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The Morning Star - volume 49 number 32 - August 12, 1874

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The Morning Star

Volume XLIX.

DOVER, N. H., AUGUST 12, 1874.

Number 32

THE MORNING STAR A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER FOR THE FAMILY.

ISSUED BY THE
FREEWILL BAPTIST PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT
Office, 39 Washington St., Dover, N. H.

REV. I. D. STEWART, Publisher.

To whom all letters on business, remittances of money, &c., should be sent. All communications designed for publication should be addressed to the Editor.

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

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

4. When Agents receive premiums, no part of the money sent for the Star is allowed in addition.

5. We send no books out to be sold on commission or otherwise, with the privilege of returning them.

The Morning Star

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1874.

Up to the Hills.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,"
Though cold the mists of morning shroud their brow,
And faith, as through a glass, sees dimly how
"From thence shall come my help."

"I will lift mine eyes unto the hills,"
Through the fierce heat and burden of the day;
The "shadow of the rock" lies o'er the way
"From whence shall come my help."

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,"
When reverent evening sets the gates ajar,
And glimpses come of what the glories are
"From whence shall come my help."

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,"
Through mists of agony and bloody sweat
The angels ministered on Olivet;
"From whence shall come my help?"
—Old and New.

Boston Correspondence.

Boston, Aug. 1, 1874.

It is reported that one of our largest and most enterprising publishing houses is about to issue a new literary magazine, which shall represent New England thought and culture, and employ the best pens.

DECLINE IN PUBLISHING.

Boston seems to be hardly aware that she can now not fairly claim any representative literary magazine. The *Atlantic*, the repository of her best scholarship and genius in other days, though still issued here, in reality belongs to New York. The latter city now owns all the magazines of national reputation—*Harper's*, the *Atlantic*, *Scribner's*, the *Galaxy*, *Popular Science Monthly*, *St. Nicholas*, and her wealth, liberality and enterprise seem fast monopolizing the literary trade. Even the delightful juvenile magazine, *Our Young Folks*, which made a spicy garden in the field of juvenile literature, whose fragrance will linger for a generation, becomes the property of New York publishers, and its New England characteristics vanish in the more artistic and cosmopolitan *St. Nicholas*. The staid old *North American Review* finds a rival in the *International*. Every Saturday, as an illustrated sheet, was withdrawn in the interest of the *Harper's*, and, since its withdrawal, Boston has had no high class illustrated newspaper. The best publications of the American tract Society are now issued from New York. The independent religious journals that go into the intelligent homes in all parts of the land are all owned by New York capitalists, and published in that metropolis.

There must be a revival of literature and literary publishing in Boston, or her reputation, like the reputation of the old firms of Phillips, Sampson & Co. and Ticknor and Fields, will be a thing of the past. The old school of writers are passing away. One by one the literary lights are vanishing, and the flames of romance, inspiration, large thought and goodness that they kindled, break and fade and cease to glow. Longfellow still dwells in the old Craggle House, among the cool and delicious elms of Cambridge, in cultured retirement befitting a prince of the royal family of aesthetic thought, but the "summer fields" of his literary life "are mown," the "summer birds are flown," and his genius in its calm decline yields only the "aftermath." His hair is sprinkled with the silver of age, as is Emerson's and Holmes's and Lowell's. One looks upon these, as they occasionally are seen in the public places and on the streets, at funerals like Agassiz's or Sumner's, at reunions that recall the visions of bright days, musical springs and restful summer

nontides of long ago, as the new school of English writers must have looked upon the Lake Poets in their decline—Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, North—men who lingered long after their life work was done.

We well remember the days of literary fruitfulness when the *Atlantic* first appeared, a literary enigma, for few were able to guess at the authorship of the incomparable articles under its Quaker covers. We remember our delight at the "Autocrat at the Breakfast Table," our curiosity over Emerson's "Brahma," which read backwards and forwards, and to common minds made the same sense. Whittier and Longfellow were then gathering the ripe fruits of their day of inspiration, and gave it the best efforts of their pen. Mrs. Stowe was in her best years, and produced the "Minister's Wooing," Lowell wrote the political and the war articles, and Fitz James O'Brien flashed across the intellectual firmament, the comet of his season, and Miss Prescott, then only about twenty years of age, charmed all cultivated circles with the single pen stroke of the "Amber God."

Our Young Folks too had its day of inspiration, when Mrs. Whitney was delighting the girls with her "Summer in Lizzie Goldwain's Life," Mayne Reid enchanting the boys with his "Afloat in the Forest" and Trowbridge and Miss Larcum giving it the best editorial efforts of their pens.

Trowbridge is now employed on *St. Nicholas*. Miss Larcum found that the writing of poetry did not yield her a proper support, and is now a teacher of belles lettres in a large academy. She was a very charming and sympathetic body in Boston society, associated herself with the work of the North End Mission, was an intimate friend of Whittier, a lady whom all the well-to-do literary people deemed it a favor to take to their hearts and homes. Her most popular poem, "Hannah-binding Shoes," was originally sent to a N. Y. magazine, and was published without her notice, she supposing it to have been declined. It attracted no attention. Years afterwards she sent it to another periodical. It was widely copied by the press and became immediately famous.

WRITERS AND PUBLISHERS.

The *Congregationalist* holds its own, and from its high literary excellence, has somewhat outgrown denominational limits. The *Christian Watchman*, too, holds its old way. The *Youth's Companion*, established by Mr. Willis nearly fifty years ago, also survives these changes, and has grown steadily into almost unexampled prosperity. It has today more than 121,000 subscribers. It was begun as a children's paper, of a religious character; it is now a family journal, and has in its service some of the best periodical writers. Its aim, like Chamber's *Journal* in its best days, seems to be to furnish at a cheap rate high toned and wholesome literature by the most qualified pens.

Several popular story papers, whose literature, though light, was unobjectionable, have greatly declined in circulation, such, for example, as the *True Flag* and *American Union*. The *Olive Branch*, which at one time had a very extensive circulation, died years ago, and Gleason's later publications have had no such popularity as his old *Pictorial*.

But notwithstanding the decline in periodical publishing, the best literary work is still done in Boston, the purest, the most thoughtful, scholarly, and elevating. Some of the best writing in Appleton's *New Cyclopaedia* subjects requiring the most critical treatment, are from Boston pens, and this work may be regarded as a sort of literary gauge. The *Watchman* and *Reflector* has an article this week, showing that nearly every Boston clergyman is an author. This is almost true of the other professions. The Athenians still live at Athens, but they go largely to market in New York.

The decline of Boston as a literary market opens a field to enterprise, and we are glad to hear of a new magazine in prospect and of new publishing projects which may serve to keep the best literary wares at home.

BEECHER-TILTON.

The interest in the Beecher-Tilton scandal here is something remarkable, and we can hardly say discreditable, for almost everyone seems to feel that in this issue religion, philanthropy, national reputation, and all things good and true have something to gain or lose. Of course every one condemns Tilton, even if his story should prove to have some foundation in fact, for going back on a forgiven injury, and putting his wife and children into a position of almost hopeless disgrace before the world. The press of the city has taken high moral ground in respect to the whole matter; it has published, often with an editorial apology, some sensational telegrams, but no sensational editorial articles. All of the papers choose to hold Mr. Beecher as an innocent man, until he is proven to be guilty, which is certainly creditable ground for secular journalism. Whatever may be the result of the exciting investigation, the good that Mr. Beecher has already accomplished can not perish. Had Sir Isaac Newton have proved in his last years a very foolish man, the discovery of the law of gravitation would not have been of less value or importance to mankind.

It is sad to note that Mr. Tilton's infidelities to his friends and home first began in religious apostasy. He shut Christ, whom he had professed to love, out of his soul, denied his divinity and spiritual authority, and from that hour the life of the brilliant

paraphraser seems to have passed into an eclipse. The loss of faith in Christianity was naturally followed by a loss of faith in mankind, and that irreconcilable and unrest that spiritual orphanage is sure to bring.

The papers are publishing a short poem by Mr. Tilton, in which he tells his loss of faith in his home. We are reminded by it of another poem, written in a happier day, when he had confidence in his God, in his home, and in mankind. It was composed for the Plymouth Sunday School, and was sung by the children of that school for three successive years, on the occasion of their annual closing exercises in summer. How sadly these days contrast with those happy, and never-to-be-recalled years! The poem is as follows:

"The year's last song, and then we part;
How swiftly time is winging!

But sweet are farewells to the heart,
When they are said in singing!

The roses climb the garden wall,
The buds are past their blowing;

The summer's breezy voices call,
And we must now be going.

"The thrush is on her trembling nest,
Which every wind is swaying;

And every robin shows his breast,
While we are here delaying.

The bees have set their pipes in tune
On every head of clover;

And we must haste to hear them soon
Or summer will be over.

"To-day the birds on every bough
Their summer chimes are ringing;

The Lord is in his temple now,
We praise him with our singing.

Without, within, the voices chime!
One praise we all are giving—

To thee, O ever-loving Lord!
To thee, O Ever-living.

"O God, of every human heart,
And every heart's pure feeling,

We love and praise thee as thou art
In Nature's own revealing;

When summer's grass is green,
Or winter's snows are hoary;

We see thee, though thou art unseen,
We know thee by thy glory.

"We linger in our parting song,
We praise thee as we sever;

The summer days will not be long,
Ere we shall praise thee forever.

All hail! then, for the Summer Land
Whose blossoms never wither!

Though here we part each other's hand,
We keep our journey thither."

H. H. BUTTERWORTH.

New York Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Aug. 11, 1874.

THE DEATH RATE.

We have been enjoying unusually agreeable and temperate weather of late, but the ratio of mortality—over 44 deaths per annum to 1,000 inhabitants—is so remarkable as to excite earnest discussion. The ratio in London for the past week by mail, is said to be less than 21. Much the larger part of the deaths are of children at about the teething age, although it would be absurd to suppose that the difference between New World and Old World capitals in mortality is all made in the infancy list. There is undoubtedly a higher rate of mortality here, running through a large class of population of all ages. Newspapers and health authorities are zealously inquiring into the phenomenon, although it is no new one. The almost unique sanitary advantages of our location are duly dwelt upon, and the conclusion is reached that we have no peculiarity unfavorable to health except overcrowding.

The densest portions of New York are occupied by the poorest and most ignorant portion of the population, who are crammed in immense hives, or stacks of brick from six to eight stories high, and from 50 to 100 feet frontage by 50 feet depth. This depth not filling the lots, such tenement stacks are often placed double, one in rear of the other, with a court perhaps twenty feet wide between them, and narrow alleys lead to the rear building from the street. Inside each of such stacks, human beings are crowded to the number of fifty to one hundred and fifty families; or, by a handy rule of computation, one family per linear foot. There is no restriction of the number of children, on the score of space, as they are considered free of all apartments, even where a decent measure of separation is kept up between adults.

There is evidently enough in such a mode of existence, with the heat of cooking and washing fires added to that of summer in close suits of apartments, ventilated only at one end, on a noisome street or rear court as the case may be, and with the exhalations of ill-closed drains, sinks and sewer connections which are used in common by two dozen families to an entry, and the putrid contents of gutters in which every slattern housewife will empty her slops and garbage unless you keep a policeman's eye on her incessantly; enough to account for the great part of the extraordinary infant and other mortality that disgraces this great city.

Still I think I have good grounds for believing that this evil, plainly remediable by just sanitary laws, is the source of less mortality than another that is not mentioned, and that can not be remedied. I do not mean the 8,000 grog and beer shops which undoubtedly kill more, body and soul, than all the other ministers of death, everywhere, and undoubtedly find their hugest glut of slaughter in this of all other cities. What I mean is the peculiar and excessive ignorance of a city-made population, as aggravated in an American city by a boundless liberty and independence nowhere else known. These poor people are sheep with-

out a shepherd, in an extreme sense. They know less than beasts of sanitary principles and the proper care of their young; the want of instinct being almost entirely unsupplied by human knowledge or even a human habit and faculty of exercising the judgment.

Ignorance, in short, is the monster that out-Herods Herod in the slaughter of the innocents. Ignorance intensified and made impenetrable by the accumulation and in-breeding of a vast foreign population coming here under "paternal government" which has left them little chance of growing into capacity for the self-government into which they have launched themselves by emigration.

Every physician knows, and many others whose part in the matter is only that of parentage or observation, know that it is excessively difficult at best, to carry children through the teething summer in the city. And the main difficulty is not in the air but in the diet and other matters of regime. The main difficulty of the diet lies in the preparation of its two great elements, milk and flour, to be a proper substitute for the natural nourishment of infancy. Yet, again, the difficulty here is that the doctors have not settled the question among themselves. One class stoutly prescribe crumblin and flour simply cooked together in porridge, or with the latter baked in bread. Others deprecate the crude qualities of both articles, but recommend often no sufficient improvement. Finally, the preparations in which these qualities are modified to make a wholesome diet for infants are invariably sold by the druggists at prices which put them out of the reach of the poor.

If the medical and health authorities of New York would do anything effective to check the ravages of infant mortality, they should direct their united efforts to provide for city parents these two things, and to secure their acceptance of them: First, pure milk, the present universal adulteration being prevented by inspection and rigorously enforced penalties. Second, a manufacture of flour properly compounded and cured by dry baking (so that it can not thicken in cooking), and sold by grocers under inspection and official guaranty, at a price as low as ten or twelve cents a pound, instead of the dollar a pound at which such preparations are generally held by the druggists.

Somewhat too much of this, perhaps, much more than I intended. What will you have next? I have all the delicacies of the season, and they are a great variety, but some of them are indelicate and none of them very appetizing. In the Beecher "delicacy," there is nothing new except the testimony of F. B. Carpenter, the artist, that he was present when Mrs. Tilton wrote at her husband's request, a concise statement that Mr. B. had solicited her to be a wife to him in all but legal status, and that he accompanied Mr. Tilton to Rev. Dr. Storrs with this statement. The testimony of Dr. Storrs on this point is now sought, but he is in Vermont, and some delay will be experienced in getting him back to Brooklyn for the purpose.

The Unreconstructible.

George Cary Eggleston, in his "A Rebel's Recollections," communicated to the *Atlantic Monthly*, thus describes the conduct of the women:

During the latter part of the year in which the war between the States came to an end, a Southern comic writer, in a letter addressed to Artemus Ward, summed up the political outlook in one sentence, reading somewhat as follows: "You may reconstruct the men with your laws and things, but how are you going to reconstruct the women? Whoop-ee!" Now this unauthorized but certainly very expressive interjection had a deal of truth at its back, and I am very sure that I have never yet known a thoroughly "reconstructed" woman. The reason, of course, is not far to seek. The women of the South could hardly have been more desperately in earnest than their husbands and brothers and sons were in the prosecution of the war, but with their woman-natures they gave themselves wholly to the cause; and having loved it heartily when it gave promise of a sturdy life, they almost worship it now that they have strewn its bier with funeral flowers. To doubt its righteousness, or to falter in their loyalty to it while it lived, would have been treason and infidelity; to do the like now that it is dead would be to them little less than sacrilege.

Theirs was a peculiarly hard lot. The real sorrows of war, like those of drunkenness, always fall most heavily upon women. They may not bear arms. They may not even share the triumphs which compensate their brethren for toil and suffering and danger. They must sit still and endure. The poverty which war brings to them wears no cheerful face, but sits down with them to empty tables, and pinches them sorely in solitude.

After the victory, the men who have won it throw up their hats in a glad huzzah, while their wives and daughters await in sorest agony of suspense the news which may bring hopeless desolation to their hearts. To them the victory may mean the loss of those for whom they lived and in whom they hoped, while to those who have fought the battle it brings only gladness. And all this was true of southern women almost without exception. The fact that all the

men capable of bearing arms went into the army, and staid there, gave to every woman in the South a personal interest not only in the general result of each battle, but in the list of killed and wounded as well. Poverty, too, and privation of the sorest kind, was the common lot, while the absence of the men laid many heavy burdens of work and responsibility upon shoulders unused to either. But they bore it all, not cheerfully only, but gladly. They believed it to be the duty of every able-bodied man to serve in the army, and they eagerly sent the men of their own homes to the field, frowning undisguisedly upon every laggard until there were no laggards left.

Many of them denied themselves not only delicacies, but substantial food also, when by enduring semi-starvation they could add to the stock of food at the command of the subsistence officers. I myself knew more than one housewife of women who, from the moment that food began to grow scarce, refused to eat meat or drink coffee, living thenceforth only upon vegetables of a speedily perishable sort, in order that they might leave the more for the soldiers in the field. When a friend remonstrated with one of them, on the ground that her health, already frail, was breaking down utterly from want of proper diet, she replied in a quiet, determined way, "I know that very well; but it is little that I can do, and I must do that little at any cost. My health and my life are worth less than those of my brothers, and if they give theirs to the cause, why should not I do the same? I would starve to death cheerfully if I could feed one soldier more by doing so, but the things I eat can't be sent to camp. I think it a sin to eat anything that can be used for rations." And she meant what she said, too, as a little mound in the churchyard testifies.

The Father's Face.

At a rehearsal for a Sabbath School entertainment some time since a little five year old Bessie was placed upon the platform to recite a short poem. She commenced bravely, but her eyes wandered all around the church, gathering more and more of disappointment into the face. Soon the lips began to quiver, and the little form shook with sobs. Her father stepped from behind a pillar, from whence he had been watching her, and taking her into his arms, said:

"Why, darling, what is the matter? I thought my little girl knew the verses so well."

"So I do, papa; but I could not see you. Let me stand where I can look right into your face, papa, and I won't be afraid."

And it is not so with our Heavenly Father's children? We stand too often where we can not look into his face. Darling sins, and our pride, like pillars, rise up between us and God, and disappointment and tears are ours until, casting these behind us, we stand in the light of our Father's face.—*Lutheran Observer*.

Events of the Week.

A RIVER TRAGEDY.

