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The Morning Star

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Number 31

THE MORNING STAR

A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER
FOR THE FAMILY.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5, 1874.

"Free among the Dead."

Psalm 88:15.

BY F. A. D.

O earnest, striving ones,
Who toil on 'mid the flames,
And see above the smoke
A crown of deathless names,
Who feel the weight and want
That over all are spread—
Lift up the falling hands,
There's freedom with the dead.

O lives, that struggle hard
Beneath the senses' thrall,
Who drink 'mid prayers and tears
The wormwood and the gall,
Who in dim, shadowy ways
By want and pain are led;
Change prayers to songs of praise,
There's freedom with the dead.

Faint tollers in the fields
Who wear the dew of night,
Who show to sin and death,
That Christ alone is light—
Still hope for fruitage fair
Uprising where he bled;
Work on in patience strong,
Thy freedom's with the dead.

No chains for heart or soul,
No bonds, but love's own will,
No waiting in the dark
Till light the world fulfill;
One love uniting all,
One flock by Shepherd led;
All earth stands waiting for
Glad freedom with the dead.

Darwinism.

SECOND PAPER.

We have already seen that Darwin believes that man was originally covered with hair; and he thinks that he must account for its removal. He finds some difficulty in doing this. He says that elephants and rhinoceroses are almost hairless, and as they live in hot climates, he thinks that they have lost their hair by exposure to the sun, and that we may infer that man has lost his hair in the same way; and he thinks that the fact that man has hair on the chest and at the junction of the limbs, favors this view, as these parts would be least exposed to the sun when man went on all fours. But then man has most hair on his head, which was always exposed to the sun; and monkeys, which inhabit hot climates, have much hair, and quadrupeds generally have most hair on the upper and most exposed parts of the bodies. He is therefore "inclined to believe as, we shall see, under sexual selection, that man, or rather primarily woman, became divested of hair for ornamental purposes." Vol. I. p. 144. He further says, "No one supposes that the nakedness of the skin is any direct advantage to man, so that his body can not have been divested of hair through natural selection." Vol. II. p. 359. Hence he attributes it to sexual selection, and to the same cause he attributes the fact that some men now have beards, whiskers, and moustaches.

Darwin thinks that the half-human progenitors of man used musical tones in their courtship, before they had acquired the art of articulating words. He comes to this conclusion because male birds sing to the females, "monkeys also express strong feelings in different tones," animals of all kinds are excited by the strongest passions during the season of courtship, and "love is still the commonest theme in our own songs." But he adds, that "women are generally thought to possess sweeter voices than men; and as far as this serves as any guide we may infer that they first acquired musical powers in order to attract the other sex." He further says, that "from the deeply-laid principle of inherited associations musical tones would be likely to excite in

us, in a vague and indefinite manner, the strong emotions of a long past age." * * * The impassioned orator, bard, or musician, when with his varied tones and cadences he excites the strongest emotions in his hearers, little suspects that he uses the same means by which, at an extremely remote period, his half-human ancestors aroused each other's ardent passions, during their mutual courtship and rivalry." Vol. II. pp. 320, 321.

He thinks that "the development of the moral qualities" is a "difficult problem. Their foundation lies in the social instincts, including in this term the family ties. These instincts are of a highly-complex nature, and in the case of the lower animals give special tendencies toward certain definite actions; but the more important elements for us are love, and the distinct emotions of sympathy." As these instincts "are highly beneficial to the species, they have in all probability been acquired through natural selection." Vol. II. p. 374. The moral nature of man has reached its high standard "especially through the sympathies being rendered more tender and widely diffused through the effects of habit, example, instruction, and reflection. It is not improbable that virtuous tendencies may through long practice be inherited. With the more civilized races, the conviction of the existence of an all-seeing Deity has had a potent influence on the advancement of morality."

* * * The belief in God has often been advanced as not only the greatest, but the most complete, of all the distinctions between man and the lower animals. It is however impossible, as we have seen, to maintain that this belief is innate or instinctive in man. * * * The idea of a universal and beneficent Creator of the universe does not seem to arise in the mind of man, until he has been elevated by long-continued culture." Vol. II. pp. 376, 377.

The difference in the mental powers of men and women is accounted for by sexual selection. Darwin is "aware that some writers doubt whether there is any difference; but this is at least probable from the analogy of the lower animals." And as proof of the difference, he says, "The bull differs in disposition from the cow, the wild boar from the sow, the stallion from the mare, and as is well known to the keepers of menageries, the males of the larger apes from females." Vol. II. pp. 310, 311.

In our former paper, we quoted from Darwin the statement that as man has risen so high, he may hope to rise still higher. But in immediate connection with this statement, he seems to advance a different opinion. He says, "Man scans with scrupulous care the character and pedigree of his horses, cattle, and dogs, before he matches them; but when he comes to his own marriage he rarely, or never, takes any such care. He is impelled by nearly the same motives as are the lower animals when left to their own free choice. * * * Yet he might by selection do something not only for the bodily constitution and frame of his offspring, but for their intellectual and moral qualities." Vol. II. p. 385.

In order to make out his case as to changes caused by natural and sexual selection, Darwin refers to the power which man has exerted in improving breeds of animals, and in producing certain varieties. But he either forgets or leaves out of sight, the fact that man has not only been unable to produce a new species, but that he had not been able to produce fruitful progeny from the union of two distinct species. And he also leaves out of sight for the time, the other fact, that while man is able by careful breeding to produce distinct varieties of the same species, he has to use care to keep these varieties distinct; for both among quadrupeds and the feathered race, those of the same species freely intermingled with each other. Cattle, sheep, and fowls will furnish familiar proofs of this statement. And Mr. Darwin himself furnishes proof of it, for he says it is useless to attempt to perpetuate particular breeds of fowls unless they are kept separate from others.

Mr. Darwin divides birds into six classes. One where the males are more beautiful than the females; another where the females are more beautiful than the males; another where the adults males and females are alike, while the young differ from them, and so on. He labors through a number of pages to account for all these variations, and to show how they have been brought about. But either he has failed to do this, or we have not mind enough to understand his reasoning. We might be modest enough to admit it was the latter; but we think it is probably the former, as Mr. D. himself admits with reference to some of these classes, that "the facts are so complex, and the conclusions so doubtful" that those who choose to do so had better pass them over." Vol. II. p. 201.

Darwin claims that man has risen to his present eminent position from a living creature of the lowest organism; he asserts that all civilized races have risen to their present position from a state of barbarism; and yet he admits that savage races do not now improve of themselves. In one place he says that "the intellectually superior" men and women will "rear a larger number of children" than the intellectually inferior will rear; and then just afterwards, he says, "the reckless, degraded, and often vicious members of society, tend to increase at a quicker rate than the provident and generally virtuous members." And to make his meaning plain, he says that if

Saxons and Celts were to start equal in numbers and wealth, in a dozen generations it would be found that "five sixths of the population would be Celts; but five sixths of the property, of the power, of the intellect, would belong to the one sixth of Saxons that remained."

These are but specimens of the numerous contradictions to be found in these volumes. Mr. D. feels that he has a case to make out, and he labors to do it. He does not believe that an intelligent Creator brought the various races of animated creatures into existence; but thinks they have gradually evolved from one or very few primordial forms; and as the great apostle of evolution, he thinks it is his business to show how this has been done; and he feels the difficulty; and the reader sees that he feels the difficulty. He will not admit that there is any design manifested in creation; and yet his book presents numerous evidences of such design. For instance, he says that the hands of monkeys are adapted for climbing trees; that more perfect hands would not have been so good for them; and that the hands of man would not have been so good for him, if they had been adapted for climbing trees. He also says that female birds who build their nests in exposed situations, are usually of a dull color, and are scarcely to be distinguished from their surroundings.

We lay down these volumes with a firmer confidence in the declaration of the Bible, that "in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," than he "created great whales, and every living creature that moveth," and that he also "created man in his own image." Taking a survey of nature with the Bible as our guide, it is clear and luminous. We see God as the creator, the provider, and the preserver. But shutting up the Bible, and eliminating God, there is darkness, gross darkness, and men who try to find their way through it, stumble at every step. W. H.

The Departing Comet.

The New York Herald is moved to the following utterances in view of the departure of the late comet:

Now that the comet has taken its departure and its future course must remain unknown to us, it becomes a matter of interest to inquire how far its appearance caused the frequency of those atmospheric disturbances which have been recently experienced both in Europe and in America. Electric storms have prevailed in various portions of the country, causing great loss of life and property. Meteors have been observed to fall, and hailstones of enormous dimensions have utterly destroyed crops, and even broken down the roofs of dwellings. A few weeks since Ironia, N. J., was visited by a storm of wind, lightning and rain of such terrible fury that the foliage was stripped from the trees, poultry killed and a few windows left unbroken. Later, a storm of a similar character burst over Bergen county, in the same state, by which that section suffered considerable damage. The lightning flashed in rapid, successive sheets of flame, the rain fell in torrents, the wind blew almost a tornado, and hailstones fell of such size that not only glass but much less fragile material suffered. The tornado that on the Fourth of July devastated so many Washington residences of their roofs blew with such fury as to sweep away railroad bridges and to remove cars from the tracks.

Hail in immense quantities fell at Elkader, Iowa, on the 9th instant. Some of the stones measured six inches round. The total loss of buildings blown down and crops destroyed was estimated at \$100,000. Waterloo and Gilbertville were also severely damaged. On the same day seven boys were struck by lightning at Indianapolis, one of whom was instantly killed. Two sons of a clergyman at Plainfield, Iowa, also lost their lives by the same instrumentality. At Dubuque on the 11th, during a storm, a ball of fire as large as a man's head descended from the sky into the street, and exploded with a terrific report. All the western part of Kentucky was illuminated on the 17th and for nights previously with meteors. One of immense size fell at Owensboro and was seen at a distance of fifty miles while falling to the earth. At Wingham, Canada, the severest hailstorm known for many years occurred on the 7th. The crops through the country suffered to a great extent. The same day a terrific hurricane, accompanied by rain, passed over Napanee, Ont. Much damage was done to the town and vicinity. Several buildings were unroofed, trees were uprooted and fences leveled to the ground.

On the other side of the Atlantic, the weather in England, during the month of June, was remarkable for severe frosts, which had a disastrous effect on the growing crops. Hurricanes also prevailed, causing great injury to property and attended in many cases with fatal results. On the 29th ultimo Edinburgh was visited with a thunder storm which continued three hours, the lightning being exceedingly vivid, and the peals of thunder loud and prolonged. Torrents of rain fell during the storm. At Perth there was a heavy fall of hail, the depth in some places being five or six inches. On the 12th of June the frost in the neighborhood of London was most severe. The young foliage of many plants were destroyed, potatoes were blackened in many fields and gardens, and the flowers

of such hardy plants as lilies and peonies were killed. On two nights the thermometer registered 34 degrees and 36 degrees, with a bitter north-east wind, literally destroying all vegetation. The temperature for the week ending June 20, as recorded at the royal observatory, fell five degrees below the mean for the last fifty years. The Tweed, it is said, has not been so low since 1826, when corn was so short in the stalk it was pulled by hand. The droughts have been so extensive that the hay harvest has been very short and the cattle have suffered distressingly, while the unseasonable dryness has been relieved only by destructive hail storms. It is reported that the north of Italy has also suffered from severe hailstorms. Some of the old churches and other public edifices have been damaged during these tempests, and the streets of Milan were covered with dead and wounded birds, finding no escape from the angry elements.

It would be difficult to pass over these remarkable phenomena without being disposed to attribute their existence to the influence of the comet. One of the best maintained theories concerning the nature of comets is that they consist more or less of electric ether. According to a recent writer on the subject, the evidence of this is in the observed fact that the material of the tails first move towards the sun, and is then repelled from it. Assume the truth of this theory, and we have a body of electricity several millions of miles long and with an enormous volume in breadth and thickness, rushing towards the earth at the terrific speed of 2,000,000 miles a day. Is it not possible, asks this writer, that our own little stock of electricity may be somewhat disturbed by this visitor? So disturbed, in fact, that the natural result would be the meteorological phenomena that have recently taken place? And this again suggests that comets may be nature's supply trains of electricity, rushing round among the planets and leaving with each a renewed stock of this element that plays so important a part in our terrestrial economy. Now that our brilliant visitor is passing rapidly away into unknown spheres, and is not expected ever to return, alarms as to hurricanes, earthquakes, tornadoes, thunder, lightning and hail may be entirely dismissed until the next long-tailed meteor appears in the sky.

The Icelandic Celebration.

As Iceland is about to celebrate the thousandth anniversary of its discovery by the Norwegians, the following article, contributed to the *Congregationalist*, will be found interesting:

One thousand years have elapsed, this summer, since a bold Scandinavian rover, a doughty subject of one of the hardy Vikings of western Norway, pushing his rude bark north-westward, came upon a bleak and volcanic island in the northern seas. This island had already once before been visited by a Norwegian navigator; but he who landed there in 874 brought with him a small but sturdy colony, which straightway settled down on the inhospitable shore. It was even then a land of volcanoes and of vast lava beds; its fords wandered upon among sterile crags; icebergs floated menacingly off its shores; its vegetation was sparse and puny. Such was its arctic situation and temperature that the colonists gave it the name of Iceland.

The career of the singular nation thus founded in 874 has endured for one thousand years; and what a career of vicissitude, of alternate prosperity, misfortune, peace and turmoil it has been! The Icelanders propose to celebrate the completion of their national millennial. What an unwonted record is theirs to contemplate! On two accounts, it is proper for Americans to be especially interested in the event. It is not generally known that the golden period of Icelandic thrift and prosperity was that when it existed under a republican form of government. To be sure there were republics before the tenth century; the Greeks and the Romans had lived under such a system; and at that time the great commercial states of Venice and Genoa boasted in their republican name, though in reality neither were republics as we understand that form of government. But in the tenth century, and within a hundred years of its earliest Norwegian settlement, Iceland had become a real, popular, and orderly republic. It had its freely elected parliament, its elected chief; it even instituted trial by jury; it enjoyed equal and impartial taxation; it had no proud caste of nobles, such as held the real dominion in the so-called republics of Italy. It was a free, pure, and simple government, in which one and all had his full share; and for many years it successfully resisted the depredations of the Norwegian, and especially the Danish pirates who roamed over those northern seas in search of plunder.

But little more than a century after the colonization of Iceland, the event occurred, the memory of which should intensify the interest which Americans must feel in Iceland, because of its having been so early a republic. In the year 986, an adventurous Norwegian named Bjarn Herjulfson, making for the icy fastnesses of Greenland in his ship, was driven far to the south-westward, and after being, for many days, tempest-tossed, came upon a bleak shore, which he named "Vineland." Bjarn knew not,

and perhaps cared not, how near he was to achieving, by this accidental land-fall, an immortality of fame. He hastened to set sail again, and got safely back to Reikjavik, the capital of Iceland. He told the story of his adventures. One man, more intelligent, perhaps, and at least more ambitious, heard his recital with keen interest. Then he offered to purchase Bjarn's ship. The bargain concluded, the new captain, fitted up with the deliberate intent of going in search of Vineland. His name should not be forgotten; it was Leif Erikson. In the year 1000, he set out upon his rash venture in what was, compared with the craft of our own time, a frail bark, and late in that year was rewarded for his zeal and courage by reaching the Vineland of which Bjarn had told him. Leif was accompanied by thirty-five Icelandic sailors. Reaching Vineland in the autumn, he passed up a broad bay, stowed away his ship in a cove, and went on shore, where he passed the winter. On this shore he left an inscription, discovered long after. He returned to Iceland with the opening spring. Two years after, another Erikson—either Leif's brother or his son, it is not certainly known which—made a second voyage to Vineland, where he established a colony, and settled down; and a few years after, being killed in a skirmish with the aborigines, he was entombed, in his armor, on that distant shore.

Vineland was what is now called New England; the bay in which Leif wintered, and where his successor was buried, is now known as Narragansett Bay; it was near what is now Fall River that the second Erikson's tomb was found; and the first land seen by the Norse discoverer of America, was what we know as Cape Cod. Thus our land was discovered, not by Columbus in 1492, but by bold Leif Erikson in 1000, five centuries before Columbus lived.

After existing as a republic for four or five centuries, Iceland was at last subdued by the fierce warriors who owed allegiance to the not less savage and cruel kings of Denmark; and for a long period after suffered the grossest exactions and tyrannies at the hands of their conquerors. In process of time, however, the Danish rule became more mild, until now the Icelanders live contented, or at least unresisting, under the governors sent to manage their affairs from Copenhagen. They are now permitted to elect their Parliament, and although the King of Denmark reserves the right to veto any measure it may pass, he very rarely exercises it. In short, the Icelanders are permitted to live along pretty much in their own way, and are in a material sense probably as well off as if they governed themselves.

They received Christianity very early in their history as a nation, and no people ever received its truths more willingly and universally. The piety and faith of the Icelanders was a subject of remark centuries ago. They had a bishop, priests, churches, and have always been church-goers. After the Reformation they became, as did their kindred, the Scandinavians, Protestants of the Lutheran type; and now, if I mistake not, the whole population is Protestant.

The Coming Chicago Hotel.

