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The Morning Star.

Volume L.

BOSTON AND CHICAGO, JANUARY 6, 1875.

Number 1.

THE MORNING STAR

A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER
FOR THE FAMILY
ISSUED BY THE
FREEWILL BAPTIST PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.
Office, 39 Washington St., Dover, N. H.
Rev. I. D. STEWART, Publisher.

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All communications designed for publication should be addressed to the Editor, Boston, Mass.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6, 1875.

In His Place.

What though unmarked the happy workman toil
And break, unthanked of man, the stubborn clod!

It is enough, for sacred is the soil;
Dear are the hills of God.

Far better in its place the lowliest bird
Should sing aright to him the lowliest song;

Than that a seraph strayed should take the word,
And sing his glory wrong.

—Jean Ingelow.

New York Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Dec. 25, 1874.

THE ENGLISH GOUGH IN AMERICA.

"If you ever hear of a place where Thomas Whitaker is going to speak, get there if you can, and hear him." Such was the advice generalized for me by a friend from his experience at the meeting in Dr. Cuyler's church in Brooklyn, last Tuesday evening. Dr. Cuyler's exertions to correct public sentiment on the subject of offering wine, &c., to New Year's guests, are well known. This meeting was for the same object, and Whitaker spoke. My friend said he never laughed so much in any other forty minutes of his life. Not only this, the sympathies and religious emotions were touched with equal mastery.

Thomas Whitaker is the Gough of England. He made the first total abstinence speech ever spoken in that not much abstaining country yelet the Merrie, and has lectured to the same (only increasing) effect row for forty years. He is in this country on a tour of temperance observation, and also of labor. He has now gone to Boston to labor and observe for a month, and is expected after that to give a month to New York.

Those who know what was the impassable condition of these cities on Sunday evening, when the deep, unbroken snow beneath a pouring rain became a self-sustaining mass of thickened water, can appreciate the spirit of the Brooklyn Crusade as manifested by the deputation of six ladies who went down to the degraded point of South Brooklyn known as Red Hook, and by the large audience which actually met them—with mutual amazement—in the Methodist church. The first Red Hook prayer meeting on the next stormy evening (Tuesday) was held in the Fire Brick Works, with some 250 men and boys. This, it should be remembered, is in the absence of all sensational attractions, popular speeches, singing, or the like, a mere prayer meeting.

A drunken soldier, from Fort Hamilton, a most degraded sot, stumbled into the Association Hall prayer meeting, one afternoon. When I say that he was converted to Jesus Christ then and there, and miraculously transformed into another man, "a new creature," it is possible some of your readers may indulge in a skeptical smile. Well, if they can cite me anything like this which follows, from the history of man's natural experience; in short, from any experience unconnected with the direct reception of Christ as the Saviour of the

soul, by faith, I will allow them their skeptical smile, without protest.

That wallowing and irreclaimable sot (a common soldier) stood up from that hour a man and a Christian such as you or I might be proud to be—I mean, proud of Him who made us such. Directly he received his month's pay, he marched with it to his rumselling creditors, paid them off to the last cent, announced his new life, and bade them a frank and emphatic farewell. He next went to a book-store, and then to a hardware store. At one he bought a Bible, and at the other a yard of dog chain; and with this he fastened the blessed book to the mantle piece in the reading room of the fort. His third measure was to start a prayer meeting at the fort, and such was his importunity and zeal, that although it was out of and far from their sphere of labor, the ladies were constrained to send a deputation, and a flourishing weekly meeting attended by about 150 persons, is the beginning of the result.

EDUCATIONAL.

The number of educational and college journals published in this country amazes one who has not had occasion to notice it before. I have not been at the pains to count them, but they must number three or four hundred. Of course their individual means of support, material and mental, must be generally slender. Mainly an eleemosynary sort of existence. But the New England educational monthlies are now about to be all consolidated in a weekly of the first class, twenty pages, quarto, under the name of the *New England Educational Journal*. Hon. Thomas W. Bicknell, of the Rhode Island Schoolmaster, is the editor, and Chatfield, of New Haven, goes to Boston as publisher. This will be the first educational newspaper, and will occupy therefore a partly new and vacant field, and will be called for by the educational interest out of New England, to a large extent. I suppose the aggregate circulation of the four consolidated monthlies may have been eight or ten thousand, of which the *Mass. Teacher* had fully one-half, much exceeding all other periodicals of its class, except the *American Educational Monthly*, of this city, published by J. W. Schermerhorn & Co. The change of base on the part of the New England monthlies, leaves the monthly or "review" field open for fresh enterprise on the part of our prosperous New York magazine. Its present circulation (26,000) exceeds probably that of all the other educational monthlies of any note. It is the only paying one, certainly, in a double sense—paying its contributors, and paying its publisher. The new situation is not to be neglected. I should be glad to name the new editor if he had not forbidden it—so I suppose somebody else must do it instead. Suffice it to say that he is an experienced journalist, of liberal education and marked ability; as also are a number of contributors whom I happen to know.

By the bye, the house of Schermerhorn & Co., is now to be added to the "trade," or list of school-book publishers hitherto and still the chief center of the school manufacturing business, having a large manufacturing establishment in Connecticut. Some of the school-book sellers have also engaged in school merchandise, which equalizes matters.

A change is going on in the immense school-book business of the country, which opens the way for new publishers, and for good books as such, to come into competition with the great monopolies which have hitherto literally bought and sold a majority of the schools of the United States. I suppose that if the bribery and corruption that has been carried on for the last twenty years throughout the United States in school boards and committees, in state legislatures and administrations, by the agents of some of our leading school-book publishers, could be dragged to light, it would shake the moral sense of a people inured to Credit Mobiliér and subsidy intrigues, and even to the utmost demoralizing influence of all, the hypocritical exploitation of the honesty dodge, for purely sinister purposes, by the powerful newspaper clique which styles itself the independent press.

But the cost of keeping these multiplying, ever changing and ever lingering swarms of local school authorities under continual pay, by the highest bidder, has run up to a ruinous pitch. None are more anxious to be rid of the system than the great corruptionist houses themselves. The convention, last year, failed to effect this, by reason of one or two parties who stood out of the proposed agreement. But no doubt is entertained that the powerful houses will be able to unite in an understanding, that will purify our school system of book-seller's agents, and will thereafter by united action (in a matter they understand so well) crush out any attempt to re-introduce them.

The schoolmaster is abroad—traveling this time in South America. Many of our school books are called for on that continent, and have been translated into Spanish, for the Chilian, Argentine and Brazilian trade. The approaching "International Exposition" at Santiago, is to contain an American school house fully equipped.

V.D.

The most effectual security against evil is trust in God.

Special Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 24, 1874.

THE CENTENNIAL TEA-PARTY.

Following the reopening of the 43d Congress, which was characterized by the usual amount of hand shaking, and congratulatory compliments to members that were re-elected, came the great Centennial tea-party in the rotunda of the Capitol.

On this evening, Dec. 16, 1874, it seemed to us that the moon shone with the same clear, cold light as when, Dec. 16, 1774, Faneuil Hall in Boston was the scene of a masquerade party who made a harbor full of tea for the British to sip.

The rotunda of the Capitol was decorated with elaborate designs, and many national flags floated from the dome and balustrades.

Over the south door was a miniature ship, from which two boys in Indian costume were throwing out packages of tea at intervals the entire evening. Over the north door, was a fac-simile of the independence bell, with the motto, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land and to all the inhabitants thereof."

Thirteen tables, for the original states, were arranged in a circle, over which banners were hung representing the coat-of-arms of each state. The states and territories were under the protecting care of the thirteen. Each table was presided over by some distinguished lady representative. The dresses of Lord Berkeley's time were worn by the New Jersey ladies. New York's was one of the most prominent tables of the evening. A large ship, five feet long and four feet high, the hull made of straw trimmed with smilax, and floating in a sea of roses, the masts entwined with rare flowers and evergreens, was a most attractive feature. Miss Risley Steward presided. Miss Ellen Gillespie, a great great granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin, and Mrs. Ettinge, a granddaughter of Chief Justice Taney, were among the committee presiding.

Connecticut, with Kentucky and Colorado on either side, was very attractive, under the charge of Mrs. Gen. Paul and Miss Emma Sedgwick. Miss Clara Louise Kellogg honored her state by her charming presence. The crowd about her table was so dense to receive from her hand some memento, or a single flower, that hundreds did not obtain a glimpse of Miss Kellogg or have an opportunity to buy a relic at any price.

We can not name the attractions of each table, and can only say that they all were beautiful beyond description.

The costumes of the ladies were in continental style. Mrs. Sedgwick wore an ancient costume, and a large medallion of the son of Elder Brewster, who came over in the May Flower. Miss Green was attired in a dress worn by Miss Beall at one of Washington's receptions and fully 180 years old. It was of rich brocade, over a blue satin, a quilted petticoat and a lace overdress. Miss Louise Meigs wore an apron of white brocade from a fragment of Martha Washington's wedding dress. One dress was worn in revolutionary times, and had a waist about two inches in length. Grand music and patriotic speeches were interspersed most charmingly. Martha Washington costumes prevailed. Of the eight thousand people present on the first evening, hundreds went away without being able to buy more than their tickets, and on the following evening the tea-party was continued by general request. Some eight thousand dollars will be added to the Centennial fund, and this is only a beginning of a series of tea-parties to aid this enterprise. Pennsylvania follows with a tea-party on the 22d of December.

KING KALAKAUA.

To have a veritable king among us, having arisen from a cannibalistic lineage, to be a humanized and almost modernized ruler, seems strange indeed. But stranger than all else, is the alleged parentage of this king, whose father was a Yankee from our old Bay state. It seems stranger than fiction that King Kalakaua is to visit the birth place of his father in Barnstable, Mass. The King has a commanding presence, and is a large, well built man, with copper colored complexion. Side whiskers and a moustache give his face a fine appearance. Every possible attention has been shown his Majesty. While the actual business of his visit has not been made public, doubtless the impoverished condition of the Hawaiian government lies nearest his kingly heart.

MISS KELLOGG.

One of our dreams, long cherished, has been realized. We were not disappointed in our hope of hearing Miss Kellogg, who is justly acknowledged the American singer. She has the most attractive of all charms—a simplicity and naturalness that is irresistible. Her ease and gracefulness are delightful, and her singing of masterly music is done without one of the disagreeable gestures great singers usually assume.

BESSIE BROWN.

The embassments of God's people are only the festive scaffolds on which his might, his faithfulness, and his mercy celebrate their triumph.

Reader, if you will be saved, you must make an effort. You must come to Jesus, humbly and penitently, and ask him to save you; for he will not come to you unless you are willing.

Strange Tastes.

The London Medical Record has the following:

The incident of the *homme à la fourchette*, the man who swallowed a fork in Paris, April last, has inspired Dr. Mignon with the idea of collecting all records of similar cases. He has been able to find details of 163, and it would be difficult to imagine anything more astonishing than the catalogue (given in the *Union Médicale* for December 3) of the objects swallowed by either veritable lunatics, or what may be termed sane idiots. Among the very indigestible and uncomfortable items catalogued, we find fifteen gold medals, hair rings innumerable, 175 flanes, a shoe-buckle, nine inches of a sword-blade, very sharp scissors, eighty pins, a baby's bottle, the castor of a night-stool, an entire set of dominoes (the size of which, however, is not stated), 100 louis d'or, a flute four inches long, a glass vial, thirty-five knives, a clay pipe, from 1400 to 1500 pins, a bar of lead weighing a pound, a whetstone, and (in three instances) a table-fork. But the most extraordinary of all these cases occurred in the instance of a convict who died at Brest in 1778, and on whose body a necropsy was performed. The stomach was completely displaced, and occupied the left hypochondrium, the lumbar and iliac regions of the one side extending into the pelvis nearly as far as the foramen ovale; it contained fifty-two different objects, weighing altogether one pound ten ounces. Among them was a part of a hoop of a barrel, nineteen inches long and one inch wide. M. Mignon has classified these 163 cases into three categories: 1. Foreign bodies which passed through the whole extent of the digestive canal with scarcely any injurious results. 2. Foreign bodies which have passed through the whole extent of the digestive track, with more or less serious results, but ultimate recovery. 3. Foreign bodies which have passed through the whole digestive track, causing serious disturbance and fatal results. 4. Cases in which the foreign body has not been passed. 5. Cases in which operations have been performed. It is remarkable that cases of death caused by the presence of foreign bodies in the digestive tubes are far less numerous than might be expected. Out of the 163 cases, we only find ten deaths from this cause. To these must be added two deaths after operation, making altogether twelve, or seven three-tenths per cent. There appears, therefore, to be no great cause for the surgeon to be over anxious in these cases, but to remember that unless there should be some complications in the general health, or some special indication, it will be as well for him not to interfere, and above all things not to perform gastrostomy, save as a last resource. Of this last operation M. Mignon relates five cases—among them being those which Mr. Neal, in 1856, and Mr. Bell, in 1859, thought themselves obliged to perform; the one in order to extract a bar of lead ten inches long and weighing one pound; the other to do the same with a bar of lead nearly twelve inches long and weighing more than nine ounces. In both these cases the symptoms were very serious, comprising violent pains in the stomach, twitches along the vertebral column, sickness and general prostration. The foreign bodies could not be felt through the abdominal walls, but the surgeons decided upon performing the operation, thinking that the sufferers had no chance of relief by natural expulsion. The success of the operations was fortunately complete.

Sea-sickness.

Dr. Giraldes has published, in the last number of the *Journal de Thérapeutique*, an account of the means by which he avoided sea-sickness during two passages to England and back. He was at Boulogne last June en route for London, when the weather was so rough that many intending passage hesitated to cross the channel. Dr. Giraldes was informed by a colleague at Boulogne that American physicians used the syrup of chloral as a preventive of sea-sickness with successful results. He therefore obtained some syrup of chloral, put himself into a quiet corner, and took his syrup directly the vessel was in motion, when, although his fellow-passengers experienced the usual unpleasant consequences, he arrived at Folkestone without having suffered the least inconvenience. The same results were obtained on the return voyage, but he increased the amount of chloral. He had again occasion to cross the channel at the end of September by the night boat from Calais to Dover, and thinking with reason that the sea would be rougher at that season than usual, he had a draught made up composed of chloral, 3 grammes; (45 grains); distilled water, 50 grammes; gooseberry syrup, 60 grammes; and French essence of peppermint, two drops. He took half of the draught as the vessel left the harbor, and arrived at Dover without having suffered in the least from sea-sickness, while his companions were in the usual condition of prostrate misery. A very heavy sea was running. On his return from London on the 30th of October there was a high sea and much wind. He accordingly took the remaining portion of his draught, soon went to sleep, and only awoke on his arrival at Calais in the best possible condition. Dr. Giraldes remarks

that he is, as a rule, affected by sea-sickness when he crosses the channel, and that his two trials of chloral have convinced him of its efficacy as a preventative of that most disagreeable malady. He adds that he never goes down in the cabin, but makes himself as comfortable as circumstances will allow on deck.

Teachers' Qualifications.

The amount of instruction given in the Sunday school will be determined by the system which controls it. If the central idea of its design is the training of the children in the knowledge of the Scriptures, and of the great truths of the gospel, it will be a prime requisite that the teachers shall be competent; but as the classes are of various grades, and are usually arranged according to the degree of their intelligence, we can not expect equal qualifications in all the instructors. Indeed, we are disposed to regard the care of the little children as demanding a larger amount of tact and accurate information than any other department of Sunday school labor. How much little children owe to the excellent women and experienced men, who are active superintendents of infant schools, they appreciate only when they have ceased to be scholars, and have taken their places in the number of active members of the church. It has been common to regard every one who is willing to work in the Sunday school, as not only welcome, but altogether qualified to engage in active duties; sometimes, we think, sorely to the detriment of the children. Sometimes persons who are not qualified to teach, may find congenial work in the management of what may be called the mechanism of the Sunday school; as assistant librarians, as ready helps to the teachers or superintendent, in various emergencies; but we are persuaded that the standard of the teachers' qualifications is altogether too low.

Events of the Week.

THE OLD SPECTACLE.

The country is confronted again by the old spectacle of investigation and damaging disclosures in Congress. The agent of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company seems to have used a half million dollars, or thereabouts, last winter, in buying the influence of Congressmen to the promotion of the Company's interests. Irwin, the agent, refuses to point out the parties who received the money, but the Company's books show quite too much for the good name of some parties. If the chief business of our Congress must continue to be investigations of official integrity, they might almost as well go out of business.

THE NEW NATIONAL BANK CIRCULATION.

The comptroller of the currency is daily shipping large amounts of the new national bank circulation in return for mutilated notes that have been redeemed. The amounts shipped last week averaged about \$800,000 daily. Shipments have been made each day to about 200 banks. The total amount of mutilated currency received from the Treasurer since the passage of the act of June 20, is \$41,066,805, nearly the whole of which is already issued in new national bank notes. The national bank notes received Wednesday for redemption amounted to \$433,000.

FISK'S ESTATE BANKRUPT.

It is found that the estate of the late James Fisk, which appraisers valued at the million dollars, is unable to pay his debts by nearly two hundred thousand dollars. After the luxurious style in which Fisk lived, this condition of the estate might serve to point a large number of morals if one was disposed to enter into the matter.

THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.

In view of the plans that are being laid to repeal the "Maine Law" at the coming session of the Legislature, the statements of the several county attorneys to the adjutant general may be cited, who report that the number of sentences to the State prison and jails, exclusive of commitments for liquor selling, the past year or two, is nearly thirty per cent. smaller than in 1866, so that it may be said, with the figures before us as a solid basis, that the laws against dram shops are almost as well enforced as the laws against many other similar crimes, and whatever sales of liquor there may be in seven-eighths of the State, are carried on very secretly and sparingly.

THE U. S. SUPREME COURT IN ARREARS.

