

Bates College

SCARAB

The Morning Star

Muskie Archives and Special Collections Library

8-26-1874

The Morning Star - volume 49 number 34 - August 26, 1874

Freewill Baptist printers

Follow this and additional works at: https://scarab.bates.edu/morning_star

The Morning Star.

Volume XLIX.

DOVER, N. H., AUGUST 26, 1874.

Number 34

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. J. 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.

TERMS: \$3.00 per year; or if paid strictly in ADVANCE, \$2.50.

REMITTANCES must be made in money orders, bank checks, or drafts, if possible. When neither of these can be procured, send the money in a registered letter. All Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.

Money sent will be at our risk. Otherwise they will be at the risk of those sending them.

The regular charges for money orders, bank checks, and Post Office money orders may be deducted from the amount due, when this is sent. Agents are particularly requested to make their remittances as large as possible and thus save expenses.

Papers are forwarded until an explicit order is received by the Publisher for their discontinuance, and until payment of all arrearages made as required by law.

Each subscriber is particularly requested to note the date on the label for the expiration of his subscription, and to forward what is due for the ensuing year, without further reminder from this office.

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1. Any person who takes a newspaper regularly from the post-office—whether directed to his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.
2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payments are 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.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1874.

Forever.

Those we love truly never die,
Though year by year the sad memorial wreath,
A ring and flowers, types of life and death,
Are laid upon their graves.

For death the pure life saves,
And life all pure is love; and love can reach
From heaven to earth, and nobler lessons teach
Than those by mortals read.

Well best is he who has a dear one dead:
A friend he has whose face will never change—
A dear communion that will not grow strange:
The anchor of a love is death.

The blessed sweetness of a loving breath
Will reach our cheek all fresh through weary years.
For her who died long since, ah! waste not tears:
She's thine unto the end.

Thank God for one dead friend,
With face still radiant with the light of truth,
Who loves the gray beard as he loved the youth,
Through twenty years of death.

Lippincott's Magazine.

A Tour of Switzerland.

CHILWELL COLLEGE, ENGLAND, }
August 5, 1874.

FIRST LETTER.—COLOGNE TO MAYENCE.
To visit Switzerland is an era in one's life. There are many lands of ancient story, there are not a few regions of new enterprise and civilization; there is but one Switzerland. Alp and glacier, snow-field, lake and valley make Switzerland unique. In Europe at all events, it is alone and has no fellow. Moreover it is seen but once. The first visit opens upon the view scenes which, once beheld, abide in the memory fresh and glorious forever. There is no seeing them a second time; they are seen always if seen once.

It happened to us to make a Swiss tour in brief and hasty fashion, in the beginning of this present summer. We took in the Rhine as we went, and Paris as we returned. It was one long journey of wonder and delight. From Cologne to Mayence we were prepared, by river and mountain, for Lucerne and Jungfrau, for Leman and Mt. Blanc. From Geneva back to Calais, through the plains of France we were let down gently by gradual steps to old England's familiar fields. Short notes of our tour will take us over our route again, and may take others too along with us. Permit me, kind reader, to lead you in this portion of the world above as the sylvan led Aeneas and Virgil Dante in worlds below.

Cologne shall be our point of departure. The bells of the belfry of Bruges still chime in our ears, the brightness of Belgium's gay capital still glows in our eyes, the fertility of Waterloo's wide plains, still tells us its old sad tale; but we linger not, nor stay many hours even by the tomb and cathedral of Charlemagne in famous Aix-la-Chapelle; the Rhine and Switzerland bid us hasten forward. Yet we can not leave Cologne without entering its cathedral which towers grandly above us as we walk the streets of the city. Scaffolding outside indicates that the temple is still "a-building." Founded six hundred years ago, it is yet unfinished. Man's greatest works, like his own character, are always imperfect; the scaffolding needs to be up, and labor must be expended from day to day. The finest gothic edifice in the world; this cathedral apparently never can be finished. It is too vast, too grand, too gigantic. It can not be taken into view at one glance anywhere, inside or out. It seems to demand a life-time to see it, as it has taken six centuries to build it. A wilderness of

beauty and grandeur outside, and within a forest of noble gothic arches and a long line of painted windows like a thousand sunsets crowded together, one need be a giant even to look at such a structure; it is altogether too large for ordinary mortal vision. More easy for us to grasp in view and in thought was the Rhine flowing through the city, spanned by long bridges, and babbling of vineyard and hill far away.

Our first resting-place up the Rhine was Bonn. It is a charming spot. The birth-place of Beethoven, the grave of Niebuhr and Arndt, the seat of a famous university, we found interest enough in Bonn to repay a week's rather than a day's visit. Its groves remind us of Cambridge and Oxford and of New Haven. Its hotels are some of them palaces like those of Saratoga and Niagara. Its walks are varied with river and mountain scenery, and its whole aspect is beautiful and suggestive of culture, refinement and taste. Our ramble in the twilight by the river, listening to the murmur of its waters, tracing the hazy outline of the seven mountains, watching the fire-fly flit about the trees, and holding high converse on congenial themes was a suitable close to a day not soon to be forgotten.

From Bonn to Mayence was the next part of our journey. It was accomplished in eleven hours, and was one long "whirl of pleasure." The steamboat hurried on with cruel speed, through this grandest part of the Rhine. First we pass under the gloomy and grim "castle crag of Drachenfels," and then we skirt the brave knight Roland's tower. Legends speak of "beauty" on one side and "the beast" on the other. The haunt of a dragon Sigfried slew, gives the name to the "crag" above; and the wine the vineyards below yield is still called "dragon's blood." The place where Roland pined for the fair and beautiful Hildebrand shut up in the cloister, and at length buried in the grave at his feet, is marked by a crumbling, broken arch, a touching spectacle of solitary grief and desolation. Passing on, the panorama unfolds picturesque villages nestling by the river, with their quaint gabled architecture, sloping hills with vineyards clothing them with beauty from base almost to summit, castle-crowned heights looking proudly upon us and speaking of old story and wild romance, deep ravines where cascades fall and echo, and gloomy grandeur broods, open and fruitful plains, valleys rich with foliage, islets tree-covered, castellated, or gay with luxuriant gardens. From Coblenz to Bingen our pulse beats quick and our nervous excitement grows intense. Ehrenbreitstein, the broad stone of honor, the fortress which is the Gibraltar of the Rhine, frowns upon us, and we get away from his shadow, but it is only to see almost every lofty mountain capped with fort, or castle, or moldering ruin, and to find ourselves in a very wilderness of romance.

Nothing that we have seen before is comparable to the Rhine between Braubach and Oberwesel. The Hudson river about West Point is mountainous and grand, and few can see it in the golden glory of the Indian summer without enlargement and inspiration of soul. Yet it is not the Rhine. It has historic interest and a beauty all its own, but it lacks the witchery of medieval legend, the weird wonder that lingers about gray ruin and castled steep, and the verdure of vineyard and garden that give so great a fascination to this famous stream.

Night found us at Mayence with our heads as full of pictures as a stereoscopic box of slides; and the Rhine rippling in the moonlight flowed past our hotel and through our dreams as we slept.

THOMAS GOADBY.

European Correspondence.

A GLIMPSE OF ITALY.

At sunset a few days ago, in overcoat and flannels, I was among snowbanks on the pass of Mt. Splügen. The next morning dawned upon me among the vineyards of Lombardy, the garden of northern Italy, and not far from Monza, the ancient capital. I might have gone on by the early train, attended mass in its ancient cathedral, and inspected the golden crown with which the right to rule was conferred on thirty-four successive Lombard kings, but whose iron lining, made from a nail of the true cross, has touched but one brow since it rested on the head of Napoleon. But it was Sabbath, and being persuaded that he makes the best speed in travel as well as toll who rests on the Sundays, I remained, and thus my first observations of Italy and its people were made in the country, and began on Sunday.

Sitting by the window of my hotel and looking across an arm of the justly famous lake Como, I counted thirteen church spires scattered at different elevations along the mountain side, and listened as the music of their many bells blended in the morning air. The thought that their ringing is a call to prayer made their sweet tones suggestive of very pleasant emotions. But these gave place to quite different ones on entering the churches, for I found not places where congregations are expected to assemble to worship God together or be instructed from his word, but only dark holes into which the people creep one or two at a time to count their beads while muttering prayers to Mary and the saints.

The bells which have been solemnly

christened and hung up in the steeples, generally three in each belfry, seem to be expected to do the worshipping. I think it was in no cynical spirit that I repeated the lines which have again and again been brought to my mind, by the manifestations of human depravity here witnessed.

"Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

The soil of this region is as fertile as the climate is salubrious. Its products of wheat, maize, fruits and vegetables supply the market of its numerous cities, and of southern Switzerland. Great quantities of grape-vines, and of mulberry trees, by which silk-worms are nourished, give to the country an appearance resembling that of continuous forests. The silk is sent to Switzerland to be woven, little of it, however, finds its way to America. The mulberry trees are usually planted in double rows, sometimes in single or in triple rows, crossing each other at right angles and dividing the fields into little squares and parallelograms. Between the trees grape-vines are planted, and so trained that they seem like green garlands hanging in graceful festoons from tree to tree. The plants within these beautiful borders, present various shades of colors, according as one is filled with grain, another with grass, or Indian corn, potatoes, or other vegetables. In some places irrigation is provided for by walling up the channels of the brooks and filling up the space between the walls till the bed of the brook is made higher than the plain; then through openings in these artificial banks the water is permitted to run on the fields whenever there is need. The fields are so level that the water distributes itself equally. To assist this distribution over the tilled fields they are ploughed or spaded into little ridges, apparently not more than three to six feet wide; in the channels between which the water flows and stands. Yet despite the beauty and fertility of the fields and the salubrity of the climate, the Italian peasantry are the least prosperous and happy looking of any I have yet seen. The peasant's home is any thing but an inviting place. It is usually a dingy stone structure not as well lighted nor as cleanly looking as the modern barns of New England. I passed a group of such buildings the other day in which, I should certainly have taken the house for the barn and the barn for the house, had I not seen a woman at a wash-tub before the door of the latter. Women, quite as frequently as men, are seen mowing, spading, reaping, or trundling carts and wheelbarrows. Their implements are such as in America would be laid up in agricultural exhibitions, as mementoes of an ancient, if not of a barbarous age. And the wooden sandals, if not the hats worn by the women, would add to the interest of the collection. To books and reading the Italian peasant is a stranger. To while away the Sunday he can pitch quoits like a boy.

The luxury of a clean shirt and a change of raiment comes to him when the old can no longer be made to do service. Instead of gathering his family around a table spread with a variety of viands, he makes his meal of a single "mess." He takes the dish containing it, it may be soup, or vegetables, or thick milk, sour, and sits on a bench outside the door, under a tree, or wherever he finds a place. On the road or attending the market, he dines from a piece of bread and a handful of fruit, when not from the latter alone.

The absence of gardens and flower plots around the houses of the peasantry proves that appreciation or enjoyment of the beautiful does not bless the life of the lower classes. Here and there we find, in every village, a greater or less number of houses surrounded with gardens, and adorned with bass-reliefs and statues, that appear to be of marble. Some really are so, but as all is not gold that glitters, so some apparent marble is stucco.

July, 1874.

Chicago Correspondence.

CHICAGO, Aug. 18, 1874.

The material for a readable letter from a large city during dog days is not usually abundant. With half the people off for the annual vacation, some trying to "rest" at the watering places, some climbing the mountains and some sensibly hidden away with a few friends among the Wisconsin and Minnesota lakes, there is not apt to be much of interest to the average reader. We have not been suffered, however, this summer to give our attention entirely to the light of the mercury in the thermometer, nor confine our social gossip to the fashions or to reminiscences of last year's summer excursions.

SOME SERIOUS CHARGES.

Within the past few days the public has been greatly agitated by the charge of bribery made freely by the papers against the commissioners of this county. The officers of the city government, as I indicated in my last, have been conspicuously imbecile and corrupt for some time past—a fact creating little surprise, as decent people expected, when the "beer-bummer's" ticket was elected last fall, to submit to a few months of anarchy and misrule. Nobody, however, suspected the county commissioners of dishonesty until the recent developments.

It became necessary for the county to purchase suitable grounds for a new hos-

pital, and some months ago proposals were invited in the usual way from land owners. Out of a large number, and after much delay, reconsideration and red tape generally, a purchase was made of twelve acres at something over a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It has transpired that twenty-four hours before the vote was taken in favor of this lot it was sold to the man who sold it to the county for fifteen thousand dollars less than the Board voted to pay! The direct charge of bribery comes how- ever from a part owner of one of the lots which the county did not buy, but which he says certain members agreed to buy for a consideration. The whole matter is to be made the subject of investigation by the grand jury on the 24th inst., when either the guilt or innocence of the accused will be established.

The agitation of this subject has developed some disgusting episodes. The *Times*, in commenting on the case, involved in its insinuations Mr. Hesing, editor and proprietor of the *Staats Zeitung*, the leading German paper. Hesing immediately came out with a "statement" dealing in personalities against the editor of the *Times*, and making all sorts of bluster and threats. A day or two after, as a reporter of the *Times* approached Hesing to interview him, that chivalrous German unceremoniously kicked him down the steps of his office and brutally beat him after he was down. As Mr. Hesing is a stout, burly German weighing over 200 pounds, and the *Times* representative a small, inoffensive young man weighing 112 pounds, the "chivalry" of this leader of the People's Party which won the election last fall can be appreciated. I mention this circumstance that the readers of the *Star* may better understand what elements enter into and too often control our city government.

THE END OF THE CHENEY CASE.

Judge Williams has just rendered his decision in the famous Cheney case, involving the legal right of the trustees of Christ church to hold possession of the church property. That decision is adverse to the complainants and a victory for Cheney. Practically, the whole question involved had been settled some weeks before this decision; for Mr. Cheney had withdrawn from the old church, united with and become a Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal body, his whole church going with him. The church property had been sold under a mortgage, and bought by a member or friend of the new church; so, really, the question of practical interest in the case is a general one of grave importance. It is whether a civil tribunal has the right to reverse the finding of an ecclesiastical court. It will be remembered that the ecclesiastical court first censured, then degraded from the ministry Mr. Cheney. According to the canons of the church, as strictly construed, there were informalities in the proceedings of the church trial which, according to the decision of Judge Williams, rendered void the verdict. The right of the Episcopal church to try and depose its ministers is granted by the court, but it must be done in strict accordance with its own laws or the civil courts can step in and protect the injured party.

BISHOP WHITEHOUSE.

It is perhaps a strange, at least a striking coincidence that on the day when this decision was rendered to the world the last funeral obsequies of Bishop Whitehouse were echoing in the corridors of St. Paul's cathedral, and his remains on their last journey to Greenwood's resting place. Thus in a double sense ends the remarkable case in which Bishop Whitehouse with his iron will and conscientious intolerance was the prosecutor, and Dr. Cheney with his large heart, progressive ideas and equally inflexible will was the defendant.

After twenty-three years of severe labor as Bishop of the diocese of Illinois, the old man rests from his work; the younger man with larger ideas, more vigorous mind, remains to battle for Christianity as he interprets it, no more conscientiously because less intolerant, perhaps, but with greater promise of good, let us hope.

A. H. H.

A Graphic Picture.

The London *Congregationalist* thus graphically refers to the over workers that may be found in almost every community:

"Such men—it is one great fault of our day—take too much upon themselves. There is so vast an amount of work to do and so few to do it. So it happens that those who lay themselves out for public life, in any of its varying forms, political, ministerial, philanthropic, educational, municipal, have to bear a burden that gets multiplied just when it ought to be reduced and shared with others. Take the case of a great town. Something is wanted to be set going, an important religious work to be undertaken, literary or educational institutions to be developed or conducted. By instinct the public looks to a very few men to bear the burden, mostly the same men; always men who are already staggering beneath their present load. Only those who know it by experience can estimate the weariness that comes of such a life; the sense of never-ending toil; of to-morrow's work cut out before to-day's is well begun; the prospect

of more and more beyond, with no sight of land in the great sea of labor.

Only those who know it can tell the secret shrinking that sometimes comes over the mind—the half-conscious sense of danger in the strain; the shock of alarm at warning after warning. The hand trembles a little, the eye grows dim over the study desk, the voice quivers in the midst of a speech; the vital power flickers unsteadily, and then comes a sense of faintness and weariness, and almost a loathing of daily work. Then there are other warnings. One strong man breaks down utterly; another is told to cease his labor for a time; another finds the power of will slipping away from him, or feels that while striving for new thoughts he is but repeating himself, to the wonderment of those who used to "hang upon his eloquent lips." And so there come ugly gaps in the little circle of workers. One drops off, another stands aside; and the labor thickens on the shoulders of those who are left. And these—how can they help it? take up with-out complaint that which has to be done; yet take it with a secret fear that their turn, too, is coming, and that others may soon have to feel for them the pain they now feel for dear friends who have fallen in the battle, or have been carried wounded to the rear.

Co-Education of the Sexes.

In an article on the Boston University, the *Atlantic Monthly* says:

The manifesto of the new University on the question of the co-education of the sexes is manfully frank and explicit. It is as follows: "Class schools are very well in their place. Schools for the feeble-minded, reform schools, schools for deaf-mutes—no one should object to these. So, if any class of philanthropists feels called upon to organize special schools for girls or boys, constitutionally too delicate to bear the nervous shock of school association with the other sex, let no one oppose. Such institutions may serve to illustrate the tender and gentle charities to which our Christian civilization gives origin. But a university exists for altogether different purposes. It is not instituted for the benefit of a class. It is the highest organ of human society for the conservation, furtherance, and communication of knowledge; for the induction of successive generations into its possession; for the service of mankind in all highest social offices. To artificially restrict the benefit of such an institution to one half of the community, by a discrimination based solely upon a birth distinction, is worse than un-American. It is an injury to society as a whole, a loss to a favored class, a wrong to the unfavored." To us the great interest in the founding of this university is the hope that it will help on a new era in common-school education. There must be in every grammar school a college-bred female principal before these institutions can become what the community is suffering for. Whether this new institution can flourish into commanding intellectual life in the very shadow of old Harvard, time only can show, though it is said that its law school is already disputing the palm with that of the latter. There is little doubt that the great religious body from which it has sprung will put forth large efforts to sustain it, and the liberality of its foundation should draw from other quarters many a sympathizing bequest. On the other hand, the intellectual standards of the Methodist church have hitherto been the reverse of high. Boston University must expect, therefore to have the curricula of the "schools" and the lists of its professors scrutinized, by those who are competent to judge of them, with more than ordinary keenness.

Generous and Profitable.

