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The Morning Star - volume 49 number 40 - October 7, 1874

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The Morning Star.

Volume XLIX.

DOVER, N. H., OCTOBER 7, 1874.

Number 40

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. STEVART, Publisher.

To whom all orders for business communications, notices, &c., should be sent. All communications designed for publication should be addressed to the Editor.

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2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, 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.

4. When Agents receive premiums, no per centage on money sent for the paper is allowed in addition.

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

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1874.

Burning Old Letters.

In the hush of winter midnight—
In the hush of the sleeping house—
When no wind-stir in the gloomy fire,
The spirits of storm to rouse;

When never a gleam of moonlight
Gleams from the great black sky,
By the red fire's glow as it smolders low,
We crouch, my letters and I.

My letters, they lie where I tossed them,
On the crimson hearth-rug there,
Still vivid and bright, in the ruddy light,
As cobras in their lair.

I brush the hair from my forehead,
That burns and throbs so fast,
Thinking the while, with a strange, dull smile,
Of the task I must do at last.

Who knows but I the comfort
Those foolish letters have been?
The depth and scope—the strength and hope—
Of these "leaves" that are always "green?"

Who knows but I how sadly,
To-morrow, I and my dream
By the ashes gray will weep and say:
"Wee! me for that vanished gleam."

"The gleam of idle gladness,
The glimmer of memories bright,
That hid in each line of those letters of mine,
Those letters I burn to-night?"

Ah, well! the dream was a folly;
Its joy was an idle thing;
Its hope was a lie, and its loyalty
Died of a whisper's sting.

So a kiss—the last—to my letters,
A resolute hand—and—there!
Do the dark eyes of my paradise
Meet mine through the fierce flame's flare?

New York Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Sept. 26, 1874.

Much unreasonable complaint was made last week against the weather prognostications of the Signal Service. The "probabilities" of clearing weather proved entirely groundless until the office gave them up in despair and turned to opposite predictions in the light of experience, when the weather immediately began to clear, after five full days and nights of almost unintermitted rain and storm. The absence of signal stations in the North Atlantic renders the coming and going of our northern storms, the most important on this coast, almost entirely inscrutable. The like cause vitiates the utility of the Signal Service in respect to storms in the south-east, which are not of so much consequence; but in this direction the service is not entirely without West Indian information. The important defects in weather reports from the North Atlantic, relating to the most dangerous of our storms, it would seem, must command a remedy at no distant day, which a moderate expense might in great part supply.

My Jewish neighbors celebrate to-day (or will to-morrow) their annual Thanksgiving for the fruits of the earth; in other words, the Feast of Tabernacles. Some of the Jewish synagogues are among the most beautiful and costly houses of worship in the city, and very elaborate preparations are made in connection with some of them for this feast. In the enclosures belonging to the synagogues, booths or arbors are erected, covered with leafy plants and flowers, and brilliantly illuminated. A table is spread, in a greater or less degree of elegance, with a vegetarian collation, consisting of bread, wine and fruit—the Jews, more simply than the Puritan fathers, conceiving that turkeys and such like are not fruits of the earth. Much is made of the music, or chanting of the thanksgiving psalms, in which some of the

rich synagogues vie expensively with the ambitious Christian churches.

The Jews are divided into two sects, the one strict and devout, and styled orthodox; the other latitudinarian, looking for no Messiah, believing or rather disbelieving as philosophically as our "radical" Unitarians or Free Religionists, making little of devotional observances, and styling themselves Reformers. The former profess to keep the rites of Moses as strictly as circumstances permit, and are careful in the observance of the Sabbath (Saturday); although altars for animal sacrifices have been wholly disused by the Jews for the centuries since Jewish worship of any demonstrative character became impossible through the intolerance of the Gentiles among whom they were "carried away captive." They could now carry out the Mosaic ritual to perfection, of course, if they chose to, but millenniums of suppression have extinguished tradition which is the vitality of observance, and nothing could revive it.

The distinction of orthodox and reformers is exhibited in the treatment of the present as well as other feasts. This was an eight days' feast, but is only commemorated at its two ends—the first day and the last—by the reformers, while five of the days are religiously observed by the orthodox. The latter begin the feast to-morrow, out of respect to their Sabbath, while the reformers take the date in course, without any such scruple. The orthodox celebrate the feasting publicly together in the booths, after the divine service in the synagogue, and some families still make booths at their homes and dwell in them for the eight days. The reformers merely display a fruit symbol in the public booths, and have a thanksgiving dinner at home, in the Yankee spirit if not in that style.

THE THIRD-TERM AGITATION.

This, it is well known, originated neither in actual or suspected aspiration of anybody, President or politician, but solely in the business policy of a sensation-monger (the New York Herald); after which it afforded the second-hand sensation-mongers something to talk about for a while, and finally it became something a little more substantial than a wandering voice" through the coincidence of general blundering, if not indecision, on the part of the chief Republican politicians, in respect to the currency question and others, which has made Grant the only public favorite now on the Washington stage. Now, it is becoming a sort of panic among the Grant-haters, who see a veritable danger that 1876 may come upon us without any available candidate except the present incumbent. Just at this juncture, too, the southern Democrats must rush in with their measures for producing whatever result they most dread. Since the Louisiana revolution was revolved back by the decision and prestige of the man of Appomattox, I have heard and felt more indications of serious contemplation of a third term for Grant than in all the year or more of previous harping on it. If things do not speedily mend at the South, people say, the unfinished war will call for Grant again in 1876, if for no other reason, because the irreconcilables so thoroughly fear him that an order with his signature will go further than a battle and a victory under any other President.

The Republican politicians perhaps look with as little favor on a third term, personally, as do the opposition, and they could have silenced the guns of the opposition on this point in the neatest manner by a simple nomination of Governor Dix for President, which could have done nobody harm, and might in some contingencies do themselves much good. A frank and honest tribute to Gov. Dix, of this sort, would have met with wide approbation, however, and would have had a good effect. Wanting that, a significant vote in his favor for Governor, by an overwhelming majority of the state, may answer the same purpose, and even put him forward farther than any convention could. As the Nation says, he will call out, as no one else, "the respectable and disgusted vote," and the man who unites that with the popular vote of his party, will come out a long way ahead.

The anticipated change in our system of periodical postage on the first of next January, necessitates present arrangements with reference to it, on the part of publishers. It does not appear that the leading newspaper and periodical publishers will make any addition to their subscription prices on account of the prepayment of postage, although it is certain that a very general economy in the thickness of paper will be visible. News agents will be charged with postage when paid, of course, but subscribers will get the benefit of it, except as the discounts to clubs and the premiums may be reduced.

There was some hoo-blooming that may have been more or less or not at all significant, at the reception of Rev. Dr. Budington on his return to Brooklyn this week. Dr. Storrs participated, and so did Dr. Duryea, of the Presbyterian church, who made, what seemed, under the circumstances, a sharp allusion, when commending Dr. Cuyler to Dr. Budington as a comrade in the ministry who would not break the moral law. I do not interpret Dr. Duryea's allusion. But there is no sort of doubt that their present fellowship

is more embarrassing to the Pilgrim and Clinton Avenue churches than it was when they felt constrained to call a Council; and that if the developments of the impending trial, or some other, should not soon place Mr. Beecher in a more defensible position than now, their connection with him will become intolerable, and will have to be escaped from by some movement, which, if it can not take an organic form, will inevitably become an extensive individual movement, in the long run.

The Old Catholic Bishop.

The European correspondent of the Boston Advertiser, writing from Baden-Baden, Germany, gives us a fresh analysis of the Old Catholic movement in Europe; he finds in it more meaning, and assigns to it larger forces and a wider, deeper and more immediate work than most secular and political writers have discovered. He gives us this admirably-drawn portrait of Bishop Reinkens, who is now put, in an important sense, at the head of the organized movement in favor of Catholic reform:

When a man is called to play an important role, one likes to learn, so far as aspect and bearing will tell, what stuff he is made of, and why he is there, whether by an honorable mental necessity or by accident; whether he "rings clear," as my friend, the late Major Stearns, used to say, or betrays the jangle of vanity, or has no proper ring in him. My observation of the bishop did not leave me in doubt; he is in his place by gravity, not levity; he is not flawed metal, and the metal is not lead,—there is resonance, and a manly tone, too, in it. He is 45 or 50 years old, of about Wendell Phillips's height and figure,—though by no means so handsome a man,—neither fat nor lean, with an elastic step and perfect health. The complexion is decidedly dark, though clear, the face massive, the eyes deep-set under projecting brows, the forehead conspicuously high, but retreating, and, relatively to the face, narrow. The aspect is not that of a thinker, but of a clear-minded, capable, strong man, active without excitability, and with a great deal of wear in him. For a great popular orator he lacks that predominance of the emotional element, which, whether it appear as fiery vehemence, as flashing sensibility, or tender and subduing pathos, is requisite for the highest effect upon the platform, but which so seldom fails to be offset by instability, extravagance, infirmity of judgment, or some other mental defect. He is one of your anthracite-men, not cedar and birch bark. He is master of his business, however, as a public speaker, weighty and pregnant in matter, clear as crystal in thought and expression, with the right ringing up on cardinal points, never hesitating, but with no slippery, slimy fluency,—always that half hair's-breadth reserve of the tongue which indicates that the thought is leading the word,—with a fund of anecdotal illustration, introduced with admirable discretion and told with charming grace, in passages rising to a noble impressiveness, noble in matter and manner, while behind all is the guarantee of an upright, unaffected, manly character. The Old Catholics have been fortunate in their first choice. The bishop is a man for the people in the best sense. He means business, and he is fit for it. He is healthy and whole, too, as a russet apple in November,—no inward fret, no twists of temper, no tangled conscience, no casuistry, but a clear, plain, out-working nature that does not have too much to do with itself. A capital man for his place and work.

The speaker tested his audience, and to one anxious to learn the state of popular feeling their demeanor under the test was significant. His address was a powerful, austere arraignment of the Roman hierarchy, as living by and systematically fostering in the people three evil things: 1. Spiritual rawness, low conscience, worship of the priest—fetish; 2. ignorance and unintelligence; 3. superstition, pagan in origin and in character. There was no violence of manner, no vituperative phrase, but the matter was most uncompromising, unsparing. For example, he charged upon the ultramontane clergy the culture of conscious falsehood as a part of religion. No man, a true son of the church, who will not lie for it upon occasion. To perjure one's self for the priest is the flower of pious obedience. Ignorance, again, is orthodoxy. "I call you to witness," he said to the audience, "who does not know that throughout Germany, throughout Europe, the greatest proportion of lay adults unable to read or write, are invariably found on the same age?" He visited Rome in 1868 (if I remember rightly), and was for a half-hour a prisoner for the crime of having a newspaper in his coat pocket! The newspaper was quite harmless, but—a newspaper, and secular. Enough! what may not be suspected of a man who enters sacred Rome with that profane combustible about him! "Are you quite sure," said the unapproachable official at length, "that you are a born Catholic?" "I am quite sure," answered the other, becoming impatient, "that I was born a Catholic; but you are doing your best to render it doubtful whether I shall die one." I merely give a taste of the discourse, to suggest its quality and the significance of its reception here in Catholic Baden. It was followed from the first to last with ab-

sorbing interest, and received, not merely with favor, but with enthusiasm. Sitting in the gallery, facing the audience, I could see all, and never yet saw attention more riveted. The assembly rang to the speaker like a bell to the stroke. One young lady drew my eye often; it seemed as if she would fly with delight; at times, when the more powerful passages came, her face gleamed so you could fancy yourself reading by it at night! She was a type, I should say, of half the audience, differing only by a more kindling sensibility.

When the burst of applause at the close—it had been frequent throughout—had subsided, there were hisses from a dozen or so in the rear of the hall. It was quietly heard through, when a gentleman springing upon the platform, and with a brief but fiery introduction, asked the audience if they were disposed to join with him in three cheers for Bishop Reinkens. The response was overwhelming, and the three times hock! that followed made the roof dance.

Profile Rocks.

Many of our readers have doubtless visited the Franconia Notch of the White Mountains, and looked up at the dark, grim visage of the "Old Man of the Mountain," as from an elevation of fifteen hundred feet he gazes on the wonderful panorama around him. He is certainly the oldest inhabitant of that region, if not of the globe. "Profile Rock," as it is also called, is the more remarkable in that it is not really a single rock, or several rocks piled one above another. The projections which form so distinct a face are hundreds of feet apart. Only from one line of view is the "Old Man" visible. Place yourself opposite the face of the mountain, and you lose every trace of the rocky visage.

Singular as this resemblance to a human face is, it is by no means single in the world. Two others are equally distinct, and being more complex, are perhaps even more remarkable.

There is the Knight Templar Rock on Lundy Island, at the entrance of the Bristol Channel, England. It is so called because the Knights Templars at one time occupied the Island, and the rock represents one of the Knights in a cap such as the warriors wore when not in armor—a Knight-cap but not a night-cap. The features are those of a sagacious old man with deep set eyes and a Roman nose. He looks out over the waters as though he were a sentinel who sat there to watch, and being forgotten by the departing Knights, had gradually been turned to stone. It is curious that the Templars should have found there an effigy in the enduring rocks so strikingly like one of themselves.

The other profile, carved by the hand of nature, is the Queen Elizabeth Rock, off the coast of Cornwall, England. The resemblance to Her Majesty is quite evident, as she is seated in erect dignity on a sort of throne. The rock is two hundred feet high, and situated in the midst of the wildest scenery. The best view is from the cliffs of Watergate Bay. It was sometimes thought that Queen Elizabeth had a heart of stone while she lived, but she never presided over the stormy political affairs of her time with such firmness and enduring calm as her effigy now does over the storms of the Atlantic. She looks here as though she had been rocked into a perpetual sleep.

A Gentleman.

A writer in Tinsley's magazine thus utters himself:

The gentleman is not a new character in society. He is as old as the necessities of human nature for help and its cravings for sympathy. A simple act will sometimes make the heart transparent. We have nowhere more illustrative examples than in Scripture. Never has the world seen better specimens of farmers, tradesmen, masters, fathers, servants, and friends than those of whom brief notices are here recorded. Behold the patriarch parting with his nephew Lot. He did not say, as he might have done, "See! I have chosen this valley; to all the plain besides you are welcome;" but "Is not the whole land before thee? if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left." See Joseph nobly cherishing his brethren, by whom he had been grievously wronged. What a fine old Hebrew gentleman is Boaz! How courteously he steps upon the scene! A man of wealth and good family, a landed proprietor and influential citizen, he comes among his work-people to see for himself how matters are going on, and greets them with a patriarchal grace. Can we suppose that they served him any less faithfully for his respectful kindness? Consider, too, Paul's reply to Festus, and the apology for his smart retort to the high priest's rude interruption of his speech. His fidelity to principle did not compromise his courtesy. He who could write the Epistle to Philemon and the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians could not but be a gentleman in the noblest sense of the word.

A Christian is therefore the highest type of gentleman; and he can not be otherwise, because he is governed by a set of rules distinct from those by which the man of worldly policy is guided. Augustus Hare has said: "A Christian is God Almighty's

gentleman. A gentleman, in the vulgar, superficial understanding of the word, is the devil's Christian." Yet many of these so-called devil's Christians are estimable and lovable people, tender, affectionate, and generous. So pleasing is their representation of the character, that the Professor at the breakfast-table may be almost-excused for advancing the fallacy that "good breeding is surface Christianity." Not infrequently one may appear a gentleman in the drawing-room or the club, and another man among his work-people or in his family. The Christian is consistently so at all times, and in all places, and under all circumstances, because he strives to be ever "pitiful and courteous," to "esteem his neighbor for his good," to "please to better than himself," to "please to carry another's burden," to "possess the love that suffereth long and is kind; that envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil."

There are many sour and unamiable Christians, we know; but the exception helps to prove the rule, because they do not exemplify the principles of the religion they profess. Sometimes unintentionally, and sometimes from an erroneous notion of duty—pleading love of truth as an apology for rudeness—they overlook the proprieties of life. Minor obligations are lost sight of in the contemplation of the great cardinal virtues, and becoming manners are deemed too trifling to deserve notice. They forget or are ignorant of the fact, that this is one of the chiefest means of the development of their Christianity, whereby they have opportunity to commend themselves to every man's conscience.

Harp.

He who thinks that harps have gone out of fashion is very much mistaken. To be sure, it is a long time since the harp "through Tara's halls the soul of music shed," but that delightful old instrument still lives. There is a place on Houston street, in New York, where harps are manufactured, and it is, I believe, the only place of the kind in this country. I am told that before the war there was an excellent sale for harps throughout the South; that the trade has fallen off there, owing to the scarcity of money, but that it has extended largely over the middle and western States. The southern ladies still cling to their old harps, but they buy very few new ones. One reason that harps are not more generally played upon is that there are so few teachers; scarcely any are to be found outside of the convents; there are not more than half a dozen teachers in all New York. There is always a harp in every well regulated orchestra, for that instrument plays an important part in a number of operas, such as "Fidelio," "Lucia" and others. Mme. Marczek, who is a remarkably fine harper, always accompanies her husband's orchestras in that capacity. I wonder that more ladies do not learn to play the harp. In the first place, it makes a rich accompaniment to the voice, and in the second, it displays a beautiful hand and arm to such advantage. There is an excellent harper with Thomas's orchestra; Mr. Browne, the head partner of the manufacturing firm in this city, is also a fine performer, and has played in orchestras both in this country and in Europe. Mr. Browne informs me that he has just as many orders for harps as he can fill, and that they are busy all the time. The harp is an expensive instrument, ranging in price from \$250 to \$1000; those that sell at \$250 are single action instruments, that is, they can only be played in one key. The double action harps are of course the more desirable and also the more expensive; the average price, however, is about \$500. There is an air of romance about the harp that we miss in other instruments, unless it is the violin, it is so graceful and picturesque.

Dr. Todd's Workshop.

A wonderful workshop is that little room in the First Church parsonage where the reverend Dr. Todd so deftly wrought in his leisure hours. At each of the windows stands a lathe; in the center of the room a miniature buzz saw; on a shelf a steam-engine hardly as large as your two fists, but of full half-horse power, and perfect in every part, with brass and iron cylinders and rods and cranks, shining like gold and silver. All above the walls, in neatly painted racks, built by the doctor's own hands, are gouges, scoops, drills, chisels, and a thousand other useful tools of every size and shape. Hammers for all sorts of work, and saws, coarse and fine, big and little, have their own place fitted for them, and all about where they hang are the names of the friends who presented them, and the number and size of the tool so that the workman could put his hand upon just the one he wanted. Dr. Todd was a skillful mechanic, besides being a learned and sound preacher, and he took great delight in fashioning beautiful little keepsakes for his friends. He made match-safes and jewelry-boxes from ivory, of graceful pattern and elegant finish. He turned pretty mantel ornaments from box-wood, a supply of which he received from the missionaries in Africa, and one formidable task he had still in stock when he "finished his labors." He had rosewood and ebony and lignum

Events of the Week.

THE LOUISIANA MUDDLE.

The chief change in the affairs of Louisiana, during the week, consists in an agreement entered into by both factions to secure an honest ballot to the people, who are soon to answer the question touching the Governorship, &c., at the polls. Gov. Kellogg promises to do all in his power to guard the purity of the elections and carry out the clearly expressed will of the voters. If this can be done, the knotty and nauseous problem may be thus quietly and really solved. No other way seems open. The President could not properly do otherwise than he did in reinstalling Kellogg; but there are most serious doubts whether he was legally elected, or whether he has character, capacity or standing enough for the office. The attempt to try and punish those engaged in the late *emule* may bring in violence a-fresh, but it is hoped that morning begins to look in on the long night of political darkness that has hung over that proud and suffering State.

BUTLER'S EXPLANATION, &c.

Apologies of this Louisiana quarrel, the publication of some captured telegrams suggested that Gen. Butler, with some other members of Congress and of huge political rings, had been dipping into the affairs of that state in ways unbefitting to Congressmen, and not very creditable to them as politicians, lawyers and public managers. As usual, the General "rises to explain," and succeeds about as his wont. He makes an exposition that looks somewhat plausible, but it is not generally accepted as adequate or entirely satisfactory. There has evidently been a deal of jobbing of a doubtful sort in the business, and, as usual, the doughty General has pocketed heavy counsel fees. So much is plain; there is doubt hanging over the rest.

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

Gen. Sherman's daughter was married to a Mr. Fitch, in Washington, on Thursday, in accordance with the full Roman Catholic formalities. Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, performed the ceremony, and it is announced that the Pope pronounced his blessing on the union in advance,—which, it is hinted by some devout Catholic letter writer, will be prized more than the costliest of all the other magnificent presents. We lack a knowledge of the wedding dialect, and so can't describe the affair. Three thousand invitations were issued; there were eight bridesmaids and groomsmen; the toilettes were wonderful advertisements of the Paris mantua-makers; the President's carriage was run away with and smashed, without hurting the occupants; Washington was in gala dress; the young ladies and mammas of the country talked over the dressing, &c.,—and well, the young couple, so widely envied, have about the same checkered, matter-of-fact and taxing life before them that awaits John and Mary, who come quietly out of their respective farm-houses and go together to make a new home in the simple cottage across the way. Indeed, if the former do, as well and find as much real happiness as the latter, they and their friends may be thankful.

LESSENING WORK IN THE MILLS.

In consequence of the overstocked condition of the market for cotton goods, and the falling of prices, the manufacturers are combining to lessen the hours of labor, during the winter, about one-third, as the best means of finding relief. It is said that this arrangement has been widely approved during the past week, and will be quite generally adopted. It is hard for the employers, and perhaps harder yet for the employed; but it is something tolerable, and better than going on and bringing a crash hereafter. If now the operatives could be induced to spend their spare hours in ways that would serve mind and heart, the outward loss might bring more than an equivalent in inward gain.

THE PLAGUE.

News comes from Malta that the plague prevails in Tripoli, and shows itself near Mecca. Vessels from the infected districts are forbidden to land freight or passengers. Details as to the origin, specific character and circumstances of the disease are yet waited for.

A REAL TYPHOON.

Hong Kong, in China, was visited by one of these terrible destroyers on Sunday week. Steamers and other vessels in the harbor, or near by, were wrecked, foundered, or reported missing; houses were unroofed and blown down; property in great quantities and of various sorts was destroyed, and not less than a thousand lives are reported lost. It created a terrible and wide-spread excitement.

EARTHQUAKE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

A dispatch received at San Salvador confirms the report, that Antigua, in Guatemala, was virtually destroyed by an earthquake on the night of September 5. How nearly complete this "destruction" really is, can not yet be ascertained. The full report may tone down the partial one.

S. S. Department.

Sabbath School Lesson.—Oct. 11.