Advices from Washington state that the Supreme Court is hopelessly behind-hand with its business. Seven hundred cases are now awaiting trial, and the number is constantly increasing despite the utmost exertions of the bench. Some measure to relieve this pressure is therefore necessary, and it is probable that an effort will be made to obtain it during the present session of Congress. One method proposed is to add two judges to the bench, and another to reduce the number of new cases through a law denying the right of appeal to the court in civil suits where the consideration is less than \$5,000. It is said that the latter plan has the approval of the Chief Justice, and that it will gradually reduce the business so as to leave only about a year's work ahead, a condition which it is desirable to maintain permanently.

"CHINESE CHEAP LABOR."

Considerable excitement is caused in San Francisco by the determination of the proprietors of the Cornell wheat factory to employ Chinese in all the departments of the works. Seventy operatives from Chicago have protested against the measure, and several of them were discharged. Nearly all the operatives are from Chicago, and a general strike is threatened, but the proprietors are firm, and promise to adhere to the new plan. It is probable that other foremen will be discharged. The company propose to employ about 500 persons.

CONGRESS AND WORK.

There will be a great pressure of business at the re-assembling of Congress, Jan. 5, especially in the House, where the finance, civil-rights and appropriation bills will be pushed forward vigorously. It is likely that an attempt will be made this session to obviate any embarrassment which may arise in the next Congress from the power now possessed by either branch to object to the reception of the electoral vote from any State. If nothing is done in this direction a little bad blood between the republican Senate and democratic House of the forty-fourth Congress, during the count of the electoral vote in 1877, might result in serious consequences.

THE COSPATRICK DISASTER.

The emigrant ship *Cospatrick*, reported burned last week, was making a voyage from London to Auckland, New Zealand, loaded with emigrants, 474 of whom lost their lives by the disaster. Only three or four persons escaped. It is not yet known how the fire originated, but it is believed to have been caused by careless smoking.

MONARCHY IN SPAIN.

Alfonso the Twelfth, son of ex-Queen Isabella, has been proclaimed King of Spain, in which all parties seem to acquiesce, thus offering a rare spectacle of a peaceful and bloodless revolution. This is thought to be a death-blow to Carlism.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 30, 1874.

Since adjournment of Congress over the holidays not much of interest has transpired here, calculated to awaken the attention of the general public. The routine business of the Departments moves on in its wonted course, and the clerks and employees work all the time, only being allowed one month for vacation during the year. Nobody complains, however.

Congress is discussing the propriety of increasing the hours of labor of the clerks from six hours to eight or nine; some members favor the nine hour rule.

PROHIBITION.

Petitions are coming into Congress from the people in different parts of the country asking Congress to suppress by law the manufacture and sale of strong drinks in the territories and in this District. There is no likelihood of anything being done, however numerous and influential the petitions may be. When the people send their petitions to Congress in boots, something may be done, till then we must suffer the evils which flow from the licensed traffic in strong drinks. I learn at the Internal Revenue Bureau that on the first of Dec., 1874, there was 11,837,557 gallons of diluted spirits in the warehouses of the United States, and when this goes out to do its work of death and destruction an equal or even a larger amount will supply the places in the warehouses. The government gets its revenues and the people are cursed, and the statesmen and politicians like to have it so.

THE HOLIDAYS.

Heretofore in my letters, when I have referred to our observance here of the holiday festivities, I have been able to state that there was a commendable improvement upon the olden time in the absence of drunkenness. I am sorry to say that this year there is to be a perfect deluge of intemperance; the young especially have been swept by the torrent, and even the oldest inhabitant admits that he has never seen such a marked prevalence of this vice.

A SUICIDE.

On Sunday morning last, our people, just about the hour of going to church, were startled by the information that Rev. J. N. Coombs, D. D., pastor of the West Presbyrian church, had committed suicide. In every aspect of the case it is a most painful event. Dr. Coombs was believed to be, and not without good reason, a very pious and good man. He was highly esteemed, not only by his own people and denomination, but by the community at large. There are various and contradictory stories respecting his being a victim to that singular malady known as kleptomania. Certain it is that he had taken a book from one of the book-stores, and that he was detected in the theft, and that this so preyed upon his mind as to lead him to the commission of the dreadful deed.

THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

The clergymen of different denominations have had a preliminary meeting to make arrangements for the week of prayer which commences on the 4th inst. It was proposed by one of the clergymen present to set apart one day in which prayer shall be offered for temperance. Another minister opposed the proposition for he said if the sin of intemperance was named, all other sins would have to be named, and it would not do to particularize sins, especially as intemperance was not a national sin. The good Doctor said government did not compel men to drink, and therefore drunkenness was not a national sin. The remarks of this minister have caused considerable discussion and not a little ridicule. This gentleman is a popular clergyman here and is much esteemed by all who know him, and inasmuch as he is generally correct in his views and actions upon most moral questions, the marvel is how he can be so obtuse upon the question of the deep and damning sin of intemperance. The conclusion among Christians here who are opposed to intemperance, is that the rules which they may in respect to the subjects of prayer, still many devout and earnest souls will pray for the downfall of the vice of intemperance, one of the greatest hindrances to the progress of true religion.

CONGRESS.

Notwithstanding the recess which a majority of both Houses of Congress voted for and took to themselves, yet many working men remain here hard at work in the committee rooms, and some branches of the public business will be facilitated in consequence of these labors of the few earnest men who chose to labor rather than to go home.
The weather is very fine. No winter yet, which is a mercy to the poor.
PHAROS.

S. S. Department.

Sabbath School Lesson.—Jan. 10.

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

CROSSING THE JORDAN.

JOSHUA 3:14-17.

GOLDEN TEXT:—When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee. Is. 43:2.

NOTES AND HINTS.

The course of history is not, by the lessons, followed out in every detail. The last lesson left Joshua and Israel at Shittim, a place situated in the plain of the Jordan, and supposed to be about seven miles from the river. It derived its name from the trees that abounded there. From that place Joshua sent two men to reconnoitre the country of the enemy, and to discover anything that might help or hinder the success of the undertaking at hand. The wise servant of God, by use of natural means, carried out the prophecies of his success. God had pledged to make the purely human efforts of Joshua for conquering the land prosperous. The account of the two spies the lessons pass. On the return of these men Joshua moved forward to the river, and there encamped. The people were then instructed, "by officers," in respect to the order of march across the river. Joshua, encouraged by God, encourages the people by announcing the opening through the Jordan of a path to their feet. Thus the events with which this lesson opens are reached. They may be studied in the order in which they took place.

THE FIRST EVENT.

14. Two distinct facts, in an inverse order of occurrence, with the reason for them, are contained in this verse: (1.) The people left their tents; (2.) the priests, bearing the ark of the covenant, went before the people; (3.) in order to cross over the Jordan. (4.) The Israelites were instructed, when they saw the ark, to leave their tents and to fall into line in the rear of the ark. Their tents were probably not portable. (5.) The ark was stationed three thousand feet, "by measure," beyond the front rank of the host. Verse 4. (a) The reasons of this order were to show reverence for the sacred symbol of God's presence. The pillar of cloud and of fire had disappeared, and this ark was its substitute. Besides they would thus see that instead of protecting it, it protected them. The chief reason is found in connection with the order, namely, that they might see the miracle which, as it were, by an influence from the ark, was to be done. (b) Notice how the ark is invested with mysterious sacredness by the name given to it here: "the ark of the covenant of the Lord" (or the Jehovah) "your God." (c) Consider what the ark was, and what it contained, that it should be so sacred. It was a chest three feet nine inches long, two feet three inches wide, and deep, overlaid with gold, and borne by staves passing through four golden rings in the corners. The lid of this sacred chest was wholly of gold, and constituted the mercy-seat. Two cherubim spread their wings out over the mercy-seat, one cherub at one end, the other at the other end, facing each other. The ark contained the two tables of commandments given Moses in the mount. Those commandments God regarded as pledges of his blessings, or as ten conditions, on the observance of which by the people, God agreed to bless and save them. Hence they are not called iron rules, nor threatenings, nor awful exactions, but, as seen from a higher plane, covenants of God. Every law of God is his covenant to prosper, to bless, to own, to satisfy the obedient. The sacredness of the ark arose both from its contents and its mercy-seat, where God revealed his presence. It represented to the eye the presence and the promise of God. (d) Remember how the ark, when the Israelites moved, was borne. The veil of blue, purple and scarlet that separated the holy of holies from the outer court was spread over the ark, a covering of badgers' skins was placed on the veil, and above the veil a blue cloth was laid, so that the ark itself was wholly invisible. The Kohathites had it in their charge. Num. 4:5, 6, 15. Picture this ark, covered with its blue screen, stationed now a little over one-half a mile in advance of the host, surrounded by the Levitical priests, its custodians. The people beheld it with mingled curiosity and awe.

THE SECOND EVENT.

15. This verse contains a single event: the priests took up the ark and bore it to the brink of the river, so that the priests dipped their feet in the water. Joshua had given orders for this to be done, and had foretold the result that would instantly ensue. The wetting of the soles of the priests' feet (the Levitical priests) may have signified the touch of the river by the ark, and so by him of whom it was a symbol. The verse states a fact concerning the river: that in the harvest it overflows its banks. By harvest is meant the barley harvest which began in the middle of April. The heat at this time was sufficient to melt the snows of Hermon. It was also at the close of the rainy season. The rise of the waters still occurs at this period of the year. For Jordan overflows all his banks, all the time of the harvest. Good commentators think the passage ought to be rendered, "For Jordan is full up to all his banks," or "brimful," instead of "overfloweth all his banks." But others think, in view of chapter 4:18, and of Isaiah 8:17, that the present reading is correct. The Jordan about Jericho is ordinarily forty or fifty yards in width,

but when swelled by the spring-floods increases to twice this width. The river flows at the bottom of a deep valley which descends, by two or three terraces, to the water's edge. These terraces form, as it were, so many banks of the stream. The margin of the river is overgrown with a jungle—the covert of wild beasts. The spring freshets drown these plains, and drive out the beasts. Hence the expression, "As a lion from the swelling of Jordan." Jer. 49:19. The current in the spring, near Jericho, is raised, and to cross the river then, even by swimming, is a difficult feat. 1 Chron. 12:15. It was impossible, at this season, for the Israelites to convey their wives and children, if they could their army and equipage, across the Jordan. Hence the Lord interposed to open a way for them.

THE THIRD EVENT.

16. (1.) The Jordan, touched by the priests, cuts in two, one part piling up the accumulated waters, as if behind a dam; the other part hastening on to the Dead Sea, leaving a dry channel behind it. (2.) The arrested waters flowed back and back until their influence reached to Adam, a place by the side of Zaretan. The sites of Adam and Zaretan are not certainly known, but Robinson locates them at the modern Kurn Sartabeh, a hill on the Jordan fifteen or more miles away from Jericho. It was then "very far," if this is the true location of Zaretan, that the waters flowed back. It was a striking display of God's power and present activity that this scene unfolded. (3.) The people passed dry-shod "right against Jericho." Though the ark was stayed in the very middle of the bed of the river, the people marched by it to the shore of Canaan. The place of the passage is supposed to be Bethabara, a name that means, house of the passage. (4.) The people hastened over the river, thinking as often of the fate of Pharaoh's host, as of their father's passage of the sea. With fear and trembling they looked at the threatening floods, and chose to hasten to the shore. Josh. 4:10.

THE FOURTH EVENT.

17. This verse relates to the ark and to those who bore it. The priests "stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan." They stood there to show that the ark of the Lord which divided was also powerful to hold back the waters. While these men held the covenant of the Lord, "the Lord of all the earth," with them, had the pledge that God would guide and defend them from every evil, the river could not flow down upon them, for all the power of God was active for their safety. Hence the priests, with the ark of God on their shoulders, stood firm on the bed of the river, not fearing the awful wave that seemed eager to overwhelm them. The people, as they hastened by, must have felt that their God was omnipotent, and that under his protection they were safe.

The direct lessons of this subject, and those which the subject indirectly suggests, are valuable and cheering. The question of modern times, Will God interpose for his people? is here answered. God always has worked, God always will work, in nature and with nature, and by a control of nature, for his people. Admitting the existence of God (and who can deny it?), his providence for the protection of his people seems reasonable and certain. The value of a covenant, and of being one party to a covenant with God, are here seen. "The ark of the covenant" secured the miracle. We have opportunity to become sheltered under a divine covenant. The ten commandments are ten covenants, but the Christian has the blessing of new and better promises. The gospel is a covenant, armed with which any believer may safely pass all the swollen floods in his path to heaven; the death of Jesus seals a covenant of salvation to the believers. Those who yield to the teachings of Jesus have the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come. Jordan is often compared to death, and Canaan to heaven. By using this figure, our lesson teaches how safely the Christian can go through the river of death, for his High Priest has gone before him to open the way, and now waits in it to sustain and greet with welcome and love his beloved in their last hour. The Golden Text makes true to them. The children of the covenant, those who trust wholly in him, conquer death and enter the rest that he has promised to men.

Communications.

Visits of the Departed.

To-night the home of every true Hindu in Orissa is illuminated by lights hung out to guggle the spirits of departed ancestors to the place and home of their earthly dwelling. It is supposed that the departed parents come near on this occasion to linger for a season about the dwelling of their children.

These annual visits from the departed ones are hailed with great joy, while sweetmeats and flowers are lavished in great quantities upon the goddess who is supposed to preside on this occasion. The sweetmeats, of course, go into the hungry maw of the brahmins, while the flowers are swept out of the back door of the temple. This ceremony, however, is but a small portion of the demonstrations of joy on this occasion. While we write, the streets of Balasore, which usually are so dark as to require the use of a lantern for safety, are now as brilliant as the avenues of New York or Chicago. Rockets are ascending in every direction, and magnesium lights that almost rival the dazzling brightness of a tropical sun dispel the darkness far and near. Mingled with this is the constant rattle and roar of all manner of explosives, varying in force from the common fire-

cracker to the shock of field artillery. The temples are filled with worshippers, shouting at the top of their voices while playing accompaniments on the gong, drum and cymbals.

All this makes an interesting scene for the observer. As we look out upon this scene from the upper story of our dwelling whence a fine view of what is passing is gained, we are compelled to confess that there is something grand in this display, compared with the usual dull and inactive appearance of the country.

Look what way you may, from the little clump of houses that stand alone on the plain, to the towns miles away; their lights shine out simply, or reflect the brightness of the many, upon the darkness enshrouding them, while now and then comes the faint echo of the distant gun.

Such is the picture of Orissa, to-night, from her million of homes. This annual festival is a conclusive argument that Hindus have no sympathy with the doctrine of no-soul-ism, sleep of the dead, for-rationalism called anciently Sadduceism. They believe the soul is a spirit; and are not slow to affirm that God is a spirit; though they worship him as somehow connected with the idols found in their temples.

The authors of the sacred books of the Hindus did not fail to give what seemed to their human fancy, a minute description of the state of the soul after death. From that description one is impressed with the fact that they were more favored than a late writer who saw the "gates" only "ajar." Before the writers of the "vedas" the gates were open wide.

The Hindus have very aptly connected with the doctrine of the eternity of the soul (a doctrine justly inferred from their teachings), the idea of transmigration; thus they conceive the soul to be passing through successive states, sometimes rising and again falling in the scale of being. An infinite number of unions and separations with the bodies of beasts, birds and higher orders of life may constitute the employment of the soul through eternity. To a brahmin, every jackal, kite, vulture, horse, or elephant may have for its animating spirit what was once the soul of some fair damsel.

Thus arises a superstition against destroying the life of any animal, an act which is thought a good brahmin will not be guilty of, and also one that makes the beef eating Englishman the chief of sinners. As sin degrades, so virtue elevates, and a good man's soul, because of his good deeds, and especially for faithful study of the sacred books, is said to rise to life, higher in the series of the endless chain of beings, through which he must pass ere he becomes a god. Should the spirit continue to rise in the scale till he becomes a god, still there is danger of falling even from the summit of all elevation possible to the migrating soul. What a discouraging picture is this to the immortal soul! Doomed from inherent nature to live forever; yet never victorious. The common enemy to man's happiness lies but half concealed in the highest heavens. It ever liveth to crush the unwary spirit at every step of an endless way. What is there to comfort the soul in view of another world when, if he but reflect for a moment, he sees his own present and miserable state is already the last of an innumerable series of changes, and the first of still another like series for all that he knows of the untried future? Well may the line,

"Man never is, but always to be blest," be applied to this horrid picture of spirit life. Yet this is what Hinduism has for its votaries. A wild, uncertain wandering, seeking rest yet finding none. To-night, the spirits of the departed who have perhaps not yet entered upon another embodied state are believed to come near, and the demonstrations we have witnessed can only be intelligently interpreted by calling it the welcome of faith.

What would we not give to change this doubtful faith for a true one by putting in place of these departed spirits, the ever present Holy Spirit? May He who is the true light of the world hasten his appearing.

Nov. 9, 1874.

A. J. M.

Missions.

DOES IT PAY?

Most people look upon missions as a great financial burden with no returns as to an increase of worth. But our mission work among the heathen, in its reflex influences, is creating more wealth than missions have cost. The education and conversion of the heathen are bearing them up to a higher and better manner of life, which creates a demand for better houses, more and better clothing, furniture, food and implements of husbandry. In their Christianized state they become agriculturists, manufacturers, and soon engage in commerce.

As a consequence there come demands or orders to us for plows, hoes, axes, wagons, carts, harnesses, and grains as food, and cloth for clothing. And thus the money they pay us for these new demands, which our missions have cost us! Some may doubt this fact, but we have the proof at hand.

I quote from Dr. Warren's work, "These for Those; or, What we Get for what we Give."

In speaking of our commerce among the Islands of the Pacific Ocean, Dr. Warren says:—"Formerly when ships were wrecked upon these islands the natives stole and robbed everything that could be obtained; and then killed and ate up the ship's crew! But now, as a result of missions, with a hundred thousand converts, it is as safe to go to, or to be wrecked on these islands as it is on the coast of Maine. When ships are wrecked there, the natives exert themselves in sav-

ing the lives and the property thus exposed. Many ship owners have confessed their indebtedness to missions. Missionaries, and native converts, in protecting their property and the lives of their ship's crew. It is now computed that the property thus saved amounts to more than all missions have cost in these islands. And this is not all: The insurance of vessels, among these islands, is now only about half as much as it was in times of heathen dangers! Rev. Mr. Wright, says, "When we went to Zulu, Africa, we found only the rudest implements of farming; a very clumsy hoe was used to break up the ground, and for ditching. Oxen were plenty, but nobody knew how to harness the ox to a plow; and what was worse they had neither harness, yoke nor plow. Now there are hundreds of American plows; and thousands of oxen are broken to the harness and plow, so that the ox is made to do the work that the women used to have to do." And now says Mr. Wilder, "The American plows sold last year, brought more money than it costs to sustain the Zulu missions." But not plows alone are demanded, but say the missionaries, "The natives clothe themselves better than they used to do, thus creating a demand for all our products of the loom, furniture, carts, harnesses, saddles, bridles, books, and maps, and almost everything else that we make!"