The following, from the Methodist Missionary Rooms, is a pleasing instance of the fact that the Lord loves "cheerful" giving:

A gentleman who had assisted to have his church make a handsome advance in her missionary offerings said: "If you are likely to come short, you must come again!" These are words which encourage our hearts and strengthen our hands; they are worthy of the men who say, too, "Our minister shall have as good a salary as the best, and a little more. He earns it, we are able to give it, and it will work good for his fellow ministers." We may as well tell a little more in this strain, for we are sure our readers will be glad. Some of our best patrons were giving their minister a vacation for foreign travel; they argued, "We shall get, with God's blessing, a great advantage during the residue of his term; and, moreover, as he is the property of the church, all his future ministry will be so much the better for her." Well and generously said.

If the Christian world were a peaceful and joyous world, taking all the good things of this life in gratitude and gladness, while holding itself pure from corruption, and not fearing death, but looking forward with unwavering faith and hope to another happier life beyond, the revivals which it struggles for would be perpetual, and the millennium which it prays for would come.

Events of the Week.

ARRIVAL OF MR. JEWELL.

Mr. Jewell, the new Postmaster-General, arrived home from Europe last Wednesday, and was given a public reception by his friends. He will enter at once upon the duties of his office. If his administration gives half the satisfaction that his appointment does, there will be nothing to complain of.

THE FREEDMEN'S BANK.

The Freedmen's Bank Commissioners of Washington are having much trouble in winding up the affairs of that institution, owing to the distrust of them on the part of the depositors. They have as yet been unable to secure any considerable number of the depositors' books, by which to adjust the balance.

THE KIDNAPING CASE.

The Rosses of Philadelphia have not yet found their lost boy. He has been reported found in various parts of the country, but it always turns out to be somebody else. The case has become known almost world-wide, and there is a general expression of sympathy for the parents. It is singular that the father should have corresponded with the very parties who stole the child and still be unable find him. But that indicates how completely they have disguised their movements.

THE AFFAIR.

The press generally accepts Mr. Beecher's statement as a sufficient vindication, and hopes that his enemies will be unable to break its force. Meanwhile Tilton has entered upon the preliminaries of his civil action, and is said to be preparing another statement. Moulton also declares that he can clear up the charges of black-mailing against himself. Those oriental cities that are suffering from a cholera epidemic should feel duly grateful that it is no worse. They might have been afflicted with a scandal like this.

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.

The expedition to observe the transit of Venus was last heard from at Bahia, Brazil, July 13. Letters from persons on board represented that the Swartara was at Pernambuco, July 8, 30 days from Sandy Hook, and that the party were all well with one exception, and had had fair winds and a quick passage, and excellent feeling and good cheer on board. The steamer used coal when there were signs of a calm. At Bahia she coaled preparatory to the voyage to Cape Town, where they expected to arrive on the 10th instant. One of the photographers, Siebold of Dayton, Ohio, was the only person sick on the voyage. He, being too weak to be of service too the expedition, was, at his own request, to be put on shore to return to the United States.

CANADIAN FIRES.

Destructive forest fires are raging in the vicinity of Carp and New Hamburg, Ontario, and whole villages are threatened with destruction. In the vicinity of Ottawa, business is generally suspended, while the inhabitants are partly fighting fire and partly fleeing to places of security. In several places the path of the fire is three miles wide, and with terrific roaring it sweeps all before it. Fires are also raging in Michigan, along the Jackson, Lansing & Saginaw Railroad to an alarming extent.

HOME RULE.

The question of home rule on the part of Ireland and Scotland is still being agitated. A few days since, there was a large demonstration in its favor in Glasgow. There was a mile-long procession, and 20,000 persons attended the mass meeting. An equally demonstrative and extensive meeting was held the same day at Danganon, and O'Connor, the New York lawyer, was one of the speakers.

THE SPANISH WAR.

The Spanish Republicans have taken heart at being recognized by the European powers, and have set about the suppression of the rebellion with renewed vigor. They have lately won several successes, and are planning extensive campaigns. It is not yet certain that the Carlists will be overcome, but the interests of good government make it desirable that they should be.

THE BRUSSELS CONGRESS.

The International Arbitration Congress just held at Berlin, adjourned without adopting the Russian programme, the consideration of which was the main thing that assembled the delegates. In its stead they adopted a set of resolutions which merely enlarge the humane provisions of the Geneva convention, and will submit these to their respective Governments for ratification.

BAZAINE'S ESCAPE.

Marshal Bazaine has written a letter to the French minister of the interior, in which he says that neither Col. Willett nor any other person now in custody is responsible for his escape from prison. He declares he had no accomplices in the fort or elsewhere, except his wife and nephew. The marshal describes how he eluded the surveillance of the jailer, and in conclusion he says: "Resenting the humiliating prison regulations, I felt justified in an attempt to recover my liberty. As I was not tried by my peers, my sentence was illegal." The minister has promised that the judicial proceedings in relation to the escape of Bazaine should be vigorously prosecuted. He acknowledged there had been laxity in precaution against the escape of the prisoner, but said the investigation instituted by government showed that the military authorities at the fort were not compromised in the affair.

S. S. Department.

Sabbath School Lesson.—Aug. 30.

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

POWER OVER DEATH.

MARK 5:22,23,35—43.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live.

NOTES AND HINTS.

JAIRUS AND HIS REQUEST.

22,23. Jairus was "one of the rulers of the synagogue" at Capernaum. The duties of a ruler of the synagogue were to have charge of worship, and of the other affairs connected with the church, and also to act as judge in minor offenses against the Jewish religion. It was said to the disciples, "ye shall be brought before rulers," and also, "in their synagogues ye shall be beaten;" but this only after sentence passed on them by the "rulers," or, as Luke calls them, "Magistrates." Mark 13:9. Luke 12:11. A ruler of the synagogue answered with indignation because that Jesus had healed on the Sabbath day; and said unto the people, there are six days in which men ought to work; in which case we see him exercising this office as ruler. Luke 13:14. Jairus had seen, in the synagogue of which he was ruler, some of Christ's mighty works. Mark 1:23,24; 3:1,2. As a resident of Capernaum, Christ's "own city," he had also seen other of the miracles of our Lord. The truth of Jesus which he spoke with power had been spoken in the ears of Jairus. Hence now, when his only daughter lay at the point of death, he was brought in his distress to appeal to Jesus. He had heard, he had seen enough to awaken in his mind faith in the ability of Christ to restore his little daughter to health. It was not in vain that he had witnessed the omnipotence of our Lord. But the extreme sickness of his dear child may have been necessary to arouse him to a confession of his confidence. In distress the soul declares its need of God, and leans on him with a trust not before felt. In view of the opinions of Christ held by the leaders of the Jews, it must have been difficult for Jairus to come to Jesus. But he cared less for public opinion than for the life of his child. He hastened from the chamber of his dying daughter, ran to Jesus, and fell at his feet. He there besought him to come and lay his hands on his child. He said, according to Matthew, "My daughter is even now dead;" according to Mark, "My little daughter lieth at the point of death;" according to Luke, she "is a dying." The child was to her father the same as dead, and he asked of Christ that which was equivalent to raise her from death. The love of this parent for his little daughter made him urge his petition with earnestness. We read, "he besought him greatly." His was also a prayer of faith. "She shall live," he said, "if thou wilt come and lay thy hands on her." He doubted not the ability of Jesus to raise her from death. Parents may present their little ones to Christ, and ask him to lay his hands on them. They may bring their children for him to bless, to renew, to save. They need not wait until death overtakes their children before presenting them to the Lord.

THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

35,36. Christ started for the house, but made no haste. He journeyed leisurely, stopping to attend to the wants of the woman who had pressed through the crowd and touched him. As when called to come to Lazarus sick, "he tarried yet four days," where he was, so in this case, for the same reason, no doubt, he went slowly, and after delays, to the room of Jairus' daughter. His object was "the glory of God." By raising her from the dead his authority would be most convincingly shown, and stronger proof of his divine nature be presented to the world. The people at the house of the ruler thought that the death of the child settled the matter. No more was to be done. All aid now was useless. Hence they sent word to Jairus not to go to the trouble of bringing Jesus to the house. They reasoned naturally. Who but the Author of life can raise the dead? Jairus himself would have shared in these feelings, though knowing that, when he left his house, his little one was the same as dead. The hope that lasts as long as life had not yet deserted him, but now it would. Hence Jesus said, "Be not afraid, only believe."

CHRIST COMES TO THE HOUSE.

37,38. He takes with him the three disciples who went up the mount of transfiguration, and approaches the place where the child lay in the slumber of death. These three were chosen to accompany him to the room, in the first place, because all the twelve could not conveniently enter the apartments, and next, because these were the most able, devoted and influential of the apostles, and their testimony would be more useful than that of any other three that could have been selected from the disciples. 38. They find the house of the ruler in the midst of grief. "The tumult" was great, made by a class of persons hired to lament and bewail in cases of bereavement. They made the grief of the relatives, as it were, their own, and in plaintive, melancholy strains expressed the merits of the deceased, and the sorrows of the family afflicted. Matthew adds that "minstrels" were present, who accompanied with instruments of music the cries of the mourners. Minstrels were employed only by the wealthy classes. The expense prevented the poor from employing them. These persons were probably collected in expecta-

tion of the death of this child, and were at the house when she passed away. Hence, when Jesus arrived, they were weeping and wailing greatly. There was genuine as well as artificial grief in that house. The parents and other relatives were stricken and broken-hearted at the death of the child.

DEATH CALLED A SLEEP.

39,40. Entering the presence of the mourners Jesus said, "Why make ye this ado and weep?" not to rebuke the custom, but because mourning was not needed in this case. "The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth." Probably he had seen her before pronouncing this opinion. The account in Luke implies this. He did not mean that the child had not died, but as he explained when pronouncing the death of Lazarus a sleep, so here he meant the same. He would awaken her out of her sleep. It was a metaphor, a figure of speech aptly chosen, because the child looked like one asleep; because, too, as in sleep, the mind, the soul does not in death become extinct; because especially in this case the child was to be restored to life. But the people understood him literally, making the mistake so common in hearing his words. They knew the child was dead, they saw her breathe fainter and fainter, and cease to breathe. Hence they ridiculed the idea that she was asleep. They made light of Christ's judgment. They knew she was dead. This incident is given in a style that allows us no doubt. She was dead, yet she slept. The Lord of life was there. In his presence death is no more death. He is "the resurrection and the life."

THE DEAD MADE ALIVE.

40—42. Christ caused all the people to retire, except his three disciples and the parents of the child. The miracle to be done was too closely related to sacred things for the idle and curious to witness. It was not fit that professional mourners, out of all sympathy with Jesus, or that others faithless as they, should see the glory of the Lord in the raising of this child. The sincere and believing alone might witness it. "He took the damsel by the hand," did not lay his hands upon her, and said unto her, "Talitha cumi," which is, being interpreted, "damsel, I say unto thee, arise." The words he used were in the Aramaic tongue, a language formed by mixture of the Syriac and of the Chaldaic, and, at that time, the language of Palestine. Who heard this language of Jesus? The dead body did not. If death were annihilation, there was nothing for Christ to address. Luke explains who heard, and shows that this was not the creation of a new being, but the return to the tabernacle of the spirit that had left it. "And her spirit came again," he says. "He knew the distinction between soul and spirit, and used the term indicative of the immortal part of our nature." "Straightway the damsel arose and walked." Jesus brought her back again, recalled the spirit to its earthly house, and then presented her alive to her parents. This shows to us that the world to come as well as this world, heaven as well as earth, acknowledges the authority of Jesus. We see plainly, too, that death is subject to him, that he is its Master and Lord. Hence we know that our dead are not lost, that he is not the Redeemer of the dead, but of the living, who have passed the boundaries of this world only to enter the kingdom of life and glory. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

THE EFFECT.

43. The parents "were astonished with a great astonishment." To astonishment, delight and gratitude were added. We share their wonder with them. Omnipotent compassion is full of mystery. It was wonderful that he, by his word, could restore the dead to life; wonderful above all that he was so touched with a feeling of human grief as to consent to raise the dead. The love of Jesus is even greater than his power. Omnipotence in him ever waits on compassion and benevolence. He forbids the parents to spread abroad an account of this deed, for he would not be followed for his miracles, but for his truth, character and spiritual gifts; for the fame of this act would be likely to embarrass him with repeated applications for the same help; and because the report of this miracle would precipitate some political movement in favor of his messiahship.

INSTRUCTIONS SUGGESTED.

1. The first two verses show to us that the Lord needs not to hasten for fear of disaster. He is Lord. The dying are no more his subjects than the dead. Both alike he governs. Why should he fly to the chamber of Jairus' daughter? His delay is our trial, the test of our faith.

2. The thirty-fifth and sixth verses teach that, when the night is darkest, and all hope seems dashed, the Lord would have us "fear not, only believe." Patience and faith are cardinal excellences of character.

3. The next teaching of the lesson is that death is not what it seems. Like Jairus' daughter, the dead do but sleep. They seem to be extinct, as the sleeper compared with those awake; but sleep is life, so is death. "God is not the God of the dead," Jesus is not the Saviour of dead saints, but of the living.

4. Jesus is Lord of death. He says "arise," and the dead live again. When our friends die, Jesus fulfills his words to his disciples, "I will come again, and receive you unto myself." He rules the grave so that it holds only the house in ruins, not the tenant that occupied the house. Hence, "to depart," is for the Christian "to be with Christ, which is far better." "He that believeth in me, shall never die."

Don't be afraid of the storm of time, knowing that God holds the moral as well as the physical ocean in his hand.

Communications.

The Grange.

[It will doubtless be news to most of our readers that the Grange movement has in it so much of the element of the purely secret society as to make it a dangerous force. While not prepared to endorse our correspondent's article as a whole we nevertheless give it place, to counteract perhaps some of the heretical utterances that the Star may have held heretofore on this subject.—Ed.]

The newspapers tell us that five hundred new Grange Lodges were established in July, and so rapidly has this organization spread that it is evident it will accomplish much good of evil. I fear evil from it and wish to present to the farmers who read the Star a few reasons against joining a secret society.

The brief limits of a newspaper article forbid an extended argument, so I can only make a few suggestions.

Secret societies are generally mischievous in their tendency. The victory of the Jesuits is familiar to all. The bloody work of the French secret societies need not be dwelt upon. The Internationals and Trades Unions are evidently conspiracies subversive of law. The Ku Klux Klan was noted for its cruelty and murder. College secret societies are generally condemned by college faculties and the alumni, and are unquestionably a nuisance, forbidden in many as they should be in all institutions of learning. Temperance secret societies breed strife within and factions without the lodge. They divide the temperance host and waste strength and money in the silly rigmarole of the lodge-room. Political secret societies are confessedly dangerous to the country. Benevolent secret societies are clanish in their tendency, awaken needless suspicion by their secrecy, almost invariably drift into practical antagonism with the Christian church and signally fail to develop that broad humanity and impartial benevolence which Christ teaches. Great sums of money are lavished in fine buildings and dress, in suppers and balls, in visits and encampments, while but a comparatively small sum is left for the needy sufferer.

Now with reference to the Grange. It is almost sure to become an evil power in politics. It has already injured the farmers as well as all classes of people by wrongly biasing the members of Congress who feared its power. It has plundered the farmers of more than a million dollars in fees and made no adequate return. Does it propose to buy and sell goods? Who does not see in this mere repetition of the Union Store movement and failure? It is said merchants make too great a profit on their goods, but statistics show that more than half of the merchants, instead of making great profits, lose their capital in trade.

But the Grange proposes to instruct farmers. That is big business, to bolt the lodge room door lest the farmer, who has not resigned his individuality and independence by going through with ceremonies and taking the pledges of a despotic secret society, shall come in. How much more agricultural loss can be had in the Grange lodge than in our Agricultural papers? Ah! but they propose to advance their interests by union. And so we have it, a lodge of farmers, a lodge of shoemakers, a lodge of lawyers, a lodge of brick-layers, all secret and all plotting in darkness to defend their rights.

Who does not see the train of evils that follows such a state of secret war? But the Grange proposes to furnish social entertainment. What a pity that the lawyer, doctor, minister, teacher and clerk can not share this social treat. No, they are profane and must do without this social nectar of the Grange. Let us suggest that the leaders of the Grange are not real farmers, but that they are men who propose to live by their wits, and that the farmers will, in the end, find themselves a flock of plucked geese.

My Peculiar Flower.

BY J. W. BARKER.

I have a bed of portulacas. The seed was scattered upon the very warm earth in the very morning of the summer. The benign sun and the gentle rain seemed to whisper inspiring words, and the plant came forth. First a tender and very small "blade," and then the broader and fairer leaf. Ten days before, it was a very tiny and insignificant germ. Can anything so fair and beautiful come from this? Is there life and beauty wrapped in this insignificant shell? "Is it thought a thing impossible that God should raise the dead?" That he should create forms of beauty and comeliness, that from things that are not even he should raise forms of real life? Day by day, the promise of the flower grew fairer and stronger; and before the June roses had lost their wealth of fragrance, my flowers began to appear. The portulaca is not beautiful above other flowers; of itself, it can not boast of unusual comeliness. It has no special fragrance. Its corolla is frail. Its structure is not often the pattern of model flowers. And yet this bed in my garden hath attractive comeliness. There is a most charming variety of color, mingled in fairly and artistic style. In this is the essential beauty.

From the deep crimson to the snowy and delicate whiteness, from the gaudy orange to the modest lavender,—all colors are deftly interwoven, so as to form a picture of exceeding beauty. But the habits of my peculiar flower constitute its chief attraction. Flowers have habits as well as people. They have moods as well as modesty. They are sometimes fickle as well as fragrant. One cloudy, misty morning, when the air seemed destitute of life, and the genial sunlight was hidden by many mountains of clouds, I stepped into my garden to gather inspiration, if possible, from the flowers. They breathed a language soft,

soothing and eloquent. But lo, my peculiar flower was closely folded in the silence of sleep. The petals seemed tucked closely around its form, and not a sign of life or beauty was apparent. Nature had the costume of melancholy, and even the generous flowers refused their contribution of solace and cheer. But this is the singular habit of my peculiar flower. It will respond only to the touch of the sunlight. When the sun peeps over the high garden fence, this flower seems to lift up its modest form and say: "Here am I." And just as soon as the last rays have left the enclosure, and the damps of evening begin to fall, then this bed folds in its embrace many more of sleepy children.

The human heart has peculiar habits. It never fails to respond to the touch of love. If the warm gush of love can not reach and develop the beautiful in the human soul, that beauty must "blush unseen." Sharp and sour words shut the heart still closer and closer; neglect and indifference seem to dry up the fountain, or cause it to send forth only "bitter water." But that heart is not human that can withstand the warm and direct power of love. This and this only will develop all that is good and beautiful in humanity. This alone will bring that higher and holier, of which the most beautiful forms of earth are but faint types.

In the Wrong Pew.

The following note appeared in a recent issue of the *Morning Star*: "A subscriber writes to ask what a Free Baptist minister should do in the case of a person whom, being seriously sick, he has sprinkled, the person subsequently recovering and desiring to be immersed in the name of the Trinity."