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

THE EVIL SPIRIT CAST OUT.

MARK 9:17-29.

GOLDEN TEXT:—And straightway the father of the child cried out and said with tears, Lord, I believe! help thou mine unbelief.

NOTES AND HINTS.

Jesus, with three of his disciples, had been away on the mount where he was transfigured. On coming back he saw the rest of his disciples surrounded by a multitude of people, prominent among whom were some scribes engaged in a discussion with the nine apostles. The people immediately flock to meet Jesus, the one whom they had left home to find. Jesus asked the scribes the subject of their discussion.

THE CASE STATED.

17, 18. The Lord was answered by one of the crowd, the person who had given occasion for the scene which Jesus beheld. He seems to have broken in on the silence of the scribes, with his statement. He had come out to meet Jesus to ask the cure of a child, but as Jesus had gone, had presented the case to the nine disciples. The child was afflicted with a "dumb spirit" or demon. Matthew adds that he was a "lunatic," that is, a person whom the baleful influence of the moon had deprived of reason. But Matthew also says that a demon was present. Matt. 17:18, 19. The demon was "dumb" in manifestation through the son. The son under the control of the spirit was dumb. Verse 26. Other evils that this possession caused were convulsions, from which the child was likely, at any time or place, to be overcome. His condition was like that of those afflicted with the falling sickness, or epilepsy, a disease under which softening of the brain occurs. As a reason for the Master to give his aid, the father declares, "I spake to thy disciples that they should cast him out, and they could not." Discouraging and humiliating truth! The name of Jesus, used before all the multitude by the disciples of Jesus, who had perhaps preached the power of Jesus before many there, fails to eject the demon. This fact must have hurt the belief of the people in Jesus. The disciples were thus sowing, not faith, but unbelief. Perhaps the discussion of the scribes was of the nature of a challenge to them to show that Jesus had any superhuman authority, or was a ruler of their Master's pretensions. At any rate, Jesus suffered from this failure of his disciples. Notice (1.) that this was a peculiarly sad affliction. The victim was an only son. He suffered in a distressing manner. Reason was deformed and idiosyncrasy threatened him. Besides, he was the victim of a demon's malice and power. (2.) Consider that it was, if not now remedied, a hopeless case. (3.) Remember too that the father had witnessed the discomfiture of the disciples of Jesus, who, in the name of Jesus, vainly bade the demon depart. (4.) Hence everything depended on Jesus. But could Jesus himself relieve this child?

EXCLAMATION OF FAITH.

19. "He answereth and saith, O faithless generation, how long shall I be with you! how long shall I suffer you?" This was spoken of the nine apostles, say some commentators; "of the scribes," say others; "of the race and generation among whom the ministry of Jesus was performed," say others. The latter certainly seems the most correct view, since it reproves all the unbelief of the fathers, of the disciples and of the people, and since it best accords with the reasons named at the private interview of Jesus and the apostles, for the failure of the disciples. The remark of Jesus is a commentary on the state of heart which witnessed his mightiest works, or heard his divine message. It is pervaded by a feeling of sadness and of rebuke. Jesus was pained and tried. His words express a sorrowful indignation, and imply that his love and efforts are spent on a people undeserving of them. What cure is necessary that we fall not into like condemnation? When we read the Word of God, may we read believing in its truths.

THE CHILD BEFORE CHRIST.

20-22. Christ ended his rebuke with the words, "Bring him unto me." Coming into the presence of our Lord, the spirit increases his rage. The literal rendering is, "Seeing him, straightway the spirit rent him." The poor youth fell in a convulsion. The paroxysms of the fit were allowed of Jesus, while he delayed the cure, because the victim was not conscious of suffering, and because all his ills were soon to be remedied. "He fell to the ground and wallowed, foaming." The father regarded the work of the spirit as malicious. The spirit aimed to destroy his son. The evidence was that the child was often overtaken with convulsions, in circumstances that would soon cause death. Hence constant watchfulness over him was necessary.

UNBELIEF OF THE FATHER.

22. "But if thou canst do anything, have compassion on us and help us." He was discouraged. The failure of the efforts of the disciples, coupled with the sad condition of his child, "wallowing and foaming on the ground," and the leisurely way in which Jesus approached the healing had an immediate influence to discourage the man. Besides, he had just confessed that it was a life-long infirmity. He was uncertain if Christ could cure him, and plainly

ly confessed it. Notice (1.) that he was not in a condition to receive the compassion he sought, and be spiritually benefited. It was for his good to be brought out of his present doubts.

(2.) Yet his doubts were, under the circumstances, and if he had not seen before the works of Christ, natural and not criminal. He was reproved of Christ as if he ought not to be in the condition he was. At any rate, it was his misfortune to be in antagonism to the law, the proper Christian law for receiving the favors of Christ. To that law men must conform, not the law to them. The principle of faith, as the condition of favor with God, is an eternal principle, and we are blessed by its inflexibility. This man was saved because it would not yield.

ALL DEPENDS ON FAITH.

23. Jesus said unto him, "If thou canst believe." Notice what language the father had used: "If thou canst do anything." Christ retorts, "If thou canst believe; all things are possible to him that believeth." "It is not a question of power in me, but of faith in you," the man was taught. He was made to see that the recovery of his boy depended on himself. The result hinged on his faith. Did he believe that Christ was of the earth, or from heaven? had the power of men only, or the power of God? The man had as much depending on his faith as had his son. See how Jesus led him out of doubt. It is the uniform affirmation of Scripture that "all things are possible" to faith. Faith is the state from which God does not withhold either his power or his rewards. Hence of believers it is written, "All things are yours." Here see a common defect in the way men come to God.

FAITH HELD AND WON.

24. "And straightway the father of the child cried out with tears, Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief." Bengel says, "help away mine unbelief." The father, by the words of Jesus, sees his own condition to be at fault. He instantly grapples with his error, disowns his unbelief, and, as far as in him lies, has confidence in Jesus. But he knows his faith is weak and is slipping away; he grasps and holds it, but it struggles to get away. Hence, "Help thou mine unbelief," he cries. This prayer has voiced the feelings of innumerable souls. The contrition of the man is genuine; his confession of his real condition both accurate and frank. His tears were awakened by what he admitted of his error, and by the fear that his faith might not reach the requirement of Christ. Faith, under the words of Christ, took a new start in his soul, and a new direction. He had faith in Christ as able to quicken the soul, and faith in him as able to heal the body. Consider (1.) that we must struggle to hold and to increase faith in Jesus; (2.) that in the struggle we should ask help of him in whom we believe; (3.) that we can not be too earnest to possess that virtue which includes all virtues, and inherits all the promises of Jesus.

THE RESULT.

25-27. The people flocked to see the sight. Christ therefore commanded the spirit which had mocked the efforts of the disciples to depart from its victim. He had a power which could not be resisted. Crying out with impotent rage, and throwing his victim in a terrible convulsion to the ground, immediately the spirit went out of the child. The effect on the child was so prostrating, that many said, "He is dead." But the hand of Jesus raised him up, his health was at once established, and sound in body and mind he went away with his father. His future could hardly fail to be one of discipleship to his merciful benefactor. His further history, as well as that of his rejoicing father, is hidden in a night of darkness.

INTERVIEW OF THE DISCIPLES.

28, 29. The disciples found that they were unable to do the mightiest works of faith. Unbelief was the cause of their failure to expel the demon. Their faith was less than a grain of mustard seed. "Fasting and prayer," said Christ, are necessary for success in such cases as this. "Fasting and prayer" are exercises by which the holiness of the soul grows purer, and the faith, now feeble, becomes more vigorous. They expel unbelief. Hence their necessity. This kind of evil spirits, or of demons, was especially wicked and malignant. The weaker, too, the mind grasped by the demon, the more tenacious his grasp. Extraordinary wickedness can not be swayed by a low type of faith. The holiness of power, of the higher degrees of faith, is necessary to master some manifestations of Satanic power. Hence the disciples, who were not strong in their confidence, failed as they did. Consider what this last incident teaches: (1.) that for the best triumphs over sin, the highest types of faith are needful; (2.) that to obtain the power of holiness special means must be used; (3.) that many are the failures in Christian work, when faith is deficient; (4.) that the prayer of every feeble believer should be, "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief."

Small Events.

The most minute events of our life, nay, every need, and every obstacle in our paths, are channels of the grace, goodness and power of God; and those who wait on him in prayer and watchfulness shall see it is no vain thing to rest on him. The tide of our sorrows and sins has often arisen from a trivial spring; and the same is true of our earthly joys. Our daily trials and hourly blessings gather something of the radiance of the bow in the clouds in the day of rain, as we receive them from the pierced hand of Him whose death and intercession have made all things ours. —Anna Skipton's Waiting Hours.

Communications.

Every-Day Life.

The world always admires heroes and heroic actions. A few men engross the attention of each age, and a few acts in their lives are heralded from the press, the platform and the pulpit, till they secure so large a share of the popular attention, that they come to be regarded with a sort of reverence. These are the things of which history takes note. This is why history is always so partial and unsatisfactory. This is why the true philosophy of history is hedged about with so many difficulties. History deals with kings and statesmen, with popes and prelates; but it fails to mirror, in any true light, average life down among the people. So the events which its records are distorted, forced out of their connections, separated from the influences and objects which give them birth; for all extraordinary men and all extraordinary achievements grow out of the common life of common men. There can be no just analysis of a distinguished character, in any era, without a knowledge of the average life of the era, of its opportunities and hindrances, its motives and aspirations. To study such a character, out of these connections, is like attempting to analyze and classify plants, by observing a few choice blossoms and clusters of fruit, without regard to stalks or roots. It is the root and stalk which determine the blossom; so it is the common every-day life of a people which determines the character of her representative man and shapes his destiny. Luther was not the accident, nor was he the author, of the Reformation. His life, as a reformer, was the result of a deep reactionary influence, which had permeated many hearts and influenced many lives throughout Germany and elsewhere, but which found in him its first clear and emphatic expression.

If the common people had not become restless and unsatisfied, if humble hearts in homes had not shuddered at the darkness and prayed for the dawn, the learned Doctor would never have thrilled the universities with the zeal and logic of reform. This principle is recognized in the New Testament as no where else, and it has its clearest exhibitions in the Christian church. Jesus Christ taught and strongly emphasized the truth, that there is no life so uneventful or common-place that it may not be, and ought not to be, heroic. He put a higher estimate upon common life than was ever put upon it before. Others had sought to improve and perfect the philosophy of the few. He sought to mold the life of the many. His mission was to teach all men how to live rightly; and he claimed that to live does this, in any sphere, is a moral hero. There are very crude notions existing as to the real nature of religion. To one man it is happiness, or something which will produce it, here or hereafter; to another it is a system, formulated after the rules of logic; to another it is little more than a reprieve which takes him out of hell and permits him to enter heaven; but whatever else religion may or may not be, no man conceives rightly of the religion which Christ established, who does not take it first and fundamentally to mean life, a new and better life, not only in heaven, but on earth, just in the sphere which he occupies. This is the test of discipleship. "If ye love me keep my commandments." "Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit, so shall ye be my disciples."—These words are addressed to common men, in the midst of the common avocations of life; they mean simply that religion should find its exhibition in the daily life of those who profess it.

Besides, the New Testament teaches that in the every-day life of individual Christians is the strength or weakness of the church. When Paul, while imprisoned at Rome, was writing to the church at Philippi, envied with difficulties, he said, as if condensing in a single injunction all which he had to say: "Only let your conversation be as ye would be the gospel of Christ." He was not unmindful of their perils. He did not forget that he himself had been publicly, whipped in the streets of his city eleven years before, and that the same spirit of persecution was still rife. But he did not advise the sending out of agents to solicit funds to build a magnificent temple which should attract attention and enforce respect, and where those persecuted disciples might worship God luxuriously; nor did he advise them to seek far and wide for some pulpit Nestor, who should take Philippi by storm, and overcome all opposition through the persuasiveness of his homely eloquence. He wrote back to that little, weak, struggling church, "Only let your individual lives, every day, be worthy of the gospel."

This is the real defense of the church to-day. The doubt and positive infidelity of our own age will be met in no way so effectively as by the constant exhibition, in every sphere of activity, of a true gospel life. There is a vital truth bound up in the saying of Dr. Christlieb: "The Christian is the world's Bible." And happy for the church if she shall heed it. The world rarely listens to her sermons, never comes to her communion, but it watches with eager eye the life which she develops. If this life shall be true, if it shall be the reflection of the Christ-life, there is no power of sophistry which can prevent its recognition, and, being recognized, it will command respect. This is the foundation upon which the church of the future is to stand. Every Christian, even the humblest, may share in the toil, and the triumph, and none may be excused from the responsibility.

A. L. H.

Custom may lead a man into many errors; but it will justify none.

Evils of Intemperance.

This is a trite subject; and yet it is an important one, necessary to be presented again and again, so impressed upon our minds that we ourselves may be kept far from the paths of the destroyer, and also that we may be led to do all we can to keep others therefrom.

Intemperance produces poverty. It keeps those poor who are already in that condition: Many a man who commences life without property, gradually makes his way in the world by the exercise of industry and perseverance, and thus rises above his former position, secures a competence, and obtains a comfortable supply of the blessings of this life. But did you ever know a drunkard prosper thus? Did you ever know a drunkard to burst the trammels of poverty, and by diligence and persevering effort secure the comforts of life? No, they never thus rise in the world.—But intemperance not only keeps those poor who are already in this condition, but it reduces to poverty those who were before in comfortable circumstances. A family commences life with fair prospects. Every thing looks bright and prosperous, and the man and woman, who have pledged themselves to each other for life, in health and in sickness, in riches and in poverty, see little cause to fear that poverty will overtake them. But an unexpected and fatal change occurs. The husband contracts a love for strong drink. He becomes intemperate. And the results are that his property is squandered, his business is injured and lost, and poverty stalks into the dwelling and takes up its settled abode. How many a fortune has thus been irretrievably lost! How many a prosperous business has in this way been destroyed! How numerous are those who now dwell in hovels, in attics, or in cellars, who once dwelt in comfortable homes, with whom the change has been produced by the use of intoxicating drinks! And intemperance involves others in the common distress. Were the drunkard the only sufferer it would be bad enough. But others are involved. Go to the dwelling of the drunkard. See his children ragged, crying for food, and suffering from the want of the necessities of life, while, it may be, the wife is plying her needle, and perhaps continues to do this till midnight, in the vain effort to supply those common necessities which a temperate husband might readily obtain. The drunkard himself is not merely withholding his personal efforts; but, as often as he has opportunity, actually robs his children of the food which the anxious mother has provided for them, it may be, at the price of her health.

Intemperance produces disease and death. Who can recount the long train of diseases which have their origin or are aggravated by the use of intoxicating drinks? Loss of appetite, nausea, obstructions of the liver, jaundice, dropsy, consumption, epilepsy, gout, colic, palsy, apoplexy and insanity may often be traced to this cause. We are aware that strictly temperate men suffer from these diseases. But it may be affirmed, without fear of intelligent contradiction, that these diseases are often produced by the use of intoxicating drinks, and are always aggravated by such use. And there is one disease which is entirely caused by the use of intoxicating drinks, the very name of which is calculated to strike terror into the hearts of those who know anything of its character,—we mean delirium tremens. And every one knows that numerous deaths are caused by intemperance. It undermines the constitution; the diseases which are induced or aggravated by it lead to premature deaths, and many violent deaths occur from this cause. An English coroner stated, not long ago, that of five hundred inquests he had held within a year, one half were connected, more or less directly, with the abuse of drink.

Intemperance causes the loss of property and life. Not only is business hindered, and sober men put to inconvenience and loss by the lovers of intoxicating drink, but numerous fires occur from this cause, and shipwrecks are often to be traced to this source. Intemperance is the fruitful source of crime. Lord Chief Baron Kelly, an English judge of high standing, says "that two-thirds of the crimes which come before the courts of law of this country (England), are occasioned chiefly by intemperance." Mr. T. Stamford Raffles, a well known police magistrate of Liverpool, says that he can only "confirm the sad conclusion" of the judges of the superior and inferior courts, "that drunkenness is the cause of nine-tenths of the crime which exists in England." And all who know anything about the criminals of this country, know that what is true in England is true here also. Who does not know that crimes of every kind are committed under the influence of intoxicating drink? The man who will rob his wife of her raiment and his children of their food that he may gratify his debased appetite, is by no means certain that he will stop here. Intoxication is often pleaded as an excuse for crimes committed under its influence. Men have solemnly declared that they were not conscious of having committed the crimes which were clearly proved against them. And it is a well known fact that men are accustomed to prepare themselves for deeds of infamy by the use of ardent spirits. Well may the wise man inquire, "Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine."

But we have thus far looked only at the temporal and physical results of intemperance. Yet there is another and a more important aspect under which it should be regarded. We refer to its influence upon

the spiritual condition of men. The man who is under the influence of intoxicating drinks is in no condition to receive or to act upon religious impressions. He may, under such circumstances, talk fluently on religious subjects, but it is very seldom that, while a man is in a state of inebriation, the truths of the gospel which may be spoken to him have an abiding influence.

And what are the future prospects of the drunkard? Are his depraved appetite and base conduct mere physical infirmities? Will death cleanse and purify him, and fit him to dwell with God? What saith the Scriptures? "Woe unto them that they rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them." And again and again "we are told that drunkards 'shall not inherit the kingdom of God.'"

Who then would be a drunkard,—and lose property, health and friends, have the finger of scorn pointed at him, have children despise him, and bring himself to a premature grave? And not merely so, but by this means to steel his heart against the truths of God; to have the anger of God resting upon him; and at last lay down his dishonored head in death only to meet the frown of God, and to dwell in unending night? Surely every reader of this article, whether young or old, is convinced that intemperance is a terrible evil; and if he believed it possible for him to become a drunkard, would shudder at the thought, and cry out in earnestness, "Lord, save me from so great an evil."—In two other papers we propose to speak of the source from which the ranks of the intemperate are filled, and of the cure for intemperance. W. H.

The Church.

In a late number of the *Star* a writer says: "It is somewhat to the disadvantage of the cause of Christ, that the church is known by different denominational names." So it seems to me, in many ways. (1.) Needless expense of sectarian machinery. (2.) Loss of labor where several sects are striving for the same field. (3.) Reproach to the cause in the eyes of the world. (4.) Sectarian names crystallize and foster hatred and schism. (5.) They stir up selfish and unchristian zeal, and fan the flames of party strife that Paul sought to quench.

But I will not argue about the evil, as the very moderately stated truth quoted will be admitted by most Christians. The more important question is,—Can the evil be remedied? The writer quoted suggests that the spirit of Christ in the hearts of the children is doing much to counteract the effect of this poison seed of sectarian names; but why continue to sow broadcast poison seed? Is it not presumption to do evil that good may come? Is there no escape from schism, except in what the writer terms "No church"? Is there no hope of a return to the apostolic order which inspired men gave to the world in the name of Christ? Did not the apostolic church represent "the faith once delivered to the saints"? Did not the apostles set a good example? Did not they organize the Christian church on a right basis? If it was wrong then to stir up party strife by sectarian names, why not now? Is party zeal less injurious to the cause of Christ now than it was then? But the answer to such questions will be, that sectarian lines are so tightly drawn that a return to the apostolic model would be impossible. A worldly minded man once said: "Impossible is the adjective of fools." Certainly, no Christian should say that what ought to be done is impossible. Satan tells Christians they can not overthrow this and that evil, but Christ says, "I have conquered the world," and, "I will with you unto the end of the world." "All things are possible to him that believeth."

Can Satan rivet sectarian chains so tightly that Christ can not break them? Of course not. Then let the groaning captive pray and work and hope until deliverance comes. Shall we add to our burden because we can not see just how we are to get rid of it without a little jar to our natural feelings? God brought his people out of the iron furnace of Egyptian bondage, and still his arm is not shortened. The work indeed is great, but God is able to lead his people out of the cruel bondage of sectarian names and party strife. Especially is the case hopeful when his people are groaning for deliverance and praying to him for help. How long shall schism and sectarian strife divide the church of God and hinder the millennial reign of Christ?

May the Holy Spirit work in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure.

S. C. K.

Gifford Village, N. H.

NOTE. We cheerfully accord space for the presentation of the views set forth above, though we are not sure that we exactly understand the writer, or that we agree with him if we have caught his meaning.—The great evil seems to us to consist much less in sectarian names than in the bitter, uncharitable, sectarian spirit and policy. And the first hardly makes the last necessary. And the real question,—How shall we get rid of them?—is not clearly answered. To groan for relief, to pray, to believe, and to go back to the New Testament pattern of church building, seem to be the prescriptions. But more or less Christians lack the intelligent and strong conviction of their evil influence which would enable them to groan honestly, the same thing, with other reasons, may make it impossible for them to pray in the confidence that this is one of the things that God promises to do by special intervention in answer to prayer; and each of the sects solemnly assures us that it profoundly believes that its own church now reproduces the apostolic pattern. May not this specific evil be a little exaggerated? And may not the remedy be somewhat defective? We

do not adopt the attitude of the antagonist, but simply that of the doubting inquirer. [Ed.]

Zwinglius, the Swiss Reformer.

Huldrich Zwingli, the great Spanish orator, in the last paper sent to *Harper's Magazine*, thus paints one of the notable men and heroic actors who figured in the great Protestant Reformation:

The Protestants may number Zwinglius among their apostles and their teachers; we, who are democrats, liberals, republicans, number him among our great tribunes, our heroes and martyrs. Born in the great mountains, which speak of God and of the Infinite; nursed in the bosom of nature, his intelligence nourished by great ideas and his body by wholesome food; mingling with the blood of his heart the purest affections, and with the breath of his lungs the purest air; leading a rustic life in his earliest years; of a temperance robust as the rude and sublime Alpine country; going to sleep throughout his boyhood at the hour when the flocks were folded and the twilight was falling, to wake at the call of the cock, when the sky-larks were taking their flight, and the hope of a new day was awakening in the first flush of morning which whitened the horizon; near to heaven and far from the world, like the mountain birds, his soul bathed in the divine as a star in ether, he preserved in the battles of life the candor of the shepherds, in the labors and innovations of reform a love of tradition, in the midst of cities the aroma of the eagle and the song of the thrush, amidst the wrath of men and of parties the infinite charity of the air and of the light, free to all beings; and, after having conversed with philosophers and saints, drinking at the sacred fountain of Plato and the bitter tears of Job, singing the psalms of David and the odes of Pindar, as if all the currents of the human spirit flowed to pour themselves in his own, he reduced the most abstract ideas to commonplace maxims, to scatter them among the people he loved in sermons and prayers. He was a hero in battle, a Sister of Charity in the hospitals, a tribune in the public place, a priest in the temple, everywhere an apostle. One of those great characters who vary and turn with the breath of their thought, with the force of their will, the currents of time, he died in the battle for truth, in the purifying embrace of a holy martyrdom.

