territory, the second mountain of that class at present in the United States, not to mention two or three mountains whose summits seem to be the craters of extinct volcanoes.

A MISSIONARY MURDERED.

Rev. J. L. Stevens, a Congregational clergyman and missionary of the American Board in Ahualulco, Mexico, was murdered in that city by a Catholic mob, set on by priests, on Sunday, March 1. In the morning a priest delivered an incendiary sermon, in the course of which he advocated the extermination of the Protestants. This so excited his hearers that in the evening an armed mob of 200 persons broke into the house of Mr. Stevens, and with cries, "Long live the priests," smashed his head to jelly and chopped his body into pieces. They afterward sacked the house and carried off everything of value. After much delay, the riot was suppressed by the local authorities. The Government has sent a detachment of troops to the place. A rigid investigation has been set on foot, and orders issued for the arrest of all priests in Ahualulco and the neighboring town of Teshitlan.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 18, 1874.

CHARLES SUMNER.

The whole land, and the entire civilized world too, for that matter, already know of the death of Charles Sumner, and the incidents pertaining thereto. Although it was known to all that Mr. Sumner's health was infirm, yet neither himself nor his most intimate friends thought his end was so near. Smitten suddenly at his own table, while entertaining a few friends, he was borne down through intense suffering in a few brief hours to death, and all christendom is shocked by the unlooked for occurrence. The time between the first announcement of his illness and the hour of his death, was so short that the whole land was appalled at his taking off. Washington has not been so profoundly stirred by the death of any man since the martyrdom of Abraham Lincoln. The colored population of Washington were still aris intensely wrought upon by this demise of their great champion and friend, and during the weary hours of his painful illness they gathered in crowds about his dwelling, and waited with most anxious solicitude for every report which was delivered to them from time to time in regard to his condition. When it was announced that Mr. Sumner was dead, their grief apparently knew no bounds. While the body of the dead Senator lay in state in the rotunda, multitudes of these people, formerly slaves, thronged it, to take a last look upon the face of their benefactor, and while I stood back in the crowd and watched them and their movements, I thought indeed how precious a legacy are the tears of such a people to the memory of such a man.

A CONTRAST.

While the remains of Charles Sumner lay in state at the Capitol, those of Millard Fillmore, ex-President of the U. S., lay in state at Buffalo, N. Y. The latter signed the Fugitive Slave bill, and thus gave it the full force and sanction of the law. The former opposed the bill with all the power of his great mind and heart, denouncing the measure as an "unutterable atrocity." Four millions of emancipated slaves weep at the grave of Charles Sumner, and arise to bless and cherish his memory, while multitudes of this very people do not know that such a man as Millard Fillmore ever lived. Surely those who work for humanity and for the poor, come to honor while they live, and are not forgotten when they die. Let statesmen ponder upon such a lesson as this!

Several colored men were at the bedside of Mr. Sumner when he died, and one of them, Mr. Geo. T. Downing, held his hand until life became extinct, and closed the eyes of the dead statesman. This was most appropriate. A representative of the colored race for which he labored so long, so faithfully and so well, was the proper person to close the eyes of the incorruptible patriot and champion of human rights.

ILLNESS OF EMINENT MEN.

For the past week quite a number of our eminent men have been sick. On Monday the President was so ill that he could not attend to business nor could he see visitors. He is better to-day and made his appearance this morning as the procession which was out in honor of St. Patrick defiled past the White House.—Judge Lewis Dent, Mrs. Grant's brother, lies at the point of death. He has received the last rites of his (the Catholic) church, and his death is looked for at any moment.—Admiral Porter is quite sick and is not able to be out nor to attend upon any business.—F. P. Blair, Sen., is confined to his house, and as he is an octogenarian it is doubtful if he recovers.—Senator Morton has been absent from his seat till within a day or two, but is now able to fill his vacant chair in the Senate.—Senator Boutwell has been quite indisposed for a number of days.

FINANCIAL.

The Senate, it is thought, will pass its financial bill, this week, but it can not reach the House before sometime the coming week, and then comes the tug of war, or rather, the debate, which will be long and fierce. The country need not look for any perfected action upon finance in the shape of legislation until about the first of May. This may be cold comfort for the business men of the country, but it is, apparently, all that can now be hoped for.

DELAYS.

All last week, pretty much, the business of Congress was suspended, in consequence of the ceremonies and services consequent upon the deaths of Mr. Fillmore and Mr. Sumner, and on Monday it was expected that the two houses would devote themselves to business. Little besides filibustering was done on Monday, and nothing of much account on Tuesday, and on Wednesday the most of the Senators and Representatives went off to Chester, Penn., to witness the launching of a steamer of the American Pacific Mail Steamship Co. So time passes and business is delayed.

CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

Mr. Frelinghuysen gave notice on Tuesday in the Senate, that the committee on the Judiciary were ready to report the Civil Rights bill, and that it would be reported as soon as Mr. Edmunds returned to the city. In what respect this bill differs from the one presented by Mr. Sumner I am not now able to say. It is said to be somewhat toned down. It is now certain that a strong and determined effort will be made to put through the bill of Mr. Sumner, simple and pure as the great champion of human rights presented it. Mr. Sumner's death will have a large influence in determining questions of a vital nature to the Republic. Since his death men see more clearly the divine quality of the principles to which his life was devoted. Like Samson, he is mightier in his death than in his life.

THE SANBORN CONTRACT.

Many of your readers are already familiar with the nature and purport of what is known as the Sanborn contract. The principles upon which it was awarded were entirely new in their inherent character nor in their application to the cases in point. The principle is as old as the government, and relates simply to that absurd and much abused custom of granting monies. All collections which the government makes, whether of taxes or revenues in any shape, should be gathered in by regularly appointed officers, at fair salaries. Until this is done, we may expect many just such swindles as the Sanborn contract develops, and if this method of collecting government dues continues, it does not matter what party may be in power, corruption will be rife and rank.

CHEAP TRANSPORTATION.

This question is attracting a good deal of attention in Congress, as well it may, for the whole people are interested in it, and its final settlement is of vital moment. As this discussion develops, itself in Congress I may have more to say about it in future letters.

PHAROS.

Communications.

Prof. B. Van Dame.

CHAPTER IX.
AS REFORMER AND LECTURER.

In the great conflict of the 19th century, which, during the administration of President Lincoln, resulted in the emancipation of four million slaves, it will be remembered that the Free Will Baptists and the Quakers, denominationally, were the first to come to the rescue. Less entangled than the larger sects in the meshes which American slavery cast over all society as a terrible spell, these maintained an early and honorable record during the whole abolition excitement. Among F. W. B. ministers and memberships Van Dame was with the earliest who rushed to the forefront of the Anti-slavery ranks. While the noble Garrison in 1829 was sending forth over the land from his fearless press in Boston such flaming editorials, and in 1830 was incarcerated in Baltimore jail for his uncompromising abolitionism, Van Dame, then student, was imbibing the same unquenchable sympathies for the poor slave, and in debate and discussions at once showed his position, and like Hannibal in another matter, vowed to sacrifice upon this altar. He opened his mouth for the dumb at every opportunity. He gave the first two Anti-slavery lectures ever delivered in Manchester; and from town to town in his vacations and in term time, he pleaded earnestly for his colored brother, and thundered upon his adopted country unless she would let her oppressed go free. He was likewise a strict teetotaler, and united temperance with his abolitionism,—the bugle-note of either war-cry awakening his own peculiar enthusiasm equally.

I make a few quotations, almost at random, to show how readily he accepted invitations to lecture on all subjects of reform:—"April 7, Fast Day, by request I gave a written lecture on Anti-slavery at the Union House in Lee.—23d, by request I gave the first Anti-slavery lecture ever given in the city of Manchester; several ministers were in the desk; Gov. Badger was present; the church was full. I left here for Lowell, and attended an Anti-slavery meeting in the Free Will church; Eld. Woodman, the pastor, was moderator; several speakers. By request I gave a Sabbath lecture on the 4th of July at Lebanon, Me. July 9th. I gave an Anti-slavery address at North Berwick, at 5, p. m.—24th, read an essay before Rockingham Q. M. Ministers' Conference.—Jan. 20, '44, attended an Anti-slavery discussion in Lee. Feb. 7th, attended a Temperance Convention in Newfield.—29th, an Anti-slavery Co. convention in New Market.—March 1, attended a similar convention in Dover. At these meetings myself and others spoke. March 4th and 5th, went with Rev. C. Blake and held two Anti-slavery meetings, one at the Center, and one at Merrill's Hall. Although I was quite unwell, I had two Anti-slavery meetings at the Methodist church in Greenland, and spoke five hours. Next day held a Temperance meeting at Newington. Attended (in May) the Co. Temp. Soc., at which I spoke against Dr. Hilliard and others on the medical use of alcohol. In June, attended the Anti-slavery meeting at Nottingham Square, in which Moses A. Cartland, Wm. Plummer, myself and others participated. The next day, Prof. Cartland and myself rode to Northwood where we spoke on Anti-slavery; and the next day proceeded to Concord to attend the Free Soil Convention and a Garrisonian meeting."

So I might continue to quote from his journal on and on, all which goes to show that in his vacations always, and during school terms frequently, Van Dame worked earnestly and hard, as a true reformer and philanthropist, without stint, usually being carried out and back by the friends interested.

I now open his trunk and find a large package of manuscript marked, "Temp. Lectures." I cut string and read on their margin, times and places of delivery as follows, part of which I give to show that with all his other activities, he tires not and rests not: "Farmington Village, by request of the Society, July 4th, 1837.—Nottingham Square, Aug. 31, 1845.—Deerfield Parade, Oct. 16, 1845.—Lee, Dec. 27, 1846.—South school-house in Lee, May 2, 1847.—Epping, Sept. 7.—Raymond, Aug. 10, 1851.—Portsmouth, Jan. 1, 1852.—F. W. B. church in Lee, Jan. 26, '52.—Hall of Pawtucket Academy, March 7, '52.—Baptist church in Broomfield, April 3, '52.—Bow Lake, Nov. 8, 1852, and half a dozen others, all written out, I judge, very ably and after large research, with that ever busy left hand, impelled by that ever active brain; and at the same time it is safe to say that for every lecture on Temperance he gave two on Slavery. Additional to what is already given, let me add that Van Dame was a frequent correspondent for the *Morning Star*, and half a dozen other live newspapers, where also he urged the abolition and temperance reforms; and very many of these printed articles I find in his scrap book, in nervous and glowing style,—thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

As a platform speaker Van Dame was ready, fluent, earnest, and pleasing, keeping his audience attentive to the close. As above quoted, in Greenland, during an afternoon and evening together he spoke "five hours." You could not, nor I, how could he, interest a mixed audience that time? I will give you an explanation. He was full of facts and figures, on Temperance, Abolition; or whatever else; like a lesser Horace Greeley or a second Henry Wilson. To a remarkable degree he had these in his head and at his tongue's end; or if need be, to substantiate his positions and statement, he could take from

his coat's pockets either one of the two small Bible-like books which he always took along on such occasions, books filled with his own fine writing and printed tables of statistics on all namable topics. Then also he was full of anecdotes such as were sure to illustrate and enliven, and not unfrequently to convulse his audience with irrepressible laughter. Besides, his eyes spoke, his glowing face, his hands, his whole person, as only intensified earnestness and an honest sympathy in the theme can speak and arouse.

I give an example, which I had a few months ago from my friend Demerit of Portsmouth. On a time there was a Free Soil Convention held at P. for political purposes, and some of the time was devoted to addresses; and when two or three had spoken; there were loud calls for Mr. Van Dame, who came through the crowd forward to the platform, the President of the Convention wondering what such a diminutive stature of a man could say to interest such an assembly at such a time. But he was received with cordial greetings, and as he proceeded the applause increased, till with facts on slavery, side thrusts at dough-faced politicians, and a telling description of the work on the hands of the Free Soil Party, along with inimitable relations of anecdotes, and an eloquence that moved the whole Convention, he closed his half-hour in the speech of the day, and withdrew amid the most enthusiastic cheering. His Sabbath at Hampton as a supply for Bro. Hutchins, illustrates his ability to keep up for hours the attention of his hearers. It was a very stormy day, and when he had preached an hour and a half, he paused and said, "Brethren, it is so rainy you won't care for an intermission,—I will preach right on,"—and spoke an hour and quarter longer, keeping the people interested to the end. His discourse, as one of his hearers has since told me, had matter and words enough for four sermons. He was a rapid speaker, voice distinct, and his manner animating. Whoever heard or saw him, was sure to recognize the little earnest man at the next meeting with him. After his Southern tour in 1848, during which he witnessed several sales of slaves and other inhumanities of the slave trade in its inmost and utmost barbarities,—his lectures became more than ever pungent and denouncing.

Few men have been more careful to live to nature than he,—his diet was always simple; and he eschewed alike tea, coffee, and tobacco in all its forms. By the strictest temperance he meant to make the most and best of life; and if he transgressed physical laws in anything it was in the direction of overwork and "much study that is a weariness to the flesh." What he thought personally right for himself, he judged best for others; he said less against coffee and tea; but made most inveterate war upon rum and tobacco, both publicly and privately. He says, "I had some talk with two young fellows on the evil of card playing, urging them to leave the bad habit, and also to quit the filthy use of tobacco." This single sentence exhibits the true reformer. Van Dame loved young men and he was always ready with the kind word to say the right thing; and none knew better than he, that influence works silently, and leaves widely, even as the entire jacket is affected by the tiny pebble that is thrown upon its smooth surface.

Very pleasant is it if reformers and pioneers in whatever good cause, shall be permitted to see in their day that their labors of love are rewarded with success. God says, "He that sows in righteousness shall also reap in righteousness; he that sows in tears shall also reap in joy; he that sows in sweat shall also reap in life." Those early noble and hated abolitionists, that, amid obloquy and persecution, stood up unblanching and determined for four millions of our countrymen in chains, lived beyond all hope, to see, many of them, complete emancipation in their day. And if, "over the river," the good and true are permitted to view as from afar the ever widening results of virtuous endeavors here, how precious to know that always "they who sow in tears, shall reap in joy;" and that no labor in the Lord shall be in vain.

P. S. B.

Treasures in Heaven.