A Berlin newspaper, in a clever satire upon American enterprise, thus describes the coming Chicago hotel:

The latest American progress in building will be the "Mammouth Hotel," soon to be erected in Chicago. This enormous hotel is to have a frontage of three English miles, and a depth of six miles. The height of seventy-seven stories will measure 3480 feet from the ground floor to the roof. The hotel will have no stairs, but five hundred balloons will always be ready to take visitors up to their rooms. No room-waiters are to be employed, but visitors will be served by a newly invented automatic, put up in every bed room, which will do all the shaving, shampooing, etc., for the guests—a very simple and ingenious mechanism. Supposing the guest requires hot water, the automatic will be able to call down stairs, "A bucket of hot water up to room number one million three thousand one hundred and seven!" and the waiter will be up in seven seconds by the patent elevator. One-half hour before the table d'hôte, instead of the ringing of bells, a gun (24-pounder) will be fired on each floor to call the guests to get ready for their meals. The tables in the dining-room will measure four miles each, attendance to be performed by twelve waiters on horseback on either side of the table. Music during table d'hôte will be played gratis by eight bands of seventy-eight men each. For the convenience of visitors, a railway will be built on each floor, as well as telegraph offices. The price for one bed-room will be from one to ten dollars. The cost of this building is estimated to be \$680,000,000. The billiard-room will contain nine hundred American, ninety-nine French and one English table; and most of the visitors are expected to be American. The billiard-room will be fitted out with a spittoon of one hundred feet circumference.

The fruit tree has no fineness of form, nor is it valuable as timber; but what it wants in form and timber, it makes up in flower and fruit. Its wood is valueless compared with that of the oak, its form paltry compared with that of the elm; but no tree of the forest can boast of apple-bloom in spring, and the golden and roscate offerings of

many an autumn atone for the worthlessness of the fallen trunk.—Bayne.

Events of the Week.

BETTER THAN STRYCHNINE.
We suggested last week that our western friends give their visitors, the grasshoppers, a dose of strychnine, but it appears that the furious wind of last Saturday night proved to be a more natural and quite as effective agent, for it blew nearly all of the pests out of the State, and so saved much vegetation that had been given up as doomed: "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good!"

IS IT WHITEWASHED?

Major Wilson, solicitor of the Treasury, has finished the report of his investigation into the operations of the secret service division of the Treasury department. He finds the service to have sprung up and grown into its present importance without any legal warrant for its existence, and that it has been greatly perverted from its legitimate uses. He says little of its connection with the famous district safe-burglary. But it was this safe-burglary business that first precipitated the investigation. Perhaps somebody could explain why the Mayor makes no further allusion to it.

ATMOSPHERIC PHENOMENA.

There has been a remarkable concurrence of disasters from natural causes during the past week. Tuesday morning a very disastrous flood was reported from Pittsburgh and Alleghany City, Penn., and vicinity, caused by sudden and heavy rains. The destruction of property was very great, hundreds of houses having been wrecked, and the loss of life is appalling, being estimated at 200. There have also been unusually destructive storms in other places. So much for our own country. Advice from Austria report that the town of Azagra in Moravia, was overwhelmed by a torrent, caused by a violent storm, demolishing sixty houses; while but few of the inhabitants escaped with their lives. A terrible thunder storm in Ontario caused a very heavy damage to property in Sarina and its vicinity.

A CENTENNIAL-AID PROJECT.

A novel project for assisting the centennial has been devised, and will, it is expected, be carried out under the direction of Dr. Linderman, director of the U. S. mint. It is proposed to strike at the Philadelphia mint a device to be furnished by Dr. Linderman, two medals commemorative of the centennial, one made of silver about the size of a silver dollar, for popular circulation, costing probably \$1.50 or \$2, and the other a more elaborate and costly medal, to be sold for \$5 or \$8. The profit on the former, of which several hundred thousand are expected to be sold, will be about 70 cents each, and the other about the same proportion, after paying the expenses of the mint.

THE GREAT SCANDAL.

The investigation into the Brooklyn scandal has been the almost universal topic of talk during the week. The denials which Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton gave to the truth of Mr. Tilton's statements were followed by the publication on Monday morning of the committee's report of Mr. Tilton's cross-examination, in which he repeated his charges against Mr. Beecher, but made several inconsistent statements. This was followed on Tuesday morning by a card from Mr. Tilton, in which he affirmed that the committee had omitted very important paragraphs from their report of his cross-examination. This card awoke painful reflection, for it indicated bad faith on the committee's part. A satisfactory explanation of the omission will, perhaps, be given. On Wednesday morning we received news of an exciting turn that the affair had taken in the arrest of Tilton for libeling Mr. Beecher. The complaint was entered by one Gaynor, who is on the editorial staff of the Brooklyn *Argus*, and claims that he does it so that the whole truth may be brought out. Tilton engaged counsel, appeared in court next day, and his trial was set down for Monday morning, Aug. 8. This will bring out all witnesses who know anything about the matter, and while it is adding to the unfortunate prominence of the case, the result will doubtless be more satisfactory than the verdict which a committee composed as this one is would be likely to render. Meanwhile the investigation goes on, and Mr. Beecher expresses the belief that he will be able to establish his innocence.

GERMAN INTERVENTION.

Germany thinks that the way the Carlists are slashing about in Spain, cutting up all the Republicans they can capture, and burning and destroying every destructible thing or place that falls into their power, is most too barbarous for these times, and so, she talks of interfering in behalf of the regular government, and is coaxing England and the rest to do the same. It seems desirable to stop the bloodshed there, but we fear that the proposed interference would only increase it. A German fleet has already gone to cruise in Spanish waters.

CHEMISTRY AND PRIESTLEY.

The centennial of chemistry, to celebrate the discovery of oxygen by Joseph Priestley, was observed at Northumberland, Pa., Friday, this being the place where Priestley was buried. A large number of the most prominent chemists of America were present. The convention was presided over by Prof. Chandler of Columbia College, N. Y. Prof. Crafts of Toronto, read a sketch of Mr. Priestley's life, and Prof. Horsford, of Cambridge, read several letters of Mr. Priestley's.

S. S. Department.

Sabbath School Lesson.—Aug. 9.

QUESTIONS AND NOTES BY PROF. J. A. HOWE.
(For Questions see Lesson Papers.)

POWER OVER NATURE.

MARK 4:35-41.

GOLDEN TEXT:—He maketh the storm a calm so that the waves thereof are still.

NOTES AND HINTS.

Omitting some of the instructions of Jesus, the lessons pass to consider more of his wonderful works. Few of his miracles, and, to some minds, none, exhibit so impressively his divine power as the one we are now to study.

35. "The same day," denotes that during which the preceding parables had been spoken. He uttered the parable of the sower in a boat by the sea-shore, and proposed, as the next step in his work, to go across the sea into the country of the Gadarenes. His object undoubtedly was to preach the kingdom of God, and to scatter his mercies of healing among the people of that region. He did not wish to confine his activities to any narrow locality, but to scatter, as widely as his relations to the Jews made consistent, the blessings of his presence.

36. The multitudes whom his teachings with mystic power drew around him, and, in spite of hunger and exposure, held to the spot where he was, would be, by the departure of Christ, compelled to withdraw, but either thinking that he might soon return, or that he was going to a place where they could follow him, they would not depart, and it became necessary for the disciples to disabuse their minds of these ideas and to send them away. Their reluctance to go is incidentally seen in the statement that "there were also with him other little ships." We have record of a similar case of earnest following him, when Jesus sought to withdraw into a desert place. Mark 6:33. The persons who were in the little ships must also have been imperiled by the squall that struck the sea. These little ships were skiffs carrying a rude sail. The ship occupied by the disciples, was doubtless the property of the firm to which Peter and John belonged. By poetic license the vessel is termed a "ship," for the business of the lake was never extensive enough to introduce on its waters crafts of great size. Perhaps a sail-boat, especially if qualified by the word small, would more accurately describe the vessel. "They took him even as he was" means without his going ashore from the boat which, while preaching to those on shore, he had occupied as his pulpit.

THE STORM.

37. "And there arose a great storm of wind." The lake is subject to such storms. Travelers mention them as sudden, severe, dangerous, smiting the waters into commotion, creating billows of threatening size and power, and making the sea perilous for the mariner. This storm came rushing down on them with frequent and resistless blasts. The neighboring hills seemed vain to stop it, and the valleys between seemed both the source and the channels of the hurricane, through which it rushed to smite the sea. "The waves beat into the ship so it was now full." It was no ordinary storm when these sailors could not more successfully manage their boat. Peter and John, Andrew and James were familiar with navigation, and capable as any on that sea of sailing a vessel on its waters, but this gale defied their seamanship and exposed them to death. In order to understand the severity of the storm we must remember that experienced sailors were made to cry out, "We perish." Their boat was "covered with water," says Matthew, or "was now full," as Mark says. The dashing waves broke over the vessel, and, in spite of all efforts to bail it out, filled, and so was about to sink the craft. The disciples were afraid that they should go to the bottom.

CHRIST ASLEEP.

38. "And he was in the hinder part of the ship asleep on a pillow." His labors during the day had exhausted him. It was now evening. Leaving the care of the boat to the less weary disciples and to the men who were in possession of it, he retired to the most quiet part and sought rest. He slept because he was a man, slept because he had wrought "while it was day" the work of Him who sent him, slept, though on the shores around him, were multitudes that believed not on him, though his kingdom scarcely yet had a foothold on the earth, though as men sometimes reason, he had work enough, cares, anxieties, burdens enough on his spirit to have prevented sleep. He slept sweetly and soundly. The winds, the billows, the tossing boat, the cries of the alarmed men, the hiss and roar of the storm disturb him not. It was not because, by supernatural power he was to effect his work, that he could so quietly repose. He had done what he could of benevolent labor. He meant to do all that remained in his power to do. Sleep his conscience allowed, his plans required, for by it he prepared for the coming day when "virtue" must go forth from him in acts of healing and instruction. The disciple of the Lord, who by anxiety, nervousness, fear and worry shows zeal, may well pause over the sight here presented of Christ asleep.

CHRIST AWAKENED.

"And they awake him," and say unto him, Master, carest thou not that we perish? Luke repeats the word "Master" another time, and cites them as saying, "We perish." Matthew reads, "Lord, save us; we perish." The words of Mark

show the perfect rest of Christ's mind which knew nothing of fear. A sublime trust ever carried him above its regions, for fear is the child of distrust. The words of Mark indicate a reflection on Christ for his unconcern for his own and for their life. When Mark says, "we," he means, not simply we who speak, but all of us, including Christ. Hence their language is not a rebuke to him for indifference to their fate, but of indifference to his own as involved in their condition. They frantically appealed to him to wake and save them. In his ability to do this they had no certain faith. Their prayer to him was as if a child should, in its own powerlessness, beseech a father equally powerless, to save it from the yawning waters. Their surprise at the effect of Christ's words is evidence that when they said, "Lord, save us; we perish," they knew not what they said. It was the language of despair addressed to one who did not partake of the feeling. Their prayer gained more than they dared to hope; for had they known that he could save them, they would also have known that he would save them. But as they supposed he was in as much danger as they were, their appeal to him was like that which, in a sinking ship, the weak by nature make to their strong though now powerless protectors. They did better than they knew. Flying in terror and despair to our Lord, and praying to him to awake and save, he literally answered their prayer. So now, when we are buffeted by the storms which smite and threaten with death, if we, in alarm and despair, or, all the better, in faith and calm repose, we put our case in the hands of Jesus, we always do the wisest and the best thing.

THE SEA STILLED.

39. "And he arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm." The wind was both addressed and rebuked. He rebuked it, in this manner, in order to more impressively show his power over the hostile force. The rebuke was administered as if the wind had thus transgressed its limits, and, by imperiling the life of its Lord had been wanting in respect. This rebuke extended, according to Luke, to "the raging of the waters." The words of Christ to the sea are very commanding in their tone. They denote high authority. "Silence!" instead of "peace," we might read. The original of the word correctly translated "be still" is, "be muzzled." The majesty of Christ's person and character is seen in this event, and at this moment. Let some one of the Sabbath school class describe the scene, as Jesus, standing on the stern of that rapidly filling craft, while the billows dash furiously over it, and the wind whistles and shrieks, looks out on the deep, and up to the hills which seem to pour the blasts down their sides, and "rebukes the wind and the raging of the water" with the words, "Peace, be still." What if they should no more heed his voice than the voice of Peter? Why should they any more sink into the state which he commands, than into that which John might command? Why may we not say to the forces of nature what he said, and not cover ourselves with derision for our words? What difference marks his and our relation to the forces of nature? Here we see that Jesus was not like us, that he was not a finite being, that he was Creator, not subject, when in this world. So when Jesus said, "Peace, be still," there was a great calm. There was no failure, no delay. The winds and the sea obeyed. What was audacity in man was majesty in him, and what would have gained only ridicule for man, gained veneration for him. It is so now. Only Jesus can still a heart not at rest. He can bring a calm out of every storm, can make the weary, tempest-tossed and shattered soul know its appropriate peace.

UNBELIEF REBUKED.

40. "And he saith to them, Why are ye so fearful? how is it that ye have no faith?" This remark shows that the disciples had no understanding of Christ, and prayed for his help rather because of their terror, than of their trust in his power. They were fearful because they did not know the character of Jesus. They had no faith because they were so alarmed that they could not calmly reason from what they had seen Jesus do on the shore, to the sudden necessities of the hour which demanded power over nature for their safety. It seemed utterly impossible that a man, by his word, could command the wind and the sea. So now, in the trials of life, many things seem impossible for even Christ to remedy, and we have many disturbances which it is hard to believe he can remove or quiet, but we know not the magic power of his "peace, be still," nor the safety and assurance of the soul that Jesus Jesus on board. When he pillows his head on our hearts, "why are we fearful? how is it that we have no faith?"

ASTONISHMENT AND FEAR.

41. The disciples, and others with them in the ship, and all those in the little ships, were astonished at the calm that followed the command of Jesus. Their astonishment was joined with fear. "They feared exceedingly," first, because of the "mystery" that enveloped this; next, because of the evidence vividly seen that he was clothed with omnipotence; thirdly, that the elements most independent of human authority were passive and obedient to his voice, and so the reach of his authority was suggested; and fourthly, because they were utterly bewildered and lost, in the presence of such a being there with them as if of the human family, when yet here was startling proof that he was something more than human. They could not comprehend him, nor tell what manner of man he was. We may also see how their want of trust contributed to their fear and wonder. We know whom Jesus claims to be, and we

see and may experience the proof that his claims are correct. He is the Son of God, in the world to heal its sorrows, and to still the waves raised by all its storms, to give peace in trouble, rest in disquiet, joy in grief, hope in despair, and immortality in death. He is here to forgive, which stills the storms of sin, and here to comfort and cheer, which quiets the waves of every adversity, and here to save to the uttermost all who trust in him.

Communications.

Scripture Interpretation.

The work of an interpreter of the Bible is to explain it so as to make obvious its true meaning. He should let it speak for itself. He should take the language and interpret it according to the law of language as he would any other book, remembering that it is human language addressed to human beings to be understood by them, and not a book of enigmas or riddles requiring mysterious skill to solve them. He should go to it to ascertain what it teaches, and not to confirm himself in preconceived tenets, as is too often the case. Men form their creeds and then go to the Scriptures for the proof, and twist the word, or parts of it, into the support of their doctrine.

The advocates of Calvinism, Catholicism, Unitarianism, Swedenborgianism, Universalism; all and many others, profess to believe that the Bible sustains their own peculiar notions. But is it so? Is the Bible in fault that there is such a variety of opinions ostensibly based upon it, or is it the fault of the interpreters? Are they not sometimes so blinded by prejudice that they can not take the language and interpret it according to its *usus loquendi* but, according to their own opinion? On this principle any kind of faith, however absurd, even Mormonism, may be made to support; and if there is found something contradictory, every resource which human ingenuity can devise is taxed to the utmost to explain it away. One man sees only the goodness of God, overlooking his justice entirely; another sees the humanity of Christ alone, discarding his divinity; while another recognizes only the promises of God, ignoring his threatenings and thereby tasking severely his hermeneutical acumen. The consequence is that while he makes the eternal rewards of a future life valid to all, the eternal punishment of the wicked needs to be modified and limited. To be sure the Greek word *aionios*, eternal, describes them both, but that originally (applied to finite things) had a limited signification, and that signification may be used here. "These shall go away into eternal (*aionion*) punishment, but the righteous into life eternal (*aionion*)." The latter, all are willing to admit, but the former, notwithstanding it is a correlative or co-ordinate term, and by the law of language has the same meaning, yet must be explained away, and why? Simply because it is applied to punishment which an adopted creed limits. The creed determines the meaning, or more plausibly, the analogy of faith requires it. How is it done? *Aionios* comes from two words which mean "always being," and it does not mean eternal or endless, there is no word that does; and yet for the sake of a creed men attempt to limit it.

As applied to this life it has a limited signification. Though it is used to designate long periods of time here—life, age, the hills, the world, the longest time possible, and when carried beyond the grave it properly means the longest period possible there, yet men limit it simply because they want it limited—that is all.

Language carried from this world to another—from time to eternity—from the finite to the infinite, comes to have an enlarged meaning demanded by the scope of the subject. We may call it a derived or secondary meaning, but will it answer to go back to the primary signification from this consideration alone, especially when the secondary meaning becomes the established meaning? Such a course with our language would often make nonsense of it, carrying us back to the obsolete. Such logic would do away with God, hell, and heaven itself.

God is a spirit (*pneuma*), which originally means breath, air, wind,—a symbol of nothing; therefore God is nothing. "The wind (*pneuma*) bloweth where it listeth &c., so is every one that is born of the wind (*pneuma*)."
Here we have gone back to the primary meaning as recommended by a class of interpreters, because the secondary meaning, it is argued, would not be "understood by the people to whom it is immediately addressed." But how is it? Which makes the best sense, "Born of the wind" or "born of the spirit"? We need not answer, but let us turn to the Bible. Hell—*hadēs*, is primarily "a dark, obscure place," the "grave," but when it is transferred to the future world where there are no graves, it means "hell"—the dark place of the lost; and shall we come back to the earth and call it the grave? We can not, without doing violence to the language. So it is with the other word translated hell—*gehenna*—the valley of Hinnom—the most odious and detestable place on the earth to the Jew; and of course it fitly represents the most detestable place to be found beyond this life.