But I will bring this paper to a close by one more quotation from Dr. Warren's book. He says:—"But the openings in Africa are hardly to be compared with the whole mission world; China, Japan, India, Burma, Turkey, Sandwich Islands, and other vast islands now upon the highway of our nation westward. I argue that the aggregate of business thus brought to our markets by this world-wide work of missions, counted in with the amounts saved by the increased safety of our commerce on the high seas, amounts to more than all we have paid for our missions. Well may we say, with Paul, 'Godliness is profitable unto all things. Our Sabbath-worship, the ministry and missions, save, and bring back to us more money than they all cost, by at least a hundredfold.'"

Saccarappa, Me.

H. W.

No Time Save Now.

BY MARILLA.

It was a beautiful, though tear-stained face which Belle Sanborn saw in her mirror as she entered her room, after a long and serious conversation with her pastor. "Yes, by and by I will seek to become a Christian, but not now," Belle had said to him, as, with tears coursing down his wrinkled cheeks, Mr. Brewster had urged her to turn from all opposing forces, and come into the sacred fold of Christ.

From her earliest remembrance, Mr. Brewster had been her pastor. Belle revered him as an old man, whose deep spirituality, and entire consecration to the work ordained of heaven had lifted him almost to the pearly gates; even to a region where the lights from the other shore were already reflected in the trustful, heavenly expression of his countenance, and on this morning when he had talked to her so earnestly of the danger of a life without Christ, and the blessedness of true faith and entire obedience, Belle had longed for this joy, this restful trust, so unlike anything she had ever experienced.

"And yet," she had said to herself, "it may not, it can not be now. New Year's will soon be here. I must go to that ball with Mr. Upham, as I promised. Then it may be I will be a Christian!" and hardly knowing what words she used, she sought her room.

It was not pleasant to her to watch the reflection of her own face when in that mood, and Belle drew aside the heavy lace curtain and looked out on the tall trees, loaded with the crystal gems of frost, and sparkling in the sunlight. She admired the beauties of the scene, but thought had been aroused and would not be silent. It almost seemed to her that a voice in the trees was saying, "You have no time, but now! No time—no time but now."

In silent sorrow Belle clasped her hands and turned away.

"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," rang through her ears. "Yes, yes—some day, but oh, not now!" she murmured. "Give me this New Year. This one more ball with him. Till then I can not, will not yield."

Long and fierce was Belle's conflict, and not until New Year's eve did she succeed in her attempts to silence the tender pleadings of the Holy Spirit. "Now," thought she, "I have triumphed. I shall not be troubled with such feelings any more at present. How very happy I shall be to-night," and Belle's long, deep sigh seemed hardly in harmony with her thoughts.

Many times during that evening it was remarked that not one in the ball-room was so beautiful, so wondrously fair as Belle Sanborn.

Toward morning the fair one became pale, restless, sad. Mr. Upham, ever thoughtful and attentive was at her side. "What is it, Miss Sanborn?" he said. "Are you sick? Tell me, what can we do for you?"

"Take me home," was the low reply. "I can not, oh, I can not live with all this weight of misery drawing my heart down, down, forever down! Now! Now!—No time—but now. Tell them—Now! Yes—just now! I waited—and now!" and with these murmured exclamations the lovely young woman fainted.

Friends gathered around. The fair head, with its wealth of light golden curls rested on her lover's shoulder as he tenderly lifted the apparently lifeless form, and bore her from the ball-room. What wonder that Mr. Upham should think God never created a being more beautiful? What wonder that—even amid those scenes—a fervent petition for the help of

Heaven, should arise from lips all unused to prayer? But the prayer was offered too late. Death—cold, stern, unrelenting, cruel death had claimed his victim.

"Nothing strange, nothing at all strange," the physician said. "Some strong mental excitement;—or, possibly, too long dancing, had brought on a renewed attack of her old heart-disease, and so death followed."

True, it was not strange that she should die; but how sad—how unspeakably sad that she should thus turn from every warning; that even the loving and long-continued pleadings of the Holy Spirit had been rejected, silenced for the present, and that she should die away from Christ, self-exiled from the fold.

Again and again the call of the Good Shepherd had reached her, and still she resisted, saying, "Sometime, but oh, not now."

Fatal words! Alas, how many a soul has been eternally lost by deciding not to accept Christ now, but to wait for some time in the future; never thinking, we have no time save now.

Reader, Jesus comes to the door of your heart, asking admittance. Many times has he called. Long has he waited. Still he is waiting and entreating. Will you reject him? Can you ask him to wait until some time in the future—when all your future may be in Eternity? I entreat you, do not, dare not, seek to quench the strivings of the Holy Spirit. Do not look forward to one more New Year's ball, one more night of earthly pleasure—away from God—lest, with you too, the hour of safety should pass by, to return no more forever.

Oh, rather listen to the Divine call. Open the door of your heart to receive the heavenly guest. Then indeed shalt thou be blest, and "the Sun of Righteousness shall arise" and shine upon thee, even with "healing in his wings." Then the joy of faith and trust shall be thine on earth, and thine shall be the perfect joy of heaven. The day to-night,

I will accept this blessed call,—
No more my feet shall roam;
For Christ is now my life, my all,
And Christ will lead me home.

Prof. F. W. Dunn.—Mrs. Chase.

Monday evening, Dec. 21, the church in Hillsdale, Mich., was filled with the students and citizens, assembled to express their sympathy for the loss of two that were dearly beloved by all. The church was draped in a neat and impressive manner for the occasion. The exercises were under the direction of the Amphyctyon Society, of which Prof. Dunn was a member, all of the other Literary Societies taking an active part. The exercises consisted of prayer, music, essays and addresses. An appropriate prayer was offered by Rev. A. A. Smith, pastor of the church. The opening address was by Mr. C. W. Pratt, President of the Amphyctyon Society, brief and expressive. Miss Olive Bentley, of the Germania Society, read an essay, "In the Vestibule," which was listened to with deep interest. Miss N. W. Phillips, of the Ladies' Literary Union, gave an address to the Society that she represented, and to the occasion. Mr. O. C. Whitney, of the Theological Society, read a poem, and Prof. J. W. Parsons, of the Amphyctyon Society, gave a biographical sketch as follows:

Words can but poorly portray the sadness of our hearts to-night as we realize that death has again entered our circle and claimed as his victim our esteemed brother and affectionate friend, Prof. Francis Wayland Dunn. He was born in Wayne, O., Jan. 28, 1843. At the age of five years he stood by the bedside of a dying mother, and as her last gift received a copy of the Bible with the request for him to read it with prayer. Through the Sabbath school, and other religious privileges he received impressions that had much to do in forming his character and habits of life. At an early age he commenced studying the classics in Mich. Central College, and entered upon a regular collegiate course of study at the opening of Hillsdale College in 1863, and graduated with honors in 1861, at the early age of nineteen years. He was a charter member of the Amphyctyon Society and was ever true to its interests, and was honored as President in 1869. Immediately after he graduated his patriotic heart responded to the call of his country, and he enlisted as a private soldier, and honorably worked his way up to the position of Regimental Commissary, which position he held until the close of the war.

A single incident of his life in the army. When his only brother was dying in the hospital, for long nights and weary days he watched by the sick bed until death came, then with his own hands he prepared the body for burial, and placing it in a soldier's coffin, started with it for the front. The railroad being torn up he carried the precious burden on his shoulders for three fourths of a mile, so determined was he to deposit it among loved friends in the North.

After the war he spent some time in traveling in Europe and Palestine. Some little time after his return he was called to be the office editor of the *Christian Freeman*, and then to the position of Editor, for which he was eminently qualified.

Disease had already seized upon him, and for his health he visited Utah, California, and other portions of the country, but with little or no benefit. He was elected Professor in Hillsdale College in 1871, and the esteem the faculty and students had for him the evidences of to-night are a sufficient testimony. From this time his health gradually failed until death removed him from this world of suffering.

At the age of fifteen, kneeling by the bedside of a dying sister, he consecrated his life to God, and from that time to the day of his death he was a Christian in every condition of life. For the last four years he has only been waiting the approach of death, calm and peaceful, until on the morning of Dec. 13, 1874, he died the Christian's death.

Miss E. Fowler, of the Beethoven Society, read a memorial sketch on the death of Mrs. O. Chase, teacher in vocal music in the college. It was as follows:

When those are taken whose life's work is but just begun, it is like plucking the beautiful flowers which give promise of abundant fruit. Such was the premature death

of her whose farewell of earth and friends was taken that sad November day, and in whose memory these words are spoken. Five years ago she came here as a teacher in vocal music, and by her beautiful art instilled into others the desire for a like accomplishment. Her great aim was to excel in rendering sacred music, her skillful execution of which need not be told to those who have so often in this place listened to the melting pathos of her sweet voice.

Last spring her health failed, she returned to her old home in New England, where everything that was possible was done for her recovery. She had but little hope of it, and always had a presentiment of an early death. After long and severe suffering, which was borne with patience, her partial recovery gave us hope that she would recover again, but God's seal of death was already upon her brow, and so to-night we mourn her presence, but her voice is silent only to us, for a golden harp was hanging on the tree of life for her. She passed away not with fear and trembling of the great hereafter, but willingly, for the Father's hand was beckoning, just holding the door of heaven ajar, so as to cast a last fond look on the dear ones as the golden cord was loosed.

President Durgin said:

No words of mine are needed to add emphasis to the lesson of the hour. There is no inconsistency between scholarship and piety. True, the scholar is apt to say, "I can not range through the wide fields of science, and discipline my mind with care and assiduity, and still be eminently spiritual." But is it so? Let the scholar place before his mind an exalted purpose, and let that purpose be eminent holiness of heart and purity of life. With an eye single to the divine glory, let him pursue his studies, and his scholarship will never hinder his communion with God. There is always a reflex influence between the thoughts of the mind and the affections of the heart. Robert Peel, the scholar, resolved to make his son a great parliamentary debater. At the age of eight years the boy was encouraged to stand on the table and deliver extracts from the speeches of celebrated orators. He soon became inspired with the ambition to excel in eloquence. In the schools he pursued a course of intense, unwearying study. Did his scholarship diminish the force of his ruling aim? No! with reciprocal and powerful action they strengthened each other; the scholarship helping the aim, and the aim the scholarship. Just so of religious consecration. Let your ruling aim be to promote the glory of God and the advancement of Christ's kingdom, and it will push the mind to its most vehement and successful efforts to study; it will make intense study a means of spirituality. Piety and scholarship are not only not incompatible but they are absolutely necessary to the grandest development of each other, as much as Sir Robert Peel's studies were to his parliamentary greatness. Prof. F. W. Dunn was a scholar, but he was no less a Christian. We think better of religion because of his scholarship, and better of his scholarship because of his religion.

The exercises of the evening were creditable to those that took part in them, an honorable tribute of love and respect to the departed.

A. H. C.

Influence.

Entering my room one dark evening, for the purpose of procuring an article which I had left behind, I groped my way around, vainly trying to find it, until a light from across the way threw its beams directly upon the article I was in pursuit of. I snatched it up and hastily left the room. As I crossed the threshold, the thought flashed upon my mind,—Can not influence be compared with that light? Perhaps when we think our influence is small, it will shine across the way and be of great help to some one in need.

If this is so, how careful we should be as to the kind of influence we exert. If a person steps to the bar and takes a glass of strong drink, does he reflect upon the possible consequences of that act? When I hear a father utter an oath in the presence of his child, and hear the child try to repeat it, I think I can tell to some extent what his influence will be upon that child.

How is our influence in the Christian life? Is it just as it should be?

When I see a poor child go to church plainly clad, and see many who are considered good people turn away from him and not speak a kind word, as I have seen it done repeatedly, it seems to me that that person's influence is not going in the right direction. Is that a Christian would do it here? or as he did do when here?

Com.

Rev. Zebina Young.

Eld. Zebina Young, recently of Hiley, Canada, fell asleep in Jesus in Francoia, Dec. 24, after a brief illness of congestion of the lungs, of less than a week's duration, aged 79 years and 9 days. His work was done, and he had only to wrap his mantle about him and lie down to rest. He had buried all his family save one daughter, to whom he became a little more than a year ago, there to finish the remainder of his life. His waiting was but brief, though well and sprightly, unusually so, for one of so advanced age, till this brief sickness. He was not inactive, meanwhile, occasionally preaching on supply. He filled the desk in F. all day, Oct. 18.

J. ERSKINE.

Right and wrong, honor and duty, equity, benevolence toward men, and responsibility toward the unseen power by which human actions are guided and controlled—these are not idle phrases. They are realities which correspond with the deepest wants and feelings of our nature; and no man will feel himself utterly cast down who can say in his heart what the wisest and best of the human race have proclaimed in the whole tenor of their lives.

There is an inner companionship of the Lord Jesus Christ. There is a presence in our need of One, whose love passes human love. There is a fulfillment of the promise, "If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come unto him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6, 1875.

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

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

Boston Office, &c.

The Boston office of the *Morning Star* is at 15 State Street. This is now the editor's headquarters. Letters and communications needing his personal and immediate attention will reach him with greater promptness if thus directed. As a removal of the mechanical and business departments can not be well and fully effected at once, these are expected to remain in Dover through the winter, and be transferred to Boston in the early spring. The Agent and the assistant editor will therefore retain their old positions for the present, and business will be transacted there as heretofore, or, when desirable, it will be attended to at the office in Boston. The ordinary communications for the paper, as items of church news, reports of Quarterly Meetings, &c., &c., may be sent to Dover as heretofore, or to Boston if the writers so prefer. There need be little friction or delay in either case. The intercourse between the two offices will be both free and constant, for they are really but two branches of one and the same thing. Let correspondents and visitors remember the No.—15 STATE STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

GEORGE T. DAY, Editor.

Forward Steps.

With the issue of this number, the *Star* enters upon its fiftieth volume. It also has passed from Boston and Chicago. When the half century of its life is completed, a year hence, we expect to see it fully settled in its new home, and effectively working out the fresh and enlarged plans upon which it is now entering.

It is a change that has been often and earnestly considered for years. Here and there strong calls have been made for it as something really needful to our best and highest work. Elsewhere, thoughtful voices have been raised in query and doubt. It is plainly a step that involves larger expenses and increased risks; and so the question has been asked, whether a wise and careful economy would not forbid what a resolute and generous enterprise pleaded for. The corporators have not been hasty and headlong in reaching the decision to put the paper into this advanced position. To more or less observers they have perhaps seemed timid and slow. But they could not consent to presume and hurry. Too much was involved to warrant that. They have sought to weigh carefully the arguments on both sides. They have consulted not only their own judgments, but also that of their constituents. One aim has been steadily held,—to find the way in which they could best serve the denomination, and the great cause it stands for, and then walk in it.

They have chosen the progressive policy, taking its added responsibilities and its larger risks. It is one of several such choices, though few have involved so much as this. They have thus heeded the plea for an advance; they have confided in the pledges of fresh co-operation; they have gone promptly at work to make practical the decision which many brethren in various sections of the country have strongly and thankfully approved, and whose wisdom the late General Conference recognized. We trust no future review of the case will lead to a different conclusion. We trust the forward movement is to be faithfully supported by those who have counseled it. We trust every pledge of co-operation is to be remembered and fully redeemed. We trust no retreat is to follow this advance, but that this beginning to go forward means only steady aggression and growing victories.

Going to Boston will not of itself secure any great gains. Mere change of place is not of much account. We might go to London, or Paris, or Jerusalem, and be hardly the wiser, the stronger, or the better for it. Builness does not become brilliant by settling down among brains. Commonplace is apt to seem staler than ever before when it walks among live and fresh souls. A drowsy paper stirs nobody even though it is made up where the air is charged with the electricity of a hundred mental batteries. Simply because the *Star* is published and edited in Boston, will not make it set at yawning readers leaping with life. It will not, on that account, cause every feeble and doubting pastor to spring to his tasks with the energy that is sure to triumph; nor lift every burdened and struggling church into hope and success; nor meet all the wants of our mission boards; nor endow our suffering institutions of learning. Though the flag of the army is waved from a loftier height beyond the advance guard, yet each soldier who sees the signal must bravely help to decide whether the host shall go into camp on the Lookout mountain ahead, or whether the strong defenses of Petersburg shall be carried by the valor which is thus appealed to and trusted. It is less where the paper is than what it is that decides its mission; it is what the writers for its columns put into it, and what its professed friends do in putting it into the hands of real and receptive readers who give it support, while they are quickened by its messages,—it is this that decides

whether it shall be a power for great and growing good.

It will indeed have a chance to speak now from a more noticeable platform; it may utter itself where observing men see, and thoughtful men hear; it may be more freely acted on by the special influences that heave and throb in a great commercial, literary and religious center. But nothing save painstaking, and hard work, and a living and practical interest on the part of all its real friends, to fill it from week to week with just what will stir and bless the readers, can render it what we all long to see it become. To assume that, because it has gone to Boston, it will now surely go on its triumphant way, would be a most unwise and mischievous thing. It would work great disaster. Unless removal means more work and harder, on the part of both its managers here and its friends elsewhere, we shall lose rather than gain. Now is the time for fresh and vigorous effort. We who supervise it mean to rise to our duty and opportunity. Will its friends elsewhere at once and generally do the same thing? Lists of paying subscribers, and words for its columns that inform and cheer the reader,—these are the things that bring the right sort of answer.