The words, "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven," were spoken by him of whom it was said, "Never man spake as this man." All his words are the expressions of infinite wisdom and love. "The words that I speak unto you," said he, "they are Spirit and they are life." But in order to be benefited by his teachings, it is necessary that we receive and obey his words; for he is "the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him." The importance of obeying the command of our Saviour, contained in the words under our present consideration, is first presented to our mind; and the reasons for the command and the importance of obeying it are so plain to every reflecting mind, that it seems needless, here, to refer, particularly and directly, to many of those reasons. And, even could we see no reason for the command, it should be a sufficient reason for obeying it, that it was given by One who is entitled to our perfect obedience and implicit trust. "Though he was rich, for our sakes he became poor, that he through his poverty might be made rich." He took upon himself our nature, lived a suffering life on earth, and died to purchase for us, "an inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that passeth not away." And all his instructions have a tendency to turn our attention and withdraw our affections from "the world and the things that are in the world," that can not satisfy the wants of an immortal mind, and inspire, in our hearts, an earnest desire, that will lead us to seek, with our

whole heart, for durable riches and righteousness. "I counsel thee," says the Saviour, "to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich, and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed." But the question arises, how are we to lay up treasures in heaven? or on what conditions are we made partakers of the heavenly inheritance? Our Saviour, while speaking to the people in parables, said, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls; who, when he had found one pearl, of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it." And he says, "whoever he be of you, that forsaketh not all that he hath, can not be my disciple." He requires all that we have and are; not that we can be of any benefit to him, but because it is the only way in which we can receive those enduring treasures, which he only can bestow. And it is through faith in Christ that we are enabled to perform the conditions required by him; for "without faith it is impossible to please him;" and "ye are all children of God, by faith in Christ Jesus." And, if, under the influence of his Spirit, in the exercise of that "faith that works by love," of which he is the heavenly author, we receive "the Spirit of adoption," and "the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God; and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ." Paul, in speaking to those who obeyed the gospel, and thus laid up, for themselves, treasures in heaven, said, "All things are yours, and ye are Christ's." And, if we thus become united with Christ, with him we inherit "all things." "He that spared not his own son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not, with him, freely give us all things." And, if we are heirs with Christ, not only is our life "hid with Christ, in God," but those enduring treasures, those heavenly mansions, which he has gone to prepare for us, those spotless robes, that heavenly inheritance, including all things needful to make our life happy and glorious, are eternally secure.

Reader, permit me to ask, where is your treasure? If you are seeking only the riches, the pleasures, or honors of this world, how vain and unsatisfying is your treasure, even in its possession, and when you enter "the valley and shadow of death," which all must pass, what will all that this world can bestow avail you then? Oh, as you value your eternal interest, be persuaded, now, "while it is an accepted time," and you have the power of choice, to choose that "good part, which shall not be taken away" from you. Choose Jesus for your eternal, unchanging Friend; love and obey him; and thus, lay up for yourself a treasure in heaven that will never fail; and so "an abundant entrance will be ministered unto you, into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ;" where, redeemed by him from all evil, you will behold his glory, and share in his glory eternally.

REBECCA E. STAPLES.

Bath, Me.

Our Responsibility.

"Life greets us in these later years." I call on you, young men, to devote your strength to the cause of Christ. Sell not your birth-right for a mess of pottage. He says "those that seek me early shall find me." I call on you, fathers, to uphold the young in counsel and in prayers. Let wisdom dwell with thee and let thy ways please God. I call on you, mothers, to rear your children in the fear of the Lord. Teach them early to bend the knee and lift the voice in prayer. Great responsibilities are ours. Let us see to it that we fail not, so that our children may arise up and call us blessed. The more we are to our little ones, the more we shall be to them when grown and able to battle with life themselves.

"And they shall teach no more every man his neighbor and every man his brother saying, Know the Lord, for they shall all know me from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord, for I will forgive their iniquity and remember their sin no more." Ah, if this short life, with its evanescent pleasures, its fleeting joys, its many cares, its bitter tears, its mispent years, its weary heart-aches, its constant reaching after "something better than we have known," were the ultimatum of our hopes, we should be indeed miserable. But the Christian looks beyond this weary earth and sees a risen Lord who declares, "I am he who live and was dead, and behold I am alive forever more, and have the keys of hell and of death."

Weeping, mother, you have taken the last kiss from those little lips which were wont to give so many in return for one, arrayed the little form in spotless white, emblematic of its purity, clipped from its hair one sunny tress and, though it seemed to rend your heart in twain, laid it away under the sod with bitter tears. Your nights are wearisome; you are ever reaching after the little form that used to slumber by your side; in dreams you hold her close to your heart, and awaking cry out in bitter anguish, "Would to God I had died for thee, my child, my child." Thus saith the Lord, "Refrain thy voice from weeping and thine eyes from tears, for thy children shall come again from the land of the enemy." Oh, thou who mournest on thy way with longings for the close of day,

"Hear up, hear up, the end shall tell,
The dear Lord ordereth all things well."
N. M. S.
Lynn, Mass.

Sensitive Christians.

Almost every church is troubled with a few very sensitive spirits, which give the pastor and others much anxiety lest they offend them. Towards them no attention must, by the merest mistake, be omitted,

lest sourness or grief should result. And any omission by mistake, or great inconvenience, to consult with their tender spirits, first on any and every movement in the church, is sure to be followed by coldness and, perhaps, unkind remarks and other mischief. Would not more piety cure this morbid sensitiveness, and save churches and pastors much needless anxiety and trouble? Our Saviour commanded us to watch; but not for occasions to feel offended and slighted.

PASTOR.

Ought These Things to Be?

It is easy to see that, if the statements of the various contributors to the *Star*, on Home and Foreign Missions, be correct, there is a lack of funds in both these departments of Christian work. And as appeal after appeal is being sent out to the land and to all our ministers and churches, to come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty tide of skepticism in our own and the death-dealing wave of heathenism in other lands, and as I have watched with eager eye and anxious heart the results reached by those appeals, I have been led to ask the question that heads this article, Ought these things to be? Surely, there must be an excuse which these ministers and churches make, as a reason why the call is not responded to in a more liberal manner, and I wish to ask, through the medium of the dear old *Star*, what and where is the ground of such excuses? Is it because we as a people are poor? No; the answer comes back from ministers and people. All over the land our churches and many of our ministers are well-to-do,—are men and people of means,—are making and laying up money yearly,—they have the necessities and many of the luxuries of life. No class of people in all the land can more readily reach the necessities of life than can the class of people that compose the F. B. churches and ministry of the present age. No class are at a greater remove from any financial panic than they. No, brethren, the excuse and the ground of excuse is not found here! Take one-fourth of the net gain, and one-half the expense for luxuries, and our treasury for missions would overflow; cast this into the Lord's treasury, and the result would be glorious. The desert places of our own land would bud and blossom as the rose, and the barren lands of the heathen would be put under cultivation and yield a glorious harvest unto life eternal.

But still there are excuses, real or seeming. The candle which Jerusalem shall be searched will show us all the reasons. All over the land it is iterated and re-iterated. Our home expenses are so heavy we can not afford to let our benevolence go abroad. We have built anew, or fitted up the old place of worship to compare with modern tastes; we have put an organ in its place; we have hired an organist to play it; we are involved in debt; we have hired a minister at a price twice or three beyond the former sum paid for such services. In our family expenses, we must keep up with the times, and, by the way, this last excuse is as readily made by many a minister as by churches; together with the fact that he is in debt for his education, and he can not afford to give himself, or admit an agent to ask a contribution of his people, for they have all they can do to keep the home machinery in motion. The retired ministers say, We have no salary, &c., &c.

I am not to sit in judgment on or arraign churches or ministers in this matter, but simply to present the inquiry, Ought these things to be? ONCE A TRAVELER.

Intemperance.

There is nothing that degrades a man like intemperance. Through the evils of this gigantic vice, other vices are added. No man that has become habituated to intemperance is free from the many vices that corrupt the land. Men commence, perhaps, by taking a glass of cider or ale, little thinking at the time that they are arousing a demon. Danger often lurks in a glass of beer. 'Tis often a fatal cup. A boy may be allowed to drink it, and as he becomes older something stronger is required, such as cider or ale, and so it goes on until rum becomes necessary to satisfy the cravings of the appetite. When a man's appetite craves liquor, there is an almost irresistible feeling, a something that if resisted will call into play all the force of his mental faculties. It is a well known fact that not one drunkard in a hundred possesses strength of mind to resist this appetite. The more addicted a man becomes to the vice, the weaker becomes his mind, and if reformation ever takes place it will be brought about by some great revolution in the mind. Many a man of promise has been felled down to the depths of crime and vice by the fatal cup. Many a seat of honor has been made vacant or disgraced by rum. Kings have fallen by its power. The strong as well as the weak are subject to its influences.

What a depth of woe and anguish is caused in the world by the use of intoxicating drinks! How many homes are made to feel the heavy hand of poverty through the efforts of intemperance! No pen can portray the amount of anguish caused by rum. There are thousands of poor half-starved and ill-clad children in our cities, suffering the pangs of hunger day after day, never enjoying the comforts of a good home, abused and kicked about, all because a father must satisfy the cravings of his appetite. Often intemperance becomes rooted. Men are led through the influence of bad associates to other vices. The deeper a man becomes buried in intemperance, the deeper he goes into other vices, and so on until crimes are added or the miserable existence is ended in delirium tremens. The inebriate has a terrible appetite to contend with. No man knows its power but the drunkard himself, and no one is more

to blame than the rum-seller. To gain money he sells to man that which ruins him, body and soul; that which ruins homes, beggars families and spreads ruin, all that he may gain money. What else can such persons be than fiends? Every honest man's hand is against them. Even the drunkard despises him. It is the liquor he craves. Ask a man that has become habituated to strong drink to tell what he thinks of the rum-seller, and he will tell you that he regards him the lowest among mankind.

TAYLOR.

A Peep at Bhimpoore.

The tent where we are stopping has been rather lively for an hour past. The women and children had all been called to the tent, and they had all promptly answered the summons. Two of the four beds were moved out to make room, and the jam of women and children, dressed in (full?) costume, with curious, eager faces, and mouths and eyes wide open, was an interesting sight, to say the least. The children, of course, were restless, and there were a good many of them, from a few months old and upwards. As soon as they were got a little quiet, J. told them that the women in our country had societies for earning and raising money to carry on the Lord's work by helping others, and that she and M. wanted them to have a similar society here to help support Raju, the Santa preacher who lives here.

Carrie, one of the school girls, stood up among them and put it into Santa, and it met with a rousing assent, nearly all of them speaking at the same time, and sounding a little like a company of blackbirds. After a while, J. got a chance to go on to tell them that each one of them might bring the work she could do, making straw mats, picking over cotton, sewing, &c., the profits to go as before mentioned, and also, that each one should bring an offering as valuable as they could, money if they had it, if not, something that would bring money, such as salt, rice, vegetables, &c. All this was put into Santa, and was heartily responded to. There was a great lighting up of faces as they chattered among themselves in their own tongue. They all seemed to think it splendid. The idea of going out of themselves and doing for others was wholly new, and notwithstanding the scanty, dirty clothes, tangled hair, &c., this beaming out of the beautiful part of their natures had a transforming effect, and made them positively handsome. Our hearts were drawn toward them in great love.

Now, the good sisters in the brilliant sewing circles at home may think of these rude Santa sisters of the jungles, as engaged in work similar to their own. But they must not think of them as I have described them now, with dirty clothing, tangled hair,—dirty, naked children. Oh, no. Religion will soon raise them out of this, and they will become tidy and comfortable.

The Philipines have been out here but a few weeks. They live in a mud house, with bare mud floors (but hard and dry), and sleep in a tent. But let no one pity them. They are rather to be envied. The wilderness and solitary places are "glad for them." The desert rejoices and blossoms like the rose. Precious souls are "coming home."—Why should they not be happy? S. P. B.

S. S. Department.

[As the lesson for the next Sabbath is one of review, in place of the regular "Notes and Hints" we insert brief articles dealing with Sabbath school matters, which may be profitably looked over. The questions in review may be found on the last page of the Lesson Paper for March.—Ed.]

Too Much Explanation.

A bright lad being asked how he liked his teacher, replied, "Very much, he is very kind and very anxious that we may learn, only he explains too much. I like to have a chance to see things for myself." In regard to explanation there may be too much of a good thing. Some attempt to teach that which needs no explanation—that which no explanation can make clear. All such effort must be very tiresome to a class. It is fatal to the habit of attention. A pupil may be induced to attend to an explanation which explains something to him, though the explanation may be dull. He can not be made to attend to that which gives him no new ideas, and causes no mental activity. Some err by explaining at large that which the pupils could be led to think out for themselves. It is a great mistake for the teacher to supersede the necessity of effort on the part of the pupil. What the pupil needs is not merely to understand the subject, but to understand it if possible by his own efforts. The latter is much more important than the former. The proper exercise of the mind in acquiring knowledge is often more beneficial than the possession of the knowledge. The mind was made to acquire knowledge, and to acquire it in a certain way. It is only when knowledge is acquired in the way designed by the Creator that its highest benefits are received.

It may be objected that time will be lost by leaving the pupil to think out the explanation; that the teacher may in a moment put him in possession of knowledge, which it may take him hours to acquire. That may be so; still it may be asked, May not this effort to get the explanation for himself be more valuable to him, notwithstanding the cost of time, than receiving it second-hand would be? The amount of knowledge would in both cases be the same; but not so the condition of the mind. In one case, the law of mental growth has been obeyed. In the other case that was the positive exercise of power; in the other, the passive reception of knowledge. The pupil need not be left to think out the desired explanation alone. The recitation hour should be one of vigorous mental activity. The members of the class should be led to think out many things in the classroom. They can be led to do this by judicious questions on the part of the teacher.

To think out an explanation is to see what is true in relation to the subject. The object of the explanation is to present such truths as being seen will make the subject understood. What the pupil needs is to see these truths. Instead of telling them, the teacher should ask questions which will turn their attention to the desired truths.

Questioning is pointing the mental eye in the direction of the truth. When you wish to have your friend see a beautiful tree or a gorgeous cloud, you cause him to turn his eyes towards those objects. You thus place them within the range of his vision, and he sees them. The teacher wishes his pupil to understand, that is, to see, certain truths. He places them within range of his mental vision. The pupil thus sees them for himself, though he might not have done so without the action of the teacher. The office of the teacher is to lead the pupil to see and to act for himself.—S. S. Times.

PREPARE THE HEART. Nothing is more sensitive than a child's heart. When, therefore, we talk to children, we must needs be mindful that they will not only hear the word we say, but also detect the spirit in which we say it. If you are vexed at John or Susan, teacher, wrongly impatient of their dullness or neglect, you will hardly be able to hide it from them. You may repress the harsh word, and that is well; but unless you conquer the passion that burns within, they will see the flames in the tones of your voice, in the glance of your eye, or even in your averted face.

There is a preparation for your work, teacher, entirely apart from the lesson. If you would lead the little ones to Christ, you need, most of all, to school yourself to the knowledge of little children; to become yourself so gentle and humble before Christ, the Great Teacher, that you can rightly estimate their attitude toward you. Children look up to parents and teachers as to oracles of wisdom and patterns of righteousness, and therefore it is that your words weigh heavily on their souls. It is true that a hundred words pass unheeded, as a thousand of God's providential voices do with all of us; but the hundred and first word, if it be discordant with your general tone and spirit; if it be freighted with momentary dislike; if it breathe discouragement and evince weakness, will probably be the very one that will lodge in the heart. You need to take more pains to avoid that than to accumulate all the wisdom of commentaries, or to prepare fine illustrations of the leading truth.