The steamer Pat Rogers was burned on the Ohio, near Aurora, Indiana, last Wednesday morning, and about twenty passengers lost their lives. The fire seems to have caught in some cotton by a spark from the smoke-stack, although there are suspicions that it was the work of an incendiary.

THE ST. PAUL RIOT.

It would seem that the Associated Press agent magnified the Clark-Hay affair in St. Paul, to which we referred lately, for a Minneapolis correspondent informs us that there was nothing like a riot in connection with the affair, and that Hay is neither Chief of Police of Minneapolis, nor even on the Police force.

NORTH CAROLINA ELECTION.

The State election in North Carolina came off Thursday. There was considerable fear of riots, &c., and in Wilmington and one or two other places there were disturbances between the whites and blacks, but the election passed off more quietly than was anticipated. The Democrats appear to have carried the election, getting seven Congressmen out of eight.

A RAILROAD WAR ENDED.

It is reported that the war between the New York Central, Erie and Pennsylvania railroads, by which passenger and freight tariffs to the west were constantly changing, is now ended and that constant rates will be resumed. This may not be quite so favorable to travelers, but the result will be less demoralizing to the public.

POSTAL-CAR CONTROVERSY.

There is a controversy between certain railroad companies, especially those leading from Washington to New York, and the Post-office department in Washington, over transporting the mails. The companies say that they must be paid higher freight tariffs or withdraw their postal-cars, while the Postmaster General says that they can not have another cent, and that he can probably get the mailstaked in some way. At this writing there are indications that the companies will yield.

NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

The fourteenth annual session of the National Educational Association began in Detroit, Mich., last Tuesday. All the departments of education were represented by the brightest lights in them, and papers on important subjects were read by Dr. Peabody of Harvard, Prof. White of Illinois, John Ogden of Ohio, J. C. Greenough of Rhode Island, Dr. Reed of Missouri, and a number of others. The importance of these meetings could not easily be overrated.

THE MASSACHUSETTS CAMPAIGN.

The Massachusetts people are already discussing the question of the governorship. Some of the leading papers favor the nomination of acting Governor Talbot, but others object because he is a too strong temperance man. Judge Hoar is mentioned, but he asks that his name be not used, and Ben Butler is mentioned, but with the greatest caution, as it is usually followed by a howl of disapproval. The contest promises to be quite as interesting as it was last season.

AN UNUSUAL DECISION.

The Attorney-General has decided that the contract made by the Postmaster-General with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, increasing the subsidy of that Company to \$1,000,000 per annum, in consideration of their furnishing an iron steamship by the first of October, 1873, is still binding, in spite of the Company's failure to furnish such vessel within the time specified. If the conditions are just what they appear from this to be, that is a strange decision.

A CHINESE CONSULATE.

China has resolved to establish a consulate at San Francisco, but should allow the expenses thereof to be defrayed by the six Chinese Companies of that city. The consul is to be an American. He will not be long in finding his position less satisfactory than if he were not the stipendiary of others instead of the government he represents.

THE CASE IN BROOKLYN.

There is no prospect of the Committee making a report this week. But it is a pleasure to chronicle the fact that Mr. Moulton has at last been found, and he was to present his testimony, claimed to be of a very important character, to the Committee Monday afternoon. A verdict ought to follow very soon after that. Meanwhile Mr. Tilton's libel case has been dismissed, he himself has taken his farewell of the committee because he can not expect fair treatment at their hands; since they are all Beecher's friends, and is preparing to commence a civil suit against Mr. Beecher. Mrs. Tilton has again made her statement to the committee and it is a pitiable mixture of self-contradictions, uncertainties, and weak explanations. Mr. Beecher may be innocent, but it will take more than the statement of this vacillating woman to satisfy the public of it. If she could have been kept out of the case it would have been much better.

FOREIGN.

The famous public worship bill has passed the British Parliament, and may be considered a law. That is good so far as it goes. During the discussion of the bill Disraeli made a significant prediction. Referring to the strife between the church and state on the continent, he expressed the conviction that however tranquil might be the general state of Europe, there were agencies at work preparing a period of great disturbance.—The French Assembly has managed to adjourn without precipitating a crisis, which is better than most people thought could be done. But intrigues are still at work, and there is no sure prospect of peace.—Rumors of German intervention in Spain are conflicting, but the indications that there will be no meddling are multiplying. Meanwhile the bloody duel in Spain continues with no permanent advantage to either side. It is said that French troops guarding the Spanish frontier have been re-enforced, and rigorous measures have been ordered to prevent uniformed Carlists from crossing the boundary.

A TERRIFIED PARISH.

The parishioners of Bazile, in Canada, are terrified by strange noises that they hear coming from the ground, and they confidently expect to be either whelmed in a flood, or devoured by flames, or swallowed up in the earth, or something of the sort, before many days. We shouldn't be surprised if nothing whatever happened to the parishioners.

AMERICAN BALLISTS ABROAD.

The Boston and Athletic Base Ball clubs are making an English tour, playing match games in various parts of the island, and winning the greater part of the games. These clubs are composed of young gentlemen of good families, many of them are college graduates, and they will in no sense be likely to bring reproach upon themselves or their country.

S. S. Department.

Sabbath School Lesson.—Aug. 16.

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

POWER OVER DEMONS.

MARK 5:1-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.—For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil.

NOTES AND HINTS.

1. The events of this lesson immediately succeeded those of the lesson last Sabbath. The disciples, when overtaken by the storm, were on their way to the country of the Gadarenes, a country sometimes called Gergasa, Math. 8: 28, on the east of the sea, near the river now called Kerza or Gerza. Gadara is thought to be the name of the district in which Gergasa, the town, was located.

THE DEMONIAIC.

2-6. (a) He was possessed of an unclean spirit, devil, or more properly, a demon. The Jew and all the nations of the east believed in demoniacal possessions, that men were overpowered in their wills by the stronger wills of demons and were made to do what the demons wished. To cast out devils or demons was to arrest this tyranny, to set free the man from the power over his mind, and to send away the malevolent and foreign demon to his own place. The resemblance of this affliction to insanity has led some commentators to view them as the same thing. Besides, men are not now possessed of devils, in the sense of losing self-control, because overpowered by the will of foreign and evil spirits, but men are now insane, lunatic, mad. The objection to this explanation arises from this, that it does not cover all the phenomena of possession which the Scriptures record, the recognition by the demoniac of Christ's character, the transit from one creature to another of the spirit, the walking through dry places seeking rest and finding none, and the evident belief of the Scriptural writers in evil spirits, and in their personal influence on the human mind. The Scriptural accounts were written by men who believed the disorders of the possessed to be due to the malign operations of demons. This man who met Jesus as he landed on the shores of Gadara was regarded as overpowered against his will by a demon. (b) His abode was in the tombs, rooms cut out of rocky cliffs, admirable places for increasing the terror of his name, and for his demoniacal spirit to range and rage. He did not confine himself to the tombs, but here had his home, while he roamed over the mountains and among the wild wastes in the vicinity. (c) His character was exceedingly fierce, his name a dread far out into the surrounding regions, so that not only children but strong men dared not pass that way. We can imagine how the report of a wild man inhabiting the tombs would frighten the people. The Scriptural account, as given by Luke, shows that his attacks were periodical. "Often times it had caught him." At such times, when he was excited, he stripped off his clothing and seemed nerved with superhuman strength. In his calmer moments men chained and bound him with fetters, guarding against the hour when his torments should come on, but he snapped them asunder, and defied them to secure him. No man could bind, no man could tame him. It had been repeatedly tried. "He had been often bound with fetters and chains." (d) His life was one of distress. In the paroxysms of his disease, he cried out, filling the tombs, and making the sides of the mountain echo with his shrieks. Then he added to the dreadfulfulness of his condition, self-injury, "cutting himself with stones." He was one of the most pitiable objects that ever invited the compassion of our Lord. When the seasons of his distress subsided he recognized the miserable condition he was in, and shuddered at his degradation.

THE DEMONIAIC RECOGNIZES JESUS.

6-8. Afar off he saw Jesus, "and ran to meet him." Why he did not run from him, in view of his desire not to be molested, is the strangest thing about it. The will of the man did not prevail over the will of his enemy in this act. Perhaps he saw how futile it would be to attempt to fly from the Lord. (a) He ran and worshipped Jesus, not with the reverence due to God, but "worshiped" in the sense of paying obedience, probably after the Eastern manner of prostrating one's self at the feet of those thought to be superior. (b) "He cried with a loud voice," addressing Jesus with a cry of distress; the spirit of evil foreseeing the end of its reign and lamenting it. It was a wild, maniacal shriek. Hence he said, "What have I to do with thee?" The man whose will was governed in spite of evil does not so much speak as the demon who used the tongue as well as the mind of its victim; the man desired the release which only Jesus could give; the demon did not. (c) "Jesus, thou son of the most high God," language which shows how keen his perception, how more than human his knowledge of Jesus' character. Why should it be given to a man possessed of a devil, to have a correct apprehension of our Lord, while scribes, lawyers, priests and all the other religious men of the Jews were not able, having eyes, to see his nature? One of the points of difficulty on the theory that this was insanity, is to explain this superior insight of the man. He saw, he knew that Jesus was of God, knew it by the powers of the demon within him. The unclean spirit recognized the divine purity of our Lord. There was no sympathy between

the demon and Christ. "What have I to do with thee?" is language that indicates it, and that shows how the demon, seeing that Christ had not one point of contact with evil, knew that he was not a man.

FEAR OF TORMENT.

7-8. "I adjure thee, by God, torment me not." Matthew reads, "Art thou come to torment us before the time?" Christ is the torment of the evil spirit, of demons and of the devil. To this fact is due the prayer of this demon. He recognizes a day to come after which torment will be constant. The implication is that demons are not now in a state of torment. The time is the day of judgment, as is commonly supposed. The prayer of the demon beseeches Christ not to anticipate that day, and remand him to the state of suffering. The spirit sought to put Christ on oath to do what he desired. To "adjure" is to swear, or solemnly charge a person. The high priest said to Christ, "I adjure thee, by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God?" The Lord said to the Spirit, "Come out of the man, thou unclean spirit." It was this which led the spirit to say to Christ, "I adjure thee, by God, that thou torment me not." He meant "Now that I must leave this man, do not send me to the place of torment." He expected that sentence at a future time, but sought to avoid it for the present. He must leave the man whom he had so long afflicted, to request deliverance from torment. This address of Christ to the demon; as well as the subsequent account which treats of him as a being, a spirit, can not on the theory that the man was simply a maniac be easily explained.

THE REQUEST OF THE DEMON.

(a) The name of this spirit was Legion, because, as Luke says, many devils were entered into him; Mark says, "for we are many." We have therefore here a better meaning of the term than that borrowed from the use of the word in connection with the Roman army. There it meant a corps of soldiers, from three to six thousand in number. The word means, in this place, many. Two thousand swine were possessed by the demon or demons expelled from this man. It is idle to suppose that any such number found a lodging in one man, or our ideas of the magnitude must be of the infinitesimal. (b) It is singular how this one unclean spirit multiplies himself, "my name is Legion, for we are many," he means; for Luke says, "many devils had entered into him." It was as if all the spirits found a representative and speaker in this one. He applied the name of all to himself. How so many were related to one mortal a certain fixed obscurity conceals. (c) They besought Jesus not to command them to go out into the deep, "as Luke says, the word, 'they' referring to the demons. Mark says, 'he besought him much that he would not send them out of the country' where he refers to the one who spoke for the whole number. This prayer was that he would not order them back to the bottomless place, to hell, for so the word in Luke might read. Mark gives so much of their prayer as relates to leaving the country where they could still work mischief. They did not wish to be sent out of the country into the abyss of woe, for they enjoyed evil work, and they dreaded suffering. (d) Swine were feeding on a mountain side. Mark says they were "nigh unto the mountains." Matthew adds "a good way off." Hence the mountain was at a distance. The Jews were forbidden to eat swine, or to touch their carcasses. Hence they inferred that they were not so near them for Romans, nor other Gentiles; but the law did not prohibit such trade. It was regarded, however, with disfavor for a Jew to have any association with the animal. Whether those who kept the swine were Jews or not, is impossible to tell. It matters not. The same power that allowed men to be subject to evil spirits could allow swine to be so. (e) All the devils besought permission to enter the swine. It gratified them to do evil. A demon delights in doing wrong to others. Since they were forbidden to afflict men, they wished to trouble the unfortunate and innocent swine, for a herd of swine is as innocent of evil, as a flock of lambs. They did not ask this as due to the keepers of swine. Their sense of righteousness was not so active as to lead them to ask to punish evil doers. They desired to torment beasts for the same reason that they troubled men.

THE REQUEST GRANTED.

13, 14. "Forthwith Jesus gave them leave." His object in allowing this act doubtless was to punish, by the death of the swine with the devils in them, the devils themselves, for it is often the case that prayers strenuously urged are answered when they bring leanness to the suppliant. The swine were drowned not because they were swine, not because their owners were engaged in a dishonorable trade, but because Jesus wished to use them to punish the demons. By the death of the swine the demons were not killed, but were compelled to partake of the change which he had met, and of the loss of the herd of swine was carried to the city, which Jesus had not yet reached, and the citizens coming forth, and seeing all that was done, were afraid of Jesus, lest he should save more men at the loss of more swine. The man was healed and in his right mind, but they regarded that as little compared to the loss of the swine. How glorious it is for a man under the demon of drink, of avarice, of lust, of sin of any by name which he is led to live among the

tombs, where the life of God and the fellowship of Jesus and holy men is lost to become freed and restored to his right condition. It is the work of Jesus to deliver such a soul, and no legion of evil spirits can withstand his healing voice. The soul restored, not the soul in the frenzy of sin, sees how dreadful the condition of the slave of Satan. This man, like a forgiven sinner, comparing his past with his present, was so full of peace that he desired only to be with Jesus. But Jesus gave him a nobler work to do.

Communications.

Good.

BY ADDIE L. WYMAN.

Godd? good? Ask a college with a recent endowment of one hundred thousand dollars if the giver was good, ask an impulsive young clergyman if the woman he loves is good, ask a devotee at the shrine of the holy virgin if St. Mary was good, and then come into Havresdale and ask every serious looking person you see if Mrs. Optimus was good? Or course she was. The brazen arrow at the top of the long pole, at the top of the belfry, at the top of the church standing in solitary grandeur at the top of the highest knoll in Havresdale, was not more sure to point east during a storm, than was Mrs. Optimus, imperious and securely fastened at the top of her rod of eminent piety, to point up during all the gales that tumbled down other people's houses, and amid all the rain that drenched other people's lives.

If it was decided that a little more good-goddism in the Sabbath School Library would promote the welfare of the school, or if it was deemed expedient to send to the benighted inhabitants of the Lud-fismagoria Islands a cargo of tracts, on original sin, the inflexibility of divine justice, and the immensity of the distance between the ways and thoughts of God and of men, it was the gracious person of Mrs. Optimus that was seen holding converse, in most persuasive tones, with the lords and masters of the most respectable households in Havresdale, and if those gentlemen were so unregenerate as to place their autographs on the proffered paper with their hands instead of their hearts, and with the unwritten sentiment, "Anything to get rid of her," instead of "God loves a cheerful giver," may the Lord forgive them.

The minister himself was not more constant in his attendance upon public worship than was Mrs. Optimus, nor more certain to note other people's delinquencies in this regard. Sermons she enjoyed. All good people do; and Mrs. Optimus it will be remembered was good. She never forgot the text, and always noticed the application, and not only kept wide awake herself, but by her unexampled diligence, kept John and James and Harry and Kate and Arthur and Bell all as upright as china dolls and as open-eyed as if nothing less than the drawing of wires would close their dear little organs of vision. If ever a child of them ventured to demur, and want to stay at home, the doom of the wicked was presented to him in awful clearness, so that he was glad to avail himself of the saving grace of sitting bolt upright in the straight backed pew with his dear little feet dangling in air, and staring at the huge red rose on Miss Smithers's green silk bonnet.

If ever any children failed to rectify verbatim their Sabbath School lesson before Mrs. Optimus was too good to have her children's souls lost for want of proper instruction and development. Didn't they read the questions and then repeat their respective answers each five times, and then cover the answers and ask themselves the questions, and finally rehearse before Mrs. Optimus? Yes, that is just the way they did it, exactly; and being in the talent equal to parrots they usually had the words well learned and went to play with the comfortable consciousness that they could "say their lesson." On one occasion, however, master Johnny fell into notable disgrace.

"Why did they wish to kill the blessed Saviour?" read Mrs. Optimus from the little lesson book.

"Because he was so very wicked," poutingly responded young John.

"Why, John Optimus," cried his horrified parent, "that is very wrong indeed. Now be more careful. Why did they wish to kill the blessed Saviour?"

"Because he was very wicked. That's what it says in the book," whimpered Johnny retreating to the door with terrified visage.

"Because they were very wicked, you naughty child! Sit here and study over your lesson three times more."

In the prayer meeting Mrs. Optimus was faithful as a deacon and always took up her "cross" with a readiness which was her pride to believe must cause joy in heaven, though as others knew, in one particular instance it was not productive of joy on earth. At the time to which I allude the vestry held a goodly assemblage, the pastor had read instructive passages of Scripture, the singers had sung, the deacon had prayed, brother Omy had bewailed the church's lack of faith, and then there was a pause. So Mrs. Optimus rose and after alluding to her "cross" as usual proceeded to the point. In her extreme desire to do good she had visited a poor woman in a remote corner of the town and had talked with her just as kindly as if she had been her equal in social position. Few people had ever noticed the poor woman and she had seemed very much pleased at the speaker's attention. It was Christ-like to visit the poor and afflicted. Go, thou and do likewise, and great shall be thy reward in heaven.

Thus closed the remarks of Mrs. Optimus, and the good woman took her seat with emotion and covered her eyes with her handkerchief.

