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The Morning Star.

Volume L.

BOSTON AND CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 17, 1875.

Number 7

THE MORNING STAR

A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER
FOR THE FAMILY
ISSUED BY THE
FREEWILL BAPTIST PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.
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Rev. I. D. STEWART, Publisher

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1875.

Losses.

Upon the white sea sand,
There sat a pilgrim band,
Telling the losses their lives had known,
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the strong tides went out with a weary moan.

One spake with quivering lip,
Of a fair freighted ship,
With all his household to the deep gone down,
But one had wilder woe,
For a fair face long ago,
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were some who mourned their youth
With a love loving truth,
For its brave hopes and memories ever green;
And one upon the West,
Turned an eye that would not rest,
For far-off hills whereon its joy had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,
Some of proud homes told,
Some spake of friends that were their trust no more;
And one of a green grave
Beside a foreign wave,
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,
There spake among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free,
"Sad losses have ye met,
But mine is heavier yet,
For a believing heart hath gone from me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,
"For the living and the dead,
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
For the wrecks of land and sea,
But however it came to thee—
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss."
—London Athenaeum.

Missionary Correspondence.

CUTTACK, INDIA, Dec., 1874.

The annual Conference of the Orissa Baptist Mission was held at Cuttack on Nov. 9th and following days. Brother W. Hill, of Berhampore, was appointed chairman. Reports respecting the various branches of Mission work were presented. From these it appeared that two editions of the New Testament had been completed during the year and were in useful circulation; an edition of each of the four gospels had also been printed, in all 16,000 copies, together with a large number of tracts, 9000 of these being small illustrated tracts for sale. In connection with Bible work it may be stated that the past year has seen the first edition of the Bible in one portable volume for general use—(a very small edition was printed many years ago for pulpit use).

The warmest thanks of the Conference were given to the Religious Tract Society and to the Bible Translation Society for their generous help both by money and materials, through which so much had been accomplished.

A large amount of work for the Mission press was arranged for the year upon which we have entered. Besides the edition of the New Testament now passing through the press, some 40,000 tracts will be printed, together with "Scripture Selections," Part II., and "Pictures and Stories of Church History," translated by Brother Miller. We are thus slowly but surely creating an Orissa literature, and the only literature

which the Province can boast. The Government indeed have a few small school class books, about the size of our tracts, but nothing that would at all compare with our "Pilgrim's Progress" or with the "Sweet Story of Old," illustrated as it is with the beautiful lithographs supplied by the Religious Tract Society.

The college received its due share of attention. After the annual examination the two senior students were dismissed to engage in the practical work of the ministry at Berhampore. There were no fewer than eight applications to enter the college.

Two were received on the usual probation, and it is probable that one or two more may be received after further opportunities have been afforded for testing their speaking abilities. One of those received is Sada Sebo Paharaj, the first Pooree Brahmin who has become obedient to the faith. He is a young man of great natural ability. May he be richly endowed with the Holy Spirit.

Whilst we felt the communion of Christian brethren to be extremely pleasant, and whilst there was much to encourage and gladden our hearts, there was yet one shadow over us: the prospect that our little band would probably soon be reduced by the return to England of Brother Buckley and Hill with their beloved wives. Should they go they will be followed by our best wishes and most earnest prayers. It is now nineteen years since Brother Buckley returned from England after his last furlough. May the appeals of our Conference and of the committee at home for more men be speedily responded to, and our prayers to the Lord of the harvest that he would thrust forth more laborers into his harvest thus be answered.

We had not the pleasure of seeing any of our American brethren of the Northern Orissa Mission at our Conference, but a letter was read from Rev. J. Phillips, D.D., which Brother Buckley was requested to suitably acknowledge, expressing our warmest sympathy with them, our joy in their joy at the accession of several new laborers to the work, our sorrow in their sorrow at the loss by death of a native preacher during the recent cyclone, and at the prospect of losing from the field for a time Rev. J. L. Phillips, M.D., Mrs. and Miss Phillips.

The public services in connection with the Conference were held on Sunday, Nov. 8th. Brother Makundah Das preached in the morning from Psalm 46:10. "Be still and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth." Brother Miller took the second Orisa service, taking as his subject, Acts 2:42-47, and Brother T. Bailey preached in the evening in English, discoursing from Is. 30:26. The congregations at all the services were very good.