Heaven is paradise—an Oriental pleasure garden. Canaan the land of promise, Jerusalem a city in Palestine, "a place heaved up," and does it mean no more, as "the home of the blessed," our eternal home? Not if the argument by which "eternal" is explained away, is valid. In the other world spirit is not wind, hell is not the grave, or the valley of Hinnom, heaven is not a garden, a city in Palestine or Palestine itself; nor is duration finite. There *aionios* means eternal, or there is no word which can express the idea.

If "forever," transferred to the spirit world, does not mean endless, what can it? Its limitation, when applied to the finite, does not militate against its infinite signification. "They shall be your bondmen forever;" i.e., they shall never be set free as others are. The fire upon the altar "shall never go out," i.e., it shall be kept constantly burning; and it was so kept as long as temple and altar lasted. Such language is not misunderstood any more than it is when a man says, "It is as hot as fire"—"It is as cold as ice;" and these expressions do not destroy the heat of fire, or the cold of ice, nor when *aionios* is applied to the mountains, the ages, the world is its eternal signification impaired when applied to the future condition of the saved and lost?

The word is sufficiently explicit in regard to the future condition of the wicked, and it is equally explicit in regard to the sovereign remedy provided for us. "Fear not them which kill the body (here) but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell (hereafter)." All men could do in "the valley of Hinnom" here was to kill the body, but God could destroy "both soul and body in 'the valley of Hinnom' hereafter. Or as Luke has it, "Fear him which after he hath killed, hath power to cast into hell—*gehenna*." This does not look like its being "a symbol of temporal calamity" merely. It is something after death more to be dreaded than death itself.

Over against this everlasting punishment is set everlasting life, a complete and sovereign remedy through faith in Christ. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting (*aionion*) life." Here then is our safety. Whosoever believeth is not condemned. The vital question then is, *Do we believe?*—J. M. B.

Drawing Nigh to God.

BY SELAH HIBBARD BARRETT.

"Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you."—James 4:8.

It is not supposed that we can come to God as one person approaches another, or that he visits us in person. This is impossible. Yet there is a communication between God and man, and there has always been. Though we can not see God face to face, we can know him, and feel that he is our friend,—one that is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, ever ready in his unbounded goodness to administer comfort. He who desires to draw nigh to God can do so; but it must be done through the appointed means of grace, not merely alone by human effort, for human strength is weakness.

To draw nigh to God in the sense of the text, we must have a correct understanding of God's economy,—the modes by which spiritual blessings are communicated. The conditions of mind must be such, as to give us faith in the Son of God, that we lay hold on the promises. Indeed, there must be an inward disposition of heart to forsake the world and cleave to Christ as the center of all our hopes. The more we do this the more easy will be the access to that fountain of divine love that inspires the soul in its onward march in the divine life.

We are not so far from God as many suppose. He is in our midst taking cognizance of every thought, word, or act. But our sensibilities have become so blunted by the reigning power of sin, that we scarcely believe that we are in the presence of the Most High, to whom we must, in the day of judgment, give account. Because our vision of spiritual things is so dim, we do not recognize his presence; but we look upon him through with reverential awe, as one who inhabits a region far remote from human sight. True we see him in the tempest, in the waves, and in the cataract. In other words, we see exhibited his stupendous power every where in Nature. But our weak faith says: "How can we, in our feebleness, draw nigh to such a Being, and how can he draw nigh to us, insignificant creatures of the dust?"

It is not by artificial means, or by plans of our own, that will accomplish the divine object. Man is composed of matter and spirit. It is the spirit or soul that is meant. This is to draw nigh to God, and in doing so the worshiper is blessed. The whole transaction, is not, therefore, one of physical action; the body remains as a passive agent while the mind carries on the work required. Certainly the duty enforced must be a pleasant one, as it purifies the heart and fits it for the Holy Ghost to dwell in.

We may draw nigh to God by meditation and reflection. The purposes of the mind can never be fully settled without proper reflection. To consummate any scheme or plan, it requires thought and consideration. Without these important requisites, it is difficult to come to a decision, even in the most trifling matters. But when the soul is seeking a higher good, shall it be deprived of those helps so necessary in the ordinary business of life? Not at all. Let it then bring to its aid all the agencies required to accomplish its purposes. The philosopher is often absorbed in his meditations. His mind is active in making new discoveries, and in enriching the world of science by the results of his reflections. Men of God may obey the mandate of heaven. The Christian, although deprived of religious privileges, may meditate, as did David in the night watches, and have his spiritual strength renewed.

2. We may draw nigh to God by learning our duty from the Scriptures. Everything that we know, or expect to know, must be learned. The infant comes into the world entirely ignorant, and for years

needs a protector and an instructor. The first rudiments are taught, and, when these are thoroughly understood, the child is further instructed. So in this matter. Without the Bible, we know little of God, and the duty we owe to him. But in the Scriptures of divine truth it is unfolded to view. We read and become instructed. Duty is plainly set forth to view. Conscience is aroused, and our true character is seen. We behold it as we never before saw it. The first inquiry is, "What shall I do to be saved?" This is the first step to be noticed in drawing nigh to God. We read his law, obey it, conforming our life and conduct to the holy oracles. What more have we to do? "Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you."

3. We may draw nigh to God by observing the ordinances of the gospel. To keep in favor with God and to enjoy his smiles, we are to obey all the requirements of the Bible. An open profession of religion is not all that is required. The various ordinances of the gospel are to be observed,—baptism, the Lord's supper, etc. In the proper discharge of these duties, great peace is enjoyed, such as the world knows not of. The divine influences of the Spirit illuminate the mind, and it has sweet foretastes of heaven. There is an ardent thirsting after righteousness, and the soul, as if weary of the world and tired of its earth-bound tenement longs to soar on high, and approach in the presence of the Saviour. But so long as it is bound to earth, its desires can not be fully gratified; yet the aspirations of that soul may reach higher than earth, and in thought be wafted as it were to the paradise of God.

4. We may draw nigh to God by prayer. This is perhaps the most practical mode of drawing nigh to him. Prayer is the natural desire of the heart. How easy to lift the soul above the cares of earth! How easy to call upon God in distress! How comforting to find a refuge in Jesus! How sweet to realize the hopes which the Christian, in his pilgrimage journey through this world, enjoys! Prayer is a mode of communication denied to none. The poor, down-cast soul, troubled on every side, raises the voice of supplication to heaven. The toil-worn pilgrim of earth, whose sands of life are nearly run, looks up to this fountain of blessedness, and sighs for the fulfillment of the divine promises. So, in all stages of Christian experience, one can look up to God and most effectually draw nigh to him. No circumstance in life can deprive the saint of this privilege. At home or abroad, in palace or in prison, in power or in weakness, in poverty or in wealth, in affliction or prosperity, the aspirations of the soul may ascend above, nothing to obstruct the free intercourse of the Spirit.

Ratland, O.

A Missionary's Work.

MAY 26. Was up, bathed and dressed in season for the 5 o'clock prayer meeting. As our people mostly live quite near the chapel, it is no hardship for them to come together at early morn, and a portion of them enjoy doing so. Read Jo. 15:3, which served as a key note to the meeting, and earnest prayers were offered that we may become more fruitful.

At 6 A. M., conducted the religious exercises of the school, heard a class read, and arranged for class books. Our school now opens at 6 o'clock, and, with half an hour's recess at 9, closes at 12 o'clock. The scholars then have till 3 P. M., to bathe, get their food, sleep, study, or do what they like. At 3 P. M., the bell rings to call them to labor, some at one thing and some at another, but the majority work in the garden. We now have a large vegetable garden, kept up mostly by the Santal boys, who have a large share of the produce for their own use. It would be about useless to attempt a boarding school here, without some system of manual labor, and the garden offers not only the most ready and profitable, but in fact about the only business we can adopt, and as the young men are able to aid themselves by their labor they are the more ready and cheerful to work.

Returning from the school, we had several men from a distance on business, and although the gospel was proposed, they excused themselves and soon left.

After looking after a few things about the premises, and a season of private reading, had a talk with Madhu Das, native preacher, about his work, his family, &c.

About 8 A. M., Des. Brunda (our village collector, &c.) brought me a measurement of the village land, that we might decide on supplying further applicants. The late showers have enabled our people to plow and prepare their land for sowing, and at present prospects are fair. Our western farmers, on their broad acres, quarter sections, sections, &c., would smile to be told of a farm of not over 150 acres, parcelled out to at least 70 cultivators, who are to draw hence food for their families. The provision for irrigation makes the land very valuable, and when well tilled it produces largely.

At 9 A. M., our daily mail came, bringing also our home papers and letters for the week. Dispatching a letter to Mrs. P. at Balasore, we hastened to attend our weekly market in a pleasant *Sai* grove not far from the Bungalow. The hearing was good for a time, but as the din and roar of trade increased our hearers dropped off, and we returned home to breakfast. We usually take a bite to start with in the morning, and then aim to do half a day's work and be ready for a late breakfast at about 11 A. M. This allows us to take dinner between four and five P. M., as the heat of the day begins to subside, after which we are able to go abroad again.

After breakfast we read our home letters, glanced over the papers and then had half hour's noon-day nap. This nap has become quite constitutional, is a great com-

fort, health preserver and time saver, as without it, the dullness and languor caused by the intense heat become almost overpowering. After the nap the Scripture lesson is looked over for the Santal brethren who come to me at 2 P. M., and remain till 3 P. M. From three to four o'clock made up my packet of home letters, which is to go to-morrow, A. M., and having dined, were off at 5 P. M., for Rajbansa, a mile and a half distant to find hearers. Had but just entered the village when, seeing a group of men sitting on the veranda of a shop, I hitched my pony and went to them, and being kindly received and provided with a seat, we at once fell into conversation. Singularly enough they had just been discussing the subject of the origin of the devil. They had been much puzzled to understand how God, whom they admit to be a good and benevolent Being, could have created a being such as the devil. After giving them the usual explanation, which seemed to afford them a good deal of light, the way was open to speak of One who is stronger than the strong man armed, and who has overcome him and is now taking from him his armor wherein he trusted and is delivering his spoil. This view of the matter appeared to be well received—was freely discussed, and altogether the occasion was both a pleasant and I trust a profitable one. I left them at dusk both cheered and encouraged, but not till one of the number had treated me with a few sips as an act of friendship.

Before I reached home, I heard the bell for the Santal weekly prayer meeting, which began at 7 1/2 P. M., and lasted one hour. Since its close, have been endeavoring to comply with a request from our Cor. Sec., and give the account of a single day's labor. Of course, the routine of no two days' would be precisely the same.

J. P.

Midnapore.

EVERY DAY LIFE.

MAY 30th. It is time that the organ was reported. We have been waiting for it to get settled in the chapel, but it hasn't gone yet, it still stays in our sitting-room. Our native people come to sing with it, and admire it. Some months ago, Dr. B. sent to Bro. Marshall of Balasore to get some sassa timber from the jungle about twenty miles south of B., to make a box for the organ. The timber had to be cut, brought in to B., and sent up here by ox-cart, about one hundred miles, and it has just got here. Now, it has to be sawed into boards and seasoned, planed and polished. All this will take time, for sassa is as hard to work as rose-wood, which it closely resembles. The box is to be as nice as can be made, lined with zinc to make it a sure protection from dust and white ants. The organ is well worthy of it. Competent English judges pronounce it "perfect," and the plan of five screws in each key strikes them as a sure guard against the rainy season, which is very trying to musical instruments in this country.

Rev. L. L. Harmon's gift is appreciated, and will, we doubt not, prove a permanent blessing to Midnapore. Now if somebody else would only send us a camera, we should be happy, and would send home faces.

JUNE 3d. Bro. Frost came last Saturday. He is seizing every word he hears, and his ears seem ever on the alert. He has hard study of five hours a day; at this rate he will outstrip us all in a little while. Hillsdale College must be a sharp place. Miss Cilley, after six months only, has assumed the entire care of the Zenana department. It embraces about sixty-five houses, in all parts of the city, and about a hundred pupils. She has under her nine native helpers, and the care of them and the details of the work make a talking knowledge of the language absolutely indispensable, but she is getting on with it all, understanding and making herself understood.

6th. In our boys' prayer meeting this week, three young men came in as inquirers and expressed themselves as determined to be Christians. It is so good to see the church boys working for their school-mates. I asked one of these young men if any one had taught him about Christ, and he said yes, Bedysagara, and the other two said they had been taught to pray by the boys in their homes. There is a little village of Santals, just outside our hedge, on the jungle side. It has sprung up all at once, the Santals coming in from the jungle for work. Two or three of our schoolboys go there every morning and night to teach and talk to them, and they have several little handfuls of children who are learning to read. So the work goes on.

S. P. B.

Religion.

There seems to be enough of the above named article. A person may be full of religion, yet only partially filled with the Christian graces.

Belief in the existence of a God is general. In worshipfulness there is not so much lack, but the all-conquering power of love, that loves God with all the heart, and our neighbor as ourselves, exists on too small a scale. The Hindu devotee is a notable example, is a great religionist, false to be sure, nevertheless as good as any that is deficient in the qualities of a true Christian character. One may be full of religion, and full of sin, full of faith and full of light, a very extravagant faith that would engage to move a mountain, but that does not work at all by love, full of worship and full of Satan, full of knowledge and words and full of hellish deeds.

But he that is full of mercy, joy, love and the Holy Ghost, has no place for sin and Satan. Be ye filled with the Spirit, let all of your words be seasoned with grace, and your daily walk be adorned with a holy life and a godly conversation,—this is the only effectual guard against false religion and an abuse of the truth.

A. D. P.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5, 1874.

GEORGE T. DAY, Editor.
G. F. MOSHER, Ass't. 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.

Register for 1875.

We commence this week the preparation of the Register for next year, and shall be under the necessity of saying "No Report," from those Quarterly Meetings whose Clerks fail to send in one promptly.

Secretaries of our benevolent societies and literary institutions will please send us a corrected list, or the friends of said institutions will be mortified at erroneous reports. A list of the Quarterly Meetings not yet reported may be found in another column.

Editorial Correspondence.

HALIFAX, N. S., JULY 25, 1874.

Life in Halifax, in its main features, is like life elsewhere. Human nature is essentially one in all places. The good and evil, the refined and vulgar, the rich and poor, splendor and squalor, that which attracts, and that which disgusts, official pompousness and low-lived sycophancy,—all these arrest attention here as elsewhere. And the fact that the city is a commercial seaport, an imperial post, a point often visited by ocean steamships, men of war, and boats representing many lines of travel, the capital of the Province, the focal point of a large correspondence, and a place of resort for summer tourists from many parts of Europe, most of the United States, and all portions of Canada,—this fact helps to make it cosmopolitan as well as provincial. While especially embodying what is peculiar to Nova Scotia, still, in a small way, it epitomizes a good part of the world. Localized, narrowed, half torpid and dreary in the winter and spring, it wakes at the coming of summer, arrays and spreads itself during the sultry months, clears its air, brightens in the sunshine, holds out varied attractions to please its guests and replenish its purse, and keeps the delightful autumn weather till the December snow-storms drive its visitors homeward and its citizens into winter habits and dull routine. Thus its life flourishes and fades with the changing of the seasons; the years go by, generations succeed each other, and the town, which its ambitious, self-complacent and imitative citizens love to speak of as "the Liverpool of America," still remains Halifax, and it also compels its people to carry the sobriquet of "blue-noses." And in all this it is vastly like a great number of other towns and cities, larger and smaller, both east and west, in the old world and the new.

I have already referred to its aping of English manners and customs. This tendency grows obviously weaker. I am told, since the province so far cut loose from the mother country as to go into the Canadian confederation. But it plainly crops out still. There is yet a deal of caste. The leading men are conservative and hostile of radical measures and innovators. Birth and blood mean a great deal. Pedigrees are held in high esteem. The sixth cousin of an English nobleman, who had many acres but few virtues, carries the head here with an aristocratic poise, and sniffs the foggy air with magnificent disdain when a plain and untitled Nova Scotian presumes, on the ground of high character or near neighborhood, to be free and familiar.—The military and naval officers, holding the Queen's commission, walk with a grand strut or bow with a patronizing condescension, and the people are often ready to play the lady and endorse their assumptions.—The little provincial legislative body that meets here in the Old Provincial House every February, numbering about 60 members, who, as the intelligent gentleman who sits at my elbow at the dinner-table says, "spent most of their breath, while in session, in gasconade and abuse of each other," is divided into an Upper and a Lower House, and is called "the Parliament." The mayor of the city, bears the title of "His Worship."—Most of the small officers have big titles which are well aired in common intercourse.—The driver of an ordinary one-horse open buggy and an inferior animal, often has a man in blue and buff, white gloves and massive stove-pipe perched on a small seat projecting in the rear, sitting as straight as a yard-stick, with passionless face, set eyes and folded arms, who thus plays footman in genuine Hyde Park style.—The clergyman wears his professional badge everywhere, in the form of a white cravat, black kids, and the special cut of his coat, and unmentionables.—The ladies of the upper class affect English manners,—in dress, in gait, in style and topics of conversation, in the treatment of servants and social inferiors. They have more or less the fair complexion, the dignity, the social refinement and grace, and the domestic appreciation of their sisters across the sea, without their physical robustness and fullness of form.

The lower class of men are stalwart and hard-worked; the women are somewhat coarse and rough in appearance and manners, showing that the stress of life is severe, and that its friction wears away grace of feature and gladness of soul. There are scoundrels of the city where the low prices that are always fostered by the violence of soldiers and sailors, not only foster in secret but flaunt in the face of the sun. They make a humane observer sad and a true

Christian heartsick. These moral plague-spots appear in all cities, and they sadly disfigure what ought to be the all-pervading beauty of Halifax.