Now even within the sacred precincts of the vestry tale-bearers were not wanting, and with a founce here, and an edge there, and sundry little additional tuckings and trimmings, madam's account of her mission work was borne to the very poor woman in the remote corner of the town. It roused her pride, and she related to other very poor women the meanness of that Mrs. Optimus.

Mrs. Optimus, meantime, in serene unconsciousness from the goodness of her heart planned a tea party to which she invited not, exactly the lame, the halt and the blind, yet poor people who lived in the remote corners. Great was the good lady's disappointment that so few accepted her hospitality, and to this day she thinks they did not come because they had nothing fit to wear; whereas they all agreed with Mrs. Pow who said that she was not going there to have Mrs. Optimus tell in the next prayer meeting how she had invited to tea that poor Mrs. Pow with whom no one else would associate. She wasn't going to be one of the heathen for Mrs. Optimus to practice on. She guessed she was as good as some folks any day, if she didn't stick herself up for a saint.

Ah! good Mrs. Optimus, the noblest spirits are not always appreciated in "this vile world of sin"; and there some narrow minded people in remote corners of little towns who seem to consider the authority of One sufficient to establish the rule. "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

"Be Careful."

BY J. W. BARKER.

"Be careful what you say, and how you say it." This advice came from a well-disposed and kind intentioned friend. "Do not be impulsive—be cool." This was breathed in the next gust of kind advice. It is sage counsel. Who can doubt its importance? And yet, in many cases, it so cramps the vivacity of man's generous nature, that the sphere of usefulness is essentially circumscribed.

After all the possibility of countering the words are unmistakable exponents of the heart. And God breathes generous emotions into the heart that they may find life in the words we speak and in the deeds we do. It is seldom safe to repress a generous emotion. It is obstructing the current of inspiration. God sends the sunshine and rain, and the grateful earth replies in fruits and flowers.

My friend was moody, he maintained a "dignified silence." I could not understand it. The case was a plain one. My heart was aching for sympathy. I had reason to expect it. But no kind word came from the silent deep of his noble nature. My heart was as a thirsty, burning soil, and the rain tarried in the heavens. "He means all right." But this was poor consolation. "Could you see the sanctuaries of his heart you would be convinced that he is all right." But I could not see it, and that made suspense a most poignant bitterness. If the heart of Christian kindness and sympathy is a beautiful and exuberant garden, of what special use is all this, if I can not see its beauty or enjoy its fragrance? The wounds of the human spirit need prompt and kind attention; waiting, very often, entails agony and despair. Excessive caution, sends to conventionalism and tedious formality. The impulse of divinity, breathing through human nature, should never be obstructed. The first bloom of a spring flower is the freshest and sweetest. I have sometimes watched the swelling bud of a much loved plant. Morning after morning, have I anxiously waited for its unfolding bloom. But alas, exercised by overmuch caution, and through fear of being impulsive, the beauty came to the bud withered, and the expectation of loveliness was prematurely blasted.

This "wilderness world" would be far more fragrant were not so many noble impulses smothered. If you have a generous, noble thought stirring your spirit, out with it. Do not suffer it to die. God has sown many seeds of beauty and loveliness upon the soil of human nature, but we permit noxious weeds to spoil their early growth. Conventionalism and formality would permit a man to drown before our eyes, while we were waiting to be introduced to the unfortunate. It must be a most pitiable solace to the spirit of remorse, to know that nobody introduced us to the drowning brother. In that "better life," the flowers will all bloom, we shall not be worried with the possible secrets that may be living in our neighbor's innermost soul. We shall have no need to fear sudden frost, winds and winters. There will be no need of the caution—"be careful what you say."

Rev. Enoch Place Ladd.

This dear brother and excellent minister died at Limerick, Me., July 14th, and his funeral on the 17th from his own church was attended by a full and saddened audience, including eleven ministers, most of whom had taken part in the services and were his pall-bearers. The Bideford Journal makes this allusion to the occasion:

He was a graduate of the New Hampton Academy, Dartmouth College, and Andover Seminary. The obsequies were touchingly sad to his many friends in this vicinity. Rev. P. S. Burbank of South Parsonfield, who had baptized Elder Ladd, officiated on this occasion, while among the ministers who served as pall-bearers were two of his classmates at New Hampton and Andover. A very large concourse of people from the Ossipees paid their last tribute of love to the memory of a good man and faithful pastor, and mingled their tears with those of his sorrowing widow and only son.

Our dear brother preached his last sermon to his beloved people June 1, and has so soon deceased with affection of the brain

and exhaustion of the nervous system. He made all the arrangements for his funeral, selecting for the text Paul's noble declaration, "I have fought a good fight." He said a few hours before death, "Now, Dea. Hasty, I want you to sing and pray with me,"—and when this request had been complied with, he added, "Oh, this is sweet—we have had a good many good seasons in Christ's service here—we shall sing together in heaven." To his weeping friends he said, "Now let me depart and be with Jesus,"—and sweetly, triumphantly, he passed away. He is buried, as he requested to be, among his people in a new cemetery one mile east of the village.

Bro. Ladd was a native of Deerfield, N. H., where at the age of 17 years he made a profession of religion and united with our church in that town, of which both his parents were members. His four brothers follow their trades and farms, but Enoch soon after his conversion, began to feel that the Master had a work for him to do for Zion; and maybe from the time of his birth his pious parents hoped he might be a minister, and so named him Enoch Place, for one of the fathers in the N. H. Y. M. He pursued a full academic, collegiate, and theological education, that he might be fully qualified for his great life-work.

Bro. Ladd was ordained ten years ago, and near this date, he married Miss Margaret Rand, of Deerfield,—became at once pastor at Alton Bay, N. H., which pastorate of five years he closed to assume this at Limerick, which his failing health and death has closed mid-way of its fifth year. I have not the numbers that he added to the Alton church. At Limerick he has baptized twenty-four and added ten by letter.

He was an instructive, earnest, and much beloved preacher and pastor. I know of no one in my acquaintance who was better loved, or would be more lamented by their people than this dear, humble, faithful man of God. He has died at the early age of 42 years. The church is afflicted—his dear wife, who has so faithfully labored with him these ten precious years, and the darling son of nine years, are greatly bereaved. But our dear brother, having fought the good fight, has gone up to receive the unfading crown. P. S. B.

The Revealing Day.

It may be profitable to read and ponder the following article from the *Christian Union*:

One sublime image in the Scriptures has taken strong hold of the imaginations and hearts of men. It is that of a Great Day of Judgment, when, in the sight of the Universe, every wrong shall be righted, and perfect justice be awarded to all. Toward that day have looked, with unutterable longing, myriads who have suffered under the strange and seemingly unequal conditions of this life. The promise of it is the Divine response to the yearning of the heart to see right and justice enthroned over the earth.

In thinking of that coming day, we are on the one hand to rise above the material imagery by which a great spiritual fact is veiled. We are not to expect a literal coming of the Almighty upon visible and substantial clouds, and with audible peal of trumpets, or a literal marshaling of the generations of men upon some great plain. But we are to rest in full assurance upon this: that, in the future life, there will be to us a disclosure full and wonderful beyond our power to imagine, of the regulation of the Universe by divine and perfect justice.

It is not to be supposed that the Almighty does in any wise postpone to some distant time the right adjustment of affairs. He does not, like a human creditor, let an account run for a long time without a settlement, and then clear it at a stroke. His justice is eternal and constant. He is always administering the world in righteousness. What the future will bring will be not a change on his part, not a remedying of what he has before let pass, but an opening of our eyes to what he has always been doing.

One of the noblest scenes of the Old Testament is that described in the sixth chapter of 2d Kings. In the night, the king of Syria with a mighty host encamped about the town where dwelt the prophet Elisha. In the morning the prophet's servant went out and returned in terror with the news. "Alas, my master! how shall we do?" And Elisha answered, "Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." And he prayed, saying: "Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see." And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw; and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.

"Open our eyes, that we may see!" That is the only prayer we need to utter when troubles, like a host, encamp against us. The horses and chariots of fire are about us before we pray. The Lord's guardianship never fails. All we need for our comfort is to know that he is there. And the light of the great day will show this: that the whole course of the world's history, and every moment of each man's life, has been under the superintendence of perfect goodness.

That day will fulfil the longing desire of men's hearts in this, that it will vindicate the ways of God. That which now we take by faith will then be clear to sight. That vision will fill the eyes with satisfaction unutterable. For that men have hungered supremely. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" The cry has echoed from Abraham's time down through every generation. It is the burden of the highest souls whose experience is recorded in the Old Testament. It is the cry of Job, crushed less by the loss of all he had than by the doubt of the Almighty's goodness. The Psalmist sings in clouds or in sunshine, as he is distressed by the

Lord's mysterious dealings, or uplifted into a sense that his justice is sure. We feel the divinity of Christ in nothing more than this, that he stands in an atmosphere serene and radiant with the conscious presence of the Father. Here the New Testament gets its key-note of triumph. Yet, over and again, in every man's experience, comes the cloud and doubt. Blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed; who build their lives on this rock,—faith in a righteous God.

That faith shall be more than justified when, beyond these shadows, we stand in the light. Then we shall see that the ways of God were "dark from excess of light;" that they were mysterious because we could not comprehend the transcendent purposes of good which inspired them. We are here, as some one has said, like tiny insects creeping upon a picture of Raphael, unable in a life-time to traverse an inch of the canvas; how should we comprehend the glorious beauty which the artist has wrought? We shall know, in that day, that every calamity that swept away life or happiness, every blow that smote the heart and emptied the life, was love's messenger. What utter humility and tenderness of gratitude will fill us as we see that when we seemed utterly forsaken we were enfolded in our Father's arms! Happy then they who can say "Not seeing thee, we trusted thee."

But, the great disclosures of the future life will extend not to God's ways only but to our own lives. We shall see then a significance of good and evil in our acts which now we only dimly feel. No man sees more than the beginning of the outworking consequences of his actions. We are like men working in the dark, who know not their own work until morning breaks upon them. There seems strange inconsequence, strange confusion, in the progress of human lives. The prizes appear to fall often to the wrong ones. The best people are sometimes buried in obscurity. Those who stand high in power, in fame, in the things which men most desire, are often coarse and base natures. The nobler goods of life, peace of mind, conscious harmony with other lives, the power of conferring happiness, fall often in ways strangely disproportioned to apparent desert. One man sees himself a great benefactor because nature has given him talents, or circumstances have given him wealth; another, of purer and nobler purpose, finds himself shut off from any visible opportunity of usefulness. One man of selfish and animal disposition is always happy, because he has inherited a sound body and a cheerful temperament, while a saint is tortured by hypochondria. Life is full of such incongruities. Every person has felt in his own experience something of the strange disproportion between merit and reward which seems to prevail everywhere.

But, underneath this seeming chaos, discerned only by glimpses, works steadily and forever the Divine law,—goodness is blessed, sin brings evil. The ways in which that law works itself out, without one failure, will be clear to our eyes hereafter. We are sowing wheat or tares every hour, and we go our way, and know nothing of what follows. Some day, in God's time, we shall see the harvest. No miracle is wrought, but every single seed brings forth after its kind, and as we have sown, so we reap,—golden grain of ennobled character, other lives blessed and set upon a career of blessing yet others, joy, and peace, and life; or, miserable weeds of blight and sorrow and death.

We are like workmen set each by the architect upon some single bit of carving. One has given him to fashion a fragment where inconspicuous breaks a promise of beauty. Another has set him only level lines and surfaces of blank monotony. To one it falls to carve a head without a body; to another a lovely face; to another a grotesque visage; to most, patterns of little grace or meaning. But the task of each demands long labor and utmost care. At last, the various blocks are put together, and low, there rises a glorious cathedral, filling eye and heart with its majesty and loveliness, stirring the soul with heavenward notions, destined to draw to it and shelter within itself one generation after another of devout worshippers.

So, the temple of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, is building through the ages. Whoever in high place or low is living the life of fidelity and love is carving a stone for that fabric. The pattern for his work is given by the Master in the heart of every one that humbly asks it. That which conscience approves, that above all which love inspires, is the seed of a heavenly harvest. Be patient, and hope unto the end. The morning shall dawn, when the long-suffering One shall show to our longing eyes that for which we have waited, and the fulfillment shall transcend our highest hope.

Heathen Temples.

The heathen spend liberally upon their temples and other things connected with their religious observances. The *Missionary Herald*, an organ of the English Baptists, gives an account of a recent visit to Brindaban, a small city, famed throughout India as a sacred spot in Hindoo worship, connected intimately with the history of Krishna. The town is full of Hindoo temples, in all stages of preservation. Some are in utter ruins, but new houses are built for the gods, and several handsome and spacious temples are now building. The largest of the new temples was built at the cost of over \$2,000,000. Another cost \$1,150,000, and the sums annually expended in these two temples respectively is \$28,500 and \$11,000. Besides these, nearly every house has its own gratory, containing its idol, so that in reality this town of about 20,000 inhabitants contains more than a thousand heathen temples, and the people are almost universally religious.

done in the west summer, as the

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1874.

GEORGE T. DAY, Editor.
G. F. MOSHER, Asst. Editor.

All communications designed for publication should be addressed to the Editor, and all letters on business, remittances of money, &c., should be addressed to the Publisher.

Editorial Correspondence.

HALIFAX, N. S., Aug. 1, 1874.

The new form of government adopted by the several provinces now united forming the Dominion of Canada, seems pretty well established here in the public approval and confidence. Nova Scotia was slow and reluctant in entering the confederation, and Halifax well embodies the sentiment of the Province. Several things combined to induce this hesitation on the part of Nova Scotia. There was less readiness here than in the northern and western provinces to loosen the bands connecting them with the mother country; her special interests,—shipping, the coal and lumber trade, and the fisheries,—would be of less consequence to the Dominion as a whole; she would be one of the feeble rather than one of the stronger members; her relation to "the States" was especially close, intimate, and somewhat vital; a partnership in the Union might be worth more than her interest in the Confederation, &c.

But that is all past now. She chose to be a part of Canada, and she confesses to no regret over her choice. There is indeed a good deal of complaint over the sacrifice of her rights and interests in the settlement of the question of the Fisheries; the papers here sharply criticised the terms of the Reciprocity project now awaiting approval; the Washington Government is pronounced shrewd and grasping; Nova Scotia is declared to be constantly illustrating the maxim that, in both diplomacy and war, "the weaker States are sure to go to the wall in their contest with the stronger;" there is some passion and some pathos in the protest against being thus given over to martyrdom, &c. But when the question of approving or rejecting the proposed Reciprocity treaty comes up in a square and practical way, the press and the public sentiment generally end their scolding and assent to its ratification as better than nothing, and perhaps, on the whole, a good thing. There is often a sort of benefit in thus ventilating grievances. The surplus steam is thus blown off, mind and body are relieved of extra bile, and the tone of thought and feeling is healthier.

The form of government here now resembles that in the States. There is a local and a federal authority. The general government is supreme in its own realm. Many and important matters are left to the control of the several provinces, each of which is its legislative body. The use of the ballot is a wide-spread privilege. The common people take a real interest in political questions. The old love of monarchical institutions is fast dying out. Pride in being a British subject and revenue for royalty are not much more than the expression of a mere sentiment. The English nation has a long and somewhat honorable history, and the present sovereign is an estimable woman. It is pleasant to be reckoned a part of this great English nation, and it is natural to feel a chivalric loyalty toward Queen Victoria. That is about all there is in the mass of the people here of what makes them British subjects by their own cordial consent. They are genuinely republican. Some of them are almost fiercely democratic in feeling and speech. They insist on having the full rights of men and citizens. They have no patience with the idea of supporting an indolent and self-asserting nobility. A throne close at hand would be a grievous offense. A crown is a costly bauble into which they would refuse to put a dime of their own money. If one were to attempt to play the real king here, it would need no disaster like that at Sedan to induce the people to vote him an intolerable nuisance and hustle him promptly out of the way. These Nova Scotians are not at all overawed by the titles among them and which are often on their lips. They do not allow the wearers of them to become either autocrats or idols. They are as fully bent on maintaining free government as the people in New England, and even the radical theories of civil life get not a little of their attention and sympathy.—But I need not discuss such general questions. These letters are meant to be only surface sketches. The editor is in no mood to deal with civil polity even if he knew how to do it. And readers prefer lighter fare in the sultry days of August.

The free school system is about ten years old in Halifax. It is, in all essential features, like that in New England. Conversing with the Superintendent of Education for the Province, I learn that it is already well rooted in the public conviction and sympathy. It met strong opposition at first. The men who inaugurated it were swept out of office the very next year in a spasm of general indignation. But the system survived. The fury spent itself in punishing the workers, and so their work was left almost unharmed. And the soberer second thought was wiser than the wild first thought.

But it has still difficulties to meet. Capitalists in advanced life, who have paid for educating their own children in private schools are still often indifferent or hostile. They quarrel with the idea of being taxed to educate other children, as if it were a needless burden, an injustice and a wrong they are compelled to suffer. Hence, limited appropriations, inferior school buildings, second and third class teachers, be-

and so, of course, schools whose merits are less and whose defects are more than they need or ought to be. Yet every year witnesses a real advance. The Normal School is raising the standard of qualification in the teachers. The appropriations increase. The scholarship improves. Better buildings are reared. Ampler appliances are brought into use. Private schools grow fewer, and those that remain are seen to be less efficient than the free schools. And there is a constant increase in the number of wealthy and influential men who give their full adhesion to the new order of things.