On Thursday evening the native missionary meeting was held, when Dr. Buckley presided and three very earnest and suitable addresses were given by three native brethren.

During the sittings of Conference a paper marked by much power and fervor was read by our brother Shem Sahu, on "Evangelistic Work in Orissa."

We had our usual annual temperance meeting, at the close of which fourteen pledges were taken.

The usual Lord's Supper service was held in the afternoon of the 15th. Brother Hill delivered an address in Orisa from John 15:8, and Brother Buckley a brief address in English. We all felt it good to be there, "a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." J. G. PIKE, Asst. Sec.

Tendencies to Union.

There has been of late an interesting discussion in some periodicals on the question whether the Congregationalists and Unitarians are becoming more assimilated to each other, and tending to union in feeling and work. There can be little doubt from the facts and arguments presented, that the decision must in the main be given to the affirmative. The two largest divisions of the Presbyterians have become formally reunited; the smaller Presbyterian bodies are also combining, and apparently tending towards the larger. The same in substance may be said of the Methodists, Baptists, Reformed, &c., while the larger denominations are evidently coming into more harmony, fellowship and co-operation. True, there are fluctuations, at one period to the more peaceful, at another to the more warlike attitude. The present at least is an era of peace.

Much as we rejoice in the increasing prevalence of peace and good will among those previously divided and estranged, we are not to conclude heartily that the tendency is altogether favorable. It may need scrutiny to ascertain the causes, processes and effects on vital principles. Union is good, but not always and under all circumstances. Sometimes division is better and more necessary than union. In the case mentioned of the Congregationalists and Unitarians, is their progressive assimilation good or evil? All know the grounds of their separation from each other, in their different views of the divinity of Christ, his atonement, sin, regeneration and kindred doctrines. If both divisions were in error, which they have renounced, and are now uniting on a common basis of truth, this is well. Or, if one division erred, and are now returning from their error, this is well. But there may be still another

case—while one party is coming into a better position, the other may be degenerating, more or less sacrificing or compromising vital principles. At one time the Roman Catholic missionaries made many converts in the East, but thoughtful men were wont to inquire whether the heathen were the more converted to the missionaries or the missionaries to the heathen. A cheap popularity may be gained and a superficial unity at the expense of right and truth. Is there not reason to fear this in the present case?

It is not our purpose to enter into this controversy, or to sit in judgment upon its manifestations and results. Nor on the tendencies to sympathy and affiliation in other quarters. But there is need of caution and care lest in securing objects desirable in themselves we obtain them at too great cost. Truth and right only can stand the test, and nothing will ever be gained by compromising the least of their principles. Men may rise and fall, denominations may rise and fall, the heavens and the earth may pass away, but not one letter of the gospel of Christ will pass away.

We rejoice in the downfall of bigotry and sectarianism in every form; we love union, peace, charity, liberality of doctrine and practice; but all this may be accomplished, and accomplished only on the ground of strict integrity. There is but one infallible rule, the Bible, from which none can depart without the most fearful consequences. Our faith, like God's love, may be all-embracing; yet both are discriminating and exacting. Sin must be cast off and error cast off as essential to success and life. We may build never so many structures of gold, silver, precious stones, hay, wood, stubble; but every man's work shall be tried. Real progress and substantial union are founded on that gospel of truth which must sweep away false refuges, and sooner or later bring all true believers to be of one heart and mind.—J. B.

The Fruits of Unbelief.

The recent dedication of the Tom Paine Memorial Hall in Boston has called out the following communication from a correspondent of the *Congregationalist*. Let it be read and pondered:

E—F— was a young man whom no one would have passed without noticing as of fine personal appearance. His manners answered well to this impression—they were graceful and prepossessing. Though rather reserved in his nature, he was amiable, and attached his friends strongly to him. He was very favorably placed in respect to friends, position in society, and advantages. He was intelligent, but did not care to pursue a student's life. He left his home in the country for a neighboring city, to engage in mercantile business. Of his course and habits afterwards I did not know particularly at the time, and I leave them to be judged by circumstances connected with the close of his life.