Elsewhere, it is a joy to stroll. One never tires of the view from the Citadel; the small Public Garden is well-kept and always attractive; the Common gives promise of future beauty; a noble Park is projected toward Pleasant Point; one may muse long and often among the mournful beauties of the Protestant cemetery; and portions of Pleasant, Hollis, Morris, Brunswick and Granville streets, and Spring Garden Road, offer not a little to cheer and charm the visitor. The fog now comes in but rarely. More than half the days bring almost perfect weather. Clear sunlight and cool breezes draw one out of doors almost without a purpose. In the evening, the air is laden with the pure breath of the sea; the heaven is full of stars; the lights twinkle at all points in the harbor and mirror themselves in its depths, and Halifax goes to sleep in the heart of July as an inland village seeks for comfort in its bed during the middle of September.

There is little manufacturing done here. Trade has not many special features. There is no rich agricultural region at hand to send in the products of the soil for export. The Pictou coal abounds at the wharves, and lumber is an ample commodity; but the vessels can load with fuel cheaper at Sidney, and the forests must pay a pretty heavy duty before they can get their products into "the States." As the rivers swarm with salmon and the harbor is alive with lobsters, both are extensively cooked and canned for export, and get good profits.

The markets are like what one finds across the ocean. A few country people bring in their produce for sale each week-day morning; on Wednesday there is a considerable show; but Saturday is the day of days for this business. There is a good and spacious building for the use of the market-men and women. But few display their products inside, except as the weather compels them to vacate the squares, the side-walks, the streets, &c., in the neighborhood of the building and on every side of the Post-office. The teams are legion; the traders are three times as many as the teams; the women are four times as numerous as the men and twice as skillful at a bargain. The horses are generally sorry-looking beasts; the wagons and carts look sorer than the animals that pull them; and many of the drivers the sorriest-looking of all. A few are young and somewhat comely; most of them have to look a long way back to find their childhood; and their beauty is something that probably lived only in their own fancies or shone into the eyes of their early lovers. Most of them are real blue-noses; a few negroes mix in with the pale-faces, and some groups of Indian men and women are seen with their inevitable baskets, some meant for ornament, most for solid use, and all sold wonderfully cheap. Most of the Indian men choose a sunny spot, lol and lean against the walls of the building, smoke their pipes and stolidly stare; the women lean and smoke also, but, instead of staring, they ply their trade of basket-making and sell their products.

These traders come in from a distance of from five to thirty miles. All arrive early, so as to get the good places, catch the first customers, and increase their chances of selling out their stock. Some of them must ride or walk nearly the whole previous night to be in season, and then, after chaffering it may be till noon, ride or walk home again before they can rest. One sees them on their return, nodding on the cart-seat, or prone on the rough boards fast asleep. All the seasonable products of the country are found stowed in the wagons, or more likely displayed neatly on the sidewalk or the edge of the street. Here is a lot of radishes; these, a leg of mutton; now, a basket of bouquets; next, some dressed chickens; then, half a bushel of field strawberries hulled and ready for the table; yonder is some delicious-looking butter; close at hand is a lot of green peas; just across the way is a hive of honey; then you almost stumble over a live calf tied to the felloe of a cart wheel; here, at the right hand, is another great stretch of strawberries in little dishes of birch bark; and while you bend your head to look at them close at hand, and to smell the fragrant bouquets that flank them, you are startled by the flapping wings and shrill crowing of a rooster within six inches of your nose. And so for hours the business of the market goes steadily on, the sellers taking half the streets and two-thirds of the side-walks with their teams and stock in trade, while the buyers, men, women and children, from the mistress of the mansion to the scullion of the Irish boarding-house and hovel, take up the rest of the space and leave other people to get on as they can.

It is a picturesque, busy, bustling, but still orderly and pleasant scene thus witnessed, and animated novelty to most keepers at home in New England. Now and then a donkey figures in the living picture; and, one day, I saw, going home from the Dartmouth market, a man and his wife in a moderate-sized cart drawn by a single ox harnessed into the shafts and guided by lines like a horse. That is a very common sight in Europe; but it is the first I have happened to see in America. I have not yet seen here two cows harnessed up and a-jandem as I have seen them in Germany, nor a big dog pulling at a hand-cart on either side of a woman, as I once did in Holland.

But this is a long letter, and yet I have only half set forth the special phases of life here that I had noted for mention and comment. I meant to complete the work ere this. But the story spins out slowly and lazily, as I am now letting my life spin out. Whether I shall be inclined to pick up the thread where it now breaks off, I can not say. I wish the readers could drink

in restfulness from a perusal of the story of life here as I drink it in while quietly studying the life itself, and that these simple pictures could carry coolness to fevered frames as the sea-breeze brings it to mine while I half lounge at my table and paint them in outline. May God's breath of peace at least fall on their spirits, the breath that ever goes to the most oppressed of receptive souls with refreshment and healing on its wings.

Knowing the Truth.

We suppose a good many persons pretend that they are doing right when they know that they are not. It may, indeed, not always be pure depravity that leads them to practice this simulation. It may rather be the gay companions, the warm but fruitless friendships, the pleasant associations, and all the mental and sensual gratifications which he along the way they follow, when they know very well that the end of that way lies amid the shadows that rest over the place of skulls. And so they yield to the pleasures of the moment, until their vision fails to welcome the true light, and they find themselves mistaking the glow that comes from Tartarus for the old watchfires that used to glow by the Eternal City.

Is there any valid excuse for these wanderings? Can the sincere seeker believe that he is following truth when it is only error, that he is minding God's will when in fact he is having his own way? Not without an effort. Conscience is not made of so weak stuff as that. But if a way seems right, does that make it so? Can you make a man believe that he is eating an orange, when in fact he is gnawing a gourd? You might, if he had never before known either an orange or a gourd. Is there, then, no difference in this respect between oranges and gourds, or between truth and error? Must a man be taught truth before he can recognize it, or have his moral palate shocked by the lees of sin before he will shun it? Now, there is not so very much in the name, after all. We have learned to like oranges under that name, but we would like them just as well if they had first been called gourds. Give a Greenland orange and tell him it is a gourd; he would relish it just as well. Give him a gourd and tell him it is an orange; he would throw it away just as quick.

Do we not generally know the difference between right and wrong, quite as well as we do the difference between the tastes of bitter and sweet? What if we do sit down to our meal of gourds, sweetened and spiced so as not to outrage the palate? We know perfectly well that it is gourds on which we are feeding, and that they are not the kind of food to thrive upon. It betrays weakness to plead ignorance of the difference between the nature of right and wrong as an excuse for sin. God doesn't leave us to drift in that way. Knowing that we might grow up in ignorance of Greek, or Latin, or Hebrew, or even English, he has written his law on our hearts and in the conscience, so we might not mistake it. Knowing that some would be blind and unable to learn it by sight, others deaf and unable to learn it by hearing, and more perverse and unwilling to learn it at all, he has made it an intuition, a voice that speaks not to the natural ear but to the heart, a vision that appears not to the natural eye but is seen, a presence that touches not the body but is yet felt in the heart and the soul.

We have Christ's own word that the Spirit shall guide us into all truth. Would he say it and then not fulfill it? Would he even let it be a mere matter of expediency, leaving us to reason in this way? "It is better to do so, or safer to do differently." Conscience doesn't use that kind of speech. It says plainly, "Thou shalt," or "Thou shalt not." It speaks in no whispering or ambiguous tone. We usually know what it means, even if we do not recognize its authority. How else could the sense of right and wrong remain in the world? They are no mere arbitrary divisions, leaving us to vary the line to suit a fancy.

The Christian church, then, is not wholly guiltless of the sins that it wrings at. It too often knows better than it does. Is it through the door of ignorance that its burden of follies is admitted, or through the door of indulgence? Ask yourself, and don't tell a lie when you answer. May the professed Christian walk arm in arm with the world and not know what he is doing? Does he think to keep his integrity in this way? Plunge litmus paper into the fumes of brimstone. Can it come forth without giving up its own royal color for the hue of blood? Neither can he who would wear the robes of truth enter the path of indulgence and bring them forth unstained.

And yet, it is only by loving the truth that we get the clearest conception of it. It is very much in spiritual as in temporal affairs,—by compliance with the laws of the universe we put ourselves in possession of its blessings. So "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." Thus we may "prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God." Whoever believes on him shall not abide in darkness.

Can the Christian, then, never mingle with the world without being harmed by it? Yes, and no. If he goes to the far bank, for instance, to leave a truth, the atmosphere could hardly hurt him. It would be quite another thing to remain and play until he had emptied his purse. Moreover, the Christian's field is the world, and the weeds of sin, however rank or foul, are the very ones he should lay hold of. The soul is not likely to suffer, wherever it goes, if it be for truth's sake. If the shield of grace is before the heart, the enemy's darts can not pierce it.

The application of it all is very easy. Love God, and he will stay by you; obey him, and his truth shall be an every day possession. But not without love and

obedience. No favored one can live a careless life and have peace, or go hand in hand with the world without stumbling where it stumbles, and finally falling into the same pit where it plunges. Fresh inspiration seldom visits the indolent. Remain cold and indifferent, and there is only a meager revelation of the joys that God has prepared for those that love him.

Comets.

Many millions of persons have gazed during the past few weeks upon the comet which flamed through the sky. People in every part of our world, where it has been visible, have looked upon it with awe, or dread, or pleasure, according to their own views concerning the celestial visitor. The devout Christian, believing in God, the infinite Creator of the heavens and the earth, has felt a new pulse of reverence thrill his soul as he has looked upon the wondrous sign in the sky, and has been taught with new emphasis how insignificant the globe we inhabit is in comparison with the illimitable vastness of the universe.

Few appearances in nature have been regarded with more fear in past ages than comets. Unlike the stars and the planets, they are singular in form, and irregular in the times of their appearance, so that superstition has often connected their coming, with some calamitous event. Modern science, however, has determined that their course is so swift, their substance so thin, and their distance so great, that they have had no special influence upon such planets as they have come comparatively near. Science does not tell us what purpose they accomplish in the economy of creation, or of what they are composed. The whole number of these bodies wandering through space is remarkable. Arago supposed that the number crossing the solar system is about 18,000,000. Kepler said that comets fly through space as thickly as fishes swim in the sea. Some comets have caused an extraordinary sensation amongst the nations of the earth. The comet of 1843, which many of our readers recollect, was of wonderful brilliancy. Donati's comet of 1858, and Tebbut's of 1861, were of magnificent splendor. Rosa's comet of 1863 had a tail 3,000,000 miles in length, and traveled at the rate of 2,000,000 miles a day.

Comets are formed of some sort of matter, as we know from the opaque appearance of their nucleus, as well as from the influence upon them of the planets; but as a comet when seen through a large telescope has about its center an apparently vaporous matter, and as its action upon the planets is not great, we conclude that it is a body of less density than the rarest of the planets. The superstitious fear of comets, as signs of war, or famine, or pestilence to the inhabitants of earth, vanished before the march of science; but, even within late years, many persons have had a dread lest some comet might come into collision with the earth, and so produce physical harm of unspeakable magnitude. We do not know that such a collision ever did happen with any planet. Yet, as we have no absolutely correct means of calculating the place of a comet, so as to be able to say that on a certain month, or day, or hour, it shall be in just such a position, we can not say that it will never cross the orbit of the earth, and produce that day of final conflagration foretold in the Bible. This much, however, is certain, that we have no authentic knowledge that comets have produced any injurious physical effects in the universe, and so we need not borrow trouble as to their influence upon our earth.

We can not discuss our theme without having our thoughts directed naturally to the consideration of the whole science of astronomy. The revelations made by modern discovery are sublime. They fill our souls with the most exalted ideas. They teach us with a voice not less distinct than that spoken by the revealed Word, that God is the infinite and omnipotent Creator. We find him acting in all that surrounds us.

We can discover no limit to the boundary of space, or to the lapse of time, within which he does not rule by his wonderful and exact laws. This gives us holy thoughts of his wisdom, power and providence. The universe, extending through immeasurable space, with its innumerable worlds, is the workmanship of his hands. We see that the intellect of man, though he has weighed the planets as in a balance, and measured the distance between suns; though he has penetrated space with the gaze of the telescope, and analyzed the light of stars with the spectroscopic, yet is insignificant compared with the Almighty Lord, the framer of the celestial machinery. Indeed, we can form a more sensitive and elevated idea of God from astronomical studies than from any other branch of human learning. We see our blessed Lord to-day in the glorious summer season; in the sea and the forest; in the cultivated fields and the rugged mountains; in the verdure of the meadow, and the bloom of some solitary flower clinging to the sterile rock; yet, we behold a grander display of Divine power in the vast systems of worlds that swing in their golden orbits through the measureless fields of space; we see a clearer manifestation of his goodness in the adaptation of all parts of the universe to the comfort and happiness of his intelligent creatures; and we get our loftiest conception of his wisdom when we think of the perfect organization of the system governing all the worlds of all space, so that the most exact calculus can detect no flaw. Surely, the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork.

THE CRESCENT. The July number shows barely slight effects of "the nineties," and the presence of vacation, and the absence of the most of the Editorial corps. But it is a

creditable number, all things considered, and shows that Hillsdale periodicals,—this one at least,—do not mean to confine their appearance to term time.

Doctrine.

It is not uncommon to find a light estimate put on doctrine. Sometimes it is treated as a mere theory—the letter in distinction from the spirit. Again, it is urged that as the life is the main thing, it is of little consequence what doctrine one holds, if his life is right. We are referred to the numerous and endless controversies on theories, creeds and systems; philosophical subtleties absorb attention to the neglect of moral cultivation, while those who trouble themselves least about such questions are often most exemplary.

This is all very well so far as abstract theories are concerned, but should be received with caution as applied to Christian doctrine. This is not an abstraction, a theory, a creed. It is the gospel as set forth by Christ, both by precept and example, continued in the lives and teachings of the apostles. This is the reason that the New Testament so strongly insists throughout on the importance of doctrine. Paul's instructions to Timothy are full and explicit on this point. "Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine, continue in them; for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee." Faith is held up as the condition of salvation. He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be condemned. With-out faith it is impossible to please God. We are justified and have peace with God through faith. This faith rests not on theories, creeds or systems, but on doctrine—the Gospel of Christ.

To disparage doctrine therefore, is to disparage the gospel, to dishonor Christ, and set aside the only way of salvation revealed. "What does Christian doctrine embrace? We answer, the following among other truths and principles:

1. That we are sinners under condemnation, with no power of delivering ourselves. 2. That Christ by his atonement has opened a way whereby we may obtain pardon and eternal life. 3. That repentance, faith, obedience are essential conditions on our part. These are the fundamental facts and principles of Christian doctrine. It is not necessary that all should have the same intellectual or scientific view of the scheme of grace, but it must be received in substance according to the light and opportunity which each enjoys.

God deals with all in kindness and compassion according to the circumstances of each. When little is given, he requires little; and when much is given he requires the more. When one enjoys great light and means, he can not excuse himself as though he had not enjoyed them. What might be accepted in one with slender privileges, would furnish no rule for him. He understands the divine requirements, and can not refuse or neglect them but knowingly and willfully. And how can one who thus rejects God have a right heart or life? The thing is impossible. The life is most intimately connected with the doctrine. Faith and obedience strictly harmonize, and are inseparable. There is no true faith without good works, so there are no good works without true faith. Both stand or fall together. If one is defective, the other will be. This is seen in the case of those who have enjoyed the confidence of Christians, and afterwards fallen.—You find such persons named in doctrine, and were their history traced it would generally appear that errors in doctrine led direct to their fall. They reject the doctrine of the enormity of sin, or that of Christ's atonement, or of the necessity of the conditions required, and accept some vain substitute, and this opens the way for what follows. They fall away from God ere they fall before men. When frail man lets go of the divine arm, how can he expect to stand. The outward conduct proceeds from the inward springs of action. The streams are like the fountain. "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false-witness, blasphemies." How is this deep fountain of the heart, defiled by sin, to be purified but by the sanctifying Spirit, and be guarded from defilement but by the same almighty power? True, there are external moralists, as the Pharisees who maintained a fair show and reputation in the view of the world while their hearts were full of hypocrisy and iniquity. There are others, like the young ruler, who to an extent are lovely and estimable, yet lack the one thing needful. But all such build on sandy foundations, and when the storm of trial comes, as it will in one form or another, their structure will go down. Christ is the only sure foundation, and it is only when built on him, joined with him as lively stones, united to him as the branch to the vine, that we have any security.

Every one's work is tried as by fire. Fire is the ordeal through which many have to pass even here. The great test is the same in every instance now or hereafter. If we truly accept Christ and his doctrine, are in union and communion with him, nothing can harm us; the devices, aspersions, slanders of the wicked will leave us unscathed. But if discarding the doctrine of the cross we become exalted in pride and self-sufficiency, our wisdom will appear as folly and all our righteousness as filthy rags. Take heed therefore to thyself and to the doctrine. See that your doctrine is not a self-conceit, but emanating from the Master, permeating, molding the character, and so bringing forth good fruit. Remember that this doctrine is not to be accepted once for all, but daily, constantly as the great spring of action, of moral and spiritual life, working and abiding forever.—J. B.

LAPHAM INSTITUTE. The full term of Lapham Institute, North Scituate, R. I., will

The Hillsdale Presidency.

We learn that Rev. DeWitt Clinton Durgin, of New Market, N. H., was last week elected President of Hillsdale College. We do not know that he will accept the honor, but from our point of observation we look upon the choice as wise and judicious.