And his reform was born and grew and developed in the midst of a democracy, a republic, a liberty ancient and deep-rooted, partaking of the character of the medium in which it grew, and marching resolutely forward to modify and improve it. Less opposed and less persecuted than other reformers, he appears much more serene. His reform springs from the conscience rather than from passion, and relies more upon reason than upon sentiment. Without breaking so openly as his conditors in the common work with the pope and the Church, he restricts himself solely to what he finds expressly set down in the Scriptures. He is an orator, and in his oratory there is more of philosophic light than of the fire of the tribune. He is a priest who preaches grace, and who distinguishes himself by the charity and the grandeur of his acts, who prays and works. The logic of his arguments does not damage the subtlety of his system, nor the force of reasoning the eloquence of his discourses. He is confronted by less opposition, and consequently fights with less revolutionary energy, than other innovators. It is plain that his individual soul is a part of the soul of a great democracy; that his inner education has flowed from the two great schools of nature and society, the country and the republic. His work is at once religious and political. He preaches the merits of Christ, and exalts the rights of every Christian; he tears from his heart the ancient theocratic faith with the same power with which he tears from the earth the feudal traditions. He speaks of the Lord's Supper as of a religious and democratic communion; he disseminates at the same time a hatred of spiritual tyranny and a hatred of the reactionary aristocracies, and with the revolutionary against Roman cosmopolitanism, a worship of the Swiss fatherland. He reforms the understanding and the morals. He demands that the priest shall cease to carry souls to the sacrifice before the altars of an unquestionable authority, and that the Swiss shall cease to sell the blood of their dearest children to the armies of pitiless despots, that the cradle of human nature shall not become a pedestal of monarchical tyranny. His doctrine, in fact, is a religion and a republic, the immortal soul of Switzerland, regenerated by this archer of ideas, this soldier of logic, this William Tell of the spirit, who exalts above the material nation another more lofty and more enduring than the eternal Alps, the ideal nation of the conscience.

Perverting Scripture.

It is the old story of Circe and Ulysses. Here, now, near the close of the nineteenth century, we have that cup which transforms men into beasts, and there are those who call it blessed. Our Jewish Rabbi says he would have men remember when they drink that they are human. I would take that and I would remember that it has destroyed more men than did Alexander's armies; that it has wrecked numberless lives, and destroyed souls. Our Jewish Rabbi says that Jesus was a wine-bibber. The old Jews charged that he was a wine-bibber and a glutton. He has ended the passage of the water of Cana, in Galilee, the only passage with which bar-tenders and drinkers seem especially familiar. They can it as they drink, and drink till they get to fancy that they are at a marriage-feast, and that it is at Cana of Galilee.—McChesney.

Selections.

"Is It Well with the Child?"

Yes, it is well! though fast the tears are falling,
And sobbing anguish rends the breast.
We know it was the Saviour's gentle calling,
To come to my bosom, little one, and rest.

God loved our little child, and took his infant
Up to our own all-glorious home,
To dwell with angels, and their bliss inherit,
For Jesus said, "Let little children come."

His love is stronger than our old affection,
However well we think we love,
And better far than ours his love protection,
Better than man's love his house above.

In that soft fold, no pain or woe molesting,
Secure from childhood's wild alarms,
Forever blest, our precious lamb is resting,
Sweetly in the Good Shepherd's loving arms.

Those little feet would have been often weary,
And led astray into the paths of sin,
Shaded too oft by clouds and tempests dreary,
Might fall, at last, the Saviour's crown to win.

Now, early saved from life's stern care and duty,
From Time's assaults and Death's dark fear,
Our darling lies, to grow in angel beauty,
And taste fresh bliss with every added year.

Father! be pitiful—grant resurrection;
In this weak hour be Thine our stay;
Forgive our human grief, bring consolation,
And give us strength and courage while we pray.

Let us not murmur, tho' our heart-strings quiver
With pangs of bitter pain,
But meekly wait till, soon, "beyond the river,"
We fondly clasp our angel child again.

And know 'tis well!

Beaten Men and Women.

So long as there is inequality in men's
fortunes, so long as there are prizes and
blanks according to man's judgment held
up before the competitors in the great arena
of life, there must be beaten men and
women, even as conquest implies defeat.
God has ordained inequality in men's
fortunes, and it is a law of human nature—a
wholesome and beneficial law within due
limits—that men and women should press
for precedence in reaching the goal which
they desire to attain. Therefore we shall
always have beaten men and women, even
as we shall always have the poor with us.

The next question is, How far is it a mis-
fortune to be beaten? Of course that de-
pends altogether on the nature of the thing
contended for. Human nature is short-
sighted and perverse. In infancy it will
court the means for its own destruction;
the child stretching forth its hand and clam-
oring to get at the live coal or the sharp
knife, and the man or woman compassing
heaven and earth for the fatal post, or the
false companion more destructive than the
coal, or more cruel than the knife.

A merciful Providence, like the wise
friend, in denying baneful gratifications,
is often far kinder to man than he is to him-
self. Even when the object desired ap-
pears lawful and laudable, and can not up-
on any reflection be considered in the light
of dallying with temptation, still so many
consequences remain hidden from our closest
scrutiny, that only are we not warranted
in indulging in excessive regret for a mere
temporal loss, but if we live long enough
our regret may be changed to rejoicing,
and may come to think that the more
gracious circumstances in our history,
that we were balked of that prospect which
in its dawn we regarded as so fair.

But no doubt there are aims which
reach would be well-nigh certain gain, and
on which we correctly judge that much of
our future spiritual as well as temporal
welfare depends. Yet there may be unac-
countable, disheartening, crushing failure
in these aims. We have done well, we are
fully persuaded, to try for this good thing,
we have meant well, we have even won
well so far as our strength and knowledge
permitted in this race. We are certain
that if we had succeeded we should have
been furnished with many advantages to
be better workers of God's work, better
men and women to the day of our death.
Yet we are beaten; those helps and prop-
ties, those high water-towers to gaze a-field
from, and that broad rampart to shelter
and wall us in, to that we could dwell in
tranquillity and never more be tempted to
stray, have all eluded our grasp, and we
are left so much poorer, weaker, and more
forlorn, in that we have had a glimpse of
the goodly portion which might have been
ours, but which is allotted to another per-
haps not more deserving, and unquestion-
ably not more anxious to win it than we were.

We have been beaten. Yes, and may it
not have been the way of discipline? We
started with the decided impression that
we were the men for the place, amply
equipped with the materials of victory,
and the result has shown us to have been in
error; the fitness of the limb and being failed
us. Can we not improve the experience, and
seek to acquire more enduring speed and
 vigor? We are all aware that we must
learn "hardness"—that is, manly or wom-
anly firmness and endurance in our service,
and how are we to learn it save in being
beaten, in being overpowered, in being com-
pelled to relinquish both schemes and dreams, how-
ever blindly held, or fondly cherished?

But there are respects, and those too the
most important, in which it is impossible
for a true man or woman to be beaten. Can
a poet cease to be a poet, because he does
not receive a poet's bays? A great many of
the things which we strive for with the
best title are but shadows or reflections of
the realities which we already possess. The
very wife-and-mother hunger which exists
naturally in the breasts of women, pro-
ceeds from the honoring, cherishing love
which God has rooted deep in all tender
hearts. The plant of love is not rooted up,
though its direct outward development is
stayed. We may lose the shadows or reflec-
tions, which are in a sort arbitrary
accidental, but we can not lose the real-
ities, which are integral parts of our being,
and just as we are immortal, they are eter-
nal. God, who sees not as man sees, and
works not as man works, can so ordain
that the absence of one outward object may
serve at once to deepen and purify, conse-
crate and expand the inward sentiment, un-
til it is ready to spend itself in many fer-
tilizing streams and on many objects.

Surely it is a great comfort to the beaten
men and women to know that in the main,
they may if they will, by God's decree, nev-
er be beaten. Poor they may remain, un-
distinguished, they may continue. Strong
they may be, educated, or so partially im-
paired as but to render the craving more
intense. Travel, cultivated society, sci-
ence, art, even books in this bookish age,
may be more or less denied. The love of

the beautiful in material things may be
sentenced to a perpetual martyrdom. The
heart's passionate longings may find no re-
lief, or the cup of home happiness may be
drained from the lips; still the truths of
which all these gifts were no more than the
expressions can not be touched. The moral
and spiritual, even the intellectual, need
not be affected. The man or woman is a
complete man or woman, notwithstanding,
and may be as perfect in degree in the
sight of God, and even in the sight
of the wisest of his or her fellow men
and women as if he or she had received of
all good things richly to enjoy.

And for those earthly temporal deprivations
which do befall beaten men and wom-
en, in its best sense, is written, "Heaven is
made for beaten men." It is not those
whom God hates, but those whom he loves
that he chastens. Heaven is not entered
by jubilation, but by tribulation. Let us
bethink ourselves that all suffering is ex-
plained by the fact that the Captain of our
salvation was made perfect through suffer-
ing; and that to the eyes of the motley
crowd that "mood round the cross on its
awful day, and saw him whom they called
the King of the Jews nailed there, that
same Son of God—whom Jewish priests
mocked with the taunts, "He saved him-
self, himself he can not save," "Let him come
down from the cross, if he be the Son of
God, and we will believe him"—died a
beaten man.—Good Words.

The Truth About Sin.

There is no doubt that a great many per-
sons are much worse than they pretend to
be, while a greater number are not nearly
as bad. Rev. J. F. Clarke has written
quite truthfully about this feature of the
case, as follows:

Sin is something very real, and positive.
We see how true is the statement, if we
say we have no sin we deceive ourselves.
Few people ever say, in so many words,
that they have no sin. But they make
light of sin; they think it of no conse-
quence. Jesus judged differently when he
declared it better to cut off the right hand
and pull out the right eye than to commit
one real sin.

How do we say we have no sin? We say
we have no sin, when we confess it in the
abstract and deny it in the concrete. A
man rises in a prayer meeting, and de-
clares himself the chief of sinners; says
his heart is full of all evil, and that but for
God's mercy he ought to go to hell. Yes;
but if another man should then reply,
"That is true! You are about the meanest
fellow I ever knew," he would probably
be angry. He did not mean to say
that; he only meant he was a sinner in a
theological sense; not a real sinner by any
means. He is confessing himself the chief
of sinners, he was in reality thinking that
he had no sin. Genuine humility does not
often talk about its sins. But shows its
sense of sin by tenderness toward other
sinners. Humility and true penitence
alone are able really to forgive. That is
why we can only be forgiven when we
can forgive others.

A sincere man finds in his own heart the germs of all the
evils which break out around him into vice
and crime. Hence he is best to himself
demonstrating, though he greatly pities the
man and the criminal. He knows that the
outbreak of sin into crime is not the worst
part of it. This disease is often worse
before it comes out than after. The sight
of one's own inward sin, incarnate outwardly
in crime, often appals the soul and leads it
to real penitence. The men in jails and
prisons are not the worst men in the
world. Those who ought to be there, but
have cunning enough to keep out, are often
worse men.

Every one ought to know his own sin-
ful tendencies, his besetting sins, his pec-
uliar temptations. All the time we spend
in excuses and justifications is lost time.
It is a great mistake to fancy ourselves
strong when we are weak. Better to see
our weakness, and so be prepared to re-
frain, than to be overconfident, and so be
overwhelmed. But, on the other hand,
exaggeration is of no use. Every one has
some good qualities, and it is best to know
them, so as to make use of them. God
does not ask us to pretend to be worse than
we are, in order to please him. The Apostle
says, "Do not think of yourselves more
highly than you ought to think." But he
does not say, "Think of yourselves more
lowly than you ought to think." Think the
truth, whatever it is. Job was requested
by his friends to say he was a great sin-
ner, in order to pacify God's anger. But
Job said, "No! I am not a great sinner.
I am a pretty good man, and have tried to
do right always. I have been eyes to the
blind and feet to the lame. If a poor man
got into difficulty, I tried to help him. I
was rich but that is no sin. I used my
riches for good purposes. I enjoyed it my-
self, and I tried to make others enjoy it.
I'll say a scandalous oppressing some help-
less man or woman, I came to the rescue.
What is the use of saying 'I am a great sin-
ner, if I do not mean to please him? I
think not. I think he likes the truth.' So
Job told no lie, put on no long face; and God
was pleased with that, and said he liked
him better than he did his advisers, who
urged him to tell falsehoods to pacify the
Almighty.

No man is what he ought to be; this is
undeniable. And because we are not
what we ought to be, we make ourselves
wretched miserable. By our selfishness,
ill-temper, ingratitude, want of generos-
ity, want of manliness and womanliness,
want of truth, want of courage, we bring
infinite evils on ourselves and others.
Men do wrong things, and are ashamed to
confess them, and so go on doing more and
more wrong things to cover up the first.
The hill of sin is so steep, that if you be-
gin to slide down you can keep sliding;
you can not stop. You think you can stop
at least; but you can not. If we have only
the courage to confess, to own up man-
fully, we can be saved and forgiven.

And this forgiveness is not something
technical or theological, it is real. It is
not a future forgiveness only, but a present
satisfaction. When we confess our sin,
and are ready to take the consequences of it,
we feel at once an inward peace. We have
a contentment which comes from God,
and is the sign and evidence of his forgiv-
ing love. We are relieved from a great weight.

"If we say we have no sin, we deceive
ourselves." We may not have committed
any outward crime; any sin of the open, fla-
grant sort; but if we are honest with our-
selves, we can generally find the roots of
most such sins within us. If we have not
committed them, it is because God has sur-
rounded us with restraints, shielded us from
temptation, made our lives serene and safe,
and with wise counsels from childhood
on, educated us to self-control self-direction.
Perhaps we have never murdered a man. But
if we have hated a man, and wished him
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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1874.

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

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

Liberal Offers.

The Board of Corporators, at its late meeting, went as far in the liberality of its offers to the patrons of our publications as it could go in wisdom or safety. And we have reason to believe that these offers will be met in the same spirit of liberality and enterprise in which they are made, and thus will a greatly increased patronage be secured. The price of our books has been twenty per cent. lower than similar books can be purchased elsewhere, but some of our books are now to be put at a still lower figure.

The postage on papers must be paid by the publisher after Jan. 1. This payment the Establishment assumes without any extra charge, and thus twenty cents will be saved to every subscriber to the *Star*. In addition to this, if old subscribers will pay their arrears where any thing is due, and exert themselves a little in getting new subscribers, they will receive their own paper at a discount, and do good by extending the circulation of the *Morning Star*. The two following propositions are submitted to the choice of the reader:

Any subscriber to the *Morning Star*, who will furnish the name of a NEW ONE, can have the two copies of the paper at \$1.50, strictly in advance, for the year 1875, and the new copy for the balance of this year, after Nov. 1.

Clubs of six or more, ONE THIRD BEING NEW SUBSCRIBERS, can have the *Star* at \$2.00 each, strictly in advance, for the year 1875, and the new copies for the balance of this year, after Nov. 1.

No commission can be allowed on either of the above offers, and every subscriber will see the desirableness of obtaining a new one, or of looking after the formation of a club in every place where copies of the *Star* are now taken. The pastor and friends will choose their own way of getting up the clubs, and so make the generous offer available.

No other Sabbath school paper in the country has been published at so low a price as the *Little Star* and *Myrtle*, and we can not furnish them at the old price and pay the postage in addition. So, after Jan. 1, ten copies or more, sent to one address, will be twenty-five cents each, while all packages containing less than ten will be thirty cents each. Orders that extend beyond Jan. next, will be at the rate of twenty-five cents per copy, and the postage will be paid here.

Address, at this office,

I. D. STEWART.

Religion Going Out.

All true religion has its seat in the heart. It is an inward force. It means the coming of God's influence into the soul, to fashion it after his own likeness. It means submission to the Master's will, real repentance of sin, a longing after holiness, a vital fellowship with the spirit of God, joy in prayer, trust amid darkness, patience in trial, the seque of great wealth even when earthly possessions are wanting, and a glad and abiding hope of eternal life when all human expectations perish.

Where these things are lacking one may well distrust. Whatever else there may be, there is reason for fear that the vital quality is absent. There may be great zeal for a creed, marked devotion to a church, a profession as loud and open as a Pharisee's, a scrupulous devotion to set religious forms, a bustling activity in outward effort, a free use of evangelical phraseology, a careful and costly avoidance of certain methods of worldly indulgence, great freedom and plainness in reproving others for their unfaithfulness and inconsistencies—all these things may appear, and yet, if there be no such heart-life as we have been describing, the vital thing may still be absent. Nothing will answer as a substitute for this living experience in the believer's soul. When that is wanting, the fair-looking piety is apt to be hollow, and the voice of profession like sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

But a full and genuine piety does not incline to be simply inward. Springing up in the heart, it tends to flow out through lip and life. Like a stream from the fountain, it like heat from the fire, like light from the taper—like stalk and blossom and fruit from the seed. Its natural home is not in the darkness. It craves air and sunshine. Shut up, it is apt to become sickly, to wither in feebleness, to grow abnormal if at all, to prey upon itself instead of taking up real nutriment with which to make itself healthy and strong. It is almost sure to be one-sided, partial, spasmodic, to miss its object when it takes an aim, and to beget distrust when it lifts up its voice to testify. The piety that has kept closely to the cloister and spent its years in silent meditation has, in the main, left behind it a sorry record. And the piety of today which only tells over its inward phases, rehearses the litany to express its penitence, and chants the Te Deum to voice its ecstasy, is one of which the world takes little note, and which, weighed in the balance of the sanctuary, is almost sure to be found wanting.

True religion does indeed begin at home in the heart. But it does not forever stay there, to sit in its solitude, to indulge its indolence, to invite pleasant dreams, or to luxuriate on its meditations. And it is not

a good symptom when a professed Christian is always ready to complain over the calls to active and taxing work abroad. Christ showed the spirit of religion by his life of labor and his death of suffering for others. His meat and drink was to do this appointed work. His last command to his disciples is—"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." They who do not seek to be above the Master, but like him, can hardly help welcoming an opportunity to let their religion go out into wide and varied fields that it may serve men. It should not be deemed a mere binding duty, but a choice privilege, to spread this effort that aims to bless and save others. Ministering to the poor, visiting the sick, teaching the ignorant, working in the Sabbath school, contributing to help a weak and struggling church, supplying the wants of a half-paid and faithful minister, assisting to send missionaries to preach Christ at home and abroad, bearing a part in building and endowing Christian schools, seeking out capable and pious young men and women and leading aid to educate and train them for posts of responsibility and usefulness, circulating the Bible and other elevating literature as teachers of the people—these are some of the objects which Christ sets his disciples to attain, and which the spirit of true religion will prompt them to strive after in cheerful though it may be self-denying service.

Yes, we need a complete and not a mere partial piety,—one that has both a soul and body, faith and works, the devout heart and the beneficent life, a confidence that ever trusts God and a love that does not cease to labor for men, that has hands to toil as well as lips to speak, that can serve as well as sing, wrestle down wrongs as well as weep over wanderings, that rejoices in the hope of going to heaven, but is intent on making the earth more like heaven before leaving it to go up higher. Let us take care that we have an inward religion; but let us also take equal care that it is one which never overlooks the need, the duty and the privilege of going out.

Not to Surrender.

We lately referred to the questions that have agitated the Unitarians during the last few years, and expressed the conviction that they would hardly get through their Conference, then in session, without being compelled in some way to grapple with the old problem. So it proved. The Conference was forced to take some position that should help define its theological basis. It was asked to send a cordial greeting, as to a real co-worker, to the Free Religious Association, whose leaders decline the name "Christian," whose chief warfare is against the evangelical faith and churches, and whose platform welcomes with equal cordiality the Jew, the scientific materialist, and the devotee who swears by Andrew Jackson Davis and holds to daily revelations by "the spirits." Dr. James Freeman Clarke offered the resolution; and as if to illustrate his ambition to be a theological mediator between all the antagonizing sects, and to make the bitter pill less nauseating by coating it with sugar, he coupled with it a proposition to send a similar gracious message to the approaching Council of the Orthodox Congregationalists.

This was a surprise and a perplexity. To do either of these things seemed inconsistent and questionable enough; to do them both at the same time appeared ludicrously absurd to a large part of the members. After some debate and explanation, the latter proposition was emphatically carried;—at the end of an earnest and warm but mainly a courteous discussion, the former was laid on the table by a large and overwhelming vote. Some strong, eloquent and earnest voices were raised in a plea for this interchange of formal courtesies with the radical and iconoclastic body. Logic was freely employed to convince, and liberality was exalted to win sympathy.

But the effort signally failed. The great body of the delegates insisted on maintaining an attitude of acknowledged loyalty to Christ as the authoritative teacher, and to the Scriptures as containing an exceptional and divine revelation. They were quite ready to approve theological liberality; but they were not ready to run into absolute license. They did not hesitate to dissent from orthodoxy; but to strike hands with deism was too much. They could reject the disputed passage in the first epistle of John, and join open issue with the advocates of Gausson's theory of inspiration; but to dismiss Paul's teaching as the outcome of strong prejudice and weak logic, and challenge Christ when he opens his lips to speak on the great questions that are vital to the human soul,—this was more than they would consent to do themselves or countenance in others. They could sit down under the aberrations of Messrs. Bellows and Bartol; but to enter into league with Messrs. Frothingham and Abbot was a step which they felt constrained to decline.

Their decision is one that must be generally approved for its consistency, and it will afford a measure of satisfaction to all who really hold to anything vital in the evangelical faith. We do not see how the Conference could have done less, if it was still to stand for anything positive and significant in the Christian system. It will doubtless be accused of illiberality and moral cowardice. But it can bear this, if it is really intent on supporting anything that really distinguishes a Christian body from one that is simply scientific and pagan, instead of surrendering the citadel as well as the outposts of the system of doctrine which has its basis in the New Testament.

And the maintenance of even this moderate ground will tend to induce aggression and advance. From negative decisions like this, they will naturally move on to those which are positive. The "right wing" of

the body will feel itself newly fortified, and encouraged. They who are really intent on the development of a positive faith and a truly spiritual life, will take fresh courage and exhibit larger activity. The truths around which they rally will grow more sacred in their eyes and become a deeper inspiration in their hearts. The positive believers will naturally approach nearer the evangelical position. They will perhaps find less reason for passing over the dividing line, as Huntington and Osgood and Hepworth have done, for they will have a larger hope of the body to which they belong. The negative theologians and radicals, on the other hand, are likely to retrace their steps or take their departure as the Free Religiousists have done. And so, in this way, if the recent decision shall be consistently maintained, there is reason to hope that the Unitarian body may yet approach to unity of sentiment, stand for a positive and vital theology, and co-work with the evangelical forces in giving royalty to Christ and his church.