We lately noticed the effect upon children of strained effort on the part of a really able speaker. He was evidently unprepared, and as evidently confident that he could atone for this want by liveliness of manner and earnest declamation. There was the appearance of great interest on his face, and no doubt he was sincerely desirous to interest the children. But as he went on "watering his stock" of ideas with "ohs" and "dears," and meaningless, frantic gestures, the children, who were not of the class whose remarks were mere regard to propriety, became very restive. Their faces all said, as plainly as words, Nothing in him! He is only making believe! We then felt sure that the man does not live who can hide from the heart of a child the actual state of his own. If we don't have a living, present love for children; if we have no real offering in our hands for them; if we come empty, or dissatisfied, or indifferent to our classes, though the superintendent may not find it out, God and the children will. There must be a preparation of the heart—from the Lord.—S. S. Times.

UNWHOLESOME METHODS. In commenting on the tendency of some Sunday school managers (we are glad to believe their name is not "legion") to attempt to "keep up interest in their schools by a resort to unhealthy excitements, the Rev. William Alvin Bartlett says, in the *S. S. Teacher*:

Vivacity is needed. One must avoid ruts. But this loud management is pernicious. Sufficient machinery and appliances to illustrate the lesson and fix its salient points, but not a thing for mere effect. There is no place where brains tell better than in a Sabbath school. No amount of clap-trap can atone for the lack of them. It is mind which really attracts mind and entertains it. A Sabbath school is not to be a spectacle, but a quiet nursery for babes in Christ. A school which is run on a high pressure plan, involving a large expenditure of money, offering valuable prizes, and keeping the children in a fever of senseless excitement, is not atoned for by the holy purpose for which it was founded. A Sabbath school should breathe the very atmosphere of courtesy. All those Christlike virtues should come to the front. The superintendent should be not only a Christian but a Christian gentleman. The association between good breeding and piety should be impressed in all intercourse with the class. A calm and intelligent earnestness would be more attractive than bluster. Children should be graduated from a Sabbath school with an unmistakable refinement. It is a shame to be forced to send Young America to a dancing-masquerade with pump and fiddle; to acquire the rudiments of civility, and the ease and self-possession and quietness which should be the outer garments of a pure heart and unaffected piety. Let the noisy brawlers, who are raising a generation of intense and exaggerated men, be set aside for those truer imitators of our Saviour, who if they have high temperate zeal, will have the high distinction of being the disciples whom Jesus loves.

PREACHING TO THE HEART. The Baptist *Teacher* tells the following little story, and applies it in a way to good:

Bramwell was a plain preacher; but he was full of faith and zeal, and his ministry was attended with marvelous power. He was preaching in a little village, on one occasion, and the German minister, Trubner, was induced to go and hear him. Trubner was a very cultivated scholar, and a profound critic, and when some of Bramwell's friends saw him there, they said, "Alas! alas! for poor Bramwell! how Trubner will criticize him!" Precious little did Bramwell care for him. He preached, and set before his audience the everlasting gospel of Jesus Christ; and when Trubner went out of the church, one of his friends said to him, "How did you like him? Don't you think he wanders a good deal in his preaching?" "Oh, yes," said the old Lutheran, "he do wander most delightfully from de subject to de heart. Sunday school teachers—the subject in de heart. This must be fixed and foremost; when a man has the truth in his heart, his tongue will find words, his face will be radiant, and the power of the eternal God will attend him as he teaches it."

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 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.

Fret not Thyself.

We suppose there are times in the lives of the best of persons when only the divine authority of the above injunction gains their obedience to it. Latter day saints are also human beings. They have nerves, and livers, and digesters, all of which are liable to disorder. And when the brain is teased and perplexed and harassed by the hosts of snarling messengers that come to it from all parts of the system; when the liver persists in disposing of its bile in all ways it has no business to; and when the stomach resolves itself, seemingly, into a bullet-pouch, and does nothing but sullenly and painfully carry the load that has been put within it; then it is quite natural that the outraged subjects should feel like protesting, and that only He who controls the winds and the storms should get anything like submissive conduct from them.

But those are extreme cases. Besides, we have known now and then one whose life not even the most torpid of livers nor fretful of nerves could deprive of its sweetness. Whatever the outrage put upon the stomach or the brain; whatever the work that pressed, or the repeated blunders of those who had seemingly conspired to redouble that work; whatever the interruptions from book-cannibals, or basket-sellers, or charity agents; whatever the inward pain or the outward provocation, there was the same quiet, gentle, continued sweetness of conduct, as though the soul kept whispering to itself, "Fret not thyself," and the purpose was steady by some higher power. The seat of every such person becomes at once a Mars Hill, and its occupant a persuasive Paul, preaching from it.

What do we do when we fret, but indirectly chide God for his treatment of us? Will not the Judge of all the earth do right? Shall a stormy day, or a lost election, or a losing bargain, or any of these minor matters betray us into snares which Satan would gleefully see us entangled in?

Or it may be some supreme venture, on whose issue seems to hang all our hope, and into which we put all our energy and all our means. The result seems to be defeat and ruin. Which is manlier, to complain about it, as though an adverse Providence were buffeting us, or resolutely to learn the lesson it conveys, and thus fit ourselves for better service in higher spheres? Or is it some moral struggle, on which seems to depend the welfare of communities, and local if not general triumph of truth and sobriety? Perverse voting by its own friends may have hindered the cause in one case, and a moral apathy delayed it in another. But which is better, to fret about it, or to try again, and see if God or ourselves be most at fault? Besides, temporary failure does not always mean permanent defeat. There are untold lights for tireless feet, and the grandest moral triumphs await the service of brave hearts. The sun sets to-night, but it will arise in the morning. To-day's failures may open the way to speedy success.

"If my bark sinks
It is to another sea!"

But we are going further away from home than we need to. It is in the minor affairs of our daily lives, and for the most trivial causes, that we offend disobey the injunction. In a great many homes, where the harmony of thought and effort should be complete, there may be a constant minor-key of complaint. The breakfast is unpalatable, or the dinner is cold, or the children are noisy, or there are other equally simple and inadequate occasions of the whole family's getting in a very unlovely and ungentle condition. And yet it is such matters as these that Mr. Beecher will make the subject of a whole sermon, recognizing the fact that it is only as the home life is properly directed that the national life will reach its highest level. For, as Scheffer says,

"So shall each heart and every home be blest,
A blessed, heavenly kingdom on the earth."

Of all classes, the Christian should the most carefully avoid the folly of fretting. To be sure, he is just as likely to be plagued by wretched nerves and unlovely circumstances. His profession might offend him, and he might feel perplexed spirits. They forever hover about the path of the just, as vultures about the old pilgrim bands going up to Jerusalem. But for just this reason, should his face be fixed and temper well in hand, for it is on his failures that hosts of sleek sinners may be found to have fattened themselves.

Finally, gentleness of conduct is the life's brightest ornament. Not that gentleness which meekly stoops under opposing forces, and without a protest lets them

walk over one; but that kind which goes quietly and steadily along its way, scattering blessings from one hand even if it must make a fist of the other, and so healing even while it hurts its enemies. This commandment is not indeed among the regular ten, but its authorship is the same. God judges by the spirit quite as much as by the act, and perhaps Tom Hood's "wooden oaths" are oftener charged to our account than the violation of the command which Moses received on Sinai.

A Glance at the Workers.

It does one good now and then to look at new portions of the great Christian field, and see the methods, the spirit and the results of toil as they come out in connection with the efforts of the laborers. The change is likely to be wholesome. The familiar may grow monotonous; that which wears a fresh aspect may act on the heart with greater freedom and force. One realizes, too, the breadth of the Christian territory and plans, and this enlarges the soul. The successes witnessed, inspire courage, and beget a sense of added wealth. And the real oneness of the Christian spirit which appears, however diverse the circumstances amid which it expresses itself, helps to put the heart into more vital sympathy with the whole force of workers, and make the toil at home a more sacred and cheering thing.

All this was illustrated at the late session of the Rochester Quarterly Meeting, at Fairport, N. Y. It was a cheering occasion. The church at F. was ready to welcome the gathering. That church has a history that gives it prominence. In 1853, the General Conference held its session there, and was generously entertained. Some of its members are both well and widely known. It has had able pastors, several of whose names are household words in no small part of the denomination to which they belong. It has had its trials and reverses, but it has survived them all, and brought forth strength out of a not a few. With its new pastor, Rev. B. L. Howard, it is now resolutely and unitedly working. And the fruit of their labor appears. A growing congregation, an increase in the attendance and interest of the Sabbath school, evening meetings that throb with fresher and stronger life, and the conversion of a considerable number of persons whose accession to the church brings both power and promise,—these are among the things over which they have a right to rejoice and take courage as they really do. It was a warm atmosphere into which the delegates and friends from the several churches entered when they came up to the recent meeting at Fairport. And not a few of them came, bringing much of the fervor which renders a convocation of this sort especially grateful.

A session of the Ministers' Conference during the half of Friday brought out some well-prepared essays and some spicy criticisms. It showed that this body of pastors is made up of live and earnest men, who like to think for themselves, and do not dislike to tell what they think and why. Father Limbocker, one of the faithful pastors of other days, was present to offer timely suggestions and wise counsel. His abundant labors and increasing years do not sit heavily on him. There is effective work in him yet, and he does not shrink from it. May the end of it be postponed for at least another decade. Of other and younger men, whose record is in many grateful hearts on earth and is in no danger of being overlooked on high, we do not stop to speak. They know the meaning of toil and trial and triumph, and they are still keeping themselves at school learning fresh lessons.

On the whole, encouraging reports came up from the churches. In all there is a good degree of steadfastness. Some tell of gracious quickenings, and their representatives illustrated the fresh infusion of life. The business was carefully looked after, but there was very little lingering over details at the expense of meetings of worship. Hillsdale College was not forgotten in its calamity. The sum of \$500 was pledged on the spot to aid in the work which must now be done. And the gifts are not likely to stop at that point. The interests of missions were practically remembered, and church extension was a living idea in the best minds. The Sabbath school meeting was full of stimulus. But the gatherings for public and social worship were most noticeable. The brethren preached with force and fervor, while the people sat with open ears and hearts. And the Social Conference, held on Saturday afternoon, was a rare and precious occasion, which those present will not soon forget. We do not know how many scores of voices were heard; but the warm, earnest utterances of young and old and middle-aged, of those who had just entered the sacred service and of those who had worn the Christian badge for many years, were often crowded with meaning and went straight to the heart. It is a feature in our Q. M. gatherings that we can afford to omit or subordinate, for it is the very soul of our ecclesiastical organization. This at Fairport was full of the best influences, and it helped to make the Sabbath a day of large expectation and great blessing.

We left the Rochester Q. M. with a fresh interest in its experiences and work, feeling bound more closely to the band of workers who are especially charged with the supervision of its affairs, and with an added motive to faithful labor in its service who never allows true effort to come to naught.

LESSON PAPERS. We congratulate the S. S. people on the improved appearance of the Lesson Papers for the month of April. They will be kept up to their present level, and additional orders will be promptly filled.

School Districts and Teachers.

A neighboring town at its late election voted to abolish its school district limits, and to establish a system of free town schools. The new plan differs from the old (1) in reducing the number of schools, the town now practically constituting one district; with about a dozen schools conveniently located, and (2) in putting the whole school system under one management, instead of employing an agent for each school besides the regular town committee.

The change must be regarded as beneficial for several reasons. Previously there had been eleven districts in the town, each trying to support a school, but finding itself in several cases obliged to employ the cheapest teaching talent in the market. It is too mild to say that such a practice is in judicious. It is positively injurious, and such schools might about as profitably keep vacation the year through. Also, in two or three of these districts the term attendance averaged only about a half dozen pupils. These pupils might have been capable of improving much greater opportunities than the district was able to give them, but they were shut up within certain capricious bounds, while quite as near them in another direction was a school of better privileges, but which they were practically forbidden to enter.

Under the present arrangement in that town the old agency system,—by which our schools are so often filled with the agent's relatives and friends, on the Butler political system,—is abolished, and the fewer schools are put under a careful supervision, thus leaving a less number of schools to provide for, and making it practicable to put a higher grade of teachers in charge of them. There need be no more five weeks schools in the town, with five or six scholars in each, and the cheapest available teachers at the head of them.

When one reflects how largely the national welfare springs from the common school system, it would seem that this and all changes which would make that system more excellent should be gladly welcomed.

There is also an objection of expense under the old system, which it would seem that this arrangement might remove. A town supervisorship can hardly cost as much as the employment of an agent for each district, with a much larger number of districts to provide for, and the usual town committee besides. Also a dozen excellent teachers, comparatively speaking, ought to be secured under the new plan at a not much greater expense than has heretofore been paid for the eighteen or twenty ordinary ones.—We have introduced this matter, because it seems to be worthy a wide and thoughtful consideration by the managers of our town schools. It is no new system, however. It has been held by the Massachusetts schools for a long time, and no State has more profitable schools than that.

As to the employment of teachers, our conviction is that in all practicable cases they should be Christian persons. Not that they should be employed to teach religion. Practically, our schools have nothing to do with that. But they should be employed with reference to making the highest and noblest impressions upon the moral as well as the intellectual natures of their pupils. And it is rarely the case that any but a thoroughly Christian teacher can do that.

We have in mind, to illustrate, the case of a High School in Maine. At one time it had a teacher who was in one sense a master of his business. He was a thorough disciplinarian. But he lacked moral principle. Still, he used to read the Bible each morning in school, and rarely if ever said anything openly against its teachings. But then, he never said anything in its favor, and that was worse. His pupils have now grown to be men and women, and nine tenths of them are as devoid of moral principle as a weather vane is of stability. We raise no question over that teacher's right of independent belief. But we do question the wisdom of thus risking the moral development of the nation's boys and girls.

Again, that teacher was followed by one who was at heart and in practice a Christian man. He also used to open the school by Bible reading, but he offered no vocal prayer, and as a school-master had nothing to do with teaching religion. But his moral principle was like the mountains which change the winds. His pupils also are coming to man and womanhood, but each with a regard for truth, a reverence for the Bible, and a sympathy with all suffering human conditions, that promise more than we can here put upon paper. All things considered, under which kind of discipline is it better to put our school children?

A COMPLETE WORK. In calling attention to a work just issued, entitled "Goodrich's Natural History," we do not mean to render a special service to anybody in particular, but to our readers generally, by recommending a book that would find a fitting place in every intelligent family. The author's name is the only guarantee that the book should need. He has put into it the matured results of long study and careful research. He meant to make it the masterpiece of his life, and the completed work, giving a pictorial and exactly written history of every living thing, from man to the animalcule in a drop of water, accounting for their origin, describing their habits, &c., is proof of his success. He evidently does not accept the Darwinian development theory, but two articles in the work, written by Professors Youman and Seeley, and giving the two opposite views of that theory, evince the spirit of candor which presided over the authorship of it. While

all classes would find it a profitable and interesting companion, it is especially valuable for children, the illustrations serving to catch the attention which the entertaining style of description will hold to the end. To them it will be sufficient recommendation to say that the author is their old friend Peter Parley, and that though death smote him while engaged in the work, it had not only received from him its spirit and aim, but it fell into hands eminently fitted to complete it. It is published in two volumes by A. J. Johnson, 11 Great Jones St., New York, and a special agent is canvassing for subscribers in this vicinity.