Mr. Durgin is a native of New Hampshire, and was born nearly under that great sign—"The Old Man of the Mountains"—which God himself hung out ages ago, showing where great and good men are made. He commenced his collegiate course at Waterville, Me., but graduated at Union College, N. Y., some twenty years ago, and is now in the full maturity of his manhood, and apparently good for twenty years of efficient service. After teaching a few years he was ordained in 1859, has had but two pastorates, and both of them within a few miles of this city. As a man and a Christian, a pastor and preacher, a scholar and teacher, no one can say aught against him. And his worth is not of mere negative value, but in the above relations he positively stands high and well.

In addition to his early professional life as a teacher, he has had other experience that will be available as President of the college. When in the Legislature, he was a member of the Committee on Education, and the last year its chairman. In that position he secured the establishment of the State Normal School; was one of the original members of the Board of Trustees, and has continued a member to the present time, having been re-appointed but a few days since.

Much as we shall regret the loss of such a man from New England, we shall rejoice in the accession of his strength and influence to the college and the West, should he see fit to accept the work and the responsibilities of the position; and we hope that he will.

GENERAL CONFERENCE. See notices concerning reduction of fare in another column.

BATES COLLEGE. By notice in another column, it will be seen that the next examination for admission to the college, will occur on Wednesday, August 19, the day before the opening of the fall term. In this connection, we are requested to state that the last issue of college catalogues is exhausted, but the new catalogue will be issued about the 20th of September.

PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT PROPERTY FOR SALE. In view of the proposed removal of the Morning Star to Boston, the property of the Establishment here in Dover is offered for sale. See advertisement headed, "THE MORNING STAR."

Spirit of the Press.

The Methodist is led by late events to the following utterance on the value of character:

It is now more than ever incumbent on good men to take care of this gem of character; for each to see that his own reputation is kept free from reproach; for each to take care of his brother's reputation, to protect it from reckless assault, to stand by him in his honest efforts to clear it when it is attacked. That which costs a life-time of earnest work to gain, and which an unguarded effort in man's power to defend. Any man who has by such work-gained an exalted fame, especially in connection with the Christian name, has the right to demand the help of his associates while it is probable, and their forbearance while it is possible, that he can prove himself to be free from blemish.

The Churchman has an article very appropriate to the present time. It says:

It is quite time that the truthful and high-toned part of the community should begin to make slander odious. We believe that something rests on the listener. If every person on hearing an injurious story, would promptly say, "You must do one of two things: prove what you say, or take it back instantly, or I will go to the person incalculated, and bring you to book," there would be somewhat less of it. If every Christian man and woman would resolve never to utter disparaging words of another, except with plain evidence of their truth, after full investigation, and then with justifying cause, there would be a great deal less. Nowadays one meets it everywhere. We do not approve of "whitewashing," as it is too often practised in a slander case. We believe the truth of wicked deeds ought to come out when men in prominent places are really guilty. But there would be less temptation to whitewash, if there was no throwing of dirt until some of it sticks. It may be said the honest and upright fear no slander; that one can live down evil report, and the like. However true in general, these things are not always true. A false story may ruin a man, who, while morally pure, is not important enough to the public to get a fair trial.

The Examiner and Chronicle has this to say about the question of a third presidential term by Gen. Grant, now being somewhat agitated:

Once let it be admitted that, in certain circumstances, a third term would be desirable, and you have placed before an administration the temptation to create those very circumstances. Once break over the safeguards which patriotic custom has established, and there is no point at which we may say with confidence, "thus far and no farther." No; liberty is jealous, and all history shows that the only way to preserve it is to throw around it all possible safeguards, and then to insist that all of these, which have not been found absolutely harmful, shall be deemed sacred.

The Christian Register has something good touching eastern and western prejudices:

In our country the East and the West should always be the staunchest allies and the most cordial friends. Each section has

its peculiar strength which deserves appreciation and honor, and also its peculiar weakness which needs sympathy and aid. It would not be well for either to be alone, and the prosperity of both depends, vitally, upon a good mutual understanding, and a hearty reciprocity of generous judgment. Let them become jealous rivals and bitter enemies, and the prospects of our best civil and religious institutions will at once become dark and threatening. Alienated affections and smothered animosities are heralds of open discord and final disunion.

The *Congregationalist*, speaking of the sensational quality of news that papers are obliged to print nowadays, sent patrons take offense and change their paper for one that will "give more news," says:

"And this suggests what is the most obvious fact connected with the subject—that the cause of the evil complained of is in the temper of the public, and therefore the remedy must lie in the education of the people to a higher tone of feeling in regard to it. So long as the masses desire, demand, and expect the sensational, the papers will continue to print personalities and reckless with the minutest, and to a healthy and virtuous mind most repulsive, details of the last murder, or rape, or case of breach of promise, or seduction; so long the telegraph will supply, and at least a certain portion of the press will print them. We have hoped that the evil would gradually correct itself. But we begin to fear. The cry is so loud and imperative: 'Give us the news of the day,' that we must compel editors to require reporters to make the bricks of items, even if it must be without the straw of facts, when such straw becomes scant. A large portion of the reading public wants to know all that can be known, and many things that can not be known, in regard to whatever subjects are especially fresh and exciting."

Denominational News and Notes.

\$600.

A minister offers to be one of six persons to raise \$600 toward the endowment of Storer College, at Harper's Ferry, West Va., the pledge conditional until the number is full. Good notes with interest will be acceptable. Storer College is in three departments, Preparatory, Normal and Classical. It is doing a noble work for the freedmen. It has already qualified some forty teachers for the free schools of colored teachers.

Who will respond and fill up the list before the first of January, 1875?

A. H. MORRELL.

Harper's Ferry, W. Va., July 1874.

Maine Central Institute.

After an absence of two years—it may be three, this forgetfulness does not speak well for a trustee—I was permitted to visit Pittsfield at the time of the late anniversary of the Institute. The exercises of the students were of unusual interest. Indeed the parts would do honor to a college.

At the prize exhibition on Tuesday evening, June 30, Albert E. Farnham, of Hampden, and Delia M. Perkins, of Lewiston, bore off the honors. The anniversary proper occurred on Wednesday, July 1. Six young ladies graduated. Miss White, of Dresden, having the salutatory in German; Miss Corson, of Stillwater; Miss Mitchell, of Westport; Miss Weymouth, of Pittsfield; and Miss Hanson, of Garland. Miss Hanson had the valedictory, and remains as a teacher. There were no gentleman graduates.

The whole number of students for the year ending at the anniversary is not far from two hundred and fifty. The Institution sent five young men last year to Bates College, and though it has none to send to any college this year, it hopes to send fifteen to Bates next year, and this number will probably bring up the Freshman class at Bates in the fall of '76 to fifty—I need not say that the all-absorbing question at the annual meeting of the Trustees was the financial condition of the Institution. The simple story is this:

At the time Bro. Bean accepted the agency, the debt was about \$81,000. The Trustees of the college, with the approval of Messrs. Bates and Wood, of Boston, have voted to give the Institute \$5,000; and they will ask the Legislature next winter for the necessary authority to make the donation, which will undoubtedly be given. The sum now needed to lift the debt is about \$10,000.

All our friends understand how faithfully Bro. Bean has labored, and he is to be congratulated on his great success. I know that he has spared neither time nor health. He desires above all things to be set at liberty, and to take upon himself anew pastoral work. With a united effort on the part of the people of Pittsfield and the friends outside of that town, the school can be saved. The school has been a great benefit to the town of Pittsfield, and is destined, I trust, to be a still greater benefit, and our friends in the State, so far as I have heard an expression, feel that Pittsfield at this critical time should lead off in a grand effort to save the precious interests at stake. That she will do so I have not a doubt, and thus prove herself one of the most enterprising towns in New England, and that no mistake has been made by Maine Free Baptists in the location of their Seminary.

I pray that nothing may occur that shall cause any Free Baptist to doubt the fitness of Lewiston as the best place for the college, and Pittsfield as the best for the Seminary. The town of Pittsfield can not afford to have the Maine Central Institute saved without a general share on her part in the work of saving it. Neither can Maine Free Baptists afford to let Pittsfield do all the work, should she be generous enough to make the offer. Our interests are mutual, and we should be united in our work. This will produce good feeling all round, and make the school doubly successful.

I will only add that, letting all mistakes go to the winds, with the prayer only that God will bring something good out of them, I hope to be ready to do my part toward saving our cause at Pittsfield. Brethren and sisters, let us all say something of this kind

to our agent, and the work is done, and God will fill our hearts as well as his heart with joy and gladness. O. B. C.

Ministers and Churches.

REV. E. KNOWLTON, having been assured by his physicians that entire rest from preaching for the present is a positive necessity for him, has resigned his pastorate at So. Montville, Me.

ATKINSON, ME. Rev. H. A. Palmer has recently added nineteen to his church, and there is still a good religious interest. Eighty-five have been added to this church during the last three years. COM.

REV. O. SHIPMAN, one of our aged ministers, is very feeble at his home in Chelsea, Vt., yet enjoying a calm trust in the Lord. His accounts of his past labors in the gospel work which he had enjoyed so much, are very quickening. COM.

NO. BOUTHBY, ME. Five happy converts followed the Lord in baptism and were added to the Bouthby F. B. church, Sunday, July 26, and others, we trust, will soon follow. H. A.

We are informed by Rev. D. C. Wheeler that any small church in need of a working pastor can address Rev. Edgar Willson, Liberty Hill, Conn.

MISS ADA KENNAN was licensed, and not ordained, at the last session of the Pond de Lac Q. M., as reported. COM.

RICHMOND, ME. I closed on Sunday last a very pleasant pastorate of a little more than three years' continuance over the Richmond Village Free Baptist church. During that time we have received into the church thirty-four, ten by letter and twenty-four by profession. Last Sabbath it was my privilege to baptize three candidates who were subsequently received into the church.

I leave this my first pastorate with a great deal of reluctance; but I go to my new field of labor with the Mission church, at Mt. Vernon chapel in Lowell, Mass., with a great deal of joy, since I believe it to be in the path of duty. Our church here is left without a pastor, but not for a long time, I trust. Will our brethren pray that both the old and the new flock may be abundantly blessed? GEO. S. RICKER, July 28th.

FRANKLIN, N. H. The Free Baptist church here in Franklin has struggled bravely on, in the face of difficulties and discouragements that would have driven weaker and less determined men from the field in despair. Rev. Asa Randall, of Groton, Mass., came here at the invitation of the church in the fall of '73, and remained through the winter. Under his labors, the church was revived, backsliders were reclaimed, and sinners were converted to God. But he could not remain with the people, and it was his influence mainly that led me here. I began my labors here on the 1st of April last.

Bro. Randall was with us on that day and welcomed me to the fellowship of the church. From that day to this, our course has been onward. Our congregation is on the increase, our prayer meetings are impressive and solemn, and we are looking for fruit in the harvest time.

Financially, we are still involved in difficulty, for we have a heavy debt upon our house of worship. But we are not discouraged. We work, and pray, and hope for the best. F. E. D.

Churches Organized.

A council was called at Howard City, Mich., May 3, by brethren living in the City, to organize a church there. The council met in the City and after a careful examination proceeded to organize in the following order: Sermon by Rev. Wm. H. Smith, of Carson City; Reading of Articles of Faith and Church Covenant; by Rev. D. H. Lord; Prayer, by Rev. Wm. H. Smith; Hand of Fellowship and Presentation of the Bible, by Rev. D. H. Lord.

The membership numbers 14, and there are 180 scholars in the Union Sunday school. S. J. PULSFER, Clerk of Council.

On the 18th and 19th of July there was a ministerial conference in connection with meetings of worship in Cherokee, Iowa, and a church was organized. There were three ministers, and it was named the First church of Cherokee, and Rev. S. Stevens was chosen pastor.

W. SPRAGUE, Clerk.

On the 28th of June, Rev. S. Stevens and W. Sprague organized a Free Baptist church in Diamond Township, Cherokee County, Iowa, numbering 9 members. One has been added since, and others will unite soon. The church is named the Diamond church, and Rev. W. Sprague is pastor. E. SLATER, Clerk.

Memorial.

The subjoined resolutions were adopted by the F. B. Sabbath school, at St. Albans, Me., on the occasion of the death of Mrs. Alice E. Groaton:

Whereas, Our Heavenly Father has called from our Sabbath school and from her earthly home, our beloved sister and friend, Mrs. Alice E. Groaton; and whereas, our departed sister was from early childhood until death a member of our school, as scholar and teacher faithful and diligent in every place she filled; and whereas, she did humbly and lovingly follow in the steps of her Master, in all things endeavoring to imitate the example of the life he led while in the flesh; therefore,

Resolved, That in our sister's death we shall miss her from all the familiar places she filled in our school; that we will cherish the influence of her pure and beautiful Christian life; that we will humbly endeavor to follow the example of Christian faithfulness she gave us, so that our lives may be useful as hers, and if called from earth as young, we may be as willing and as well prepared to go.

2. That we deeply sympathize with the husband of our departed sister, and with her parents and brothers and sisters in the great loss they have sustained; and that while we sorrow with them, we would ask them to remember that "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

3. That these resolutions be put upon the Secretary's books; that a copy be given to the husband and family of the deceased; and that the same be published in the *Morning Star*.

JAS. B. GREATON, REV. J. SPINNEY, Com. O. W. GREATON.

Home Mission Correspondence.

I was happy on receiving an invitation from Rev. Bro. Curtis and wife to accompany them and Bro. Davis on a missionary tour into Kansas. It was a beautiful May morning when we set out. The rising sun shed a glory over the distant hills, the birds hailed the sparkling dew which spangled every leaf, and all nature breathed of joy. Eight o'clock found us ready to start on our journey, a distance of thirty miles in a private conveyance across the prairie. It was attractive and interesting to me, being my first visit to Kansas. As we were riding over the green prairie, decked with beautiful wild flowers, Bro. Curtis informed me we were on the old Jim Lane trail, famous in Kansas, and pointed out to me some of the Indian guides. They were stones carved in different forms and set on the top of a hill, which could be seen several miles in the distance. A few miles further brought us to the banks of a beautiful river, on

whose shady banks we lunched, when we pursued our journey, and arrived at Bro. Smith's about sunset. The object of our mission was to organize a Free Baptist church, baptize several and ordain Bro. Smith. According to previous arrangements there was a covenant meeting Saturday afternoon at Bro. Smith's. Sunday morning, at 10 o'clock a large congregation gathered at the school-house, and listened to a solemn and impressive sermon from Eld. Curtis, who spoke from John 12: 32. A deep interest was manifested, and many eyes were turned away from the world. After services were repeated to the water, when Eld. Davis baptized five and gave the church the right hand of fellowship. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon, Bro. Davis delivered the ordination sermon, Bro. Smith was ordained, and the Lord's Supper administered.

Thus closed our Mission. We trust the result will be to honor and glorify God. Many thanks are due Bro. Smith, and wife for their kind hospitality. I rejoice in witnessing the zealous efforts of Bro. Curtis and Bro. Davis here in the west. I feel thankful that their labors have not been in vain in the Lord. Long and earnestly have they labored for the upbuilding of Christ. They have sacrificed time, money, and the society of home and loved ones without any remuneration.

There are no doubt several ministers in the east anticipating fields of labor here in the future, when the country is settled and churches established. The field is large, and our earnest prayers are that the Lord of the harvest may thrust forth a multitude of able and faithful laborers into the field.

Here let me suggest that if you can not encourage them by your presence now, you can encourage them by donating a few dollars apiece. It is true you have much work to do at home, but God will manifest his approbation of your missionary donations by pouring out more abundantly of his Spirit in your own churches. M. A. B.

Quarterly Meetings.

JACKSON Q. M.—Held its last session with Petros church, July 22nd and 23rd. Preaching by Rev. H. J. Carr, A. P. Riley and T. E. Feden. Elected J. Oiler and T. E. Feden delegates to Y. M. Resolutions relative to trustees of Randall's church were passed; also against the proposed license law.

Next session with Huntington church. A. B. WALTERS, Clerk.

FARMINGTON Q. M.—Held its June session with the 3d New Sharon church, June 10 and 11. The session was interesting, but the attendance was not as large as is usual at our June session.

Next session with the Temple church, at Temple, Sept. 9 and 10. D. PEASE, Clerk.

TAMA Q. M.—Held its last session with the Fairview church in Howard Township, June 19-21. Seven out of eleven churches were represented by letter and delegates. The business was transacted in harmony, the preaching and social meetings were well attended and very interesting. After the Sabbath morning service, seven happy converts were forward in the ordinance of baptism. Delegates to the Y. M. Rev. Daniel Diamond and Brethren C. E. Hayes, J. D. Mason, Benj. McKay.

Next session with the Richmond church, Sept. 18-20. Q. M. Col. for F. M., \$7.47; for H. M., \$8.97. H. H. WINTHROP, Clerk.

PROSPECT Q. M.—Held its last session with So. Brooks church, June 22-23. Most of the churches reported, and enjoyed an interesting session. Preaching spiritual, prayer, and social meetings lively and interesting. Cor. Messengers from Y. M. as follows: Montville, H. Small, Jr.; Unity, Zina Knowlton; Elsworth, O. R. Gross. Next session with 1st Prospect church, Sept. 25-27, at the school-house near the Ferry. J. N. ROBERTSON, Clerk.