There are real forces in that body. In certain elements of power they stand second to no other. Their culture, their public spirit, their fresh and unshackled methods of presenting religious truth, their active interest in questions of civil reform, of educational methods, of practical philanthropy, &c.,—all this is something which needs to enter more and more into the life and effort of the Christian church, and which they are able to bring to it. That would be a glad day that witnessed their hearty and wholesome identification with the evangelical host in plan and labor, each helping and being helped,—each receiving into the open heart even more than it gave from the generous and helping hand. Is that too much to hope for, or to seek as do those who are bent on finding?

Something Commendable.

It is always grateful to witness and record examples of real Christian fellowship, charity and magnanimity. It is especially pleasant to come across such examples in the larger branch of the Baptist family, to which we stand so closely related. It is all the more welcome when this generous and fraternal spirit expresses itself in connection with the question of Communion, on which it often seems to us that their logic gets astray and their best sympathies are held in constraint. And such an example we have now to mention.

At the late meeting of the Narragansett (R. I. Baptist) Association, the little Baptist church in Jamestown, near Newport, consisting of 44 members, applied for a letter of dismission from the body, on the ground of having adopted Open Communionist views. The request was promptly considered, and the following preamble and resolutions were passed without a word of debate or a vote of dissent:

Whereas the Central Baptist church in Jamestown announces the principle and practice of inviting to the Lord's Supper all Christians, regardless of church relations, and on that ground acknowledging a disagreement with us, frankly asks to withdraw from us; therefore

Resolved, 1. That we appreciate the honest and manly avowal of this church and their request of withdrawal, though such request under the circumstances is only what might reasonably be expected of conscientious men and intelligent Christians, and

2. That, in the spirit of Christ and in the exercise of that Christian fellowship which precedes and outlives all church and earthly associations, we grant the request of the body, praying that the blessing of God may be upon the members now and ever. We are not sure that there was any real necessity for such a request to withdraw, or that this was the wisest step. No statement of the special circumstances surrounding the church and the case appears, and it may be that there were no special circumstances. Had the Association been willing to hold the church in cordial fellowship, and could the church have continued to maintain pleasant and harmonious relations with the Association, it would perhaps have been a higher and more valuable testimony to the reality and power of the Christian bond. Living together in love often means more than parting in courtesy and friendship. A genial and soulful welcome is something more to be appreciated than a kind good-bye. The unity that maintains a real concord in our own house stands for higher things than the tolerance that speaks gently to the dwellers in the home across the way. It was good that Abraham and Lot should courteously separate rather than have strife; but would it not have shown a still more fraternal spirit if they had still dwelt harmoniously together?

But we did not intend to complain or criticize. The reasons for separation may have been strong, adequate and conclusive. The course chosen may have been the wisest and best possible. The parties themselves should be the best judges on that point. Let us assume that the way actually chosen was the true one. And, assuming that, we find special satisfaction in the frank, straightforward, manly and Christian spirit in which both parties seem to have acted. There appears to have been an honoring of principle no less than a deference to what was politic. There are no arraignments on the one side nor reproaches on the other. The parties had dwelt and labored together in peace, and now they part in love. Each respects the other's conscience and pays a tacit tribute to the other's integrity and fidelity. We do not know where the departing church goes, or whether it will take up an isolated position, but it carries the "God speed" of the tarrying churches, and it evidently responds with a fervent benediction. May Heaven bless them both, and make the incident serve high ends.

We ourselves may here find an example worth our copying. When we commend our brethren for their tolerance and Chris-

tian courtesy, we assert our own obligation to exercise a large and true charity in dealing with others. Praising them for their kind good-bye to those who go out from them at the seeming call of duty, is a way of saying that they who part from us in a similar way shall bear only fraternal words as they pass from our doors. It sometimes seems to us, perhaps, that our Close Communion brethren are equally illogical and intolerant,—that their souls are as grim as their theories are rigid,—that their intense ecclesiasticism has shriveled their hearts. It is pleasant to look at it in another way, to interpret their exclusiveness as the outcome of their strong religious convictions, and to believe that, when they seem to be unfriendly toward their brethren, they are chiefly bent on being thoroughly loyal to their Master, even though the loyalty calls for self-denial and brings pain. And such acts as this we have specified will help to make this interpretation easier and more natural.

Current Topics.

NATIONAL CONGREGATIONAL COUNCIL. This body, formally constituted three years since, at Oberlin, Ohio, is holding its second session at New Haven as we write. A large gathering of the leading men of that denomination, both clergymen and laymen, indicates the interest felt in the meeting and gives it prestige. Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn, delivered the opening discourse, on Wednesday evening, putting into it the full power of his clear and comprehensive thought, his marvelous and magnificent rhetoric, and the fervidness of his strong sensibility. It was an indirect and effective protest against the materialistic teaching and drift of modern science, while it directly argued for the supreme authority of the spiritual nature, consciousness and experience in man, in pronouncing upon the vital questions in religion; and he plead for a faithful and steady exaltation of this soul-life by the Christian ministry in their teaching and by the laity in their example and intercourse. Papers were read by a number of leading men on various topics, a noticeable feature of which was their bearing upon the practical work of the body, while questions of theology and ecclesiastical usage were evidently treated as subordinate matters to come in to the proceedings of such a gathering. The meeting is one to make a mark, and its influence will widen and last.

FENIANISM AGAIN. The late somewhat enthusiastic meeting of the Fenians in New York shows that the Irish can not forget the past nor silently drop the project of making an independent nationality of the people in the Emerald Isle. The hatred of the Englishman seems chronic, and the would-be Fenian leaders exhibit something like settledness of conviction and purpose in this often wild crusade against British rule. And the Irish masses are always ready to howl out their indignation and spring forward at almost any passionate call when this subject comes up. There is some show of reason in their protest against English sovereignty across St. George's Channel, and something that republicans in their watchword, "Ireland for the Irish!" But it must be confessed that many of the harangues heard in meetings like that in New York, chiefly exhibit sound and fury, and the campaigns planned in this country have generally been those of children and lunatics. The brag and bluster, the frenzy and fusillade, have abounded; but there has been little show of those settled convictions and solid qualities in whose absence a people may succeed in being a democratic mob but will wholly fail of becoming a decent nation. Let the Irish, as a body, establish their character for capacity and merit, and they will not long cry out against fancied oppressions, or lie prostrate under the burden of real ones.

THE NEW ENGLISH LECTURER. George Dawson formally entered on his season's work as a lyceum lecturer in this country by speaking to a fair Boston audience, last week, on "The Wives of Great Men." He was received with the sort of critical cordiality which is peculiar to "the hub." But he stood the test, mastered the hesitating approval in fifteen minutes, and left the platform at the end of his effort carrying the heartiest endorsement and the most freely-expressed thanks. He is a real lecturer, and is master of himself and the situation when facing an American audience. In substance and style his lecture was a superior product; while he himself is evidently the solid, cultivated, genial, sympathetic orator and gentleman. He is a man who has really something to say, and his style of saying it makes his public speech unusually pleasant and forcible.

SUSPICIOUS CRITICISM. One of our more feeble but very pronounced Baptist papers contains a half indignant and half lugubrious complaint against the *Watchman and Reflector*, because it uses such frank and many courtesy in dealing with the questions that divide that denomination from others, as to call out the commendation of a pedobaptist correspondent. To be praised thus, it is alleged, proves that the *Watchman* is either unsound, or unfaithful, or both; and so, it is hinted, it ought to repent at once, or be disciplined into propriety by its readers' protests or withdrawal of patronage. One may well be sorry for the critic while congratulating the *Watchman*. The praise of some men does impeach; this censure certainly bears a grateful testimony. Dr. Olmstead might well quote Burke's words to his complaining constituents: "In the trials and sorrows that come to me in life, I will call to mind your accusations against me, and be comforted."

IS THE BISHOP RIGHT? Bishop Gilbert Haven, the late brilliant though somewhat hyperbolic editor of *Zion's Herald*, now residing at Atlanta, Ga., writes to a northern paper, that no real northern man's life is safe fifteen miles' out from this southern city. Whereat the Georgia dignitaries and papers meet the statement with a point-blank denial, a protest that is not gentle, insinuations that are not velvety, and hints that it may be quite as prudent and safe to avoid such abolition and partisan charges hereafter. The Bishop replies in a way that illustrates his shrewdness, affirms his real sympathy with the people and his devotion to the interests of his adopted State, and the answer has an undertone of meaning that, put into plain Saxon, would declare that he is neither a liar nor a coward. And we are confident that this is true, even if he erred in his original statement.

PIUS THE PRISONER. A correspondent of one of our papers, now traveling in the Tyrol, in Europe, says that he often hears the people bewailing the sad fate of the Pope who, they suppose, is literally a prisoner, occupying a cell and kept on penitentiary fare, under the tyrannical orders of that imperial and wicked jailer, Victor Emanuel. Possibly, the uncultivated but honest priests who teach them do not know any better. The Holy Father is accustomed now and then to whine over his imprisonment, in the documents he sends out to his faithful Catholic children, and they interpret his words literally, as perhaps he is quite willing they should. Almost any lover of luxury, who has looked through the apartments and grounds of his palace, the Vatican, seen his retinue and resources, his pomp and parade when he appears in public, &c., would count an imprisonment like his the satisfaction of ambition. But his whining shows how mischievously large are his pretensions, and is very successful in bringing him compliments that soothe his vanity and keep his greedy purse full.

ESTIMATES OF INTERVIEWING. The practice of interviewing public men, &c., which reporters are carrying to such an outrageous extreme, is the wonder of our English critics as it is the disgrace of our own journalism. The editor of *Old and New* metes out some unsparing censure over it, and a prominent English writer confesses that he can't understand our tolerance of it. He supposes the reporters don't tell the whole story, for he thinks it must be that they are frequently kicked down stairs for their impudence. If that is not the case, and it is still true that the Americans keep any self-respect, he owns up to being baffled with the problem, and begs to be helped out of his perplexity. We don't wonder at his finding himself puzzled; and the worst part of the case is, we doubt if anybody can give him any satisfactory explanation. It is a pitiable feature in our life.

THE NEGRO'S RIGHTS. The principles involved in Mr. Sumner's Civil Rights Bill may become settled in the courts while Congress waits and dallies, and the people go on with their disputes. Messrs. Langston and Purvis, colored gentlemen, were refused the usual service and courtesies at the saloon of Harvey & Holden, in Washington. They called for lunch, and were denied on the ground of their color. Complaint was made against the saloon keepers under a law applicable to the District of Columbia, and the judge imposed on them a fine of \$100. The case is appealed. It may go up and be settled by the supreme bench without formal legislation. We are not sorry that the issue is thus made. It is one of those questions that can not be put by nor long delayed; and it must be settled on the basis of intrinsic justice.

LOOKING FOR RESULTS. Preaching, like all other things, is to be judged by its fruits. That is at least a doubtful ministry that gains no converts and does not manifestly lift souls and bury vices. The minister should take time to ascertain what his sermon has done after preaching it, as well as to inquire whether it conforms to the proper standard while preparing it. Dr. Guthrie ascribed much of his success in the pulpit to the lessons he had learned in questioning an afternoon class on the sermon he had preached in the morning. In that way he found out when he had missed the mark, and so took better aim the next time. Ministers, like marksmen, should always go to see the target after they have fired.

CREDIT DUE. We just learn that the poem, "Uncle Josh's Pig," appearing in our last issue, should have been credited to the *Christian Union*,—a paper abounding in good things in both poetry and prose.

SPECIAL EDUCATIONAL MEETING. The trustees of Bates College and other friends of that Institution will not overlook the notice of the President, found in another column, calling a special meeting in Providence on the 9th inst. Matters of importance will be presented at that time, and a prompt attendance is needed.

THE WORD FROM RICHMOND. We trust none of our readers will fail to read the cheering and significant letter from Bro. Dunjee, found on the fifth page. It is both a promise and a plea. Will not those who are gladdened by the one, generously respond to the other?

SOMETHING TO COMMEND. We are glad to say a good word for the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, published in New York at \$2.50 per year. It is ably edited by Rev. Lyman Abbott, whose standing in the circle of religious writers is very high. The illustrations are always admirable in subject and superb in execution. The last issue is a gem.

Denominational News and Notes.

Hillsdale College.—Sketch, &c.

We have before us, in proof, an extended and carefully prepared circular setting forth an outline of the history, a statement of the plans, the resources, the opportunities, the prospects, and the pressing needs of Hillsdale College, and a manly appeal to its friends and to the public for aid in carrying out its undertakings. The document is too long to be published entire, and the substance of certain portions of it has appeared in the *Star* during the last few months. We therefore present an outline of what seems just now least significant, and extract for our columns the paragraphs that offer the largest interest and make the strongest practical appeal to our readers.

We have, first, an epitomized history of the College up to the time of the fire; then an account of the five buildings now to be wrought into a group approved by the trustees, of the resolute and practical faith which at once entered on the work of rebuilding, and a statement of the broadened plans and higher aims which reconstruction is expected to embody. Finished and furnished, the cost of rebuilding is estimated at from \$75,000 to \$100,000, of which the center building will require \$25,000, and each of the others from \$12,500 to \$15,000. At least \$25,000 are needed, at a very early day, above the funds now available and in definite prospect for that purpose. Of this sum it is proposed to raise 15,000 within the county, and \$10,000 elsewhere. Even small donations for this object are earnestly invited, both at home and abroad, but a special appeal is made to wealthy men, to put a few princely gifts into the high undertaking, and thus worthily link their names with a noble deed and a long-lived and beneficent power. One hundred dollars will still purchase a perpetual and transferable scholarship, and fifty, and even twenty-five dollars will secure one covering a term of years.

After this, we have a series of tributes to the beauty and excellence of the plan of rebuilding, as it has been set forth by means of photography. These words of honest praise come from a variety of sources. Our conviction is that they might have been much stronger and more numerous without at all exaggerating the truth.

The circular next gives an account of the various expressions of practical interest and sympathy which immediately followed the disaster brought by the fire. These are mentioned in a way that shows how the hearts of the friends of the College at home were touched by the kind words and generous offerings received. Among these items, one of the most prominent is that showing the generosity of the gentlemen who take the contract to build the new buildings at figures far below those representing the average estimate of the cost.

Then follows an account of the laying of the corner stone of the new center building,—a report of which we lately copied, with extracts from the letters of prominent educators who could not attend, but who sent assurances of their deep interest in the work on hand. After this comes the announcement of Rev. Mr. Durgin's election, his acceptance of the Presidency, and quotations from the strong testimonials to his ability and adaptation offered freely and unsolicited by those who know him well. These are fitting things to circulate in the West where he is a comparative stranger, but not needed by his acquaintances in New England.

The document closes with a presentation of the plans and methods already adopted to secure the needed funds. For rebuilding, for endowment, for enlargement of the Faculty, increase of facilities, &c., and an appeal for prompt and real co-operation from all classes. The alumni hope to report \$10,000 raised by the time of the next Commencement. Rev. Dr. Graham, the late President, Rev. D. L. Rice, who has heretofore done such efficient work in the agency, H. J. King, Esq., whose relation to the college finances was for years most intimate and important, Revs. G. S. Bradley and E. N. Wright, whose hearts are in the work,—these and others are now occupied with efforts to secure funds. But it is properly said that agents can do but a small part of the needed work. And so the final words of the circular are copied. They are as follows:

"We plead that no one shall allow himself to act upon the fallacy that others will give whether he does or not. The responsibility is individual, and the means now available will not do the work which must be done in this emergency. The buildings must be furnished as well as built, and this want is felt almost wholly unprovided for. The benevolence of our friends everywhere must for a time be tributary to this interest. Voluntary contributions are our only support. Reader, are you a friend of the College? Your prompt and liberal contribution will be satisfactory evidence."

1. We invite our ministers everywhere to bear some part. If we put the information into their possession, we trust they will see that it is judiciously distributed, and that such distribution will be followed by a personal canvass, or a public mention until, as a result, we shall be in receipt of gifts or pledges from all the families in their respective churches.

2. If we send to an old subscriber who has paid his former pledge, may we not hear from him by way of another gift? And if to one whose pledge is wholly or in part unpaid, will he not remember that his pledge was accepted in good faith, and resolve to meet it at the earliest day possible? 3. If we address our *Alumni* will not those who have not yet given, or those who have given and can give more, at once make their subscriptions to the *Alumni* Endowment, that that work may be completed and the installation of their Professor bear even date with the dedication of the new buildings? And may we not ask them, also, as those appreciating the value and importance of a cabinet, to take special pains to collect, in their various localities, such specimens as they would be glad to donate to the College? In the new Natural Science building there will be ample room, admirably arranged, for

such collections. Labels will be provided which will bear the names of the donors, and contributions are respectfully solicited from all. The former cabinet was very good indeed, and without extra effort it will not be possible to get another one as good in a score of years.

4. If we reach our students, will they not contribute for some branch of the rebuilding as they may be able? Since good students are the want of any college, let every one who can not come himself send another in his stead.

5. If we send to a postmaster, allow us to ask, on behalf of the cause of education, and especially of a burnt-out college, that he will, hand copies to his friends and distribute them in such a way as will be most likely to be productive of the desired result.

6. If we address those who have editorial responsibilities, we trust that it may be their pleasure to give us the benefit of a paragraph, drawing from our circulars to such an extent as they may think will be mutually profitable to their readers and to the College. It would give us pleasure to receive a copy of their paper containing such mention.

7. When we venture upon the attention of teachers, it will be in the hope that, realizing the benefits of such culture as a college imparts, they will do us the favor to distribute our circulars among their pupils and patrons, so that the information therein communicated may be most widely and wisely circulated.

And, finally, whoever reads this appeal, let him send at least one dollar for the work of rebuilding, and we shall know that the group is not only planned and pictured, but that it will be speedily built. Some will cheerfully send \$5, or \$10, and still others \$25, \$50, or \$100; and among all those whose attention is attracted by these invitations we shall hope and pray that at least two able and generous souls may be found, who will each build a hall, and we shall gladly crown them with their names in honor of such generosity.

Our catalogue shows that the curriculum of studies is such as to give Hillsdale College a rank among the best colleges of the country. The Faculty numbers twelve professors, and there is a corps of instructors of as many more. We have already had an attendance, from first to last, about 5,000 students, and over 300 have graduated and are now filling positions of trust and honorably representing their alma mater. All who have enjoyed the privileges afforded here will testify that young men and women have been mutually benefited by being educated together. Not least among the advantages which might be mentioned are the superior literary societies, which give polish to the rhetoric, and grace and force to the oratory of their members. In short, the facilities for instruction in the classics, in the sciences, in Theology, in book-keeping, in telegraphy, in penmanship, in painting and in music, are such as to commend Hillsdale College to the attention and patronage of all seeking a liberal education. Those desiring to avail themselves of the advantages of such an institution for the education of their children will find pleasant locations on College Hill. The whole city may truly be represented as "beautiful for situation," and as being a desirable place of residence.

We invite the friends of the College to visit Hillsdale on every convenient occasion, and to look through the new buildings. The reunion of the Alumni and of the Ampleton and Alpha Kappa Phi Societies, in connection with the Commencement, June 17, 1875, will make that occasion one of the most interesting in the history of the College, and we hope to welcome a host of friends to the hospitalities of our homes.

Catalogues will always be sent on application. All communications concerning matters herein may be addressed to
L. P. REYNOLDS, Sec. & Treas.
Hillsdale, Mich., Oct. 1, 1874.

A Right Movement.

The Iowa Yearly Meeting, at its late session, inaugurated a movement worthy of the imitation of older and larger bodies. It resolved to recommend to the churches to take four regular collections annually, one of which was to be "for the aid of students in Biblical Schools." Now that is simply sensible. Something of the kind was attempted a few years ago in New England,—that is, a plan was adopted by means of which a certain proportion of the collections was to be devoted to the above named object, just as has been done with respect to missions, &c.

It is desirable, and probably would be best, if practicable, that there should be a fund, the income of which should be sufficient to meet this demand. But in the present emergency, I see no other way to supply the want of such a fund, than to fall back on the contributions of the churches and individual members. This is largely the necessity of other denominations. The American Education Society some years ago appropriated twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars to its beneficiaries, most of whom are of the Congregational or Presbyterian order. Four-fifths of this large amount is derived directly from the churches by way of annual donations, &c., and only about one-fifth from its fund. A large proportion also of the amount paid to beneficiaries by the Baptists is obtained from the same source. Now I know, if a system of collections, reaching all the churches, could be put into operation among us, the amount needed for this object would be at once and regularly supplied.

On the part of individuals, at least, there is, at the present time, a very intelligent view entertained on this subject, and a deep feeling awakened, as letters of recent date in my possession would show were I allowed to give them publicity. It is to be hoped that at the coming session of our General Conference ways and means may be devised to afford such encouragement in this direction, as will correspond with the increased number of students in our Theological schools.

ANOTHER MOVEMENT.

The Sandwich Quarterly Meeting recently voted to solicit contributions from its several churches in aid of young men studying for the ministry at the New Hampton Institution,—that Institution being within the bounds of the Q. M. Now there are among us societies whose work it is to carry on our several benevolent enterprises, such as Missions, Education, &c. And as these societies have officers and agents whose duty it is to keep a watchful eye on the whole field of operation, and appropriate moneys secured when and where the need is most

apparent, and the promise of beneficial results the largest, it might seem the wisest course to put the money raised for these respective objects into the general treasury of each. And doubtless, as a general rule, it would be so. But at times there are local interests and local wants that demand and justify immediate and special provision. Such I believe to be true of the New Hampton Institution to-day.

And here I wish to add a word to what I had occasion to say, last summer, in respect to the present condition and future prospects of that institution. I had not visited it, previous to that time, for some two or three years. In the mean time, I had heard much of its embarrassments and up-hill work by which I then was awakened to sympathy and interest, and which still continues. But I must confess to a degree of disappointment and gratification at the amount of genuine vitality which I found still existing, and the inflexible determination manifested to reach higher results and greater successes in the future. And this movement may contribute to that very end, if carried out as it should be. Could half a dozen or more enterprising young men be encouraged to enter that school, and pursue the regular courses preparatory to College and the Theological school, it would contribute to the advantage of the Institution in various ways, equal to what might result from a very considerable addition to its funds. Such encouragement can easily be given, and, beyond a doubt, the desirable results would follow.—J. F.

Home Mission Chit-Chat.