The boys and girls are uniformly taught in separate schools in this city, and the colored children attend schools of their own. It is not so in the smaller towns and rural districts. There the objection is the increased expense. Custom and moral purity are the grounds of this separation of the sexes. The argument seems weak enough to a New Englander. But it is here held as conclusive,—indeed the case is regarded as too plain for argument.—Much account is also made of stimulating the pupils by offering and publicly giving prizes to the best scholarship in every grade of the schools. I was present at the Skating Rink on the day following the close of the schools for the summer vacation, when the pupils gathered with banners and music in the great room, and the prizes were publicly distributed to the successful competitors throughout the city. About 4,000 children were present. The highest dignitaries of the city, and even the Chief Justice of the Province, united in distributing the prizes. They were mostly books, varying in value from ten cents to two dollars. Probably two or three hundred volumes were handed out. The sight was pleasant and impressive. Looked at as a sort of gala occasion, one must needs enjoy it. It most effectively called public attention to the schools and exalted the new system. Whether it is a wise and wholesome expedient may be doubted. It made some parents proud, some children vain, and added to the gains of the booksellers. But it probably left other hearts more the prey of envy and vanity and bitterness than before. Yet Halifax firmly believes in this sort of stimulus, and her leading citizens help to furnish the money which applies it.

The churches represent the usual number of denominations that set up their standards in such a city. The Catholics and Episcopalians take the lead. A F. Baptist meeting has been held here for a year, and within the last fortnight, a house of worship has been purchased for its accommodation. Until now, the effort here has been thought of much as an experiment. This recent step promises to make the church a fixed fact. The company of worshippers gathered by them is not large, but there are enterprise, earnestness and faith embodied in this movement. They will at once enter their newly purchased sanctuary, and labor and pray for the real success which we trust is in store for them.

The religious life here has nothing especially noticeable. It is not hard to find formality or fervor, and intelligent piety sits side by side with impulsive and extravagant enthusiasm. Just now the Sabbath congregations are large and the weekly prayer meetings thin. The influx of strangers helps to give us the one; summer weather, short evenings, and perhaps a generally low religious temperature combine to explain the other. There is marked courtesy shown in providing strangers with seats at the churches. There is a prompt and friendly heartiness in the way of asking if you will be shown to a seat, that makes the proffer doubly grateful and helps one to enjoy the service. The hours for preaching are 11, A. M., and 7, P. M. Collections appear to be taken uniformly at each service in all the churches. The pulpits do not seem to be distinguished for fresh and forcible utterance, but the prevalent style of preaching is plain, direct and practical.

Among the preachers is the Episcopal bishop of the province. So is the Rev. W. J. Ancient, who so distinguished himself in connection with the wreck of the Atlantic some 25 miles from this city. He was summoned here as curate of Trinity church soon after that event made him conspicuous. I found myself seated beside him on the platform at the gathering of the schools at the Skating Rink. It was pleasant to make his acquaintance and natural to speak of the great disaster that so brought him into notice. He is like most real heroes,—modest, unassuming, unselfish, quietly earnest, but simple-hearted as a child. He said, when my words almost forced him to speak on the subject: "I was greatly surprised at receiving letters from so many unknown persons, from the Province, from the States, from Great Britain, from the Continent, and even from British India, testifying to their appreciation, often in generous ways, and thanking me in touching terms. I was simply busy with my duty as curate, trying to rescue the survivors, caring for the sufferers, offering sympathy to the bereaved, and helping to bury the dead. It never occurred to me that I was doing anything that deserved or would bring special notice till the letters began to pour in. I have heard much said of the hardness and selfishness of men, and have seen something of it; but this late experience has helped me to see the generous and noble side of human nature in a striking way; and I seem, ever since, to have more faith in it and a deeper interest to labor for its improvement. And it is only just to say that the letters received from the States brought the strongest proofs of a generous and appreciative sympathy."

These words reveal the man. He has been a sailor, his work now is chiefly among sailors and the less favored classes; in form and function he is more than half a city missionary; in spirit and fact he is wholly that; and, like his great Master, "the common people hear him gladly."

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The Future State.

There is an irrepressible desire in every breast to penetrate the mysteries of the great unknown. The friends intimately connected with us for many years are taken away, and never return us a single token. How we yearn for one sign, but all is silent. Yet that line of separation is not remote; in a little while we shall pass it. It is strange that this world should be so near and so allied to the future, still so isolated from it. The more we try to unfold this mystery, and especially to bring it to the cognizance of the senses, the more it eludes our grasp, and excites distrust. We begin to doubt like the Sadducees of old whether there is any resurrection, angel or spirit. Even reason is offended, and ready to murmur that if there were a conscious state of being so near our present life, there would be some tangible evidence of its existence.

The subject should be treated with candor and a manly spirit. It is idle to quarrel with the inevitable or fret at circumstances. We should take things as they are, and make the best of them. We are strictly limited to the present, having no power to recall the past or foresee the future. We can no more see a single hour in advance than an age. We can no more foresee the future of this life than the future of another life. We know nothing of the future. But shall we on this account doubt the future and make no provision for it? We have reason to believe that we shall live a year, ten years, thirty years, and therefore provide for it. It is a matter of faith, rests on evidence, and is governed by prudence. Just so with regard to a life beyond this world: it is a matter of faith resting on revelation, illustrated by nature. The evidence thus furnished is so full and satisfactory, that mankind have in all ages confided in it. One who refuses to provide for to-morrow or next year unless he can have infallible evidence of these contingencies, we deem a fool; what then shall be thought of him who adopts the same course on a larger scale?

Faith has a rational basis in the affairs of this life. We know the conditions of law, and the uniformity of its operations, and from experience of the past, we calculate the probabilities of the future. Having the great truth revealed that we shall have a conscious state after death, the circumstances of that existence are not so obscure as many suppose. If we believe the word of God, that we are made in the divine image, and that the gospel brings our immortality to light—that though our bodies die, our spirits shall remain to join the assembly of the glorified, then we may also confide in the teachings of the same word respecting the conditions of our future being.

Nor are these teachings so very obscure. One great point clearly set forth is that of our IDENTITY. We are not to undergo such a transformation that we shall no longer be what we were on earth; for that would be to annihilate the old and create anew. We are to live again, with all our essential powers the same, the faculties of intellect, sensibility, will, memory, imagination, conscience, as before. All this must be so if our identity and responsibility are preserved. We must be subject to the same laws of our being. All fundamental laws are alike everywhere, and as pertaining to all beings. There must, therefore, be a like connection between this life and the future one as between different parts of the present. One portion has a connection with and dependence on another portion. All are linked together, so our existence here and hereafter is one great whole, linked and combined, connected and dependent in a similar way.

We are subject to the laws of uniformity, so also are we to those of variety and change. The changes here are gradual and less perceptible, but real. Yet, through all, from infancy to old age, we are still the same beings; and if our identity is preserved through the wonderful transformations of seventy years, why may it not through those still more wonderful for a thousand years, or any longer period? "Why," says the inspired apostle, "should it be a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" The fifteenth chapter of first Corinthians must forever settle this as a matter of fact with all believers in inspiration; besides that, the subject is so well illustrated in the passage as to satisfy every candid mind. Nature, so far from contradicting the doctrine, abounds with evidences in its favor. Under all these circumstances it is much harder to deny than to accept it.

There is then no good reason why we should seek for more evidence, such as that of modern Spiritualism; or, being convinced of that delusion, sink into unbelief. The part of wisdom is to use what is furnished us in the volumes of nature and revelation, rest upon it and practically apply it. Prepare for the future by making a faithful use of the present. It will be well with the righteous and ill with the wicked. "Whoever a man soweth that also shall he reap, physically, mentally, morally. The conditions and circumstances

of that future are sufficiently unfolded by experience, or the past, and the right vouchsafed to us. There is no good reason to suppose that more knowledge of the future would be a blessing to us. Be satisfied at present to know in part, to walk by faith, and submit to a wise discipline, assured that all is tending for our highest good here and hereafter.

Youthful Old Age.

There is a dread of old age. And this sentiment is so general, and often so intense, that it seems quite instinctive. It is not years, however, that appall us, for these bring experience, discretion, wisdom even. But waste, decay, and decrepitude are not pleasant things to contemplate. Conscious strength of body and vigor of mind are ours to-day. That these are to be changed to-morrow for the tottering step, and tremulous hand, the weakened memory and unsteady judgment, is not fruitful of satisfaction, much less of pleasure.

But as these are more or less inevitable, they should be met with fortitude, and even cheerful acquiescence, as an allotment of providence wisely ordered and beneficially designed.

But there are other unwelcome concomitants of age too often experienced, since they are in a higher degree under our control, and at our disposal. I refer to a change of temper and disposition from the better to the worse, so often witnessed. The old by far too often become morose, fretful, fault-finding—unhappy themselves, and making others equally so. This, I charge, is largely gratuitous. The decline of day is not of course sad and gloomy. More poets have sung the glories of sunset than of sunrise. This would not be so if it were habitually attended by murky clouds, drizzling rain, and angry tempests. Autumn has its seared leaf, and occasionally its chilly sky; but it has, too, its fresher breezes, its painted landscapes, and its golden harvests. And why should the decline of life be sad and gloomy and joyless?

It is not an appointment of providence. "It is not in our stars, but in ourselves." One has well said, "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." And yet how often is it a crown of shame and contempt. A life of integrity and usefulness may, with God's help, end in a serenely and self-control that even the young will respect and admire. We grow old not so much in years as in feeling and habit. We prematurely and unnecessarily get out of harmony with ourselves and our age. The times are not what they were, we say. They didn't do so when we were young. But they did do so, and so, perhaps that was no better. We lose sympathy with the young, and joyous, and happy, too soon, and so they lose sympathy with us. We denounce the follies and sinful habits of the rising generation, often not so much because they are worse and more reprehensible than those of our early years, as because they are different. Blessed is he who keeps his heart fresh and his temper sweet, his clarity vigorous, and his whole spiritual life young and buoyant. This would shorten the distance between age and childhood. This would bring sunshine of good will and peace to many a household, where now lower clouds of irritation and discontent.—J. F.

Current Topics.

—A NEED OF CARE. The Christian church has need to take care that it doesn't lose its proper vigor and power during this uninvigorating and unstable part of the season. The warmth of the days, inviting to out-door evening walks, the absence of members from their homes, and the general inclination to "take life easy" for a few weeks about this time, are very apt to tell unfavorably upon the prayer-meeting, Sunday-school, and all gatherings for religious study and worship. Let the heart be kept filled with God's love and beating warm and quick for lost men, however much the body may rest or wander. Then will the church not suffer its too usual summer decline, nor have need of using the most of the autumn to get back to the condition in which the summer found it.

—OVERWORK. At this season of the year the injunction against overwork is very fitting. With the system reduced by the debilitating influences of summer, even ordinary duties are apt to be too severe. They are wise who carefully heed the condition of both mind and body, and lighten their burdens as vigor wanes. It is only in this way that strength is kept for future service, and often that valuable lives are saved. We could mention numerous cases of clergymen and other laborers of that class being obliged to retire from all taxing service, and often with only the forlorn prospect of again returning to duty, mainly because they were ambitious to carry the usual burdens in spite of unfavorable times and symptoms. Let all toilers, whether with the hand or head, indulge double idleness during this closing and most trying month of summer.

—THE SEASON AT ITS HEIGHT. August crowns the dissipation of the season. At the mountains, the beaches, the islands, the groves and all retreats of rest-seekers, fashion-followers, or idlers, there is the maximum of guests, all "resting like fury," and trying to forget that in a very little while September will be calling them back to unweelcome tasks. Our Methodist friends are also taking their characteristic part in the season's dissipation, and camp-meetings are filling almost every grove with their peculiar mingling of the good and the bad. However, we shouldn't feel personally terrified by the presence of the bad if one of those sky tests at Marquette

Vineyard or Old Orchard could be thrown open to our use. For the sake of these resting thousands we are sorry that September is so near. For the sake of the multitudes who have found no respite from toil we are glad that its invigorating days are no further off.

—ARMED INTERVENTION IN STATE POLITICS. It is refreshing to notice that the dangerous precedent which the President set in sending U. S. troops to preserve order at some of the elections in the Southern and border States, is not likely to be followed. Governor Ames of Mississippi lately applied to the President for troops to help preserve order at the election in that State last week, but was met by the good advice that Mississippi would better take care of her own internal affairs. The sooner the Southern States understand that this is the fixed policy of the Government, and that, unless it be in exceptional cases, they will be expected to control their own militia and protect their own voters, the better will it be for all concerned. The Government can never interfere in such matters without subjecting itself to the most unfavorable criticism, and having its motives, supposing them to be just and honorable, sadly impugned. There is also a certain element in many of these States, which, if it can have any ground of hope that Government will protect it in its schemes, will recognize only selfish interests in all elections. It is better that these be made to understand that they can have no protection in their partisan purposes, and that the old and native citizens have not too much reason to complain that their rights are prevented. Oftener than otherwise, the element which has heretofore made a seeming necessity for Government interference has been just that element that had no honorable business in the State, and that the troops could more creditably have driven out of it than protected in it. The sooner this is thoroughly understood and appreciated by the innovators at the South, the better.

—SEASONS AND DEATH-RATES. Two eminent Scotch philosophers have been investigating the relation of the death-rate in London to the different seasons of the year. They have gone through with the task of averaging the weekly mortality of the city for thirty years, and of deducting the mortality rate for thirty-one diseases, so as to eliminate the effect of the season of the year upon each malady. Taking all diseases at all ages there is a large excess above the average in the mortality from the middle of November to the middle of April, when the rate falls to the lowest figures by the end of May, but in the middle of July suddenly mounts up to alarming proportions, and so continues to the second week of August. This summer excess of mortality is ascribable to the decimating infantile diseases during the period of maximum heat. Thus the British death-rate, it appears very clearly from these statistical showings, has an inverse ratio to the temperature, rising when the temperature falls and falling when the temperature rises. The same is found to be the case in America. Perhaps the consideration may help us to more highly appreciate our "horrid New England winters."

—THE CENTENNIAL. The Committee who have in charge the arrangements for our national Centennial Exposition are making a promising beginning. The board are rapidly closing out the principal contracts, and work is already begun. The American people, seeing at last proofs that Philadelphia is fully in earnest, are beginning to have real faith in the great undertaking, while foreign governments, similarly impressed, are making definite arrangements for the exhibition of goods. It now only rests with Philadelphia to make the fair magnificently successful. As long as she keeps up courage and stands by her financial pledges the triumph of her enterprise is simply assured. When her zeal or her money fails she must not be surprised if the discouragement spreads. We speak of it as Philadelphia's undertaking, for it is essentially that, no matter how largely the whole country is interested in it. The scheme for raising funds for the enterprise, which is being tried here in New England, and which appears rather to patriotism than to hopes of gain, is meeting reasonable success, although we must say that the originators of it must have believed that we were rather a credulous set before they could count on realizing much from their scheme. We hope for a creditable Exposition in '76.

—FRANCE AND THE HISTORY OF OUR LATE WAR. A Frenchman, the Comte de Paris, has written a history of our late civil war, which is received with varied opinions by the different parties in France. Royalist as he is by birth, his book finds little favor with the royalists, who associate the cause of the Union in America with that of the revolution in France. M. John Lemoine, in the *Journal des Debats*, speaks of the count as a liberal and a philosopher for risking his popularity in taking the side of the North. The reason why the North was unpopular in France, M. Lemoine says was that "the southerners had preserved the remnants of the French traditions, and had equally kept the chivalrous qualities and faults of the French race; they had a taste for military life and a contempt for commerce and labor, all kinds of characteristics agreeable to the great majority of our nation. The North, on the other hand, was Protestant, Methodist, biblical, sharp at business, calculating, and everything for which we have an antipathy. This was why the South was popular; its first victories were hailed here with enthusiasm, and the exploits of the Alabama passed into a legend." But the book is very highly praised for all that, and will present to a very large circle of intelligent Frenchmen

ors a clearer view of the causes and results of the rebellion than they have hitherto had. In that country a clear appreciation just now of the spirit and results of that war ought to be very serviceable.

—THE POSTAL MONEY-ORDER BUSINESS. The increase of this business since its inauguration in this country has been surprising. Of the thirty-three or thirty-four thousand post-offices in the Union there are about thirty-four hundred now doing money-order business. At the commencement of the last fiscal year (July, 1873), there were established two hundred and ninety-nine new money-order offices. Since the first of last month, three hundred and forty-three new money-order offices have been established, while six have been discontinued. Eight of the new offices are in Maine, one in New Hampshire, six in Vermont, two in Connecticut and fourteen in Massachusetts. While the orders are open to the objection of being easily counterfeited they nevertheless furnish one of the most convenient means for transmitting small amounts of money that the Government has yet given its subjects.

—APPRECIATIVE. The Providence Journal of recent date contains a full column editorial on "The Free Baptists and their General Conference," which not only shows intelligence of his subject on the part of the writer, but that the paper pursues its enterprising and customary habit of keeping its readers informed of what in any way concerns them. For the article was suggested by the approaching session of the General Conference in Providence. After giving a brief historical account of the denomination it closes as follows:

It would seem that the Conference will convene under favorable auspices. In our city and State, Baptist principles were early planted and have been widely disseminated. The atmosphere will be congenial. The denomination has here five churches, more than in any other city in New England, or even in the country. These will afford abundant hospitality. But they and the city will be the debtors. The season, though temporary, of hundreds of earnest and consecrated men and women, can not fail to aid in the elevation and the purification of our life.

That such may be the result will be the fervent wish of hundreds.

—THE EVANGELIST. The August number is as fresh and readable as though dog days were six months away. Somebody has a hand in it who knows how to dispense with words and present facts. We suppose it could accommodate a few more subscribers.

—THE HILLSDALE CORNER-STONE. The Corner-stone for the new College buildings at Hillsdale will be laid Tuesday, 18th inst. There will be appropriate exercises, but we are not informed of their special character. One begins to get a vision of the future college when announcements of this kind are made.

—SABBATH SCHOOL REPORTS. Will Quarterly Meeting Clerks and others interested forward reports immediately to E. W. Page, Cor. Secretary, Box 2817, New York? It is very desirable that all reports should be sent previous to first of September. Superintendents and Pastors, please give attention to this matter at once, and let us have full reports from all our schools this year.