FRENCH CREEK Q. M.—Held its June term with the South Harmony church. The meeting was one of interest and good results. Bro. G. H. Chappell, the pastor of the church, is apparently laboring with much zeal for the upbuilding of the Redeemer's kingdom with that people. We were favored with the presence and labors of Bro. Wm. Johnson as messenger from the Washington Q. M., and Bro. Spencer, who was on his way from his late home in Hampton, N. Y., to his new home in Pierpont, N. H. The churches were each represented by delegates. The session was a most successful one. The main work at this session, and in the main to work hard to maintain the right. This session was a solemn one, for two of our fathers in the ministry had just laid their armor by and gone to their final reward. Consequently a committee was appointed, who presented appropriate resolutions, which were adopted. [Their great length forbids their publication.]—J. B. A. LOSEE, Clerk.

Great heat and discomfort is caused by the use of purgatives which gripe and rack the system. Parson's Purgative Pills are free from all impure matter, and are mild and health-giving in their operation.

At this season of the year cramps and pains in the stomach and bowels, dysentery, diarrhea, &c., are quite common. One has been added since, and others will unite soon. The church is named the Diamond church, and Rev. W. Sprague is pastor. E. SLATER, Clerk.

THE FAMOUS BEAUTIES

Of the Court of Charles II. always wore ENGLISH CHANNEL shoes. They never have ragged soles, wear longer, and cost no more. Ladies, make your dealers get them for you. The place where the channel is cut shows on the sole.

Few persons ever ventured to dream that any invention to cure Hernia would ever supersede the true, painful metal trusses. But the new Elastic Truss has achieved this result, and is now known and used all the world over, causing no pain whatever. This Truss is sent by mail everywhere at reasonable price and circulars furnished free by The Elastic Truss Company, No. 63 Broadway, N. Y. City.

Use the Eureka Button Hole twist and Eureka Machine twist. They are the best.

In spite of your teeth, Both above and beneath, Being lightly enamel'd and thin, They'll never break down, Nor turn yellow nor brown, If the SOZODONT'S daily brushed in.

The semi-annual statement of the National Life Insurance Company of the United States of America, published in another column, shows the Company to be in excellent financial condition. This is the only company chartered by Congress; it has a large capital, does business on the Low Rate Stock plan, and is eminently successful and prosperous. The business is done at the principal Branch Office in Chicago.

\$10 to \$1000 invested in Stocks and Gold pays 200 per cent. a month. Send for particulars. Tunbridge & Co., Bankers, 2 Wall St., N. Y. 4129

Centaur Liniments
allay pain, subdue swellings, heal burns, and will cure rheumatism, sprains, and any flesh, bone or muscle ailment. The White Wrapper is for family use, the Yellow Wrapper for animals.

Children Cry for Castoria.—Pleasant to take—a perfect substitute for Castor Oil, but more efficacious in regulating the stomach and bowels.

FOR MOON PATCHES, BROOKIES

AND TAY, ask your Druggist for Perry's Moth and Fleck Lotions, which is harmless and in every way superior to any other. For the Improved COMBODER and PIMPLE REMOVAL, the GREAT REMEDY for Pimples, Black Heads or Flesh-worms. Or consult PERRY, the noted Skin Doctor, 49 Bond St., New York.

Notices and Appointments.

General Conference.

The Twenty-second General Conference of the Baptists in North America will be held at Providence, R. I., and will commence on Wednesday, Oct. 1st, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Delegates and others wishing to attend, will please give themselves accordingly.

I. D. STEWART, Clerk.

Dover, Aug. 3, 1874.

Reduced Fares.

The above notice gives the time and place of the next General Conference, and the Michigan Y. M. requested me, as Clerk of Conference, to secure possible, reduced fares. Other men have been appointed to do this work in different localities, and this notice is to ask all persons interested in this subject to correspond with me at once, that we may work together and secure the most favorable terms.

I. D. STEWART.

Notice.

BRANFORD Q. M. MINISTERS' CONFERENCE will hold its next session at Meredith Church, Aug. 18-19, commencing Tuesday, at 10 A. M. Exercises: 1. Father's Theology, Lectures 20, 21. Teacher, A. D. Smith. 2. Exegesis of Gen. 2:17, J. M. Durkin. 3. Importance of Spiritually Intelligent Worship, C. G. Halden. 4. Church History, J. M. Durkin. 5. Advice to Young Ministers, A. D. Smith. 6. Text, Making, J. B. Higgins. 7. Conversion, S. M. Brooks. 8. Method of the Father, D. L. Edwards. 9. Baptism, T. Tyrie. 10. Church Labor, J. C. Os good. 11. Angeline Angeline in Redemption, J. L. Halden. 12. Importance of Morality in the Church, F. H. Lyford. 13. Future Punishment, Frank Merrill. 14. Regeneration an Essential Qualification for the Ministry, J. G. Munsey. 15. Geology as Related to Revelation, H. S. Kimball. 16. Ministerial Fellowship, Frank E. Davidson. 17. Study of the Bible, by the Church, M. A. Quimby. 18. Bible Class Exercises, S. C. Kimball, Teacher. Each brother will be prepared with a sketch of a sermon and ready to preach if called upon.

S. C. KIMBALL, M. A. QUIMBY, Com. J. C. MURPHY.

HUNTINGTON Q. M. MINISTERS' CONFERENCE will hold its next session at South Starksboro', Vt., commencing Tuesday, Aug. 19, at 10 o'clock, P. M. The following are the subjects assigned: 1. Early Preaching, Preaching demanded by the times, Buzzell. 2. Relation of the Church to the State, J. M. Durkin. 3. The end of preaching—Conversion, J. M. Durkin. 4. The end of preaching—Conversion, J. M. Durkin. 5. The end of preaching—Conversion, J. M. Durkin. 6. The end of preaching—Conversion, J. M. Durkin. 7. The end of preaching—Conversion, J. M. Durkin. 8. The end of preaching—Conversion, J. M. Durkin. 9. The end of preaching—Conversion, J. M. Durkin. 10. The end of preaching—Conversion, J. M. Durkin. 11. The end of preaching—Conversion, J. M. Durkin. 12. The end of preaching—Conversion, J. M. Durkin. 13. The end of preaching—Conversion, J. M. Durkin. 14. The end of preaching—Conversion, J. M. Durkin. 15. The end of preaching—Conversion, J. M. Durkin. 16. The end of preaching—Conversion, J. M. 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Poetry.

In the Porch.

Ah! sweet in the summer evenings,
When the day's fierce heats are done,
When the strifes and the cares of labor
Have down with the sinking sun,
Just to sit in the leafy shadows,
With the darkness dropping down,
Till the night, like queenly matron,
Sits crowned with her stary crown.

Just changing our gold for silver,
The sun for the placid moon,
When the nights are soft with slumber,
And sweet with the scents of June,
Till our thinking is naught but dreaming,
And far from all sordid things,
We soar from a world of sorrow
Mid the shimmer of angel wings.

While the rustle of leaves above us,
Just stirred by the breathing air,
Falls sweet through the solemn silence
As the whisper of salutary prayers;
But still with a touch of sadness,
Just a dream of the dying day,
Or the sound of a voice long silent,
From one who has passed away.

When over the jasmine petals,
And over the woodbine blooms,
All the loving airs that linger
Are laden with sweet perfumes;
Half-drowning the drowsy senses,
Till the grasses under our feet
Sigh, breathing the scents of the roses,
And drinking the dews so sweet.

Then give me the golden season,
These nights in the summer's prime—
When the stars are the poet's teachers
And the world seems wrapped in rhyme.
Sweet, sweet is their stilly silence,
That speaks to the spirit left;
Still bearing its burden of blessings,
And the boon which it brings is rest.

Ah! fair are the skies above us,
And fair is the earth beneath;
While she gathers her garlands of roses,
And fashions her royal wreath;
For the voice of the golden summer
Floats far through the skies above,
As she sings in her queenly garden,
And the song that she sings is love.

—Appleton's Journal.

The Family Circle.

Tommy's Monkey.

BY F. O. V.

"Papa, haven't you been 'stonished to see what a drollish good boy I been for a long time?" said Tommy, as he sat one morning doubled up like a meditative jack-knife before the fire.

"I rather guess my Tommy has been a pretty good boy lately," replied Mr. Sanford, as he swung that young gentleman to a seat on his shoulder. "I don't remember of his crying for a tall hat nor baking cakes in his slippers since yesterday."

Tommy looked a little sheepish, for it was only the day before that he had begged some dough from Bridget, and when he could not find any other dish had taken his slipper for a baking pan.

But he was earnest now, and slipping to his father's knee, he asked with a very sober face,

"Like to know what I've been finking 'bout?"

"Certainly, sir," said Mr. Sanford, in his most business-like manner.

"Well, you know to-morrow is my birthday, and if I been a 'spectable boy, don't you most always get me something nice?"

Mr. Sanford gravely nodded assent.

"Well, I've been finking mebbe I'd been good boy 'nuf so you'd get me a sweet little monkey," and Tommy regarded his father's face with such a wistful, pleading look.

"But, my son, what in the world do you want of a monkey?"

I am sure there were tears in Tommy's eyes as he said, in a sorrowful voice,

"Why, you see, Artie Bates he's allers telling what a nice baby they have got to their house, and I fink a monkey will be as cute as their baby, for it ain't got any hair on its head and it can't do nuthin but cry."

What was it made papa go out in the hall where mamma was so quickly? Tommy couldn't see, nor what made them laugh so long and loud either. He felt too sober to laugh, so he just curled down on the rug with his head nestled among Fido's curls for a pillow, watched the coals in the grate, and wondered why God didn't send them a baby as well as other folks.

His father put his head in just a minute with a funny twinkle in his eyes to see he would think about that monkey, and then was off down town to his office.

I wonder if there is any other day in the whole year that seems so long to little folks as the long, long twenty-four hours that comes before their birthday. The clock ticks so slowly and seems to say over and over again, "I'm-in-no-hurry, I'm-in-no-hurry." At least, that is what Tommy thought it said this morning, as he lay watching it, with his little fingers aching to hurry the hands; but he did not touch them, for he had made up his mind to be a good boy all day, even if it lasted "forever and ever and always," as he told mamma after sitting still full five minutes, "so papa would have to think he was good 'nuf to have a monkey." And Tommy was so good his mother said she was afraid he would be sick, or burn the house down, when he got over it.

And the afternoon proved that her fears were not groundless.

She was just lying down for an after-dinner nap when she heard Fido howling piteously, and on going to see what was the matter she found him tied to the clothes-line post, while Tommy was piling chips and wood around him as fast as he could. She at once untied Fido, then asked Tommy what it meant.

"Oh, nuthin," said he, composedly, "only

I was playing Injun, like them fellers Pa read about last night."

"And were you really agoing to burn poor Fido as those dreadful Indians burnt white people?"

"Oh no, only skeer him till he yelped good, then 'splain it to him."

Mamma "splain'd" to him how cruel it was to frighten Fido, then left him in the dining room alone to think it over, and once more tried to go to sleep. This time she was almost asleep when a shrill scream called her to the back yard, where she found Bridget fishing Tommy out of the cistern.

He came up gasping, but triumphant, with a toad wriggling in his chubby hand. Catching his breath he gasped out,

"Didn't 'spose 'twas so far down, finked I could ketch him wivout fallin' in."

"O Tommy, Tommy, what will become of you! Bridget, nail that cistern cover down," and Mrs. Sanford, sadly perplexed, led Tommy to the bath room. In a very few moments he was dressed in a dry suit, and Mrs. Sanford stooped to pick up the wet clothes, when what should she see but a toad blinking at her as he sat perched on top of them.

"Where did that thing come from?"

"Guess mebbe he comed up in my pocket," said Tommy, coolly.

Bridget was called, and the toad carried off, and Mrs. Sanford did not let Tommy go out of her sight again, until tea time and papa came together.

Tea over, Tommy had a good romp with his father and then was carried off to bed where his mother had a quiet little talk with him about being thoughtful and frightening her so. Then kneeling down he asked "Our Father to bless papa and mamma, and make me a good boy and—here his eyes flew open—

"Mamma, do you 'spose if I should tell God how funny that little toad whined at me and that I didn't mean to tumble in and skeer you, he wouldn't mind and would let me have the monkey anyhow?"

"You may tell him if you wish to."

Again the brown eyes were closed and Tommy told God "all 'bout it," then went to bed with such faith in a loving, prayer-hearing Father as many an older one might covet.

Next morning, bright and early, Tommy was up and pattering down stairs in his little bare feet, but before he reached the bottom his father caught him and cried,

"So you expect to see a monkey this morning do you, Thomas?"

"O papa, is there one?"

"Shouldn't wonder," said Mr. Sanford, as he sat him down in the middle of the sitting room, where sat mamma with—not a monkey, but the queerest little baby girl, with such a poor, pinched-up little face, and such a mass of dark brown hair. It almost took Tommy's breath away, but he stammered out,

"Tain't a monkey, but ain't it nice tho? Guess God thought I's sorry 'bout being naughty so he'd give me something nicer than a monkey, but I fink it looks a little like one after all."

But when she opened her eyes and ran around the room his delight knew no bounds. He crept quietly into mamma's lap and with his arms clasped close about her neck, he whispered,

"I fink God is gooder and gooder to send me such a sweet, little sister when I only asked him for a monkey."

He did not know for many years that the night before when he was asleep his father and mother went to the "Wanderer's Home," and brought this little lonely orphan home with them to be his sister. He thought God sent her, and we think so too, for she proved to be a little sunbeam in the house, and though in after years others called her "pretty Edith," yet there at home she is yet and always will be only "Tommy's Monkey."

The Scientific Frog.

A discontented and curious frog, seeing a couple of men sitting under the shadow of a tree by the side of a stream of water, and engaged in conversation, hopped up to the bank, and seated himself before them to learn something from their conversation.

One of them was a scientific quack, and was just now warmly advocating "the development hypothesis."

"We know nothing of God," said he; "this stream flows on because water runs down hill; the wind blows because nature makes it blow; the sun shines and the plants grow all as the result of law. Who sees any design in it? A man is a fool to believe what he can not see. What are we men? Only higher developments of some lower animals, such as fishes and frogs!"

And then the men departed. Thenceforth the frog was a philosopher. He held up his head with pride, and endeavored to hop only on his hind legs. He was not particularly proud of his ancestry, but entertained great expectations of his numerous family pollywogs. One of them at least he hoped would develop into a little man.

After this he determined to travel and enrich his mind by observation. The first place he visited was a saw-mill, of which he had often heard his father speak. He seated himself upon a log with his back toward a large revolving saw, and began to soliloquize.

"Now, the saw-mill," said he, "my father told me, was designed by a higher power for the purpose of making boards. Nonsense! There is no such thing as design. This mill made itself. It was developed by nature and law. How foolish to believe in what you can not see!"

In the meantime the miller let on the water, and the log began to glide smoothly and the saw to revolve; and while the frog was absorbed in meditation the saw reached him, and presto! he was cut asunder, and that was the end of his travels and philosophy.

MORAL: It is not well for frogs or men to know too much, for excess of knowledge and stupidity are sometimes the same thing.—Dr. E. O. Haven.

The Boy Who Took a Boarder.

Once upon a time, long before any of you children were born,—about two hundred and fifty years ago, in fact, a little boy stood, one morning, at the door of a palace in Florence, and looked about him.

Why he was standing there, I do not know. Perhaps he was watching for the milkman, for he was a kitchen-boy in the household of a rich and mighty cardinal. He was twelve years old, and his name was Thomas.

Suddenly he felt a tap on his shoulder, which made him turn around, and he said, with great astonishment:

"What? Is that you, Peter? What has brought you to Florence? and how are all the people in Cortona?"

"They're all well," answered Peter, who likewise was a boy of twelve; "but I've left them for good. I'm tired of taking care of sheep—stupid things! I want to be a painter. I've come to Florence to learn how. They say there's a school here where they teach people."

"But have you got any money?" asked Thomas.

"Not a penny."

"Then you can't be a painter. You had much better take service in the kitchen with me, here in the palace. You will be sure of not starving to death, at least," said the sage Thomas.

"Do you get enough to eat?" asked the other boy, reflectively.

"Plenty. More than enough."

"I don't want to take service, because I want to be a painter," said Peter. "But I'll tell you what we'll do. As you have more than you need to eat, you shall take me to board—on trust at first, and when I'm a grown-up painter, I'll settle the bill."

"Agreed," said Thomas, after a moment's thought. "I can manage it. Come up stairs to the garret where I sleep, and I'll bring you some dinner, by and by."

So the two boys went up to the little room among the chimney-pots where Thomas slept. It was very, very small, and all the furniture in it was an old straw bed and two rickety chairs. But the walls were beautifully whitewashed.

The food was good and plentiful, for when Thomas went down into the kitchen and foraged among the broken meats, he found the half of a fine mutton-pie, which the cook had carelessly thrown out. The cardinal's household was conducted upon very extravagant principles.

That did not trouble Peter, however, and he enjoyed the mutton-pie hugely, and told Thomas that he felt as if he could fly to the moon.

"So far, so good," said he; "but, Thomas, I can't be a painter without paper and pencils and brushes and colors. Have'n't you any money?"

"No," said Thomas, despairingly, "and I don't know how to get any, for I shall receive no wages for three years."

"Then I can't be a painter, after all," said Peter, mournfully.

"I'll tell you what," suggested Thomas, "I'll get some charcoal down in the kitchen, and you can draw pictures on the wall."

So Peter set resolutely to work, and drew so many figures of men and women and birds and trees and beasts and flowers, that before long the walls were all covered with pictures.

At last, one happy day, Thomas came into possession of a small piece of silver money. Upon my word, I don't know where he got it. But he was much too honest a boy to take money that did not belong to him, and so, I presume, he derived it from the sale of his "perquisites."