The "Western Department" of the paper we trust will be a matter of special interest to our readers and brethren in that part of the field. We hope it may help to make them feel that the paper is really theirs, and that they will use it freely as a medium of communication with each other, and also with that part of our religious household nearer the Atlantic. Especially may it be a bond of union between different sections of the F. Baptist denomination, and at the same time a token of real fellowship between us and brethren of other households of faith with whom we are in substantial accord. We wish it to serve the great end of enlarging the plans, cementing the hearts and uniting the efforts of those who are laboring together with God for the highest welfare of men.

These forward steps, therefore, already taken, mean steady advance and ascent. Keeping clear of presumption, aiming always to be thoughtful and discreet, we express our thorough belief in trying to do something real,—in daring for the sake of achieving,—in the brave heart and the ringing word,—in the heroism which prefers to fall, if it must, in the storming column, rather than stagnate and die in the cleft of the rock where cowards try to hide from danger and toil. Is it too much to hope that our readers share our faith?

A Word of our Principles.

There are times when it is fitting for a public teacher to define his principles, to recite his confession, to avow his purpose. A paper may also well do that, when it stands in some sense as the exponent of a religious body. The *Star* is such a paper, and in stepping into its new position it is natural for it to tell for what reason it exists, why it speaks to the public at all, and what specific ends it aims to reach. It would do this with a frank courtesy, instead of a saucy egotism; not to accuse others but to interpret itself; not so much to mount a hobby as to exalt what seems to be vital truths; not to insult the public by flaunting a party flag in its face, but rather to answer the natural question,—Why do the Free Baptists maintain a separate life as a religious body, and in what way and spirit do they carry on their work? Just now the answer shall be brief. We state rather than defend. It is explanation rather than argument that we offer;—this last mentioned thing can be supplied when there is a call for it.

F. Baptists hold to what is known as the evangelical theology. They are thus in an important sense separated from certain other bodies, from Free Religionists, from the so-called liberals and free-thinkers of every class. With them the Scriptures are authoritative; Christ is a divine Teacher and a loving Redeemer; regeneration is a moral necessity to men; retributions are eternal.

F. Baptists are really Baptists. That is, they accept baptism as intended only for true believers, and they make the act nothing less than immersion. They are thus separated from Pseudo-baptists who administer the rite to infants and young children, and who, outside of the Greek church, often substitute sprinkling or pouring for immersion.

F. Baptists hold to the independence of the local churches. They recognize the need and the value of associated effort in the sphere of religion, and their church polity provides for this in various ways; but they object to the exercise of any absolute authority by these associated bodies to annul the decisions or override the powers of the local church. They are thus separated from those bodies whose government is properly described as Presbyterian, Episcopal or Papal.

F. Baptists are anti-Calvinistic. That is, they reject the idea of a limited atonement, of a sovereign and unconditional election to eternal life, and assert, instead, the freeness and good faith in which salvation is offered to all men, and that there is no inability in men which prevents the acceptance of what is offered.

F. Baptists are open communionsists. That is, they recognize the right of every true and dutiful believer in Christ to the privilege of partaking of the Lord's Supper. They do not regard the Supper as a church ordinance in any such sense, nor as sustaining any such relation to the act of baptism, as to make it an offense against Christ's teaching or the clearly designated order of his church for any such believer to join with others in showing forth the Lord's death at the table. And the same reasons which justify a union with other Christians in prayer, in preaching, in gospel fellowship and labor, they believe will equally

justify the union at the table where all are bidden to drink of the cup of remembrance and blessing.

These are some of the important principles held by F. Baptists, and which the *Morning Star* is wont to set forth and defend. Each of these principles may perhaps be found embodied in the creed or the polity of some other body. But F. Baptists are peculiar in holding them all and harmonizing them as parts of a complete system. By them these principles are firmly believed and devoutly cherished; they have been wrought into the very texture of experience and animated the labors of nearly a hundred years. Loyalty to God and duty seems to forbid their surrender or subordination; to urge them with fresh earnestness appears to be the way in which the Great Master is to be honored and the world of mankind helped to the redemption He would have them attain.

These special words of definition may suffice for the present. The *Star* will stand by these principles, and seek to defend, illustrate and urge them. It will thus be true to its special mission, as every other faithful exponent and advocate should and will be. But it will give no countenance to bigotry, or exclusiveness, or an intense but narrow partisanship. It will gratefully recognize and heartily co-work with all true toilers for human welfare. It will rejoice in every service that really casts out devils, even though the sacred worker does not tread our path or utter our shibboleth. His gracious spirit and helpful ministry shall win our prompt and hearty God-speed. The paper will seek to enlarge the world of thought for its readers, to help them inspect and interpret the life about them in the true way, to suggest such things as will nurture faith and heroism and patience, and to furnish such varied, pleasant and wholesome reading matter as will render its weekly coming a pleasure to all the family circles into which it may go.

Such are the ends that are sought through the *Morning Star*. To gain them more surely and in a larger degree is the reason for bringing it to the metropolis of New England. If it shall deserve success, let Him be grateful; if it actually wins it, let Him be devoutly recognized from whose blessing all success springs.

Internal Church Dissension.

Since the division of the Christian Church into organized sects, there has rarely if indeed ever been witnessed, so large a manifestation of Christian charity, and Christian fellowship among them, as to-day. This can not be ascribed wholly, or perhaps even partially, to external influences and conditions; but is rather to be regarded as the triumph of the true evangelical spirit over narrow bigotry and blinded exclusiveness. There is in it, nothing adventitious, it is nothing put on for effect. It is just as manifested in the larger, more influential and independent sects as in the smaller.

Not that there are individual bigoted souls, just as there always will be, so long as little souls shall be generated; but the general spirit of good-will and helpfulness among all truly evangelical sects is most grateful to witness; and I doubt not has already occasioned much joy in heaven, as it has generated much peace and good-will on earth. And this, I think, does not tend to confirm and strengthen men in their errors in doctrine, if they have any; but on the other hand the doing away of prejudice, and the softening asperities of feeling are tending to bring the whole church of God, though unconsciously perhaps, into the unity of one glorious faith, at least to all practical intents and purposes.

But this does not prevent internal dissensions and dissensions in the midst of sects. Nay, it may indirectly contribute to their development and intensity. Opposition from without and external pressure may check, if not wholly suppress them. When this is removed, they break out all the more marked and violent. Such we find to be the case to-day. Several denominations are in a state of agitation and ferment, arising from internal dissensions. And where there are existing errors in doctrine, or practices manifestly unapostolic, we hope the process will go on, "till the whole lump is leavened."

But it is worth while to remark, that the questions occasioning internal dissension to-day, do not largely involve the essential Christian doctrines. Years ago the Congregational church was agitated over the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, and so purged itself of Unitarianism. The Presbyterians fought great battles among themselves over high and low Calvinism, and in consequence were rent asunder. But the questions of to-day occasioning internal dissent have mostly to do with forms and ordinances and rituals, not on that account trivial and of no practical importance, but less vital and less alarming, whatever may be the issue.

Now, in view of such a state of things, it is a question of considerable importance, what are the rights and what the responsibilities of such sects as are at peace within themselves, with reference to the questions thus agitating and perplexing acknowledged evangelical denominations. I mean such denominations as have perchance something more in creed and practice than the gospel, but certainly have largely that; denominations that are thoroughly active in every essential Christian work, and, are largely instrumental in the conversion and salvation of men. Indifference to these questions of dissension and agitation is neither possible, nor desirable. The acknowledged organs of a Christian denomination would be derelict to duty should they not furnish all suitable intelligence respecting the progress and results of all such agitations in sister denominations. Nay, more, it would not be difficult to find ample justification in their behalf, should they in fidelity to truth and righteousness, make decla-

ration of the true principles involved, and express sympathy for those who are struggling, it may be at great disadvantage, to right existing wrongs. The churches also, in their associated capacity, and the pulpit, at opportunities and seasons, might do that. But to go beyond this, to meddle with the internal affairs of others, to become active partisans, to attempt to widen breaches and aggravate existing animosities, is something more than questionable both as to right and expediency.

Such foreign interference would tend to engender prejudice on the part of the dominant party, intensify their advocacy of the wrong and lead to a tighter binding of ecclesiastical cords on unwilling souls. And more, it might lead to resentments and possible resistance. At least, it would be well to consider, whether all this would not be true of us, were we in their case.

Moreover, if we wish to draw dissensions to our communion, there is a better way to do it. Let us expend our energies, and consume our resources in showing ourselves worthy of having others come to us. Could we double our educational force, could we plant and properly man two churches where we have but one, and double the spiritual efficiency of all our older churches, then intelligent men, agreeing with us in faith and practice, would come of their own accord, being inspired by our enterprises, and hoping to find fields of Christian labor and usefulness among us. There is no need of expenditure of thought and energy in proselyting to our faith. Our doctrinal creed is excellent enough, our church polity is evangelical and broad and liberal enough; our whole denominational economy has enough in it of the real and positive, if it could but find utterance in word and demonstration in life, to draw to us sincere seekers after truth.

Besides, possibly we may well make war on other Christian sects, and foster divisions and dissensions, when there is no work of more imperative need to be done. But so long as truth is to be defended against active and persistent skepticism, and the "man of sin" persists in binding in ignorance and error the consciences of men, so long as vice in a thousand forms stalks abroad unblushing at noon day, and men are perishing in uncounted numbers for the want of an acceptance, perhaps for the want of knowledge, of Christ, there is legitimate work to command all our energies, to absorb our warmest zeal, and to exhaust our deepest and tenderest love for Christ and souls.

That such principles as are herein set forth are generally recognized and honored by the evangelical denominations of to-day, including our own, is apparent from the utterances of their accredited organs, whether it be denominational publications, or representative bodies in council. That they are just and wise and Christian must be evident to reflective minds, when duly considered and fairly estimated.—J. F.

Current Topics.

BEGINNING ANEW. Let us begin the New Year with firmer faith and simpler trust in God, with greater love of our fellow men, with more active sympathy towards the wretched and wayward, and with a fixed purpose to do better by ourselves and all men this year than ever before, and it will be one of the best years we have ever lived in. As Christians, let us be found often in prayer, then we shall be better prepared as men and women to properly fill our places in the church and the world. It is a good omen that so many are thus making new resolutions at the opening of the year. Make them in God's name, seeking his grace and help, and they need not fail of the most grateful results.

GERRIT SMITH DEAD. Gerrit Smith, the veteran philanthropist, and leader in the anti-slavery and temperance conflicts, died of apoplexy, in New York city, Monday of last week, at the age of seventy-seven. Not only to his family and immediate relatives will his death carry sorrow; there are thousands in every state who, as they have learned the news, have mourned as only those who do feel the loss of a friend. Not only those who have come out of bondage to the slave-master, but multitudes of those who have forsaken the intoxicating cup, will now be reminded how much of their freedom they owe to his efforts. But his line of duty ran not only in these two channels. Every good cause that needed the help of money or personal influence, ordinarily found both at his hands, for his wealth was the next abundant thing to his philanthropy. Thus another of the men who have helped to wipe the disgrace of slavery from the public name, and to bestow credit upon our charitable and reform movements, has fallen. Sumner, and Lincoln, and Tappan, and many others have preceded Gerrit Smith to the upper mansions. Phillips and Garrison and the rest will soon be gone. Let us thank God for their lives and service, and be grateful that he is so lately calling them home.

EXPENSIVE CHURCHES. At the Methodist preachers' meeting in Boston last week, Dr. J. M. Buckley struck a key note in an address on modern church building. It is the fault and folly of the time. Any person can know but little of his denomination, or the people with whom he worships, if he doesn't know that hundreds of its churches have built and are still erecting houses of worship entirely beyond their means. The result is heavy and crippling debts, the effort to cancel which usually absorbs all the energies of the church, and failure in many cases to keep the building from under the auctioneer's hammer. It may well be a question whether churches who build in this way ever quite overcome the evil of their act. Good taste, beauty and adaptation should always be consulted,

to be sure, but not at the expense of the proper church work which a heavy building debt would incur.

ANOTHER LIBERAL PROCLAMATION. Rev. Dr. Behrends, a prominent Baptist clergyman and pastor of a church in Cleveland, Ohio, has lately preached a sermon defining his views on the communion question, in which he says:—"I think it is an irresistible inference that every true believer has an unquestioned, original and inalienable right to a seat at the table."—That is unequivocal enough. It is by steps like this that the era of complete liberty is to be reached.

CONVERTS FROM ROMANISM. Rev. Father Chiniquy, the French convert from Romanism, is proclaiming the excellence of the new way with earnest and untiring zeal. After a certain quality of healthy worldly wisdom, it is usually best to be cautious of trusting these parties who thus change their expression of faith, until they have sufficiently proved themselves. The works of Father Chiniquy seem to declare his sincerity. In various places in Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Hampshire he has proclaimed the corruptions of the Romish church and the falsity of its faith, and has won scores to the ranks of Protestantism. Amid the threats of priests and the unstinted anathemas of the church he keeps about his Master's work, acknowledging fear of but one Priest, the Son of the Most High.

PALESTINE EXPLORATIONS. The Palestine Exploration Society is accomplishing valuable results in the illustration of Scripture and in the extension of exact knowledge in Biblical geography. It is now making a scientific survey and examination of the countries of Moab, Gilead and Bashan. This is specially the work of the American Society. The English Society has taken Western Palestine, from the Jordan to the Mediterranean. Several volumes of very valuable results have already been published. The Society is supported by small annual subscriptions. The light that it is throwing on sacred history and biblical interpretation is both strong and steady, and warrants the aid of all who take an interest in this department of research.

DISORDER AT THE SOUTH. The lamentable condition of affairs in New Orleans seems to grow worse instead of better. The late collision between Ex-Governor Warmoth and a New Orleans editor, by which the latter was killed and the former made a murderer, is only a feature of it. But it is a grave one, both increasing the perplexity of the situation and the difficulty of wisely dealing with it. It is useless to deny that we are on the verge of bloody times in that city, if not in the whole State. That issue may be averted—God grant that it may be—but it will be only by the combined forbearance, wisdom and caution of all concerned.

A SECRET EXPOSED. Family quarrels are apt to let out grave secrets. It appears from papers read at the late Von Arnim trial that soon after the declaration of the Infallibility dogma, Bismarck took steps to secure united action on the part of the great Powers with reference to the next papal election. It doesn't appear how successful his efforts were; but the fact that they were made is quite significant. Of course only the gravest consequences could result from such interference as is suggested in the private circular now first made public. It will have its weight, with the Gladstone expostulation, in preparing Catholics for the experience that seems to be before them.

THE CENTENNIAL. The formal recognition of the Centennial exhibition by the English government, the announcement of a full board of commissioners for Germany, and the address to the citizens of New York in the interest of the exhibition, are the encouraging events of this last week. They will not fail to stimulate the managers to fresh efforts in this country, not only to secure the necessary working capital, but to fulfill their promises as to the variety and completeness of the enterprise. The work on the forty or fifty acres of buildings is already so far advanced that it can be said with certainty they will be ready to receive the machinery, tools, furniture, fabrics and productions of all kinds, and to allow their custodians to arrange them, before the 19th of April, 1876, the day fixed upon for the opening. And then after that for a few months we shall see what we shall see.

THE F. B. PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT. In accordance with the action of the late General Conference, a brief history of the Printing Establishment has been prepared and issued, in tract form, for gratuitous distribution. We give some of the more important portions of the document in another column. Those desiring copies of it to read and circulate should address the agent at this office.—The story thus told is interesting and suggestive. It shows how feeble the institution was in its beginnings; how a few men with energy, self-sacrifice and faith mastered the difficulties before which more timid natures would have turned back and confessed a defeat; it bears clear testimony to the faithful fight for freedom which it helped to maintain; and it shows how largely and variously the denomination is indebted to it for stimulus and direct pecuniary aid. Its claim to the respect and consideration of all F. Baptists is made very obvious and very strong; and the reasons for actively co-operating with it, in its efforts to meet the pressing wants now forced on its attention are too plain to need any formal statement here. The amount of its donations will take many readers by surprise; its good work was never before more needful to our true progress.

IN WHAT FORM? Some inquiries have been made as to the future form in which the *Star* is to be folded, &c. In reply, we state, for general information, that, while the printing, folding and mailing are done at Dover, we shall, of course, preserve the present form and appearance. The question of adopting the octavo form in the spring, is under consideration. But, for some reason or reasons, that form does not seem to please Boston. *Zion's Herald* adopted it a few years since, but abandoned it at the end of a brief trial. It is said that there is not a folder now in use in Boston that gives this form to the newspaper. Whether the quarto form is still to be the exponent of the taste and policy here, we cannot predict. Time will tell, and in telling will perhaps in a sense, settle the question for us. The changes introduced at this time are few; the paper will still wear its familiar look; it would not like to seem strange to its old and tried friends even while it takes up what, in some sense, are new methods of life. We hope to find the best methods for doing our work, and adopt them. Other arrangements will report themselves or be reported in due time.

OUR NEW ASSOCIATIONS. The office of the *Star* is in the same building with that of the *Watchman & Reflector*,—the old, tried, staunch, able, courteous and manly organ of the C. Baptists,—a paper that can see both sides of a question, and does not fear to let diverse opinions, courteously and forcibly expressed, have a place in its columns. Loyal to the principles and usages of the denomination it represents, it believes in tolerant charity; it respects the rights and convictions of minorities and individuals; it has more faith in fair argument and a kindly spirit than in a coercive policy and hard words; and it seeks the things that tend to peace, fraternity and edification. It is now and then criticised because it fails to restrict the privileges of the Lord's Supper in sufficiently positive terms; we should be able to say a still stronger word in its behalf if, on that question, it stood squarely beside Spurgeon and Robert Hall. But we prize it highly as it is, and are confident that its managers are men who are bent on finding and following the highest teaching. Rev. Dr. Olmstead is an editor with breadth and tact, and a Christian man with noble aims and friendly sympathies. Half playfully yet quite seriously he expresses the belief that we shall enter into "close communion" in our intercourse and work here; and in the same spirit we respond that we are sure we shall do it as only F. Baptists can. We look only for mutual satisfaction and profit in these new relations.

Denominational News and Notes.