A PERIODICAL AT HILLSDALE. If the gods honor the brave we do not know why they should not also crown a pluck with their favor, and so give success to the proposed college magazine at Hillsdale. The students had partially arranged for its first issue before the recent fire, and could be pardoned if they should be found lingering by the ashes of their *Alma Mater* and letting the magazine go for a while. But that wouldn't be according to their notion, so the first number, as announced elsewhere, will appear on the 26th inst. This will give those who would subscribe, only the briefest time to secure the first number, but let them hurry and order it at once. The brief prospectus certainly promises an issue that will be worth looking over.

Denominational News and Notes.

Hillsdale College.

HILLSDALE, MICH., March 16, 1874.

EDITOR OF STAR.—You have already learned that we have lost by fire almost three quarters of our commanding college edifice, our cabinet, chemical and philosophical apparatus, bookcases and too many other things to specify. What is called the *Edwards' Wing* is preserved. By using the vestry of the church, two Society rooms which are left us out of five, and extemporizing others, we shall get along with comparative comfort till our edifice is restored. We have no thought but to restore, in which the insurance we expect will do about half, and the rest must in the main be done by local funds which we had confidently counted upon to become a part of our endowment fund. This calamity has fallen upon us at such a juncture in western affairs, as that, like those of an ancient period, we shall be compelled to prosecute the work of restoration in "troublesome times." We think we comprehend the gravity of the situation, and knowingly bow our necks to heavy burdens. But the restoration is one of those things that must be. Though there must be delay, the future of the college we feel is a thing that God's people will most certainly secure, at whatever cost and sacrifice, and despite every hindrance. The more courageous we look every difficulty in the face, and the more fully we apprehend the absolute necessity of restoration, and the earlier we address ourselves to the new undertaking, the sooner we shall develop the new resources requisite to meet the new demand.

This new demand requires a complete union among our friends here and abroad. If those here begin to look abroad for their chief help, the work will remain incomplete till we get cured of the wretched mistake. So if the friends abroad begin to comfort themselves with the false hope that we can do the work, the delay will last till that false hope shall pass away. It requires perfect eagerness on the part of both, to reach success. Each needs the full stimulus that can come alone from perfect trust that the other will do his full share, and that full share must meet full share to surmount the unexpected difficulty. Sooner or later this state of perfect co-operation must come. God grant us the wisdom to inaugurate it from the start. Then shall we rejoice over our triumph at no distant day.

We send circulars this week, and let us implore all who receive them to act promptly. Let no one say, "Four months and then come the harvest." Say, rather, "Four months and the harvest is over." We are not saved from the full destruction threatened by our loss, unless we reap promptly the harvest matured for us by this afflictive Providence. Fill out the blank notes, dear friends, and forward promptly, that we may know our resources and make our plans accordingly.

You will not ask us to build our new edifice so inferior to the old that the very sight of it will cause the self-sacrificing veterans to weep in view of the glory departed; but rather you would all so build as that young and old may rejoice together because the glory of the latter house is so much more than that of the former.

Dear Brethren of the ministry, your activity will make our appeal effective, we have no doubt. By your activity we can be able to know on what plan to build. Be persuaded also to put forth prompt and energetic exertion by the thought that saves the hundreds and thousands of dollars on the score of expenses for locomotion and agency. Will you not each lay the new call before your congregation and then give, say at least two weeks, to the work of thoroughly canvassing your field? Be careful also to preserve the name of every person who comes up to the Lord's help in this time of need, that each name may be upon the roll of honor preserved by the college restored.

We look to you to set forth the exigency that has come upon our denomination at West, and the painful consequences which will follow the sin of omission if any fall into that folly of him that is at ease in Zion. Already we are receiving cheering words accompanied by cheering pledges. "Build the college larger and stronger," say they. Will the rest respond? Can they by inaction decree the death of

the college after a whole generation of toil, sacrifice, and great promise?

What say you, dear readers? Write your mind,—"Build" or "not build." We wait in hope.
D. M. GILMAN.

Free Baptists in The South.

For several years letters have been received at the office of the *Morning Star*, from Christian persons in the South, expressive of sympathy with us, so far as they are acquainted, and asking for additional information. Such letters have been recently received from North Carolina, Louisiana, Arkansas, Tennessee and Kentucky. The Secretary of the Home Mission Society keeps us well informed through his "Chat" articles of the wants and progress of Home Mission work; but a few additional items may be of interest.

Rev. M. M. Walker, of Grist's Station, N. C., wrote us in Nov., that nine Free Will Baptist churches had been recently organized in that vicinity, and there were then eleven ministers. These churches and ministers were about equally divided between the whites and blacks. We sent him a package containing our History, Treatise, Registers, Hymn Books, Stars, Little Stars, Myrtles, &c. These publications were gratefully acknowledged and others were ordered.

About the same time, a letter was received from Rev. David Smith, of Ayresboro', also in the eastern corner of the State, but not in adjoining counties, asking for information concerning us. In acknowledging the receipt of a package he says:

"The books, papers, &c., you sent me, came safely to hand, and I have distributed some of them, and will the balance as you directed. You don't know how glad I was to get them. I have been rejoicing in my heart ever since. The brethren who are able to read are perfectly delighted, and although we are not able to reward you in this life, you will be rewarded at the resurrection of the just."

The following extract from a letter dated at Scott's Hill, Henderson Co., Tenn., is signed by William Holmes. He says: "I belonged to the Missionary Baptists, but got my foundation of the doctrine, 'once in grace always in grace,' severely shaken. And I could not enjoy myself in our close communion meetings, while other good brethren were set aside unloved. I read my Bible, prayed and studied, but could not find the doctrines nor be reconciled to them. About that time I heard of the Free Will Baptists of the North. The very name awakened a glow for the people, and wishing to know more of them, I sent for their paper, *The Morning Star*, and it has paid me welcome visits ever since. I also got a club for the *Little Star* and *Myrtle*, and they give entire satisfaction. If I am not very much mistaken, a majority of our church is in favor of your principles, and not our church alone, for I hear those of other churches contending for these very doctrines. We need ministerial aid, and hope you will give us a helping hand."

A letter from Rev. J. B. Eaton, dated Mountain Spring, Boone Co., Ark., Jan. 1st, says:

"Having learned that the Free Will Baptists have a publishing house in your city, I write you to ascertain your religious doctrines and rules of order. Will you please send me some paper or pamphlet whereby I may obtain the desired information? I belong to what is known in this country as 'The United Baptist Church of Christ.' We hold to the doctrines of free grace and open communion, but have no literature except that which comes through close communion publishing houses. A response to this note may be the means of introducing your publications among us, and of greatly aiding us in our work."

I need not state what was said and done in answer to this inquiry, for the following letter from Bro. Eaton, dated Feb. 23, speaks for itself:

"In acknowledging the receipt of your much esteemed favor of Jan. 17, which I hail as good news from a far country, I have delayed writing till I could read and speak understandingly. And, first, I will say that your Historical Statement, Doctrinal Basis, and Church Policy meet with my unqualified approval. Next, that little black bound book—Free Will Baptist Faith—is a perfect little ruby. Then the *Little Star* and *Myrtle*, what gems they are in the literature for the children! The other pamphlet books and papers are works of true merit, among which is your Register, a neat and excellent calendar, and what an array of names it presents, all servants of the Lord, holding forth words of life to a lost world. It makes my poor heart glad to know that we are not alone here in Arkansas, in offering a free salvation to poor sinners. And then there is the *Morning Star*, a religious Journal of few equals, and I know not of a superior. I have placed these publications in the hands of those persons most likely to read and appreciate, and consequently put into the hands of our people, your church policy would be accepted by us; and, if I were not so old (being now past three-score years), I would try to make a tour of our churches with the view of securing so desirable an end. I shall do what I can, besides the care of two small churches."

"You ask me to send you a statement of our history, progress, trials, &c. I regret that I can not do this at present, but I send you the Minutes of the Union and Mount Zion Associations, and hope to give you other statements soon. My post office address is Harrison, Boone Co., Ark."

These two Associations contain thirteen churches each, and their articles of faith are printed in the Minutes, and contain nothing that need be an objection to Christian fellowship or denominational union. Other statements and extracts must be deferred, but enough is here given to show the enlarged and inviting field in the South for Home Mission work. If the Home Mission Board will employ a suitable man to travel through the South for one year, and make the acquaintance of Liberal Baptist clergymen, churches and associations, with a view of co-operation and encouragement, will the churches make an extra collection equal to such an expenditure?

I. D. STEWART.

Farewell Meeting.

On Tuesday morning, March 17, a very pleasant and profitable meeting was held in Dr. Perry's parlors, at 61 West 33 street, New York, connected with the sailing of Bro. R. D. Frost for India. A goodly company was present, including the Doctor's corps of teachers, belonging to the Morning Star Mission Sabbath school. As a matter of course, with these teachers present, the singing was abundant, and all that could be desired.

Rev. G. H. Effi. called the meeting to order, and introduced the exercises by appropriate and impressive remarks. Rev. C. E. Blake offered prayer, which was followed by words of experience, hope and cheer, from Bro. Frost, Rev. C. O. Libby, Mr. E. C. Wilder, and Rev. B. Cameron, with a closing prayer by Bro. Ball. Although it was a farewell meeting, there was no sadness, no sorrow, seen or felt. Joy, gladness and hope filled the hearts of all. Joyfully Bro. Frost was to enter upon his journey on the morrow, and his friends present were in sympathy with him, and rejoiced that another was about to join the heroic band in "the regions beyond;" and all were hopeful that still more might go on the same errand before many months had passed. A general hand-shaking and cordial greetings and farewells closed the socialities of the gathering.

But on the morrow, Wednesday, the 18th, quite a number of brethren and sisters from New York, Brooklyn, and New Jersey, gathered on the steamer at the hour of sailing, and gave the dear brother words of sympathy and affection, pledging to him in every look and pressure of the hand, a special remembrance and earnest prayers.

Allow me to mention one item of interest to those present. Mrs. Doremus, the venerable President of the Woman's Union Missionary Society, was not able to be present on Tuesday evening, by reason of ill health and the prevailing rain. But on Wednesday we found her on the steamer, having come through fog and mud to make the acquaintance of Bro. F., and give him the reports of her society and words of comfort and cheer. We mention this, because Mrs. D. is a remarkable woman in regard to Missions and missionaries. She is personally acquainted with more missionaries, probably, than any other person in the world, and she could hardly consent that one should sail to-day and she not have the pleasure of seeing him.

Bro. Frost sailed in the Castalia. The Trinacria, in which he expected to go, was sent out earlier than was expected. On account of the fog, the Castalia did not leave the dock at noon, but was delayed several hours, and then ran down the harbor and anchored until the fog lifted. She probably left the harbor sometime Thursday morning. We shall look for letters from Bro. F. as soon as he arrives in Glasgow. We hope he will be followed by the prayers of his many friends and acquaintances in this country.
O. O. L.

Maine Central Correspondence.

The Bowdoin Q. M. held a very pleasant session last week at Lisbon. Sermons were preached by Revs. Ricker, Dexter, Peckham, Heath, and Bowen. Rev. W. H. Bowen read an essay before the ministers' Association upon the "Uses and Importance of Rhetorical Study to the Minister." Plans for the efficiency of the Association were adopted; recommending a monthly meeting at which a thoroughly prepared essay, upon some given topic of practical interest, shall be presented, which shall be the principal subject for general discussion and criticism; to be followed by sketches of sermons, and the relation of pastoral experience. Meetings for the present will be held in Brunswick, with Pastor Heath, on the 1st Monday of each month, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

Lewiston was deeply moved with sorrow by the death of Rev. Dr. Balkam on the 4th inst. He had started on horseback for Bates College, to attend the duties of its professorship. His horse had been driven from the time of his leaving his door; in turning the corner of a street some further difficulty was encountered, in course of which his hat fell off and, in endeavoring to regain it, one arm being filled with books, he fell directly upon his head on the ice and was instantly killed. The funeral was attended by a large concourse of citizens, among whom were many ministers. He was born March 27, 1812; graduated from Amherst, in 1837, and Bangor in 1840; was pastor of Pine St. Cong. church from 1856 to 1871. In Aug., 1873, he was elected Prof. of Logic and Christian Evidence in Bates College, but owing to Prof. Hayes's absence in Europe, he was temporarily performing the duties of the Prof. of Mental and Moral Philosophy. He was a ripe scholar, and as a preacher stood very high in his own denomination. His work in the College was of a high order. His learning and general bearing drew the admiration and love of his students. On that morning for the first time during occupancy of his Chair, he was not ready to meet his class promptly on their assembling. The class waited the usual five minutes, which ordinarily are made very short by a waiting college class, but such was their deference to their teacher, and with such respect and love had he inspired them, that they were unwilling to leave the class room for half an hour, when they were met by the terrible intelligence that he was dead.

Rev. J. W. Carr, for several years an efficient laborer in the Anson Q. M., has been preaching for three months past in the destitute churches of Northern Aroostook. A deep interest, developed under his labors at Fort Fairfield, has spread to other parts of the town, resulting in a number of conversions. He is excellently adapted to the work of reviving our destitute and languishing churches. He

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Poetry.

Mother's Growing Old.

Her step is slow and weary,
Her hands unsteady now,
And paler still and deeper
The lines upon her brow;
Her meek blue eye has faded,
Her hair has lost its gold,
Her voice once firm now falters—
My mother's growing old.

Her days of strength are over,
Her earthly joys depart,
But peace and holy beauty
Are shining in her heart;
The links that bind her spirit
Relax their trembling hold;
She soon will be an angel—
Sweet mother's growing old.

My thoughts flow back to childhood,
When, fondled on her knee,
I poured out all my sorrows,
Or lisped my songs of glee;
But now upon me leaning
So wearily and cold,
With trembling lips she murmurs,
"Dear child, I'm growing old."

I think of all her counsels,
So precious to my youth;
How faithfully she taught me
God's sacred words of truth;
How tenderly she led me
To Jesus' blessed fold,
Where she will soon be welcomed,
No longer bowed and old.

The path of daily duty
Was ever her delight,
She walked by faith and patience,
And trusted God for sight.
Her hands with useful labor
Each day their mission told;
Her deeds like heavenly roses
Still bloom though she is old.

Ah! those hands so skillful,
Which toiled with loving grace,
To make me blessed with comforts,
And home a happy place;
Those dear hands, pale and wrinkled,
Are now by time controlled,
They rest in prayerful quiet—
Dear mother's growing old.

Yet, though her earthly temple
Falls fast by day,
Her soul with faith increasing
Pursues its heavenly way;
And when the mist of Jordan
Shall from her sight be rolled,
She'll shine in youth and beauty
Where spirits ne'er grow old.

O mother, fond and faithful,
Thou truest earthly friend,
May I be near to soothe thee
Till all thy struggles end.
And while with sad heart yearning
Thy form my arms enfold,
I pray in peace to meet thee
Where saints no more grow old.

The Little Bird.

A little bird with feathers brown
Sat singing on a tree;
The song was very soft and low,
But sweet as it could be.

And all the people passing by
Looked up to see the bird
That made the sweetest melody
That ever they had heard.

But all the bright eyes looked in vain,
For birds was so small;
And with a modest, dark-brown coat,
He made no show at all.