We answer in two words, immerse him." Such an inquiry might be appropriate to come from a Pseudo-Baptist minister, and to appear in a Pseudo-Baptist paper, but to come from a Free Baptist minister, and to appear in a Free Baptist journal, has a strange significance, as seems to us. The incident itself, as an isolated case, may or may not be significant, but the principle involved is of much importance, embracing, at least, one of the cardinal principles of our denomination, viz., the immersion of believers into the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

Ignore this principle and, of course, we cease to be a Baptist denomination. If this is true, then in proportion to our departure from this rule,—making the immersion of believers into the name of the Trinity an absolute condition of membership, just so far we fail to be Baptists in our practice, and hence in proportion as this element exists among us, we forfeit the right to be recognized as a part of the Baptist family. A good brother, in a case of extreme emergency, as it seems to him, sprinkled a person, who subsequently recovered from his sickness, and then desired to be baptized or immersed, but the administrator hesitates, and raises the inquiry: "Would it be right to immerse that person?" The Editor says, "Immerse him," and we say, Amen.

This incident is suggestive. This brother certainly has some faith in the validity of sprinkling for baptism. If so, is it the legitimate outgrowth of the doctrine and polity our denomination? We think not. Is it not rather a part of the fruitage of an un denominational liberalism which is fostered among us to-day? We leave the question with the doctors who, of course, understand the pulse of the denomination better than we do.

Winneconne, Wis.

J. M. KAYSER.

Our Boys.

Joseph Ozell is a working Christian. He has an old heathen grandmother, who has found her way here from the jungle, and who cooks for him. The other day in the women's prayer meeting, she told us that Joseph had been teaching her to pray, and she knew how to pray well, and then, all in the same breath, and sitting just as she was, began praying in her own language. She went on for a long time, seeming to think the longer she prayed, the more she would prove that she really knew how. Joseph has been referred to the prayer of the Publican, and has received some hints as to the right way of teaching his grandmother to pray. He has a very pleasant face, large, full eyes, and is nearly five feet in height. He is probably about fifteen years old. Out of school hours he is learning the tailor's trade. He is punctual to all the meetings, and is always ready to speak for Jesus.

Jacob Cilley and Arthur Caverno are brothers, about fourteen and twelve years old. They are very bright boys, but give us a great deal of trouble. They are very much like some Yankee boys I have seen, independent and saucy. They can be good when they like,—are both fine scholars. Let those who have named and adopted them offer earnest prayers for them.

S. F. B.

Midnapore India.

Suffering for Adam's Sin.

Upon this old but still perplexing question, Rev. W. H. Lewis, D. D., offers the following suggestions. We find them in the *Churchman*:

It seems to be God's appointment that all should undergo probation, that he may reward them that stand the test. Some come to it with holy natures, but without special grace, and some with sinful natures, but with special grace, and we can hardly say which has the advantage in the trial. We might think at first that the holy have it, and yet they fall as did our first parents in Eden, and as did legions of angels in heaven. While, on the other hand, myriads rise against the hindrance of a depraved nature, and amid the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil, to everlasting purity and bliss. If

we were called to choose between probation as Adam met it, sinless indeed, but with no helping hand of Jesus, or as we do, with a weight of sin to drag us down, but with the help of Jesus to lift us up, we might feel that the latter position was quite as desirable as the former, and be quite as ready to stand at the bottom of the golden ladder that reaches to heaven, though its foot was in the mire of sin, yet with the grace of the Saviour to steady us up, as to stand near its giddy summit, where Adam died, with only our own strength for the few intervening steps, and to keep us from toppling down. And if all this be so, then through grace and mercy in Christ Jesus, what we necessarily lose by Adam's fall and through our concern in it, is no loss at all. As to eternal results, we may well question whether our first parents were any better off than we. They did certainly fall. We may certainly rise. And so those triumphant words of St. Paul in the 5th of Romans, where it seems as if he could not find varied terms enough to show our gain in Christ over our loss in Adam, are verified and intelligible.

A good way of obtaining a satisfying view of the Fall and of our concern in it, is to ask whether we ourselves have any charge of injustice to bring against God in these dealings with us. We hear much talk of the hardship of having to suffer for Adam's sin, and of having such a flood of evils let loose upon the world on account thereof; but let each man bring the matter home to himself personally, and ask, Have I any reason to complain of God in the matter? I inherit a depraved nature, indeed; but the Spirit of God can create it anew. I am a sinner; but Christ atones for sin. I am tempted; but his grace enables me to overcome. I am afflicted; but he makes all work for my good. I must die; but he will enable me to shout, "O death, where is thy sting?" And then, as the end of all, I am to gain everlasting life. Is there anything in all this for which I can accuse my God of wrong done to me? Abhorred be the thought. Glory to God for his unspeakable mercy to me; and if he has dealt with me in such mercy in regard to the Fall and Redemption, I can trust that the same mercy and goodness will mark his dealings with every other child of Adam. I know not that our first parents were any better off in Eden before the Fall than I am in this world since the Fall. If I do not demand to be saved and blessed forever, without probation or effort of my own, but simply to be made happy here and forever, by the act and power of God, I know not that I could ask anything better or more merciful than to stand as I do, hoping for eternal salvation through the grace of the Redeemed, as a fallen and sinful and suffering child of Adam. It may be said, All this is well if we be saved, but we may be lost. And whose fault will that be? We might have been lost if we had been created like the angels in heaven, for some of them have fallen. God has given to every man abundant means of making his calling and election sure. We are only cruel to ourselves if we fail of it. Let us not, with the infidel, cavil at the story of the Fall, nor with the sinner complain of its evil results to ourselves and the world, but with the believer lay hold of the remedy which God has given us in Christ Jesus our Lord, to his glory and to our everlasting joy.

Sway Of The Bible.

The Bible is read of a Sabbath in all the thousand pulpits of our land. The sun never sets on its gleaming page. It goes equally to the cottage of the plain man and the palace of the king. It is woven into literature, and it colors the talk of the street. The bark of the merchant can not sail the sea without it. No ship of war goes to the conflict but the Bible is there. It enters men's closets; mingles in all grief and cheerfulness of life. The aching head finds a softer pillow when the Bible lies underneath. It blesses us when we are born; gives names to half of Christendom; rejoices with us; has sympathy for our mourning; tempers our grief to finer issues. It is the better part of our sermons. It lifts man above himself. The timid man awaking from his dream of life, looks through the glass of Scripture and his eye grows bright. He does not fear to stand alone—to tread the way unknown and distant—to take the death-angel by the hand, and bid farewell to wife and babes at home. Men rest on this, their dearest hope. It tells them of God, and of His beloved Son; of earthly duties and of heavenly rest.—S.

Denominationalism.

Rev. O. E. Baker, of Wilton, Iowa, contributes the following to the *Evangelist*. It sets forth the points of divergence in the great Christian family in an interesting way:

Imagine we are in a convention of Christians from everywhere, looking to union. Proposition first: Union. Greatest possible, spiritual and organic. All agree. —Prop. second: Whatever concession, scriptural church validity must be preserved. The united church must be Christ's church, after his pattern. All agree.—Prop. third: A valid local church, one whose members accept the Bible, believe in Christ, are baptized, and unite together in covenant obligations for the maintenance of public worship and the ordinance. The general church the aggregate of all local churches. Vote nearly unanimous. Quakers object to the ordinance, with a few votes here and there of extra liberals, who don't know just how they can harmonize the proposition with free communion. Quakers separate. Here is set No. 1.—Prop. fourth: Immersion essential to baptism, and pardoned adults only proper subjects. Convention divided, Pseudo-Baptists separate. Set No. 2. Disciples baptize for pardon and they separate. Set No. 3.—Prop. fifth: Baptism absolutely prerequisite to the Lord's supper. Convention divides. Liberal Baptists

can not support. They memorialize the convention as follows: 1. Genuine Christians can not intentionally and habitually neglect baptism. If, therefore, there are Christians who are not baptized the omission must be from cause, under the circumstances, justifiable, and not criminal. 2. Such Christians possess all the moral qualifications requisite; they have in full the substance, of which the supper is the sign. 3. All Christians do, and are compelled to allow exceptions to the strict gospel order of things, in other matters not less important than that of the communion. Why not in this case also? 4. All are not agreed that baptism sustains, positively, such antecedent relation to the supper. 5. Restrictionists are far from being agreed themselves as to what limit to enjoin, and all unite in one fellowship; each class must allow, of course, in the other class, grave exceptions to the gospel order of things. 6. They would deny the supper to a large majority of those whom they themselves acknowledge to be Christians the world over. 7. On the ground of church independence, let each church, for itself, decide the question of free or restricted communion. The Restrictionists refuse to compromise or modify their proposition in any way, and so the Liberal Baptists separate. Set No. 4. Restrictionists refusing terms of union with other bodies, become Set No. 5.

Other questions pending, the convention adjourns. Lessons taken from the proceedings:

1. The union, organic, of all Christians, is at present, and for a time will be, impossible. They can not surrender all organization, and they can not all agree upon the Scripture plan of organization. 2. Conscience is a stubborn thing, and ought to be. Christians may surrender the lesser for a greater, but can not disregard conscience in things principal. Union at the cost of conscience, too dear. 3. Convinced that sects, more or less, are a necessity, and hence are justifiable for the time being. Looking over the grave issues existing among Christians, we come to the following conclusions touching our own sect, the Free Will Baptists:

Made and subjects, in baptism, make a grave issue,—sufficient to justify our separation from Pseudo-Baptists. Christ commands baptism. He allows and commands it of those, and those only, who have the proper character. Moreover, written theology, the world over, and almost the whole body of church policy, make baptism professional and antecedent, in order to church membership, to ministerial functions, and almost everything practical of Christian life. There can be no compromise with Pseudo-Baptists. It becomes Baptists, and is their duty, to accept the issues and boldly and tenaciously disprove them.

2. They who, growing impatient over the limit of our members, would take the fount from before our church door, and receive Baptists and Pseudo-Baptists on the same footing, either show marked contempt for Divine order and authority, or deny the professional character and antecedents of baptism, and contradict and join issue with all Christendom besides, almost without exception.

3. They who believe in the principles of Free Baptists, but join Pseudo-Baptists and practice or sanction Pseudo-Baptism, exhibit a strange want of balance, natural or moral, or both, between conscience on the one hand, and love of money, popularity, or something else on the other.

4. Our people can not be Disciples (Campbellites) without a radical change of the whole system of theology, on faith, repentance, character and its conditions, baptism, Christian fellowship, &c.

5. We can not go over to the Restrictionist Communions without a change of sentiment, and a violation of the fraternal spirit, which has always characterized our body, and without casting ourselves in the way of a great Christian progress, now manifest in our day.

6. Besides the practical issues, separating us from other Baptists and from Pseudo-Baptists, there are Calvinism and Episcopacy, and other things involving issues of far greater magnitude than generally supposed.

7. We have a history on slavery, missions, moral reform, and church polity, which we have a right to enjoy. We have lived to see some of these issues settled; have carried our point, have conquered a peace, but we may need to live on, to hold the posts taken, and have a right to stand as a living example of the efficiency and power of principles which have so surprisingly prevailed, but in the advocacy of which, we, in the beginning, stood almost alone.

We conclude it is our duty to live until He who gave us life shall see fit to take it again. Let us, therefore, rally to our work of missions, church extension, education, &c., with greater zeal and self-sacrifice than ever before. Meanwhile, let us not forbid others casting out devils in the name of the Lord.

TAKEN AWAY.—Let all remember that the closing scene, death, must sooner or later be realized. Your friends shall stand around your dying bed, gazing through tears of affectionate anguish on your changing countenance, and watching for that breath that shall part you from them forever. O that, whether that breath shall be drawn by you with that softness that leaves attending relations uncertain whether it has passed your lips, or shall be heaved aloud with the strongest convulsive gasps of violent dissolution, you may possess in your departure the blessed hope of the gospel; that when you lie shrouded for your grave, and when you are laid in the mansions of silence, it may be said over you with truth by surviving friends, "sorrowful, yet rejoicing." "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Selections.

His Gift.

"I will give you rest."

Whatever yearning prayers we pray,
From hungry depths of souls oppressed,
Thou answerest in thy time and way;
Thou givest rest!

Through myriad shapes our wishes turn
To suppliant meekness at thy breast;
When for our will thine own we learn,
Thou givest rest!

"Not as the world." Oh, deeper far
Thou carest for our pleasure guessed,
The joy of those who thirst, and are
In thee at rest!

Love, vexed with troubled sweetness, craves
The presence of a calmer guest,
Who from himself the spirit saves,
Giving his rest!

Choicest of gifts thy children own,
And pledge of that which seemeth best
Even for the souls before the throne,
Thy boundless rest!

Teach us to pray, whatever change
May drive us to that harbor blest,
Forbid that we as aliens range,
And lose thy rest!

—Congregationalist.

Bicentenary of Isaac Watts.

Friday, July 17th, 1874, was the bicentenary of the birth of Dr. Isaac Watts, which, according to an entry in the old family Bible, still preserved, took place at 21 French street, Southampton, on Friday, the 17th of July, 1774. At the celebration of the bicentenary at Southampton, England, Rev. H. H. Carlisle, in the course of an eloquent address, presented the following summary of the life of Dr. Watts:

"Dr. Watts's grandfather, Mr. Thomas Watts, commanded a ship of war under Admiral Blake, and perished at an early age in the service of his country. Mr. Isaac Watts, the father of Dr. Watts, was a man of culture, and for some time carried on a school in Southampton. Under the Conventicle and Test Act, he was cast into the old prison, and was one of the many Nonconformist sufferers committed to the common goals of England when his first-born child, Isaac, was an infant in his mother's arms. Mr. Watts had been a Miss Taunton, a daughter of Mr. Alderman Taunton, whose school and other public benefactions were well-known in Southampton. His mother, with her infant in her arms, many a time sat on one of the blocks of stone that lay in front of the old prison, to comfort and be comforted as she caught sight of her husband's face through the iron bars. In 1683, Mr. Isaac Watts, sen., was again imprisoned, and afterwards, for a length of time, exiled from Southampton. His son wrote in his memoirs, 'My father persecuted and imprisoned for Nonconformity six months; after that forced to leave his family and live privately in London for two years.' Early in 1688, the third in the reign of James II., a declaration of indulgence was issued, which permitted an assembly in Southampton. The members of the scattered church, to the number of seventy-two, then re-assembled, and on the 24th of August, the anniversary of the Black Bartholomew Day of 1662, Isaac Watts and three others were solemnly set apart to serve the church as deacons. At the same time two others were nominated to specially assist the pastor as elders, one of them being Mr. Richard Thorne, who was the first to leave that property, and, at his own cost, appropriated it to the worship of God. At his death he bequeathed to the church the unexpired term of his lease, besides bestowing other benefactions upon its ministry. They could imagine Mr. and Mrs. Watts, with their eldest son, now four-and-twenty years of age, and their other children, in regular attendance at all times of public service at the meeting-house just outside the walls. Above-the-Bar. The resources of the little church could not have been very great, but the records that ran on from the day of its re-constitution with freedom to worship God showed how the riches of its liberality abounded. From an unquestionable authoritative source, the testimony of the Rev. Mr. Price, who was for many years his intimate friend and colleague in the ministry, they had the interesting fact that the young Isaac Watts's first essay arose out of his dissatisfaction with the hymns sung there. It was believed that his first hymn which was for the first time sung there was 'Behold the Glory of the Lamb.'

"Mr. Carlisle, in tracing the events of Dr. Watts's life, mentioned that in 1702 he became sole pastor of the church in Marlborough. The pastor had a brother named Enoch, from whom an interesting letter had been preserved, dated Southampton, March, 1700, in which he strongly urged his brother to print his hymns, called his attention to some lines by Dr. Speed, and said he could not be ignorant of what had been said by the Dissenters only for their imagined aversion to poetry. Five years after the date of his brother's letter, Mr. Watts appeared for the first time in print, his first published work being his 'Hymn Lyrics,' and his lyric poems were divided into three books, sacred to religion, friendship, and the memory of the dead. Mr. Carlisle, having read the poem on 'Launching into Eternity,' said the reception given to the lyrics hastened the publication two years later of the first edition of his hymns, the copyright of which was sold by the author for £10. As soon as his book was known, he was the acknowledged prince of English hymn-writers, and it was the prevailing judgment still that among the sacred lyrics of the English, or of any other language, there has not arisen a greater than Isaac Watts since the days of supernatural inspiration. His version of the Psalms introduced a new era in English Psalmsody, and was still by far the finest translation of the Psalms into the language of Christianity, while there was not a single hymn in which any one could mark the slightest trace of sectarian bias. Referring to the voluminous public works of Isaac Watts, Mr. Carlisle said the versatility of his genius, as well as his mental activity, was marvelous. He had a heart to sympathize with all classes and all ages, and whatever service his heart dictated, his mind seemed capable of creditably performing. The Universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen both recognized the greatness of the little man (Isaac Watts), bestowing upon him in the same year their degree of Doctor of Divinity, and as Dr. Johnson said, 'Academical honors would have more value if they were always bestowed with equal judgment.' Interesting letters from the pen of Dr. Watts were read; and Mr. Carlisle then said he survived his father eleven years, and on a Friday, at the age of seventy-four, he was called into the blessedness of 'the dead that die in the Lord.'

Many Avenues of Approach.

Every fortress has a point of least resistance. A man is often successfully tempted on one side who would have remained steadfast had he been approached on any other. We sometimes multiply arguments, not because their weight is in their number, but because what is weak for one class may for another be strong. The heart is manifold, and each side differs in accessibility according to the temperament, education, knowledge, habits, sympathies, prejudices, hopes, purposes, plans, associations and surroundings of the individual. The jury lawyer understands this: if he didn't, his clients would be few. The demagogue understands it, and hence often carries his measure against the best efforts of the ablest statesman.

This law of human nature—no matter how wickedly it is sometimes abused—must not be overlooked by the minister of the Gospel. Paul recognized it, when, in a holy, guarded way, he became all things to all men that he might by all means save some. But every intelligent minister admits the principle. Why, then, talk about it? Because not a few fail in practice, and more than those of the highest intellect. Some seem never to get below their own natural level. They are unable, like the prophet, to contract themselves to the size of smaller men. Their themes, their scope of thought, their illustrations are such as would just suit them if they were the congregation. Their sermons are calm, compact, logical and scholarly, excellent for an assembly of college professors, but of very little worth to a promiscuous company of men, women and children, in leading them to Christ or building them up in faith and duty. Dr. Wayland, of Salem, once remarked to us, that it seemed as if the Gospel, as preached by him, had lost its power; but the people used to say to us, 'He preaches over our heads.'