Denominational News and Notes.

Home Mission Chit-Chat.

The crops are good throughout our country. "Carts are pressed with sheaves," and barns are filled and running over. The Lord has given us a superabundance, but at the same time there is a distressing scarcity in the treasury of the Lord. Hear how God's people did anciently:

"And as soon as the commandment came abroad, the children of Israel brought in abundance the first fruits of corn, wine, oil and honey, and of all the increase of the field; And the title of all things brought they in abundantly."

This prompt consecration is the only sure thing. The "first fruit" to the Lord. Decide now that you will make a thank-offering of a part of God's abundant gifts to you,—so much for Christ's cause in saving the world. Does he bestow so much on us and we have no tithe to return to save his cause from suffering a famine? It is very dangerous to rob God. It is safer to "honor the Lord" with the first fruits of time increase.

We send the following extract of a letter from our working brother, Rev. E. N. Wright, of Wis.:

"Two years ago, I left the Grand Prairie church, with the understanding that they would secure the services of Rev. L. D. Felt, which they did. I then went to Berlin from extreme necessity. I did not wait to be drafted, I was pressed beyond measure. Notwithstanding serious difficulties, through the mercies of God we have succeeded in paying off the last dollar of indebtedness of the church. We found ten names too many on the church record, and the additions have only kept the number good. It is a wonder how the church has maintained its visibility. Opposing influences are dying away. Our S. S. has been a success from the commencement. I closed in Berlin the third Sunday in June, and this church has secured the labors of Rev. M. J. McCormick, of Chicago, who is working with zeal and good acceptance. I preached July 5, for Bro. Drew in Oakfield, who is doing a good work for the church. July 12, I preached for Bro. Taylor of Fond du Lac city, who is much beloved by his people. May his pastorate be long with the church, and may God make him a power for much good. July 19, preached for Bro. Moulton with the Burnett church. The congregation and S. S. was good. Bro. M. has been doing a great amount of hard work in the

Wapum Q. M. for the last twelve years. Berlin and Fond du Lac are two mission stations in this Y. M.

Bro. Taylor of Alabama writes of the discouragements in that State: "I have plenty of places to preach and am well received. There are many free communions here, but there is such a spirit of intolerance, that all is done that can be to stir up hatred against our faith. We have but a few members in our church. I receive no support from the people, and shall have to work to support my family, and so to a great extent neglect the cause that needs all my efforts. I hear of a Free Will Baptist association in the center of the State, of some twenty churches, which meets some time in Oct., in Pickens Co., which I should like to attend."

Bro. Woolsey, of Tennessee, writes that they will erect the wall of their new college next month.

The Jefferson (N. Y.) Q. M. have raised over two hundred dollars the past year for missions, and the St. Lawrence Y. M. raised \$170, at its last session.

Rev. A. J. Cooley was ordained at Three Mile Bay, June 7, by the Jefferson Q. M.

Rev. James S. Alderice has accepted the pastorate of the Depauville, N. Y., church.

The rebuilding of Hillsdale College is progressing rapidly.

The new house of worship erected by the Scipio church, Hillsdale Q. M., through the labors of Rev. A. A. Myers, was dedicated Aug. 2.

We would call the attention of the churches that have not paid their apportionment to the H. M. that the year will soon be gone; that we should rejoice to report to our Gen. Conf. that every one of our churches had paid every dollar of their apportionment. And why not?

WANTED, a few more subscribers for the Evangelist.

A. H. CHASE, Cor. Sec.

West Virginia College.

The anniversary exercises at West Va. College, commencing with the Baccalaureate Sermon, by the President, on Sunday evening, July 5th, and including the public examination of classes on Tuesday and Wednesday, the address of Benjamin Bailey before the Lyceum on Wednesday evening, the 6th Annual Commencement on Thursday afternoon, and the Literary Entertainment of the Alumni Association on Friday morning, were better than those of any previous year.

Where all was so excellent, it seems almost invidious to select any particular part for special commendation; but certainly very few will dissent from the judgment that the address of Mr. Bailey, the essays of Miss M. Hughes and Miss C. A. Colegrove, the oration of Mr. H. G. Lawson, and the execution of the piece of music called "The Battle of Manassas" by Miss Colegrove, were worthy of the highest praise.

Thursday evening was one of merit. The President invited his friends to come in and spend the evening sociably at the college. The halls were teeming with the gay and happy throng by seven o'clock. We thought we had never known a man to have so many friends as had President Colegrove, when he beheld the multitudes that everywhere filled the halls and corridors of the college.

Friday morning opened the annual meeting of the Alumni Association with an Oration by H. G. Lawson; Essay, Miss K. A. Colegrove; Poem, A. J. Floyd. These were all good, and showed much skill and diligence in their preparation—decidedly creditable. After the literary exercises were over, the transaction of business and election of officers ensued. Short speeches were made by the officers retiring, and those installed. Upon the whole, the past year of the college has been one of unprecedented success, notwithstanding the malicious and mischievous reports that have been circulated to injure its usefulness.

We are happy to announce to the public that we learn from the "authorities" that the College now stands on a fair financial and business basis, and has become one of the permanent institutions of the country. The present term opened favorably on the 3d inst., and bids fair to be well attended.

President Colegrove has also taken the pastorate of the church at Flemington, in place of Bro. Powell, resigned. Com.

St. Joseph's Valley Y. M.

St. Joseph's Valley Y. M. was held with the Kinderhook church, Stenben and Branch Q. M., May 29, 30. Opening sermon by Rev. H. S. Limbocker. Conference called a 3-1-2 P. M. Organized by choosing Rev. W. B. Chappell, Moderator; Rev. H. C. Codding Assistant. All the Q. M.'s were represented by letter and delegates, and all report gradual Christian development and steadfastness, but little revival interest.

A resolution was adopted pledging the sympathy and support of the Y. M. to Hillsdale College, also strong resolutions adopted on Temperance, Missions and Sabbath schools. We were favored with the presence of Dr. Graham, of Hillsdale, who preached to us Sabbath morning. Bro. Abbey, who is laboring as an Evangelist, was also with us. Rev. Lewis Jones was chosen delegate to the General Conference. The sum of \$65.58 was voted by the Y. M. to Burlington church, with recommendations that it be increased to \$10,000 by the brethren present, which was nearly done.

The Burlington church are struggling hard and have a fine house of worship, nearly completed.

The business transactions were harmonious and the public services unusually instructive and interesting. In the social meeting there was manifested earnestness and zeal for the good cause.

The next session of the Y. M. will be held with the Calhoun and North Branch Q. M.

D. P. MATON, Clerk.

Wisconsin Yearly Meeting.

On the 26th of June the Wis. Y. M. assembled at Winneconne. Rev. A. Coombs being senior member was called upon to conduct the opening exercises; who made some remarks in regard to our past history in the State. The 4th Chapter of 1 John was read by Rev. G. H. Hubbard. Father A. Coombs, now in his eightieth year, led in prayer. Rev. J. M. Kayser was chosen Moderator; G. H. Hubbard, Ass't Mod.; W. Dwight Moulton, Clerk; J. W. Westlake, Ass't Clerk.

Letters were read from the following Q. M.'s: Rock and Dane, Fond du Lac, McHenry, Adams & Wauwasha, Waupun and Honey Creek. The other Q. M.'s were not represented by letters.

Rev. J. S. Manning presented and read a letter from the Southern Ill. Y. M. of some considerable interest.

There was a fair representation of delegates. Business began with dispatch and harmony and continued so throughout the entire conference.

The spirit of the conference was aggressive, determining to do more for the Master in the various fields opening for labor.

A church has been organized in the city of Oshkosh, a place of much importance.

The indications for the future are encouraging, provided the Y. M. meets the demands that are imposed upon her.

A resolution was passed by Conference empowering the Home Mission Board to secure the services of a State Missionary agent to look after the interest of feeble churches.

The resolutions were of usual importance, those on education expressing gratitude for the apparent success of Rochester and Evansville Seminars, also pledging confidence and support to Hillsdale College in its recent calamity.

Those on Foreign Missions expressed gratitude and encouragement on account of the success attending recent effort, and therefore urged greater effort for the future upon the part of the pastors and churches in raising means.

Those on Home Missions took a practical outlook, resolving to raise an increased amount of money for missionary purposes.

Those on Temperance endorsed the recent women's effort in this cause and recommended pastors to devote some of their pulpits efforts to the cause of Temperance.

Those on publications regarded the *Morning Star* and *Baptist Union* as able and well conducted religious journals, worthy of our sympathy and support.

Also recommended our S. S. papers, the *Myrtle* and *Little Star*, to the attention of our churches; also that we look favorably upon the publication of the *Evangelist* as filling a needed place in our denominational work. The resolutions on Bro. A. N. True's death, I submit in full:

Whereas, God in his all-wise providence has removed from our midst our dear and well-beloved brother Angel N. True, who had so faithfully and untiringly served this Y. M. as Clerk, promptly attending all its sessions, fulfilling all its duties until sickness and death closed his labors here, therefore

Resolved, 1. That in this dispensation of God's providence we hear his voice speaking, "Be ye also ready."

2. That we will strive to imitate the example of our dear Bro., that like him when we come to life's close, we shall be permitted to hear the Master say, "Come up higher."

3. That we extend to the family of our deceased Bro. our warmest sympathy, and that we will ever pray for their prosperity.

The preaching was spiritual, and listened to by large and attentive congregations. We were favored by the presence of Revs. A. H. Huling and J. S. Manning. Bro. Manning presented the Freedmen's Mission Sabbath morning, and a collection of \$160 was immediately raised. Sabbath evening the Foreign Mission work was presented and a collection of about \$40 was easily raised.

Conference elected with unanimity the following brothers as delegates to the General Conference: Revs. H. J. Brown, G. S. Bradley and O. D. Auger; with L. D. Felt, J. R. Pope and G. H. Hubbard as substitutes.

Thus passed one of our most interesting and important sessions, fraught with eternal interests for or against the cause of the Master. It will be a pleasing recollection to all that this Conference was characterized with unusual peace and Christian sympathy.

W. DWIGHT MOULTON, Clerk.

Ministers and Churches.

GRAY, ME. Rev. F. Reed baptized two more converts the first Sabbath in August, making eight persons recently added to the Free Baptist church in Gray, Me. Others are expected to unite soon.

Rev. T. P. Agter has taken the pastorate of the Davison, Richmond and Maranath churches, Michigan.

PINE ST., MANCHESTER, N. H. Sabbath, August 2, five persons were baptized and with eight others were received to membership in the church. H. F. WOOD.

CORCORAN. In the Report of the Minnesota Y. M. the name of Rev. H. G. Brown was reported as delegate to Gen. Conf., instead of A. G. Brann, as it should have been. Com.

REV. D. B. COWELL reports a state of revival in Standish, Me., with baptisms on two Sabbaths in July, and a large attendance at the meetings. These are occasionally held in barns, where large companies assemble.

JANESVILLE, MINN. The brethren in this place have built a good house of worship, the second Free Baptist meeting house in the State, and they are trying to worship God. A special want just now is a bell for their house, which they would gladly accept as a gift from somebody or some church in the East. Is there any one to show them this favor? David A. Randall would be the one to correspond with.

DEAN STANLEY, Canon Kingsley and one hundred and forty-four other ministers of the church of England, had their names appended to a petition that was recently laid before the House of Commons, asking for the opening of museums, libraries, and art galleries on Sabbath afternoons.

Quarterly Meetings.

MARION (O.) Q. M.—Held its last session with the Big Island church, July 18 and 19. The churches were all represented. Rev. O. D. Patch, of Cleveland, did most of the preaching, to good acceptance. The churches have enjoyed a good degree of prosperity the past year. All have pastors. About fifty have been added by baptism. The Montgomery church has been dissolved, a part uniting with the Lurie church, and a part formed into the Paw Paw church. Next session with the Grand Prairie church. S. D. BATES, Clerk.

CALHOUN & NORTH BRANCH Q. M.—Held its last session with the Cook's Prairie church, April 24-25. Organized by electing Bro. H. S. Limbocker, moderator. All the churches were represented by letter and delegates. The session was one of interest and all, we think, were refreshed by the occasion. Strong resolutions upon temperance were passed, sustaining all the extreme and lawful measures adopted to suppress the use of intoxicating drinks.

Next session with the Clarendon church, August 23-30. D. P. HATCH, Clerk.

WHITE CO. Q. M.—Held its last session with the Badger Grove church, July 11, 12. The next session will be held with the Newton church, Jasper Co., Ind., Oct. 19 and 21. On Sabbath, Rev. K. F. Higgins preached in a grove nearby, after which came communion.

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Poetry.

The New Preacher.

At a pleasant country station,
Full of eager expectation,
Sat a waiting congregation
At church one Sunday morn.

The sun poured in a flood of light,
Which fell on heads by time made white,
On sunny curls and eyes of light,
That lovely Sunday morn.

There sat the young and beautiful;
There sat the good and dutiful—
The aged and the sorrowful,
That Christian Sunday morn.

There for the first, with form and feature
Resembling much a fellow creature,
Within the pulpit their new preacher
Appeared that Sunday morn.

He spoke with freedom, zeal and power;
To him it was a blissful hour—
Twelve tolled the bell in the old tower
That did the church alarm.

Some lingered at the close of meeting,
To give their brethren friendly greeting;
I've not the power of repeating,
All that was said that noon;

For the butcher, baker, lawyer, teacher,
People of every trade and feature,
All criticized the humble preacher
That they heard that morn.

The lawyer said, "He'll not suit me;
No flowery strains, nor fluency,
Nor logic, nor philosophy,
His sermon did adorn."

An old man said, "He spoke too low;
My hearing is not good, you know;
Besides, he reads too much; and so
I can not like the man."

A sister said, "He is too tall,
His hands too large, his eyes too small;
I do not like his looks at all;
They've sent us the wrong man."

"And then his wife, depend upon it,
She'll not suit here with that gay bonnet;
I'm sure she had a flower on it,
And she our preacher's wife!"

Another pious soul sincere,
Who gave full fifty cents a year,
Said to his consort fair, "My dear,
I never in my life

"Did go to church to criticize;
But this vain man" (he wiped his eyes,
And in a lower tone he sighs)
"I never will support."

But there are some, both wise and good,
A blessing to the neighborhood,
Who spoke as Christians always should,
With Christian charity.

O could the wind have talked and heard
Each idle, criticising word,
"The servant's not above his Lord,"
Methinks 'twould sadly moan.

Useless attempt to please mankind;
Fault-finders you will always find,
Though all the virtues be combined
In any great divine!

-Exchange.

The Family Circle.

A Life of Deceit.

BY MARILLA.

CHAPTER I.

Near where the Otter Creek winds so pleasantly through green fields, beneath over-hanging rocks, and beside tall, waving trees, there stood, in 1840, a pretty white cottage, the home of Mrs. Mason and her only son, Elmer. Several years previous to this, Mr. Mason had died, leaving a small property to his wife and child. Since then, Mrs. Mason, a quiet, frail woman, with the lines of suffering on her once fair face, had been brought to yield more and more to the wishes, and momentary whims of her boy, until she had no control over him, although by his deceitful words and acts she was made to believe quite the contrary.

There was no other house in all the country with an aspect more inviting, more homelike than theirs. A half mile from the busy, money-making town, just back from the dusty streets, with graceful elms on either side of the gateway, and roses and lilacs half-hiding the front porch, while the grand old orchard trees stretched far back in the rear of the house—such a place was not likely to remain unnoticed, either by friend or stranger.

Well would it have been for Elmer Mason had he heeded the sacred love of a tender mother, and the hallowed influences of a beautiful home. How much of deep soul-mourning might thus have been saved the hearts that loved him.

Elmer was intellectual, handsome, and when he chose to be a favorite. As he grew to manhood and his mother watched the rapid development of an active mind, and noted his firmness and perseverance, she had great hopes for the future. She did not know, and would not have believed that when he left her alone in the evening, saying he was going down to chat with his old playmates, Arthur and Bell Gibson, that he went directly to the bar-room of a low, miserable hotel, where he listened to the profane songs and jests, and joined in the boisterous mirth of half-drunken men until long after midnight. In ignorance of this, Mrs. Mason still brushed the shining locks from the full, handsome brow, and looked lovingly into the dark grey eyes which she thought were bright with the light of truth, and seemed content.

I have sometimes wondered if, in the depths of that mother's heart, unacknowledged to herself, there was not a feeling that her son was not wholly true, not quite worthy of confidence. However this might be, she gave him her whole heart's devotion, and found her chief joy in striving to make him happy.

One evening, while Mrs. Mason was sitting alone, there was a quick, light step on

the porch, a rap at the door, followed by the entrance of Bell Gibson, a fair young maiden, rendered more fair and lovely by the blushes of innocent girlhood. Bell was Mrs. Mason's favorite, and she well knew that whatever she might say or do, she was sure of a smile of approval from the quiet little woman, but on this evening she did not seem disposed to take any liberties.

"Where is Elmer to-night?" asked Bell at length, trying to appear indifferent.

"Why, he is where he always is, evenings. I should think you would ask!" said Mrs. Mason, playfully; then, noticing Bell's confusion she added, "Why child! You needn't feel so hurt about it. I like to have him go to your house so much. I am pleased that he chooses you and Arthur for his associates. A young fellow must have some company you know, and I feel safe about Elmer when he is where you are. It is so much better than having him down on the street, where he might possibly be led into bad company."

"Did you think Elmer was at our house to-night?" asked Bell, wondering.

"Think? Why, I knew he was. He said he was going there."

"He didn't come."

"Didn't he? Something must have happened. Maybe he was called somewhere else. Well, he'll tell me all about it in the morning. I suppose he's big enough to take care of himself;" and the fond mother smiled as she thought of the tall form and broad shoulders she had watched so proudly as he went down the gravelled walk that night.