"Why, papa?" little Grace said,
"Where can the birdie be?"
"If I could sing a song like that
I'd sit where folks could see."

"I hope my little girl will learn
A lesson from the bird,
And try to do what good she can,
Not to be seen or heard."

"This birdie is content to sit
Unnoticed by the way,
And sweetly sing his Maker's praise—
From dawn till close of day."

"So live, my child, all through your life,
That, be it short or long,
Though others may forget your looks,
They'll not forget your song."

The Family Circle.

One Year's Work for Jesus.

CHAPTER II.

BY M. S. H.

TRIALS AND TEMPTATIONS.

Every Christian teacher finds much work for the Master daily in the school-room. So did Mary Elton. It was a pleasure to her to teach her pupils of the blessed Saviour. The loving name of Jesus came to be a watchword with herself and pupils. Often did she govern by simply saying "Would it please Jesus to have you do so?" On Friday afternoons, devoted to rhetorical exercises, she found one hour for special talks of God. She tried to remember that her influence upon the children would be lasting. While endeavoring to draw out their ideas, she tried to give her own in such simple form that the youngest might understand and retain them. She was well repaid, for she found herself instructed in the heavenly way by the questions and answers of the little ones. So often it is that "the little child shall lead them." Christian father and mother, are you wearied and discouraged with the Master's work that so often seems in vain? Go, take a little child in tender, loving tones, tell it the "old, old story," and you shall find rest for your weary soul. At her boarding place Mary found work too. One Saturday eve while busy preparing for the Sabbath, Miss Wood, who had been curiously watching her, said:

"What are you doing? laying out all your clothing for to-morrow? Do you think it wicked to take a dress from the closet and put it on, Sunday?"

"Not exactly," said May, laughing, "but my Bible teaches me that 'all things should be done decently and in order.' Now if I dress for church before breakfast, I have two long hours for quiet meditation, and don't you suppose I will enjoy the sermon far better than I should if I were obliged to hurry?"

"Granted for you, but will your rule work for every one?"

"I think so, if you will only economize time. For instance, take yourself. For the last fifteen minutes, you have been trying to fill out your weekly reports; it is too dark for you to see without injury to your eyes; besides, my actions attract your attention; now if you lay them aside until our light is brought, and in this twilight prepare for the morning, you can finish them in a short time and have a quiet morning."

"Well done, you little teacher, I have a mind to try it for once."

"Many think because it is Sunday they will sleep a little longer in the morning, go to bed a little earlier at night, and do many little things that they thought they had no time for during the week. We condemn the merchant who looks over his stock or regulates his books on the Sabbath, but forget that we too take God's time for unnecessary things. A little planning would give every household a quiet day of rest."

"Let us hear your plan, please."

"In the first place, let us have breakfast at the usual hour of the week-day, not two hours later. It can all be prepared the night before, except the coffee; even the table can be laid. Then a few moments' work will put it all out of the way."

"But if you do all that Saturday, you will not find the night long enough for rest."

"One need not do a week's cooking on that day, just prepare for the Sabbath."

"That would leave your pantry empty Monday, when every New Englander thinks the washing must be done."

"Why is it not just as well to do your week's cooking Monday? Mrs. Stowe, I think, suggests this idea, and I think it a good one. Make ready for wash Monday night and do it Tuesday, rest Wednesday or work for Jesus in the highways. Iron Thursday, and Friday lay your house for the coming Sabbath."

"Very good, and I heartily wish that all might follow your rule, but I fear they will not."

"Many similar discussions were held, and always did May Elton strive to remember that her words must be for Jesus. No word, deed or look shall escape the loving eye of the Great Master. Oh, then be careful, young Christian; you may think your words of too little importance to be noticed by the all-wise Father, but methinks in that great day of reckoning many little sins which have been forgotten, yea, which you forgot to repent of at the time, and seek forgiveness for, shall be found written against you in the Lamb's book of Life. God commands us to keep the Sabbath holy. In it we are not to do our own ways, nor find our own pleasure, nor speak our own words. Ah! how many Christians believe this, but how few practice! Here, May found a trial."

Miss Wood, a professed Christian, thought she could worship God best where she could study his works, and consequently spent many Sabbath mornings and evenings in the pleasant walks and woods around the village. Trained differently, May could not but look at the influence that it would have upon others. She might have pure thoughts and worship God truly, but would not some one without an interest in Christ make it an excuse for them to spend the day in the woods? Who can tell? For awhile she bravely refused all invitations, but one night Miss Wood became vexed and said:

"You are the oddest girl I know of; everybody rides or walks here, and even Mr. Hutton, our pastor, thinks it no harm to enter one of his parishioner's homes and have a quiet sing; I wouldn't have so tender a conscience for worlds."

May went to her room questioning, Could it be that she was too strict? Was it right for one so young to set up her opinion so strongly against older and wiser people? Ah! had she taken refuge in prayer? Question not, young Christian; if the devil can get you to reason with him, he will soon have you upon his side. Go and tell Jesus. He will aid you. After this, ridicule and entreaties soon overcame May's prejudice, and often was she seen walking.

One night she was prevailed on to call for a few moments at Mr. Prentice's where Mr. Hutton boarded. Although the conversation was not trifling, yet it was not upon Jesus, and May felt guilty. As soon as she could, she excused herself and went to her room. She was not growing in grace, how could she go back to her old peace and quiet? She could not of herself, and as yet would not or dared not seek strength of God. At last, while out walking one night they met Mr. Hutton, who invited them to go in to have a sing. Miss Wood accepted, May declined. Mr. Hutton, surprised, said:

"You must certainly go."

"No, thank you. I do not feel like singing to-night."

"But we will be glad to have you listen to us."

"Not to-night; some other time, perhaps."

"Miss Elton is a model Christian, but if Mr. Hutton can go, I am sure you are none too good to go," said Miss Wood.

"None too good, but I had rather not, if Mr. Hutton will excuse me."

Left alone in the quiet of her room she gave herself up to self-examination. At first the tempest was fierce, and she could only cry out because she was thus troubled, but kneeling by the open window in her loneliness for comfort, the blessed Comforter came to her and whispered, "Peace, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Henceforth neither ridicule nor argument could avail to induce her to leave her room on the Sabbath except for church. The quiet days helped her to work more faithfully for Jesus.

"What made you look so solemn this noon?" asked Miss Wood one night, when alone in their room.

"I was not conscious that I did. When was it?"

"At the time Mr. Dow was telling those funny stories."

"I was not particularly amused."

"But that was not the whole reason, for one could easily tell that you were not pleased with the story."

"No; it is true that I was not pleased, and I will tell you why. Have you ever read the story of the minister and little boy? A new minister had been settled and was at a dinner party given at the home of the little boy. After the guest had gone, the father felt desirous to find out how his little son liked his new pastor, for the old one had been a great favorite. Taking the little fellow upon his knee he asked him, 'Not at all,' was the prompt answer. 'Why not; doesn't he talk as well as Mr. B.?' 'Yes, Papa; but when Captain C. told his story of the sailor, and swore just like him, he laughed as loud as the others.' 'May I pause here.'"

"What am I to infer from that, that I am never to laugh?"

"Oh! no; but I think we ought always to remember that we are always exerting an influence either for or against Christ. If we will not swear ourselves and laugh at those that do, do we not sanction it?"

"That is a new idea, but I can't help laughing; and when I get excited I use by-words such as, Gracious, Mercy, and so on. I never thought that was any harm, do you?"

"I never use them, for I think we are expressly forbidden; Christ says, 'Let your communication be yea, yea! nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.'"

"Then I suppose you think it wrong for people to have so much fun, and say so many things they do not mean?"

"I will quote you Christ's words again. 'That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.'"

"If one gives such a literal meaning to all of Christ's words we shall be shut out of all enjoyment for this life. David says, 'Thou wilt show me the path of life; in thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore.'"

"I think that refers to the life to come. In this life we may make use of all rational enjoyments. I don't like to see a cold, formal Christian; my heart is soonest reached by one who can sympathize with me in all things, by one who is not afraid to have a good time, even to dance, and play cards in a private house and select company! Now I suppose I have shocked you."

"What does Paul mean when he says, 'Wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you?'"

"That means those that will carry the thing to excess! I contend it does me no injury."

"How is it with those who see and know of your doing such things?"

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

"Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend."

[To be continued.]

A String of New Fables.

EQUAL FRIENDSHIPS BEST.

"Ah! whatever has become of you lately, Shag?" cried Drover. "I've missed you after evening shepherding this week or more."

"I've been engaged," said Shag, coldly. "Engaged! How? Where?" said Drover.

"With company—the new company at the great house," said Shag.

"Oh, hoh! What, Crack and Brilliant, and the rest?" said Drover.

"Yes. They seemed to wish for my friendship, so I couldn't be uncivil," said Shag.

"Very good; and you are going now?" inquired Drover. "Don't let me hinder you."

"I was. You see, Drover, they are high-bred; and I think, when an opening offers, we should always try to improve ourselves."

"Certainly. A very improving evening to you," said Drover.

"You think so, don't you?" said Shag.

"I think the best company is that we get most good from," said Drover.

"Yes, that's it," said Shag; "and Mr. Crack has such a beautiful way of moving (action they call it), and Mr. Brilliant is so quick and clever, and they are all so superior, one way or another."

"Happy to hear it. But I think your action and cleverness are quite sufficient for your way of life. However, yourself," said Drover, running on.

"Why, Shag! you here?" he cried, a few evenings after. "I thought you had cut low company and were on the improving plan!"

"Ahem! I preferred a walk with you this evening, Drover," said Shag, looking rather shy.

"Very good," said Drover. "How are your friends at the great house?"

"Very well, for anything I know," said Shag.

"What! have you broken with them?" asked Drover.

"To say the truth, I was deceived in them. They are low, ill-bred, conceited fellows, and I despise them!" said Shag.

"When did you find that out?" asked Drover.

"Last night," said Shag. "They were together with Mr. Commodore, the captain's dog, and when I went to them they looked as if they didn't know me, and Mr. Crack asked me how it was I wasn't shepherding. So I walked away, and I don't mean to go near them again."

"Then you've done being improved?" said Drover.

"Oh, don't laugh at me," said Shag. "I won't; only be advised, and never expect steady friendship out of your own-bred. You may, for some capricious reason, be

patronized and kept on sufferance for a time, but the merest trifle will be enough to take away the favor in the same caprice that bestowed it."

BUSINESS FIRST AND PLEASURE AFTER.

"Put the young horse in the plow," said the farmer; and very much pleased he was to be in a team with Dobbin and the grey mare. It was a long field, and gaily he walked across it, his nose upon Dobbin's haunches, having hard work to keep at so slow a pace.

"Where are we going now?" he said, when he got to the top. "This is very pleasant."

"Back again," said Dobbin.

"What for?" said the young horse, rather surprised; but Dobbin had gone to sleep, for he could plow as well asleep as awake.

"What are we going back for?" he asked, turning round.

"Keep on," said the grey mare, "or we shall never get to the bottom, and you'll have the whip at your heels."

"Very odd, indeed," said the young horse, who thought he had had enough of it, and was not sorry he was coming to the bottom of the field. Great was his astonishment when Dobbin again turned, and proceeded at the same pace up the field again.

"How long is this going on?" asked the young horse.

Dobbin just glanced across the field as his eyes closed, and fell asleep again, as he began to calculate how long it would take to plow it.

"How long will this go on?" he asked, turning to the grey mare.

"Keep up, I tell you, or you'll have me on your heels."

When the top came, and another turn, and the bottom, and another turn, and the top, and another turn, the poor young horse was in despair; he grew quite dizzy, and was glad, like Dobbin, to shut his eyes, that he might get rid of the sight of the same ground so continually.

"Well," he said, when the gears were taken off, "if this is your plowing, I hope I shall have no more of it." But his hopes were vain; for many days he plowed, and till he got—not recommended to it—but tired of complaining of the weary, monotonous work.

In the hard winter, when comfortably housed in the warm stable, he cried out to Dobbin, as he was eating some delicious oats, "I say, Dobbin, this is better than plowing; do you remember that field? I hope I shall never have anything to do with that business again. What in the world could be the use of walking up a field just for the sake of walking down again? It's enough to make one laugh to think of it."

"How do you like your oats?" said Dobbin.

"Delicious!" said the young horse.

"Then please to remember, if there were no plowing, there would be no oats."

TIME TO LOOK OUT.

"Here, friend, could you lend me one of your loose sticks? My nest wants repairing, and I've no time to hunt for timber this morning," said a magpie to her neighbor.

"By all means," said the neighbor; and the magpie, promising to return the next day, flew off with the stick.

"Could you lend me another stick?" she said the next morning; "the wind has damaged me in the night. I am not safe, and I have so much work to do in repairing that I've no time to look for timber."

The neighbor looked dubious, but after a little hesitation lent another stick, which the magpie vehemently protested she would bring back with the other next morning.

"I am really ashamed to come!" she said, the third morning; "but could you lend me another stick! Somehow I have got out of order at home; and what with one thing and another, I haven't time to look for timber."

"Take it," said the neighbor, in no satisfied tone; and directly the magpie had flown off, declaring louder than ever that she would repay all she owed with interest the very next day, she began to prepare for moving to a far distant tree. "It's a very fine," she said; "a stick is but a stick; but, if I don't cut this connection I shall soon have to go about begging for sticks for myself."—English Book.

Dreaming and Doing.

Amy was a dear little girl in many things; but she had one bad habit; she was too apt to waste time in dreaming of doing, instead of doing.

In the village where she lived Mr. Thornton kept a small shop, where he sold fruit of all kinds, including berries in their season.

One day he said to Amy, "Would you like to make some money?"

"Of course I would!" said Amy; "for my dear mother has often to deprive herself of things she needs, so that she may buy shoes or clothes for me."

"Well, Amy! I noticed some fine, ripe blackberries along by the stone wall in Mr. Green's five-acre lot; and he said that I or anybody else was welcome to them. Now, if you will pick the ripest and best, I will pay you sixteen cents a quart for them."

Amy was delighted at the thought, and ran home and got her basket, and called her little dog Quip, with the intention of going at once to pick the berries.

Then she thought she would like to find out, with the aid of her slate and pencil, how much money she would make, if she were to pick five quarts. She found she should make eighty cents—almost enough to buy a new calico dress.

"But supposing I should pick a dozen quarts; how much should I earn then?" she stopped and figured that out. "Dear me! It would come to a dollar and ninety-two cents!"

Amy then wanted to know much who

lily, a hundred, two hundred quarts would give her; and then how much she could get if she were to put thirty-two dollars in the savings bank, and receive six per cent. interest on it.

Quip grew impatient, but Amy did not heed his barking; and when she was at last ready to start, she found it was so near dinner-time that she must put off her enterprise till the afternoon.

As soon as dinner was over, she took her basket, and hurried to the five-acre lot; but a whole troop of boys from the public school were there before her. It was Saturday afternoon. School did not keep, and they went with their baskets.

Amy soon found that all the large, ripe berries had been gathered. Not enough to make up a single quart could she find. The boys had swept the bushes clean. All Amy's grand dreams of making a fortune by picking blackberries were at an end. Slowly and sadly she made her way home, recalling on her way the words of her teacher, who said to her, "One does better than a hundred dreamers."—Nursery.