Some ministers are too tenacious of their individuality. Of course a man must remain himself; and he will, if he is a man of any worth. But it is possible for one to develop only his strongest tendencies while he loses in breadth and roundness by letting others, which he shares with ordinary folks, fall into disuse. When Mr. Knapp said, 'I must be Jacob Knapp or nothing,' he uttered only half a truth. He would have been Jacob Knapp and something more, retaining all that was noble and mighty in the actual, with some superadded power in the possible, had he yielded himself somewhat to the kind suggestions of men as wise and godly as himself. Uncouthness adds nothing to real strength; nor do hard names help Christian faithfulness, and zeal for God is wholly compatible with charity for those who can not see with our eyes. The fact is, every one is improved by having his sharp corners knocked off,—unless, indeed, it be a man who is all angle and acute at that.

Some ministers seem never to think that men can be savingly approached except through their understandings. They must reason everything. They are ever besieging the intellect. They pile argument on argument. They explain, and illustrate, and amplify, and turn a subject over, and show it on every side, until it is so plain that a wayfarer man would be a fool, indeed, not to comprehend it. Yet the wayfarer man keeps right along just as if he didn't comprehend it a bit; and by and by, when some other minister touches him at some different point, he comes at once to Christ, wondering he had not come before. The former needs to be a little Christ-like, not to feel a secret contempt for his commonplace but more successful brother.

As we have said, the heart is many-sided. Sometimes authoritative assertion is more effective than anything else; conscience echoes it back. With some, an anecdote will have more weight than an argument. With some, as in the case of John Bunyan and his 'Pilgrim's Progress,' their words must be powerfully aroused. Some are most readily approached through their tender emotions; whatever seduces them helps to open an entrance.

But it may be said, the result will be only a brief stir of feeling, no permanent change based on conviction. We answer, there is any amount of latent conviction in every congregation in a Christian land; the great point is to arouse it to action. But facts show that such may develop into the best type of Christianity. Whitefield's great forte (under God) was with the sensibilities; and so was Sumnerfield's. Compare, too, the success of Samuel Pearce with that of the eloquent Robert Hall. Just here, too, is the secret of woman's matchless power.

We say, then, to our brethren in the ministry, try, like a good General, every approach. Some whom you may think most beneath you may be just those through whom you may most glorify God. —Watchman and Reflector.

Models of Prayer.

We have been interested in looking through the Scriptures for the purpose of comparing the prayers therein recorded with those which we hear from time to time in public, and we are astonished to see how they differ in point, expression, directness, and above all, in length, from those heard in these days in the Christian pulpit. It is not exaggeration to say that we have listened to a single prayer longer than the whole ten that we find in the Bible put together. The first is in Genesis xiv. 12-14, and contains one hundred and ten words, and it is more than a minute in length. The next is in Exodus xxxiii. 12-15, and contains one hundred and eleven words, and is not over a minute longer. The third is in Joshua vii. 7-9, and contains ninety words. The third is in 2 Kings xix. 15-16, the prayer of Hezekiah; it is composed of one hundred and thirty-four words, and two minutes would be ample time to repeat it. Another is found in Nehemiah i. 5-11, and is about two minutes in length; another is in Ezra ix. 6-15, and is about three minutes long; another is in 1 Kings vii. 23-61, 'important dedicatory prayer, offered by Solomon himself at the dedication of the temple, and it did not occupy more than six minutes; while that of Daniel ix. 11-19, was probably four minutes long. In the New Testament, the prayer of our Saviour (John xvii.) is well known; it is contained in twenty-six verses, and is five minutes long, while the model prayer—the Lord's Prayer—is far briefer still. Now here are ten prayers, from those who certainly knew how to pray, and they are all less than thirty-five minutes long, or an average of three minutes each; and yet we sometimes hear men pray thirty and forty minutes, and after wandering all over the moral universe, and wearying their fellow-worshippers with vain repetitions, utterly fail of the prime object of all public prayer—to lift up the hearts of men to commune with heaven. It must be an extraordinary occasion, equal at least to the dedication of the Jewish temple at Jerusalem—an occasion that none of us shall ever see—to justify a prayer more than five minutes long. There are few 'Ohs' and 'Ahs' in these models. The authors do not often say, 'O Lord, Lord,' but tenderly fall into, directly, quietly, simply they ask the blessing they desire, as though they were children who knew that they were addressing One who was more willing to give them good gifts than they were to ask them at his hand.—Gospel Banner.

An Illustration.

Xenophon, the historian, tells us, in the Cynopædia, that when Cyrus the Great, on his march of conquest, approached the borders of Armenia, Tigranes fled with all his family, determined not to be exposed to the tyranny of such a monster as he had heard Cyrus to be. The conqueror was too sharp for him; he intercepted his flight across the mountains, and captured the king and all his retinue. To show his magnanimity, Cyrus ordered to allow Tigranes to pass sentence on each one of his own officers as they were brought before the court. He couldn't induce him to open his lips until the queen was presented. Then Tigranes, leaping to his feet, said, 'O king, I would die rather than she should be enslaved.' Cyrus, admiring his conjugal fidelity, dismissed them, telling Tigranes that he might enjoy all of his royal prerogatives, if he would become and remain his faithful ally.

When they had withdrawn from the presence of Cyrus, each of his courtiers had some word of praise to bestow upon the Persian conqueror. One admired the majesty of his person; another the magnanimity of his soul, until they had all exhausted their encomiums, when Tigranes, noting that the Queen had not even expressed any gratitude for their restoration to their dominions, said to her, 'And what dost thou think, O Armenian Queen, of Cyrus?'

She replied, 'I did not see him.' 'Who, then, didst thou see?'

'I saw only him who said, 'I would rather die than that she should be enslaved.'

Is it not a forcible illustration of Jesus' love for his people? Not only was Christ willing to die, but actually did shed his blood on Calvary that his people might not be enslaved by sin. And as soon as the sinner can appreciate this love, and realize its fullness, freshness, unselfishness, he can not see any other object. No erected being, no imaginary gratification, nothing whatever, can attract him from the cross, and from his zeal, love, adoration and desire to please that Savior that first loved him and gave himself for him.

What Faith in God Does.

Faith justifies, because the believer's obligations to justice are all canceled by Christ, his surety.

Faith sanctifies, because the believer forsakes his own righteousness, which at best is but as filthy rags, and accepts the righteousness of Christ.

Faith purifies, because it begets hope, and he who 'hath this hope in him purified himself, even as he is pure.'

Faith strengthens, because the believer forsakes his own strength, which is utter weakness, and lays hold on the mighty arm of God.

Faith gives courage, because it enables the believer to penetrate the darkest clouds, and see that there are more with him than against him; it makes him cry out, 'Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear.'

Faith gives joy in the midst of sorrow, because it tells the believer that his light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh out for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

Faith gives patience, because it shows the believer that 'He is faithful who hath promised,' and that 'in due season we shall reap if we faint not.'

Faith gives peace, because it shows the believer that 'being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

Faith gives rest, not by-and-by only, but now—here—in this world of toil and sorrow; because it leads the believer, laboring and heavy-laden, to him who gives him rest.

The Power of Faith.

The following, from the *Christian at Work*, may be put alongside of the *Independent's* remarks on Free Religionists, published last week.

The air is full of talk against catechisms, and creeds, and the theology of the past. One might be led to suppose that the logical theological talkers of the world were doing all the good, upholding all the beneficent institutions, and that the men who believe in the gospel out-and-out, in-and-in, were fossils on the shelf. Take out of the past John Calvin, and John Wesley, and Martin Luther, and John Howe, and Richard Cecil, and Jonathan Edwards, and the Scotch Covenanters, and how much of the best part of the world's history would be destroyed! They all believed in a creed, whether written or unwritten; adopted the whole Bible; knew there was a heaven and a hell, and that the only way of escaping the one and getting to the other was through the Lord Jesus Christ, the Almighty and Eternal Son of God. All that the skeptics and loose religious thinkers have done for the church and the world you can put in a quart jug, and have room left for a full quart besides. Christianity, hope, pass the time in doing good, and hope to repair it until it shall be fit for the acceptance of this enlightened age, the plain gospel goes on making its grandest triumphs, building larger churches and more magnificent universities. If there were not calamity mingled with the farce, we should laugh day and night to see these mighty hunters shooting the Rock of Ages!

We Are All Missionaries.

Every baptized man is, by his oath of allegiance, a missionary. There is not one law for minister and another for laymen. The gospel does not bind the pastor and absolve the people. There is not one solitary line in God's revelation which says that one must work, and sacrifice, and give, and the other may board and keep. You may be tied down to the dull routine of daily toil, and yet your life, hid with Christ in God, may make you one of the best preachers of righteousness in the world. You may be a very stammerer, and your life of love go straight to every heart. We can all give our example. A chance word of reproof, a way-side word of warning, a loving invitation, an act of Christian courtesy done in a Christian way, may lead others unto Christ. It is not so much where we are as what we are; and it is not alone what we do, but the way we do it. A man who loves the Saviour must in some way be the refuge of the weak-

ry. If he speaks, it must be as one tempted man speaks to another who is battling with temptations. It is not done by fierce warnings. It is not by assailing sinners as you would besiege a city. It is the old and blessed story of God's love, leading weary souls to Jesus, and out of the gloomy and tangled wilderness, and cheering them at every step on the way to deliverance and safety. There is no one so poor that he can not do something for Christ. Whether it be the widow's mite, or the rich man's gift, God will bless it.—Bishop Whipple.

Prayer-Meeting Talks.

In the *Congregationalist* we find the following brief note on this subject. We know some good people whom it would not hurt to read it:

The deacon who thought the trouble with too many prayer-meetings is that those who take part in them have 'nothing to say, and say it,' unquestionably made a good point. Too often the difficulty is right there. Unprepared talk is one of the 'curses' that so annoy the time comes, but have some degree of freshness and point. One other advantage of preparation is that there will be no tiresome and chilling delays during the first half of the hour, as is too often the case when brethren depend upon the 'inspiration of the moment.' Suppose, brother, you try for awhile the plan of premeditating your prayer-meeting talks, and see if these meetings are not more profitable.

The Pilgrim and the Knight.

In a noble castle, there once resided a very rich knight. He expended much money in adorning and beautifying his dwelling, but he gave very little to the poor. A weary pilgrim came to the castle and asked for a night's lodging. The knight haughtily refused him, and said:

'This castle is not an inn.'

The pilgrim replied: 'Permit me to ask two questions, and then I will depart.' Upon this condition, speak,' replied the knight: 'I will readily answer you.'

The pilgrim then said to him, 'Who dwelt in this house before you?'

'My father,' replied the knight.

'And who will dwell here after you?'

'Still asked the pilgrim.

'The Knight said: 'With God's will, my son.'

'Well,' said the pilgrim, 'if each dwells but a time in the castle, and in time must depart and make way for another, what are you here otherwise than guests?'

The castle, then, is truly an inn; and, then, spend so much money adorning a dwelling which you will occupy but a short time? Be charitable, for he that bathy upon the poor leprothy to the Lord, and that which he hath given he will pay him again.'

The knight took these words to heart. He gave the pilgrim shelter for the night, and was ever afterward more charitable unto the poor.

To deal frankly, honestly and firmly with all men turns out best in the long run.

To dispel darkness from about you, make light of your troubles.

TEAS—The choicest in the world.—Importers' prices—largest company in America—single article—pleases everybody.—Trade continually increasing.—Agents wanted everywhere.—Best inducements.—Don't waste time—send for circular to ROBERT WELLS, 43 Vesey St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1257.

CANCER REMOVED AND CURED WITHOUT PAINFUL PALPATION, LOSS OF SLEEP, OR PAIN. Address for circular, N. W. 102 West 12th Street, New York City.

Messrs. D. LOTHROP & CO., Boston, publish the celebrated **\$1,000 and \$500 Prize Series**, the **Penny Book**, and **awards of three hundred choice books**, for **Sunday School Libraries** and **Family Reading**. They furnish all American and Foreign books promptly at the **Lowest Prices**. Please send for their Catalogue, **Bible Warehouse and Bookstore, 38 & 40 Cornhill, Boston.**

FAMILY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. At the Willows, FARMINGTON, Me. School Year begins September 21. Instruction excellent. Special facilities for Music, Drawing and Needlework. Buildings erected in New England. For information, address

8230 Mrs. M. C. GOODENO W.

Books in Chicago. Arrangements have been made with D. S. Heffron, 250 State St., Chicago, for the sale of our denominational and Sabbath school books. They may be purchased there at the same price we charge at this office. Remittances for the *Star* and other papers may be made through him, but it will ordinarily be best to do that business with this office direct.

BOSTON AND MAINE RAILROAD. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT, 1874.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON.
Leave PORTLAND at 6.15, and 8.10, A. M., and 3.15, and 6. P. M.
Leave ALTON BAY at 6.35, and 9.30 A. M., and 4.10, and 6.55, 5.20, 7.17, P. M.
Leave DOVER at 5.55, 7.55, and 11.00, A. M.; and 5.55, 5.20, 7.17, P. M.

TRAINS FOR DOVER.
Leave BOSTON at 7.30, 8.15, A. M., and 12.30, 3.50, 5, and 6, P. M.
Leave Portland at 6.15, 9.10, A. M., and 3.15, and 6, P. M.
Leave Alton Bay at 6.35, 9.30, A. M., 4.10, P. M.

TRAINS FOR PORTLAND.
Leave BOSTON at 8.15, A. M., and 12.30, 3.30, and then ALTON BAY 9.30, A. M., and 4.10, P. M., waiting at Dover 3 hours.
DOVER at 10.45, A. M., and 3.20, 6.15, and 8.25, P. M.

TRAINS FOR ALTON BAY.
Leave BOSTON at 8.15, A. M., and 12.30, 3.30, P. M.
Leave PORTLAND at 9.10, A. M., and 3.15, P. M.
DOVER at 11.00, A. M., 3.30 and 6.30, P. M.

OTHER TRAINS.
The 7.30, A. M., and 5.00, P. M., trains from Boston go only to Great Falls.

A train leaves Farmington for Dover, Boston and Portland at 9.55, A. M.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.
Stages leave Center Harbor for Conway and White Mountains, at 2, P. M., on the arrival of the boat from Boston in connection with the 8.15 train from Boston.

Leave Wolfeborough Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays for Tiltonborough, Mountborrough, Sandwich and Center Sandwich.

Leave Alton Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays for LACONIA.

RETURNING.—Leave LACONIA Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for Boston, in season to connect with trains for Boston and Portland.

JAMES T. FURBER, Gen. Supt.

EASTERN RAILROAD. Trains leave Dover for Boston and all stations on Eastern and Maine Central Railroads at 6.40, 8.40 and 10.50, A. M., and 3.15, P. M.

Leave Boston for Dover at 7.30, A. M., and at 12.30, 3.15, and 4.45, P. M.

CHARLES F. HATCH, Genl. Manager.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
—OF—
Selah Hibbard Barrett!
Free Will Baptist Minister. Steel Portrait. 1 vol., 12mo., Cloth, Price \$1.00.

TESTIMONIALS.
"Have read it with much interest."—Prof. Dunn. "Contains much valuable matter."—Pres. Colegrove.

"A good-looking book."—Rev. I. D. Stewart. "Type plain, paper excellent."—Rev. I. Z. Haining.

"I cheerfully recommend it."—Rev. J. B. Lamb. "Should be in every Sabbath school."—Rev. F. W. Perry.

"No F. Baptist can afford to do without it."—Rev. T. E. Feden.

"Edited and published by himself."—Pomeroy. "Embraces the experience of half a century."—Journal and Messenger.

"Should be found in every family."—Middleport News.

"Mr. Barrett is a fine writer."—Huntington Independent.

"His style is plain, direct, unambitious."—Morning Star.

"His industry and talent are modestly developed."—Baptist Union.

"Will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price. Liberal offers to Agents. Address SELAH HIBBARD BARRETT, Rutland, Meigs County, Ohio.

A NEW PERFUME For the Handkerchief
Made by COLGATE & CO. New York.

A Great Offer! HORACE WATERS & SON, 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of 200 Pianos, Melodians, and Organs, of first-class makers, including Waters', at very low prices for cash, or part cash, and balance in small monthly installments. New 5-octave first-class Pianos, modern improvements, for \$275 cash. The Waters' Concerto Parlor Organs are the most beautiful in style and performance ever made. Illustrated Catalogue mailed, 1y33

Agents Wanted
Gentlemen or Ladies. \$5 to \$10 a day guaranteed. Full particulars sent free. Write immediately to DR. J. BALL & CO., (P. O. Box 957), No. 91 Liberty Street, New York City, N. Y.

Now is the Time to Subscribe FOR OUR Sabbath School Papers.

"The Little Star,"

AND
"The Myrtle."

These semi-monthlies are published by the FREEWILL BAPTIST PUBLISHING ESTABLISHMENT, are printed on paper of a very superior quality, and their mechanical excellence is equal to that of any other paper of their class.

All communications intended for publication should be addressed to THE "Little Star," or "The Myrtle," DOR, N. H.

All orders and remittances for either of the papers should be addressed to L. D. STEWART, Dover, N. H.

Single copy, per year, . . . 30 cts. Ten copies, sent to one address, 20 cts. Cash—payable in all cases in advance.

Postage. The postage on a single copy of the *Little Star* or *Myrtle*, under the new law, is 24 cents a year; and no more on 10 copies or any number between one and 10, when sent to one address, than on a single one. The postage is payable at the office of delivery. The volumes begin with January.

No percentage is allowed on money sent us for either of these papers. Sample copies will be sent free on application.

AT LAST!

THE long-talked-of and long-looked-for volume of History of the Free Communion Baptists has at last appeared, under the title of

MEMORIALS OF THE FREE COMMUNION BAPTIST.

ALSO CALLED FREE BAPTISTS, By A. D. WILLIAMS, D. D.

It contains 244 pages and a large amount of interesting and valuable matter, that can be found nowhere else, interspersed with illustrative anecdotes, and illustrated with

Five Portraits: J. PHILLIPS, D. D., WM. HUNT, S. G. GARDNER, BENJ. MCKOON, and ANSEL GRIFFITH, with a picture of Whitefield Seminary.

For sale at the Star Office. Price, \$1.25, sent by mail, post-paid, with discount to the trade. Address REV. I. D. STEWART, Dover, N. H.

OUR NEW TRACT In answer to many calls, and to meet the demand for a new tract, we have recently published a very neat style, get-a-four-page tract, containing, in a plain, brief way, an outline of our history, as a denomination, its doctrinal basis, its church polity, and some of its chief benevolent institutions. They are fitting things to put into the hands of those who would learn, by means of a few words, what are the peculiarities of the F. Baptists. They will be sold at cost to those who order them for this purpose. Price, \$4 per 1000; 50 cts. per 100; 7 cts. per dozen. Send orders to I. D. STEWART, DOVER, N. H.

PRICE OF Lesson Papers,

100 copies to one address, \$9.00 per year 50 " " " 4.50

Any number above 50 at the same rate. Any number less than 50, 12 cents each copy per year. Payment in advance.

The papers will be discontinued at the expiration of the time for which they are paid. Each paper is prepared for all the Sabbaths in the month.