"Where did you go last evening, Elmer?" Bell said you wasn't there," said Mrs. Mason, the next morning as they sat at the breakfast-table.

"Bell? Has she been here?" was the careless reply.

"Yes, and she said you hadn't been there during the evening."

"Well, I was going there, but I met Albert Smith. His father is building a splendid stone house, and he wished me to go with him and take a look at it. I did so; and Smith is such capital company I couldn't get away until one o'clock. That's why I wasn't at Mr. Gibson's." This was spoken just as calmly as though it had not been a deliberate falsehood; and still the mother looked forward, hoping some day to see her son a good and great man.

It was a blissful dream, from which there came at length a bitter awakening.

Elmer Mason was missing. A stranger came, having in his possession a deed of Mrs. Mason's beautiful home; and on that deed her son had forged her name. Following this there came, from people whose word she could not doubt, such terrible accounts of Elmer's evil conduct, that her heart sank, grieved—broken—crushed. There was a new grave made beside the one under the weeping willow, and there they laid the form of the sorrowing, deserted mother, and her spirit went up to Him who dwells in the light of perfect truth.

Through Storms to Peace.

I am going to write a little story of a sailor's life, a rough, sad life, but still neither rougher nor sadder than might be told by many of his class. My story will not tell much of his outward life; but of how Christ won his soul.

My sailor's name is Jim Brent. He was an Englishman, and had gone to sea when only twelve years old. His father had died when he was a wee baby; leaving the mother with six little ones to care for, and only the profits of a small store to help her. She managed to keep them from hunger and cold; how, she hardly knew. When friends asked wonderingly, "Mrs. Brent, how can you live on so little without help from any one?" she would say, "I don't know; but the dear Lord does; I tell him all my troubles, and the help comes." Jim was a wild, restless boy, and never seemed to care for home. When he was twelve years old he ran away to sea, leaving nothing to comfort his mother but a few words scrawled on a scrap of paper, saying "he had gone to sea, and would come back a rich man some day." That was all she had for years. She never talked much about this trouble, except to God; she left her boy in his hands.

Jim did not have the good time he expected, at sea. He went on board a vessel going on a three years' cruise, and lay hidden among the cargo for two days, when the old negro cook found him, miserably ill and starving. He was harshly treated by officers and crew, but the cook cared for and comforted him. Years passed; Jim grew strong and capable, in spite of many hardships, and had no wish for a life on shore; but he did not grow better. At first, he had shuddered at the awful profanity of the sailors; but now one would have thought the boy lost to all good influences. Sometimes he thought of his mother; not often, though, for it made him feel "soft."

He thought constantly of her sailor-boy, and longed for one look at him. Jim said, pitifully, in later years, to one who tried to lift him out of his degradation, "O sir! we sailors are not so rough and bad at sea as we are ashore; we are not so dead to all good influences as some think. In the long calms, in the many idle hours when we have nothing to do but to think, with the great, quiet sea all around, we do feel ashamed of our evil ways; and in the wild storms when we have to stand helpless, facing God's awful power, we make earnest vows to do better, if life is spared. It is the cursed traps set for us ashore by the boarding-house master and his satellites, that ruin us."

When Jim was about twenty, he went to England, intending to visit the mother he had so cruelly neglected. He had saved a little money and was going to do great things for her, if—ah, if—When he reached home he found only her grave. Then it did seem as though all good had

left him. For years he lived an awful life. Poor fellow! he was utterly wretched, and thought no one cared for him. He never once turned his face heavenward, but, thinking even God's hand was against him, went stumbling, blindly on, over the rough, downward path. But that wise, tender Hand did not let him go. After a while, the feet treading so determinedly the way to do evil were stopped. Jim broke his leg, and lay for weeks in a hospital. Many good people visited him and talked of God's mercy and the Saviour's love, but his ears were deaf to the sweet words. After his recovery he stayed on shore some years "keeping store" with varying success. He married also and seemed to reform, and was considered a decent, respectable man. He fancied himself happy, too, and gave his whole heart to the cares of the world, and like the man in Pilgrim's Progress, "scrapped to himself small sticks and straws," never once lifting his face to the angel who stood by patiently proffering the golden crown. By and by a great wind of trouble came, scattering his treasures; he lost money and good name, and throwing aside his muck-rake he sat down in despair. Then the angel stooped yet lower, holding the crown so near that he surely must see it; but he would not look. He rejected the golden, and chose a thorny crown.

Unable to get work on shore, he went to sea again, and made a few prosperous voyages; then he was stricken down by rheumatic fever, and nearly died. He felt a little afraid to die, for the Spirit spoke of "sin and the judgment," and he said, "If I get well, I'll repent and do better." He did get well, and went to sea again, and had a hard, rough time, being overworked until he broke down under a return of the fever. For days he suffered terribly, and at last, in his misery, turned to the Lord, asking mercy for the tortured body only. At the first port they reached the captain put him ashore in the hospital, from which he came out friendless and penniless. He could get no work, and who was to care for his wife and children in far away England? He thought he would pray again, but his mind was filled with doubts of God's mercy, until the man was nearly mad with anxiety and fear. Still, he remembered that his mother took all her cares to God, and had a faint hope that for her sake God would hear him. He prayed earnestly and often; but still only for bodily needs. After a weary period of waiting, God sent a ship; but it was bound for San Francisco, and Jim wanted to go to England. Still, anything was better than starving, and he thankfully accepted a situation on board, hoping that change of scene and hard work would drive away the awful doubts and fears that distracted him. He tried to believe that God had sent it in answer to his prayers. But Satan held him and began to afflict him more and more, bringing before the weary eyes all his past wicked life, and saying that for such a sinner there could be no pardon. He had outside troubles, too; the captain and officers were harsh and rough with the men, and Jim fancied that they especially disliked him. It might have been so; he was not very prepossessing in appearance, just now; his clothes were ragged, his face gaunt and worn with anxiety and his eyes had a wild, restless look. Bodily and mental troubles made him nearly mad. Then he injured his foot and suffered terribly, almost losing the little faith he had.

He was in the tempest, now, and knew not where to find refuge. He was so tired of sin, so weak and worn, all his old defiant spirit had gone, and he lay, day after day, hating to live and dreading to die, but drifting all the while nearer to the great Rock, under whose shadow he should rest. He began to read the Bible, searching with eager, anxious eyes for light, and praying earnestly for deliverance. Satan fought fiercely for his soul, filling the poor, weak brain with torturing doubts and fears.

A ray of light came to him from the words of Paul to the jailor, and he took his tired heart, and doubts, and fears to the dear Lord. And Jesus took him in those kind, strong hands, from whose firm grasp nothing ever slips. But his enemy would not leave him, and it was presumptuous, to believe that Christ's sweet words were for such a wretch. And poor Jim was afraid to take all that the Saviour was so eager to bestow, and longed for some one to come and teach him. He improved much, outwardly, and found favor with officers and crew. When the vessel reached San Francisco, Jim went into the Marine Hospital, his foot being very painful and troublesome. For some time he felt very lonely and wretched; he had left his Bible in town with his luggage, and there seemed to be only Roman Catholic works and novels in his ward; so he spent many weary hours. He found comfort in the religious services held there on Sunday, but wanted some one to talk with him of "the good things." Many kind friends visited the sick sailors, and Jim used to lie watching them as they went among the men, distributing little gifts and pleasant words; but no one noticed him. For three weeks he waited, thinking, often, hard thoughts of those who would so gladly have helped him, had they known of his need. He read carefully all the books they left, but found nothing to satisfy his desperate want. At last he resolved to ask for a Bible, and did so, hoping that the gentleman who gave it would speak to him of Jesus. He was disappointed; the Bible was given with kindly words about his health, but none on religious subjects. The gentleman came again and talked with him, and Jim, making a great effort, asked eagerly and anxiously, "O sir, will the Lord save and forgive the very worst sinners in the world?" "Yes, fully and gladly," Mr. — was then called away and could talk with him no more for some time but he left a little book on the "Way to Jesus," and sent a young lady whom he had told of Jim's earnest inquiry, to visit in his stead. Her frank, pleasant manner and ready sym-

pathy opened his heart, and he told her his troubles, how he wanted to love and serve the Lord, and how his sins held him back. "I feel that I have no right to the Saviour's love," after fighting against him for so many years, and don't dare take any of his kind words to myself."

"Do you know I have been just there?" said the lady.

"You, ma'am! It is not possible that a young lady like you can have sinned as much in your whole life as I have in one day!"

"You may have sinned differently from me, but not more," said she, sadly. "Did you never hear the parable of the two debtors? I'll read it for you." And she read how the one owed five hundred pence, and the other but fifty, and when they had nothing to pay, the Master frankly forgave them both. "You see Jesus does not measure his forgiveness by our deserts, but 'according to your faith be it unto you.'"

The Lord's simple, perfect words went right home to the man's heart, and the hungry soul fed upon them, and its burden was lightened. The lady stayed for no more, but left him with the great Teacher. When next she came, the changed expression on the man's face told, in no words could, of a changed heart. "O Miss," he said, "the awful weight is gone from my heart, and I can't tell how happy I am. After you left the other day, I lay reading and thinking over the precious words you showed me, and they brought me such blessed comfort, that I looked for more like them, and found so many that my doubts and fears all went, and a strange, great happiness filled my heart. It does seem that Jesus had a hankering for miserable sinners like me! I can't feel afraid of him any longer. How wonderfully good he is to let me love him! And, Miss, how blind I've been to call mine a hard life, when his was so much harder. Why couldn't I see all this before? I'd be willing to suffer twice as much to gain happiness in the end! and, Ma'am, do you think my mother knows all about it?" "Why, certainly, she sees all your gladness. I think our dear ones in heaven are among 'the cloud of witnesses' who watch our earthly life; and her lips are praising God in richer, sweeter tones than ever!" said the lady, her eyes filled with glad tears. Jim's face glowed, and he said, "There ain't any words good enough to praise him in our earthly tongues; but my life shall thank and praise my dear Lord."

When Jim could walk he went to church, for the first time in many years. I don't if he had done so before since he walked there by his mother's side. It seemed as though the prayer and sermon were expressly for him. He went often to the church services, and God blessed him, richly, so that the past suffering seemed as nothing. He is not afraid to take all Christ offers, now, and can not find words to tell of the great love that enfolds him. Without fear for the future, trusting all his affairs in the Father's hands, and looking no longer at his own weakness, as of old, but at the Saviour's infinite fullness, he rests. With God we leave him.—*Christian Union.*

Seth.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

Here is a bit of private history that came to us the other day, and which, while it can harm no one in its disclosure, may have its secret meaning for many of us. Half a century ago a young man worked in a carpenter's shop in a western country village—a frank, clear-minded, hot-blooded young fellow, full of ambition to fill his as yet unused brain with knowledge, and then to go out into the world to work with it. He listened eagerly to reports of that life outside of his drowsy village, where men crowded and jostled and helped each other. There were certain great wrongs to set right, certain great ideas of his own to find words for; once let him find standing-room out there, and he would achieve—what was there he would not achieve? Well, we have all stood on his ground, and seen with his eyes; we can remember how the world looked to us then; the vastness of its far-off lights and shadows in the glory of the dawn; the place we fancied it had always kept vacant for us to fill. We, perhaps, escaped into the world, and saw these things near to our sharpened eyes; handled them with older hands and found how little value was in them. But our carpenter, Seth, never got outside of his village. It does not need fetters or jail-bars to set prison bounds about man's life. Lack of money, and unhappy marriage, a house full of children, any weight long borne, cramps and distorts his brain and soul as gyves would his body. With Seth it was poverty, and an old father and mother, that imprisoned him in his dull birth-place with feeble but effectual hold. He was all they had; their years were nearly spent; he would not rob them of their sole support and happiness by leaving them, nor could he take them with him. The carpenter's shop was a sure supply for them of food and clothes; his ambitious plans were, after all, but fantastic, uncertain dreams. Presently our carpenter falls in love and marries, and in a year or two buries his wife and child side by side in the graveyard by the church. He made but little moan, but changed his seat in church, to the window, and instead of prayer or sermon, for many a year heard only the rustle of the locust tree that grew over the grave, and the fall of the leaves upon it. Before the old folks died his early ambition had faded in a great measure; the plans for the outer world, which seemed so easy in his youth, presented themselves now as impracticable; besides all this, some roots of his life had grown into that grave under the locust tree, which he never could tear away. All this is a history of poverty and morbid hindrances, perhaps, but just such hindrances as clog and lessen into narrow bounds the lives of stronger men.

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into old age, having realized his youthful hopes of knowledge no further than by the education which fitted him for a village school-master. A shabby, wizened, silent old fellow, with a shrewd, kindly smile, and keen eyes below his bushy wig, with a habit of dropping fiery brief sentences concerning duty and honor, which burned themselves into his boys' memories and remained there when the Latin and Greek he taught them had long been forgotten. There were half a dozen thwarted geniuses in the town; village Hampdens and Cromwells whom even the stage-driver could have pointed out to you, ranged on the bench in front of the tavern, as "men who would have made their mark, sir, if they'd had the chance." But "old Seth" was not one of them; not great, only cranky, even in his boys' eyes; an object of good-natured toleration to the fat, bluff farmers. In later years this toleration turned into suspicion and dislike. The village lay in a border county of a slave State, and Seth was known to be an abolitionist, which ranked him there and at that time with an atheist or a felon. He was accused, and with truth, we believe, of teaching the few slaves in the neighborhood to read and write, and of secreting fugitives on their way to Canada. Certain beliefs of his, which his scholars quoted constantly, concerning liberty and equality, and the brotherhood of man, were strongly suspected by the club on the tavern bench to be the doctrines of Paine and Voltaire. He talked wildly, it is said, at times, of a great work to be done, in which he should have his share. But the summons came for him one summer day to leave the village and the hot school-house and his silent evening pipe and cross to that other unknown life which waits for every man. "I have not done my work here," he said once or twice on that last day. "The chance did not come to me, somehow." But the village doctor said that he was only feverish, and that it was a pity his mind should be clouded at last. Still looking back to that undone work, he died and was buried beside his wife and child.

A few years afterward came the war of the rebellion. A young man, State Senator from the district where Seth had lived, declared himself not only on the side of the government, but of the slave. He was bold, alert, had a powerful intellect; the sluggish, slow-moving farmers followed him in dismay; formed regiments; they blocked the advance of the confederates by holding the slave territory on the side of the union, divided the State at last and finally. No better work for freedom and order and civilization was done in that time than this; none that told more effectively on the future. Not long ago, our public men were put to trial not only through their honor, but their honesty. How many fell, it does not need now to tell. One stood firm; his integrity helped to redeem the character of the nation. He and the man who helped so largely to save his State in war times, had each been scholars of the carpenter. They did not know each other, and their remembrance of the village school was of the dimmest. But their work for freedom and honor goes on widening from generation to generation, while the old school-master sleeps forgotten under the locust trees. Yet let us hope that he knows by this time that in the just universe of God nothing is lost.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Faded Wrapper.

"Are you sorry that father has gone away to stay over night, Alice?" said one of Mrs. Montgomery's children to his sister. "It rains so that no one will call; and now mother will wear that faded wrapper all day. I heard her tell Barbara she would have a good long day for sewing. She doesn't think it worth while to set even the dining-room table just for us."

"Do not you wish she would spill ink on that dress, Philip?" was the answer—"then, she wouldn't wear it any more."

"No, indeed, I don't want it any worse, for she would wear it just the same on rainy days and when papa is away."

Now, mamma, in the next room, heard this discussion of the children, and arose to take a survey of herself in the looking-glass. It was not a very pleasing picture that the polished surface gave back to her view.

"Now Harry Warren's mother," said Philip, "is always dressed nicely, any time of the day."

"She wears such pretty bows on her hair and neck," said Alice. "But she isn't half so pleasant as our mother," she added, loyally, "if she does look prettier."

The mother's eyes glistened as she looked down on the old wrapper.

"To be compared to Aunt Warren," she thought, "and by my own children, too. Who would have thought they were such sharp little things? They notice every trifle."

Mrs. Montgomery's spirit was quite stirred. She would not allow such a rival, she said to herself, if she could eclipse her.

"You shall be disappointed about the old wrapper, for once, Mr. Philip," she added, smiling; so she took a soft white dress, just the thing to enliven a dull day. Then she puffed her hair in her prettiest style, and proceeded to dress herself with unusual care. The delicate lace collar was adorned with a bow of palest pink, and her hair tied back with a ribbon to match.

It is wonderful how these simple additions to the toilet changed her whole appearance. A little taste does much for a woman's toilet, and yet how small, often, is the cost. A simple knot of violet or crimson velvet will make a dull dress look bright and even elegant. As a great painter said, "Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle."

Mrs. Montgomery's face wore a brighter look than usual that day, as she entered the nursery. Her dress had actually raised her spirits; but she was hardly prepared for the first of admiration that greeted her.

It is not often that compliments are sincere and heartfelt as were those of her little ones that day. But her children's tones quickly changed to one of anxiety. "Are you going away anywhere, mamma?" they asked, directly.

"No, dears, I am going to sew on the machine all day; so we can have a nice time together."

Little Alice hung over her chair a minute, admiringly, and fingered her buttons, as she said, with a smile of deep content in her eye,

"You look nice, mamma."

Mrs. Montgomery smiled as she threaded the needle of the machine, while Philip added proudly:

"She looks nicer than Harry's mother, even when she has her silk dress on."

That was reward enough; she had eclipsed her rival.

"I'll remember this day's lesson," said the mother, in her own heart, and she did remember it.

The rainy day dress was doomed, and they helped to rip it up with sincere pleasure. It made excellent lining for a new one, and it often preached its old sermon over, as it hung wrong side out in the closet.