You may be sure there was joy in the little boarding-house up among the chimney-pots, for now Peter could have pencils and paper and India-rubber, and a few other things that artists need. Then he changed his way of life a little. He went out early every morning and wandered about Florence, and drew everything he could find to draw, whether the pictures in the churches, or the fronts of the old palaces, or the statues in the public squares, or the outlines of the hills beyond the Arno, just as it happened. Then, when it became too dark to work any longer, Peter would go home to his boarding-house, and find his dinner nicely tucked away under the old straw bed, where landlord Thomas had put it, not so much to hide it as to keep it warm.

Things went on in this way for about two years. None of the servants knew that Thomas kept a boarder, or if they did know it, they good-naturedly shut their eyes. The cook used to remark sometimes, that Thomas ate a good deal for a lad of his size, and that it was surprising he didn't grow more.

One day, the cardinal took it into his head to alter and repair his palace. He went all over the house in company with an architect, and poked into places that he had never in all his life thought of before. At last, he reached the garret, and, as luck would have it, stumbled right into Thomas's boarding-house.

"Why, how's this?" cried the great cardinal, vastly astonished at seeing the mean little room so beautifully decorated in charcoal. "Have we an artist among us? Who occupies this room?"

"The kitchen-boy, Thomas, your Eminence."

"A kitchen-boy! But so great a genius must not be neglected. Call the kitchen-boy, Thomas."

Thomas came up in fear and trembling. He never had been in the mighty cardinal's presence before. He looked at the charcoal drawings on the wall, then into the prelate's face, and his heart sank within him.

"Thomas, you are no longer a kitchen-boy," said the cardinal, kindly.

Poor Thomas thought he was dismissed from service,—and then what would become of Peter?

"Don't send me away!" he cried, imploringly, falling on his knees. "I have nowhere to go, and Peter will starve—and he wants to be a painter so much!"

"Who is Peter?" asked the cardinal.

"He is a boy from Cortona, who boards with me, and he drew those pictures on the wall, and he will die if he can not be a painter."

"Where is he now?" demanded the cardinal.

"He is out, wandering about the streets to find something to draw. He goes out every day and comes back at night."

"When he returns to-night, Thomas, bring him to me," said the cardinal. "Such genius as that should not be allowed to live in a garret."

But, strange to say, that night Peter did not come back to his boarding-house. One week, two weeks went by, and still nothing was heard of him. At the end of that time, the cardinal caused a search for him to be instituted, and at last they found him in a convent. It seems he had fallen deeply in love with one of Raphael's pictures which was exhibited there. He had asked permission of the monks to copy it, and they, charmed with his youth and great talent, readily consented, and had lodged and nourished him all the time.

Thanks to the interest the cardinal took in him, Peter was admitted to the best school for painting in Florence. As for Thomas, he was given a post near the cardinal's person, and had masters to instruct him in all the learning of the day.

Fifty years later, two old men lived together in one of the most beautiful houses in Florence. One of them was called Peter of Cortona, and people said of him, "He is the greatest painter of our time." The other was called Thomas, and all they said of him was, "Happy is the man who has him for a friend!"

And he was the boy who took a boarder.

—St. Nicholas.

Sam's Vinegar Jug.

"You are not listening," said Sam's mother.

"Yes'm, I am."

"I want it right away, so you need only get one quart. You can bring that home yourself, can't you?"

"Yes'm," replied Sam, who was thinking all the while of Ralph Rogers' dog Pete, who was upon that morning to be harnessed, for the first time, into a little wagon. If Pete behaved with the dignity befitting his years, many "jolly" rides were in store for Ralph's little sister, who was, however, too young to look forward to that pleasure with any degree of satisfaction.

Sam took the jug and walked off. He walked slowly, for the jug was heavy, and he was not a large boy.

A walk of three squares brought him to the grocer's. "I'd like some vinegar in this," he said to the clerk.

"How much?"

"Ah! That was just what Sam couldn't tell, though his forehead was all wrinkled up trying to think of it.

"Mother said something about quarts," he faltered, at length.

"Let me see," said the clerk, briskly. "This is a two-gallon jug. Didn't she say eight quarts?"

"Yes," replied foolish Sam; "I think she did."

"Let me see," said the clerk, briskly. "This is a two-gallon jug. Didn't she say eight quarts?"

"Yes," replied foolish Sam; "I think she did."

"You want it filled then?"

"Yes." And he drew a long breath of relief.

"I'll send it right along. She shall have it by ten o'clock."

"Oh, no," answered Sam, in distress, remembering a portion of his message. "She wants it now. I can carry it just as well."

The clerk looked at the little fellow, then at the jug. It seemed impossible; but so many years had passed since he was young (he had now reached the venerable age of eighteen) that he had really forgotten what the weight of a two-gallon jug, vinegar included, would have been to him in those days. Besides, it wasn't far—only three squares. So he allowed his little customer to depart without further parley.

Sam dragged the jug as far as the corner, his poor arms aching and his limbs trembling fearfully. Then he stopped to rest.

With almost superhuman exertions he tugged it across the street, looking fearfully to the right and to the left all the while, for runaway horses. When he reached the opposite corner his courage and his strength gave way together. He felt that it was of no use to try any more.

He could not go back to the store for assistance; neither could he go home. He dared not leave the jug for a moment. Not knowing what else to do, he sat down upon the curbstone and cried.

Ladies and gentlemen passed calmly by and took no notice. A little girl stumbled against the obnoxious jug, but she only looked at Sam inquiringly, asking no questions. "You could hardly believe it possible that a little boy could have felt so utterly lonesome and forlorn when he was only a stone's throw from his mother's house."

"What's the matter, Baby?"

Sam looked up and saw Mr. Ryder standing beside him. He didn't like Mr. Ryder very well, but he was glad to see anybody now.

"That man (pointing in the direction of the grocer's store) he—put too—much—vinegar—in."

"Can't you carry it?"

"No."

Mr. Ryder lifted it. "Pshaw! I should say you couldn't. I'll show you how to do it."

And he turned the unresisting jug upon its side, and prepared to roll it.

That would never do.

"Oh! don't, don't!" pleaded poor Sam.

"The cork isn't tight enough. I'll all be

wasted out. Besides, you'll break the handle. Don't."

"Very well. Then I don't see as I can help you any."

Mart placed the jug in an upright position again.

"Couldn't you just go down to the store and ask Mr. Ruggles to send his man?"

"No I couldn't."

"Wouldn't you go over to my house and get Margaret?"

"No, I wouldn't. Haven't got time. And you'd better hurry up, Sammy, or you'll be late to school. Miss Sampson will give you the dickens of a scolding." And Mart walked off.

"Better hurry up!" thought Sam, indignantly. He wondered how a boy could possibly hurry up with a two-gallon jug staring him in the face, refusing either to be left or to be carried. He could almost have imagined himself a horse, and the jug a horrible weight, by which he was kept from running. It was certainly quite effectual a preventive. And there was Pete Rogers, perhaps at this very moment, harnessed into the little wagon, and the boys having all their sport without him. Sam cried again.

The minutes passed slowly by. His thoughts began to wander from his own personal grief to his mother's disappointment. She had wanted the vinegar right away, and "right away" seemed to him about six hours ago. She wanted it for her pickles, too. He wondered if the pickles would be spoiled. This thought brought him back to a personal grief again, for Sam was very fond of pickles.

Suddenly his dim eyes descried a figure coming toward him. It was a female figure, with a red shawl upon its head. Sam's face brightened. He thought he recognized this short, stout, dumpy figure. It walked very quickly for a few steps, then commenced running. He was sure he knew it then. Nobody else ever could, would or did run with the clumsy, wheezy speed of faithful Margaret. But she had no smiles for him now. Her black eyes seemed rather to gather wrath as she approached him.

"Arrah, Musha now, an' where's the vinegar? Is it the whole mornin' it takes to bring a quart?"

Sam didn't answer.

The girl muttered something about "ristin' tin minutes wid every dhrap." Then she seized the jug handle.

"Saints above us! How much have ye in it?"

"The man filled it," replied Sam, faintly.

"Exceedin' generous to give a dozen quarts for one." Margaret had never studied the tables. "What did ye tell him?"

Then Sam had to confess, "I didn't remember—I thought mother said—I couldn't tell what she said."

Margaret's black eyes gave one searching glance at the poor little fellow walking so meekly at her side, and straightaway she felt that she had arrived at the root of the matter.

"Tisn't a great dale of consequence," said she, soothingly. (Sam felt sure then that the pickles were in no danger.) "But ye should attend to yer messages. Yer mother was afeared somethin' had happened intirely. Don't ye mind she said ye wasn't hearin' what she said?"

Sam nodded.

"That long-legged b'y at Ruggles's—he hasn't the sense of a two-year-old. I'll tell him so, too."

It was something of a consolation to Sam that the grocer's boy was to receive his share of the blame; but he didn't say so.

He had just time to wash his face and hands and walk to the school-house before the first bell rang. As he entered the yard, he met a group of his young companions, talking gaily.

"Why didn't you come, Sam?" inquired one of them. "We had the greatest time! Ralph harnessed Pete in, and he went tip-top for about five minutes. We thought the baby could go to ride next week just as well as not. But after awhile he got tired of the harness, and tried to get out of it. Ralph told him to behave; but he wouldn't, and—"

"Oh! I had been there," sighed Sam.

"Oh! it was such fun!" continued the little narrator. "An old black cat came along, and he fell as was big as my fist. She began to spit and growl, and Pete couldn't stand it. He forgot all about the wagon, and ran after her as fast as he could. The harness came apart and the wagon broke all to pieces. You ought to have heard Pete bark."

"I guess the baby won't go to ride very soon with that dog," remarked Sam.

"Well, I don't know. If we could have a wagon made very strong, and the people would only promise to keep their cats at home, perhaps she might. But why didn't you come, Sam?"

"Because—because—the man gave me too much vinegar."

"What?"

"Because—you see—I—"

"Ting-a-ling-ling" went the second bell. "I am sorry you didn't come," whispered his little friend. "It was such fun!"

"So am I," replied Sam.

As he walked into school that morning, he resolved that in future he would always pay attention to everything that everybody said, and would never forget it either. Or, at least, that he would always remember what his mother said when she sent him to "Ruggles's" for vinegar.—Independent.

The Chained Fox.

A fox that had been caught young, was kept chained in a yard, and became so tame that fowls and geese approached it without fear.

"Pretty thing!" said its mistress. "It does no harm. It is cruel to keep it chained."

So she unbuckled its collar and let it chain about. Scarcely, however, had she turned

her back than she heard a great clucking from her poultry. Looking around, she saw the fox scampering off with her pet pullet thrown over his shoulder.

"You treacherous, ungrateful little villain!" cried the woman. "And I thought you were so good."

"So I was, mistress," answered the fox, "as long as I was chained."

There are many little foxes that need chaining. There is the "put-off-studying-your-lessons-to-the-last-minute" fox, that runs off with your good marks at school; Master Keynard "speak-without-thinking," which is always getting its owner into trouble; and Sly-boots "nobody-will-see-you-do-it." Chain them up! Chain them up! That's the only way to manage them.

Literary Review.

THE TRIAL OF THE REV. DAVID SWING, BEFORE THE PRESBYTERY OF CHICAGO. Edited by a Committee of the Presbytery. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1874. octavo, pp. 286.

The Star was considerably interested in this trial of Prof. Swing. It saw in it a grapple between the old theology and the new, between the letter that killeth and the spirit that maketh alive; between that theological teaching which still finds its texts in dry formulas and would bind a man down to human creeds and the utterance of only prescribed opinions; and that better prompting of the spirit, which sees humanity struggling with its own destiny, reaches out a helping hand, warm with healthy blood, and speaks words of sympathy that come from a heart swayed more by the teachings of the great Master than by articles of a Church Discipline.

The nature of Prof. Swing's trial is so well in the public mind, that we hardly need to review it here. Arraigned on charges of heresy by Prof. Patton, of the Presbyterian Theological School in Chicago, his trial before the Presbytery only elicited the fact that he had not confined himself quite so rigidly to the doctrinal system of the church as seemed fitting to the Prosecutor, that he had preached on Sundays to a promiscuous audience in a Chicago theater, thus bearing the word of life to many who might not otherwise have heard it, and particularly that he had spoken more lightly of the inspiration of certain Old Testament passages, like the account of Solomon's debaucheries, perhaps, than the self-constituted champion of imperiled theology seemed to think fitting. The trial, as is well known, resulted in Prof. Swing's acquittal. Prof. Patton's appeal to the Synod, and the final withdrawal of the accused from the Presbyterian church. On the part of the Prosecutor, it presented the case of a sincere, earnest, but austere and seemingly over-zealous champion of the musty theological doctrines of bygone ages; whose course is generally condemned, and who is almost reduced to the state of fighting his battle alone. On the part of the Defendant, it presents the case of a warm-hearted, sympathetic lover of humanity, who would give men fresh and homely truths, who reached after results caring little what old forms he knocked over in the effort, and who has the well known unbounded sympathy and approval of the Christian world. It is an account of this trial that the book before us presents. It contains the charges and specifications, the declaration of Prof. Swing, the testimony of witnesses, protests and answers, reports of committees, arguments in full, opinions and findings of the court, and reasons of the Presbytery for a verdict of acquittal, with Prof. Swing's letter of withdrawal and Prof. Patton's reasons for appeal to the Synod. We can commend it to all those who were interested either in that specific case, or in the general principle which underlay the trial. The Publishers will furnish it in paper for \$1.40, or in cloth for \$1.75.

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874 The Register 1874

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TREATISE.

The New Treatise, just revised by order of the General Conference, can now be had by application, for 25 cents for each copy. Single stage (extra) 4 cents for single of one, 10 cents each for two or more copies. Orders are solicited.

Books in Chicago.

Arrangements have been made with D. S. Affron, 250 State St., Chicago, for the sale of denominational and Sabbath school books. They may be purchased there at the same price as elsewhere, and in charge of this affair, D. S. Affron.

change at this office. Remittances for the
war and other papers may be made through
us, but it will ordinarily be best to do that
business with this office direct.

News Summary.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Two cases of Asiatic cholera are reported in New York.

By a railroad accident on the Mobile and New Orleans Railroad the engineer and fireman were killed.

News is received of a fight with the Indians near Jacksonville, Texas, in which the white troops suffered a considerable loss.

There are indications of a tight "corner" in oats in the New York produce market.

General Sherman has expressed the opinion that the present Indian troubles are not of a serious nature and will soon die out. He expresses himself as strongly opposed to the peace policy.

By a collision on the Grand Trunk Railway, near Fort Erie, on Wednesday, three persons were killed.

The collapse of the People's Fire Insurance Company, of Philadelphia, and the absconding of the manager, are confirmed.

The region recently devastated by the Pittsburgh flood is now threatened with pestilence from the large quantities of putrefying animal matter, which forms a part of the debris of the flood.

It is now strongly suspected that the so-called kidnapping case in Philadelphia is only a device on the part of the father of the child to procure funds for his personal use.

In a quarrel between two Germans, in Philadelphia, Thursday, one of them named Snyder shot the other named Pahnke, causing his almost instant death. Snyder was arrested, and pleaded self-defense.

It is supposed that two lives were lost by the collision of the steamer Schuyler with a tug boat on the Hudson, Wednesday.

Three men were killed and a boy fatally injured by the explosion of a powder magazine attached to a powder mill near Tamaqua, Penn.

C. J. H. Duffell, member of the Swedish central committee, has been sent to this country by his government to make arrangements to secure necessary space for the exhibition from Sweden in the exposition.

The American Institute of Instruction closed its annual session at North Adams, Mass., Friday. Merrick Lyon, of Providence, R. I., was elected president of the association for the ensuing year.

On Friday, there was one of the most exciting and successful "corners" in corn ever witnessed in Chicago. The price of corn fell to 62 cents during yesterday, again rising to 80 cents, the latter price being bid by the prime mover of the plot, Jack Sturges—and it is understood that 600,000 bushels sold at the latter price have not been delivered. It is said that 7,000,000 bushels are controlled by the combination.

The Secretary of the Treasury, Saturday, issued a call for \$30,000 of coupons and \$5000 of registered bonds, to be paid at the Treasury, Nov. 1.

Mr. Shearman, clerk of Plymouth church, is reported to have said that he knows the nature of the facts in the possession of Mr. Frank Moulton, and that they are not prejudicial to Mr. Beecher.

The grasshopper plague has appeared with great violence in western and south-western Kansas.

A severe storm in western New York did considerable damage to the crops.

The centennial anniversary of the discovery of oxygen by Priestley was observed by a number of scientific men at Northumberland, Pa., Friday, the discoverer's burial-place. A congratulatory message was received from those engaged in celebrating the day at Priestley's home, in England, and a reply was returned.

One car of an express train on the Cherry Valley branch of the Susquehanna Railroad was thrown from the track, Friday, causing severe injuries to a number of the passengers. A man on a hand-car on the Maine Central road was injured, probably fatally, by a collision of the car with a moving train.

Governor Ames, of Mississippi, advises the government of an alarming condition of things in Vicksburg, organized military bands being in power, and bloodshed being threatened on or before the coming election day; and calls upon the President for the protection of federal troops. The President declines to accede to the request as sent.

The fears of trouble at Vicksburg, Miss., at the coming election, have been generally abandoned by the citizens.

The first statement of the condition of the national banks since the recent changes in the laws relating to the reserves, shows an increase on the 26th of June last of \$17,000,000 in the amount due the banks, over that of the same date a year ago, and over \$17,000,000 in specie and legal tender notes; while the deposits have fallen off about \$20,000,000.

The judge in the case of the Tilton libel case has refused to issue subpoenas for witnesses, on the ground that the case would undoubtedly be dismissed, Monday. The publication of Mr. Beecher's statement is promised for early this week.

FOREIGN.

The great Prince's dock-landing stages in Liverpool have been entirely destroyed by fire.