F. B. Printing Establishment.

We publish the following extracts from the tract recently prepared, by direction of Gen. Conf., giving a sketch of the history and work of the Establishment. We can not find room for the whole document.

The document, after narrating the history as it is connected with the establishment and management of other papers, with the issue of other publications, either independently or in conjunction with D. Lathrop & Co., and dealing with the subject of removal to Boston and the provision for a Western office, &c., proceeds as follows:

At the General Conference, in 1831, a Book Concern was established, with Rev. David Marks as agent. He began his work without money, himself assuming responsibilities, and worked up a business during the four years of his agency that amounted to about \$10,000. A Publishing or Advisory Committee was also appointed, "with instructions to direct the book agent to publish for and on behalf of this Conference, such books as they may deem suitable and expedient." This action shows that the Book Concern was designed to be denominational in its very inception, and the first books published were a Hymn Book, a Register, and Minutes of Conference.

In 1832, the General Conference directed the Agent and Publishing Committee to purchase the *Morning Star*, with the subscription list of 1600. No means were furnished them, and, in making the purchases, they gave their own personal obligations to the amount of \$2,700. The next year, the *Morning Star*, with the Book Concern, was removed to Dover, N. H., and a commendable interest in the enterprise was everywhere awakened. The list of subscribers was soon doubled, and the books were meeting with an increased sale.

But the days of trial also came. Like most other men doing business without capital, the Trustees became embarrassed; and, in the financial crisis that followed, their indebtedness was more than \$60,000, with no security except the office property, which was altogether insufficient, had the creditors pressed their claims.

More perplexing than the money questions were the ill-feeling and opposition awakened by the anti-slavery position of the *Morning Star*. Kind but decided, open and fearless, were its utterances in behalf of the oppressed; and, because they were so, the New Hampshire legislature for years refused an act of incorporation. Letters were received from all parts of the denomination, criticising or denouncing the *Star*; and the orders for its discontinuance exceeded in number the names of new subscribers. During those years of conflict and trial, the agent and trustees, encouraged by their brethren and true to their convictions of duty, moved carefully forward by the light shining from above, regardless of the obscurity around them. And he who has brought many a trusting soul out of darkness into light, granted them a wonderful deliverance. The subscription list soon began to increase, the debts were gradually paid, additions were made to the office property, and, in 1846, a political revolution was effected in New Hampshire, and an act of incorporation obtained.

The Board of Corporators, thirteen in number, organized, September 30, under the legal title of "The Free Will Baptist Printing Establishment," and all the property held by the trustees was duly transferred.

The twenty years following the above date may be regarded as the palmy days of

LITTLE GIRL SHOULD HAVE ONE.
Chichester on every cradle. For sale by
and Furniture Dealers. GEORGE T.
S, Wholesale Manufacturer, 154 North
on, and 393 Pearl St., New York. 476

Poetry.

On the Threshold.—1874-1875.

BY AUGUSTA C. BLODGETT.

Pause in thy flight a moment, O swiftly passing year!
For we would look at parting once more with-
in thine eyes;
Would once again live over thy sunny hours of
cheer.
And summon up before us thy gladdest mem-
ories.

Oh! fair wert thou, young stranger, when first
we looked on thee,
When first thy gentle footsteps fell lightly on
the earth;
And fair wert thou in leaving, though on thy brow
we see
A shade of tender sadness, where once was
careless mirth.

Not all, not all of sweetness, O year, thy cup
has given!
Some drops have there been mingled bitter
indeed though few;
But though we loved God's sunshine, when from
that sunshine riven,
Shall we not walk, unfeeling, among his shad-
ows, too?

Some blessings were denied us for which we
blindly prayed,
But gifts as fair and precious lie close along
our way;
And friends, the true and tender, are left to
cheer and aid.

Though some, with white hands folded, lie
cold and still to-day.
Dear loved ones! they have left us—God's
ways indeed are dim—
But somewhere all our treasures are safe with-
in his fold;
Their lips on earth are silent, but in the heav-
enly hymn
Can we not hear them singing, and sweeter
than of old?

What though our cross is heavy? they wear a
diadem;
They walk a fairer country, and shall we call
them dead?
Nay, rather, with rejoicing we'll softly speak of
them
As passed beyond the valley to hold a light
abroad.

O year of woe and gladness, of memories deep
and strong,
The tide that bears thee onward is setting out
from shore!
Glide on,—a hush of silence falls over wail
and song;
Glide on,—the dim past claims thee, and thou
art ours no more.

Another year is coming whose path we may not
trace;
No stain of sin nor sorrow is on her forehead
fair;
She waves a hand to greet us, uplifts a smiling
face
And points us to the future,—our only hope
is there.

O ye who still are treading the downward
path of sin,
A tender Father's welcome is waiting you
to-day;
There is for you a message, a heaven for you to
win,
And still a season left you in which to learn
the way.

O Christians! toiling upward with slow
and cautious feet,
Doing some little service, with patience, for
your Lord,
Faint not,—the Master's promise to you is sure
and sweet,—
To "run and not be weary" may yet be your
reward.

The whitening fields of harvest are stretching
wide in view;
No need of any idlers,—there's work enough
for all;
To spread the name of Jesus, this is our work
to do,
Ere the new year has faded and fled beyond
recall.

Though fain to fill our chalice with gladness to
his brim,
Not all our fondest wishes can make our lives
complete;
They are but human longings, vague aspirations
dim,
And so, dear Lord, in meekness, we lay them
at thy feet.

We lay them down, and whisper, "O Father!
thou art wise;
Take thou our hands, and lead us, each year,
as we should go;
Soon will the thin veil vanish that mocks our
straining eyes—
What now we see but dimly hereafter we
shall know."

Ay! soon will clearer knowledge by Love Divine
be given,
For when our trembling footsteps the vale of
death have trod,
The temple where we worship will be the court
of heaven—
The pupils, saints and angels,—the one great
Teacher, God.

The Family Circle.

Christmas Stockings.

BY ADDIE L. WYMAN.

Can any sage individual, with a genius
for conundrums, tell me what virtue dwells
in the stocking, that good St. Nicholas
should choose to display his benevolence
on that particular branch of domestic econ-
omy?

The fact that he does so is a fixed star
in the juvenile firmament; and if any three
words can make little hands clap and send
little caps turning somersaults in the air
they are Christmas and Santa Claus and
stockings.

When Willie doesn't hang his stocking
where he can reach it the moment that his
eyes open on the twenty-fifth of December,
you may be sure that thoughts of razors
and tall hats and the manly prerogative of
being solicited, "Please be so kind as to
favor us, Mr. Jones," instead of "Here,
Willie," and "There, Willie," are chasing
each other in a confused jumble, through
his brain.

Neighbor Hartshorn is blessed with a
goodly number of children; and on Christ-

mas eve, with shining eyes, they all hung up
their stockings. Freddie was seamed and
Mary's was plain, Kate's was embroidered
silk, Johnny's was gaily fashioned in stripes
of red and black, there was a stitch drop-
ped in Nellie's, and Tim's (how did it hap-
pen?) had a little hole in the toe. One
was long, another was short; one was wide,
another was slim; one was white, another
was gray; one hung in the chimney corner,
another on the bed-post; yet somehow St.
Nicholas found them all, and bestowed as
much thought upon one as upon another;
only that it was necessary to put the largest
package into the one with the hole in the
toe, because little things would be almost
sure to fall through; and the lightest things
had to be put into the silk stocking, because
it wasn't strong enough to hold much sub-
stance.

When I saw the joyously expectant faces
of the little Hartshorns on Christmas eve
and heard their merry hopes and wishes,
their guesses and their shouldn't-wonders,
I was ready to say—as somebody else has
said,

"Backward, roll backward, O Time, in thy
flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night,"

and then I immediately repented of request-
ing such a very humiliating process of
Father Time and gave my full and free con-
sent that he should continue to roll onward,
even though the dust from his chariot
wheels should make my brown hair gray,
and my eyes should grow dim with watch-
ing his sickle among my darling flowers.

But why not be a child? Why not forget
that I don't lack much more than six inches
of being six feet tall, and that Mrs. Jones
almost broke my heart by telling some one
that she didn't dare to speak to me because
I "held my head so high"? Why not forget
yesterday's proud resolve that I would
be independent, and with Johnny's faith
to-night hang up my stocking and lay me
down to sleep with Johnny's prayer, to
wait patiently, not for Johnny's saint, but
for Johnny's Saviour to give my heart's
desire? Why not? Johnny isn't more anx-
ious for a pair of skates than I am for some-
thing wherewith to glide over the slippery
places of this life; and Johnny doesn't want
a jack-knife more than I the philosopher's
stone which transforms base metal into
gold for Dr. Faithful and Des. Sunshine.

Why Dea. Black didn't have it, too, must
have been because, instead of hanging up
his stocking, he just threw it over the back
of a chair in the dark and it fell down.
So I am going to hang up my stocking.
I don't think it will be just right in every
particular. I think it will be too long or
too short, too wide or too narrow, or too
ornamental or too plain, perhaps with a
dropped stitch and perhaps with a
hole in the toe. I don't think it will be of
silk or wool or cotton or of any very tangi-
ble material, but I think it will be filled,
and in case that poor little hole should
prove a reality, I think the Master of Christ-
mas will be as kind as his patron saint
and will make the package so large that it
can not fall through.

When my fortune is compared with that
of the Johns and Kates and Marys with
heads as high as mine, I am sure we shall
find the strongest "stocking" to bear the
greatest weight and to hold of the same
thing the greatest wealth.

The departure of Christmas, and man-
hood, separates us from Santa Claus; but
"neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor
principalities, nor powers, nor things pres-
ent, nor things to come, nor height, nor
depth, nor any other creature, shall be able
to separate us from the love of God, which
is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

A Christmas Sleigh-Ride.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton was out late one
Christmas eve when he fell in with an old
gentleman who invited him into his sleigh.
What then happened he tells in *Scribner*
for January.

The old gentleman pulled a bag from be-
hind the seat, and taking it on his lap pro-
ceeded to show me some of the contents.
"They seem to be old-fashioned toys," I
remarked.

"Yes," he said with a sigh, "these new-
fangled affairs are of no service to me. You
couldn't get a paddle-wheel steamer, with a
real engine, into a common stocking. You'd
ruin the vessel or the stocking. And there's
scarcely a girl in the land who wears a
stocking large enough to hold a doll's
trunk, furnished with silk dresses, bonnets,
and all the necessary underclothes. So I
have to confine myself to such things as
bear a proper proportion to the feet and
legs of children. There is one thing," said
he, turning upon me his still jolly old coun-
tenance, "that has had more influence than
anything else in causing the general indif-
ference with which I am now regarded."

"And what's that?" I asked.
"Furnace-heat," he said. "What sensi-
ble person, old or young, could expect a
fellow with a bag on his back, to come down
a flue and through an iron register? It
would be absurd to try to make even a
child believe that anything of the sort is
possible."

And then he put away his bag and took
the lines again, with a look of resignation.
"It's all wrong," said I, "all wrong!
The old way was the best."

"No doubt of it," said he, "but what can
you expect? Everything old is changing,
changing, changing."

"How about old furniture?" I asked.
"That seems popular enough."

"That's changing, too," he answered.
"Coming down out of the garret into the
parlor. As to people in general, I scarce-
ly know what to make of them. There will
soon be no such thing as Christ-mas. Here-
abouts it's losing ground every year, and
New Year's Day is taking its place. The
jolly old Christmas festivities are almost
forgotten, and the young men are satisfied
to trot around on New Year's Day and nib-

ble cake and drink wine at a hundred differ-
ent places, while the women sit and smile
at a hundred different men—some friends
and some strangers—till the day is done.
What's all that to the grand old times we
used to have? But, as I said before, what
can you expect? There are men now, who
go so far as to assert that matter contains
within itself the promise and potency of
every form of life! Would you expect the
children of such persons to hang up their
stockings?"

"No," I said. "I don't think I would."

"Of course not," said he, with considera-
ble asperity for so jovial an old fellow; "it
would be entirely out of keeping. Go 'long,
there! Get up, Vixen! Why, I tell you,
sir, there are not half-a-dozen houses in that
town behind us that I 'dould get into! If
you do manage to squeeze down a chimney,
you're pretty sure to land in a kitchen fire,
or in a cellar furnace! I hate furnaces!
They're the invention of the devil, sir, and
pure air and pure Christianity are dying out
with the open fire-places. Go 'long, you
Vixen! I expect the next thing will be that
the children will leave off their stockings
altogether."

I saw that he was getting excited, and I
did not wish to say anything that would
further irritate him, so I simply remarked
that he seemed to be driving faster.

"Yes," said he, whipping his reindeer in-
to a smart gallop. "I'm going to a fine old
farm-house that stands down yonder in the
valley. There the people know how to
live. There are great open fire-places with
grand old wood-fires in them—shining
brass andirons, big back-logs and a merry
crackling blaze. Hi there, Vixen! There
the children have been playing wild
rollicking games all this evening, and there
they have hung their stockings by the big
fire-place in the kitchen! Go 'long there,
hi! hi!"

The old man was now in a glow of de-
light. He cracked his whip and shouted to
his reindeer. The gallant creatures seemed
to catch his enthusiasm, and they dashed
over the snow at the top of their speed.

"Isn't this—rather—rapid?" said I, as I
plunged fast to the side of the sleigh.

"Oh, yes!" he shouted, "this is the right
sort of driving. This is the way people go
when they want to get there. Hi! hi!
Away with you, you rascals! There's the
house, right before us!"

"Are you going to drive—on top?" said
I, almost breathless from the rapidity of
the ride.

"Certainly!" he cried. "But you needn't
be afraid. I just take that first, then
up to the roof of the kitchen, and then,
clig! and away to the top of the house!"

At this he rose, and stood up in the sleigh,
cracking his whip and shouting to his
steeds at the top of his voice.

The reindeer dashed forward like mad—
they reached the shed, they bounded up,
the runners struck the eaves with a bang,
and out I shot into a snow-bank.

The Quaker and the Merchant.

"A merchant in London had a dispute
with a Quaker respecting the settlement of
an account. The merchant was deter-
mined to bring the question into court, a
proceeding to which the Quaker objected.
Desiring to make a last effort, the Quaker
called at his house one morning, and inquired
of the servant if his master was at home.
The merchant, hearing the inquiry and
knowing the voice, called aloud from the
top of the stairs, 'Tell that rascal that I am
not at home.' The Quaker, looking up to-
ward him, calmly said, 'Well, friend, God
put thee in a better mind.'"

"The merchant was struck with the
meekness of this reply, and having more
deliberately investigated the matter, be-
came convinced that the Quaker was right,
and he in the wrong. He requested to see
him, and after acknowledging his error, he
said: 'I have one question to ask you—how
were you able, with such patience, on vari-
ous occasions, to bear my abuse?' 'Friend,'
replied the Quaker, 'I will tell thee: I was
naturally as hot and violent as thou art. I
knew that to indulge this temper was sinful,
and I found that it was imprudent. I ob-
served that men in a passion always speak
loud, and I thought that if I could control
my voice, I should repress my passion. I
have, therefore, made it a rule never to
suffer my voice to rise above a certain key,
and by a careful observation of this rule, I
have entirely mastered my natural temper.'"

Here, Nutcrackers, is one more anecdote
for you. It is on fresh air. I think we
understand this subject better than they do
in Iceland. According to what a traveler
says, the Icelanders object to letting it
into their houses. But we must wait for
the story.

What a Little Girl Did.

A lady, who thought she would do some
good, called together some poor little girls
on Saturday afternoon to teach them sew-
ing. She got two or three to help her, and
they gathered together quite a number of
poor children whose parents did not attend
church. There was present one little girl
whose mother had died, and whose father
kept a small store or shop. They were
talking about the holy Sabbath, and the
wrong of doing any work on Sabbath, and
the thought took hold on the little girl's
mind. They did not know who she was,
but she went home, and on Saturday even-
ing she said to her father, throwing her
arms around his neck:

"Father, you are a good father. I love
you; but," said she, "sometimes you are
naughty."

"Why," said he, "what makes you
talk so?"

"Well," said she, "sometimes you keep
your store open on Sunday, and you know
you never did so when mother was alive,
and it is naughty."

"Why," said he, "what makes you talk
that way? Who has put that nonsense into
your head?"

"Father, it is wrong. You know I love
you"—and she nestled up close to him.

He tried to put her away, but she would
have her arms around his neck.

"Now, father," she continued, "don't
keep open the store any more."

On Sunday morning he was restless. He
didn't go to open the store as usual, and
said he would wait till after breakfast. Fi-
nally he said:

"My little girl, put on your bonnet, and
we will go to church. I will not keep the
store open to-day."

And he went to church for the first time
in some years, and in three or four weeks
that man was converted, and all through
the soft, kind entreaty of that little child.—
Bishop Simpson.

Dimple's Dressmaker.

Cousin Ruth was sewing on Dimple's
new red dress. Dimple sat watching her,
chatting and smiling, till the dimples on
her little round cheeks grew deeper and
deeper and deeper, while her face looked
so happy as happy could be.

After a while Dimple grew tired of
sitting still, even to see her new dress
made, and said to Cousin Ruth,

"Play that you was a dressmaker."

"Well," said Ruth.

So Dimple left the room for about two
minutes, then came back with her water-
proof cape and hood on, and a pair of old
kid gloves, which were much too large for
her, on her little fat hands. In her arms
was a bundle, which she laid on her lap, as
she sat down beside Cousin Ruth, saying,
"My mother wanted me to come over
and see if you could make me a new
dress."

"Why, really, I do not see how I can, I
have so much sewing to do," said Ruth.

"You see, I am making a dress for my lit-
tle cousin now."

"And my dress is just 'xactly like it,'"
said Dimple, opening the bundle and dis-
playing the skirt of the dress which she had
brought with her.

"So it is," said Ruth, trying to act as
business-like as possible.

"And can't you possibly make it?"
asked Dimple. "I'm going to my grand-
father's next week, and need it very much
to wear, 'cause my others are getting so
short I'm positively ashamed to wear
them."

"In that case I must try to do it for
you," said Ruth, "if I have to sit up nights
for it."