Postage will be paid by the subscriber at the office where they are received. Three cents per quarter for 35 copies or less; six cents for more than 35 and less than 75. The postage is more for papers ordered and paid for by the month than by the quarter.

Let the orders for papers be given for one year, or for the longest time that they may be wanted, and thus avoid frequent renewals.

CHRISTIAN BAPTIST. This little book has been revised by the author, and is now clothed in an entirely new dress, and presents a very comely appearance. It should be in every Baptist family. Let every pastor and church member have a copy of this newly revised and useful book. Price, in cloth, only 25 cts.; in paper covers 15 cts. Postage extra; on the former, 4 cts., on the latter, 2 cts.

THE Universal Medical & Chemical Co., Proprietors and Manufacturers, 61 BROADWAY, N. Y.

The Sole Proprietors and only Manufacturers of the UNIVERSAL Medicines.

THERE IS NO USE Of telling an Intelligent Public That ANY ONE MEDICINE Will cure all diseases To which human Bodies are Subject

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26, 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.

Lesson Papers—Notice.

Owing to delay in receiving the manuscript the Children's Lesson Paper for August is not complete. The lesson for the last Sabbath will be found on the September sheet.

The University Project.

The principal paper read before the late National Teachers' Association in Detroit was by President White, of Cornell, on the subject of a National University, founded and maintained by national legislation, like the Universities in Europe. It was a singularly concise and cogent argument that he presented. Having a practical acquaintance with all the educational phases in this country and with the main ones abroad, he was able, first, to make intelligent statements, and, second, to fortify and illustrate them by facts of experience, in a way that makes his paper remarkably convincing.

It is quite suggestive that the Presidents of Cornell and Harvard are divided on this question. At the previous meeting of the Association President Eliot read a paper on the same subject, in which he argued that such an University would be at variance with the spirit of our laws, and could not be pleasing to the genius of American liberty. And more than this, he claimed that the successful management of a University on the plan proposed would be impracticable. That these two men, eminent both as scholars and educators, should hold so widely different opinions of the main question, will be likely to attract the wider attention to its merits. It must be worth our while to look into it, the public will say, if such men as these disagree upon it.

But we will not say that President White's argument is the direct opposite of President Eliot's. He merely alludes to the project of a National University, which he would have at Washington, while his main purpose is to show that the interests of the higher education are in a peculiar manner dependent upon the care of the Government, and that the best facilities of education will never be open to the public until the public itself takes the matter in hand. "The main provision," he states fundamentally, "for advanced education in the United States must be made by the people at large, acting through their national and State legislatures, to endow and maintain institutions for the higher instruction, fully equipped, and free from sectarian control."

He puts his main force upon the latter clause, not perhaps because he would deliberately strike at sectarian schools, but because the facts themselves, by the barest statement of them, make a strong and striking argument. This is a delicate topic to handle, but we fear no successful contradiction when we say that the multiplicity of sectarian schools is one of the evils of our American educational system. By it, funds are divided and scattered, and the benefits that might be derived from concentration of means and employment of the best talent are prevented or reduced. President White indulged in no burlesque when he pictured the collegiate observatories in this country without telescopes, and the telescopes in possession of several colleges that have no observatories, the cabinets without professors, or the professors with only the most meager facilities of instruction, a direct result of the manner in which private bequests are frittered among our numerous schools. Consider the many colleges in the West that are barely above the grade of eastern high schools and seminaries. If they could be suitably funded and manned, there could be no objection to them. As it is, their best facilities are often forced to admit that if the facilities which any one of them are able to give could be concentrated in one, it would be better for the cause which they seek to serve.

But while there is a general agreement touching the evil, opinions touching the remedy are various. President White easily and naturally finds in it an argument for his scheme of a National University, since he would be able to concentrate forces that would otherwise be scattered, and accomplish by union what the ordinary college utterly fails to do.

As for the University itself, we have a lingering hope that it may yet be established. While Congress is voting millions of property to railroad companies and other interests of that class, which usually tend to complicate legislation and demoralize the public, it should certainly not be unreasonable to hope that it will yet comprehend the higher needs of the mind and the soul, and provide them the needed facilities.

We have not yet been able to offer our own students the opportunities that they find in the English and German Universities. And why? Mainly because we have insisted on keeping our educational forces in private channels. It is not wholly a matter of age and historic association. A large proportion of our institutions are older than the University of Berlin, confessedly the best in Germany. The different lines of national policy pursued mainly account for the difference in status of the educational institutions in the two countries.

But we are met at once with the old statement that any attempt at national endowment would violate the spirit of our Gov-

ernment; and especially that if the Government founds a University it could also be logically required to found a church, which would be as bad as killing the American eagle outright. The two things are totally different. Freedom of conscience is one thing, and the State is bound to protect it. But mental discipline is another thing, and the State ought to feel bound to facilitate it.

We see no necessity for the ordinary college suffering from the establishment of such a University. Of course there would be a tendency for the patrons of each to clamor for aid to their own schools whenever the project of bestowing funds came up. But these sectarian and other schools have hitherto been managed in a private way, and it should not be a difficult matter to convince them that they must keep to their chosen line of policy. While we would favor the establishment of the proposed University on public grounds, we would not admit that its success would depend on the dwindling and ultimate failure of the sectarian schools. They have their sphere and their work. They should be subjected to no greater hindrance than they must constantly find in their growing numbers and rival interests.

But we have considered only one of the reasons which President White offers in behalf of his project. At the outset he institutes a comparison between Germany and the United States, the two nations which have especially tried to secure the education of their citizens, and easily shows the advantage which the German policy has gained over ours. He also argues that our own experience in the limited degree to which government aid, State or national, has been afforded to advanced education enforces the truth of the proposition he seeks to establish, that it is entirely consistent with the aims and principles of republican government, and that instead of discouraging it stimulates private munificence and saves it from being not much better than wasted, by encouraging its concentration. His argument can of course be met by those who hold different views of the question. And this we regard as one of its excellent features. It presents the matter in a way that invites discussion. Thus we may hope to get at the merits of the case, and reach intelligent conclusions. His paper will evidently be used as a prolific source of suggestion while the discussion lasts.

Christian Experience.

The monthly conferences of the churches tend to the edification of holiness in various ways, among which may be mentioned their confirmation in the truth and excellence of religion. In these meetings numerous testimonies are given from sincere and earnest hearts, of relief in trial, of light in darkness, comfort in sorrow, victory in conflict, increase in Christian graces. Admitting that some of these utterances are deceptive and unreliable, they do not invalidate the truthful ones. Those occasions would indeed be more useful if the members were more careful and conscientious, not only in their words in the meetings, but also in their lives during the interim. The object of the meeting is not to create experience, but to express it; not so much to obtain stimulus for the future, as to give a faithful review of the past, and to express the joys and hopes of the present. When this is done, a rich blessing is ever enjoyed.

We do not say that Christian experience is the only proof of our religion. The whole wide circle of evidences should be carefully studied. The word, the flesh, and the devil are opposed, and do all in their power to destroy them. Numerous and ingenious are the devices by which they strive to accomplish their fell purposes. Not only must there be competent men set for the defense of the gospel, but the results of their studies should be universally diffused. Rapid progress is made, especially at present, in science and art, in every department of discovery and improvement. Skepticism and irreligion will be sure to take advantage of this. It is doubtful whether any important discovery or improvement was ever made which some have not tried to turn against religion; yet after all the tests and trials of six thousand years the evidences and confirmations of our faith never stood stronger than now. With all the distrust of antiquity attending modern progress, the basis remains, the foundation of God standeth sure.

It makes no little difference whether Christians stand on the defensive or the offensive. If they feel bound to go after every objection, to refute, expose and annihilate it, they will have their hands full; besides that they will be drawn over to the enemies' ground. It is better to stand by our posts and our defenses. There is no need of being alarmed at bold assumptions and assaults. We can wait—and hold the good till we are sure of a better. Most of these assaults will soon fall powerless, as others have fallen heretofore, and expose their own absurdity. Some may have a basis of truth which, under development, may require changes in popular conception. But this is no just ground of fear. Who now supposes that the evidences of Christianity have been weakened by astronomical discovery? On the contrary, they are immeasurably strengthened by it. So, doubtless, will it be with all real progress in geology, anthropology, and every other department of knowledge.

We have no fear that Dr. Blauvelt and others of like faith will do too much to provide new defenses against the recent inroads of error. The more truth is tested the brighter it will shine, while no false system can endure impartial scrutiny. But there may be need of caution against unduly magnifying the error, or undervaluing former defenses. True religion has nothing to fear from new developments, but accepts and

welcomes them. It is only a perversion of their truth that can do harm. If these Christians will keep pace with real progress, they need little more to shield them against the darts of opposers. Christianity is built on no hypothesis, theory, or system of men; but on the immutable truth of God, adapted to human necessities, to secure a pure life here and a happy life hereafter. It has been thoroughly tested without loss, and will pass unscathed through every ordeal to which it may be exposed.

While we invite and encourage the fullest investigation, we are not the less to rely on the value of experience. Amid all the novelties, excitements, and agitations of men, it is the privilege of the humblest believer to affirm, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." If I have been translated from the dominion and power of sin into the glorious liberty of the children of God, no theorizing can deprive me of the blessed assurance. If I have obtained and do daily obtain answers to prayer, needful and helpful in my Christian life, what avail with me the doubts of those who have no such experience? If I test the Scriptures by my deepest experiences as a man and a Christian, and find them thereby fully confirmed, I shall be little disturbed by the speculations of unbelievers, new or old.

Notwithstanding the specious objections of opposers in every age, a great multitude of illustrious men have died in the faith of the gospel. We shall not live to see all difficulties settled, but shall pass away while the great moral conflict is still raging. Let us hold fast whereunto we have attained. With our feet planted on the rock of ages, we shall stand secure. Girt with the panoply of weapons not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds of error, we shall come off conquerors and more than conquerors.

What we especially need is a deep, abiding, growing Christian experience. It is essential to our best formation of character, to our stability, comfort, and usefulness. No intellectual or scientific investigations can supply the place of it. With it they may possess much value, but without it they furnish little that is satisfactory or reliable.

Home Mission Intelligence.

Possibly but few columns in the *Star* are more generally read by good people, and at the same time with greater interest and profit, than the one furnished by the Secretary of our Home Mission Society. I am not quite sure that its title corresponds in character or significance with the importance and value of the intelligence and stirring suggestions it is made to represent. But no matter, so long as the opposite might be true, which would be much worse.

This weekly exhibit of what is being done, and what more ought to be done by our Home Mission enterprise, seems to be just in time, and can not fail of fruitful results in awakening a deeper interest, and calling out more regular and larger benefactions from our people.

Those who contribute to this cause want to know, and have a right to know, what is being done with their money; and the man who carefully reads this column, and fails to see that God's blessing is on every dollar of his giving, and that vastly more is urgently called for, must read with strangely inverted eyes. And then there are facts brought out from time to time, which stir our very blood, and challenge our highest admiration of the singular devotion of our workers in this cause, and an appreciation of the loud call for men and money especially in the far West, and at the South. Take the contents of this column in any number at random, and one will hardly fail of a text for a long and profitable discourse on the Christian heroism which this enterprise is calling out, and on the ripened fields awaiting the sickle of our hands.

Take this from our Missionary in Alabama: "I have plenty of places to preach, and am well received, but I receive no support from the people, and shall have to work to support my family, and so neglect the cause that needs all my efforts." This is of so primitive a cast, that we seem to be reading apostolic records. "For a great door and effectual is opened unto me." "Even unto this present hour we both hunger and thirst, and labor, working with our own hands." It would be well for those of us who have comfortable salaries to depend upon settled, interests to care for, and an appreciative people to think of, to meditate on these things. And if our admiration and sympathies are not stirred, and there does not come out of it a warm and telling sermon in the Home Mission behalf, we may as well account our Christianity degenerate, and our love to Christ and his suffering cause cold and barren, and be done with it.

And then again, when we read from a traveling missionary in Nebraska, or Iowa, "I preached in a neighborhood the first sermon delivered there for years;" or, "I visited families that have not heard a gospel sermon since leaving New England," all hungry for the word of life, we feel to pray the Lord of the harvest, "that he will send forth laborers into his harvest." For to visit such places as these, they must be eminently of his sending. For what ever may be said with respect to the older settlements, in these newer ones, there is a sad and crying destitution.

Here in New England there are sometimes indications that the supply of ministers is equal, or even in excess of the demand. We just heard of a church, that, during an interpastorate of a few months, received some half a dozen applications from an equal number of pastors in want of situations. We are not however to infer from this, that there are six ministers to one church in New England, any more than we are to conclude that in New

Hampshire there are seventy teachers to one school in the State, because there have been that number of applicants for the High School of Manchester. The truth is, there is but one Manchester in New Hampshire, and but one High School in that city; but it is not true that there is no ignorance to be dissipated, and no want of intelligent and self-devoted school masters elsewhere.

We can not all preach in well established city churches. They are not sufficiently numerous for that. But we all can somewhere tell the simple story of the cross, which is good enough for anybody, too good for nobody, and he who wrought out that story in actual life, will bless it to the salvation of undying souls.

In any case, we can give of our substance to help those few noble souls, who at the West and South, and even in hard places in New England, work and sacrifice for the cause of our common Lord and Master, and whose signal devotion is an honor to the denomination, and to the cause of Christ in general.

Let this column be frequently full. Let the Secretary not be discouraged at our backwardness and slowness to help. Let those noble and generous souls out West and down South, "working with their own hands," that the gospel may be given to the poor, "cry aloud and spare not," though hope be long and ardently deferred. Let them all remember the Phillipses and Crawfords, who, in the time of our Foreign Mission decline, sent over the waters a plain-life trail for help month after month, if not year after year, till our hearts broke, out of every pity and shame, and added help, both in men and means, went out, to their unspeakable joy.—J. E.

Current Topics.

—THE EPISCOPAL CONVENTION. The approaching general convention of Episcopalians in New York promises to be one of unusual interest. Among the questions to come before it are the Cummins secession; the controversy over Ritualism; the interest in which is now quite intense; and the DeKoven controversy over the Wisconsin bishopric, which our readers will remember was quite bitter at the time of the present Bishop's election. The point at issue in this last matter is the doctrine of the real presence in the sacraments. Considering that the Episcopal church is at present quartered in its doctrinal opinions,—there being the High Church party, which exalts the rights and privileges of the Church, and deprecates all tendencies to sink her claims to a level with other Protestant communions; the Ritualists, who approximate closely to Roman Catholicism, and are numerically weak, there being less than a dozen pronounced Ritualistic churches in the country; the Low Church party who stand at the opposite pole from the Ritualists, and represent many of the most important church centers; and the Conservatives, answering in many particulars to the Broad Church party of England, avoiding both extremes, and favoring a generous toleration,—there is good reason to expect an interesting if not exciting convention. The secession of Bishop Cummins gave the Church immense trouble, and greatly disturbed its equilibrium. One of its good results has been to confirm the Low Churchmen in their fears of the evils that High Churchism will bring upon the communion, and to persist in their work of reform. Of no less moment will be the discussion of the "real presence" question, for it will bring the leading and most powerful men in the Church in direct opposition. The tendency to extreme Ritualism is one that will also meet earnest treatment in the convention. If the perplexities of the situation do not result in serious disruptions, making wider and more irreconcilable the divisions already existing, it will be because there have been wisdom and grace in the treatment of them.

—DISRAELI'S PROPHECY. We lately recorded the prophecy of the English Prime Minister that "there are agencies at work in Europe which are preparing a period of great disturbance." It was made, the late English mails show us, in the course of a speech on the public Worship bill, and it was followed by these words:

"It may not occur in my time or while I am standing on this side of the table; but I am glad to know that on both sides of the House there is a rising generation of statesmen who will be competent to cope with it, and I only wish to impress upon their convictions that the great task is one which they can not avoid and to which I hope they will be equal."

The earnestness with which the speech was uttered, and its prevailing prophetic tone, are reported to have produced great effect on the English mind, and to have convinced them that they are really living on the eve of great events. The belief is widely shared that the peace and quietness which now prevail in Europe are only preliminary to a great uprising. The nations are in fact preparing for war on a scale rarely surpassed. Immense standing armies are maintained; perfected weapons are distributed to them; navies are being supplied with iron-clads, and forts and strongholds are being strengthened; and on every hand, if one looks a second time, it will be seen that Disraeli had apparently good reason for his prophecy, and that a great conflict of the European powers, more than as likely as not to grow out of religious differences, is among the probable disasters of the future.

—AMERICAN SCIENCE. The past week's session of the American Science Association is calling public attention to the actual condition of science in this country. The condition seems to be not only hopeful but highly creditable. The session called together a class of men who are noted in their several professions, and the papers and discussions showed more than

a mere theoretical knowledge of their subjects. The sub-section of chemistry, that most elusive and perplexing as well as reliable and satisfying of the sciences, which was first organized at this session, added much to the interest of the meeting.

—FACTS AND FANCIES. Just think of it, six hundred thousand habitual drunkards in England and Scotland! And yet the easy reformers tell us that beer-drinking is the salvation of the English and Scotch, and that if we would only sustain the brewers our temperance standard would at once begin to advance. How this small array of statistics gives the lie to their finely woven fancy. Its falseness is obvious. Keep clear of the pit that it opens.

—THE EDUCATION TEST. Ability to read and write is gradually becoming a condition of voting. In Missouri, after 1876, no one can vote without those qualifications, and no one in Florida after 1880. This will at least give the ineligible class an opportunity to prepare themselves. One of the disgraceful conditions of suffrage in this country is the fact that so many votes are cast the names on which the bearers could not possibly read. When voting can be done intelligently, much of the corruption attending it will be avoided.

—THE OPIUM HABIT. There is ten times the amount of opium consumed in this country at present than there was twenty-five years ago. As intemperance has increased it has brought this narcotic into still greater use, until it has its hosts of victims. The accidental deaths from the ignorant use of it are likewise much more numerous. And yet, probably not one of its victims, living or dead, meant to become addicted to its use. This only shows how insidious and dangerous an enemy it is, and how rigidly it should be avoided.

—THE DISTURBED SOUTH. The United States Attorney General is in daily receipt of letters from the Southern States complaining of the unsettled condition of affairs in Arkansas, Texas, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana and South Carolina. The negroes on the one side complain of their treatment by the whites, the injustice done them in the withholding of wages, personal violence inflicted and discrimination against them in the ordinary business of life. The whites, on the other hand, are dissatisfied with the conduct of the negroes and say that they are completely organized throughout the South, and that they are liable to break out in armed opposition to the whites any hour. Both whites and blacks appeal to the President in the most earnest terms for protection from each other. Of course, neither the President nor the Attorney-General can do anything for writers of these appeals. The courts are in operation in all the Southern States, and to them the people must look for redress of all injuries inflicted by either party. It is nevertheless an unfortunate condition of affairs. After making all suitable allowances for the prejudices of the memorialists, there can be no doubt that the condition of society there is very unsatisfactory. That the long-heralded war of races is about to follow is not probable.