Mothers, when you allow yourselves slowly ways among the little ones, in the seclusion of the nursery, remember there's a child there "a takin' notes." Those notes will be read even when your head lies low. Of all the bright pictures that hang on memory's wall, there is none to me so fair as a sweet, loving mother, whose appearance was always neat and tasteful, even in working dress. Children may love an untidy mother, after a fashion, but they can never respect her. She can not keep the hold on them in after years that one of the opposite habits possesses. Besides, if you are untidy yourself, they will probably grow up to imitate you. Don't neglect the details of dress, that add so much to appearance, because there will be "no one about but the children."—*Wood's Magazine.*

How Thimbles Are Made.

The manufacture of thimbles is very simple, but singularly interesting. Coin silver is mostly used, and is obtained by purchasing coin dollars. Hence it happens that the profits of the business are affected instantaneously by all the variations in the nation's greenback promises to pay. The first operation strikes a novice as almost wicked, for it is nothing else than putting a lot of bright silver dollars, fresh from the mint, into dirty crucibles, and melting them up into solid ingots. These are rolled out to the required thickness, and cut into circular pieces of any required size. A solid metal bar of the size of the inside of the intended thimble, moved by powerful machinery up and down in a bottomless mold of the outside of the same thimble, bends the circular disks into the thimble shape as fast as they can be placed under the descending bar. Once in shape, the work of brightening, polishing, and decorating is done upon a lathe. First, the blank form is fitted with a rapidly-revolving rod. A single touch of a sharp chisel takes a thin shaving from the end, another does the same on the side, and a third rounds off the rim. A round steel rod, dipped in oil and pressed upon the surface, gives it a lustrous polish. Then a little, revolving steel wheel, whose edge is a raised ornament, held against the revolving blank, prints that ornament just outside the rim. A second wheel prints a different ornament around the center, while a third wheel with sharp points makes the indentations on the lower half and end of the thimble. The inside is brightened and polished in a similar way, the thimble being held in a revolving mold. All that remains to be done is to boil the completed thimbles in soap-suds, to remove the oil, brush them up, and pack them for the trade.

The Bloom of Age.

A good woman never grows old. Years may pass over her head, but if benevolence and virtue dwell in the heart, she is as cheerful as when the spring of life first opened to her view. When we look upon a good woman we never think of her age; she looks as charming as when the rose of youth first bloomed on her cheek. That has not faded yet; it will never fade. In her neighborhood she is the friend and benefactor; in the church, the devout worshiper and exemplary Christian. Who does not respect and love the woman who has passed her days in acts of mercy and kindness—who has been the friend of man—and whose life has been a scene of kindness and love, a devotion to truth and religion? We repeat, such a woman can not grow old. She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirits, and active in humble deeds and benevolence. If the young lady desires to retain the bloom and beauty of youth, let her not yield to the sway of fashion and folly; let her love truth and virtue; and to the close of life she will retain those feelings which now make life appear a garden of sweets, ever fresh and ever new.

A Conscientious Cabman.

A distinguished professor, residing not a thousand miles from Andover, recently on an excursion to Europe, being in Edinburgh one wet Sunday, and desiring to go to church, he hired a cab. On reaching the church door he tended a shilling to the cabby, the legal fare, and was somewhat surprised to hear the cabman say, "Twa shillings, sir." The professor fixing his eye upon the extortioner, demanded why he charged two shillings, and the cabman dryly answered, "We wish to discourage traveling on the Sabbath as much as possible, sir." The fare was paid.

Literary Miscellany.

Ancient Libraries.

The question as to the number of books contained in the ancient collections has been much discussed, but with results very little satisfactory. The statements as to the number of volumes in the Ptolemaean Library at Alexandria are very various, ranging from 100,000, at which it is rated by Eusebius, to 700,000, at which it is fixed by Annals Gallus. Seneca gives the intermediate number, 400,000. The library of Ptolemy, king of Pergamum, is said by Plutarch to have contained 200,000 volumes. All these statements, however, are of a date long posterior to the time which they regard. Of the libraries of Greece and Rome, hardly anything in the way of contemporary enumeration is preserved. For the former, indeed, there is absolutely nothing on which to found a judgment. Of the latter there are but two—both private collections—the number of which is recorded; the first, that of Tiberius, contemporary of Claudius, and mentioned by him in one of his book-hunting letters to his brother Quintus; which, on the perhaps questionable authority of Suidas, is said to have consisted of 30,000 volumes; the other, that of Serenus Sammonianus, already referred to, of 62,000.

The first impression produced by these statements as to the large number of volumes in the ancient libraries will be of incredulity, founded partly on the insufficiency of the evidence, partly on the notions which prevail regarding the comparative scarcity of books in ancient times. On the latter point, as to the first objection, no one who considers how undervalued of implicit belief the most positive allegations as to the extent of the libraries of our own day have proved, when tested by actual enumeration, could think of accepting as conclusive evidence that the Alexandrian Library contained 700,000 volumes, the unsupported assertion of a single foreigner, writing long after the period to which he refers. But in reference to the second ground of incredulity, so much misconception has prevailed, that we think it necessary to say a few words in explanation.

The learned reader need not be reminded of the wide difference between the ancient "volumen" or roll, and the "volume" of the modern book-trade, and how much smaller the amount of literary matter which the former may represent. Any single "book" or "part" of a treatise would anciently have been called "volumen," and would reckon as such in the enumeration of a collection of books. The "Iliad" of Homer, which in a modern library may form but a single volume, would have counted as twenty-four "volumina" at Alexandria. We read of authors leaving behind them works reckoned, not by volumes or tens of volumes, but by hundreds. The works of Epicurus, as enumerated with their titles by Diogenes Laertius, amount to 300 volumes. Varro reckons his own works at no less a sum than 490 volumes; and the works of Crispinus, Epicurus's well-known rival, are said to have reached the incredible total of more than 700 volumes! It is curious—we dare not say significant—that of the numerous works of these singularly prolific writers hardly anything has come down to our day, with the exception of Varro's treatise "De Re Rustica" and the Herculean fragments of Epicurus; so that we are unable to speak from positive knowledge of the extent of their so-called "volumina." But their number itself suggests the inference that they must have been very short; and the actual specimens of "volumina" discovered at Herculaneum fully justify the conclusion. Hence it will at once be understood that whereas a single modern volume might easily contain ten, or even more, ancient "volumina," the very large assemblage of "volumina" assigned as the total of the greatest of the ancient collections would fall far short, in its real literary contents, of the second-rate, or even third-rate, collections of the present day.—*Edinburgh Review.*

English in Foreign Dress.

An English periodical has an amusing article on "Exotic English," from which we select:

"Fifty years ago, 'Here they spike the English!' was an announcement to be seen in many a Parisian shop-window. How they did 'spike' it may be guessed from the manner in which they wrote it, sundry specimens of the Gallic-English current in Paris in 1822 being preserved in the pages of the *Mirror*. At that year, M. Olivier, the Houdin of the day, pronounced in his bills to perform 'an infinity of the Lodgerde-mains worthy to excite the curiosity of spectators'; such as 'the cut and burnt handkerchiefs who shall take up their primitive forms, the watch thrown up en l'air against the wall by a pistol-shot, the enchanted glass wine, the handsome Eliska in her trunk,' and some 'low automations who will dance up on a rope and fall to the most difficult tricks'; concluding with a *Pantasmagory* disposed in a manner as not to frighten the ladies. At a restaurant in the Palais Royal, 'Macaroni not baked sooner ready' was to be obtained; and a hair-dresser in the Rue St. Honoré sought to attract the wandering Briton by proclaiming: 'Hear to cut off hair in English fashion.' The proprietor of the Montequien Baths issued a card notifying all it might concern: 'As for the brothers, liquid or any breakfast, and in one word, all other things relative to the service of the bath, the Persons will be so good as to direct themselves to the servants bathers, who will satisfy them with the greatest attention. The public is invited not to search to displace the sockets and swan necks, in order to forbear the accidents which may result of it, in not calling the servant bathers to his aid. The servant bathers, in consequence of having no wags, desire the bathers do not forget them.' The last clause is plain English enough."

The following story is told in one of the books issued abroad for the use of students in England:

"A lady, which was to dine, child to her servant that she had not used butter enough. The girl, for the excuse him selves, was bringing a little cat on her hand, and told that she came to take him in the crime, finishing to eat the two pounds from butter which remain. The lady took immediately, the cat was put into the balances, it had not weighed then one half pound."

A native penitence for a place in India promised, if his petition were granted, that he and his wife would cease to pray to the humble Almighty to shower his blessings upon their benefactor's head; and a Punjab school-master proves how admirably he was qualified for teaching the rising generation the language of their rulers; by inditing the following letter to an English gentleman:

"Hon. Sir—I am most anxious to hear you are sick. I pray to God to see you soon at R—in a state of triumph. The climate is very good and proves unhealthy."

No deputy commissioner complains ever for want of climate. If you also come here, I think it will agree with your state. An information expectant or reverendary, respecting your recovery state is expected, and I shall be thankful to you."

These blunders sound odd indeed; but we doubt not that the people of countries where the English language is not spoken derive quite as much amusement from observing the stumbling efforts of English and Americans to master their forms of expression.

Income of English Royals.

Chamber's *Journal* gives the following account of the theory upon which the incomes of the Queen and Princes are adjusted, and the manner in which they are taken care of and paid:

The nation desires that there shall always be harmonious co-operation between the responsible government of the day and the members of the royal household. This is effected by making the great officers of the household—the Lord Chamberlain, Master of the House, and Mistress of the Robes, &c., removable with every change of Ministry. The scandal and friction which would be occasioned if a Prime Minister's conduct were always the subject of adverse and interested criticism from officials in daily contact with royalty is thus avoided, and the independence of the Minister secured. Again, the nation does not wish to so endow a monarch that, on the one hand, his wealth may be applied as mere caprice or tyranny suggests to the detriment of the freedom of the subject. On the other hand, the nation would be disgusted at the spectacle of an avaricious sovereign who hoarded his income, and so proved himself a dwarfed and unworthy representative of the majesty of the State. To counteract both tendencies the Civil List is, as we have seen, divided into classes, the object for which the total of each class is to be applied being specified by act of Parliament. In this way the maintenance of the desired amount of State pageantry and magnificence is insured. Finally the actual issues in each of the classes are subject to the examination of a Treasury official, the auditor of the Civil List, whose business it is to see that the prescribed total is not exceeded.

But this system, however beneficial and constitutional, certainly imposes on the country some correlative obligations. If the Crown, after surrendering all its landed property, receives a return in income so divided as to place only £100,000 a year at its absolute disposal, the remainder being appropriated under conditions which render any considerable economy impossible, it seems but reasonable that the country should make special arrangements for special exigencies. Hence it has always been understood that the nation will grant a dowry to a son or daughter of the reigning Sovereign, and will bestow pensions on the various members of the royal family. There is much to be said on other grounds, for these practices. A royal marriage may be an advantage to the State, by strengthening a national alliance already existing, or effecting a new one; or it may be, the occasion of all sorts of political combinations and trouble. In either case, it is of the last importance that any proposed marriage should, if suitable, have the sanction of Parliament; if unsuitable, its veto. Now the granting or withholding of the dowry gives to the House of Commons exactly the needed power. If now we are asked to ascertain the cost of monarchy, the task is by no means difficult.

Her Majesty receives as we have seen, a Civil List of £385,000 a year. To this we must add £81,000, the revenue derived from the Duchy of Lancaster, and £17,000, the annual cost of maintaining the places in the occupation of the Crown (such as Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle), which is provided for in a vote of Parliament. These items amount to £483,000. The Prince of Wales has £100,000 a year, of which £60,000 is derived from the Duchy of Cornwall, and £40,000 from an annuity on the Consolidated Fund; the Princes of Wales, £10,000; the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Arthur, £15,000 each; the Princess Royal or Crown Princess of Germany, £8,000; Princesses Alice, Helena and Louise, £6,000 each; the Duke of Cambridge, £12,000; the Duchess of Cambridge, £6,000; and the Princess Teck and Princess Augusta of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, £5,000 and £3,000 each respectively. These annuities amount to £132,000, and adding this, with the revenue of the Duchy of Cornwall, to our former total, we reach a total charge of £635,000 a year. Now the Crown lands produce a profit of £375,000, and the other branches of hereditary revenue about £13,000, which sums are carried to the exchequer. Thus the net result of the system we are discussing is that royalty costs the British taxpayer less than a quarter of a million a year. Now taking Prof. Levi's estimate that the taxation of the working classes amounts to 12 1/2 per cent. of their taxable incomes, and calculating the proportion which the royal revenue bears to the general expenditure of the nation, we arrive at this result, that in the case of a skilled artisan with a taxable income of £100 a year, the maintenance of royalty costs him ninepence a year. Such, then, is the outcome of the constitutional contract the nation has made with its sovereign.

A Syrian Toilet.

We called yesterday on the daughter of a Mohammedan living in this city (Tripoli). Though the girl had been married several days, she had never been sent by her husband. He only had gone to the mosque when the ceremony was performed, she taking no part in it. After the ceremony, the bride usually stays at her father's house nine days, during which time she sits in state, decked in her finest dress and jewels, receiving calls from her friends. Then her joy is at an end. She must go to her husband, take off her fine clothes, and become a perfect slave, subject to the will of her cruel master. The parents of this bride were very poor. Her mother was dressed in little better than rags, and was at the *lagna* washing clothes. All the women of the bride's company had their hair plaited full of gold coins; these were heirlooms, and so greatly treasured, that a woman would almost starve sooner than part with one. The present, given by the family to the bride was an elegant pale blue brocade silk dress, and a black silk, embroidered with gold. The former cost \$150. The bridegroom's presents were a sumptuous lilac silk, heavily embroidered with gold; earrings of pearl and gold; bracelets as wide as a finger. During the call she wore the bridegroom's presents. The other presents were hung spread out on the wall.

Waistpotted at a house below, according to custom, and sent word that we were coming. The bride answered that she would be most happy to salute us. At

or waiting about twenty minutes we went up stairs, for she lived on the second floor. She had not quite finished her toilet, and she sat on the floor before a large mirror, surrounded by her flurries. As we entered she arose and saluted us, and then returned composedly to her dressing. Of all the strange and ghastly sights her face was the most wonderful, as may well be imagined from the way in which it was prepared.

First, hot wax was spread over the whole face, which, when cool, was peeled off. This was done to remove all the hair from the face. Then whitening was rubbed on till the skin looked jet black, her lips and eyebrows were painted jet black, her lips and a large red spot on each cheek painted a brilliant red. On these red spots on her forehead and at the corners of her mouth gilt flowers were pasted. Then over the whole powdered sugar had been snapped, which made it sparkle as with "diamond dust." She wore pearl earrings, and around her neck were a string of large amber beads, three strings of rosy pearls, and a curious neck-lace which we were privately told was borrowed for the occasion. It was made of gold twenty-five dollar pieces, overlapping each other like scales. The usual head-dress was covered with real and artificial flowers. The finishing touch was put on in the shape of a piece of black wax, heated over the *canon* till very hot, made round and flat, and then stuck between the eyes.—*Syrian Home Life.*

Sources of Trouble.

How much vexation of spirit, and how many irritating words follow in the wake of elegance. When I see a load of exquisitely fashioned furniture go into a house, I think how much trouble has come to that house in that night. Harsh words to servants and children—much dread of sun and moth—worries too numerous to mention. Plenty of silver-ware means more than a plenty of fear and anxiety lest burglars by night, stragglers by day, servants, beggars, theft, or carelessness, make way with the treasure. A friend told me a trunk full of solid silver, which she and her good man had been wisely tending during a journey, and says that then came peace—she has not allowed herself to be burdened with anything since but good plate. "It makes," she says, "as good a show on the sideboard, and no fear of robbers. I bless my stars for that fortunate losing." It is a good plan to think of this when we furnish our houses. In furniture look for elegance and durability, not elegance instead of durability, and be prepared to accept with equanimity the cares and pains that are the inevitable accompaniments of luxury.

A Year's Work.

The following is a brief sketch of the progress of astronomy during the year 1873:

NEW ASTEROIDS.—Seven minor planets have been discovered during the commencement of the current year, all in our own country. Four of these were detected by Professor Watson of Ann Arbor; three by Dr. Peters of Clinton, New York. The race between these distinguished observers has been recently quite interesting. The astronomer of Clinton is slightly ahead, though closely pressed by his industrious rival. The discoveries of the present year make the whole number of known asteroids 134.

COMETS.—Besides the return of three periodic comets previously observed, four others have passed their perihelion during the year 1873. On the third of April, M. Stephen of Marseilles detected the second comet of 1867. This body, on its first observed approach to the sun, was discovered by M. Tempel. Its period, which is a little over six years, varies considerably on account of Jupiter's disturbing influence. Its orbit approaches more nearly the circular form than that of any other known comet. Two other comets of short period—those of Broesen and Page—were rediscovered by the same fortunate observer; the former on the 1st and the latter on the 3d of September. On the 3d of July, M. Tempel, of Milan, discovered a telescopic comet, which proved to be a member of the Jovian group. Its period is five years and two months; its motion is direct, and its orbit has about the same eccentricity as that of Payer's comet. The other comets of the year presented no phenomena of special interest. It is remarkable that while the seven comets were all discovered in America, the seven comets most detected in Europe.

MEMOIRS.—A number of valuable astronomical memoirs have been read during the year before the various scientific societies in Europe and America. At the April meeting of the National Academy, Prof. Alexander of Princeton read a paper of great interest on the "Harmonies of the Solar System." Several papers on the mutual relations of the planetary orbits have been communicated to the American Philosophical Society by Prof. Chase of Philadelphia. At the Paris Academy of Sciences, Leverrier has presented two or three elaborate memoirs on the theory of the four outer planets. Prof. Newcomb is said to have completed his investigation of the orbit of Uranus, and we may expect his work to be shortly issued by the Smithsonian Institution.