"I shall be so glad if you can," said
Dimple, in the most polite manner possible.

"But I must be going now, for my moth-
er will be needing me to help her take care
of the children."

At this speech, Ruth laughed, because
Dimple was all the baby her mamma had,
even if she was five years old.

Then Dimple put on her gloves again,
carefully buttoning them, and went into the
bed-room, where she called going home.

In about three minutes and a half she re-
turned, and coming up to Ruth, said,

"I've come to see if my dress I brought
you last week is done yet."

"No, it's not quite finished yet," said
Ruth; "we must try it on, you see, to
know if it is right."

So Dimple put on the little polonaise and
went to the glass, and turned one way, and
the other, in such a comical manner, that
Ruth could not help laughing outright to
see how readily little girls can copy the
manners of older ones before the looking-
glass.

Dimple then took off the new dress, and
when she had put on her other one, and
drawn on the gloves as before, said she
must go home. Then she turned back, and
said to Ruth,

"Oh, my mother wants to know if you
can make her a ridin'-goat."

Ruth smiled, for "ridin'-goat" was just
what Bridget called her new redingote.

"Perhaps I can in two or three weeks."

"It is to be made with buttons," said
Dimple.

"Yes, buttons, if nothing else," said
cousin Ruth.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Sermon on Push.

When cousin Will was at home for vaca-
tion the boys always expected plenty of fun.
The last frolic before he went back to his
studies was a long tramp after hazle-nuts.
As they were hurrying along in high glee,
they came upon a discouraged-looking man
and a discouraged-looking cart. The cart
was standing before an orchard. The man
was trying to pull it up hill to his own
house. The boys did not wait to be invited,
but ran to help with a good will. "Push!
push!" was the cry.

The man brightened up; the cart trundled
along as fast as rheumatism would do
it, and in five minutes they all stood pant-
ing at the top of the hill.

"Obliged to ye," said the man; "you
just wait a minute," and he hurried into
the house, while two or three pink-aproned
children peeped out of the door.

"Now, boys," said cousin Will, "this
is a small thing; but I wish we could all
take a motto out of it, and keep it for life.
'Push!' it is just the word for a grand,
clear morning."

"If anybody is in trouble, and you see it,
don't stand back; push!"

"Whenever there's a kind thing, a Chris-
tian thing, a happy thing, a pleasant thing,
whether it is your own or not, whether it is
at home or in town, at church or at school,
just help with all your might; push!"

At that moment the farmer came out with
a dish of his wife's best doughnuts, and
a dish of his own best apples; and that was
the end of the little sermon.—*Selected.*

Literary Review.

THE LOGIC OF REASON, Universal and Eternal.
By Laurens P. Hickok, D. D., LL.D. Boston:
Lee & Shepard. 1875. octavo. pp. 192.

To say that this book is a ripe product of one
of the strongest and most analytic of thinkers, and
that it brims over with strong logic and profound
metaphysics, is to put the truth in the case very
mildly. The aim is to give us the elements of a
logical system and method that shall be at once
concrete and universal, and that, instead of is-
suing in a skepticism that weakens the testi-
mony of religion, meets the Bible with hostility
and denial, and even insists that nothing can be
surely known, shall give us settled convictions
that doubt can not disturb, and can put revela-
tion upon grounds that make it at once valid and
authoritative. Nothing save a thorough and de-
liberate reading of the book will enable one to
comprehend the positions taken, and appreciate
the keen discernment and vigorous reasoning
which make every page a study and a drill even
for strong and disciplined minds. Only they
who can digest very strong meat will find it
worth the while to sit down to the board which
Dr. Hickok has loaded with mental pemican.

It is the third volume in the series which he has
lately sent out, and they embody the hard and
intense thinking of his whole manly life.

PARNASSUS. Edited by Ralph Waldo Emerson.
Boston: James K. Osgood & Co. 1875. octavo.
pp. 534.

One would hardly look for Emerson to cull
and transcribe a large number of gems from the whole
broad field of English and American poetry, such
as struck and cheered him, and then to give them
to the public, carefully classified, indexed, and
made available to the reader. But just this is
what he has done, and the result is before us in
a most magnificent volume, outwardly beautiful
enough for the holidays or any other season, and
comprising a variety and wealth of living thought
and forcible and brilliant expression that may
well make the possessor feel rich. It is some-
thing more than an index to the tastes of a rarely
subtle and original mind; it is really a marvel-
ous collection of the choice things found in the
great empire of poetry, and which all apprecia-
tive minds will at once accept as the result of an
eclectic taste that seldom misses the gold and is al-
most sure to detect and spurn the dross. The
preface, though not long, is full of seed thoughts,
and even the details of the classification are in-
dicative of a noticeable genius. Like all Emerson's
work, the volume abounds in proofs of a pains-
taking thoughtfulness; and, unlike much of it,
it will secure the strong approval of multitudes
who reject his special philosophy of life and reli-
gion. Both the compiler and the publishers
will have the hearty thanks of a large reading
public.

HEADS AND TAILS; Studies and Stories of Pets.
By Grace Greenwood. New York: J. B.
Ford & Co. 1875. 12mo. pp. 185. Sold by Lee
& Shepard.

Grace Greenwood never writes or speaks with-
out exhibiting the marked vivacity and brilli-
ance, the exuberance of spirits and the incisive
working of a keen and bright mind. This vol-
ume, devoted to Pets, a few of which are hu-
man, while the rest belong to what are account-
ed the lower orders of life, embodies both her
tastes and genius. The general habits of ani-
mals have evidently been studied with care,
while the special characteristics of some favorite
parrots, kittens, dogs, horses, toads, grass-
hoppers, &c., are most admirably sketched, and
the fund of anecdote and incident is a most
ample and attractive one. The wide sympathy and
the choice and abounding sentiment of the au-
thor find ample expression in these attractive
pages. It is a fine holiday edition that is here
offered us. Paper, type, illustrations, and bind-
ing are all of superior excellence, and happily
match the charming contents, so that the book
at once pleases the eye and exhilarates the mind.

THE WHITE HAND. A Story of Noblesse
Oblige. By Ella Farman. Boston: D. Lot-
throp & Co. 1875. 12mo. pp. 251.

These publishers are constantly widening the
sphere of their work, while keeping alive all the
earlier interest and enterprise that especially aim
to supply the best quality of Sunday school litera-
ture. This book illustrates their idea of expansion.
It is a novel,—a genuine, well-planned,
forcibly written and stirring product of a wide-
awake young woman with a soul full of life and
a pen under the guidance of an artistic brain and
a skilful hand. She has written several other
volumes, not one of which lacks heart, or char-
acter, or effectiveness. Her spirit is profoundly
religious while thoroughly practical, and that
must be a dull heart and a weak conscience
which do not answer to her appeals. In this
book she has embodied more power than in any
previous effort. Her chief heroine, Millicent
Ovalis, finely illustrates the obligations of the
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Literary Miscellany.

Literary Slips.

In the very entertaining and altogether sensible article which Mr. Richard Grant White contributed to the *Galaxy* for December, 1874, the elder Mr. Weller is spoken of as having, cautioned the younger gentleman of that name to "beware of vidders," and as some thousands of other people have anticipated Mr. White in making this quotation, it seems a pity that the elder Mr. Weller never said anything of the sort. There can be little doubt that it would have been an altogether natural and proper thing for him to say, and if we may accept his expressions of opinion upon the subject of marriage in general, and of second marriage in particular, as indicative of his sentiments, it is fair to assume that in his parental solicitude for the prosperity, happiness and general well-being of his children, he earnestly desired them to "beware of vidders," but, so far at least as Mr. Dickens has made us acquainted with his utterances, the tenant by courtesy of that famous hostelry, The Markis of Granby, never put his wish into the words attributed to him. If the phrase was reasonable, and Mr. Weller on trial for uttering it, there is not the smallest doubt that he could be triumphantly acquitted by his favorite process of proving "it a slip." In short, from the first to the last page of the *Pickwick Papers*, the expression quoted, not by Mr. White, only, but by nearly everybody else, does not once put in an appearance, and it is one of the curiosities of quotation—of which there are enough in literature to fill a good large volume—that nearly everybody thinks he can put his finger on the phrase in any one of the several chapters in which Mr. Weller, senior, figures.

It is the less surprising, perhaps, that we who read *Pickwick* should blunder with regard to Mr. Weller, when we should say Mr. Weller himself was not sufficiently well acquainted with "old corpulence" to know what his Christian name was. The statement is a startling one, but it is true nevertheless. He is commonly called Tony Weller, but inasmuch as neither the diminutive Tony nor the full name Anthony, of which it is an abbreviation, is conceivably spellable with an S, there is at least room to suppose that this is a mistake. As we are informed upon the very best authority that the gentleman who was in doubt always printed his signature, the confusion to which I am about calling attention can not have arisen from illegibility. The estimable "secone ventur" seems to have held to the common theory that her husband's Christian name was Tony, as in her will she makes "my husband Tony Weller" her residuary legatee and sole "eggsekkiter." And as that document was duly admitted to probate, it would seem that the authorities at Doctors Commons were not disposed to dispute the accuracy of the designation, though it is just possible that we are indebted for this to the professional acumen and personal influence of Solomon Pell, Esquire, who, it will be remembered, was retained by Mr. Weller to attend to that business. However that may be, it is evident from the quotation below that if Mr. Weller's name was Tony, or Anthony, or any other name, it is commonly supposed, he sometimes indulged in the eccentricity of spelling it with an S. Here is the quotation:

"Well, Sammy," said the father.
"Vell, my Prooshan Blue," responded the son, laying down his pen. "What's the last bulletin about mother-in-law?"
"Mrs. Veller passed a very good night, but is uncommon perverse and unpleasant this mornin'." Signed upon oath, S. Veller, Esquire, Senior. That's the last run as was issued, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, untying his shawl.

The addition of the word "senior" to the name would seem to indicate not only that Mr. Weller thought his name began with an S, but also that—for the time at least—he was under the impression that it was Samuel or Samivel—and this, too, before the "double glass of the invariable" had been swallowed.

If I am right in thinking that this singular mistake on the part of Mr. Dickens has never before been pointed out, that fact is even more surprising than the mistake itself; for do we not, all of us, delight in discovering other people's blunders more than in making any of our own?

But is the mistake a surprising one, after all? Isn't it rather a matter for wonder that works of fiction are not full of similar errors? Dickens especially might be pardoned a good deal in this way, in consideration of the almost marvelous number of people to whom he introduces us in each of his stories.

That writers of fiction do blunder in an unaccountable way at times, and that every novel reader knows it, and a very interesting collection of their slips might be made if a competent writer—Mr. White, for instance—could be induced to undertake the task. Without the slightest idea of undertaking it myself, I may mention here two or three curious literary blunders which I happen to remember at the moment.

In *Lathair*, Disraeli made a good many well-known persons figure under fictitious names, and in one place he so far lost himself in his subject as to write "the name of the real instead of that of the fictitious personage, and the first edition of the book had been issued.

Charles Reade makes a mistake in *Very Hard Cash* which is much less easily accounted for. Ridiculing the doctors for claiming that the type of disease is changed when they find it necessary to reverse their practice on better information, he says:

"At this rate, bringing the weak of their life-blood was the thing in Servantes's day; and when he said so, that it killed men like sheep," and said so, subit Sangrado, he was confounding his own age with an age to come, three hundred years later, in which coming age depletion was going to be wrong."

This is a very good shot at the doctors certainly, but they might reply that Mr. Charles Reade is here confounding Cervantes with Le Sage, and attributing to the Spanish satirist a work which "was going to be written" a hundred years later, as Sangrado and his water-cure figure in *Don Blas* and not in any of the works of Cervantes.

More nearly like Dickens's mistake, was that of Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, who, in *The Reveries of a Bachelor*, made his heroine's eyes sometimes brown and sometimes blue, without the slightest intimation that the young woman was gifted with the power sometimes attributed to cats, of changing the color of the eyes at will.

Mr. John Estlin Cooke, in *Pretty Mrs. Gaston*, makes the "full orb'd moon" rise at one o'clock, A. M., a lunar eccentricity which one of the prominent English novel-

ists also chronicles in one of his scenes, but in his case the rising was an hour earlier, I believe.

Mr. Jules Verne is not remarkable for extreme conscientiousness in his use of scientific facts, but as a rule he departs from truth only where truth will not serve his purpose, where it is fair to assume that he blundered when he explained the use of large-grained powder in guns of large caliber. He tells us that it is "because fine powder does not burn quickly enough, while every cannoner knows that the large grains are used for a precisely opposite reason. Fine powder burns up almost instantly, and its whole expansive force being exerted before the inertia of rest in a great missile has been overcome, it is apt to burst the gun. Coarse powder burns more slowly, and its first partial combustion starts the shell forward before the whole force is exerted.

But slips are not confined to the writers of fiction by any means. That model of dull accuracy, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, in an edition published some years ago, gave the exact date upon which Captain Ericsson, of monitor fame, died, universally lamented.

The oddest slip of all shall be the last one mentioned here. It is that of the editors of Webster's Dictionary, who while they called it, on its cover, "unabridged," failed utterly, until very lately, to include its own descriptive adjective in its list of words! The word "unabridged" was not in the unabridged dictionary.—*G. C. Eggleston.*

The Hopeless Side of Helping.

If you have ever tried with all your might and main to help somebody who needed help, but who would not be helped in any reasonable way, you know how Sisypus felt when the stone he was trying to roll up hill kept forever rolling down again. We used to know an old lady who was called Miss Margaret. She was a beneficiary of our church. Promptly on the Monday morning after each communion, Miss Margaret used to present herself at the pastor's door. She was a long, narrow woman, dressed in rusty black, with a poke bonnet, a faded umbrella, and a satchel on her arm. If the contribution to the deacon's fund had been generous, and her share was proportionately large, Miss Margaret's thin old face would be brightened up by a transient and wintry smile. If it had rained, or folks were out of town, or for any reason there was not much to give her, she was not slow to utter her opinions concerning those who stinted their gifts to the Lord's poor.

"But, Miss Margaret," said a lady, one day, "there is no earthly reason why you should continue to be so very poor. There is a place for you where you can help somebody else along, and earn your own living besides. I have a friend who lives in Delaware, in the peach country, you know, in a place like the Garden of Eden for delight, and she is sick, and wants an efficient somebody like you for housekeeper."

We sugar-plummed and coaxed and softly entreated Miss Margaret, and at last we saw her—satchel, poke bonnet, and all—fairly on the way to housekeeping and independence. We breathed freer than we had for a long time. But in vain were our hopes. In three months our old friend was back. The air was too strong for her, the invalid was too fretful, and the country was too lonesome. She really preferred being a respectable pauper to being a self-supporting member of society.

There is where the hopelessness of helping comes in. The more you do, the more you may do. The timid hand that will scarcely accept your gift at first, through sensitive pride and decent self-respect, grows grasping and avaricious. The thought of the heart, not often spoken out as it was to on the other day, seems to be this: "There is plenty of money in the world, and we have a right to our share." With this feeling on the part of one who receives alms, there is very little gratitude.

The true way would seem to be to aid people to help themselves. Find out what they can do, and get them a place to do it. Every day our souls are pained and our eyes are dimmed by the dreadful pressure of sin and want and misery, that there is in the world. So much is being done all the while, and yet it is like a breakwater of pebbles against the infinite sea. Men and women want work, and can not get it. Other men and women need workers, and can not get them. But to bring the two classes together in any really permanent way is as difficult as it was in our school days to break off somewhere. So, this winter, as in every other winter since we can remember, the sewing society will meet, and the ladies will make flannel petticoats and velvet gowns; the soup kitchens will open, and beef tea will be made for the sick, and the poor will be helped up; some will be helped down. Only the Master's words will abide in truth: "The poor ye have always with you."

Hopeless! otherwise, however, we must not weary in well doing, but we must, as far as in us lies, to cease doing our helping in the lump. Personal interest, personal looking after, individual responsibility, must underlie all alms-giving that is worth anything to the recipient. And we need not expect much gratitude. Is there not reward enough in that sweet word, low whispered in the inner ear, that sings with a gush of bird-music to the soul's standing soul: "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me?"—*Christian at Work.*

Combats on the Ocean.

Among the extraordinary spectacles sometimes witnessed by those who "go down to the sea in ships," none are more impressive than the combat for the supremacy between the monsters of the deep. The battles of the sword-fish and the whale are described as Homeric in grandeur.

The sword-fish go in schools like whales, and the attacks are regular sea-fights. When the two troops meet, as soon as the sword-fish have betrayed their presence by a few bounds in the air, the whales draw together and close up their ranks. The sword-fish always endeavors to take the whale in the flank, either because its cruel instinct has revealed to it the defect in the carcase—for there exists near the brachial fin of the whale a spot where wounds are mortal—or because the flank presents a wider surface to its blow.

The sword-fish recoils to secure a greater impetus. If the movement escapes the keen eye of its adversary, the whale is lost, for it receives the blow of the enemy, and dies almost instantly. But, if the whale perceives the sword-fish at the instant of its springing, by a spontaneous bound it springs up, and the water is a crash that resounds for many leagues, and whittens the sea with boiling foam. The gigantic animal has lost its tail for the defense. It tries to strike its enemy, and finishes him at a sin-

gle blow. But if the active sword-fish avoid the fatal tail, the battle becomes more terrible. The aggressor springs from the water in his turn, falls upon the whale, and attempts, not to pierce, but to saw it with the teeth that garnish its weapon. The sea is stained with blood; the fury of the whale is boundless. The sword-fish harasses him, strikes him on every side. Kills him and flies to other victories.

Often the sword-fish has not time to avoid the fall of the whale, and contents itself with presenting its sharp saw to the flank of the gigantic animal which is about to crush it. It then dies like Macbeth, smothered beneath the weight of the elephant of the ocean. Finally the whale gives a few last bounds into the air, dashes its assassin in its flight, and perishes as it kills the monster of which it was the victim.

National Politics.