—CROPS, ACTUAL AND PROSPECTIVE. There is no poetry in the statement that corn and potatoes and grain and hay and fruit and vegetables promise an abundant yield this season. But the statement is a very vital one, nevertheless, and to New Englanders and inhabitants of the Middle States should be a cause of gladness. Hay has come in abundantly in the region indicated. A good yield of grain has been harvested, and the prospects for full bins of corn and potatoes are quite flattering. This is one of the prolific years for fruit, and the burdened orchards throughout this section of country are a feast to the eye. Although comets have crossed the sky, famine is plainly not to follow closely in their wake. But the prospect is not so flattering in the West. The grasshopper plague has visited many of the States, and portions of them are practically devastated. In Kansas and Nebraska crops of every kind have been devoured, and Minnesota, Iowa and Wisconsin have suffered from the same cause. Thousands of families in those states are actually bereft of their winter's food, and unless aid reaches them great suffering must ensue. Wide discouragement prevails, and the promise of their properly observing Thanksgiving day is not now very hopeful. There is bitterness of feeling among them, and they are seriously questioning whether grasshoppers have any business in the economy of nature. All things considered, farmers can hardly be blamed for asking the question.

—BROKEN PROMISES. The fifth annual session of the General Council of the Indian Territory, composed of delegates from the tribes legally resident therein, at which were present Rabbit Bunch, Mishamattubee, Jim White Crow, George Washington Greyeyes, Pawnee Bob, Jimmy Bigheart, Kinnoosha, Tedewahanta, Bogus Charley, Scar Face Charley, besides a lot of others with equally striking names, the report of which meeting has just reached us although it was held at Okmulgee last May, seems to have been characterized by a reckless abundance of good promises. Jimmy Bigheart said in substance that his heart would be to be considerably larger before it could safely contain his love for the whites; Bogus Charley was done with his tricks; George Washington Greyeyes looked with gratitude upon the sprouting corn that his white brethren had taught him to cultivate; Rabbit Bunch was henceforth to be a perfect marvel of fidelity; while Mishamattubee,—"well, he would not strain the English language to express his friendly sentiments and purposes."—Let us not imply that these

words did not mean just what they said. But there has been a hot summer since, and the whites have been treacherous, and a good many Indians have lost their temper, and we find that they have not exactly kept their promises. Which goes with all the rest to show that the Redman is fast losing the traditional regard for his word. And this probably is what we must fully understand, before we can reach the most satisfactory results in the management of our Indian affairs.

—A REMINISCENCE. If Aaron Burr had not been one of the famously bad men of our early history, we should not now have been violating the injunction to speak no harm of the dead. Hon. Charles Tappan, now sojourning in Andover, Me., having just read a "reminiscence" in a New York paper to the effect that Burr never spoke disrespectfully of Washington, makes over his own signature and under date of Aug. 6, the following statement:

In December, 1832, I dined with my nephew, Ogden Edwards of New York, in company with Aaron Burr. I had a desire to see that celebrated old man, though I had no great respect for his character, and he was invited to dinner to afford me an opportunity. While at table, after dinner, Washington became the subject of conversation, and Burr broke out into a violent tirade against the "father of his country." He said "he was a mean-spirited fellow, that he pretended to serve his country without pay, while, in fact, he never bought a quill for that country without charging twice what it cost." You may ask if I did not reach across the table and smite the old rebel on the mouth. It was hard to keep from doing it, I confess. I give my name, that you may vouch for the truth of this strange story.

This may be taken as a sort of practical endorsement of R. H. Stoddard's theory, now undergoing elaboration in Scribner & Co.'s *Bric-a-Brac* series, that the anecdotal form of biography is the most interesting as well as the most striking.

—IRISH IMMIGRATION. It is stated that the Kilkenny (Ireland) *Journal* lately published a letter from Rev. Richard J. Walsh, a Roman Catholic priest in New York, to a clerical brother in that city, entreating him to warn the people of his parish against emigration to this country at the present time. He declares that thousands upon thousands are idle and starving, there being no work for them to do. There are no public works, railroads or canals now in process of construction to employ large gangs of laborers. There are thousands of applicants, he says, for every opportunity of working. Farmers unable to hire labor are raising only enough produce for domestic consumption. The necessity of economy has forced families to reduce the number of domestic servants, so that the case is as bad for women as for men. There is some truth in the reverend Father's statements, but we are inclined to think that he has overdrawn the picture. But aside from giving foreigners a wrong impression, we care not how many immigrants, of the average sort, it keeps at home. We have already quite overcome the business of making America the "asylum of all nations." As is usually the case with asylums, the worst classes seek a refuge among us, while the sound-minded and able-bodied stay at home to uphold and honor their own country. Moreover, instead of our absorbing the immigrant element and thus redeeming it from its sins, it is more and more asserting its independence among us; and whereas the theory is that we should prove a means of blessing to it, it instead becomes a sort of modified curse to us. The murders, the riots, and the seriously disturbing elements of the public peace generally come in striking excess from these "refugees to the asylum of the oppressed." It might be ungracious to ask them to stay at home. It can not be impertinent to ask them to behave themselves better after they come.

—MR. MOULTON'S STATEMENT. Mr. Francis D. Moulton, the mutual friend and adviser of the parties to the disgusting Brooklyn scandal, has at length published the statement which he prepared for the Investigating Committee, but which he afterwards refused to present except in defense of his own honor. Mr. Beecher's late statement he claims makes this publication a necessity, and so he gives it as it was originally prepared, and without any reference, except in an explanatory note, to Mr. Beecher's document. His statement (Moulton's) presents a circumstantial history of his connection with the affair, contains the solemn and unqualified affirmation that Mr. Beecher had acknowledged his guilt to him, and gives the originals of many letters bearing upon the case. It adds another element to the perplexity of the whole affair, which is now reduced to this: Tilton affirms Beecher's guilt; Beecher denies it; these are interested parties; but Moulton, who claims to be disinterested, practically sustains Tilton's charges. In deciding whose word to believe, the public should remember that the statement of an eminent Christian man like Mr. Beecher should not be set aside except on the most convincing testimony. We do not perceive that that testimony has yet been given. Whether or not it will be, remains to be seen.

—THE ENGLISH PUBLIC WORSHIP BILL. The agitation in England over the worship bill which has lately passed, means more than a mere temporary protest. It promises to seriously affect the whole church establishment of the country, and to become a matter concerning which all well-informed persons will be expected to hold opinions. Some information upon the general subject may be gained from the following private letter recently written from London:

This bill has no doubt brought disestablishment very much nearer. As it at present stands High Church and Low Church and Broad Church are at each other's mercy.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and small dark spots, possibly due to age or handling. A faint horizontal line is visible near the top edge, and there are some very light, illegible markings scattered across the surface.

Poetry.

Curfew Must not Ring To-night.

[In the time of Cromwell a young soldier, for some offense, was condemned to die, and the time of his death was fixed "at the ringing of the Curfew." Naturally such a doom would be fearful and bitter to one in the years of his hope and pride. But to this unhappy youth death was doubly terrible, since he was soon to have been married to a beautiful young lady whom he had long loved. The lady, who loved him ardently in return, had used her utmost efforts to avert his fate, pleading with the judges, and even with Cromwell himself, but all in vain. In her despair, she tried to bribe the old sexton not to ring the bell, but she found that impossible. The hour drew near for the execution. The preparations were completed. The officers of the law brought forth the prisoner, and waited, while the sun was setting, for the signal from the distant bell-tower. To the wonder of everybody, it did not ring! Only one human being at that moment knew the reason. The poor girl, half wild with the thought of her lover's peril, had rushed, unseen, up the winding stairs, and climbed the ladders into the belfry loft and seized the tongue of the bell. The old sexton was in his place, prompt to the fatal moment. He threw his weight upon the rope, and the bell, obedient to his practiced hand, reeled and swung to and fro in the tower. But the brave girl kept her hold, and no sound issued from its metallic lips. Again and again the sexton drew the rope, but with desperate strength the young heroine held on. Every movement made her position more fearful; every swing of the bell's huge weight threatened to fling her through the high tower window; but she would not let go. At last the sexton went away. Old and deaf, he had not noticed that the Curfew gave no peal. The brave girl descended from the belfry, wounded and trembling. She hurried from the church to the place of execution. Cromwell himself was there, and was just sending to demand why the bell was silent.]

Slowly England's sun was setting o'er the hills,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day;
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man
And maiden fair—
He with footsteps slow and weary, she with sun-
ny floating hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she
with lips all cold and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur—
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing
to the prison old,
With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls
dark, damp and cold,
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very
night to die—
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help
is nigh—
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her
lips grew strangely white
As she breathed the husky whisper—
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton, every word
pierced her young heart
Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly,
poisoned dart—
"Long, long years I've rung the Curfew from
that gloomy, shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the
twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it fast and
right—
Now I'm old I still must do it,
Curfew it must ring to-night."

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and
white her thoughtful brow,
And within her secret bosom Bessie made a
solemn vow.
She had listened while the judges read, without
a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the Curfew, Basil Underwood
must die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her
eyes grew large and bright—
In an undertone she murmured—
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

She with quick steps bounded forward, sprung
within the old church door,
Left the old man treading slowly paths so oft
he'd trod before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with
eye and cheek aglow,
Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell
swung to and fro;
And she climbed the dusty ladder on which fell
no ray of light,
Up and up—her white lips saying—
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder; o'er her
hangs the great dark bell;
A wail is the gloom beneath her, like a pathway
down to hell.
Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the
hour of Curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped
her breath and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! Flash her eyes
with sudden light,
And she springs and grasps it firmly,
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a speck
of light below,
Twixt heaven and earth her form suspended, as
the bell swung to and fro,
And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf,
heard not the bell,
But he thought it still was ringing fair young
Basil's funeral knell.
Still the maiden clung most firmly, and, with
trembling lips and white,
Said, to hush her heart's wild beating—
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying, and the
maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the dark old ladder, where, for many
years before,
Human foot had not been planted. The brave
deed that she had done
Should be told long ages after, as the rays of
setting sun
Should illumine the sky with beauty; aged sires,
with heads of white,
Long should tell the little children—
Curfew did not ring that night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie
saw him, and her brow,
Full of hope and full of gladness, has no anxious
frown now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands
all bruised and torn;
And her face so sweet and pleading, yet with
sorrow pale and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eye
with misty light.
"Go! your lover lives," said Cromwell—
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

—Selected.
It was George Herbert who said a handful of
good life is worth a bushel of learning.

The Family Circle.

A Life of Deceit.

BY MARILLA.

CHAPTER III.

Over a year had passed since Mr. Mason's departure, and still his wife could learn nothing of him. Had the quiet of her present life remained unbroken, it might have been better, we can not tell. The duties of school were over for the week, and Mary was sewing in her lonely room. A light shadow fell across her work, and looking up, she saw a woman by the open door. She was a stranger, weary and dusty, and Mary hastened to bid her come in and rest, thinking, as she did so, "how very pretty this young woman would be, were it not for the brilliant, restless, half-insane light in her eyes."

"Tell me," said the stranger, half-despairingly, "tell me! Who are you?"

"I am Mrs. Elmer Mason," was Mary's pleasant, low-toned reply.

"No, no! Don't say that! It can't be true! They told me it was so, but I can not, can not believe it. Only say it is false, and I will go."

"My poor, poor sister, what is it? What can I say to comfort you?" and Mary leaned tenderly over the stranger, removing her bonnet, and brushing the soft brown hair from the pale, pleading face, lifted toward hers with such soul-touching pathos.

"Only say you are not Elmer Mason's wife; then, oh then, my soul will bless you, and God in heaven will bless you."

"I can not, I am his wife. Why should you wish me to deny it?"

"You are—his—wife? It is all true then, and I am lost, lost, eternally lost."

And the wail of anguish which came from the young stranger's lips seemed to find response in the deep heart-throbs, the suppressed breath and the ashy hue of Mary Mason's face, as she sank on the floor beside the stranger, and clasped her hands in silence—silence so full of agonizing power that one could not help feeling that it touched the heart of Him who ruleth in the heavens of heavens. In that moment Mary knew that to her life had come the one great sorrow from which a true woman's heart can never recover. It did not need the words which followed to tell her this.

Twilight had no golden glow that night, and darkness was fast closing around these two saddened women, when the young stranger, in broken sentences, related the following:

"You wonder why I came," she began, "but I couldn't live if I didn't. They told me a month ago that my husband had another wife, but I would not believe it. They brought me papers to prove it, and I turned from them in scorn. Had we not been playmates together in childhood, and true friends in early youth? When my name was Bell Gibson, and I was in my home in Vermont, did not Elmer Mason promise to make me his bride? And when I met him a year ago in Chicago, did he not seem so happy, and did he not assure me that he had been true to me through all these years, never for a moment caring for another? He had no need to win my heart; it was already his; and soon as he gained my father's consent, we were married. It is true he was greatly changed after this, often drinking to excess, but I never doubted his constancy—no never—though I heard almost everything—until last week when our post-master received the letter you wrote, inquiring about—about my—one whom I truly thought was my husband. They tried to keep me away from you, but I hoped you would tell me all was false, and I would come. Now, O my God! my God! how can I go back?" and the once joyous, trusting girl fell forward and fainted from excess of sorrow and fatigue.

Soon as she was sufficiently restored to health, Bell went to the home of her parents in Michigan. Two weeks later, there was a sad, sad funeral, and Mr. and Mrs. Gibson laid their only daughter in her last resting-place, with the sweet face of her new-born babe pressed close to her pulseless heart—safe, yes, forever safe from the grief which had murdered her mother, just as truly as though the glittering blade had severed the vital chord.

Of Elmer Mason's subsequent life, I know very little save that he returned to California, and—it is terrible to relate, the record ever be a warning to those who are following in his footsteps—I read his name in the list of those who were "killed and horribly mangled" by the Modocs.

It seems an awful ending to this life of Deceit—but there is more, for "after this the judgment," and "if the righteous are scarcely saved, where will the ungodly and the sinner appear?"

For a time, Mary feared that the light of her mind would forever be clouded in darkness. Grief like hers was too deep, too real for the eye of the world, and she shut it all up in her bursting heart.

While the billows swept over her, she was enabled to grasp the oars of faith, and row her tossing, trembling bark nearer and nearer to the only safe moorings, until she felt that she could lay her hand on the outstretched arm of the Saviour, trusting that, when "all the waves" had gone over her, he would bring her up, purified, cleansed and redeemed, to the Father's home, beyond the cloud, the storm and the tempest.

Truth being founded upon a rock, you must boldly dig to see its foundations, without fear of destroying the edifice; but falsehood being laid on the sand, if you examine its foundations you cause it to fall.

The Drummer Boy's Story.

Nearly twenty-five years ago, a lad, at the age of twelve, enlisted in the Italian army as a drummer boy, under the command of Garibaldi. Some six years after that, however, he was compelled to seek a home beyond the seas in the far-off land of America. It was hard to part with his parents and only sister, but the dangers to which he was exposed at home made it necessary, and he was hurried from the embraces of his dear and fond mother to look for friendship among strangers. Of course he was an Italian of the Catholic Church, and, though young, he bore away with him to America much of the prejudices of that belief and all the rankest hatred against the Protestant heretics. A brother, considerably older than himself, had accompanied him from home; and with this exception he was entirely without a friend, a lonely stranger in a strange land, under the disadvantage of knowing but very little of the English language.

Some months after his arrival in America, as he walked along the foot-path of one of our great cities, in passing by an open door, he heard the sound of singing. The young Italian's soul was stirred at the strains of music, so much loved and cultivated in his peninsular home, and he stopped to listen for a moment. Scarcely knowing how, he found himself within the door. It was a Protestant church and they were holding revival meetings. He immediately saw that he had got into a church of "heretics," but still they sang, and his passion for the music excited him for the time, because it was that which he had sung so often when at his mother's side far away in Italy.

And yet he trembled and feared exceedingly to be there, for he had been taught from infancy that it was wrong even to step within the door of a Protestant church or tread upon any such unholy ground. His next thoughts were, that a Roman Catholic, of course, was not allowed within their place of worship, which alarmed him very much, and yet he dare not leave; for, if he did, they would certainly see him and hand him over to punishment. "If it were only in Italy," he said to himself, "I might go out and not be seen, for there no one turns his head to look at those coming in or going out, but here it is the very opposite." He next had thoughts of telling them who he was; but if he did, he feared they would certainly put him out, and he could not bear so much disgrace. He finally concluded to imitate them in their worship as the best means of escaping detection.

When the singing was over, an old father in the church arose and told the story of the love of Christ—that "he was rich, yet for our sake became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich;" that he came to seek and to save the lost; and that he invited the homeless and friendless to himself. He told them, too, that Jesus Christ is the great High Priest who has passed into the heavens, and that to him they might come, make confession and receive pardon of sin, without approaching him through the Romish confessional. He then urged his hearers to come forward to the altar and indicate their willingness to submit themselves to the saving grace of Christ.

This little Italian boy thought that he ought to go to the altar, too; for he felt that he was a sinner as much as any that were there. He went; he confessed, but according to the Romish fashion, naming over in his broken English, all the wicked things he had ever done. The old deacon thought him profane, and told him if he used such bad language he must be put out of the church. At this he was afraid and began to pray, but not being able to express himself freely in English, soon glided into the Italian tongue and fervently prayed for a length of time. His Italian prayer afforded much amusement to the less thoughtful of the congregation, but to God it was as acceptable as English; and the stranger boy then and there experienced that change of heart which those alone feel who know that their sins are washed away in the blood of Christ, and he went home to his brother, singing a song of redeeming love, and thinking, of course, that he would certainly join him in his happy life.

His brother said to him, "You are drunk!"

He answered, "I am drunk with the love of God."

"You are a heretic!" said his brother.

"I am a Christian, my brother," said he.

"I will turn you out of my house as a cursed heretic!" said his brother.

"I love my brother and am a Christian," said he, meekly.

His brother was enraged. He was much the stronger; he tied his hands, he stripped him of his clothes, and whipped him till the blood trickled from the wounds. He would not permit him to sleep in the house; he slept in a stable. He gave him nothing to eat. He persecuted him for three months, day and night. He wrote to his parents in Italy, telling them that his young brother had become a heretic. His sister fainted at the news; his mother tore her hair and wept, and cried, "My poor boy, my poor boy! he is lost, he is lost! I have raised my poor boy up for the devil!" His father cursed him with a terrible curse, and his mother said she disowned him from that hour, and she kept her terrible purpose. They wrote to his brother, charging him to whip him, to break his back, to kill him rather than let him be a heretic. Surely, poor little Antonio bore persecution from father and mother and sister and brother for Jesus' sake, and might look to Jesus for the promised reward. And yet he loved his parents and brother the more. His new religion taught him so.

Three months had passed away; it was a Sabbath evening—he rose to leave the house. His brother demanded of him where he was going. He said, "To church."