Mr. Abbot a few months ago read a paper before the Royal Society of Tasmania, giving the results of his recent observations on the great nebula in Argos. These observations are of great interest as indicating a process of rapid transformation where it was supposed the changes must be of a secular character. "The dark spaces in the nebula," Mr. Abbot remarks, "are extending and becoming more undefined, gradually filling up with small stars." During the year preceding the date of Mr. Abbot's memoir, the number of visible stars in the dark portions of the nebula had increased fully 50 per cent. Important papers have also been published by Mr. A. Proctor, the distinguished secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society, professor Watson of Ann Arbor, and many others. In short, although the year has not been distinguished by any astronomical discovery of extraordinary brilliancy, the science has certainly made substantial progress.

The Simple Secret.

Twenty clerks in a store, twenty hands in a printing office, twenty apprentices in a ship-yard, twenty young men in a village, all want to get on in the world and expect to do so. One of the clerks will become a partner, and make a fortune; one of the compositors will own a newspaper, and become an influential citizen; one of the apprentices will become a master builder; one of the young villagers will get a handsome farm, and live like a patriarch; and which one is the luckiest? The thing is almost as certain as the rule of three. The young fellow who will distance his competitors is he who masters his business, who preserves his integrity, who lives cleanly and purely, who devotes his leisure to the acquisition of knowledge, who gains friends by deserving them, and who saves his spare money. There are some ways to fortune shorter than this old dusty highway; but the staunch men of the community, the men who achieve something really worth having, good fortune, good name, and serene old age, all go in this road.

A Golden Thought.

Nature will be reported. All things are engaged in writing their history. The planet, the pebble goes attended by its shadow. The rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain, the river its channels in the soil, the animal its bones in the stratum, the fern and leaf their modest epitaph in the coal. The falling drop makes its sculpture in the sand or stone; not a foot steps into the snow, or along the ground, but prints in characters more or less lasting a map of its march; every act of the man inscribes itself in the memories of his fellows and in his own face. The air is full of sounds—the sky of tokens, the ground is all memoranda and signposts, and every object is covered over with hints, which speak to the intelligent.

Persian Debt Collecting.

The Persian creditor having once determined to get his money, calls for it early in the morning, and can not be persuaded to go away till it is paid. He brings his carpets with him, and sits down in his debtor's bedroom, eating, drinking, sleeping and smoking there until he is bought off. Some years ago—not many—a Persian had, or fancied that he had, a claim on the English Foreign Office. So one day he traveled away from Teheran, and after many strange adventures, arrived in London, taking his carpet with him, and fully prepared to sit upon the Foreign Office, which he supposed to be a person, till he was satisfied. Lord Palmerston was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs at that time, and took the thing good humoredly; but Mr. Hammond, the Under-Secretary of State, who is a sharp-tongued gentleman and was already high up in office, was calling for a policeman.

The practice of "sitting upon a man," as it is called, universally prevails in Persia, and it is not easy to deal with. But Sir John McNeill, a shrewd old Scotch diplomatist, who was once accredited to the Persian court, contrived to get rid of a Persian who had tried to sit upon him by a rather clever device.

At the new year, which is kept as a festival in Persia, religious mendicants go about, not so much asking for alms as insisting upon a fixed sum. They generally take a foreign ambassador rather highly, and one of them, a dervish, demanded an extravagant sum from Sir John McNeill. The Scotch diplomatist offered to compromise with him for any reasonable amount, but his offer was refused, and as he would not give more, the dervish proceeded to sit upon him. He established himself in Sir John's garden just before his study windows, and every now and then during the day, and when he awoke at night, this dervish set up a horrid hullabaloo, and blew a cracked trumpet as if the judgment day had come. Sir John, who did not like to have his rest disturbed in this way, determined to put a stop to the dervish's tricks and eject him by force; but he was solemnly warned by the Persian authorities that it would be dangerous to lay hands upon the dervish. "Get rid of him if you can," said they, laughing as they are wont to do at a minister's perplexity, "but do not touch him."

"Very well," said Sir John, dryly; and he sent for a bricklayer. "Build me a wall around that howling beggar in my garden," said Sir John to the bricklayer, "and then roof it in." The dervish looked on composedly while the wall rose slowly around him, and made no noise except an ever; but when he perceived that they really meant to shut him up in a tomb alive, he jumped over the lowest part of the wall and rushed away like a maniac. Sir John was probably the only European who ever got the better of a dervish.—*Selected.*

The Chinese "Shops."

Both at Canton and Hong-Kong—indeed everywhere in China—a stranger will be attracted by the unique appearance of the Chinese shops. During the day they are crowded and open in front, with the wares tastefully arranged on the other three sides of the apartment, a small stairway in one corner leading to the upper or dwelling portion of the house. These shops are very models of neatness, some of them containing a varied assortment of costly wares, and occasionally works of art; while the owners, with their long queues and costly silken garments, sit in their places of business like princes in their drawing-rooms, exhibiting a quiet dignity, and even courtliness, strangely unlike the manners of the masses about them. Every line of merchandise is duly represented—silks, teas, fancy goods, lacquered wares, jewelry, plate, time-pieces, books, musical instruments, birds, nests, confections, drugs; everything that can be called for, native and foreign, is now obtainable in the large cities on the coast, so rapid has been the improvement in the last twenty years. But the ushering in of the new epoch has not entirely banished the old, as witness the stores where goods are made and sold for silver. "Lap-lap," "Ay," and "war-ran" too—a god of wealth—"sure to make glow like," says the polite vender; gods of fair weather and guardians of health; gods for the sailor and for the farmer—for every condition of life every emergency, and at all prices. Among the most attractive of the shops are the fruit and flower stalls, usually adorne with pretty bird-cages, while John Chinamen deals out his dainty wares, served in exquisite porcelain or glass, with lavishing salutations and courtly words. Few visitors at Canton will fail to recall the shop of the venerable Sao Qua on Old China street, or the gentle breeding of the accommodating owner with his frosted hair and long wadded gown of dark silk. Huge silken lanterns hung at the entrance, and at the upper end was the inevitable altar, never wanting in either dwelling or place of business, on which fresh offerings of tea, cakes, and fruit were laid every morning, had incense burned perpetually. The old man said the fire had not gone out since the days of his grandfather, who built the house, and to which Sao Qua had duly succeeded, and which his son would inherit after him. Said son was frolicsome little five-year-old, exuberant with boisterous mirth, the child of Sao Qua's old age and his inseparable companion. It was a beautiful to see them thus together, the weary old man seeming to grow young again in loving contemplation of the child's merry pranks; and the little one always tender and gentle when he approached the doating sire, whose years and infirmities were an enigma to the young nature sought in vain to comprehend.

Obituaries.

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

MARY G., wife of Kneeland Stocker, died in West Springfield, July 22, in the 60th year of her age, after a severe illness of about one week. Sister was a sister of Rev. P. Clough. She experienced religion in early life, and has always maintained a Christian life and character. She was sympathetic and kind, and often found at the bedside of the suffering. All who were acquainted with her are reminded in her death that they have lost a friend. Her counsel was good, her decisions almost an abiding law. She has always lived in the vicinity which she died, adding strength to her influence, but her labors are ended and she is at rest. She leaves a husband and four children, with a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn their loss.

LUCRETIA, widow of the late Nicholas Folsom died at Belmont, July 12, aged 88 years and 6 months. She was the mother of seven children, six sons and one daughter, five of whom live to mourn her loss. She was an invalid for thirty-seven years, confined to her bed most of the time. During this long period of sickness she ever manifested a spirit of resignation and patience, truly remarkable, and her sufferings, which were at times very severe, she bore with a fortitude seldom seen. Until the last few months of her life, she showed a lively interest in all surrounding. For more than fifty years she was a member of the F. W. B. church, and ever a faithful and consistent Christian. With childlike trust and confidence in her friends, she passed from this world to the land of light above.

SARAH, wife of Joseph Gile, of Fayette, Me. died Feb. 6, 1874, aged 70 years. She professed religion early in life, and that was her support and comfort in the last hours of life. This is a consolation to her husband and children.

WARREN TIFANY died in Chester, Ohio, March 1874, aged 60 years. Brother was born in Walworth, N. Y., in 1813, and in early life removed to this place, where in 1846 his attention was called to the interests of Christianity, and he became a member of the church. He was a devoted Christian, and his heart was ever true to Christ and his name to the church, and at the time of his death remained a worthy member and an earnest supporter of the F. B. Baptist church in Chester. Though warmly attached to his friends and to the church of his early choice, he did not limit his sympathy or his sacrifices for the cause of his Master Jesus. But he rests from toil and tears, and the discord of earth is exchanged for the harmony of heaven. The spirit that moved him in life's work largely inspire his children to plan for both worlds wisely and execute with fidelity. He leaves a wife and four children.

MARY, widow of the late Anis Garcelon, of South Lewiston, died in Auburn, Me., June 29, aged 76 years and 3 months. Sister G. professed faith in Christ more than 50 years ago, and united with the church at South Lewiston, of which she remained a worthy member while she lived. Her life was uniform and consistent. She made her home pleasant and attractive. Many of our ministers have been refreshed and cheered by her kindness and Christian hospitality. She has left a noble record. Her resignation during her sickness was perfect. She calmly and confidently passed away. She said the "Foundation beneath me is sure."

JAMES M. BROWN died in Brownfield, Wis., July 28, 1874, aged 77 years. He was one of the early settlers in the town, and becoming a Christian, with his late wife united with the F. B. church at its organization, and ever manifested his interest in the upbuilding of the church and the ministry, until his powers began to fail. Since then he has rested, under God, in the care of his faithful children until he passed away to his rest in heaven.

DOLLY, wife of the late David Vinton, died in Mendon, Mass., aged 87 years. Sister was one of the good women; had been an active Christian for more than fifty years, and was anxious waiting when the hour of her deliverance came. Her children, her friends, and her church parted mother, and now, more than ever, feel their debt of gratitude to her. For the church of Christ, "she hath done what she could."

Academies, &c.

LYNDON LITERARY INSTITUTION.

LYNDON CENTER, VT.
Faculty:
J. S. BROWN, A. B., Principal.
Miss LIZZIE CALLEY, Preceptress.
With a full complement of competent assistants.

Full Term of 12 weeks, begins Tuesday Aug. 25, 1874.

TUITION:
Primary Studies, \$5.00
Common English, 1.00
Higher English, 2.00
Latin and Greek, 3.00
French (extra), 1.00
Instruction on Piano or Organ, 2.00
Use of Piano or Organ (extra), 2.00
Instruction on Guitar, 1.00
Vocal Music Lessons, 1.50
Penmanship, 1.50
Clergymen's children and students relying on their own exertions for an education, received at reduced tuition.
Board from \$3.00 to \$3.50 in families; in clubs at lower rates, and rooms furnished for self-boarders.

LOCATIONS:
This school, pleasantly located in the beautiful valley of the Passumpsic, and upon the line of the Conn. & Pass. River Railroad, has already, under its present efficient Board of Instruction, acquired much reputation second to no school of its class in the State; and the present efforts of the Trustees to place it upon a firm and substantial basis by a liberal endowment, is a happy omen for its future success.

WILTON COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.
WILTON, MUSCATON CO., IOWA.
Full Term of 16 weeks, begins September 1st, 1874.
Winter Term, Jan. 5th, 1875.
Spring Term, April 6th, 1875.

BATES COLLEGE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.
FALL TERM, 1874.
The Fall Term of the Theological School connected with Bates College begins Thursday, August 28th. For further information address the President, O. B. Searcy, D. D., or Professor John Paulson, Lewiston, Me.

MAINE CENTRAL INSTITUTE.
PITTSFIELD, ME.
Furnishes College Preparatory, Normal, Academic and Ladies' Fall course of study. Terms, 10 weeks.

Fall term commences Aug. 17, 1874.
Winter term commences Nov. 2, 1874.
Spring term commences Feb. 1, 1875.
Summer term commences April 1, 1875.
KINGSBURY BACHELOR, A. B., Principal, of Latin, Greek and Chemistry.

LYNDON LITERARY INSTITUTION, Lyndon Center, Vt., is a Normal Department, German, Physics and Diagnostics. Miss LINDA C. VICKERY, Preceptress, French, German and Botany.

Miss LAVINA H. HAYNES, Normal classes including Drawing.
Miss C. C. HURD, Music and Algebra.
Miss ANGELO HANSON, English studies.
Penmanship will be taught by an experienced Teacher.
No deduction for less than half a term, except on account of sickness. Half terms commence at the middle of the term.
The price of board in clubs, varies from \$1.00 to \$2.00 per week. Ladies' clubs as well as gentlemen are formed.
Rooms and board in private families at reasonable rates.
For further particulars, address the Secretary, at Pittsfield, Maine.

WEST VIRGINIA COLLEGE.
FLEMINGTOWN, TAYLOR CO., WEST VIRGINIA.
This Institution offers to students important and peculiar advantages. For particular information, send for a Circular to
Rev. W. COLGROVE, A. M., President.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

AGRICULTURAL SCIENTIFIC AND CLASSICAL.

Teachers and Professors, Not sectarian, but thoroughly Christian.
Location can not be surpassed. In healthfulness, beauty, and freedom from corrupting influences. Expenses only \$175 for College year of 40 weeks, including Tuition, Boarding, Washing, Rent, Fuel and use of heavier Furniture.
For Catalogue or further information, address the President, Rev. J. CALDEN, D. D., or the Preceptress, Miss JANE W. HOYT, A. M., Agricultural College P. O., Center Co., Pa.
The Spring Session of the above institution, located near Bellefonte, Center Co., has opened under very pleasant circumstances. Already upwards of one hundred students are upon the roll, and others have signified their intention to enter. Professors Collier and Downey, Miss Hoyt and Pres. Calder, all formerly of Hillsdale College, are laboring in this institution, and are much encouraged by the results already achieved.

NORTHWOOD SEMINARY.

WILLIAM H. COTTON, A. B., Principal, with competent Assistants.
The tuition will be as follows:
Primary Branches, \$4.50
Common English, 5.00
Higher English, 6.00
Classical, 6.00
French and Music extra.
Board and Rooms can be obtained at reasonable rates.
For further particulars address the Principal, or Northwood, N. H., Nov. 20, 1873.

NICHOLS LATIN SCHOOL.

L. G. JORDAN, A. M., Principal, with three Assistants.
Fall Term begins, Aug. 18, 1874.
The location of this school near the college and theological school affords many advantages which are very important to students during their preparatory course. The special work of the school is to prepare students for college, and every effort is made to do this in as thorough a manner as possible. Expenses are moderate. Send for Circular to
A. M. JONES, Sec.

LEBANON ACADEMY.

LOCATED AT WEST LEBANON, ME.
The Fall Term of this Institution commenced Tuesday, August 19, 1873, and continues eleven weeks, under the instruction of
G. W. PLINT, A. B., Principal.
Miss SARAH C. GILMAN, Assistant.
Miss M. E. PLINT, Teacher of Instrumental Music.

I. G. N. FISK, Teacher of Vocal Music.
The course of studies in this school embraces everything necessary to fit one for college or a practical business life.
For beauty of scenery, healthfulness and comfort, this location is unsurpassed. It is free from those places of resort conducive to idleness and pernicious to morals, common to large villages and cities.
The present management take great pleasure in pressing the Corps of Teachers to the attention of parents and guardians and the public, as eminently qualified to fit scholars for every honorable position in life.

TERMS:
Common English, \$4.50
Middle " 5.00
Higher " 6.00
Languages, 6.00
Instrumental Music (20 lessons), 8.00
Use of Piano, 2.00
Good board can be obtained in private families at \$3.00 per week. Those wishing to board themselves can obtain good rooms near the Academy.

West Lebanon, July 29, 1873. HAYES, Secretary.

RIDGEVILLE COLLEGE.

This Institution has three full courses of studies, viz: Classical, Scientific, and Ladies'. It has also a Short and Practical Course. Book-keeping is as fully taught as in Commercial Colleges, without extra charge.

EXPENSES:
Tuition for term of fifteen weeks \$10.00
Incidentals, 1.00
Board, per week, in private families, 2.50
Rooms for self-boarders from \$2 to \$6 per term.
EXTRA CHARGES:
Instrumental music, twenty-four lessons \$10.00
Vocal Music, fifteen lessons, 1.50
Penmanship, fifteen lessons, 1.50
Use of Instrument for practice, per term, 1.00
The Fall Term will open July 21st, and continue fifteen weeks.
For Catalogue apply to
WM. REED, Sec.

Ridgeville, Ind., June 3, 1874.

EVANSVILLE SEMINARY.

The location of this institution at Evansville, Wis., is a beautiful one, being surrounded by a rich, productive, farming country. The village of Evansville can not be surpassed in its high moral tone of its inhabitants, having no liquor or billiard saloons. The school enters into its fifth year with increased facilities for the accomplishment of its work. Prof. Bradley and wife having, after four years' charge of the school, recently entered into a contract with the Trustees to conduct it for five years to come, thus giving permanency.

CALENDAR:
FALL TERM opens Aug. 25—ends Nov. 21.
WINTER TERM opens Dec. 8—ends March 6, 1874.
SPRING TERM opens March 15—ends June 12.
For further particulars, address,
Rev. G. S. BRADLEY, A. M., Principal.

WHITESTOWN SEMINARY.

The 33d Annual year of this institution will commence August 24th, 1874.
Complete courses of study for both sexes.
A Normal Department for Teachers of Common Schools. Tuition free.
Free tuition to students from this and other states who first secure the Regent's certificate in Common English. Send for Catalogue to
J. S. GARDNER, Principal.
Whitestown, N. Y., July 15, 1874.

NEW HAMPTON INSTITUTION.

A. B. MESERVEY, A. M., Principal, with eight associates.
Six regular courses for both sexes. Four terms of ten weeks each.

CALENDAR:
Fall Term begins Monday, August 24, 1874.
Fall Term closes Friday, October 30, 1874.
Winter Term begins Monday, Nov. 16, 1874.
Winter Term closes Friday, Feb. 22, 1875.
Spring Term begins Monday,