We are cursed with personal politics. Men, and not measures, have been uppermost in the political discussions of the past season. Whether General Grant is to have a third term of office, whether this man is to go to the Senate, and that man to the House, whether "rings" shall rule, whether cliques of office-holders, or outside intriguers, who seek their places shall prevail; whether "Butlerism" or "anti-Butlerism" shall dominate—these have been the questions above all others,—questions of not the faintest vital significance, except to the men whose personal and political fortunes are bound up in them. In these questions of personal politics, the great masses of the people have not the slightest interest. They do not care whether General Grant has a third term, or a thirty-third term. They do not care whether or not the man represents them, or whether one set of men or another live up on the salaries and spoils of public office, so long as their work is well done, and the great political, industrial and financial interests of the country are fairly and prosperously managed.

We have, to-day, in this country, all the ordinary conditions of prosperity and wealth. The granaries of the land are filled to overflowing. The earth has yielded bountifully her products; the means of inter-communication by rivers and railways are all that can be desired; we are not troubled with other nations; we have unparalleled mineral resources; we grow among ourselves the products of all climates; and, in financial circles, there is little debt and no undue stretch of the credit system; yet we are not prosperous. The farmer gets no adequate return for his labor, while wheat sells at the Western centers for eighty cents a bushel; manufacturers are shut out, or working on half time; building has been greatly checked or almost entirely stopped in the cities; laborers by thousands are out of work, and lying idle; the roads of the merchants lie untraced upon their shelves, and the "business" of the country is stagnant. What does this mean? It means, simply, that the legislation of the past has been unwise. It means, simply, that the men who have managed our national affairs have not understood their business. It means that the affairs of the nation are in the hands of small men who are not up to the emergency. In short, to come at once to the root of the matter, it means that the richest nation will, in time, starve to death on a diet of paper lies. This is the long and short of it. Our financial system is rotten at the core. We can sometimes cross a gulf by "suspension" or temporary repudiation, but we can not circumnavigate the globe with it. This latter we have undertaken to do, and the craft is going to pieces. We believe that all sensible men, who have no personal politics to push, have arrived at the conclusion that there is to be no permanent revival of business until our monetary system has been placed upon the gold basis. If Gen. Grant, standing by his declared policy of a speedy return to specie payments, can rally influence enough to carry this policy into enactment, then the people want him for a third term; otherwise they want somebody else who can do what he has failed to do.

If one member suffers, all the other members suffer with it. This declaration of the Bible was never better illustrated than in the result to the nation of the condition of the South. The civil war has retired into history, but through all the weary years that have followed it, the South has failed to get upon its legs again. It has been cursed by carpet-baggers, who, yoked to the negro element, have pitted themselves against the resident intelligence, and kept those states in a constant broil. Taxation has been murderous, and corruption the rule; and no matter how sound our financial policy may become, we will not cure all our ills until the South is at peace, reorganized, the mercenary scoundrels, who have fattened on her troubles, expelled by force of public opinion, and the political elements of the section reconciled to each other. So long as there exists in the South a well-recognized and powerful class of men whose will it is to keep up the dissensions between the two races, there can be no peace. The President that the people want is one who can devise and execute a policy that will harmonize the South, and restore to health and soundness that vast section of our common country which is now diseased and which seriously affects the remainder. If General Grant's policy in the past and present tends to this restoration,—and he has had a long fair trial, then the people want him for a third term; otherwise, they do not want him. And if the men who are determined that the South shall have peace and prosperity, we want them; other wise we do not want them. A sound financial policy, fair dealing among all classes, and toward all sections—these are all that are needed to restore to our nation its prosperity. Who will give us these?

The country is suffering for lack of true statesmanship. The men in political life most talked of are entirely unable to grasp the principles of a good government, and intent only on pushing their schemes for personal aggrandizement and party supremacy. These are not the men to give what we need, and what we must have before the country can arrive at a peaceful prosperity. Our laws are party measures, or party compromises; our policy is a medley of makeshifts and expedients; our wisdom shows itself in results to be folly, and our statesmanship is chicanery.

Office could, by any possibility, mean a term of direct drift towards a sound financial basis, towards the uprooting of corruption in high places, towards the destruction of political rings, towards the substitution of statesmen for demagogues in the National Legislature, towards the harmony of the political elements in the South, and the banishment of its manifold causes of confusion and complaint, then the people are ready for a third term of Grant. Or any man in place under him. What the people want is the thing. The man is not the slightest consequence to anybody, but himself and his dependents and friends.—*Scribner.*

How our Ancestors Lived. We hear often of the good times of "Queen Bess," when England began to be a great nation. But even romantic people would hardly be willing to go back to the rude customs of that age, and live as Englishmen then lived.

The meats were brought in on spits just as they were cooked, and in that way passed round by the servants to the guests, who, in the more barbarous times, fore of a portion as best they could. Afterward, when they had advanced a little in their ideas, there was a carver who held the meat with one hand while he cut with the other; and the guests helped themselves, using their hands, and after they had devoured what they wished, threw the bones to the dogs and cats that waited under the table and scrambled for their share among the rushes.

Naturally enough, every one was expected to wash his hands before coming to the "board," and certainly it was needless afterward.

A few bad knives shaped like a razor, but forks were unknown. Even the great Elizabeth ate with her fingers. In her reign, however, commerce was extended, and luxuries began to appear—porcelain and glasses instead of pewter mugs to drink from, and in her bath-room she had mirrors, and this was considered a great extravagance. Her immense and lofty rooms were meager and cheerless enough with their scant furniture, and her table, in spite of many plates, was not altogether removed from the rudeness of manners of the early Saxons. At first, two persons ate from one "trencher," as it was called. There were no plates, and these trenchers were made to answer the purpose. They were, in fact, large slices of bread, placed before each one (or two), to accommodate the meat. There were two qualities of bread; one fine, to be eaten; the other, of the coarse, inferior flour, was made into large loaves, then the outer crust was removed and laid aside for the poor, and the rest was cut into very thick and substantial slices, and thus used instead of plates.

In the course of time, some ingenious person conceived the happy idea of having real plates; the wealthy furnished themselves with valuable ones of silver, and eventually the common people were provided with such as their circumstances admitted, made of wood or pewter, and finally earthenware came into use.

But in those days they were well-content with the primitive arrangement of the trenchers. The bread thus used soaked up the gravy, and became quite savory in consequence; and when the meal was ended, each one ate his plate, if he chose; otherwise, it was put into the "alms-basket," which was always kept ready, and sent out to the poor waiting at the gate. The poor were never forgotten in those old Saxon households.

DAVID H. PIERCE died in Limerick, Me., Sept. 12, in the 43d year of his age. He was a Christian, and died in the triumphs of faith. At the time of his death he was a worthy member of the church in Cornish, which feels the loss of this dear brother. He was a kind husband and father, and leaves a wife and five children to mourn their loss.

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S. S. N.

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Obituaries.

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

GEORGE E. only daughter of Daniel and Ellen W. Drew, died in this city, of typhoid fever, Dec. 16, aged 16 years and 7 months. She was an excellent scholar, amiable in disposition, and loved her acquaintances. She left her school to care for her mother in her sickness, when she took the fever of which she died. She seemed to have a presentiment from the commencement of her sickness that she should not get well, but feared not death, as she reposed her confidence in God. Her teacher and the class of scholars to which she belonged in the high school were at her funeral and followed as mourners with the relatives to her present resting place.

SUSAN, widow of the late Aaron Willey, of Burlington, died in Dover, Dec. 29, aged 74 years. Her husband departed this life about three years ago, aged 79. The deceased was the mother of eleven children, five of whom died during her life. She and five daughters survive her, all of whom were present at her funeral, which took place at her son-in-law's, Mr. Richard Hall's, in Burlington. It is comforting thought to her surviving relatives that her trust was in God.—*J. MEADER.*

GEO. B. CANN died of consumption at North Reading, Mass., Nov. 14, 1874, in the 29th year of his age. He was born at York, Maine, in 1846, and was the oldest of five children. Though deprived of the care and counsel of his mother when quite young, he was well cared for by him who has promised to be a father to the fatherless. Early in life he became interested in religion, accepted Christ as his Saviour and united with the Methodist church. Mr. Cann was a man of great perseverance, and excellent judgment, a generous heart and a friend to every one. He carried on a successful business in North Reading, N. H., and later in Boston, Mass. In July, 1873, his brother and partner in business was taken ill and suddenly died. Under this affliction and the consequent increased care and labor, the one strong body soon gave away. He moved to North Reading, hoping to be benefited by the change. The physician's skill, and the constant attention of a loving wife could not prolong his life. During his illness Christ seemed unusually precious. Upon his promises he rested. His only desire to live was for the sake of his wife, who was tenderly attached to him. His end to whom he was tenderly attached. His end to whom he was tenderly attached.

EMMA J., daughter of the late G. W. and Emily H. Merrill, died in Portland, Me., Nov. 24, 1874, aged 20 years. Emma sought an interest in Christ some four years ago, and was baptized and united with the Gospel St. E. Baptist church on Sabbath evening, Jan. 1, 1871. From that day she lived an active Christian life, and her Saviour's promises supported her in her trials. Her death, however, was a great loss to the church and Sabbath school, will not soon be forgotten; and few could go from the land of earnest young Christians in her church, better fitted for the skies, or that would be more deeply missed. She leaves a widowed mother and one sister to mourn her loss; but there are many who sympathize with them in their sorrows.

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REV. W. COLGROVE, A. M., President.

LEBANON ACADEMY.

LOCATED AT WEST LEBANON, ME. THE FALL TERM of this institution commenced Tuesday, August 19, 1874, and continues eleven weeks, unless the instruction of the Board should require it.

G. W. PLANT, A. B., Principal.
MISS SARAH C. GILMAN, Assistant.
MISS M. E. PLANT, Teacher of Instrumental Music.
I. G. N. FISKE, Teacher of Vocal Music.

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ELIJAH HAYES, Secretary.

West Lebanon, July 29, 1874.

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J. S. GARDNER, Principal.

Whitestown, N. Y., July 15, 1874.

charity, than in obtrusive professions. She endured great sufferings with Christ-like patience, and awaited her release with an unwavering trust. She leaves behind a husband and child, to join another little one—her first born—above. God gather them all together at last.

E. N. F.

ELI COOK died in North Sandwich, N. H., Dec. 2, aged 80 years and 10 months. He was a good husband, a kind father, a respected citizen, an honest and upright man, and a Christian.

JAMES TUTTLE died in Stratford, N. H., Nov. 19, of consumption of bowels and blood, aged 69 years and 6 months. Bro. Tuttle was one of the active, influential citizens of Stratford. Besides having been a worthy member of the F. B. church he had held the offices of Selectman, School Committee and Representative to the State Legislature. He was a kind husband and father, an accommodating neighbor, of cheerful disposition, strong constitution, proverbially industrious and "given to hospitality." He was respected and beloved by all who knew him, and especially regarded with great affection by his family, who tenderly cared for him to the last. He was able to attend to his business until within a few months of his death. At the commencement of his sickness he had a premonition that his work was done. He conversed freely of his departure, made arrangements for his funeral, selected Rev. J. J. for the text, and Rev. E. Tuttle for the preacher, gave his last advice and counsel to his wife, son and daughter, wishing them all to meet him in heaven, shook hands with them, and kissed them good bye, saying, "My peace is made with God; I am willing, and only waiting for his will to be done." As his wife and daughter read to him from the Bible, he exclaimed, "To do no more." He then said, "I am going, going, just going," and quietly fell asleep in Jesus. Who could witness such a scene and not be forcibly impressed with the exceeding great value of the Christian's hope?

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ASSISTANTS.
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Miss S. E. Randolph.
Mrs. J. Steere, (music).

CALENDAR.
Fall Term began Aug. 26, 1874. Fall Term closes Nov. 24, 1874. Winter Term begins Dec. 8, 1874. Winter Term closes March 1, 1875. Spring Term begins March 22, 1875. Spring Term closes June 18, 1875. Winter Term of 1875 begins Tuesday, Dec. 1, 1874. Spring Term of 1875 begins Tuesday, May 5, 1875.

For further particulars address the Principal, North Scituate, R. I.

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News Summary.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Richard Barnum, wife and two children, were burned to death at Shannon, Miss., on Saturday night.

General Pope reports the surrender of a hundred more of the hostile Indians at the Cheyenne and Arapahoe agency to Lieutenant-Colonel Neill.

It is authoritatively announced from Washington that General Sheridan has been ordered to New Orleans, and that General Emory is removed and General Terry assigned to his command.

The last report of the department of agriculture represents that the corn crop will not amount to more than four-fifths of a good year.

Superintendent Philbrick has made his farewell report on the Boston public schools.

Ex-Senator Morgan has declined the Russian mission.

Ex-Governor Warmoth, of Louisiana, was Wednesday, tried for the murder of Byerly, and discharged on the decision of "not proven" by the jury.

William A. Potter, of New York, has been appointed and accepted the position of supervising architect of the Treasury department.

A collision of ferry boats in the East River, New York, Monday, during a fog, caused the instant death of one person, and fatal injuries to three others.

The mill operatives have made another formal protest against the proposed reduction of their wages. Further trouble is threatened among the Pennsylvania miners.

Congressman-elect Seelye of the tenth Mass. district declines to be a candidate for the unexpired term of the late Congressman Crocker.

The order for a bill of particulars in the Tilton-Beecher suit has been overruled, and it was expected that the trial would proceed on Monday.

At Lamar, Barton county, Missouri, on Sunday night, an unknown man rode up to the county jail and through one of the windows shot and killed Hieronimus, the murderer of Colonel Norris, fatally wounded his accomplice, Dixon, and then escaped.

The reports of General Pope and Major Dudley of suffering in various counties of Kansas and Nebraska show that some 15,000 people need assistance, owing to the destruction of the crops by grasshoppers.

The investigation of the congressional committee on post offices and post roads shows the deficiencies in aggregate of expenditures of the department in the various States to be greater by nearly \$6,000,000 than the aggregate receipts.

The congressional sub-committee for investigating the difficulties in Louisiana and Mississippi, arrived at the scene of their labors, Wednesday, and a session of the former was held at New Orleans and testimony taken.

The amount of tax paid into the Treasury by the national banks for the current year already exceeds \$3,000,000.

A contract was, Monday, consummated between the Main Central and Boston and Maine railroads, by which the cars of the latter are to be drawn over the Maine Central road.

Two notorious horse thieves, named Tom Cox and George Alexander, who murdered a gentleman named White, at Springfield last October, were killed near Ockmulgee, Indian Territory, by Detective York, of Springfield. Another notorious outlaw, named Kinch West, was mortally wounded.

Early Wednesday evening the treasurer of Cumberland county, Maine, was knocked senseless in his office in Portland by two robbers, who then plundered the safe of \$7,000, and escaped.

The observations of the transit of Venus by the American party of New Zealand were highly successful.

The Manhattan club of New York city tendered a reception to two of its members—Mr. Samuel J. Tilden and Mr. W. H. Wickham, the governor-elect and mayor-elect respectively, on Tuesday evening. Speeches were made by prominent democrats and letters were read from representative men in all the States.

An agreement has been entered into between this government and Canada by which mail matter from one country to the other is to be forwarded and delivered free, upon prepayment of postage at the established domestic rates of the country of origin. It is the desire of the departments of both countries that a similar arrangement be made, as soon as practicable, with respect to the money-order system.

The miners invading the Black Hills are being pursued by a company of the third cavalry. The Indians demand all captured property.

Five persons were murdered in Lee county, Miss., on Saturday and their bodies were consumed in a building.

Work in the coal and iron works in Pennsylvania is generally suspended, the workmen refusing to accept the new scale of wages offered by employers.

FOREIGN.

Advices from Great Britain state that 60,000 colliers have struck in South Wales.

In view of the proposed reduction of wages of miners in the collieries of South Wales and Monmouthshire, England, a strike is expected.

A meeting of prominent members of the French Assembly and of the cabinet was held, Wednesday, in the interest of an agreement on the constitutional law.

News is received of a terrific faction fight at Tomperton, Ontario, on Christmas day.

Distressing accounts continue to be received of the famine in Asia Minor. Of 60,000 people who emigrated to the city of Adana, half that number have succumbed to the disease.

The Hawaiian government has appointed commissioners to negotiate a loan of \$1,000,000 in bonds, to run thirty years, with 7 per cent. interest, the object being to pay off the national debt.

The recent conference of members of the French Assembly and the ministry at Paris was devoted to a discussion of the question of the proposed Senate, and to the septennate. Another meeting is to be held.

News from Spain is to the effect that Prince Alfonso has been proclaimed King, and has been recognized by the nation, army and ministry. A regency has been formed under the presidency of Conovas del Castillo, without a portfolio.

Count von Arnim has appealed to the Kammergericht from the sentence in his case.

Advices from Spain state that General Martinez has espoused the cause of Prince Alfonso. A portion of the crew of the barque Gustav have been imprisoned by the Carlists.

Small-pox of the most malignant type is raging among the Indians at Pickenock, on Gati-neau river, Canada. On the 27th, the bodies of nine children were lying unburied. The Indians are in a pitiful state of destitution. The male portion are either dead or have left the place.

Advices from Spain report the continued peaceful progress of the revolution. The army and navy have everywhere acknowledged the new King. The accession of King Alfonso has been proclaimed in Cuba, toward which province a conciliatory policy is to be adopted.

The planets, riveters and boiler makers of Hull, England, have struck against the reduction of wages.

Queen Victoria dispensed the usual New Year's bounties of beef, coal and breadstuffs at Windsor Castle.

Paragraphs.

The population of Mississippi is to be increased by the exodus of 3000 negroes from Georgia.

The St. Paul (Minn.) press says there is no longer room for doubt that a considerable body of gold miners, well fortified, is at work in the Black Hills.

It is stated that Menotti Garibaldi has bought a villa in the suburbs of Rome, near the Porta Pia, for the use of his father during his stay in that city.

On account of the lowness of the Rhine at present a church can be seen at Halen which was carried away three centuries ago by a sudden rising of the river which swept away at the same time a part of the village.

There is no better instrument to mark linen, &c., than the celebrated Briggs marker, prepared by F. H. Stoddard & Co., Northampton, Mass.

The Neue Freie Presse learns from Rome that Raphael's celebrated "Violin-Player," which was lately reported as lost, has been found. The government has made an official statement that the picture exists in the Palazzo Sciarra, where it is in the prince's bed-chamber, instead of being in the gallery.