"If you go, you will pay for it with your life," said his brother.

He left the house; his brother followed him with a club, Antonio looked around and saw him crouching with the weapon. He stopped; he knelt on the street, and shutting his eyes said, "My brother, will you kill me? If you do, the guilt will be upon your own head; I commit my soul to God."

There was perfect silence for a moment. He heard the club fall to the ground; he opened his eyes and saw his brother in tears. He instantly fell upon his brother's neck and cried, "Antonio, pray for me!" He did pray for him; they both prayed aloud; and in their secret closet afterwards, at home, made a covenant with each other to love and serve Jesus Christ.

And now the little boy thought he must become a preacher of that precious gospel that had saved himself and his brother; but how could that be?—for he was a poor scholar, and also poor and friendless and a stranger in a strange land. But he had a will and a firm determination to be a preacher. He had learned to sing; he could do so, still. He hired public halls, and evening after evening entertained in that way all who came. After he had learned the English language somewhat more perfectly, he entertained his audience with declamation also. This increased his income a little. He went to school and then to college, supporting himself all the time in the way already mentioned. Next he prepared a lecture on Italy, which he delivered often and with much acceptance. For eight long years he worked hard and practiced the strictest economy, spending not over two hundred dollars a year in his entire expenses. His daily fare was potatoes, bread and molasses, and his clothing the humblest to be seen.

For all his self-denial and devotion he had a rich reward. He stood before a crowded congregation in one of our city churches and announced the following as his text—"When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." And we know that the text was true; for, when he had been disowned by his mother, God had taken him up and made him a burning and a shining light in preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ. And he has yet a richer reward than that before him—"for they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."—N. Y. Observer.

How a Snail Found a Name.

My story is a true one, and when you have read it, I think you will agree with me that my hero, though small, was not to be despised. He lived in the midst of an old wood, where the tops of the tall trees met, keeping out the sun's light and warmth. Moss-covered stumps and logs lay upon the ground; between them grew the tall ferns and, brightly-colored toad-stools. Now and then, little scarlet lizards would dart out from under the stones, and scamper off out of sight again at the least noise. My hero was not able to run as fast as they; but he plodded along quietly, doing the best he could, which is all that should be expected of anybody. His home was not in any one place, for he traveled about all day, looking for his dinner, and, when he found it, he generally spent the night near by; this was the most convenient way, for, like a soldier, he carried his tent with him.

At the time of which I am telling, the house on his back was nearly an inch across, and beautifully striped and spotted with brown and gold. This house, strange to say, grew all the time as he grew, and he was fastened so tightly to it that he could not have left it if he would. His body was flat on the lower side, and, instead of feet, there were a great many little suckers, with which he could hold very fast to a stone or piece of wood, or could walk at his pleasure. By this time you will have found out that he was a snail. I dare say you have often met his brothers and cousins when you have been walking in the woods in summer.

One day, while he was carefully climbing up the side of a fallen tree, he heard such a queer noise just above him, that he came very near losing his hold and tumbling back to the ground; but, remembering in time that in that case he might fall against a stone and crack his beautiful shell, he stood still, and listened instead. Two squirrels were talking very hard, while a bird sat near by on a twig, joining in now and then.

"You are nobody," said the biggest squirrel, in a loud, angry tone; "only a little striped thing. What business have you stealing my nuts?"

A timid voice replied: "I am sure I did not think of stealing from any one."

"You had better not try it again," said the first. "My name is Lord Gray; but you have no name."

"Oh, dear, yes," sang the bird, merrily; "his name is Chippy; and my name is Rob in Redbreast; and we are just as good as you, Lord Gray, any day." And away he flew.

"How much they talk about names," thought our little friend, the snail. "Now, I would not tell Lord Gray, but I have no name that I ever heard of. How could I get one, I wonder?"

Then, as the two squirrels scampered away, he continued his walk, and was soon over the log. All day long he thought over this new idea—how he should find a name,—till he forgot all about the fat, white toad-stools he was un-ably loved, and passed at least a dozen in his walk. He could hardly sleep a wink that night; but, when morning came, feeling hungry, he set off, as usual, in search of a breakfast. On his way, he came to a big rock, and as he never went around anything, no matter how hard it was to climb over, he was just starting up its steep side when, oh, horror, something big and white pounced on him, and lifted him quite off his feet. The surprise was so great he forgot to run into his house, and finding himself on a firm standing place, he ventured to take a few steps, coming to the

edge of the land he was on, and looking over. This made him dizzy, though he was so very far from the ground. A young girl had picked him up, and now looked at him admiringly.

"What a beauty!" she said. "I will take him home, and keep him for a pet."

Our hero now retired into his house, refusing to come out till he thought he felt himself on firm ground again. It was not the ground, however, but a broad window-seat, and three pairs of eyes were staring at him.

"What shall I call him?" asked his young mistress.

"How would Helix do?" said one of her companions.

"Beautifully, thank you. Now, he must have a large place to live in."

So a large pan was brought, and filled with moss. In the middle they planted a bunch of pure white plants called "Indian pipes," and around the edge, little vines and ferns. This was to be Helix's home.

When he heard himself called by this pretty name, his little heart beat joyfully; he had found what he sought, and was a happy fellow. For dinner, instead of a toadstool diet, of which, on the whole, he was rather tired, something new and very delicious was put before him. He did not know what it was, but I will tell you. It was sponge-cake, moistened with water. Oh! what a happy time he had now. Plenty of dinners, without the trouble of going in search of them; soft moss to walk over; and, after a time, several other snails came to share his quarters. They had names, too, such as "Sewell," named for the mountain which they were living, "Fayette," for the country, &c. &c. None, however, was so dear to his mistress's heart as Helix. She watched him growing every day fatter and prettier and often let him walk all over her hand, holding on so tightly with his soft little feet—or what served the purpose of feet to him. When he wanted to go anywhere, he put out a pair of short horns to feel with; and his eyes were on the ends of a pair of longer horns. All these horns he could draw in close to his head, when he liked.

One unlucky day his mistress was going out to ride on horseback. She was not to return for several hours, and fearing that her precious Helix might wander too far in her absence, she put him under a tumbler on the sill. She never thought about the hot sun, which would by-and-by reach her window; but, after taking a loving look at him, went gaily away. At first, Helix was pretty comfortable, but it began to grow hotter and hotter. He came out of his shell as far as he could for a breath of air, but he could get none. When, after several hours, his mistress returning hastened to let out the captive, she found him stretched out under the burning sun stiff and dead. She took him up tenderly, and sprinkled cold water on him; but when she found it was all of no use, and that help had come too late, she sat down with him in her hand and had a good cry. For besides the fact that he had lost a dear little pet, she blamed herself for forgetting that snails love cool, damp places, and can not bear the heat of the sun. A picture she had drawn of him was carefully put away with his empty shell, no longer brown and golden, but white and homely; for the little Helix had left his house, and gone where the good snails go.—St. Nicholas.

Literary Review.

THE MODE OF MAN'S IMMORTALITY: or, the When, Where and How of the Future Life. By Rev. T. A. Goodwin. A. M. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. 1874. 12mo. pp. 238.

The direct and concise style of writing which the author has adopted as editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, appears in this later product of his pen. It is also the product of his brain, for it is a book with an idea, its purpose being to show that the ancient orthodox phrase and creed of "the resurrection of the body" is contrary to "sense, sentiment, science and the Bible." His idea is that there is no bodily resurrection; that it is purely a spiritual operation, and that we have done with our bodies when we enter the region of death. This doctrine will be acceptable to many. That it is distasteful to his Methodist brethren would appear from the hostile criticism which they give it, and the report that the author is about to be visited by church discipline. It can be profitably read by those whose opinions of the resurrection are not yet fixed, even if it does not confirm them in the author's view. It is certainly consoling in its views of the immortal state, and will help many a timorous soul to meet death with joy, as it should console stricken mourners with a firmer faith.

HISTORY OF GERMANY. By James Sime, M. A. Edited for American readers by Edward A. Freeman, D. C. L. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1874. 10mo. pp. 283. This is the fifth volume of "Freeman's Historical Course for Schools," the preceding volumes dealing with the history of England, Scotland and Italy. The object of the series is to present clear and correct views of history in simple language, small space, and cheap form. The object is fairly achieved, and the publishers deserve the thanks of all who are interested in multiplying the facilities for historical information. The volumes are all edited by Mr. Freeman, which is sufficient guaranty that they will be intelligently and correctly prepared. Companion volumes on France, Greece and America are in preparation.

FROM THE CLOUDS TO THE MOUNTAINS. Comparing narratives of strange adventures by air, land and water. By Jules Verne. Boston: William F. Gill & Co. 1874. 12mo. pp. 285.

The Jules Verne literature is having its day. And judging from the large number of publishers who are dipping into it, it must be rather a prosperous day. The American public is peculiarly the one to be interested in such tales as he writes, comprising, as they do, accounts of voyages to the moon, falling from a balloon five thousand feet to the earth and taking notes on the way, penetrating to the center of the earth without being melted, &c. &c. A redeeming quality of his stories is the usually correct scientific knowledge that is displayed in them, and that also gives an air of probability to the impossible adventures. The stories in the present volume are the same, under slightly different

titles, that Osgood & Co. lately published under the general name of "Doctor Ox." The translation is made by A. L. Alger, and is quite faithfully done. The illustrations are striking and spirited. A chapter on the 40th French ascent of Mont Blanc is written by Paul, a brother of Jules Verne.

Pamphlets, Magazines, &c.

THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW (New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.) for September and October is up to the interesting standard of the previous numbers. It contains a candid and intelligent written article on "The Negroes in the Gulf States," by E. T. Winkle, D. D., of Georgia; a paper by Prof. Geo. L. Austin, of Cambridge, on "Leonardo da Vinci and His Works," the Tragedy of "Ariston" by Dr. Pressensere; "The Moral Condition of France in 1874"; a scientific article on the Sun by Prof. Young, of Dartmouth; and an interesting paper by Free. C. F. Magou, D. D., entitled "Charles Sumner and International Peace," besides several pages of literary criticism.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for September is an unusually attractive number. Our personal interest in it is increased by the opening article on "Negro Schools." The scene is laid at Harper's Ferry, West Virginia, and the school actually described is the well known Storer Normal school. The illustrations, by Porter Crayon, from life, and among the portraits it is easy to recognize several persons who have been connected with the school. Of course the illustrations represent the mirrid and grotesque side of negro character, but the article itself gives a dignified and generally truthful account of the actual negro school. There are also, in this number, valuable papers on ancient sculpture, the South Sea Islands, United States Observatories, and other interesting topics.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY contains a pleasant story by Bayard Taylor, parts VII-IX of Howells's charming novel, several sketches of travel and adventure, several fine poems, and critical articles on a variety of literary topics. There are also important papers on Education, and criticisms of recent Art. The magazine maintains its high rank, seemingly unaffected by a change of publishers. It may be had of Hurd & Houghton, New York; or, H. O. Houghton & Co., Boston.

The leading article in the GALAXY is a sketch of Marshal MacMahon, by Eli Reclus, the distinguished French General and litterateur. Another noticeable article, entitled "The Romance of Holland House," which is based upon the book of the Princess of Liechtenstein and other authorities, contains a fund of curious anecdote and unfamiliar history connected with this most interesting of English palaces. Mr. Richard Grant White contributes a second installment article upon the "Music of the Future," discussing this time the composition of Franz Liszt, the great rival of Wagner in the new school of music. J. T. Headley also contributes a pleasant Italian picture woven into the form of a love story, the scene being laid in Genoa. There are two other love tales in the number, the best being an English one by Theo. Gift. A fair sprinkling of poetry and the usual Departments of Literary Criticism, Science, and Gossip, complete a varied and entertaining number.

SCRIBNER'S is packed full of interesting reading. Edward King continues "The Great South," taking up Alabama, and Mississippi; the New York Normal College is described at some length; Bret Harte has an interesting story; B. F. Taylor contributes one of his inimitable papers; "The Mysterious Islands," by Verne, and "Katherine Earle," by Adeline Trafton, are continued; and there are other noticeable articles, besides the editorial department proper, which is always nearly as good as it can be.

OLD AND NEW has an interesting table of contents. Mr. Hale reduces the number under the usual title, this time dealing with the vital religious questions which are now before the world, observing that "all Europe is discussing the relations of Church and State." All America, save a few cruetty critics, is indifferent to those relations; and he goes on to point out certain "grotesque and preposterous sides" to nearly all the current religious movements, not omitting the Evangelical Alliance and Father Hyacinth's "pope solutions" of the questions that perplex him and his brother reformers. It is a suggestive article. R. S. Hazard contributes a paper in which he maintains that we have an inquisition in the arbitrary management of politics; and there are also carefully prepared articles on "The Emperor Nicholas," by Party Treason and Civic Duty; and a story entitled "Nicotelle and Aucassin," by E. E. Hale, besides the usual review of new books and recent music.

LIPPINCOTT'S is itself. "The New Hyperion," by Edward Stratemeyer, illustrated by Dore, is quaint, original, and enjoyable. The second paper, "A Visit to the Dolomites," is fresh and sprightly, with some charming and well-executed illustrations. "Glimpses of Genoa," by K. Davey, is an admirable paper containing numerous valuable facts and suggestions. The present installment of "Macdonald," by George Macdonald, is very amusing, with some odd and almost tragic scenes, such as the Scotch alone would think of acting or describing. "Recollections of Massimo D'Azeglio," by T. Adolphus Trollope, is a thoroughly interesting paper, well written, and containing much information on Italian subjects. The poetry of the number is remarkably good and the Monthly Gossip is bright and familiar.

THE REPUBLICAN has a table of contents that will be agreeable to all interested in politics. The object of the magazine is the dissemination of political intelligence, and it keeps its object well in view. Among some twenty articles in the number for August, the one entitled "The Republican Party," in which is shown its relations to the welfare of the country, is deserving of a careful perusal at the present time. So also, the articles on "The Republican Party and Reconstruction," "Transportation Corporations and Congress and the Supreme Court," "The National Finances," and others. This magazine is published monthly, at \$2 per annum.

Harper's two weekly publications, the BAZAR and the WEEKLY, maintain their excellent reputation and high rank. The illustrations are invariably chaste, which is a desideratum, considering the wide influence that their great circulation gives them. There are some stylish patterns in the current number of the Bazar, and some very pretty designs in needle work.

ARTHUR'S for September contains its usual variety of entertaining reading, with the customary fashion plates, needle-work patterns, and historical sketch, the subject of the latter for this month being "Westminster Abbey."

ST. NICHOLAS has now established a reputation for brightness, smartness, boldness and thorough originality, that has rarely been excelled in the department of juvenile literature. Its illustrations are excellent, while some of them are so irrepressibly funny that one can hardly trust himself to look at them with more than one eye at a time, for fear that a full view would act as a too violent explosive. We advise all the girls and boys to sell whatever they have at once and subscribe for it.

Literary Miscellany.

The Holiday Question.

A correspondent of the *Christian Union* finds in the late festival of St. Peter and St. Paul in Switzerland an occasion for the following discussion of the holiday question:

A leading Leipzig paper, last December, announced to its readers an auspicious new development in American affairs. It anticipated upon the Puritanic austerity which had from the beginning prevailed in our country and which had repressed all public expressions of rejoicing and festivity. But this reign of severity had now been innovated upon, and a more hopeful era been inaugurated since "General Grant had for two years past taken the novel step of appointing a public Thanksgiving day."

What is called the "American lack of Holidays" has often been the theme of European comment—comment it must be confessed sometimes a little more intelligent than the above. Writers among ourselves also have deplored the comparative absence from our calendar of those *Festivals and Fêtes* which occupy so large a space in the almanac of the German and Latin races. Indeed, something has been done among us by legislative enactment to increase the number of our recognized gala occasions. Quite a considerable addition to the list has thus, with one degree of authority or another, been made; so that with Fourth of July and Washington's Birthday and Decoration Day and New Year's and Christmas and Thanksgiving, our young America has a tolerable chance to relax and jolly. Whether there are enough is a debatable question. Perhaps our tense-strung competitive activity needs more of them than it is likely to gain. Certainly, if there is power in such days to repair nervous wastes and smooth the forehead of anxious struggle, they are nowhere more wanted than in our land. But to wish to have the Continental frequency and facility in holidaying transferred to American life is certainly to wish very inconsiderately. Much of this frequency and facility would be, in any case, utterly incapable of transfer. It grows out of an immeasurable difference of character and motive in life. The holidays of the more southern portions of Europe, for example, are the holidays of comparatively idle, irresponsible, childish people, between whom and the forecasting, strenuous inhabitants of our land there is a wider gulf than any reckoned by longitude. To make Americans take to their holidaying with that sort of infantile careless delight with which Italians do, you must first unlearn in them many of the best lessons of moral and practical experience, ingrained in the race for centuries. It is certainly a very entertaining sight to look at St. Mark's Square on a Venice festa day, or for that matter, at the *cave hour* of any bright summer evening. But before such a spectacle could become even possible in America half of what America is, worth loving for must have been lost.

And even where we have a very different and stronger people to deal with, as in Germany, one would do well to hesitate long before wishing to see their usages in this matter of holidays made common among us. The holiday question even here has its reverse side.

Undoubtedly it is a pleasant spectacle before New Year's time to see every German town turned for days into a kind of greenwood bower with Christmas trees for every household, and to witness the whole population given up to the apparent purpose of celebrating the week's last festival. But when you come to know at what an inconvenient and sometimes mischievous stand-still business and handicraft find themselves at these periods, and how often the respite from work is used by the laboring class in a kind of dissipation which incapacitates rather than invigorates them for resuming toil, it is easy to see there is no small deduction from the rosy aspect of the occasion. "Blue Monday" is the common title among artisans and manufacturers of the day which follows the most frequent German holiday. And it gains its title from the condition in which the holiday leaves its celebrants.

I happened last winter to have need of a little skilled labor on a piece of mechanism on which only the better class of workmen would be employed. But the proprietor of the large establishment in Stuttgart, where such work is performed, told me that his business was at a pause, and that for nearly twelve days about the New Year he could not promise a stroke of work from any man. Simply in an economic point of view one wonders that the thrifty German people keep so long their laborers from their work. For that they cleave to them chiefly as an inheritance from earlier and less strenuous times there can be no question. In fact, even in Germany the multiplicity of the old *Festivals* is felt to be irksome. They are, many of them, falling into disuse. Relics of church festivals and of good times gone by, when between his priest and his governor a man had almost no responsibilities left to him, they are found now somewhat in the way in these crowded days of politics and busy trade.

The truth of the matter seems to be that the elaborate holidaying of the past is incompatible with the altered conditions of modern life. In Venice, formerly, the Carnival lasted a hundred days. Now it is but a ghost or a merry-making and scarce tolerated for a week. What splendid times they used to have in Rome when the Barbary horses ran wild in the Corso, or the poor Jews reeled by under the streaming banners to please Pope's and Christian's eyes! It is but a faded, make-believe specter of jollity once seen there now on the return of those gala days. Where are the tournaments and spectacles with which Northern and even English lands decorated themselves at recurrent annual periods? Gone, with the idler thoughts and the less strenuous duties of the days which gave them birth.