A Fierce Attack.

Charles John Anderson, the Swedish naturalist, was a great hunter of the rhinoceros, and, as the following account will show, met with some perilous adventures in their pursuit.

One day he hid himself in a ditch, he relates, to wait for a rhinoceros. After a time a whole herd of these animals made their appearance in a neighboring marsh. They were very restless, and came toward him with the greatest precaution, evidently scenting danger at every step. They were too far distant for him to take good aim at them, so he rose from the ditch to approach them, but the whole herd was at once dispersed.

While I was looking around for another place of refuge, and feeling the precarious character of my position, I suddenly saw a large white rhinoceros before me, which stretched out its head over the low bushes and stared at me with its great wild eyes. It did not hesitate to approach me, and came within twenty paces.

As it was right in front of me, I could not let so good an opportunity pass, and fired, but with considerable excitement. The animal did not fall, but I thought it would not long survive its wounds.

Scarcely had I loaded again before another rhinoceros returned to the marsh. From the way in which he stood, it was impossible to kill him. I therefore thought it best to render him incapable of fighting by wounding one of his hind legs.

The pain of the wound made him desperately savage; he ran at me on his three legs and would have thrown me down had I not jumped aside with the speed of lightning. I sent a second ball after him, but either it did not reach him, or else did not penetrate his thick hide.

I would gladly put an end to his sufferings, but as I knew that these animals, so long as they can move, are, when wounded, exceedingly dangerous, I did not follow up his track, but after a time, during which neither elephants nor other large animals came in view, I set to work to find the traces of the white rhinoceros.

Soon I discovered his dead body. The ball had penetrated deeply, so that he had been unable to move away from the place where he had been shot.

On my return to the pit where I had been first posted, I found myself suddenly in front of the black rhinoceros again. He stood on his three feet, but as before in such a position as prevented me from inflicting a fatal wound.

I attempted to frighten him away by throwing a huge stone with all my might at him. But he collected his energies, put his head down to the ground, directed his horn forward, and rushed at me with terrible fury, raising clouds of dust as he came.

I had no time to fire, and before I could flee or spring aside, the massive body of the monster struck me and I fell to the ground. The blow was so violent that my powder-horn, shot-bag, gun and cap, were all thrown to a distance.

The very violence of the attack, however, saved me, for the rhinoceros lost his balance and rolled over with his head in the sand.

As he was about to rise, I attempted to get near to his hind feet; but the animal turned round in a rage, threw me down again, and pushed me about with his horn, tearing up my right leg as far as the knee. At the same time he gave me such a blow on the shoulders with his fore foot that I fainted.

I was a short time unconscious, and when I came to myself I felt a part of the huge animal's body lying upon me. The rhinoceros had meantime departed this life, and I arose, laboriously and bleeding, to look for my mulatto servant to bind up my wound.

Since that day I have killed many of these animals, but it was weeks before I recovered my cool blood, and after this unfortunate adventure I could not hunt at all without the greatest excitement.—*Youth's Companion*.

The Story Aunt Mary Told.

In the mighty city of London there are many people so dreadfully poor that they suffer from hunger and cold and dirt every day of their lives. Now this is fearful enough for the strong ones, but fancy what illness must be in a crowded room, on a hard bed, with no clean linen, no cooling things to drink, or nice, nourishing food to give strength; without any doctor, very likely, and, in short, with more misery of every kind than you or I could even imagine.

Knowing all this, good people have built hospitals, where these unfortunate ones can have everything done for them to

soothe their sufferings and help them get well. Some of these are especially for children, because it is thought they can be better taken care of in a hospital suited exactly to their wants than where there are sick people of all ages. In one that I went to see there were about fifty little patients, divided among four large, airy, cheerful rooms, with pictures on the walls, and flowering plants in the windows. Each child had a neat little bedstead, with a white counterpane, and across each bed a sort of shelf-table was fixed on which their playthings were arranged. Very queer playthings they were, generally old, shabby toys that had been discarded by more fortunate children; but although most of the dolls were more or less forlorn, and the horses did not look as if they could run very fast, they were evidently highly valued by those little people, some of whom probably had never had a toy of any kind before.

In one of the rooms the little patients were too ill to play, but as they lay back on their pillows they gazed fondly at their small possessions; and the dolls who sat on the little tables, with their legs hanging over the edge, vacantly staring at their poor little owners, I dare say did them as much good as some of the doctors' medicines.

In the other rooms the children were able to have a good deal of fun, if one could judge from the merry laughter one heard at the little jokes that went about from one bed to another, and yet, do you know, Meg, it often was saddest of all to see the children who seemed most comfortable, because one knew that while some of the few who were violently ill might get quite well again with the good care they were having, many of these would never walk or run, or be rosy, healthy boys and girls any more in this world.

One little boy named Arthur, I was told, was a great favorite with all the rest, and I did not wonder at it when I spoke to him, and heard his sweet voice and saw the bright smile that lit up his pale little face. He told me with delight that his father and mother and the baby came to see him every Sunday, upon which a little girl in the next bed said, sadly, "I've no mother to come and see me, for she is dead," but she added, brightening, "Father comes, though, once a month."

I turned away to hide the tears that would get into my eyes. Of course, I knew the kind doctors and nurses at the hospital did all they possibly could for the happiness of the poor little things, but it seemed to me so very, very hard, that they could not have their mothers just when they were ill and needed them so much!

One thing that brightened all, was their sweet behavior to each other. Not one bit of jealousy or selfishness did I see, and there was a real courtesy in the way that each one seemed to care that the others should be noticed too. I could not help contrasting it with the rude, self-seeking of many children I have known, who ought to behave better, not worse, than they.

Selections.

A Prayer for Us All.

God of the mountains, God of the storm,
God of the flowers, God of the worm!
Hear us and bless us,
Forgive us, redress us!
Breathe on our spirits by love and thy healing,
Teach us content with thy fatherly dealing—
Teach us to love thee,
To love one another, brother his brother,
And make us all free
From the shackles of ancient tradition,
Free from the curse of man's sin,
Help us each one to fulfill his true mission,
And show us 'tis Godlike to labor.

God of the darkness, God of the sun,
God of the beautiful, God of each one!
Clothe us and lead us,
Illumine and feed us!
Show us that avarice voids us in thrall—
That the land is not thine, O God, to give to all.
Scatter our blindness,
Help us to do right all the day and night—
To love mercy and kindness;
Aid us to conquer mistakes of the past;
Show us the future to cheer us and arm us,
The upper, the better, the mansions thou hast;
And, God of the grave! that the grave can not
harm us.

The Benignant Spirit.

Scientists tell us that a continent may grow upon a reef of coral. But how does the coral grow? Who would imagine that ten thousand gangs of tiny laborers, working in silence and out of sight, should build the foundations of forests and cornfields for the teeming millions, and of cities and harbors where the commerce of the world should ride at anchor? So it is with the pulsations of a benignant spirit in the hearts of men. Noiseless, unobtrusive, unapplauded, unappreciated, it works beneath the surface; yet it builds that vast and complicated structure of human life which we call society. It is the spiritual cement dropped into all crevices which makes society possible. Thus is created the solid world in which the gifted few, by their memorable exploits, make history.

Some principles respecting the exercise of the benignant spirit we do well to remember. One is that no man lives who is absolutely insensible to even little tokens of kindness and unkindness. Not the most rude and ignorant, not the most indurate and guilty. Even insane ferocity yields to a soft hand on the forehead and a woman's voice in the ear. The churchful act you suffer yourself to do, be it ever so trivial; the acrid feeling you exhibit, though but for a moment; the petulant word you drop hastily from your lips; the spiteful look you give in your temporary anger, reaches always some heart that feels it. Nor is it less effectual in giving pain because it may provoke its like in return. Thus it swells a common stock of malevolence. Nothing else breeds so indignantly as a malignant thought. On the other hand, we can never know how much we add to the great deep of human joy if we keep fresh and sweet and flowing our own little rivulet of fellow-feeling with our race. We may soothe thus a vast amount of silent suffering. We may relieve rankling suspicions of human nature. We may soften a great many flinty thoughts of God. We may reflect the light of heaven on many cheerless death-beds. Our record in all this, must be ever so solitary heart will come under our look even without being made happier and better. A benignant eye is a perpetual benediction.

It is a vital matter, also, that a very large portion of mankind are by nature so constituted as to be specially dependent on the minor benignities of life, either for their happiness or for the best developments of their character. It is seldom considered as it should be how easily the life of woman may be ennobled by the ebullitions of a man's spontaneous temper. He may forget them in the tug and turmoil of families; but she does not. Her lofty or loving spirit may shut in, tell-tale tears; but her life may be made a domestic Sahara by the absence of the mainly courtesies and endearments of one being, who in ways which would have cost him little might have led her beside still waters on her way to heaven. The experience of good husbands will bear witness that it takes very little to make a good woman happy. Yet do not many wives (must I say?) live in a moral solitude which he who hath "set the solitary in families" can not look upon with indifference? Professional ambition is often only a refinement of selfishness, which makes a man a Turk in his home.

So too with children: you can make them miserable, and, therefore, willful and depraved, by exposing them to the snarls of a crabbed temper. The salvation of a soul often depends on a happy childhood. Religious faith need flourish for a long time in the bosom of the filial instinct. At a very early age the natural trust of children in religion may rust away under the corrosion of parental selfishness. Look out for little skeptics in unhappy homes.

The benignant spirit should soften our treatment of certain innocent idiosyncrasies of men. We all have idiosyncrasies which are not amiable and yet are not vices. They grow out of gnarls of the grain of our structure of which for the most part we are unconscious. One man speaks when to you silence would be the golden gift. Another is silent when to you it would be dishonour not to speak. Another says the thing which you would think yourself a fool for saying. Another does the thing which you would almost shoot yourself for doing. You can not understand such beings. To you they are mental and moral monstrosities. You put their names into your box of incomprehensibles. Yet you can not charge upon them any conscious wrong, any more than you can rebuke the warts on an oak tree. You can only say that such men are in a double sense "fearfully and wonderfully made."

They have queer ways. Now, every man of us has his "queer ways" about something. We are all cross-eyed in certain perspectives, and blind in certain lights. Nothing is easier than to make these idiosyncrasies of vision the occasion of irritated feeling, of unkind insinuation, of cynical retort. Here, again, the benignant spirit should interpose to curb our egotism. Why should we not indulge in our peculiarities of character and habit as heartily as we push for room for our own? They have as much right to their individuality as we have to ours.

Still more gently should a benignant spirit mollify our judgment of the moral character of men. We call it charity, and are apt to take on secret airs of goodness, if we judge and speak kindly of our fellows. But what is this more than the very alphabet of humane wisdom? Do not even the publicans the same? Why should we move through the world always on the wings of distrust? This earth is not a city of lepers. We need only healthy souls ourselves to enable us to see and enjoy a vast amount of moral health and beauty in the souls of

our neighbors. Till we have evidence to the contrary, we are safe in presuming a great deal on the strength of human virtue. That the world is not depopulated after six thousand years of history is proof conclusive that a vast amount of that antiseptic must be circulating along its highways and purifying its homes. Benignity does not stultify common sense by believing that black is white; but it does claim, and justly, that sweeping denunciations of human nature are never true. They can not be so outside of a world of retribution. This is a world of moral reprobation. No man lives in a vacuum. No man is anything but a man for God's presence; but it is something of that which Jesus saw in the young man of great possessions and for which he loved him. Wherever we can find that, we can find something that is worthy of our benignant judgment. We may safely trust anything that our Lord has loved. Natural sense, social affections, humane sensitivities, the instinct of honor—these are priceless auxiliaries of divine grace. Such golden nuggets are in the toughest quartz of human character. A benign spirit will search long for them, even when it can not hope to find the gem of divine purity. Why should we not adopt this as the principle of benignant criticism, and say of every man we meet: "Here is a man whom Christ loves, and he must have something in him that is worthy of our love?"—Prof. Phelps, in Independent.

The Lesson of Mill's Life.

We can not regret that his autobiography should reveal the man in his weakness as well as in his strength. It can not fail to move our sympathy for the tone of sadness which pervades its narrative from the beginning to the end. Why should this be so? Mr. Mill's life was in most respects eminently fortunate. The discipline of his childhood was severe and exacting, but he bore it with a cheerful spirit, for he was animated by the consciousness of growing intellectual power. Though his companions were few, yet their sympathy was complete, and they hailed his promise with inspiring delight. His public career was one of constant progress in the consciousness of increasing power and increasing reputation. The publicists of Great Britain who had treated him with contemptuous neglect, first honored him with criticism and then with deference, finally with sympathy. The Universities, which in his youth had no words too biting for their jeers and adherents, scorned, furnished many degrees of reform to his speculative principles, in spite of their alleged and real incompatibility with any form of Theism. His labors at the pen and in self-discipline were constant; yet he knew no pleasure so exalting as studies and labors like these. But he was not satisfied. Sentimental benevolence and imaginative self-culture widened his mind, and softened and elevated his sensibilities. Human affection then took him up. He loved a woman more than his ideal in her intellect, her temper, and her enthusiastic sympathy with his aims and labors, and studies. But he gives no evidence that either his mind or his heart ever attained to peace. He was without God by his own ostentatious confession. That he was without hope in the eminent sense of the word is confessed in every line of his life. After the removal of her who imperialed the best, if not all, of love that he had ever enjoyed, he dwelt as near to her tomb as he could, that he might feel that she was near to him. Her memory was his religion, not the belief in her immortal existence. Her approbation was the only standard in the actual and ideal universe by which he sought to regulate his life, and yet her approbation was only a sentimental fiction.

We have already adverted to many of the sayings of Mr. Mill that many Atheists of his acquaintance were the most religious of persons, having the advantage, as he contends, of forming for themselves a perfect ideal of goodness, to which they could accord the profoundest reverence and the most devout affection. We do not care to dispute this opinion. We might concede that what he says is possible in certain exceptional cases. But it should never be forgotten that these persons have been trained in a community that is full of Christian Theism, and have breathed from their infancy an atmosphere that is fragrant with the elements of Faith and Love for a personal and loving God. It may not be surprising that persons of brooding, speculative habit, or morbid sensitiveness to all dogmatic positions or doubtful arguments concerning a personal God, and especially that persons who are oppressed with the awful weight of evil in the universe, should flee to the sanctuary of their own idealizations, instead of committing themselves to the acknowledgment of an Infinite person, because they can not grasp all the relations of existence by their limited powers, or explain everything that happens in consistency with his infinite love.

This may be so, but Mill's experience testifies in many ways that the universe is darker rather than brighter to any soul that does not attach his ideal of perfect purity to a living person. Mr. Mill, sitting by the grave of the wife who was his only animating ideal of perfection when she was alive, how mourning that she is no longer a living presence, is a representative of all those religious idealists who think to constitute themselves with ideal objects of worship, to whom they strive "to feel that they are near." There are many such, as we believe, who mournfully, if unconsciously, cry out for the living God! Is the aspiration if not in the words: "Oh! that I knew where I might find Him!"—Scribner's.