The motion for dissolution was defeated in the French Assembly, Wednesday.

The latest reports from India represent the prospects of the crops as most favorable.

Prince Bismarck's health is improving.

A telescopic comet was discovered at Mar-selles, France, on Sunday morning last.

It is stated that the German squadron, to cruise in the Spanish waters will leave for its new station about the middle of August.

The European news agencies—the Reuter Telegram Company of London and Havas, Latite & Co., of Paris—have become consolidated.

The French Assembly, Friday, after an exciting debate, voted a recess from August 9 to November 14.

Advices from Germany report strenuous endeavors of the government to stop supplies to the Carlists, and it is stated that a German squadron has been ordered to cruise off the northern coast of Spain.

There are indications of a concerted movement among the nations bordering on Spain for the protection of the frontier from violation by the Carlists.

News is received of the loss of the English steamer Millbank, by collision with the steamer Hankow, and of 15 of the crew. A Japanese steamer, Tai Omuri, is reported to have been lost, together with 21 men.

Advices from Spain report that the Carlists claim a great victory over the republicans, near the frontier. A movement is on foot for a combination of foreign nationalities to prevent the continuance of the Carlist atrocities.

A serious strike among the operatives in the flax mills in Belfast, Ireland, is reported, with violent demonstrations on the part of the strikers, giving cause for fear of serious trouble.

Eight cargoes of wheat have been shipped from San Francisco for England, since the 1st inst. At last date the receipts in that city

averaged a ship load daily, and would soon be largely increased.

In 1811, Napoleon I. gave to Drouet, a celebrated flutist, and the reputed author of "Par-tant pour la Syrie," a crystal flute, which has recently been placed in the Museum of the Musikverein at Vienna.

Serious complications are reported to have arisen between France and Germany in regard to Spanish affairs.

Paragraphs.

Towa is richer this year than last by nearly a million and a half.

A. T. Stewart is crossing the Atlantic for the sixteenth time in the Scotia.

The royal family of Great Britain costs the treasury \$2,377,570 in gold annually.

The eight hundred paper mills in the United States give employment to 20,000 people, and produce \$70,000,000 worth of paper annually.

A patch of wild coffee trees, which are thriving finely, has been discovered on the shore of the lake in Lake county, California.

Bogus Charley, second chief of the Modocs, was in St. Louis, recently. These Indians now number one hundred and fifty, and their chief characteristic is a love for the game of croquet.

A Pennsylvania jasper sword of six years ago and has put a penny into a box for every drink he would have taken. He counted his board the other day and found he had missed 1287 drinks.

Here is a Japanese recipe for keeping meat fresh in hot weather: "Place it in a clean porcelain bowl and pour very hot water over it so as to cover it. Then pour oil upon the water. The air is thus quite excluded and the meat preserved."

The King of Ashantee has paid a further instalment of \$6000 to Great Britain on the war indemnity.

The Amalgamated Society of Engineers, having its head quarters in England, is deemed the greatest and most successful trades-union in the world. It began this year with 42,381 members and \$1,100,000 in the Treasury, while in 1853 it had but 9747 members and \$26,940 on hand.

Describing the culinary arrangements of the Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga, a correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser says that all the grinding of coffee, turning of ice-cream freezers, roasting-spits, and a dozen other things, are done by little steam-engines that you could carry off in one hand. During the regatta week the hotel fed 5000 people a day, and on one day thirty head of cattle were consumed.

That was a ludicrously sudden descent from the sublime to the ridiculous where a clergyman preaching on the "Ministry of Angels" suddenly observed, "I hear a whisper!" The change of tone startled one of the deacons, who sat below, from a drowsy mood, and springing to his feet, he cried, "I hear the boys in the gallery."

Of all the railroads that lead out of Boston, the Boston and Maine perhaps offers the best attractions to summer travelers. It not only passes close beside the best beaches in Maine, but it conveys passengers, by the beautiful Winthrop lake region, into the very heart of the White Mountain scenery. Its passenger coaches are first class, and even its engine admit that no road in the country is managed with more safety or secures greater comforts and privileges to its patrons.

A few days ago a gentleman lost his hat from the balcony of a little boat on the brink of the Kauterskill Falls, Catskill. Going down to seek it he found a pocket-book containing nearly a hundred dollars. Now there is a disposition on the part of other visitors to lose their hats.

Two painters jumped from the St. Louis bridge into the Mississippi river, a distance of sixty-three feet, to win a wager of ten dollars, and the leap was successful. They were under water over two minutes. A man recently applied to the police authorities of Buffalo for permission to leap from the top of an elevator into the creek, but leave was refused.

A short time ago Dr. Harding of Wadsworth, Eng., successfully extracted a French musket bullet from the hand of James Jenner, weighing over three-quarters of an ounce, which was firmly embedded in him at the battle of Waterloo. In spite of the inconvenience arising from the bullet during nearly sixty years, the man has worked uninterruptedly as an agricultural laborer in the parish, where he bears an excellent character. He is eighty years of age.

Writing of General Custer a correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial says: "It may not be forgotten how he demanded certain things of General Longstreet. Says Custer of the flowing locks—"

"General Longstreet, I demand a surrender of your army to me, General Custer, and to General Sheridan. I'll give you twenty minutes to decide; after that I'll turn my boys loose on you. I can hardly hold them now."

General Longstreet: "Don't hold them. General Custer! I've got men to eat you and your boys up, and we ain't very hungry either."

True, Longstreet was not very good at devouring the boys in blue, yet the retort was good, and Custer said it.

An order just received by a chemical manufacturing firm of Indianapolis for one thousand pounds of potato bugs may be classed as one of the curiosities of commerce. It has been discovered that these insects possess qualities which make them a good substitute for the Spanish fly, and there is a prospect that from being regarded as an unmitigated pest they may become a source of actual profit.

The Kendall-street bridge in Battle Creek, Mich., has become famous as a geological resort on account of the shell deposits found in the Marshall group of strata. Now the same location bids fair to become famous in a different way. It has been known for a long time that valuable minerals were to be found in this sandstone outcrop, but lately M. B. Russell, Esq., J. M. Galloup and Martin Metcalf have been investigating the matter, and have found that the water, besides being largely impregnated with mineral substances of great medicinal value, is also filled with gas, which escapes from the surface in large quantities. Experiments are in progress to test the value of the water and the gas which is found issuing from it so abundantly.

The following are some of the prices paid for noted American horses: Kentucky, \$40,000; Norfolk, \$15,000; Lexington, \$15,000; Kingfisher, \$15,000; Glenelg, \$10,000; Smuggler, \$15,000; Blackwood, \$30,000; Jay Gould, \$30,000; Dexter, \$33,000; Lady Thorne, \$30,000; Jim Irving, \$30,000; Goldsmith Maid, \$20,000; Starke, \$20,000; Prospero, \$20,000; Rosalind, \$20,000; Lulu, \$20,000; Happy Medium, \$25,000; Clara G., \$30,000; Pochontas, \$25,000; Edward Everett, \$20,000; Auburn horse, \$13,000; Judge Fullerton, \$20,000; Mambrino Bertie, \$10,000; Socrates, \$20,000; George Palmer, \$15,000; Mambrino Pilot, \$12,000; George P. Daniels, \$8,000; J. G. Brown, \$12,000; Flora Temple, sold, when aged, for \$8,000, for brood mare; \$25,000 was offered and refused for Tom Bowling last summer; \$20,000 was offered and refused for Bassett in his three-year-old form; \$25,000 will not to-day buy Baywood of Astor; \$40,000 was offered and refused for Woodford Mambrino, and \$20,000 for Thorndale.

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Established Music Houses will order sample styles if they do not already have them in stock, if purchasers will call for the HENRY F. MILLER Pianos.

HENRY F. MILLER, Boston.

Rural and Domestic.

Spanish Merino Sheep.

"Merino" is the name of a Spanish breed of variety of sheep, which affords a wool esteemed to be finer than that which any other European breed produces. The appearance which the merino exhibits, will be seen from our engraving. In this breed the males have horns, but the females are without them. They have generally white faces and legs.

The body does not seem very perfect in shape; the legs are long, the bones small; and under the throat the skin is somewhat pendulous and loose. The skin of the animal is fine and clear. When they are somewhat fat, the weight, per quarter, of the ram is about seventeen pounds, and of the ewe about eleven pounds.

The sheep of Spain are divided into two principal sorts: the common sheep, which continue on the grounds of their owners, and are housed in winter; and the merinoes, which always remain in the open air traveling before the summer to the cool mountains, and returning before the winter to the warm plains. The stationary sheep chiefly belong to the eastern provinces of Spain; while the merinoes belong to the central and western parts, the Castiles, Leon, and Extremadura. In summer they resort chiefly to the plains of the latter provinces, and in winter to the mountainous parts of Castile, which form the most elevated part of Spain, and abound in aromatic plants and fine pastures. Different accounts are given of the origin of this practice; but we have no distinct knowledge of the existence of traveling flocks in Spain, until the time when the Christians began to prevail against the Mohammedans in the thirteenth century, and came down from the mountains of the north into the provinces of the center and the south. After this time, however, the system of migration became well and firmly established; and before the Moorish kingdom of Granada had been finally reduced in the fifteenth century, the system had been organized, under the authority of the government, in nearly its present form.

There is an institution peculiar to Spain called the mesta. It is a society of noblemen and other great proprietors, to whom the migratory sheep belong; who are empowered to make regulations concerning the migration of the flocks; and who, in fact, are a great co-operative body of capitalists. Unfortunately they possess powers and privileges much at variance with the interests of the people. The term mesta is also applied to the great body of the migratory sheep in general; while the particular flocks are called merinos and transhumantes.

These flocks, when assembled for migration, generally consist of about ten thousand sheep. Every flock is conducted by an officer called a mayoral, whose business it is to superintend the shepherds and direct the route; he is generally an active man, well acquainted with the kinds of pasture, the nature of sheep, and the method of treatment. Under him there are commonly about fifty shepherds, each of whom is allowed to keep a few sheep or goats of his own in the flock, on the understanding that, although they are any young they produce are his property, the wool and hair belong to the proprietor of the flock. The number of persons thus employed in the care of the whole of the flocks that compose the mesta are about forty-five or fifty thousand. The dogs are also very numerous, fifty being the number commonly allowed to each flock.

"It is at the latter end of April, or the beginning of May, that the flocks leave the plains for the mountains. When they are driven to the place where they are to remain, the shepherd gives as much salt as they are willing to lick; and the quantity of this article allowed for their consumption during the five summer months, is one ton for every thousand sheep. At the end of July, the rams are permitted to associate with the ewes, but before and after that time they are kept separate. In September the backs and loins of the sheep are rubbed with red ochre, dissolved in water; and toward the end of the same month they recommence their march to the plains of Leon, Estramadura, and Andalusia. The sheep are generally conducted to the same ground which they have grazed the preceding year, and where most of the lambs were born. Here flocks are constituted for the sheep and kept in the mountains for the summer; and there they remain during the winter. The birth of the lambs takes place shortly after the arrival of the flocks in winter quarters; and particular attention is paid to prepare them by good diet for the journey of April."

"In March the shepherds have much to do with lambs; they cut the tails, mark the nose with a hot iron, and saw off the points of the horns. When the time approaches for the flocks to depart for the mountains, they indicate their desire to migrate by their restlessness and by their endeavors to escape. The shearing takes place in the month of May, during the summer journey. This business is introduced with much of preparation and ceremony, and the intervals of the labor are checked by a great deal of jollity and merry-making. The shearing is performed under cover. The animals are previously put into a building consisting of two apartments, from four to eight paces long, and one hundred wide. As many of the sheep as are to be sheared are taken in the evening into a narrow, long, low hut, called the sweating house, where, being much crowded together, they perspire freely, which renders the wool softer and more easy to be cut. This is one of the practices the Spaniards appear to have derived from the Romans. One hundred and twenty-five are usually employed for shearing a thousand ewes, and two hundred for a thousand wethers. Each sheep affords four kinds of

wool, more or less fine according to the parts of the animal whence it is taken. The rams yield more wool than the ewes, but not so fine a quality; three rams or five ewes afford twenty-five pounds. The wool is sorted and washed before being sent away. The sheep that have been sheared are sent to another place and marked; and those which, in the course of the individual inspection they undergo on this occasion, are found to have lost their teeth, are set apart to be killed for mutton.

The journey which the flocks make in their migration, is regulated by particular laws and immemorial customs. The sheep pass unmolested over the pastures belonging to the villages, and the commons which lie in their road, and have a right to feed on them. They are not, however, allowed to pass over cultivated lands, but the proprietors of such lands are obliged to leave a path of about eighty-four yards in breadth. When they traverse the common pastures, they seldom travel more than six miles a day; but when they walk in close order upward of eighteen miles. The whole of their journey is usually an extent of from 300 to 420 miles, which they perform in thirty or thirty-five days. Popular opinion in Spain attributes the superiority of the wool in the merino to these periodical migrations; but this appears to be disproved by the fact that the wool of the stationary sheep is sometimes equally good, and still more by the very great superiority of the wool of German merino, which does not migrate at all. The number of the migratory sheep in Spain, is at present estimated at 10,000,000, and of the stationary, at 8,000,000.

Treatment of Dyspepsia.

Dr. Dio Lewis states that years ago a physician in New York city published a small book in which he gave written certificates of marvelous cures of dyspepsia. His cures were mysterious and effective. He charged \$500 for a cure, and his patients were most solemnly pledged with much secrecy as to the mode of treatment. After the death of the doctor some of the patients felt themselves absolved from the obligation, of secrecy and one of them disclosed the facts in the case to Dr. Lewis. After correcting some of the more grossly wrong dietetic habits, the doctor required each patient to spend ten or fifteen minutes in the morning at rising in kneading and slapping his own abdomen with precision. This was extended over the stomach, bowels, and the liver. This was repeated just before dinner, again at 7 P. M., with rest and on going to bed. The patient was requested to be temperate and regular in all his habits, exercise much in the open air, and attend most assiduously to the slapping, kneading, and percussion of the whole abdomen; and as the result, we are informed that malignant cases of indigestion, that had resisted all other remedies, yielded to this.

"In every case of indigestion," says Dr. Dio Lewis, "no matter what may be its character slapping the bowels with the flat of the hands on rising in the morning, four hours after breakfast, and in the evening on going to bed, is an excellent treatment. I can not conceive of a case of chronic indigestion which such a manipulation would not relieve. It is a person so weak that he can not perform these slappings and kneadings for himself; then the hands of a discreet person should be employed."

It is marvelous how a stomach, sore and sensitive at first, and hardly able to bear a touch, will strengthen under these operations, and bear, in a short time, with pleasure, pretty rough handling. I have experienced the benefit of these manipulations, and can testify to their utility. Under this treatment a torpid liver will be aroused to activity, constipated bowels will become regular and do their normal work, and a sluggish stomach will put on its wonted energy. A new circulation is established in the points of suffering and weakness, and new muscular and nervous action is established throughout the whole abdominal viscera. What has cost many a suffering dyspeptic \$500 to know, I now offer to your readers without money or price. Let the suffering try it, and try it faithfully, and we venture to say they will get more than pay for all their work."

To Can Fruit.

Use only fresh fruit, and that which is perfectly ripe—not too soft, just right to eat well; fill your can full of fruit; put the can in a vessel of cold water; put a few iron rings in the bottom of the vessel to prevent breaking, then put over a slow fire at first, then making it hotter after the water becomes hot. Too great a heat at first will crack the cans at the bottom. Meanwhile make a nice syrup of white sugar, when your fruit is half done cooking, pour the syrup over the fruit in the cans, and continue boiling until done. Remove from the fire and seal immediately. Some prefer cooking their fruit before putting it in cans, but in my estimation it does not preserve its natural flavor as well, neither will the syrup be perfectly clear. Fill your can full of fruit; put the can in a vessel of cold water; put a few iron rings in the bottom of the vessel to prevent breaking, then put over a slow fire at first, then making it hotter after the water becomes hot. Too great a heat at first will crack the cans at the bottom. Meanwhile make a nice syrup of white sugar, when your fruit is half done cooking, pour the syrup over the fruit in the cans, and continue boiling until done. Remove from the fire and seal immediately. Some prefer cooking their fruit before putting it in cans, but in my estimation it does not preserve its natural flavor as well, neither will the syrup be perfectly clear.

Cooking the fruit in the cans is the proper way of canning fruit. I use half a pound of sugar to a quart jar of fruit. Cherries, peaches, pears, and raspberries, will do with six ounces of sugar. Cook quart jars twenty or thirty minutes, according to the ripeness of the fruit. Keep water over the fruit, and boil for ten minutes. Then it will keep for years. By this process, you will never be awakened in the night time by a loud report as of a gun, as I have heard of some people experiencing, and perhaps breaking some half dozen cans nearest to it. Keep your cans in a cool, but not damp place.—Recorder.

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Pork, new mess, 16 25 18 45

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Western, do 23 30

Lard, steam rendered, 21 14

Factory Dairies, good to prime 23 14

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Java, 1/2 lb, bag good 23 25

Maracabo, 1/2 lb, bag, good 23 25

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Anthracite (from yard), retail 5 00 6 20

American Bituminous 5 00 6 20

Hyson House Canal 20 00 21 00

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EGGS.

State, 1/2 doz 23 00 24 00

FLOUR.

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Southern Flour 5 30 6 00

Rye Flour 4 80 5 00

Corn Meal, 1/2 bu 5 75 6 00

CRAB.

Amber, Western, 1/2 bush 1 40 1 45

Western, mixed, 1/2 bush 70 80

Rye, Western, 1/2 bush 1 07 1 14

Rutley, State, 1/2 bush 1 07 1 14