The conventional, hereditary holiday sits but uneasily on modern society. In fact, there may be room for a time to discard it completely for good. Some scope must be left for play or the machinery will certainly heat and break. And it is to some extent, it must be admitted, a new experiment which America is trying in having so comparatively few of these authorized days of rest.

But the lesson of the necessity of repose is not one which it is needful, as yet, on the Continental soil very strongly to urge. On the contrary, an American sojourning here sees reason sometimes for feeling that one of the things he has cause to respect in his nation is this, that America has not, and could not enjoy if she had, the characteristics, of recurring European holidays.

The great question of life is the suffering we cause, and the utmost ingenuity of metaphysics can not justify the man who has pierced the heart that loves him.

Disraeli as a Prophet.

Mr. Disraeli's prophecy that "there are agencies at work preparing a period of great disturbance" in Europe has been so often repeated as to be impressive, and as to betray, at least, the anticipation of such a coming disturbance weighs and has long weighed heavily upon the English Premier's mind. Before he attained office, he never let slip an opportunity of declaring his belief in the rapid approach of a European conflict; and since that event, he has again and again warned the House of Commons to take heed of the signs of the times. In his assumed heroic character of the English champion of Protestantism, he has more than once explicitly referred to the coming struggle as one between "the spiritual and temporal powers." It is to be the old religious war revived, repeated, and intensified. The power of Rome is still formidable enough to inspire a doubtful conflict. The influence of the clergy still rivals that even of statesmen of Bismarck's mold. The force of religious conviction and devotion is the more powerful for its absence from the German people. Bismarck is doing in Germany is but the prologue to what is to occur throughout Europe, and what England herself can not hope to escape from. Meanwhile it is sufficient to cast a glance over the European situation, to see that Mr. Disraeli's more general prophecy is no wild guess, no sensational scare of a mere politician seeking popularity. The Premier has means of knowledge hidden from the world at large; but his reading of secret politics only confirms what careful observers of the world otherwise than gravely suspect. Germany, by the medium of Prince Bismarck, is not only pursuing with undiminished vigor her proscribing process against the Catholics, but is manifestly striving to extend her influence throughout all European affairs, and seeking to control, doubtless for ends of her own, the course of events among the other nations. To interfere with the Carlists is to serve herself two-fold. In Carlism she aids in crushing one of the last elements of Ultramontanism which yet survives; and she embarrasses and hinders the progress of France. By instigating Italy to an attitude of imperious demand towards France, Germany clinches the hostility of Italy to her ancient ally, and draws closer the bonds of the Italian alliance with herself.

Germany, moreover, is tenacious in preserving the friendship of Russia; and by this link the grave situation of Western Europe, the struggle between the temporal and the spiritual powers, the efforts of France and Spain in the direction of self-government, the contest between Italy and Papacy, are singularly connected with the great impending contest between Russia and England for supremacy in the East. The attempted assassination of Bismarck, attributed unjustly to a Catholic plot, will, it is to be feared, have the effect of pushing Germany to excessive severities in her prosecution of the German Catholics; and here may come the beginnings of a conflict which, by the inextricable interlacing of all great European questions, promises to be general. England's position in such a contingency may well fill Mr. Disraeli with perplexity and disturb his otherwise rather drowsy rule. For England must choose between consenting to further Russian conquest in Central Asia, thus imperiling her Indian dominion, and allying herself with what Mr. Disraeli regards as the Catholic interests of France and the reactionary interests of Austria. The line of alliance on the continent is already pretty clearly drawn. Germany, Russia, Italy seem to be on one side; France and Austria and Turkey on the other. If the coming struggle is to be a mixed religious, territorial and revengeful one, the interests of these two groups are evident. France and Austria are Catholics, and have their territorial losses acquired by Germany, to avenge; Germany is Protestant, Russia and Italy are at least anti-Catholic; Germany's ambition is to control Europe, Russia's to control Asia, and Italy's to be rid of Papal resistance; neither of these ambitions clash, and each may give a *quid pro quo* for the aid of the others. England already fears the growth of Germany, and her material interests have long coincided with those of France; but will the champion of Protestantism, to save India, array himself against what he regards as the Protestant cause of Europe? This is what gives a pang to the Disraelian dream; and well it may.—*Boston Post.*

The Worth of Fine Manners.

It would be vain as if it would be ungracious to combat against the favorable influence of charm of manner. Engaging manners and bright conversation must and will always away those brought under their attraction, and it is right that they should. They are the qualities, though they may be only natural ones; and the enjoyment of them in others may be accepted as one of the amenities of our lot, if we meet with them in the order of Providence, and do not go out of our way to put ourselves under their influence. What a catalogue of social virtues it needs to make a man generally beloved—sweetness of temper, good-nature, a yielding will, and ready compliance, a toleration of others' infirmities, and forbearance under small slights and trifles, sympathy with others in their feelings, and delicacy of adaptation. Many a hero—we may add, many a saint—is without them, and makes his great cause to suffer from their absence. The reward of his labors is sought in a higher sphere, not in the praise of men; and his greatest admirers have often to become his apologists in the minor details of deportment and manner, concessions that he who would sacrifice his life for the sake of religion, or for the good of his fellow men, yet failed to make himself agreeable to his personal acquaintances. But because from the infirmity of our nature great interests and high aims often make us regardless of lesser proprieties, let us not esteem the want of them as other than a fault, nor grudge the domestic philanthropist who cheers his neighbors' friends, who raises their dulled spirits, whose presence brings refreshment with it, whose ennobles their every-day joys, and sympathizes in their trials—though it may be only through the impulses of a genial nature—his reward, in his indulgent hosts of friends, with their warm welcomes, hearty praises, affectionate attentions, tender regrets.—*The Christian Remembrancer.*

A Call for Common Sense.

Everybody needs common sense. The need becomes more manifest as one occupies an elevated position, and attempts to exert important influence over many persons. Education only increases the necessity for common sense, because learning is dependent on it for its practical utility. Common sense is to knowledge as the helm

on the ship, that by whose guidance it girds the globe, and without whose aid its powerful machinery and broad sails only rush it the sooner to wreck.

No one, then, needs a larger stock of this plain possession than he who steps forth, from an extended course of intellectual training to assume the pastorate of a church, winning men to Christ and training men to Christ. The young preacher pre-eminently needs common sense. His personal piety is essential, his mental culture important; but more, perhaps, than either of these his every-day sense will prove the cord by which he shall be able to bind those whom he touches to himself, to the church, to God. As he lacks seriously in this particular, his learning is in peril of being pronounced pedantry, and his very piety reckoned hypocrisy.

It will be well for the brethren now passing into active life beneath the benediction of the seminaries, if they give good heed to the culture of common sense. It will likewise be well for the peace and power of the churches if they forget not to pray that this grace also may rest on the ministry.

Dr. Weston wisely closed his address to the recent graduating class at Crozer Seminary with these words: "I pray God that you may have common sense. Very many fail for want of it. Common sense teaches a man not to be deluded into a preconceived theory. Oh, for common sense that shall teach you what to say, and when to say it; that shall open your eyes so as to see more than was seen by the prophet's servant, when his eyes were opened by the divine power."

The Comet Dissected.

George M. Seabrook, the astronomer of "Temple Observatory," Rugby, writes to the *London Times* as follows:

"Sir: As no account of the constitution of this comet has yet appeared in your columns, I think it may be interesting to some of your readers to learn something of the teachings of its spectrum. It was examined on Wednesday night at the temple Observatory, Rugby, with the following results: The nucleus, or bright point of the comet, gave a continuous spectrum, of light of all colors. The four principal part preceding the nucleus gave also a faint spectrum crossed by three bright bands, showing the presence of light of three different colors only. From the faint part preceding the fan there was a spectrum of three bands only; and in the spectrum of the tail, now some five millions of miles long, the same bands appeared, together with a faint, continuous spectrum. The interpretation of these results is briefly this: A continuous spectrum shows the presence of either a solid, liquid, or gas at high pressure, so the nucleus is composed of one of these three, most probably of a solid—whether a solid ball or a thick cluster of small bodies does not appear, but the latter is more probable. The faint, continuous spectrum of the fan shows a constitution similar to that of the nucleus, and it is probably a more diffused cluster of small bodies, but the bright bands from it show the presence of a gas, and they are similar to the bands found in the spectrum of an incandescent gas consisting of carbon and hydrogen, such as the blue base of a gas flame; so there is evidence here of a hydro-carbon gas, and a gaseous state mixed with these small bodies forming the fan. The bands only from the part preceding the fan show the presence of this gas extending beyond the solid particles. The spectrum of the tail is evidence of its gaseous nature, but it also contains a certain quantity of solid particles sufficient to give the faint, continuous spectrum. Of late years it has been shown that certain comets and clusters of meteorites, such as give us those showers of August and November, travel on the same paths through space, and it is highly probable that some of the large comets mentioned by the ancients are now represented by flocks of meteorites; and now we have another clue to the constitution of comets—namely, that they are clusters of meteorites surrounded by a hydro-carbon gas. How this gas obtains its luminosity it is difficult to say, but it seems possible that a gas need not always be heated, in our ordinary sense, in order to render it luminous."

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.

D. H. LEACH, son of Rev. Mr. Leach, was drowned in Clearfield Co., Pa., August 3, 1874, aged 28 years and 8 months. He was a wife and one child. He was on the home-sounding logs; he fell in, and the logs closed over him. He was sober and industrious, and for the last few months had become very much interested in the Sunday school, and had been much improved by the uncertainty of life and the necessity of being prepared for death.

Mrs. PIERCE SMITH was born at Sandwick, N. H., July 6, 1793, and died at Newark, Vt., July 14, 1874, aged 81 years. She made a profession of religion at an early age, and was the laborer of Elder John Colby, and united with the P. Baptist church in Sandwick. She removed with her father, Dea. Joseph Rice, to Sutton, Vt., where she lived for many years, and was a devoted mother, and from her father inherited robust health, industrious habits, and also firm moral principles. She was married in 1812 to Samuel Smith, a native of New York, who was married to Amos Miller in Rutland Co., N. Y., June 29, 1834; removed to Elk Creek in 1835, and settled in the wilderness surrounded by the wolves in their native forests; was converted in 1835, and united with a P. B. church, and Amos Miller was chosen Deacon. The trials, privations, and hardships incident to pioneer life were theirs, often traveling by marked trail from two to ten miles for religious worship. Sister Smith was greatly beloved by all who knew her. Her circle of friends was large. She was a constant reader of the *Morning Star*, and a confiding friend to its editor, and its circulation was characteristic. Kind hearted to the poor, among the sick she was a watcher, and with a heart of generous impulse comforted the distressed, and gave the relief of the dying. She was the mother of six children, five of whom are still living.

POLLY, wife of Dea. Amos Miller, died of bronchial consumption, in Elk Creek, Erie Co., Pa., May 27, 1874, aged 70 years. Sister Miller was born March 9, 1804, in Norway, Herkimer Co., N. Y.; was married to Amos Miller in Rutland Co., N. Y., June 29, 1834; removed to Elk Creek in 1835, and settled in the wilderness surrounded by the wolves in their native forests; was converted in 1835, and united with a P. B. church, and Amos Miller was chosen Deacon. The trials, privations, and hardships incident to pioneer life were theirs, often traveling by marked trail from two to ten miles for religious worship. Sister Smith was greatly beloved by all who knew her. Her circle of friends was large. She was a constant reader of the *Morning Star*, and a confiding friend to its editor, and its circulation was characteristic. Kind hearted to the poor, among the sick she was a watcher, and with a heart of generous impulse comforted the distressed, and gave the relief of the dying. She was the mother of six children, five of whom are still living.

on the ship, that by whose guidance it girds the globe, and without whose aid its powerful machinery and broad sails only rush it the sooner to wreck.

SARAH J., daughter of Lucinda Morse, died of cholera at the home of her mother, in Gardiner, Me., April 16, 1874, aged 33 years. Sarah obtained a hope in Christ in the winter of '61, and with a sister, a brother and sixteen others was baptized by the writer, and united with the P. B. church, in Lockport, N. S. She was a constant, devoted Christian, and greatly beloved by a large circle of friends. She attended school at Hillsdale one year. It is seldom we find such an abiding trust in Christ as she showed during her sickness. All who visited her found her ready in exhortation to meet her in heaven. Sister Morse has lost two sons, one in the army of the late rebellion, the other, her only dependence in carrying on the farm, died of consumption. And now she mourns the loss of this Christian daughter. May the God of the widow and fatherless sustain her and her remaining three daughters, and aged mother.

J. H. PAGE.

SAMUEL B. CILLEY died at his residence in Northwood, Me., 25, of chronic diarrhoea, aged 58 years. During a period of more than thirty years, Bro. Cilley maintained an upright Christian walk. He was a good neighbor; an affectionate husband, and an efficient member of the society. He fell with his armor on; and when he died, all could say, A good man has fallen. He leaves a widow, with no children to comfort her in the hour of bereavement, while she bitterly mourns her loss. Funeral services by the writer.

L. P. B.

GEORGE W. THOMPSON died in Gifford, Aug. 10, of consumption, aged 45 years. He bore with patience and cheerfulness his protracted illness. He leaves a companion and four children. He served honorably in the late war, was baptized by Rev. G. M. Park, and died in hope of a better life.

S. C. K.

H. A. HARMON died in Leno, Ohio, Aug. 1, 1874, of consumption, aged 32 years.

J. M. CRANDALL.

Academies, &c.

LYNDON LITERARY INSTITUTION.

LYNDON CENTER, VT.

Faculty:

J. S. BROWN, A. M., Principal.

Rev. J. H. BROWN, A. M., Professor.

With a full complement of competent assistants.

Full term of 13 weeks, begins Tuesday Aug. 25, 1874.

Tuition:

Common English, \$5.00

Higher English, 7.00

Latin and Greek, 8.00

French (extra), 2.00

Instruction on Piano or Organ, 10.00

Use of Piano or Organ (extra), 2.00

Vocal Music, 15 Lessons, 1.50

Pennsylvania, 15 Lessons, 1.50

For full particulars 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-board.

Location:

This school, pleasantly located in the beautiful valley of the Passumpsic, and upon the line of the A. & P. R. R., has already, under its present efficient management, acquired a name and reputation second to no school of its kind 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 state, and is meeting with encouraging results.

For full particulars in regard to the School send for catalogue.

I. W. SANDOZ, Sec'y. Board of Trustees.

Lyndon Center, Vt., 1874.

31

WILTON COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

WILTON, MUSCATONIA CO., IOWA.

Full Term of 16 weeks, begins September 1st, 1874.

Winter Term, Jan. 1st, 1875.

Spring Term, April 1st, 1875.

S. HANNA, Principal.

BATES COLLEGE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

FALL TERM, 1874.

The Fall Term of the Theological School commences on Monday, September 1st, 1874.

For further information address the President, O. B. Cheney, D. D., or Professor John Fulton, Leavenworth, Mo.

J. A. HOWE, Sec.

MAINE CENTRAL INSTITUTE.

PITTSFIELD, ME.

Furnishes College Preparatory, Normal, Academic and Ladies' Full course of study. Terms, 10 weeks.

Full term commences Aug. 17, 1874.

Winter term commences Nov. 2, 1874.

Spring term commences Feb. 1, 1875.

Summer term commences April 19, 1875.

KINGSBURY BACHELDER, A. B., Principal.

CYRUS JORDAN, A. M., Principal of Normal Department, German, Physics and Dialectics.

MISS LINDA A. KIDDER, Preceptress, French, Geometry and Botany.

MISS LAVINA H. HAYNES, Normal classes include Latin, Algebra, Geometry, and Botany.

MISS ELLA C. HURD, Music and Algebra.

MISS ANGE E. HANSON, English studies.

Penmanship will be taught by an experienced Teacher.

No deduction for less than half term, except on special notice.

The price of board, in clubs, varies from \$1.00 to \$2.00 per week. The Ladies' clubs as well as gentlemen's are formed.

Rooms and board in private families at reasonable rates.

For further particulars, address the Secretary, at Pittsfield, Maine.

C. A. PARWELL, Secretary.

WEST VIRGINIA COLLEGE.

FLEMINGTON, TAYLOR CO., WEST VIRGINIA.

This Institution offers to students important and peculiar advantages. For particular information, send for a Circular.

Rev. W. COLGROVE, A. M., President.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

AGRICULTURAL SCIENTIFIC AND CLASSICAL.

Two Professors and Instructors. Not sectarian, but thoroughly Christian.

Location can not be surpassed in healthfulness, beauty, and convenience. The campus is a beautiful park, embracing 175 acres of land, 40 of which are under cultivation. Tuition, Boarding, Washing, Rent, Fuel and other expenses, \$1.00 per week.

For Catalogue and further information, address the President, Rev. W. CALDER, D. D., or the Preceptress, Miss JANE W. KOTT, 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 Doney, Miss Hoyt and Pres. Calder, all formerly of Hillsdale College, are laboring in this institution, and are much encouraged by the results already achieved.

1418

NICHOLS LATIN SCHOOL.

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

Full 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 an thorough manner as possible. Expenses are moderate. Send for catalogue.

A. M. JONES, Sec.

A

LOCATED AT WEST LEBANON, ME.

The Fall Term of this Institution commenced Tuesday, August 19, 1874, and continues eleven weeks, under the supervision of

MISS SARAH C. GILMAN, Assistant.

Mrs. E. E. LINT, 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 deleterious elements conducive to illness and pernicious to morals, common to large villages and cities.

The present management has great pleasure in presenting 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.

Common English, \$4.50
Latin and Greek, 5.00
Higher, 5.50
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.

ELIHU HAYES, Secretary.

West Lebanon, July 29, 1874.

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 fully taught as in Commercial Colleges, without extra charge.

EXPENSES.

Tuition for term of fifteen weeks \$10.00

Incidentals, 1.00

Board, per term, in private families, 2.50

Rooms for self-boarding from \$2 to \$6 per term.

EXTRA CHARGES.

Instrumental music, twenty-four lessons \$10.00

Vocal Music, fifteen lessons, 1.50

Pennsylvania, 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

W. M. REED, Sec.

Ridgeville, Ind., June 2, 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 is not surpassed in the high moral tone of its inhabitants, having no liquors or billiard saloons. The school enters upon 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. 26, 1874, - ends Nov. 21.

WINTER TERM opens Dec. 9, - ends March 6, 1875.

SPRING TERM opens March 24, 1875, - ends June 12.

For further particulars, address,

R. S. BRADLEY, A. M., Principal.

WHITWATER SEMINARY.

The 33rd Academic year of this institution will commence August 24th.

Full course of study for both sexes.