The climate in East Tennessee is very healthy; hence the people are strong and vigorous. We never expect to see a more hardy class of inhabitants than we saw here, or more aged persons in proportion to the population. One woman, over seventy years of age, walked twenty miles to the meeting. Another, aged one hundred and ten years, walks to meeting, and is quite strong both in body and mind. A mother of twenty-seven children is yet strong and active. We failed to maintain the good reputation of the Yankees for "guessing," when called upon to guess the age of persons. The pure water and the mild mountain air have a remarkable power to keep off old age.

The habits of the people are simple, the necessities of life they have, but not the luxuries. Most of their clothing they manufacture. You will see the old hand-looms, such as our mothers used a half century ago, in many of the houses. They raise their own cotton, keep a few sheep, and are quite independent; prices and panics affect them but little. The ministers dress like the brethren, in home-made cloth; so in this respect there is no chance for envy. The roads are horribly bad; hence the people walk, or ride on horseback, often two on the same horse.

Their houses are cheap and small, quite often made of logs; they have but a little furniture, and that of the plainest kind. The climate is so mild that they can dispense with many things that are essential to us in the North. There can be no question of their hospitality,—a more free, kind-hearted people can not be found. When we have our vacation, we shall not go to the Adirondacks, nor to Europe, but to East Tennessee.

The ministers are men of good common sense, unlearned, pious, and much respected by the people. They have no salaries, and but few presents, they are zealous and faithful, and willing to sacrifice to advance the good cause. Their style of preaching is much the same as that of our fathers. We are sorry to say that the most of them use tobacco.

The country is quite thickly settled, mostly by whites. Schools are few, with inefficient teachers, but the people are anxious for improvement, and in a few years great advancement will be made. They are waking up to the necessity of education. Woolsey College has a great field for influence, and we trust that it will do its work efficiently, so that the people will be benefited in every respect.

With all the knowledge that we have of fields for missionary labor, we know of none so interesting for Freewill Baptists as East Tennessee, and the west part of North Carolina. We have never found any people so anxious to receive the gospel. They are poor, made so greatly by being Union men, and deserve our aid and sympathy. Our doctrine is well received, and the churches have the confidence of the people; the ministers and brethren are regarded favorably. In establishing churches in a new field, this is of great importance. These ministers feel the need of help, and will heartily co-operate with any one that will aid them in extending and building up the churches. The field is large and white, ready for the harvest. We have a good beginning. Much hard work has been done. The two thousand or more, with proper means, will within three years become ten thousand. From these mountains the good work will spread over the State.

There is less prejudice against the colored people in Virginia than in any other southern State. There is more enterprise, more thrift, more intelligence, and many things to convince one that the Virginian has reason to be proud of his State.

Land is cheap; farms of good localities can be obtained for from five to ten dollars per acre. In this State most of the fighting in the late war was done, and here, to-day, the people are the most loyal. They honestly accept the situation. The colored people are used better, their rights are respected, and there is less of the mean, tyrannical spirit of persecution than in the other States.

The encouragements to make special effort in Home Mission work in this part of the South are many and strong.

A. H. CHASE, Cor. Sec.

Ministers and Churches.

The Work in Richmond.

RICHMOND, Va., Sept. 29, 1874.

EDITOR MORNING STAR:

It occurs to me that yourself and readers might be interested by an account of the progress of the Free Baptist Mission work in this part of Virginia. As you well know, the eastern shore of this State is comparatively a new field of missionary enterprise with our denomination. Since the war, I have made many visits to this, the Capital City of the State, as well as to many of the smaller cities and towns in this vicinity, and I must again say that Richmond has always seemed to me to be a most favorable point for a center of Free Baptist missionary labor. From further experience, and more extended opportunity for observation, I am still of that opinion. Although our work here is yet in its infancy, still we have every reason to believe that it will expand and continue to grow until it becomes a most potent influence for the good of the people.

Of course, as with all new efforts, we labor under difficulties. Having as yet no house of worship, we are obliged to hold meetings and Sabbath school wherever we can find room. But notwithstanding the want of a fixed home, our Sunday school is already an established institution, and has been steadily increasing from Sabbath to Sabbath, until it now numbers forty pupils. If we had a comfortable home for our school, I see no reason why, in a short time, we might not gather in five times that number.

I preach three times on each Sabbath day, and although our meetings are held in a small school-room, still the attendance is very good, and the character of our meetings is extremely interesting. After a careful survey of the field, I think I may safely say to our friends in the North that all we need in Richmond, in order to build up a large congregation, is a good and comfortable house of worship. The Baptist denomination in this city, and in this part of the State, numbers any other, and the people generally are well schooled in all the cardinal principles of the Baptist faith. But it is also true that more advanced and more liberal ideas are taking hold of the minds of the people, and that there is quite a feeling among Baptists in favor of free communion.

Among all the needs of the colored people of this city and in the South, there is none more pressing than that of a higher order of religious worship. So long as their present religious organizations fail, in any perceptible measure, to restrain intemperance and kindred vices, so long will there be need of earnest and persistent missionary labor.

Now, as to the prospect of a house of worship. While we have made some progress in that direction, we sorely need help. A beautiful lot in the south-eastern part of the city has been purchased, and the contract for the chapel to be erected upon it (the latter a plain but neat building and to cost about one thousand dollars) has been let. To comply with the terms of this contract will exhaust our present funds, and, unless we receive aid, the work will have to stop. My aim is to get into our house of worship by Christmas, by which time I hope to have it so far on the way to completion that it will be ready for general religious services and for Sabbath school. Will our brethren at the North, amidst the many claims upon their religious benevolence and charity kindly remember and help us?

Sometime since, I contemplated purchasing an old church building, called Wesley Chapel, in the lower part of this city; but, upon investigation, we found that it was not desirable property, for the reasons that no clear title could be given, and that the contemplated purchase would eventually cost us more than a new house of worship. I therefore concluded to buy a lot and build a new structure in the modern style of architecture.

By the way, do you know of any generous brother or sister, or any Sabbath-school, who would like to do a really charitable act by sending us a small library for our little Sunday school? We need books and papers very badly, but have, as yet, nothing of the kind, for the reason that with the pressure of building upon us, we can not possibly spare the money.

J. W. DUNJEE.

FARMINGTON, N. H. Since our last report for the columns of the Star, eighteen have been admitted to the church by baptism and five by letter. The religious interest with us is still good. Yesterday, Sept. 27, we held in the afternoon a missionary meeting, Brethren Libby and Hobbins, and Miss Susie Libby, being present. At the close of the services a collection of \$33.75 was taken.

Our Woman's Mission Society now numbers 60 members. They pay each one dollar annually for missions. Will not all our churches organize similar Societies to aid our missions?

G. M. P.

HOPKINTON, N. Y. At the close of the St. Lawrence Q. M. Session, Sept. 13, it was our privilege to gather at the water's edge and witness the baptism of eleven happy souls, nine of whom united with the Hopkinton church. Rev. E. B. Fuller administered the ordinance. The scene was one of great solemnity and interest, and will be remembered long by many who witnessed it. To God be all the praise.

J. H. WALRATH.

Resolutions.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Theological Society of Hillsdale College, at a meeting held Sept. 18:

Resolved, That we are called upon to part with our dear brother, R. M. Hobbins, for his field of labor in the Foreign Mission, and therefore

Resolved, 1. That we recognize in Bro. Hobbins an earnest worker, a faithful friend, and a honored member; and while we regret the necessity which compels his distant removal from us, yet we cheerfully yield him to the noble work which he has undertaken, and pledge to him our hearty sympathy, our best wishes, and our earnest prayers.

2. That we take this opportunity to send fraternal greetings to Bro. Hobbins and his family, and those associated with them in the mission work.

M. J. COLDEN, Sec.

WEST TOPSHAM, VT. We are especially glad to learn of the interest in this village, which began to show itself during the recent session of the Y. M. It has gone on increasing ever since, till the promise of a large spiritual harvest is now very cheering. A large number are seeking or rejecting in the salvation of the gospel. Bro. Peaslee is just removing from Barrington, N. H. to serve the church and people there as regular pastor; he carries zeal, earnestness and hope, and is welcomed with real satisfaction.

A FAITHFUL LABORER. Rev. W. C. Hulise, formerly of Wisconsin, a graduate of Hillsdale College and also of the Theological Institution at Bangor, Maine, has been preaching in the towns of Unity, Garland, and Boothbay, with good success. Bro. Hulise is a young man of deep piety, earnest and instructive, and has done thus far a good work in the vineyard of the Lord. He has now left the state of Maine with his family, for his native state; and we commend him to any of our Baptist churches in the West where he expects to labor, as a humble, devoted minister of the gospel, deeply interested in all the benevolent institutions of the day.

BENJ. FOGG, Q. M. Clerk.

Notes of Travel and Work.

I left Waupun, Aug. 20, to visit my dear Bro. Babcock, in Ohio, who is very sick. But he has a good hope of a better life. I expect the next letter will bring news of his death. I preached in Auburn, Aug. 30, and found Rev. A. Crafts laboring with the church to good acceptance. I took a collection for missions of about \$300. Sept. 6, I preached for Bro. Steele, at Chagrin Falls; had a large congregation morning and afternoon. The church is doing a good work in repairing their house. Sept. 13, I preached for Bro. Anderson, at the Chester church, and this gave us \$8.25 for missions. Their house has been recently repaired recently.

E. N. WRIGHT.

Ordination.

A Council, consisting of O. Blake, O. D. Patch and J. C. Steele, met in Cleveland, O., August 23, and, after a very satisfactory examination, proceeded to set apart for the gospel ministry Chas. McLean, M. D. The following order was observed: Reading the Scriptures, by Rev. J. C. Steele; Prayer, by Rev. O. Blake; Charge and hand of fellowship, by Rev. O. D. Patch. Bro. McLean wished to be ordained as minister and evangelist at large, and proceeds at once to Tryon, Ohio, to engage in his chosen work. We bespeak for him the prayers of the church.

J. C. STEELE, Clerk of Council.

Bro. Charles McLean, whose ordination is thus noticed above, is of Scotch parentage, was connected with the Free church of Scotland, and educated at the Glasgow University. He acted for a time as city missionary in Glasgow. Coming to this country, and being a Baptist in sentiment, he naturally gravitated to the church founded by Alexander Campbell, but further examination convinced him that he is a Free Baptist. The Council found him in doctrine and spirit in union with us. Hereafter he has given much of his time to the practice of medicine, but, hearing the calls for laborers, he can not refrain, but writes, "Here am I, Lord, send me." May God bless this dear brother in his chosen work.

J. C. S.

Quarterly Meetings.

NEW DURHAM Q. M.—Held its Aug. session with the church at New Durham. Rev. C. C. Foster was chosen Moderator, and Rev. E. Tuttle, Assistant. Rev. G. M. Park, Standing Clerk. A season of devotion for one hour previous to the transaction of business was held. Letters from the churches were read, indicating steadfastness in Christian duty, church fellowship, with stirring revivals, additions having been made to the churches by baptism; and this old Quarterly Meeting seems to be receiving strength and new life. After the reading of letters, the report of the Q. M.'s reported. A most interesting Sunday school report was held Tuesday evening, consisting of recitations, singing, &c. Wednesday forenoon, Bro. Marshall of Freeport, 22 years old, preached an interesting sermon; text, John 1:29. Bro. Marshall has been engaged 40 miles to attend the meeting. He was followed by brethren Tuttle, Durgin, Blake, Foster and Park in appropriate remarks, after which the congregation joined in singing.—Shall we gather at the River. A missionary meeting was held on Wednesday afternoon, when stirring addresses were made by Rev. C. O. Libby and Miss Libby, of Dover, and Miss French, of Salem, missionaries elect, who expect to sail for the Sandwich Islands, and others. Sermons were also preached by brethren Brooks, Macomber, Dr. Graham and Rev. F. F. McKenney of Prairie du Sac, Wisconsin.

The subject of the Rochester Village church, which was brought before the Conference, and interesting remarks were made by several members of the Conference concerning the enterprise of the F. W. Baptists of Rochester village, which is a religious society, in that place.

A committee, consisting of Rev. E. Tuttle, G. M. Park and Mr. Samuel G. Berry, was appointed to take this matter into consideration, and they made the following report:

Your Committee appointed to confer with the delegates from the Rochester Village church, relative to adding them in the building of a house of worship, would report as follows:

That it is our duty to aid financially our Rochester brethren in their present undertaking to establish themselves permanently, as a religious society, in that place.

First, because there is much Freewill Baptist sentiment among the people of that place and vicinity.

Second, because we consider Rochester a growing place, a railroad center, and an important point in our Quarterly Meeting that we should care for.

Third, because there is room, if not a positive demand, for another religious society, and that one Providence seems to indicate to be ours.

Fourth, because now seems to be the fitting time, when our friends there are awake to the work.

In consideration of these reasons, therefore, Resolved, 1. That we, the New Durham Quarterly Meeting of Freewill Baptists, pledge ourselves to welcome an agent from this church and society, to our churches and societies, for the purpose of raising funds for our Home Mission Society, to be appropriated to the Rochester Village Freewill Baptist society for the building of a F. W. B. meeting-house in that village.

2. That we, as a Quarterly Meeting, would respectfully ask the Home Mission Board to co-operate with us in this work, by giving said society such a sum as its ability will warrant, in addition to the funds already secured.

3. That we recommend the Quarterly Meeting to choose some one to present the interests and needs of this people, church and society, to the Home Mission Board, and aid the Rochester Village society in securing assistance from said Board, for the purpose of building said house of worship.

G. M. P.

HONEY CREEK Q. M.—Held its Sept. session with the New Berlin church. The session was of considerable interest. Harmony prevailed in the meetings of business, and spirituality in the meetings of worship.

We are very thankful for the additional strength to the ranks of the ministry. Bro. L. A. Crandall has taken the pastorate of the Mt. Pleasant church, and Bro. F. B. Moulton of the New Berlin churches, thus filling a long felt vacancy. Our Q. M. is materially strengthened by these brethren, and we hope for good results.—Next session will be the Rochester conference, commencing Dec. 4, 1874. Opening sermon by L. A. Crandall.

G. H. HUBBARD, Clerk.

UNITY Q. M.—Held its September term with the Duxbury Mount Zion church, Simpson's Corner. The religious interest in our Q. M. is rather low; our churches need more ministerial labor and encouragement. Our last session was one of interest, the preaching excellent, social meetings very interesting. Bro. Simon Whitcomb, a student at the Theo. Institute, Bangor, was licensed to improve his gift until June next.

Next session with the Thruville and Knox church, in December, as usual.

BENJ. FOGG, Clerk.

Cramps and pains in the stomach are the result of impure food, and may be immediately relieved by a dose of Johnson's Anodyne Lincture. A teaspoonful in a little sweetened water is a dose. Heavy oafs are good for horses; none will deny that; but oafs can't make a horse's coat look smooth and glossy when he is out of condition. Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders will do this when all else fails.

Those who have once used the Eureka Machine twist, will use no other; it is warranted in every respect. Sold by dealers everywhere.

The very extensive patronage now enjoyed by the New Eureka Twist is the tribute of modern thought to the greatness of the scientific discovery. This Twist without metal springs retains the Rapture with absolute security in every case. It is worn with the greatest ease, night and day, till a permanent cure is effected. Sold at a reasonable price. It is sent by mail to all parts of the country by the Elastic Twist Co., No. 63 Broadway, N. Y. City, who furnish descriptive circulars free on application.

Spicy breath, teeth white and speckless. Fragrant SOZODONT secures; Ladies, can you be so reckless As to fail to make them yours?

A LIFE DOUBLY ASSURED.

A resident of Bangor, Maine, writing to C. N. Critchfield, 781 Madison Avenue, for a supply of Hale's Honey of Horsebrand and Tar, mentions incidentally that three months ago a New England Life Insurance Company refused to grant him a policy on the ground that he was consumptive. "But," he adds, "thanks to the healing properties of that invaluable preparation, my lungs are now perfectly sound, and yesterday passed a medical examination, without an objection being made, and insured my life for \$5,000.

PIKE'S TOOTH-ACHE DROPS—Cure in one minute.

Carpets at low prices.—One dollar Super-fines at seventy cents per yard.—We have just purchased of the administrator the product of a factory of a late Philadelphia manufacturer, comprising 250 rolls all-wool Superfines, modern styles, dollar quality, which we shall sell for 70 cents. These are the cheapest carpets that have ever been offered in this market.

Also, 200 rolls Tapestry Brussels at \$1.10; sold every yard at \$1.00.

Also, 150 rolls five-frame English Brussels at \$1.10; \$2.25 being the former price.

Also, 250 rolls good Ingrains, at 45 cents.

Also, and invoice of Stair Carpets, at three-quarters value.

Also, 400 rolls Oil Cloth, from 30 cents up to the finest enameled finish for less than cost of production.

The above special lines of carpets our customers will find to be very much under value, presenting an opportunity rarely offered at such low prices.

NEW ENGLAND CARPET COMPANY, Removed to 85 Broadway street, Boston.

418 Opposite American House.

What are English Channel Shoes?

Sewed shoes have the seam that unites the sole and upper split into the channel cut in the sole. Americans cut this channel from the edge of the sole and the thin lip turns up in wearing. The English channel, however, never turns up, is cut from the surface, leaving a dark line when closed. As it can not be cut in thin, poor leather it indicates a good article.

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Centaur Liniments.

allay pain, subdue swellings, heal burns, and will cure rheumatism, sprain, and any flesh, bone or muscle ailment. The White

Wrapper is for family use, the Yellow Wrapper is for animals.

Price 50 cents; large bottles \$1.

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

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FOR MOOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES

AND TAY, ask your Druggist for Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotions, which is harmless and in every case infallible. Or for his improved COMPOUND and PINK EXTRACT, the great Skin Medicines for Pimples, Black Heads or Flesh-worms. Or consult B. C. PERRY, the noted Skin Doctor, 49 Bond St., New York.

201b

Notices and Appointments.

Anniversaries.

THE FREE BAPTIST ANNIVERSARIES for 1874 will be held in the Roger Williams church, Providence, R. I., in the following order, subject to the approval of General Conference:

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 8. Anniversary convention at 7 P. M. Anniversary sermon, at 7:30. Preacher, Rev. O. B. Baker, of Iowa.

FRIDAY, OCT. 10. Anniversary of the Sabbath School Union at 7 P. M. Speakers, Revs. J. E. Dams, of Mass., and R. L. Howard, of N. H.

THURSDAY, OCT. 9. Anniversary of the Temperance Society, at 7 P. M. Speakers, Rev. H. Dunn, of Mich., and Rev. J. C. Steele, of N. H.

FRIDAY, OCT. 10. Anniversary of the Home Mission Society, at 7 P. M. Speakers, Revs. N. L. Rowell, of Mich., and R. H. Holt, of Mich.

SATURDAY, OCT. 11. Anniversary of the Woman's Mission Society, at 7 P. M. Speakers, Rev. J. E. Dams, of Mass., and R. L. Howard, of N. H.

MONDAY, OCT. 13. Anniversary of the Foreign Mission Society, at 7 P. M. Speakers, Rev. J. E. Dams, of Mass., and R. L. Howard, of N. H.

TUESDAY, OCT. 14. Anniversary of the Education Society, at 7 P. M. Speakers, Revs. S. D. Bates, of Ohio, and D. F. Hayes, of Me.

ANNUAL MEETINGS.

SABBATH SCHOOL UNION, Wednesday, Oct. 8, in the church, at 7 P. M.

WOMAN'S MISSION SOCIETY, Thursday, Oct. 9, in the vestry, at 7 P. M.

EDUCATION SOCIETY, Friday, Oct. 10, in the vestry, at 7 P. M.

FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY, Monday, Oct. 12, in the church, at 7 P. M.

BOARD MEETINGS.

EDUCATION BOARD, Friday, at 9 A. M. in the vestry.

FOREIGN MISSION BOARD, Thursday, at 9 A. M. in the vestry.

C. O. LIBBY, Chairman of Com. of Am. Doves, N. H., Sept. 11, 1874.

Notice.

The annual meeting of the Freewill Baptist Foreign Mission Society, for the choice of officers and the transaction of other business, will be held in the vestry of the Roger Williams church, Providence, R. I., on Thursday, Oct. 8, at 9 o'clock A. M. J. A. LOWELL, Cor. Sec.

Danville, N. H., Sept. 16, 1874.

THE FREEWILL BAPTIST EDUCATION SOCIETY will hold its annual meeting, for the choice of officers, and the transaction of other business, in the vestry of the Roger Williams church, Providence, R. I., on Thursday, Oct. 8, at 9 o'clock A. M. D. W. C. DURGIN, Sec.

New Market, Sept. 4, 1874.

Notice.

The annual meeting of the Freewill Baptist Home Mission Society, for the choice of officers, and the transaction of other business, will be held in the vestry of the Roger Williams church, Providence, R. I., on Thursday, Oct. 8, at 4 o'clock P. M.

Sabbath School Union. The annual meeting of the Freewill Baptist Sabbath School Union will be held at Providence, R. I., at the Roger Williams church, on Wednesday, Oct. 7, at 7 o'clock P. M.

Dover, Sept. 11, 1874. I. D. STEWART, Age.

The annual meeting of the Freewill Baptist Home Mission Society, for the choice of officers, and the transaction of other business, will be held in the vestry of the Roger Williams church, Providence, R. I., on Thursday, Oct. 8, at 4 o'clock P. M.

Sandwich Center, Sept. 13, 1874.

There will be a meeting of the Free Baptist Historical Committee in the vestry of the Roger Williams church, Providence, R. I., Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 9, at 4-1/2 o'clock P. M.

Concord, N. H., Sept. 16, 1874.

New England Convention.

A Convention of Free Baptists of New England, held in May last, the undersigned were appointed a committee, "to take charge of the subscription, and to present the action of this Convention to the several Yearly Meetings and Associations for their approval, and to call together a Convention to perfect the organization of the N. E. Association."

Poetry.

Wild Flowers.

BY ADRIAN L. WYMAN.

The dew, which glides the thirsty earth,
Falls upon nought more sweet
Than the wee blossoms which so oft
We tread beneath our feet.

Soft as the silken cord of love
The charm with which they bind,
To whatsoever things are pure,
The earnest, thoughtful mind.

And God, who knows no changing hour,
Has stamped His living word
Upon the petals of a flower,
The pinions of a bird.

The violets, as I hold them near,
So softly kiss my cheek;
And hither, in a still, small voice,
The blessing of the meek.

The wayside daisies, bound to earth,
Look upward to the sky,
And tell me how those saints have lived
Who have not feared to die.

Below the brown and withered leaves
Which court the April showers,
In tender flush of spring, I find
The sweet arbutus flowers.

And thus I learn of charity,
As from the words of Paul—
"Thinketh no evil, telleth not,
Hopeth, believeth all."