Take Heed How Ye Hear.

We do not remember that Christ ever said, "Take heed how ye preach," or even gave his apostles any very explicit instructions in homiletics; but he did say to the people, "Take heed how ye hear," and he preached a sermon to them with that for his text. In that sermon, the parable of the sower, he indicated that the reason why so much seed is apparently wasted is less the carelessness of the farmer than the poverty of the soil, or, to drop the figure, less the deficiency of the preacher than the deficiency of the hearers. It is easy to give instruction to those that want it; it requires rare skill to impart it to those who do not. There is in every congregation a large proportion of careless, inattentive hearers. It is easy to furnish food for the hungry; but it is hard to furnish appetites. The minister congratulates himself on his large Sabbath morning congregation. He would modify his self-congratulation if he had the eyes to discern how many have sent only their bodies, and kept their souls at home. The mother is in the kitchen, with her cook, preparing her

Sunday dinner; the maiden is with her lover, rowing on the river, or walking in the moonlight; the merchant is in his counting-room, studying his ledger. Their bodies are in the church; but they are not. When Saul sent messengers to slay David, Michal dressed up an image to represent him while he fled. When the messengers of the Great King come, not to slay, but to save, the people play the same trick on them. The image of David is present to the eye; the real David is far away.—Christian Union.

Not All Over With Him.

A young man was fishing from a raft which was floating in deep water. It happened that one of the logs, which should have been fastened with a staple to the chain that bound them all together, was loose; and as he stepped upon it, it rolled over, and let him in; the weight of his body opened a passage between the logs; and the slime on their surface caused them to slip from his grasp, and he fell through, the logs closing above him.

There were but few persons about, but, providentially, one man saw the accident. Seizing the boat-hook, he ran to the raft, wedged the logs apart, and watching when the body should rise, drew out the fisherman, and placed him in safety. The whole affair had happened so quickly, that little damage was done. After shaking himself, and resting a little, the young fellow was able to walk home without help.

On the following day, feeling far from well, he stayed at home, and then sent a polite note to his preserver, asking that he would visit him at his house. The man readily went. Shaking hands with him, the young man said, "I have sent for you, Mr. —, to tell you plainly the very great obligation I am under to you, and to beg that you will let me know in what way most agreeable to yourself, I can show my sense of it. You see I do not want to shrink from my prompt help, it would have been all over with me."

"I can not agree to that," said the other. "Nonsense; I tell you I should have been a dead man in three minutes more."

"Well then," my good friend, what do you mean by not agreeing with me?" "I mean that I would not have been all over with you. After death comes the judgment."

The young man was silent, and turned away his face. At length he said, without looking around—

"Are you a preacher?" "Yes, and so are you."

"? I am anything but that."

"Pardon me; all men preach by their lives and conduct; a good life preaches life, and an evil life preaches death; and thousands who may never hear sermons may be led by the preaching of our lives."

"Ah, that is all very true, of course; but the question now is, what can I do for you? let us come to business."

"I am coming to it. I have but one wish in respect to the life I have saved through God's providence—it is that henceforth that life may be given to his service. If you would reward me for the trifling pains I have taken, do so by earnestly seeking my own salvation. Can you promise me that?"

"Well," said the youth, "you are really most unselfish; and I will promise you one thing, at any rate, with all my heart—I will think seriously about it."

"Be it so; I accept that for my reward. Good morning."

"Well," said the youth to himself, when the good man was gone, "since I am pledged to think of this matter seriously, may as well begin at once." He took down his Bible, and read, and read, and thought, day after day. The reading of God's word brought him to his knees.

From praying for repentance and faith, he grew in time to bring forth the fruits of the one, and to do the works of the other; and he lived not only to profess the religion of Christ, but to commend it to others by his example.

Bring Jesus Into the Home.

The little loving charities of daily life preach loudly for him who went about doing good. Bring Jesus into your home and your circumstances more than you have hitherto done. Things do not go on well in your household, perhaps, nor in your community, because either you wonder why it is, or wonder not. You wonder why the Lord so little into them. How can it be otherwise, with him so little acknowledged? How can it be otherwise, when you are not cast upon him in all that pertains to you? Change your plan. Bring Jesus more into home, and plans, and duties, and circumstances. Live not on as you have done, realizing his presence so little. The name of Jesus is no mere fancy. He is a reality—a blessed reality. He is a bosom friend, a tender physician, a loving Father, a gracious Saviour, a very present helper. Oh, make him so to you. Live not outside of these precious relationships. How strangely will all things change then! How you will be lifted up above things that once fretted you and hung heavily upon your mind! How little will appear the things which men are struggling after and panting for around you! You will rise above them into a new element. Try it! Bring Jesus more into everything. Tell him everything. Make him your constant friend and companion. Make him a reality. Only then will you begin to know him as you should. Only then will the unutterable preciousness of Jesus begin to unfold itself to your heart.

Two Natures in a Christian.

A Christian lives in two worlds at one and the same time—the world of flesh and the world of spirit. It is possible to be both. There are certain dangerous gases, which from their weight fall to the lower part of the place where they are, making it destructive for a dog to enter, but safe for a man who holds his head erect. A Christian, as living in the world of flesh, is constantly passing through these. Let him keep his head erect in the spiritual world, and he is safe. He does this so long as the Son of God is the fountain whence he draws his inspiration, his motives, encouragement and strength.—George Phillips.

Christ our Salvation.

Remember, it is not thy hold of Christ that saves thee, it is Christ; it is not thy joy in Christ that saves thee, it is Christ; it is not thy faith in Christ, though that is the instrument, it is Christ's blood and merit. Therefore, look not to thy hand, with which thou art grasping Christ, as to Christ; look not to thy hope, but to Jesus, the source of thy hope; look not to thy faith, but to Jesus, the author and finisher of thy faith. We shall never find happiness by looking

at our prayers, our doings, or our feelings; it is what Jesus is, not what we are, that gives rest to our souls. If we would at once overcome Satan, and have peace with God, it must be by "looking unto Jesus." Let not thy hopes and fears come between thee and Jesus; follow hard after him, and he will never fail thee.

The Crisis of Souls.

Often, when traveling among the Alps, one sees a small black cross planted upon a rock, or on the brink of a torrent, or on the verge of the highway, to mark the spot where men have met with sudden death by accident. Solemn reminders these of immortality! but they led our minds still further; for we said within us, if the places where men seal themselves for the second death could be thus manifestly indicated, what a scene would this world present! Here the memorial of a soul undone by yielding to a foul temptation, there a conscience seared by the rejection of a final warning, and yonder a heart forever turned into stone by resisting the last tender appeal of love. Our places of worship would scarce hold the sorrowful monuments which might be erected over spots where spirits were forever lost—spirits that date their ruin from sinning against the gospel while under the sound of it.—Sprengel.

PREMIUMS.

A Special Offer.

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

We have also made arrangements with the Publisher of *The Fruit Recorder & Cottage Gardener*, a most excellent monthly sheet of 16 pages, issued at \$1.00 per year, and devoted to the culture of garden fruits and vegetables,—to furnish that paper to our subscribers, with the *Star*, and a most superb Fruit Chromo, 13 by 16 inches. This Chromo is issued by the same parties as the other, is of the same size, and not inferior in richness and merit. It is so cheap that, but a piece of genuine artistic work. These Chromos are too large to go safely by mail when mounted, and so we shall send them only in their plain form. Any framer will mount them. And so our offers, extending only to June 1, are as follows:

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

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

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

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

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News Summary.

CONGRESSIONAL.

On Monday, in the House of Representatives the appropriation bills for the improvement of the mouth of the Mississippi river and the survey of the Capitol grounds were passed. An evening session was held for the discussion of the transportation bill.

On Tuesday, the Senate held its first regular session since the death of Senator Sumner. A request for the early consideration of the dead Senator's civil rights bill was made by Mr. Frelinghuysen. The bill for the equalization of the currency was taken up and Mr. Logan of Illinois spoke at length in favor of increased circulation. The Journal was so corrected as to constitute Senator Stewart a member of the District investigating committee and not as its chairman. In the House of Representatives, the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill was discussed in committee of the whole, and among the miscellaneous business was the reporting of the army reduction bill and a bill to allow the pre-emption of mineral lands under the homestead law. An evening session was held for the discussion of the transportation bill.

On Wednesday, in the Senate, a memorial of the temperance crusaders of New York was received, asking that the praying be received at the bar of the Senate; also petitions from several States for a system of international arbitration. Among several new bills passed was one for marine schools. After an extended discussion as to the precedence to be given to the more important bills before Congress, the finance bill was taken up and Mr. Dawes of West Virginia addressed the Senate. The bill was then laid aside for the army appropriation bill, the first section of which, with the House amendments, was agreed to. Most of the members of the House of Representatives being absent to attend the launch of the City of Pekin, the session was devoted to debate only, the transportation bill being considered. The usual evening session was held for the consideration of the bill to revise the statutes.

On Thursday, in the Senate, after the transaction of some miscellaneous business, including the passage of the bill appropriating \$10,000 for the District investigation, the army appropriation bill was taken up. Several amendments were agreed to, and others rejected, but final action on the bill was not reached. In the House of Representatives, the bill relating to mines and mining was considered, and after some debate laid over and the legislative appropriation bill taken up and discussed through the remainder of the session, without action on the bill as a whole.

On Friday, in the Senate, after the transaction of miscellaneous business the army appropriation bill, after the rejection of a number of amendments, was passed. The fortification appropriation bill was also amended and passed. In the House of Representatives, the Georgia contested election case was discussed at some length, after which business relating to the District of Columbia was transacted, several bills being passed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Just as we go to press Monday noon we learn from Hillsdale that the term opens quite encouragingly, and with nearly the usual attendance. The house where Benjamin West was born, in Philadelphia, was burned Monday.

A terrific hurricane swept over Cairo, Illinois, Wednesday, causing considerable though not serious damage.

A break in levee on the Mississippi, above New Orleans, is reported, with the consequent overflowing of a dozen or more large plantations and other damage.

The new steamship City of Pekin, built for the Mail Pacific Steamship line, and the largest ever built, except the Great Eastern, was launched at Chester, Pa., Wednesday.

The California Senate has passed a compulsory education bill. The governor has approved the bill providing for a training school for boys in the harbor. An application will be made to the federal government for a suitable vessel.

A report comes from Missouri to the effect that a desperate conflict took place between the notorious Younger brothers, who are supposed to have been engaged in the Iowa train robbery, and some detectives, in which one of the brothers and two detectives were killed.

The members of the Park St. church society, Boston, voted last evening to pay Mr. Murray \$7,000. His methods of work were severely criticised, and it is by no means certain that he will be retained. The meeting was one of the largest held for twenty years.

The damage by lightning in Modoc city, Pa., on Wednesday, proves to have been more serious than first reported, the fire spreading and causing a loss of \$100,000.

The Women's Temperance Union of Worcester, began a crusade among the liquor saloons of that city, Thursday, visiting a large number of them and singing, praying and soliciting in each after the plan inaugurated in Ohio by Dr. Dio Lewis. They were generally respectfully treated, but apparently accomplished little toward the furtherance of their objects.

The latest reports from Bald Mountain are not materially different from those previously given, except that the severity of the phenomena are said to have been exaggerated somewhat.

Among the mortgages recently filed in Chicago was one from Potter Palmer to the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company for \$1,714,000.

Some disaffected colliers in Minonk, Ill., got up a riot, and great excitement is reported to prevail, but so far no great damage has been done.

The report of the congressional committee to investigate the affairs of the First National Bank of Washington shows the cause of the failure to have been the gross misrule of the funds entrusted to the bank.

FOREIGN.

Wolsley will go to Malta or Aden to meet the remains of Dr. Livingstone and escort them to England.

A letter from Santiago de Cuba says the correspondence captured with President Cespedes will implicate a great number of prominent families in that place.

The British Parliament re-assembled Tuesday and the Queen's speech was read. An address in reply was adopted in both Houses, and an interesting political debate took place in the House of Lords.

Advices from Spain report that the Carlists have captured an army of 10,000 men at Bilbao.

During the voyage of steamer Great Republic from Hong Kong to Yokohama, Lieut. Gill, U. S. Navy, committed suicide by jumping overboard. The cause of the act is not yet known.

The Fenian Amnesty association has decided to present petitions for the pardon of convicts to the Queen in person.

It is stated that the result of the Ashantee war is not satisfactory to the soldiers of the expedition, the power of the Ashantee king being by no means crushed.

Advices from Spain announce the capture by the Carlists of a column of the Republican troops who were advancing to the relief of Olot.

In the French Assembly, Wednesday, the bill censuring the government for its action in reference to the nominations of mayors of cities was defeated.

Ad vises from Spain state that the Carlists entered Olot without opposition.

News comes of the drowning of 117 passengers of the steamer Laconia, who were returning from a pilgrimage to Mecca for Algeria. They were swept overboard by a huge wave.

A large portion of the crust of the crater Vesuvius is reported to have fallen lately, and an eruption is feared.

Advices from the Sandwich Islands announce that Prince Kalakaua has been elected king to succeed Lunalilo.

Paragraphs.

Pence, the new senator from Mississippi, has distinguished himself early by offering a bill requiring the government to endow a female university and six normal schools in Mississippi.

Monarchs are not all useless pieces of ornamentation. King Oscar of Sweden is the inventor of the life escape apparatus. It was lately tried in Stockholm and proved a valuable invention.

There is an exhibition, in New York, a solid silver tea-service, intended for presentation to Captain Urquhart, of the ship Tri-mountain, by the survivors of the wrecked steamship Ville du Havre.

A society of thirty Indiana women, mostly girls from 18 to 25, has been organized to pay a temperance visit to the Pacific coast. They will commence their labors at Omaha, and stop at every saloon on the line of the railroad from there to San Francisco.

Squeezing is very seldom heard in parlors now after the old folks have retired, for lovers bear in mind the receipt given by Dr. Brown-Sequard—that sneezing can always be stopped by pressing the upper lip—and act accordingly.

A young lady graduate of the medical department of the Iowa University has carried away from a class, including twenty-four young men, the first prize for the best-performed dissection in surgical anatomy. The two dozen young gentlemen ought to feel as badly cut up as the subject.

A shower of hailstones fell on Saint Gothard recently, and they were found to be extremely salt. A Zurich professor collected some, and, having extracted the saline principle, obtained some beautiful white crystals, which were nothing but chloride of sodium or sea-salt. Some of the larger contained as much as 70 centigrams (about seven grains) of that mineral. Whence did it come? Very probably from the steppes of Northern Africa, where it had been raised by some storm.

The well-known Paris artist, Count Waldeck, has just reached his 100th year. In 1826, this artist, being then 60 years old, and in want of money, presented some of his pictures at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, and asked 40,000 francs for them. The director replied that the resources at his command did not permit him to make a purchase of that importance, but that if M. Waldeck consented, he would obtain for him an annual allowance of 20,000 francs. The painter has therefore received during forty-eight years a total sum of 960,000 francs.