After a few years he returned home in feeble health. Friends watched over him, medical skill was sought from city and country—but it availed not. Disease held steadily on its way, and it became evident that in his early manhood, he must be laid low. And now came the great question, was he prepared for the change involved in this? He had received early religious instruction—the Bible had always been with him in his reach—but had he given heed to its truths? Had he learned to live for something above, and more enduring than this world? Was his soul safe in the care of Him who died to redeem it?

A sister of true piety, who loved him most tenderly and often came to watch by his couch, would bring the Bible and ask if she might read to him; but he declined hearing it, and rejected all her attempts to interest him in religious conversation, or to lead him to think of preparation for death. Gay young companions from the city visited him; they encouraged him to think he would recover, bade him keep such "dull, gloomy" thoughts as religion and death out of his mind, and tried to assure him "all would be well." It was not long, however, ere failing strength, the trying cough, and the varied suffering of increased disease, made him sensible that he would have few more days on earth.

His physician was one day making his accustomed visit, when he said to him abruptly: "Dr., did you ever read 'Tom Paine'?" Surprised at the question, his physician answered: "Yes; I read Tom Paine long ago; but I did not read it to believe what he said." "But I did," returned the young man; "I read it wishing to believe." Then turning to a neighbor who was present: "Mr. B., he called in a strong voice notwithstanding his weakness, 'did you ever read Tom Paine?' 'No,' replied Mr. B. He then exclaimed in emphatic tones: 'Ruinous; ruinous!'"

At length he had awakened to the truth; as death drew near—accountability to God, sin, judgment, eternity became dread realities; the soul asserted her fearful gifts of immortality. The interests, the passions, the pleasures of earth were passing away; the soul's great spiritual relations could no longer be concealed. He looked through the narrow vale, and what had he where-with to appear before God?

There were a few more days of failing strength, and it was plain that the end

drew nigh. He was now willing to be addressed on religious subjects, but seemed to feel that it was too late for him to seek peace. His physician, who had long been a friend of the family, said to him a short time before his death: "Can not you pray?" he made no reply. He was then asked, "Can not you repeat the Lord's prayer?" still, no reply. "Can not you say, 'Thy will be done?'" He raised his arm and said in a distinct voice, "Thy will be done." This was all; he soon passed away.

An Impersonal God.

Prof. Taylor Lewis, D.D., doesn't think much of the theism of the evolutionists. In his review of Dr. Draper's "Conflicts between Science and Religion," he speaks very unlike some who seem quite grateful that these modern scientists do not proclaim themselves atheists:

If Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin, Draper, &c., are not atheists, as some over-candid religionists are fond of asserting, their theism is certainly an infinitesimal quantity not worth disputing about. It is merely giving the name God to an eternal unoriginated force, to a law that never had a law-giver, or to a series of sequences that might have been anything else, and still called law, had things got into any other train. That there is a great power in the universe, an irresistible, all-surrounding force, every man knows as well as Dr. Draper or Prof. Fiske. If the latter choose to make this word their fetish, they may do so, but it is no more entitled to the sacred name than the old bone, or the deformed clay figure, which the wretched savage takes as the object of his adoration. This affection of theism is a dishonest cowardice which some of their bolder French and German confederates, like Buchner and Haeckel, regard with contempt. The test is a moral one. Such theism, if the name is insisted on, can have no influence upon the life; it can inspire no fear, no hope; it makes no action different from what it would have been to the avowed atheist who consistently rejects the empty name. "In the beginning was the Word," the Logos, the Reason. In the beginning was the nebula, and all things came out of the nebula, not only forms of matter, but mind, thought, consciousness, reason itself. These two propositions sum up the whole controversy. Dr. Draper holds to the second. There has never been any personal mind, or will, either in the origin or in the government of nature. There never have been any flats, no more, he tells us (page 243), in the great mother nebula than in the nebula of Orion. He has much to say of "second causes," but, strange as the logic may seem, he admits no first.

Exchange Notes and Quotes.

A correspondent of the *Christian Era* in reviewing an experience of forty years to get at the causes of church divisions, finds consolation in the fact that "so few have relation to pastors."

The Boston *Advertiser* reports a sermon "preached by Rev. Father Henning on 'How can I be saved' at the Boston Theater." We should say that salvation at that place would be nearly out of the question.

When it speaks about the Republican party the *Golden Age* says that "perhaps the interests of the nation require its defeat, that something better, may arise from its ashes."—Perhaps the same remark might be made about the *Golden Age*, but we should hardly like to be the one to make it.