Where bright and fair the lily blooms,
Nor sheds one mournful tear,
Again I find the blessed words
Which never fail to cheer:

"They told me not, neither do they spin;
Yet unto you I say,
Even Solomon in all his pride
Had not such fine array."

"And will not He who clothes the grass,
Specially do to death,
Will He not much more care for you,
O ye of little faith?"

Viewing the grand old mountain heights,
I feel my Father's power;
I know His love when'er I look
Upon a little flower.

The hand which framed the mountain rocks,
Which curls the angry flood,
And rolls the planets in their course,
Molds, too, the tiny bud.

Sweet little blossoms of the wood,
By angel fingers sown,
The humblest of Christ's little ones
May take them as his own.

Dear comforters of mortal woes,
They soothe my restless hours,
And guard and strengthen in my soul
Gems of immortal flowers.

Humility more sweetly thrills
My veins with love divine,
And faith uplifts her drooping head
To see heaven's star-lamps shine.

Fair charity with perfume sweet
Her chalice fills anew,
And hope her tiny leaves outspreads
To catch the early dew.

While trust, poor plant of timid growth,
Regains its native grace,
And, clinging to the Eternal Rock,
Bears golden flowers of peace.

The Family Circle.

Husbands, Stay at Home.

BY UNCLE TIMOTHY.

A few evenings since, I came from the Post Office just at early dusk. The bells had rung the operatives out of the mills, and the workmen out of the shops. As I was coming along musing, I met a young man, who was bending his somewhat hurried steps towards a moderately sized white house by the way, and, as I noticed, was looking quite earnestly towards a chamber window where was sitting a young woman. His face was crowded with more wholesome smiles than I want to be seen on that of a man. All of which, I perceived, were amply reciprocated. I thought possibly he might be a lover returning, after long weeks of absence, to pledge anew his plighted faith, and to talk over perhaps a particular future day that had been as much as hinted at before. At this time a little hysterical scream, or laugh, came from the same upper window, and the afore-said woman revealed all by saying in her own pretty way, "There comes your papa; there comes your papa."

I confess that my heart began to soften and wax warm. A very grateful change just at that time, for I had indulged that very day in some pretty hard thoughts towards the world, for its selfishness and other meannesses. And being in a mood for it, I walked off slowly, filling out the picture from an easy and willing imagination. So, as old John Bunyan would say, "I saw in my dream" a pretty little, home-like kitchen, the substantial part of one of these second upper tenements, containing only a little, but that little very well proportioned and nicely arranged. The table was covered with a snow-white cloth, "as no fuller can whiten," the tea was smoking by the stove, and the nice hot biscuits beside it. On the table were the little scolded cookies just nicely browned, the sponge cake, made that very day in exact obedience to the directions of a brand new new recipe, a slice of butter finely cut and laid on the cleanest plate, a china one, given by a mother, a few very thin cuts from the dinner roast, and, added to these, several little nameless tidbits, all nicely gotten up, just because "he is so fond of them, you know."

Now I should have liked to go asleep on that, and finish such a pretty little day-dream by a corresponding real one. But this was not allowed. This hard practical question would force itself on me, "Will he stay after he gets up there?" Or will he, after hurrying down his selfish trash those nice little tidbits wrought by delicate, perhaps tired but still right-willing hands, seize his selfish hat and hurry off to the grocery or saloon to have a good selfish smoke with some equally selfish boon companions, leaving her whom he has taken

from a pleasant home, to clear away as best she can, between the intervals of tending the baby now becoming cross from sleeplessness, and then to sit and knit, and stitch, and think, "I needn't say what about, all alone and silent till the dreary hour of ten?" Young husbands, stay at home evenings with your wives, as you virtually swore you would when you won their hearts and holiest affections. Take care of the baby, your baby, while she "clears away the things," and then read to her, or talk over the experiences and observations of the day, and those little plans for the future, when you are to have a nice little cottage of your own, if indeed you are not too brainless to have any future plans.

"But then, she don't mind such things; she is used to home, and its her way to stay there." Try it yourself. The supper is dispatched, and without "clearing away," she takes her hat and shawl, and sallies forth to enjoy a little gossiping with the neighbors, and leaves you to enjoy (?) the baby and other things. The baby gets cross, all babies are cross in the absence of their mothers, and so you rock it in the cradle, and that not answering the purpose, you trot it on your knee, or carry it about the room, drum on the window to draw its attention from crying, and failing in that, you rattle things generally, as though one noise would supersede another, till at last the little plague worries itself to sleep. And then you read some, of course all to yourself, and afterward you listen to the clock going steadily on through sixty minutes, or 3,600 ticks. But there is one relief, for variety's sake, it strikes eight, and then comes the slow measured ticks again, just another 3,600, and it's nine. But by this time, you are getting tired, and things are growing monotonous, provided always the baby has consideration enough for your feelings not to wake up, and so for a change, you slink off to bed, and at half-past nine, or when 1,800 more of those inevitable ticks have transpired, you get into a dull drowse, till startled by a rattle at the door. She has come. It's only a quarter to ten; if it had been your case, it would have been quite ten, or half-past.

It is true, you have got through with it, and perhaps are not seriously damaged. But remember, there are 365 of them in a year; and so when you get through with the 365th and find you like it, I trust you will be generous enough to give your wife a turn at it, and not have the selfishness to appropriate all the good things to yourself. But if you don't like it, and find that getting into it doesn't result in much improvement, then I say as before, stay at home evenings with your wife, and if she is a true wife, and you are a true husband, you will like it before you get used to it, and no less afterward.

"But then home isn't always pleasant; it is often chafed and vexed by unfortunate dispositions, and frettings, and petty whims, and all that." Perhaps so; and I think I have heard something like it before. That is the other side. And still, after having poured such a phial full of just indignation on your head, it can hardly be expected that I should be equal to a like task so soon. Let me take time to reflect.

Lewiston, Me.

Aunt Matilda's Letter.

One afternoon, about the end of October, Aunt Matilda was sitting in her big, straight-backed chair, on one side of her fire-place. There was a wood fire blazing on the hearth, for the days were getting cool, and the old woman liked to be warm. On the other side of the fire-place sat Uncle Braddock. Sitting on the floor, between the two, were John William Webster and Dick Ford. In the doorway stood Gregory Montague. He was on very good terms with Aunt Matilda, and was rather afraid to come in all the way. On the bed sat Aunt Judy.

It must not be supposed that Aunt Matilda was giving a party. Nothing of the kind. These colored people were not very much engrossed with business at this time of the year; and as it was not far from supper-time, and as they all happened to be near Aunt Matilda's cabin that afternoon, they thought they'd step in and see her.

"Does any of you uns know," asked Aunt Matilda, "what Ole Miles is now? Dey tells me he don't carry de mails no more."

"No," said John William Webster, who was always quick to speak. "Dey done stop dat ar. Dey got so many letters up dar at de mica mines, dat dey send all de big ones to de post-office in a bag 'n' a buggy, and dey send de little ones ober de telegraph."

"But what's Ole Miles?" repeated Aunt Matilda.

"He's a doin' jobs up aroun' de mines," said Uncle Braddock. "De las' time I see him, he was a whitewashin' a fence."

"Well, I want to see Ole Miles," said Aunt Matilda. "I wants him to carry a letter fur me."

"I'll carry yer letter, Aunt Matilda," said Dick Ford; and Gregory Montague, anxious to curry favor, as it was rapidly growing near to ash-cake time, stated in a loud voice that he'd take it "fus thing in de mornin'."

"I do want none o' you uns," said Aunt Matilda. "Ole Miles is used to carryin' letters, and I wants him to carry my letter. Ef you'd like ter keep yerse'f out o' mischief, you Gregory, you kin go 'long and tell him I wants him to carry a letter fur me."

"I'll do dat," said Gregory, "fus thing in de mornin'."

"Better go 'long now," said Aunt Matilda.

"Too late now, Aunt Matilda," said Gregory, anxiously. "Could n't get dar fore dark, no how, and he'd be gone away, and I speet I could n't fin' him."

"What is yer letter?" asked Uncle Braddock.

"Oh, 't aint writ yit," said Aunt Matilda. "I wants some o' you uns to write it fur me. Kin any o' you youngsters write writin'?"

"Yes, ma'am," said John William Webster. "Gregory kin write fus-rate. He's been ter school morn' a month."

"You shut up!" cried Gregory, indignant. "Ise been to school morn' dat. Ise been fore or four weeks. And I know'd how to write some 'fore I went. Mah'r George taught me."

"You'd better git Kate to write yer letter," said Aunt Judy. "She'd spell it out a great sight better dan Gregory Montague, I reckons."

"No, I don't want Miss Kate to write dis hyar letter. She does enough, let alone writin' letters fur me. Come 'long hyar, you Gregory. Reach up dar on dat shelf and git dat piece o' paper bebin' de 'lasses gourd."

Gregory obeyed promptly, and pulled out a half-sheet of note-paper from behind the gourd. The paper had been there a good while, and was rather yellow-looking. There was also adrop of molasses on one corner of it, which John William said would do to seal it up with; but Gregory wiped it carefully off on the leg of his trousers.

"Now, den," said Aunt Matilda; "set yerse'f right down dar on de floor. Git off dat ar smooth board, you Dick, an' let Gregory put his paper dar. I haint got no pen, but hyar's a pencil Miss Kate let one day. But it aint got no pint. Ef some o' your boys has got a knife, ye kin put a pint to it."

Uncle Braddock divined into the recesses of his dressing-gown, and produced a great jack-knife, with a crooked iron blade and a hickory handle.

"Look-and-er!" cried John William Webster. "Uncle Braddock's agwine ter chop de pencil up fur kindin'-wood."

"None o' yer laughin' at dis knife," said Uncle Braddock, with a frown. "I done made dis hyar knife meself."

A better knife, however, was produced by Dick Ford, and the pencil was sharpened. Then Gregory Montague stretched himself out on the floor, resting on his elbows, with the paper before him and the pencil in his hand.

"Is you ready?" said Aunt Matilda.

"All right," said Gregory. "Yer kin go 'long."

Aunt Matilda put her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands, and looked into the fire. Gregory and every one else waited quite a while for her to begin.

"Ye had better put de number ob de year fus," suggested Uncle Braddock.

"Well, ye kin put dat," said Aunt Matilda, "while I'm a-werkin' out de letter in me mind."

There now arose a discussion as to what was the "number of the year." Aunt Judy knew that the "war" was somewhere along in "sixty," and thought it must certainly be seventy or eighty by this time; while Uncle Braddock, who was accustomed to look back a long way, was sure it was "nigh on to a hun' red."

Dick Ford, however, although he was not a writer, could read, and had quite a fancy for spelling out a newspaper, and he asserted that the year was eighteen hundred and seventy, and so it was put down "180070," much to the disgust of Uncle Braddock, who didn't believe it was so much.

"Yer ought to say if it's before Christ or after Christ," said Aunt Judy. "Ole Mah'r Truly Mathers splained dat to me, 'bout years."

"Well, then," said Gregory, ready with his pencil, "which is it?"

Dick Ford happened to know a little on this subject, and so he told Gregory how he should put down "B. C." for "before Christ," and that "A. C." for "after Christ," was right for this year.

This was set down in Gregory's most careful lettering.

"Dat dar hind letter's got de stumic-ache," said John William Webster, putting his long finger, black on top and yellow underneath, on the C which was rather doubled up.

Nobody thought of the month or the day, and so the letter was considered dated.

"Now, den," said Gregory, "who's it to?"

"Just never you mind who's it to," answered Aunt Matilda. "I know, an' dat's enough to know."

"But you've got to put de name 'on de back," said Aunt Judy, anxiously.

"Dat's so," said Uncle Braddock, with equal anxiety.

"No, I haint," remarked Aunt Matilda. "I'll tell Ole Miles who to take it to. Put down de de fus thing."

"Ise been thinkin' fur a long time dat I oughter write about dis hyar matter, and I speose you is de right one to write to."

"What matter's dat?" asked Aunt Judy.

"Nebber you mind," replied Aunt Matilda.

Slowly and painfully, Gregory printed this sentence, with Dick Ford close on one side of him; with John William's round woolly head stuck almost under his chin; with Uncle Braddock leaning over him from his chair; and Aunt Judy standing peering down upon him from behind.

"Dat's wrong," said Dick Ford, noticing that Gregory had written the last words thus: "rite I ter rite 2." "She don't want no figgers."

"What did she say 'em fur, den?" asked Gregory.

"Now, Gregory," said Aunt Matilda, "put down dis:

"I don't want to make no trouble, and I wouldn't do nothin' to trouble de childen; but Ise been a-waitin' a good long while now, and I been thinkin' 'd better write an' see 'bout it."

"What you want to see 'bout?" asked Aunt Judy, quickly.

"Nebber you min' what it is," replied Aunt Matilda. "Go on, you Gregory, and put down:

"Dat money o' mine was real money, and when I put it in, I thought 'd git it back ag'in, as dere was."

"How much was it, Aunt Matilda?" asked Uncle Braddock, while Aunt Judy opened her eyes and mouth, simply because she could not open her ears any wider than they were.

"Dat's none o' your business," replied Aunt Matilda. "Now put down:

"I speet dem telegraph fixins cost a lot o' money, but I don't speet it's jist right to take all an ole woman's money to build 'em."

"Lor's ee!" ejaculated Uncle Braddock, "dat's so!"

"Now, you Gregory," continued Aunt Matilda, "put down:

"Ef you write me a letter 'bout dat ar money, you kin give it to Ole Miles."

"Now sign my name to dat ar letter."

The next day, having been summoned by the obliging Gregory, Ole Miles made his appearance in Aunt Matilda's cabin.

The old woman explained to him that the letter was so important that she could trust it to no one who was not accustomed to carry letters, and Miles was willing and proud to exercise his skill for her benefit.

"Now, den," said she, "take dis hyar letter to de man what works de telegraph in Hertertown, and fetch me back an answer."

George Wilson.

Some years ago Mr. Gallaudet was walking in the streets of Hartford; there came running to him a poor boy whose intelligent eyes fixed the gentleman's attention. The boy inquired, "Please, sir, can you tell me for any one who would like a boy to work for him, and learn to read?"

"Whose boy are you? and where do you live?"

"I have no parents, sir," was the reply; "and have just come from the work-house, because they would not teach me to read."

The gentleman made arrangements with the authorities of the town, and took the boy into his family. He soon acquired the confidence of Mr. Gallaudet, by his faithfulness and honesty. He also learned to read, and was allowed the use of his master's library, whereby he made rapid progress in the acquisition of knowledge. It became necessary after a while, that George should leave Mr. Gallaudet, when he was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker in the neighborhood. There the same integrity won for him favor. To gratify his inclination for study, his kind master had a little room fitted up for him in the upper part of the shop, where he gave up his leisure time to his favorite pursuit. He made rapid attainments in mathematics, in the French language, and in other branches of learning.

After being in this situation a few years, as he sat at tea with the family one evening, he all at once remarked that he wanted to go to France.

"Go to France!" said his master, surprised that the apparently contented and happy youth had thus suddenly become dissatisfied with his situation; "for what?"

"Please sir, will you ask Mr. Gallaudet to call?" continued George, "and I will explain."

His kind friend was invited accordingly, and at tea-time the apprentice presented himself with his manuscripts in English and French, and explained his singular intention of going to France.

"In the time of Napoleon," said he, "a prize was offered by the French government for the simplest rule for measuring plain surfaces. The prize has never been awarded, and that method I have discovered."

He then demonstrated his problem, to the surprise and gratification of his friends, who immediately furnished the means for defraying his expenses, and with letters of introduction to the Hon. Lewis Cass, then the American minister by the Court of France.

He was introduced to Louis Philippe, and, in the presence of the king, nobles and plenipotentiaries, this youth demonstrated his problem amid the plaudits of the court.

He received the prize, besides valuable presents from the king.

He then took letters of introduction and went to the Court of St. James, and gained a similar prize, offered by the Royal Society. He then returned to the United States. Here he was preparing to secure the benefit of his discovery by patent, when he received a letter from the Emperor Nicholas, himself, one of whose ministers had witnessed his demonstrations at London, inviting him to make his residence at the Russian Court, and furnishing him with ample means for his outfit.

He complied with the invitation, repaired to St. Petersburg, and became professor of mathematics in the Royal College, under the special protection of the Emperor of all the Russians.

One to-day is worth two to-morrows. Boys, use your spare moments well. Had George Wilson been an idle boy, spending his evenings in the streets or in bad company, he would never have stood "before kings."—*Moravian.*

Blind Billy.

We have a canary-bird in our house that we are all very fond of. We call him Billy. He is a very sweet singer; but he can not see.

A long time ago he was in a cage with other birds; and, in a quarrel, poor Billy got his eyes pecked so badly that he became entirely blind. The children have to take care of him; for, if his perch is not put in the same place every time, he can not find his food.

But I believe Billy sings more than birds that are not blind. When he hears the twitter of sparrows in the garden, or the singing of the tea-kettle on the stove, he seems to think it is his duty to sing. And when his cage hangs in a window on a sunny day in winter, he sings as though he thought summer had come.

Literary Review.

THE GENESIS OF THE NEW ENGLAND CHURCH. By LEONARD BAACON. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1874. octavo. pp. 485.

Dr. Bacon is fully at home in the realm of ecclesiastical history and lore. The church is full of significance to his mind, and whatever vitally affects it touches the most sensitive nerves in his soul. He profoundly believes in the Congregational polity, as apostolic, logical, as having been vindicated in history, and as especially adapted to nurture a vital and stalwart piety. Whoever mistakes it, even in detail, may expect Dr. Bacon's correction and criticism; whoever attacks it will not be likely to escape his ready antagonist, and is likely to find that there are hard blows to take as well as to give. And so a historical exposition of the Congregational polity, from its beginning in the old world to its thorough establishment and open vindication in the new, such as he might be expected to prepare in the full maturity of his powers, must needs be a somewhat significant thing, richly worthy a careful reading if not a critical study.

And such a thing we have in the book before us. The author gives ample credit to others from whose works his materials are drawn. The standard historians are largely his authorities for the facts, and Dr. Dexter gets a deserved and generous recognition. But the arrangement of the material is his, and the specific object he has in view gives to the work a character of its own, lends it freshness, and renders the work original, not wholly inapplicable. His intense convictions, his logical habit of mind, and his self, impart a quality to the volume that makes one read it as though he were hearing an able advocate address a jury or a bench of judges. And yet he is fair, as well as in earnest to carry his point. He depends on facts and sound reasoning rather than on assumptions and sophistry, so that a dissenting reader will feel called on to explain why he demurs. Dr. Bacon traces the rise of the puritan element from the Protestant Reformation, and then follows it on till it flows out, in the Separatists, into an assertion of the right of the Church to be free from the domination of the State. He thus draws a clear and sharp line between the Puritans and the Pilgrims, who are often confounded in the thought and the speech of the general public. "The Puritan was a Naturalist, believing that a Christian nation is a Christian church, and demanding that the Church of England should be thoroughly reformed; while the Pilgrim was a Separatist, not only from the Anglican Prayer-Book and Queen Elizabeth's episcopacy, but from all national churches." It was the latter who went bravely and cheerfully into exile, first into Holland, and then into the wilds of New England. And this book especially tells the story of the Pilgrim, during his struggle and protest and suffering in England, during his resolute and half-buffed efforts across the channel in Amsterdam and Leyden, and during his heroic and patient toil in New England, until the free church had rooted itself in the soil and the public conviction, and was recognized as the embodiment of a sacred right and the symbol of a victorious idea. It is an interesting and instructive volume which Dr. Bacon has thus given us, and it will long and deservedly be quoted as an authority and freely drawn on for illustration and argument. The type and paper are wholly satisfactory, and the few spirited illustrations not only embellish the page but serve the reader.

MODERN CHRISTIANITY. A CIVILIZED HEATHENISM. By the author of "The Fight at Dame Europa's School." Boston: William F. Gill & Co. 1874. 12mo. pp. 167.

This reprint of an English book proves at least two things: first, that the English author is a very free thinker and a very audacious, self-complacent and supercilious writer when dealing with Christianity and its professed disciples; second, that there are some people in America who so far sympathize with his opinions and spirit as to welcome both to this country as a field within which they may operate with the hope of success. We respect an honest, intelligent, thoughtful, serious-minded skeptic, who seeks the truth for himself more earnestly than he strives to brand others as ignorant and illogical hypocrites. We do not quarrel with unbelievers for the real fidelity which points out the faults and inconsistencies of professed Christians, as a means of making them better. With some natures doubts are inevitable, and he who is properly bent on being wholly right may well accept and profit by the deserved rebukes, even of an enemy. And so far as the author of the volume has pointed out flaws in the logic of Christian teachers and apostles, and real defects in the lives of Christian disciples, we may well try to make a good use of what he says. We ought not to be willing to go on with the unsound logic or the unworthy conduct.

But the book fails to win any great respect either by its reasoning or its tone. The first seems to us feeble; the last appears to be decidedly Pharisaic and bitter. Hyperbole takes the place of exactness. Moderation is driven out by vehemence. The calmness seems forced. The disject of courtesy has an accent of sarcasm. The soft phrase carries a hard meaning. The frankness only half conceals a real or an affected contempt. The boldness runs into impudence. Freedom goes to the border of sacrilege—or steps across before stopping. And so the book will probably weigh very lightly in the estimation of considerate Christian people whom it may be supposed the writer seeks to influence. It will very likely encourage flippant and saucy young men to try and snuff Christianity and its professed adherents, and foster their bad tendencies, a kind of success that a high-minded and conscientious man would hardly seek or rejoice over. One of the titles on the cover of the book is, "Stones through Glass Houses." He thus evidently makes a serious charge against others and exalts the skill of his own arm. We think it might have been more justly put thus,—"Mud thrown at others, which falls back upon the thrower."

Let us give the gist of his effort. The key-note of the volume, and that having most suggestion of an intelligent issue, he found in this formal complaint, or indictment, appearing in the preface. His habit of exaggeration is well illustrated by it. He says:

Christianity must be either a human philosophy, designed to make this earth a pleasant place to live in, or else a message from God, bidding men make this earth as unpleasant to themselves as possible, so as to secure hereafter the joys of heaven—our weak point appears to be, that, whereas Christianity can only be one of these two things, we modern Christians have made up our minds that Christianity shall be to us both the one thing and the other.

As further examples of his method of thought and his excesses of speech, let the following be given: [Christianity] is not a very excellent philosophy, because it commands the constant imitation, in every word and deed, of a Christ who never opened his mouth without furiously railing at the philosophers of the day; and who made himself either a laughing-stock, or an object of absolute detestation, to every creature with whom he came in contact, excepting those for forming acts of supernatural love, or perjury to every philosophic principle as light is contrary to darkness.