During the last whaling voyage of the barque Nile of New London, a whale was captured, in the head of which was found the head of a Scotch gun harpoon, marked "True Love, 1861." The ship True Love has not cruised for eight years, and the whale must have carried the iron for that period if not longer.

A young man walked into an Indianapolis drug store the other day, and called for fifty cents' worth of strychnine. The clerk, suspecting his object, gave him a harmless dose of "sugar of milk;" the youth swallowed it at once and sat down to die. To the surprise of the clerk he showed every indication of poisoning, and he thinks that if he had not told him of the harmless nature of the poison he would have died from mere imagination.

A further portion of the galleries of the Louvre has just been opened to the public. This contains the Dutch school, the Italian school having been thrown open a month since. A chronological arrangement of the paintings has been adopted, and the conservators are now engaged in arranging the modern pictures from the Luxembourg in the last of the Louvre galleries.

The editor of the Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel has been shown "a design for an upholstered front gate, which seems destined to become very popular. The foot-board is cushioned, and there is a warm soap-stone on each side, the inside seat being adjustable, so that a short girl can bring her lips to the line of any given moustache without trouble. If the gate is occupied at 10:30, P. M., an iron hand extends from one gate post, takes the young man by the left ear, turns him around, and he is at once started home by a steel foot."

A fresh-water clam, according to a foreign scientific journal, was last year shut up in a perfectly dry drawer for two hundred and thirty-one days, and then, being plunged into water, showed signs of remarkable activity. This was during a voyage from Australia to England. On its arrival at Southampton, four hundred and ninety-eight days after leaving its native marsh, it was again put into the water, where it opened its valves and renewed its former habits as a mollusk. Recent experiments have proved that other bivalves will retain life much longer than is generally supposed. Mr. Hannon once kept a basket of oysters at Nantes for seventeen consecutive days, during the hottest part of the summer, while he made a journey elsewhere. His only precaution was to make a few incisions in the basket for the admission of air. Returning, he found the oysters in as good condition as ever, though they had not been near the water in all that time. On placing them in a bed at Caudec they thrived finely.

Decalcomania is the name of a comparatively new art that is attracting considerable attention at the present time. It consists in transferring pictures which have been printed on paper in high and beautiful colors to any object one may wish to ornament, such as fans, work-boxes, vases, flower pots, articles of furniture, &c. When transferred, these pictures look as if painted upon the article ornamented, and they are much more attractive and beautiful than they would be if painted with a brush, unless executed by a very skillful artist; indeed this beautiful art offers a complete substitute for the process of hand painting for most purposes. The pictures embrace a great variety of subjects, such as heads, landscapes, animals, insects, flowers, comic figures, &c. The art is easily acquired, and children even soon become experts. Transferring these pictures is a charming pastime for old or young, and serves to cultivate a taste for the beautiful. J. L. Fatten & Co., 77 Pine street, New York, will for the small sum of ten cents, send full instructions in this beautiful art, together with ten handsome samples of the pictures, or for fifty cents they will send one hundred attractive pictures.

As time goes on the portraits which Gilbert Stuart painted are increasing in value, although for years they have been considered rare in the picture market, and have always brought high prices. At a late sale in England a rough sketch by this master produced quite an excitement in the auction gallery, and was knocked off to Lord Overton at three hundred guineas. The London Athenaeum remarked of the head that its color was as fresh as if it had been painted within a month, and considered it as a work of art, although of an unknown person, worth double the money it brought, and a prize for any gallery.

Gerrit Smith left a will, in which he bequeaths one-half of his property to his wife and one-quarter each to his two children, Mrs. Miller and Greene Smith. Prior to his death he had made liberal provisions for his relatives and for charitable institutions. His two last large gifts were made within two months, one of \$12,000 in various sums to the sufferers in Kansas and adjoining states from the grasshopper scourge.

Rural and Domestic.

Farmers' Association.

Thomas Wright calls the working men "our new masters," meaning, for the most part, mechanics and their helpers. It is folly to despise or disparage the working-men in this limited sense, and no wise or good man can fail to wish them all substantial emancipation and welfare. But the largest and most important class of workers are the farming class and their associates. The land is our great heritage, and the true use of it is our most essential need. Our people ought to be trained for this more thoroughly, and there are signs all over the world of the awakening of the farming interest to its rights and its duties. The mechanics have made more mark upon public opinion, perhaps, because they hang together more closely, and live in towns and cities, where they readily combine with money and fellow-feeling, and have access to the press and public agitation. The mechanics have done a great work for modern liberty, and their guilds have been for ages mighty powers in the struggle against the old feudalism. Some of the associations formed by them still alarm the organs of despotism, and the ultramontane papers speak with anxiety of the warfare of the town against the cross, and some sober moralists share their solitude. They that use the plow and the pruning-hook can not tend to any such warfare; and so far as we have read the proceedings of the granges of husbandry that are rising by thousands among our farmers, they promise well for the future of the tillers of the ground and for the nation at large. It is well for them to guard themselves against the grasping policy of the middle-men who come between them and the markets, and take more than their share of the farmer's profits and exact more than their due for the manufacturer's products. It is well that they seek to take their crops more readily and cheaply to the market, or to bring the market nearer to their crops. What, perhaps, is the most remarkable feature in their present movement is their eagerness for more fellowship, more connection with each other and with the press, and all the helps and incentives of society, art, and literature. It is a great thing for those who own and till the soil to bring true soul to their work, and even in the symbols and costumes of their associations to show their respect for themselves and for their calling. It is well that women as well as men join in this movement, and out of all this ceremonial of the crook and pruning-hook, the sash and pouch, some substantial gain for agriculture in ideal dignity and social refinement will be won. Who knows how much the Ceres, Flora, and Pomona of the grange may do to give woman a style of dress that is good for something besides mere show, and which may join use with beauty in the future of the sex? The farm surely has all the elements of the beautiful if they are only sought out, and orchards, groves, lawns, flowers, brooks, rocks, hills, lakes, offer charms that need only good taste, and social sympathy to exalt them into agencies of culture and festivals of joy. How wise it is to give the farmers the dressing of the church once a year, as is sometimes done, and what harvest-homes our America would show next November if every farming village would do its best to adorn its temple with the fruits that crown the year! But this is a great matter, and we have only a passing word for it now.—Harper's Magazine.

Horse Clothing.

A great many more horses are prematurely worn-out by neglect than by hard work. Cold kills more than work does. Sudden chills, when they are warmed up by severe exercise, ruin numberless horses. In how few stables can a good set of blankets be found? These are always seen in the stables of valuable horses, but rarely elsewhere. But a cheap horse feels and suffers from sudden changes as much as a costly one, and humanity calls for proper care of such an one as much as for any other. Nor should the lap-robe, or the buffalo-robe, with which the driver protects himself, be used to cover the horse while he stands for a short time. This conveys the disagreeable smell of the animal's not always clean skin to the clothes, from which it is plentifully evolved and diffused when a warm room is entered. The horse should be provided with blankets for his special use. These need not be costly, and may be easily made at home. A pair of coarse, heavy brown wool blankets, costing \$5, will make a very serviceable suit of horse clothing. The clothing should be made in two parts, one to cover the withers to the crupper and reaching beneath the belly, and another to cover the neck and throat; both should be lined with gunny cloth to strengthen them. The neck and chest of a horse are very sensitive parts of the animal, and need ample protection as well as the body. The body clothing should be made of two pieces, cut so as to admit of two girths; one short, narrow one over the rump, and one longer, wide one at the withers. These should be cut so that the blanket fits smoothly to the curve of the back, else it will not lie in its proper place, but will slip down and gather in wrinkles in the middle of the back. A saddle piece of stiff cloth should be stitched upon the blanket, and two slits worked in it upon each side through which the girth is placed to retain it in its place. Two straps and buckles should be stitched in front to fasten the blanket close upon the chest, and it should be bound with a broad strip of colored flannel. The throat-piece should be carefully cut to fit the neck, and be made low enough to keep over the blanket for several inches. A strap is fastened to go across the forehead to hold the covering in its place, and others are attached by which it is fastened beneath the throat. This part of the clothing should be trimmed to match the blanket. These coverings should not be worn in the stable, but only out of doors, when the horse is exposed to cold winds, or when it is standing after having been warmed by work. No stable should be so exposed as to make it necessary to blanket a horse when within it. Stables should be tight and warm, and ventilated in such a manner as not to throw cold drafts upon the horse. Pure, fresh air in the stable, although it may be of a low temperature, will so invigorate the circulation of a horse that no protection beyond its own natural covering will be needed, even in the coldest winter weather. It is when brought out from the still air of the stable into the cutting winds that the animal needs covering, or when a careless driver leaves him steaming, after a brisk drive, standing in a December snow-storm, while he is warming himself before a hot stove.—Agriculturist.

The following is the method recommended by the French Academy for cooking rice, during the siege of Paris. Put one cupful of rice, and one-fourth of a cupful of water in a saucepan, cover and place it over a good fire; after an hour the water will be evaporated, and the rice cooked tender, but dry, and with the grains distinct, not in a paste. Sufficient salt should be added in the first place, and care should be taken not to disturb the rice while cooking. By adding a little butter, and allowing the rice to dry a little more over a gentle fire, a more delicate dish is prepared.

Good Health and Long Life.

To secure a clear, fresh skin, bright eye, active brain, a quick brain, and a cheerful, pleasant temper, and if you would enjoy a long life, you should live about as follows:

BREAKFAST.

Out meal porridge, with milk and sugar.
Or, Graham mush, with a little good syrup.
Or, cracked wheat, with milk and sugar.
Or, baked potatoes, with bread and butter.
Or, beefsteak or mutton chop, with baked potatoes and bread and butter.

If you are thin, and need fat, use the first three; if you are too fat, use the last-named two.

DINNER.

Beef or mutton, roasted or stewed with any vegetables you may like (though tomatoes should be used very sparingly) good bread and butter, and close the meal with a glass of weak lemonade. Eat no dessert, unless it be a little fruit, and eat nothing more till the next morning.

There is no rule in regard to diet about which I am so fixed in my convictions as that nothing should be eaten after dinner, and I think that the dinner should be taken early in the day; not later, if it can be so managed, than two o'clock. In regard to the precise hour for the dinner, I am not so clear, though for myself one o'clock is the best hour; but in reference to the omission of the third meal, I have, after long observation, no doubt whatever.

Hundreds of persons have come to me with indigestion in some of its many forms, and have experienced such relief in a single week from omitting the supper, that I have, for a number of years, depended upon this point in the diet as the best item in my prescriptions for indigestion. I have never met the person suffering from indigestion, who was not greatly relieved at once, by omitting the third meal.

Eat nothing between meals, not even an apple or peach. If you eat fruit, let it be with the breakfast and dinner.

Cooked fruit is best for persons of weak digestion. I have met hundreds of people who would digest a large breakfast without a pang, but who could not manage a single uncooked apple.

I think certain dietetic reformers have somewhat overrated the value of fruit.

Avoid cake, pie, all sweetmeats, nuts, raisins and candies.

Manage your stomach as above, and at the end of ten years you will look back upon these table habits as the source of great advantages and happiness.

For thirty years, I have been a constant and careful observer (I have no hobbies about diet), and in the light of my own experience and these long observations, I assure you that the table habits I have advised are vital to your health and happiness.

Pimples, blotches, yellow spots, nasal catarrh, biliousness, liver torpidity, constipation, sleeplessness, dullness, low spirits, and many other common affections would generally disappear with the adoption of these rules.—Dio Lewis.

Pork Raising.

My own theory of pork raising, based upon experience, observation and probably a little philosophy of the thing, if written for the benefit of others, would be about as follows: During hot summer months, I would feed very little soiled feed, such as corn in the ear or cracked, either grass, oats or rye, and feed them at regular intervals, once or twice per day, upon much feed of other sorts, chopped up of rye, buckwheat, etc., fed in troughs. When fed in this way, and at the same time allowed access to water and shade, hogs will bear crowding through the hot months—a very good time, if not the best, to take on flesh. This puts them in the best of condition for corn feeding, which should commence about the first of September, when the new crop is still soft and tender. Treated in this way, hogs become probably as perfect as any method could make them. Upon the whole too, I believe it the cheapest and most economical.—Cor. Germantown Telegraph.

Rain or shine, wet or dry, don't fail to put in a good lot of corn for fodder, to carry your cows through the droughts of summer! We have found sward land, on the north side of a hill, if possible, to escape early frost, best adapted for this purpose. Furrow pretty deep, and fill up with compost or green manure, or the latter mellowed by old meadow muck, or rich soil, so rather thickly, more so than for peas, as the object is to have the corn grow early, but a plenty of them. If the growth is rapid, once hoeing is sufficient, as the crop will soon cover the ground and keep the weeds down. Sweet corn is preferred by some, but we have not found it so reliable as the early corn, or produced more milk or butter, than the common kind. We say again, don't miss of this crop whatever other crop is neglected.—Cong.

BOSTON WHOLESALE PRICES.

For the week ending December 31, 1874.		MOLASSES.	
CANDLES.		Cuba, Clayed,	
Molds,	12 @ 15	do. Sweet,	10 @ 12
Sperm,	28 @ 30	do. Muscovado,	10 @ 12
COAL.		Porto Rico,	41 @ 60
Canal,	22 @ 26	OIL.	
Piston,	10 @ 12	Olive, gal,	1 20 @ 1 25
Anthracite,	7 50 @ 8 00	Lined—Eng.,	1 60 @ 1 70
COFFEE.		America,	1 60 @ 1 70
Java,	26 @ 31	Cradle Sperm,	1 65 @ 1 67
St. Domingo,	18 @ 19	do. Whale,	1 60 @ 1 65
Rio,	18 @ 23	Refined,	72 @ 75
COTTON.		Neatsfoot, gal,	95 @ 1 00
Ordinary,	12 1/2 @ 13	PAINTS.	
Good Ordinary,	12 @ 13	Lead, Red, Am.,	9 1/2 @ 9
Mid. to good,	14 1/2 @ 15	do. Dry,	1 10 @ 1 15
Low Middling,	11 1/2 @ 12	Ground, pure,	11 @ 12
DOMESTICS.		do. 1/2,	10 @ 11
Sheetings and Shirtings,		Zinc, ground in oil,	8 @ 9
Heavy,	8 @ 10	No. 1,	10 1/2 @ 11
Medium,	7 1/2 @ 8	Paris White,	21 @ 22
Light,	6 1/2 @ 7	Spain Brown,	20 @ 21
Prints,	10 @ 11	Verdigris,	20 @ 21
Cotton Flannel,	10 @ 11	Vermilion,	20 @ 21
Prints,	7 1/2 @ 8	Whiting,	10 @ 11
Tickings,	7 1/2 @ 8	Boston,	6 @ 6 1/2
Ginghams,	6 @ 6 1/2	French Yellow,	21 @ 22
Mus. de Laines,	5 1/2 @ 6	Vermilion,	1 10 @ 1 15
Carpeting,	10 @ 11	Fatty,	14 @ 15
Lowell sup. 3-ply,	1 60 @ 1 65	Glue,	14 @ 15
Extra Superfine,	1 10 @ 1 15	PETROLEUM.	
Superfine,	1 10 @ 1 15	Crode,	11 @ 12
FISH.		Refined,	11 @ 12
Cod—large,	50 @ 55	Kerosene,	14 @ 15
Medium,	45 @ 50	Sap,	14 @ 15
Mackerel,	40 @ 45	PROVISIONS.	
Do. shore,	80 @ 110	Beef—Mess,	12 @ 13
Salmon,	30 @ 35	Western,	12 @ 13
FLOUR AND MEAL.		Family,	13 @ 14
St. Louis,	50 @ 55	Pork,	25 @ 26
Medium,	45 @ 50	Clear,	25 @ 26
Choice extra,	70 @ 75	Mess, best,	30 @ 32
Western sup.,	45 @ 50	Prime,	30 @ 32
com. extra,	40 @ 45	Lard,	14 @ 15
medium do.,	35 @ 40	Lard,	14 @ 15
choice do.,	30 @ 35	Lard,	14 @ 15
Illinois and Indiana,	30 @ 35	Hams smoked,	12 @ 13
choice extra,	50 @ 55	Pickled,	10 @ 11
Michigan,	40 @ 45	Hogs, dressed,	10 @ 11
choice extra,	60 @ 65	PRODUCE.	
Rye Flour,	50 @ 55	Apples, dried,	7 @ 8
Corn Meal,	35 @ 40	do. sliced,	8 @ 9
FRUIT.		do. new,	7 @ 8
Almonds,	20 @ 21	Butter,	35 @ 36
Soft Shell,	20 @ 21	Beane,	35 @ 36
Shelled,	20 @ 21	Small and ex.,	25 @ 26
Currents,	30 @ 31	Crabapples,	10 @ 11
Pist. Nuts,	25 @ 30	Capers,	10 @ 11
Figs common,	30 @ 35	Factory,	14 @ 15
Lemons,	50 @ 55	do. Am. Y.,	14 @ 15
Oranges,	60 @ 65	Skim,	6 @ 6 1/2
Cash,	60 @ 65	Potatoes,	7 @ 8
Box,	50 @ 55	Jackson,	7 @ 8
Loose,	30 @ 35	Early Rose,	7 @ 8
GRAIN.		Onions,	3 @ 3 1/2
Southern wtd.,	35 @ 40	Poultry,	10 @ 11
Western wtd.,	35 @ 40	Eggs,	20 @ 22

Wheat, west'n 1 10 @ 1 50	
Rye,	1 10 @ 1 50
Barley,	1 10 @ 1 50
Oats,	65 @ 71
Shorts,	65 @ 71
Straw,	1 00 @ 1 40
Middlings,	28 @ 31

HAY.

Eastern and Northern
Do. Green,

HIDES AND SKINS.

Calcutta Cow—
Slaughter,

IRON.

Swedish—
Com. and 110 @ 125

LEAD.

Pig gold,

LEATHER.

Sole,

LUMBER.

Clear Pine,

Coarse do.,

Shipping,

Spruce,