The German Museum at Nuremberg is forming an album of autographs from all the leading actors in the Franco-German war. The following is the contribution received from the Emperor Wilhelm: "Erst wunde, dann wagt, dann quike. Hore beide Parteien. Gott mit uns." (First consider, then venture. To every one his own. Listen to both parties. God with us.) "Let these precepts be present to your hearts and minds, and not only be on your tongues and at the tip of the pen, then whatever you undertake you may confidently await the result. In the third year of resuscitated Germany—Wilhelm. Imp. Rex."

The Geographical Society of Italy has received from Alexandria, with the news of the death of the explorer, Miani, and various ethnological objects, two living individuals whom he had forwarded of the tribes of the Akka or Tikku-Tikku, and whom the learned traveler had bought of the King Muza. These individuals—of whom one is 18 years old and 40 inches in height, and the other 16 and 31 inches high—are stated by Miani to belong to the race of dwarfs described by Herodotus, and recently discovered by the German explorer Schweinfurth, who described them carefully. They are pot-bellied, very thin-limbed and knock-kneed, spherical and prognathic, very long limbs, copper skins, and crisp, tow-like hair.

William Ged, the inventor of stereotyping, was a Scotchman. He was a jeweler in Edinburgh. So long as he adhered to his original vocation he was permitted to prosper. When he ventured to exercise his ingenuity by facilitating the printer's art, he was doomed. On his making known his discovery of block printing, the trade deemed their craft in danger, and formed a combination for his destruction. Master printers, journeymen, and apprentices united against him as a common enemy; they loaded him with invectives; they reproached him with ignorance and assumption. The arrows of calumny hit him on all sides. Who could long withstand such an array of hostilities? Poor Ged, who ought to have made a fortune by his discovery, sunk under the load of persecution, and died of a broken heart.

It has been stated in English papers that the annual mortality in British India from the bites of snakes is about 14,000 which, assuming the population to be 200,000,000, is seventy for each million. In a little colony known as St. Lucia the death rate from this cause was much greater than this, a correspondent of the London Times putting it at the neighborhood of tenfold. The rate in 1869 was twenty-two in a population of 31,000. A bounty of sixpence was offered that year for the heads of the reptiles, with the result of 12,000 heads being produced in the space of five months, and the decrease of deaths in 1870 to sixteen, while at the same time the population had increased about two per cent. In 1871 the deaths were decreased to nine, and in 1872 to six.

California boasts of a Pompeii on a small scale. It is the town of Meadow Lake, on the Sierra Nevada range, 8000 feet above the level of the sea. The spot on which it is situated is full of gold, and in 1865 there was a great rush thither, 1,200,000 feet of the land being taken up in the summer of that year. By spring of the next year the Californians had become perfectly wild over the golden prospects of the region, and during May and June not less than 4000 people found their way up there, and the real estate went up like a kite, sixty-eight lots bringing from \$1500 to \$2000. A town of 600 houses was built. The trouble was with the ore, in which was some substance that would not yield to the usual processes, and, in addition, the snow was not unfrequently twenty-five feet on a level, terrible storms being common as late as June. At once the people saw that nature had played an awful practical joke on them, and they abandoned the town so precipitately that a recent visitor there, walking on snow-shoes through the streets on a level with the second stories, looking into the windows, saw the furniture standing just as the occupants had last used it.

Rural and Domestic.

Butter and Cheese Dairying.

We have watched with great interest the progress of the "dairymen's conventions" which were held during the month of January. Feeling the importance of these institutions to the interests represented by them we devoted some time to attend them. We may say that we were particularly interested and gratified with the energy, enterprise and intelligence exhibited by the Associated Dairymen. The papers read at these meetings were of great merit and usefulness, and the speeches and discussions which followed the remarks of the orators were marked by great practical experience and intelligence. This fact promises well for the continued success of the dairy interest, which now represents an annual value of nearly 500 millions of dollars. The cheese manufacture of the country is expanding with great rapidity, and its expansion is but the natural consequence of a vast improvement in quality. The renowned Cheshire, and Cheddar cheese of England, is to some extent met and vanquished upon its own ground by American cheese. Many brands of American cheese are sought for with avidity by English dealers. Twenty years ago American cheese was a drug in the English market. But the dairy system has not only changed all that but it has from its inherent value and excellence forced its recognition and adoption by English cheese-makers. And this is but the beginning of the existence of the cheese industry of this country, for the home consumption has hardly as yet been created. To stimulate this growth and encourage an extensive home market the attention of the dairymen needs now to be turned, and the tastes and demands of consumers must be learned and met. As regards butter, dairymen have much to learn, especially those of the West. The quality of the butter that comes to market is in large part wretchedly bad. This is the consequence of faulty feeding, of careless churning, but in far greater part of improper packing. The produce dealers are also to blame to some extent for this. It is true that low-priced butter is needed for a portion of the consumers who are poor and can only afford to buy a cheap article; but it costs no more money to make a fair tub of butter than a poor one, while its value is almost double that of the poor one. The secret is almost entirely in cleanliness—clean feeding, clean milking, clean keeping and churning, and last, but really the most important of all, clean packing. We are glad to believe that the meetings of the dairymen will gradually lead to improvements in these respects, and we propose to work for that end along with them.—Am. Ag.

Mineral Manures.

Upon this subject, the New York Times has this to say:

Many a wheat crop is laid or rusted, and the farmer's hopes blighted, by want of lime, salt, or phosphoric acid in addition to the barn-yard manure. There is rarely danger of too much of the latter, if proper proportions of the former are used. In proportion to the richness of the soil in vegetable and animal matter, mineral manures are to be used. When the soil is well filled with decomposing vegetable matter, fifty bushels of lime per acre may be used with the best effect. This should be drawn fresh from the kiln after the last plowing, exposed in small heaps to the rain until freely slacked, and then immediately spread evenly, and harrowed into the soil. Its beneficial effect will be in proportion to its fineness, and to the evenness to which it is spread.

If forty bushels per acre is the quantity chosen, lines two rods apart should be staked out both ways across the field, and a bushel dropped at each intersection. Each bushel, when spread, covers four square rods, or two rods square. If less or more in proportion is to be spread, the heaps should be lesser or greater to suit. One rod each way is a very convenient distance to throw the lime from a shovel, and this plan will be found as good as any, if not the best. The effect of lime is to stiffen the straw, produce a hard, clear berry, with a thin husk which sheathingly beneath the mill-stones, and thus tends to produce a finer, whiter flour. An application of four bushels of salt per acre, in the spring, has almost exactly the same effect, but a great secondary advantage of the lime is, its beneficial effect on the grass and clover. It is "the one thing needful" for them, and the effect of the salt is only temporary and to benefit the wheat.

It is more than questionable if superphosphate of lime, applied in the fall, pays expenses. Its effect is solely on the grain, and long before the opening of the growing season in the spring, the solubility of this fertilizer is destroyed. Superphosphate has a habit of "going back" on the farmer. Meeting with lime or other alkaline substances in the soil, the free phosphoric acid forms an insoluble compound, and "goes back" to first estate, that of insoluble phosphate of lime. Applied when the wheat is well started in the spring, its effect is more apparent. The great need of the wheat plant in the fall is to get a vigorous growth, which shall enable it to withstand the changes of weather, which are fatal to a weak and sickly plant. Superphosphate of lime not supplying this present need is not, therefore, always profitably applied at the fall sowing. If sufficient barn-yard manure is not within reach, a substitute may be found, to some extent, in guano or some of the animal manures as fresh or blood preparations, but without a fair allowance of stable manure, wheat is not likely to be a satisfactory crop, and rye should be substituted.

Cleaning Cellars.

Rainy weather is so common in this month that we must plan to do a little work in rainy days, that we should otherwise have to take time to do by and when we shall want to be plowing and planting. Among the work of this kind that we can do on rainy days, and, consequently, do not usually do until it can be neglected any longer, are the overhauling the vegetables in the cellar and carrying out all that have begun to decay, all cabbage stumps, and the dirt that was carried in last fall on the roof; and the selecting (if you have not already attended to that) of such as you expect to use for seed. The sooner this is done the better, for, beside saving the time, the presence of the decaying vegetation (there is much of it, even in the dirt, in the shape of small shrubs and roots) is very injurious to the health of the family living over it. Many families suffer from fevers and other disorders in the spring of the year that might be directly traced to this cause, and yet they do not know they are committing suicide by neglecting to clean out and air the cellar under the rooms in which they live. Many a household scours and cleans until she almost scrubs herself through the floor into the cellar, and yet lives in an air arising from that cellar more insupportable than the kept cow and pig in the corner of her living-room. It would be much better if the vegetable cellar was not under the house at all, but under the wood-house, corn barn, or even under the barn itself, and then let nothing but the fruit and such

articles as will not so badly taint the air be kept in the house cellar.

About Tea.

For some time past we have had miserable tea. Mary had become so careless in the making of it that it was really undrinkable. Sometimes it would be almost as black as ink, and at others of a declined pink shade after the cream was added, and occasionally as water. I considered the case desperate enough to make a decided stand in favor of good tea: so not long ago, just about tea time, I went into the kitchen, and said, "Mary, I want you to put away the tea-ster, as I do not wish it used any more, and you will make the tea after a different plan." "Well! and I'll give you a different plan," said Mary. "I said: 'I know that you desire to please me in everything, and it is my wish to have the tea made in another way. Take the tea-pot and rinse it out with a little hot water.' Mary did so. 'Now put in three tea-spoonsful of tea, and fill the pot with boiling water.' It was done without any more demur. 'Now, Mary, put it on the top of the water boiler; never put it on the stove, as I do not wish it boiled. Always make it in this way, and only just before tea is ready to be served.' Mary has followed these directions ever since, and the result has invariably been tea of a delightful flavor. The fact is, the Chinese never steep their tea, and the French never boil their coffee, and we can learn something of these nations as to the best method of preparing their great national beverages.—Am. Ag.

Pudding the Roots.

Many of our readers may have neglected to transplant a choice shrub or tree, until it seems to them too late in the season. They will find, however, that the operation can be safely performed if they will take up the plants and puddle the roots,—that is, dip them in mud made of about the consistency of thin mortar. The puddle hole should be made ready before the plants are lifted, and the roots should be dipped in the mud before the sun and air can have any effect upon them. After the roots are coated with earth, they may be carried to the place where they are to be planted. Shrubs that have been heeled in until the leaves have started may be safely removed by using the puddle.

Food Necessary for a Horse.

The amount of food necessary to support an animal varies with its age, sex, temperament, the climate, the amount of work it does, and various other conditions. The quantity needed to carry on the functions of the body, when at rest, has been very accurately determined by long and careful experiments. The result of these labors I can not give in a clearer or more condensed form than by translating a page from Magne's work on the subject, with the weights changed from the French standards to those in use in our country.

M. Boussingault kept a horse, weight 990 pounds, for a month, without increase or diminution of weight on a ration composed of hay, sixteen and a half pounds; oats, five pounds.

M. Boussingault admits (the hay was a second crop) that this ration contained five ounces of nitrogen, and we value at five and one-fourth pounds the carbon contained in the respiratory elements; hence, it follows that it represented nearly twenty-two pounds of hay; in other words, two and one-fourth pounds of hay for each 100 pounds of the weight of the animal.

By measuring the carbonic acid inhaled by the animals, we can prove the values deducted from the amount of nourishment consumed.

Considering the works of various authors and his own experiments, Alibert concludes that a horse weighing 1,200 pounds inhales in twenty-four hours seven pounds seven ounces of carbon, equal to six and a half ounces for every 100 pounds of the horse's weight (this is nearly the amount of carbon that we have shown to be contained in two pounds of hay); that a horse weighing 1,000 pounds exhales in twenty-four hours five pounds nine ounces of carbon equal to eight ounces for every 100 pounds of the horse's weight (quantity contained in two and one-half pounds of hay).

Based on our conclusions on these different observations, we believe we can admit that the ration necessary to sustain a horse (without work) is, for each one hundred pounds of the weight of the animal:

1.5 lbs. of hay for a horse weighing 1,540 lbs.

2.0 do. do. do. do. 1,820

2.2 do. do. do. do. 1,980

2.4 do. do. do. do. 2,160

2.6 do. do. do. do. 2,340

2.8 do. do. do. do. 2,520

3.0 do. do. do. do. 2,700

3.2 do. do. do. do. 2,880

3.4 do. do. do. do. 3,060

3.6 do. do. do. do. 3,240

3.8 do. do. do. do. 3,420

4.0 do. do. do. do. 3,600

4.2 do. do. do. do. 3,780

4.4 do. do. do. do. 3,960

4.6 do. do. do. do. 4,140

4.8 do. do. do. do. 4,320

5.0 do. do. do. do. 4,500

5.2 do. do. do. do. 4,680

5.4 do. do. do. do. 4,860

5.6 do. do. do. do. 5,040

5.8 do. do. do. do. 5,220

6.0 do. do. do. do. 5,400

6.2 do. do. do. do. 5,580

6.4 do. do. do. do. 5,760

6.6 do. do. do. do. 5,940

6.8 do. do. do. do. 6,120

7.0 do. do. do. do. 6,300

7.2 do. do. do. do. 6,480

7.4 do. do. do. do. 6,660

7.6 do. do. do. do. 6,840

7.8 do. do. do. do. 7,020

8.0 do. do. do. do. 7,200

8.2 do. do. do. do. 7,380

8.4 do. do. do. do. 7,560

8.6 do. do. do. do. 7,740

8.8 do. do. do. do. 7,920

9.0 do. do. do. do. 8,100

9.2 do. do. do. do. 8,280

9.4 do. do. do. do. 8,460

9.6 do. do. do. do. 8,640

9.8 do. do. do. do. 8,820

10.0 do. do. do. do. 9,000

10.2 do. do. do. do. 9,180

10.4 do. do. do. do. 9,360

10.6 do. do. do. do. 9,540

10.8 do. do. do. do. 9,720

11.0 do. do. do. do. 9,900

11.2 do. do. do. do. 10,080

11.4 do. do. do. do. 10,260

11.6 do. do. do. do. 10,440

11.8 do. do. do. do. 10,620

12.0 do. do. do. do. 10,800

12.2 do. do. do. do. 10,980

12.4 do. do. do. do. 11,160

12.6 do. do. do. do. 11,340

12.8 do. do. do. do. 11,520

13.0 do. do. do. do. 11,700

13.2 do. do. do. do. 11,880

13.4 do. do. do. do. 12,060

13.6 do. do. do. do. 12,240

13.8 do. do. do. do. 12,420

14.0 do. do. do. do. 12,600

14.2 do. do. do. do. 12,780

14.4 do. do. do. do. 12,960

14.6 do. do. do. do. 13,140

14.8 do. do. do. do. 13,320

15.0 do. do. do. do. 13,500

15.2 do. do. do. do. 13,680

15.4 do. do. do. do. 13,860

15.6 do. do. do. do. 14,040

15.8 do. do. do. do. 14,220

16.0 do. do. do. do. 14,400

16.2 do. do. do. do. 14,580

16.4 do. do. do. do. 14,760

16.6 do. do. do. do. 14,940

16.8 do. do. do. do. 15,120

17.0 do. do. do. do. 15,300

17.2 do. do. do. do. 15,480

17.4 do. do. do. do. 15,660