People have always set up some sort of superstition, and Christianity is probably a better sort of superstition than any other. All religions too, have had their heroic ages and myths, their sacred and economical promises and threats; and there can be no person why our modern religion should be denied its rightful share.

I challenge the reader of any gospel or epistle in the Scriptures to produce one single page which does not more or less distinctly set forth the truth, that to be hated and persecuted and ridiculed from morning till night, by all the world, is, in all ages, ancient and modern alike, the eternal, immutable, unfulfilling, and the Christianity that comes from Christ.

That Christianity, as the professed religion of English men and women, will survive more than the next fifty or eighty years, is more than I dare to say. . . . Its present position before the world is hopelessly untenable, and would not be tolerated for a single day, did it not manifestly suit the world's purpose to extend its gracious forbearance yet a little longer towards a naturally ally.

That will do. A man who deliberately utters himself in that style shows himself as untrustworthy as he is self-reliant. And when we add that, instead of coming out in a frank and direct way and avowing his opinions in his own name, he makes an easy, good-natured, elegant, and representative himself as whipped in a long and tedious colloquial argument with the skeptic who emboldens the author's views,—when we say this, we have said enough to show what a forcible feeble assault on the gospel this apostle of unbelief is leading, and what a questionable piece of work a Boston publisher has put his hand to in reprinting the book and lending it the prestige of his city and his name.

RELIGIOUS POEMS. By the author of "Stepping Heavenward." New York: D. E. Randolph & Co. 1874. 12mo. pp. 300. Sold by J. B. Lathrop & Co.

One would naturally feel sure that the author of that peculiarly excellent book, "Stepping Heavenward," could never send out anything lacking literary art, deep religious sentiment, or eminent mental wholeness. How far she possessed the true gift of song, we can only of her grateful readers know. But this collection of poems will settle that question thoroughly and at once. The real lyrical quality is here. Her religious genius crystallizes readily into verse, or, rather, it flows freely along in the rhythmic channel without effort or feebleness. Her poetry bears the same features as her prose. Clear thought, keen spiritual insight, a practical way of looking even at idealized things, a spirit at once humanly sympathetic and profoundly reverent before God, a nice perception of what is fit and beautiful, eminent felicity of speech wherein the sound and the sense become mutual helpers—these are the qualities that mark all her works and give them equal attractiveness and value. Many of them soothe like the twenty-third psalm and for similar reasons, a few stimulate like one of the moral bug-peals of Paul. Now and then she suggests Faber; more frequently she reminds one of Adelaide Proctor. It is really a choice book which sends forth, and one that will win her fresh appreciation and thanks from the hearts of old friends and make her a welcome companion in new circles.

CORRESPONDENCE OF WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, D. D., AND LUCY Aiken, from 1826 to 1842. Edited by Anna Letitia Le Bret. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1874. 12mo. pp. 428. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

This is a choice and charming book. Dr. Channing's finest qualities come out in these letters; and Miss Aiken was an English correspondent whose bright mind and noble, womanly heart acted on him as a stimulant to the most agreeable of all his work as critic, lecturer, philanthropist, theologian, man and friend. We see him here in the freedom of his meditation and his colloquial moods, and can see how his great and pure mind worked on the materials of thought from beginning to end, witness the interplay of his own qualities of brain and heart, and see what is most characteristic of the man. The letters deal with a great variety of topics, their style is very free and pleasant, and both his and her epistles are richly varied preserving in this permanent form. To certain classes of readers, and they are among the most discriminating and appreciative, the book will prove one of the most welcome of all the issues of the season.

SALEM: A Tale of the Seventeenth Century. By D. R. Castleton. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1874. 12mo. pp. 338.

The calamities that threatened to extinguish the colony in Mass., near the close of the seventeenth century, are here set forth in the guise of an entertaining story, wherein the decorations of fancy. It is a vivid and trustworthy picture of the life of that early period; the lessons taught are wholesome, and will be hardly missed by any intelligent reader.

BOURDALOUE AND LOUIS XIV.; or, The Preacher and the King. Translated from the French of L. F. Bungeur. Geneva. Twelfth edition. With an Introduction by Rev. George Potts, D. D. New edition, with a biographical sketch of the author. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 12mo. pp. 338.

Right welcome is this new and improved edition of what we found, on its first appearance, a most thrillingly interesting picture of the struggles between the Catholic and Protestant forces in Southern Europe, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and a vivid presentation of the more general phases of life in the higher circles and among the common people. The writer paints with his words so that even dim eyes see, and touches the soul so effectively that even a dull sensibility is thrilled. It once kept us out of bed the larger part of a night, and we were not ashamed of that. We commend it strongly and read for any

Literary Miscellany.

A Walk in Amsterdam.

Amsterdam, where I took my first Dutch walk, is a stately city, even though its street-vistas do look as if they were pictured on a tea-caddy or a hand-screen. They have for the most part a broad, sluggish canal in the middle, on either side of which a row of perfectly salubrious, but extremely attenuated trees grow out of a highly cultivated soil of compact yellow bricks. Cultivated I call it by proper license, for it is periodically mowed by the broom and scrubbing-brush, and religiously manured with soap-suds. You lose no time, of course, in drawing the inevitable parallel between Amsterdam and Venice, and it is well worth drawing, as an illustration of the uses to which the same materials may be put by different minds. Sky and sea in both cases, with architecture between; winding sea-channels washing the feet of goodly houses erected with the profits of trade. And yet the Dutch city is a complete reversal of the Italian, and its founders might have carefully studied the Venetian effects with the set purpose of producing exactly the opposite ones. It produces them in the moral line even more vividly than in the material. It is not that one place is all warm color and the other all cold; one all shimmer and softness and mellow interfusion of every possible phase of ruin, and the other rigidity, angularity, opacity, prosperity in their very essence; it is more than anything that they tell of such different lives and of such a different view of life. The outward expression on one side is perfect poetry, and on the other is perfect prose; and the marvel is the way in which the thrifty Amsterdam imparts the prosaic turn to things which in Venice seem the perfect essence of poetry. Take, for instance, the silence and quiet of the canals; it has in the two places a difference of quality which it is almost impossible to express. In one it is the stillness of order, and in the other of vacancy—the sleep of idleness and the sleep of rest; the quiet that comes of letting everything go by the board, and the quiet that comes of doing things betimes and being able to sit with folded hands and say they are well done. In one of George Eliot's novels there is a portrait of a thrifty farmer's wife who rose so early in the morning to do her work that by ten o'clock it was all over, and she was at her wit's end to know what to do with her day. This good woman seems to me an excellent image of the genius of Amsterdam as it is reflected in the house-fronts—I penetrated no deeper. It is impossible to imagine anything more expressive of the numerous ideas represented by the French epithet *bourgeois* than these straight façades of clean black brick, capped with a roocco gable of stone painted white, and armed like the forehead of the unicorn with a little horizontal horn—a bracket and pulley for hauling storeable goods into the attic. The famous Dutch cleanliness seems to me quite on a level with its reputation, and asserts itself in the most ingenious and ludicrous ways. A rosy servant-maid, redolent of soap-suds from her white cap to her white boots, stands waiting at the door of a house, the engine of polished copper over the majestic front of a genteel mansion whose complexion is not a visible shade less immaculate than her own. The performance suggests a dozen questions, and you can only answer them with a laugh. What is she doing, and why is she doing it? Does she imagine the house has a speck or two which it is of consequence to remove, or the weight it applied merely for purposes of light refreshment, or of encouragement, as it were? Where could the speck or two possibly have come from, unless produced by spontaneous generation? There are no specks in the road, which is a neat *parquet* of scoured and polished brick; nor on the trees, whose trunks are to all appearances spoked every morning. The speck exists evidently only in a sort of mathematical point, capable of extension, in the good woman's Batavian brain, and the operation with her copper kettle is, as the metaphysicians would say, purely subjective. It is a necessity, not as regards the house, but as regards her own temperament. Of a dozen harmlessly factitious necessities of the same sort the canal-sides at Amsterdam offer lively evidence. Nothing could be more thoroughly in keeping with the *bourgeois* spirit than the way in which you everywhere find this brilliant cleanliness and ceremonious thrift playing the part, not of a means but of an end. The windows are of those huge plain glass which offer a delectably uninterrupted field for friction; but they are masked internally by thick white blinds, invariably drawn, and the only use of their transparency to any mortal is to enable the passer-by to examine the texture of the stuff. The front doors are hedged in with little square padded barriers, to guard the door-steps from the pollution of foot-prints, and the visitor must pocket his pride and apply at a humble portal, with the baker and the milkman. In such places must dwell people whose nerves are proof against the irritation of minute precautions—people who cover their books with white paper and find occasion for a week's conversation in a mysterious drop of candle-grease on the table-cloth. The traveler with an eye for details will find some eloquence in the fact that though the canals at Amsterdam and London offer continually this charming pretext of trees by a water-side, there is not in their whole length a single bench for a lounge and a half-hour's aesthetic relish of the situation. The traveler in question though, shrewd fellow, will not be prevented by the absence of benches from getting it, as he looks up and down and sees the wide green barges come floating through the respectable stillness, and the quaint old scroll-work of the gables peep out through the meager density of the trees.—*The Nation*.

Romanism and Assassination.

The bold attitude of Bismarck in subordinating the Roman Church, the power once supreme over nations, to the laws of Germany, has naturally exposed him to assassination. The Church should not, however, be held responsible, except so far as its teachings tend to justify the means by the end, and so far also as it resists real education and enlightenment. Yet for centuries every fearless and powerful foe of the hierarchy of Rome was in danger, and the student of history will not forget that Marcus Brutus, the pontiff upon the marble steps of St. Basil's, and that a medal was struck in commemoration of that bloody night. To the northern races there is something peculiarly repulsive in assassination, and there is perhaps but one assassin who is regarded with any kind of admiration. The heart refuses to condemn Charlotte Corday. "I killed one man to save a hundred thousand; a monster to save the innocent; a ferocious beast to save

my country!" But assassination can no more be tolerated or justified because one assassin seems to have been a benefactor to the race than despotism because despots are sometimes good men. Madame de Staël praised a beneficent despotism to the Emperor Alexander of Russia. "Ah, Madame," he replied, "it is only a happy accident."

The heart refuses to condemn Charlotte Corday, but the man who shot at Bismarck may plead her example. That is the evil. It is not enough that the purpose seem to the actor to be pure and his spirit sincere. Young Blind believed a purpose to be the guarantee of the popular welfare, and that Bismarck prevented its establishment. Bismarck, therefore, to the ardent and honest mind of the young man, was the foe of the race. To slay such a foe was a sacred duty, and to fail in the attempt was to die a martyr to humanity; so he fired at Bismarck. Kullman, we may easily suppose, thought the same man to be the enemy of souls and the vicegerent of the devil; and he fired also. The purpose of both was pure, and both were undoubtedly sincere; but could such considerations excuse them, society would crumble into chaos. For what reason has the assassin to doubt that his victim is as sincere as himself, and by what right does he presume to judge, and then execute his judgment, beyond the reason that he is, he offers a new proof of his assassination. But when William fell under the pistol of Gerard, his blood stained Philippe's Church, and all the perfumes of Araby could not sweeten the spot, nor all the holy water wash it away. To the reasons which already inspired and satisfied every foe of the Church in his hostility was now added another which made that Church more hideous and damnable to him than before. And so, since Kullman tried to assassinate Bismarck in the interest of his Church, the doom of that church in Germany is cured. Many a man who thought the Chancellor of the Empire too summary and stern will now think that he understood the enemy better than those who censured him as harsh, and will feel that Rome is the foe of Germany. The measures of repression will not only become severer, but they will be felt to be indispensable; and every priest and congregation upon whom the hand of government falls more heavily may truly say to Kullman, "It is you who have slain us."—*Harper's Magazine*.

The French President.

MacMahon had intended, not to save the Republic, but to re-establish the monarchy by a brilliant stroke, without risking anything. "Nothing at all," as *Eigard* assured him. MacMahon, this son of the Irish kings, who born in the monarchial faith, the issue of a race which made no distinction between fidelity to the King and fidelity to God; with whom devotion to their sovereign is conformed with glory. MacMahon had girded on the sword which defended the unhappy James II. at the battle of the Boyne. In the land of their adoption, his ancestors owed their all to the Bourbons, and never hesitated to proclaim it; and MacMahon himself never ceased to declare his attachment to the legitimate King. Under Louis Philippe, MacMahon was a captain, but he was a legitimist; under the Republic of 1848 he was general, but a legitimist; under the Empire MacMahon was Marshal and Senator, but still legitimist. At present he is President of the Republic, but he is a legitimist, and would be indignant if he were taxed with republican sentiments. And yet when his king came to him saying, "O Bayard, true knight, valiant soldier, accomplish this providential mission. I have not, like thee, carried the sword of France on twenty battle-fields, but I have pressed it into the hands of the Republic, the sacred deposit of our traditions and our liberties. My person is nothing—my principle is everything. France will see her hopes fulfilled when she comprehends it. I am the only pilot who is capable of taking the ship into port, because I have the commission and authority. MacMahon, good knight, without fear and without reproach, give me a regiment—one single regiment!" And MacMahon stammers, "Sire, sire, I have sworn to maintain intact the 'existing institutions.' I would willingly profit by your *coup d'Etat* if it could succeed; but really it is not possible for me to aid you in this emergency. And besides, I can assure your Majesty that your enterprise can not succeed, because the army which I have the honor to represent, will never renounce the tri-color!" He would have continued, but the king, regarding him with a bitter smile, said, "It is enough, enough. I have the honor to salute you!"—*Galaxy*.

Dressing a Book.

This dressing takes place in a fifth story, and you never suspect it to be clothing establishment either. In fact it furnishes clothes to books only, and is called a bindery. Here are brought the loose sheets of printing, just as they come from the press, in bundles as big as rolls of carpeting. Funny-looking sheets they are, too, covered with square blocks of printing, arranged something like the panes of glass in a window-sash.

If you'll take one of those newspapers which need the leaves cut before you can read them, open it wide, and lay it on the floor, you'll see just how the book-sheets look. The first thing to be done is to fold them into book shape, so that each block of printing shall be a page and have a margin. This is done by a lively set of girls called "folders." And then the sheets are run between hydraulic presses to press them very close and flat.

Of course there are a good many sheets in each book, and they have to be careful to get one of every kind in, and to get them in the right order. If they left out one sheet it would spoil the book. So the sheets are laid in piles, and the books are made up by taking one from each pile. Then they go to a sewing-machine—which does sound a little like a dress-maker's shop, don't it? But it don't look a bit like it, for it's the drollest sewing-machine you ever saw. In fact, the stupid machine don't sew at all—it only holds three or four bands up tight, while a girl sitting before it sews the leaves to the bands with a needle. Take a nicely bound book—some big

heavy book from the library—and you'll find on its back several ridges. They stand up quite high, and are ornamented with a gilt vine or something. These ridges are to cover the bands that hold the book together. In some books the bands don't stick out, because the package of sheets folded into a book went to a saw and had notches cut in the back, and the bands are drawn into the notches to be sewed.

When all the leaves are sewed on, the ends of the bands are left hanging to the book.

Now the dressing really begins. First the end papers are put on. Those are the colored leaves which line the cover and form the first and last pages of the book.

The glue-pot is next called on, the back gets a good coat of glue, and a good pounding to round it up. Then it goes into a press, between two boards to dry.

Cutting the edges of the leaves is the next operation, and a very fascinating one to see. You feel, when you watch it, as though you could stand all day and see that sharp knife come down and cut through the whole at a blow. But you can't for the book-still has no outside wrap, and all know the outside is extremely important.

After the leaves are squared off, the mill-board covers are glued on. Mill-board is what makes the covers stiff, and it is glued to the ends of the bands which hold the leaves.

What sort of a dress shall our new book have? Shall it wear elegant morocco, trimmed with a beautiful pattern in gilt? or shall it have morocco back and stylish paper overskirts? or would you like a pretty colored cotton dress so daintily trimmed with black and gilt that you almost fancy it is morocco?

Whatever it is, the edges of the leaves must correspond. If the dress is morocco, it must be gilt-edged; if substantial calf or morocco and paper, the must be marbled or colored red or brown; but if it's to be simple blue, green, or red cotton, they can go white.

Before the dress goes on, our book must have its "head bands." That's a little band across the top, just inside of the back of the book, and it hides the place where the cover turns over. It is put there to make a neat finish; and in inexpensive books it is quite gorgeous, being made of card-board worked over with silk.

The last part, or cloth—which ever it is—is then put on the proper shape and covered with gilt, for this book of ours don't button or hook its clothes, it just glues them on, and saves trouble.

The glue being spread over the leather, it is carefully pressed on the mill-board sides, the edges turned over, and the end papers glued down to hide the rough edges.

Now the dress is fairly on, and it is bound up between boards to dry.

But it isn't yet done. Who would be satisfied with a nice book dressed in the most elegant of morocco, with not an ornament to its back? About that I'm not sure.

There's one good thing about its trimmings—it don't take a poor sewing girl a week to ornament them one dress. By no means! It's just stamped on at one blow, by a hot brass stamp, in a big stamping machine. If the trimmings are to be gilt, they first have a coat of olive oil and gold leaf, and when the stamp comes down, it stamps the figure, and presses the gold-leaf down so tight it can't get off. The rest is brushed off, and the beautiful new book is ready for your library.

Don't you love a new book? Isn't the delicious smell of a new book more delightful than otto of roses? Not because the smell is sweet, but because it is suggestive. It makes you think of the nice times you've had with books and expect to have with this.

You remember I told you about the old-fashioned illuminated books made by monks, and so valuable that only the very rich could own them. That was almost as wonderful as the book I've been bound in gold and silver, velvet and satin, and set with precious stones. Ladies embroidered velvet and satin covers for their books, and very beautiful they were.

I'm glad that has gone out of the fashion, though, for I shouldn't like to embroider covers to all the books I want, would you? Books for work, such as law-books and students' books, were bound in heavy board. They were so heavy that if you let one fall you might break your leg.—*Harper's Bazar*.

Yosemite Creek Glacier.

The broad many-fountained glacier to which the basin of Yosemite Creek belonged, was about fourteen miles in length by four in width, and in many places was not less than a thousand feet in depth. Its principal tributaries issued from lofty amphitheatres laid well back among the northern spurs of the Hoffman range. These, at first, presented a westerly course; then, veering south, they descended in a series of small affluents from the Tiolumne divided the trunk thus formed swept round to the south in a magnificent curve, and poured its ice into Yosemite in cascades two miles wide. This broad glacier formed a kind of wrinkled ice-cloth. As it grew older, it became more regular and river-like; encircling peaks overshadowed its upper fountains, rock islets, rose at intervals among its shallow currents, and its bright sculptured banks, nowhere overflooded, extended in massive simplicity all the way to its mouth. As the ice-winter drew near a close, the main trunk, becoming torpid, at length wholly disappeared in the sun, and a waiting multitude of plants and animals entered the new valley to inhabit the mansions prepared for them. In the meantime the chief tributaries, creeping slowly back into the shelter of their fountain shadows, continued to live and work independently, spreading moraine soil for gardens, scooping basins for lakelets, and leisurely completing the sculpture of their fountains. These also have at last vanished, and the whole basin is now full of light. Forests flourish luxuriantly over all its broad moraines, lakes and meadows nestle among its domes, and a thousand flowery gardens are outspread along its streams. When we walk the pathways of Yosemite glaciers and contemplate their separate works, the mountains they have shaped, the canons they have furrowed, the rocks they have worn, and overwhelmed as at first with its uncomprehended magnitude, we ask, is all this wondering that so mighty a concentration of energy did not find yet grander expression.—*John Muir, in Overland*.

Prairie Dogs.

They look very much like red squirrels, with their ears cropped close as a hen's, and their tails cut to three inches long. They live in houses or holes in the ground, and usually in "towns," where large numbers are found. Each family has a house to itself; and such houses! They dig holes in the ground, sometimes quite deep, and very crooked, and at the top they make mounds about the size and shape of an inverted bushel basket,

leaving a funnel-shaped hole in the middle for the doorway. It is hard to get hold of them, for they always run to the mounds, at the first intimation of a person approaching, and if shot, they fall into the house out of reach; but if not, they dive down in a very amusing manner. At times they are real playful, and will chase each other round for awhile, then set up on their hind legs and make a chuckling noise like laughing, or stand erect on their hind feet and give a squeaking challenge for another race and off they go. I have often stopped my oxen and sat on the plow to watch them in their antics, and always with increasing pleasure. It took me some time to learn about their ears, for they are hard to get acquainted with. Sometimes I thought they had none; at others that they did, but kept them laid back like a cross horse when I was near. But after a while they seemed to lose their fear, and would play all sorts of pranks when I was within a few feet of them.—*Prairie Farmer*.

George Eliot and Shakespeare.

Now George Eliot, within her range, and her range, though, unlike Shakespeare's it may have definite determinable limits, is still very wide. George Eliot, I say with Shakespeare, is a dramatist as much as Shakespeare. So natural is the dramatic method of her genius, that her novels are often conceived in a succession of scenes, instead of in the continuity of narration. But when, ceasing for the moment to be dramatic, she uses the privilege of the novelist to be expressly psychological, her analysis of character and motive become, so subtle and searching that mere dramatic exhibition seems almost vulgar in comparison. Hamlet's soliloquy is greatly admired for the depth and subtlety of psychological implication which it contains. But there is many and many a passage of clear-sighted vision and revelation in the sphere of human character and motive to be found in George Eliot's works that makes Hamlet's soliloquy superficial and tame. George Eliot's knowledge in the deep things of the human heart, in short, is hardly second to anything elsewhere exhibited in the whole realm of literature. There are marks enough in her writing of varied and watchful observation. But the knowledge of the human heart that George Eliot displays is not an acquired knowledge. It is born with her and in it is the gentle, the gentle, which is Shakespeare in quality—one might perhaps, as well be frankly true to him and out with his thought—it is *finer* than Shakespeare. In quantity it is less, but in quality it is more.

Sources of Trouble.

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

Obituaries.

PARTICULAR NOTICE! Persons wishing obituary notices 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.

MELVINA A. wife of Dyer Babb, and adopted daughter of the late Dennis Babb, died at Barnstead, N.H., Tuesday, June 24, 1874, aged 38 years. She experienced religion twenty years ago, while living at North Stratford, N.H., and ever after loved the cause of Christ. Yet she neglected to follow her Lord in the ordinance of baptism until five years ago, when she took up her cross and joined the church at Barnstead, N.H. She was a humble Christian, a faithful wife, an affectionate mother, and a good neighbor. May God sustain and comfort her afflicted companion, her dear daughter and two little sons, and prepare them all to meet the loved one.