The *Northwestern Christian Advocate*—they have room for long names in the North-west—there is a strongly written editorial upon the duty of that denomination to support their own newspapers. "To develop an interest in all our church enterprises," the writer thinks, and to secure a broad mental and religious culture, a general paper, embracing the movements of the denomination, is far more wholesome than any narrow compendium of simply local news or exponent of a religious doctrine.—Suppose we all take the remarks home to ourselves.

Zim's Herald mercilessly prods those "hitherto leading anti-slavery periodicals" that are now trying to cheat the colored man out of his civil rights by constitutional quibbles. "It is worse than folly," it observes, "after such a civil strife as we have just passed through, to become doctrinaires in constitutional law while thousands of human lives and the higher interests of millions of men are at stake. Let us first save the men; then we will give our attention to the saving of the constitution."

Speaking of the alleged "lessening distance" between Trinitarians and Unitarians, the *Christian Intelligencer* wants it distinctly understood that it "knows nothing of this lessening distance in our immediate church circle, and hope we never shall, if it is to be gained by robbing our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ of anything that belongs to His supreme divinity." That is just it. But when it comes to expressions of fraternal union, we don't believe the Saviour would be half as concerned about being "robbed of his divinity," as

these professed disciples who thereby violate the very spirit which Christ came to exhibit.

The *Reformed Church Messenger* has abandoned the 16 page octavo form and comes to us a modest folio of only 4 pages. It affirms that "it is becoming more and more clear, that the significance of the original name *Reformed* and its distinctive continuance as a living force, so far as America is concerned, is bound up in the future history of *The Reformed Church in the United States*."

The question of union between the North and South Presbyterian churches is still agitating that body. And as usual the Southern churches think the Northern present the hindering cause, and vice versa. For instance, their leading Southern organ, speaking of the recent efforts of a Committee in Baltimore from the two branches to confer upon the subject of union, says of that action:—"Our brethren of that [the Northern] committee thought in all honesty they had made a good stand behind their new organization, while others perceive that it is a flimsy refuge which they must speedily leave."—To this the *N. Y. Observer* replies that "the influence of a few leaders [of the Southern church] prevents the consummation just as similar causes long delayed the re-union of the Presbyterian church in the North."

"The revival now needed," says the *Watchman and Reflector*, "is in the real working life of the church; not a spasm of good feeling; not a bestirring for the conversion of a few right around; not an increased fidelity in the ordinary relations of life; not a higher devotion to the interests of the local church; but a whole-souled consecration of heart, and intellect, and influence, and wealth, to the interests of Christ's kingdom in its world-wide demands."—If the churches could get that sentiment into their heart, and keep it there, and act accordingly, revivals would not only come at once, but they would come in power, and come to abide.

Events of the Week.

THE WEATHER.

This winter is proving to be the coldest that we have had for many years. Both for low temperature and amount of snow it ought to satisfy even an Esquimaux. We know what it is here in New England. Our Chicago Manager says of that section: "The weather has been fearful here for about 10 days past, and is yet very cold. Roads are blocked up and trains are irregular." From still further West we have like accounts. Great loss of life by freezing is reported from Kansas, Nebraska, &c., stock as well as human beings suffering intensely. One contemplates the approach of April with feelings of warm pleasure.

THE FALL RIVER STRIKERS.

The dissatisfied weavers at Fall River, Mass., still hold out against their employers and pretend to receive pecuniary aid from the "Spinner's Union" in England. The starting up of one of the mills with new hands last week came near provoking a riot, and it was apparently only the presence of a large police force that kept the strikers from attacking the workmen as they were approaching and leaving the mills. No practical solution of the difficulty appears at this writing.

THROUGH HOOSAC TUNNEL.

The first train of cars went through Hoosac mountain last Tuesday week. Probably the most of our readers can hardly remember when this tunnel was begun. But it is practically finished at last, and passengers from Boston to North Adams, Mass., can pass through a dark and unbroken mountain bore about four miles in length. By this tunnel it is expected that New England will get better railroad facilities with the West.

PACIFIC MAIL CONTRACT ANNULLED.