FRANK L. TAYLOR, youngest son of Capt. Gilbert Taylor, died at New York, N.Y., Sunday, Aug. 25, aged 31 years and 9 months. He faithfully served his country in the late war; was a firm friend, a loving husband, and a dutiful son. His death was a great loss to his family, and his friends. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and a devoted follower of the Christian religion. He was a man of great energy and ability, and his death is a great loss to his family and to the world.

BRO. JOHN HARRIS, died at New Portland, Me., Sunday, June 22, 1874, aged 37 years and 7 months. He was born in the town of Dartmouth, Mass., Dec. 27, 1786. He moved to New Portland 61 years since, experienced religion 42 years since, and was baptized by the Rev. Mr. F. B. Church in New Portland, of which he remained a useful and worthy member until released by death. He was a man of strict integrity, never failing to advocate what he believed to be right. He was among the first to plead the cause of the slaves, and rejoiced that he lived to see them freed. He was a man of great energy and ability, and his death is a great loss to his family and to the world.

FANNIE W. wife of T. J. Pennell, and daughter of Rev. E. Winslow, died at New Portland, Me., Sunday, June 22, 1874, aged 25 years and 9 months. She was baptized by the Rev. Mr. F. B. Church in New Portland, of which she remained a useful and worthy member until released by death. She was a man of strict integrity, never failing to advocate what he believed to be right. He was among the first to plead the cause of the slaves, and rejoiced that he lived to see them freed. He was a man of great energy and ability, and his death is a great loss to his family and to the world.

ELIZABETH W. HUTCHINS, daughter of Eli Hutchins and wife of Rev. E. Winslow, died at New Portland, Me., Sunday, June 22, 1874, aged 43 years and 9 months. She was a Christian for about twenty years, and an honor to her family. She was a woman of great energy and ability, and her death is a great loss to her family and to the world.

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murmur or complaint. She sleeps in Jesus, and rests in hope, while many friends mourn their loss. COM.

BRO. LOAMI J. BATES died in Milo, N.Y., Sept. 10, aged 49 years. Bro. Bates moved from west New York to the town of Milo in 1858, where he lived till his death. Though thrown entirely upon his own resources in early life, he not only won a fair competence, but established a reputation for enterprise and generosity in every good cause. He united with strong conviction the requisite courage to be true to them. The Boys' Grove church, of which he was a member for many years, owed its prosperity largely to his untiring zeal for its success. So widely and favorably known was he, that a large part of the town came, on the day of his funeral, to sympathize with his afflicted family, and follow his remains to the grave. He died as he had lived, with a firm faith in Christ, repeating those cheering words of Paul, "I know, if this earthly house of my tabernacle were dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." J. A. WEAVER.

SARGENT P. DEXLEY died in Alton, N.H., Sept. 10, aged 60 years and 3 months. He was a providential dispensation, a kind father, a neighbor indeed, an honest, hospitable citizen, and a truly consistent Christian has fallen to be with us no more. We feel and mourn his loss, and eternal in the heavens." J. A. WEAVER.

GEORGE G. son of George W. Blake, of Connecticut, and grandson of William J. Foss, of Gilmanton, N.H., died in Connecticut, Sept. 18, aged 11 months and 15 days. D. L. EDGERLEY.

LURA ETTA A. daughter of Charles A. and Martha J. Randall, died in New Durham, Sept. 15, aged 17 months. Just beginning to talk her language she rose to use a better. C. C. FOSTER.

FREDERICK A. TOWLE died in East Danville, Sept. 14, of apoplexy, aged 40 years and 11 months. J. A. L.

Academies, &c.

LASSEL SEMINARY FOR YOUNG WOMEN, Auburn (near Boston). Pleasant home; best of instruction in all branches; special care of the health, manners and morals of students. Next year begins September 21st, 1874. Address: Charles C. Briggs, Principal. 634.

NEW HAMPTON INSTITUTION. A. B. MESSEVEY, A. M., Principal, with eight associates. Regular courses for both sexes. Four terms of ten weeks each.

CALENDAR: Fall Term begins Monday, August 24, 1874. Fall Term closes Friday, October 30, 1874. Vacation two weeks. Winter Term begins Monday, Nov. 18, 1874. Winter Term closes Friday, Jan. 23, 1875. Vacation two weeks. Spring Term begins Monday, Feb. 17, 1875. Spring Term closes Friday, April 9, 1875. Vacation two weeks. Summer Term begins Monday, April 26, 1875. Summer Term closes Thursday, July 1, 1875. For further particulars, apply to the Principal, or New Hampton, N.H., July 20, 1874.

LYNDON LIBRARY INSTITUTE. LYNDON CENTER, VT.

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LOCATION: This school, pleasantly located in the beautiful town of Lyndon, Vermont, and upon the line of the Lyndon and Newburyport Railroad, has already, under the present efficient Board of Instruction, acquired a high reputation second to no school of its class in the State, and the great efforts of the Trustees to place it upon a firm and substantial basis, will result in a school which is happy to state, are meeting with a successful result. For full particulars in regard to the School send an application to I. W. SANDY, Secy., Board of Trustees, Lyndon Center, Vt., 1874.

HILLSDALE COLLEGE.

FACULTY AND INSTRUCTORS. Rev. DANIEL M. GRAY, D. D., Prof. Rev. R. B. RANKIN, D. D., Prof. Systematic and Pastoral Theology. Rev. SPENCER J. FOWLER, A. M., Prof. Mathematics and Nat. Philosophy. Rev. J. C. McLELLAN, A. M., Prof. of Greek and Latin Languages. WAYLAND DUNN, A. M., Prof. of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres. DANIEL M. GRAY, D. D., Prof. of Chemistry and Natural History. Rev. JOHN J. BUTLER, D. D., Prof. of Sacred Literature. Rev. JOHN S. COPE, A. M., Prof. of Homiletics. BRUCE S. GARDNER, D. D., Tutor in Greek. JOHN H. BUTLER, A. B., Tutor in Latin. Mrs. M. M. PIERCE, Principal of the Department. Miss NELLIE A. CHASE, Asst. Principal of Ladies' Department. ALEXANDER C. RIDEOUT, Principal of Commercial Department. WARREN DRAKE, Asst. Prin. of Commercial Department. Hon. DANIEL L. PRATT, Lecturer on Real and Personal Property. JESSE B. PALMER, Instructor in Zoology. GEORGE B. GARDNER, Instructor in Painting and Drawing. MELVILLE W. CHASE, Instructor in Instrumental and Vocal Music. Rev. OLIVER C. CHASE, Instructor in Calculation of the Stars. LEE E. BROWN, Asst. in Chemical Laboratory. The Departments and Courses of Study are, 1st, The Classical Department, embracing the four years course of study usually pursued in colleges. 2d, The Scientific and Literary Department, embracing the four years course of study. 3d, The Commercial Department, embracing the four years course of study. 4th, The Department of Languages, embracing the four years course of study. 5th, The Department of Mathematics, embracing the four years course of study. 6th, The Department of Natural History, embracing the four years course of study. 7th, The Department of Art, embracing the four years course of study. 8th, The Department of Music, embracing the four years course of study. 9th, The Department of Physical Education, embracing the four years course of study. 10th, The Department of Social Science, embracing the four years course of study. 11th, The Department of Political Science, embracing the four years course of study. 12th, The Department of Moral Science, embracing the four years 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News Summary.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The public debt statement shows a reduction of \$435,417 for September.

Business is reported as rapidly improving in New York. The dry goods' jobbers say that their sales are larger than at any time for a year.

Ex-Congressman Morrissey punched ex-Congressman Butler's nose in a New York bar-room for calling John Kelly an Irish thief. Butler is the General's nephew.

The marriage of Miss Sherman and Mr. Fitch was celebrated at Washington, Thursday, with the full ceremonies of the Roman Catholic church, Archbishop Purcell officiating. The occasion was exceptionally brilliant and successful.

The Grand Hotel, Saratoga, was totally destroyed by fire Thursday. The loss is about \$400,000. Fires are reported also in New Haven, Guilford, Conn., and in other places.

Senator Brownlow publishes a card announcing himself a candidate for Congress from the second congressional district.

Two restaurant keepers of Washington were sentenced to pay a fine of \$100 for refusing to serve certain colored men. They appealed.

The Brooklyn grand jury have found a criminal indictment against Moulton in the case of Edna Dean Proctor. Moulton gave bail in \$20,000 for trial.

An agreement has been reached between the conference committees of the two political parties in Louisiana, under which the democrats are to be represented almost equally with the republicans on the advisory and state canvassing boards; and they promise to do all in their power to maintain order and support the authorities.

The adjourned liberal convention of New York State met at Albany and adopted a resolution to make no nominations for State officers, but recommending liberals to support candidates who most fully represent the principles enunciated at Cincinnati, and whose platform commits them against a third term and centralization.

A private letter from Captain Lyman of the fifth United States infantry, gives a brief account of the recent fight between a train escort under that officer's command and a band of Camanches, from which it appears that the Indians were beaten off after three days' hard fighting. This information is in advance of official reports. The Big Horn expedition under Captain Mills is returning, and it appears that the command has not had an engagement, as reported.

A train on the way from Camp Supply to General Miles' command was attacked on the 9th instant by Camanches, and at last accounts was surrendered. Two men had been killed, one of them wounded, and the train was in a perilous position, but relief was on the way.

A serious disturbance is reported from the Standing Rock Indian agency, arising from an attempt by the United States marshal to arrest an Indian for shooting a white man who provoked quarrel. The marshal found it necessary to leave the place.

Postmaster-General Jewell is taking active measures to break up the system of straw bids, and has addressed a letter to the postmaster at Springfield, Mass., speaking in very plain terms about the careless dishonesty of guarantees of bids by postmasters.

Providence which is a very wealthy as well as a very beautiful city, has decided to indulge in a \$700,000 city hall. As she can afford it, and needs it, and is going to have it, congratulations, we suppose, are in order.

Large numbers of persons who visited the White Mountains this summer are now suffering from typhoid and slow fever. Fourteen cases are recorded among the boarders at one hotel. The doctors ascribe the result to defective drainage.

Advices from Beaver county represent a determined spirit on the part of the Mormons to resist the expected legal process by the district court for the arrest of prominent saints indicted by the grand jury for murder, by participation in the Mountain Meadows massacre. It is said that a demand is about to be made on the governor for the assistance of the United States troops, to protect the civil officers in the discharge of their duty. Much excitement prevails in the district where the arrests are anticipated.

The jury of inquest into the Granite Mills disaster returned a verdict on Saturday. They find that the due precaution was not used in giving the alarm to the operatives in the sixth story; that such precaution would have enabled all to escape; that the fire department responded as promptly possible in consideration of the confusion of four alarms; but that the books and ladders were insufficient and poorly handled; and that while the mill appliances for extinguishing fire were ample, there was no water in them.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher returned to New York, and officiated at the Friday-evening meeting at Plymouth church. There was an immense audience, and Mr. Beecher was greeted with the utmost warmth.

Indictments against Tilton and Moulton for libel on Henry Ward Beecher were found by the grand jury in Brooklyn, on Saturday. Tilton is thereby provoked to write a letter, and demands an immediate trial.

A bloody fight for the possession of a Nevada mine took place on Saturday night, several men being killed.

General Burnside is appointed minister to Russia.

FOREIGN.

An insurrection has broken out in Buenos Ayres.

The election in the department of the Marne and Loire, France, resulted in a triumph of the republicans over the Bonapartists. The Septennat is regarded on all hands as a mere temporary make-shift.

It is said to be the intention of Marshal Bazaine to reside ultimately in Madrid, where his wife's family have for a long time been living.

The Empress Augusta, of Germany, has called a meeting of delegates from all the women's associations of that empire, to be held in Berlin in October. The Queens of Württemberg and Saxony, the Grand Duchess of Baden, and Princess Alice of Hesse have promised to attend.

The Austrian government proposes to send out another polar expedition to pursue further the discoveries of the first.

Despatches from Madrid state that the fighting in Navarre lasted four days and resulted in the utter defeat of the Carlists.

Despatches to the State department contain information of the spread of the plague in the regency of Tripoli.

Dreadful havoc was caused by a typhoon at Hong Kong on Sunday week. Two steamers and eight other vessels were wrecked, a great many buildings destroyed, and report places the number of lives lost at a thousand.

Four tons of gunpowder on a barge lying in the River Thames, near the zoological gardens, London, exploded, Friday, with terrible effect, killing several persons and wounding many others, shattering houses and uprooting trees.

Paragraphs.

Colorado claims that one-half of its population consists of reconstructed invalids.

A Rochester paper asks the Rev. W. H. H. Murray how he would like to exhibit his fast horse on his dying bed.

A Richmond paper laments the decadence of the Virginia ham which was a prime article of good living before the war.

Chicago furnishes Texas with confectionery by the car load. Twelve tons were recently shipped to a wholesale house in the southern part of the state.

When a Michigan editor goes a-visiting he usually gets out two issues of his paper for a couple of weeks ahead, so that no loss shall come to his subscribers.

Minnesota calls its chief magistrate "our grasshopper governor," because he has scared away immigration this year by his exaggerated reports of the grasshopper ravages.

The State of Mississippi, which did not owe a dollar in 1867, is now saddled with a debt of three millions and a half, and what is worse, has nothing to show for it.

Philologists who find the ten lost tribes of Israel in the North American Indians are requested to note the resemblance between "Succoth," the Jewish harvest festival, and "Succotash," the Indian harvest dish.

An epitaph in a church at Ramsgate, England, concluded with "He bore the acute pains of ye gout for forty yrs with thankfulness."

The outer girdle of forts for the defense of Paris will be begun next month, and two thousand workmen will be employed.

Elephants are fast multiplying in Madras, and hunting parties are numerous. They have to pay for their fun, of course, but so do elephant seers here.

Evidences of civilization among the Chinese are crowding in on us thick and fast. The last is the case of a villainous heathen named Ah Chung, who has been forging admission tickets to his native opera house in San Francisco and selling them on the street at less than the regular price.

A Cedar Rapids (Iowa) man paid for a ticket to Dubuque and return, recently, but refused to receive the pasteboard when the clerk handed it to him, on the ground that the bills said he was entitled to a round ticket.

One of the heavy guns called "Woolwich. Infants" weighing thirty-five tons, while being conveyed to a fort at Queenstown recently, fell into the harbor in thirty-six feet of water. Air vessels will be used in the attempt to raise it.

Young Napoleon is a master of the "manly art." He thrashed a German lad the other day, and then remarked that he might go and tell Bismarck about it as soon as he pleased.

Mr. Charles N. Phelps of New York swam the Hellespont on the 22d of August. He was followed in a boat by two gentlemen. The river is about one mile wide, but the rapidity of the current makes the distance swum about four miles. Byron swam from Abydos to Sestos, May 3, 1810, and celebrated the feat in his well-known stanzas.

The extent to which the filthy practice of snuff-dipping is indulged in in the United States will hardly be believed. One New York firm last year sold 161,000 pounds of snuff, all of which was of the kind used for dipping, besides more than 150,000 pounds of the regular mixtures for the old-fashioned snuffers.

The London Medical Record cautions housekeepers against wetting their coal before putting it in the bins, because, by wetting a mass of freshly-broken coal, and putting it in a warm cellar, the mass is heated to such a degree, that carburetted and sulphuretted hydrogen are given off for long periods of time and pervade the whole house, and sore throat and lung disease are engendered.

M. Guizot was the oldest of the French Academicians. The present oldest member is M. Patin, who is eighty-one; M. Mignet, seventy-eight, follows, and then come MM. Thiers and de Rémusat, each of whom is seventy-seven. The youngest members are M. Alexandre Dumas, who is fifty; M. Olivier, who are each forty-eight. Two chairs are now vacant—those of M. Olivier, who is forty-nine; and MM. Caro and Mézières, who are each forty-eight. Two chairs are now vacant—those of M. Guizot and M. Jules Janin.

A well-known clergyman made a visit to a well-known banker, and asked to see him in a private room. "I have come to see you," he said, "with a message from dear Jesus. I am in financial trouble and I have been looking round for somebody to help me. I want for dear Jesus and asked him to send me to some one who would help me. He named you. 'Are you sure,' said the banker, 'that he mentioned my name?' 'Oh, I can not be mistaken about it,' replied the clergyman, 'that when the Lord sent Peter to Cornelius, he told Cornelius that Peter was coming. I think if the Lord had sent you to me to get money he would have intimated to me that he had done so. As he has not said anything to me on the matter, I must wait till I hear from him.'"

A thorough western train story comes from Terre Haute. As the cars were moving away from that station the other day, a pretty young woman came from the ladies' car, and rushing into the smoking car, frantically caught sight of every body to stop the train. Catching sight of the conductor, she exclaimed piteously, "Mr. Conductor, do please stop the train; I've lost my baby." The train was stopped and the baby recovered, amidst the hearty cheers of the people on the platform and the passengers; and while the young mother laughed and cried and hugged her little one, she tried to explain how the baby was such a new one that she hadn't got used to it.

Paris is excited over the tale of a horse. An English jockey named Killick was walking in the gay capital one day and recognized in the shafts of a vehicle driven by Andre Mousin the English racer Volunteer, who had borne him to many triumphs in former days, but who was now a wan and wretched specimen of the equine race. Charles was tipsy, unfortunately, and he rushed from the sidewalk to the roadway to sympathize with the whirling hero of the turf, and sympathize with him on his condition. Mousin, the coacher, was neither tipsy nor poetical, and he struck the jockey in the face with his whip. Whereupon the jockey drew a knife and plunged it into the driver's heart.

That press law which ex-Congressman Poland is responsible for, seems to be misunderstood everywhere. Even in his own State they fail to appreciate it, for, on election day, according to one of the Vermont newspapers, as a young man was starting for the polling-place, his grandmother, a very old lady said to him: "Now be sure and vote against Judge Poland." "Why?" said the gentleman, "I think Judge Poland is a very good man." Well, said the old lady, "he may be, but they do say he made that awful press law, and I suppose it is the cruelest way of putting any one to death that ever was invented."

Rural and Domestic.

Mucilage on Glass.

According to a communication in the *Popular Science Monthly*, a curious phenomenon was recently observed in a large plate glass window on Broadway. A notice had been written on a piece of common brown paper, and pasted on the inside of the window with ordinary mucilage. On removing this notice, in about forty-eight hours it was observed that the mucilage did not come off clean. Water, alcohol, and various other solvents were used without effect, the glass remaining dim wherever the mucilage had been applied. It was evident on inspection that the surface of the glass was corroded, as if it had been acted on by fluorine acid; and singularly enough, this corrosion extended afterwards until it covered a large space, and bade fair to ruin the entire plate.

Another correspondent of the same magazine, Mr. Thomas Gaffield of Boston, writes very suggestively on the same subject, pointing out that the phenomenon is not wholly new, though rare, and attributes it to mechanical and chemical peculiarities in the manufacture of the glass. Glass may be made so as to leave it practically in layers, though these are invisible to the naked eye. Such a structure inclines it to "shell off," or become disintegrated by the strong adhesive and contracting power of the gelatine and mangle, overcoming the cohesion of the atoms and layers of the glass. Plate glass which has been subjected to the three successive operations of grinding, smoothing and polishing, has an artificial surface, more readily attacked than a natural one.

So much for the possible mechanical cause. Chemical action may occur, especially in plate glass, through the fermentation of gelatine or mucilage under the influence of the sun or atmosphere. Moreover, mucilage frequently contains acetic acid or alum, to prevent the formation of mold. Either of these may enter into chemical reaction with some constituents (soda, potash, iron, etc.) of the glass. The progressive corrosion of glass is usually due to an excess of uncombined alkali, which usually effloresces, leaving holes or furrows.

Cultivating Young Orchards.

Among the varieties of practice and opinion about agricultural and horticultural operations it is desirable to have occasionally something settled, so that a rule can be established applicable in all situations and under all circumstances. Such we consider now to be the expediency of cultivating and keeping constantly stirred the soil in orchards recently planted, and to continue this for six, eight or ten years, till the trees get strong roots, and able to take care of themselves. After this period, and varying according to circumstances, it may be sometimes proper to lay down to grass, and keep up fertility by top-dressing with manure.

We give the following as the practice in the peach orchards of two noted and successful peach-growers in Delaware: Mr. Cummings says: "You may raise some crops on the vacant land till the trees and plants begin to yield their fruits, but after that the land ought not to be taxed with anything other than the intended crops. The trees, &c., should be manured and limed to keep them in heart, and the ground cultivated like a garden, that no weeds interfere with the orchard. I plow my orchard, harrow and cultivate, the latter process three and four times every summer, when I lay it by."

Mr. Pennington says: "My long experience has taught me that all vegetables, from the very smallest to the greatest, small fruit and fruit trees, require the very best and constant cultivation in due season; not to suffer from grain, and particularly white clover, to grow around the roots. As the trees come into bearing, it is very necessary that some stimulating manures should be applied. Leached ashes are probably the best fertilizer you can get, 150 bushels to the acre; the next best is well composted manure. In all cases plow shallow; the feeding roots are all searching moisture and the best soil. Therefore, the roots work for the surface, where the manure is, if you plow deep you destroy the feeding power."

Value of Sleep.

Dr. Alexander was often heard to say in substance as follows: "Clergymen, authors, teachers, and other men of reflective habits, lose much health by losing sleep, and this because they carry their trains of thought to bed with them. The best thing one can do is to take care of the last half hour before retiring. Devotion being ended, something may be done to quiet the strings of the harp, which otherwise would go on to vibrate. Let me commend to you this maxim, which I somewhere learned from Dr. Watts, who says that in his boyhood he received it from the lips of Dr. John Owen, 'a very good pedigree for a maxim.' Break the chain of thought at bedtime by something at once serious and agreeable. By all means, break the continuity, or sleep will be vexed, if not driven away. If you wish to know my method, it is to turn over the pages of my English Bible, alighting on a passage here and a passage there, backward and forward without plan, and without allowing my mind to fasten on any one, leaving any place the moment it ceases to interest me. Some tranquilizing word often becomes a blessing of peace. 'He giveth His beloved sleep.'"

Wet Boots.

The agriculturist gives the following advice to farmers, who, next to fishermen, are to get their boots wet through: "When the boots are taken off, fill them with dry oats. This grain has a great fondness for damp, and rapidly absorbs the last vestige of it from the wet leather. As it takes up the moisture it swells and fills the boot with a light-drying hair, keeping its form good, and drying the leather without hardening it. In the morning shake out the oats and hang them in a bag near the fire to dry, ready for the next wet night, draw on the boots, and go happily about the day's work."

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