The Pacific Mail steamship subsidy contract was summarily annulled Wednesday, when the committee on the whole reached the section of the postal bill appropriating the annual half million. Action was taken equally without debate or division, notwithstanding the fact that members had on their desks the written statement of Postmaster-General Jewell that the service has been performed with satisfactory regularity. So Rufus Hatch can execute his reported threat of publishing the names of sixty congressmen who received money for favoring the subsidy.

A MURDERER IDENTIFIED.

A private letter from California states that the "hermit" recently hunted down and killed for the murders he had committed in the county of Colusa proves to have been Jeremiah Smith, formerly of Homewick, Ulster county, New York State, where, in 1868, he murdered his wife and child and left their bodies in the road.

PRAYER FOR COLORED PEOPLE.

In response to a request of the colored clergymen, the bishops of the African Methodist Episcopal church have fixed upon March 1st as a day of fasting and prayer, and have issued an address to the American people, pleading for the enjoyment of every civil and political right, and that they

should be permitted to lead quiet and peaceful lives in all godliness and honesty, and ample protection for their brethren in the South from the few bad men that persecute them.

THE SYRIAN MISSION.

The dragoman of the American legation, who has just returned from Syria, where he has been investigating the outrages on American missions, reports that the first accounts are much exaggerated. The ill-treatment by the soldiers is a pure invention. The question relative to forcible entrance into a missionary house remains unsettled. It appears that the house was American property, but was inhabited by Turkish subjects.

Prayer for Colleges.

BY REV. E. N. FERNALD.

The year 1823 is memorable in the history of American Colleges and Theological Seminaries for the establishment, under the approbation of the directors of the American Education Society, of a concert of prayer for colleges. The last Thursday of February of that year was set apart as "a season of fasting and special prayer, that God will pour out his Spirit on the colleges of our country the present year more powerfully than ever before."

The day has been observed ever since by nearly all our colleges and by multitudes of churches in the land in the same manner. A few earnest, faithful souls, filled with anxiety for the cause of religion, had previously agreed to unite in prayer for the same object, and had been sending up to heaven their joint petitions, mixed with faith, each Sabbath morning for three years or more, when the appointment of a day for general observance was made.

And how has God regarded these supplications of his children? In his essay on "Prayer for Colleges" (Chap. II.), Prof. Tyler quotes the following remarkable passage from a statement by the secretary of the "Western College Society":

"ANSWERS TO PRAYER. Subsequent to the establishment of the Sabbath morning concert, the Spirit of God was poured out and cheering results witnessed. From 1820 to 1823 inclusive, there were revivals in fourteen institutions; in 1824 and 1825, in five different colleges; in 1826, in six; in 1827, in four; in 1828, in five; and in 1831, in nineteen colleges, resulting in the hopeful conversion of between three hundred and fifty and four hundred students. In one of the colleges the revival commenced on the very day of the concert. In 1832, some few institutions were blessed with the effusions of the Spirit; and also in 1833. A larger number were blessed with revivals in 1834, and no less than eighteen in 1835; and between one and two hundred students were brought hopefully into the kingdom of Christ. It has been estimated that fifteen hundred students were made the hopeful subjects of grace in thirty-six different colleges, from 1820 to 1835 inclusive." Prof. Tyler adds, that "these revivals have nearly all occurred during the winter term in which the concert is observed, and for the most part shortly after its observance."

The same blessed results, in greater or less measure, have attended the concert of prayer from year to year up to the present time, and hundreds of young men who have been converted in college, in answer to such prayers, have entered the Christian ministry, and thousands of souls have been brought to Christ through their preaching, both in our own and in heathen lands.

The churches of our denomination have not yet in any considerable numbers, joined this mighty, praying host. Here and there a church has united its voice to the great cry that has gone up to God in behalf of the young men in our colleges and seminaries, and has itself been blessed in thus blessing others. But the observance of the day has not become general among us. Have we not reason to believe that we have suffered great loss as a Christian people during the existence of our own institutions of learning, by our neglect to use the mighty influence of concerted prayer for the outpouring of the Spirit upon those institutions—upon the teachers and the students gathered in them? To these institutions we must look, for the most part, for the men who, in the years to come, are to fill our pulpits, conduct our schools, carry on our missionary enterprises and take the lead in all our work as a denomination for the Master. And do we not owe it to them—do we not owe it to the men who founded them, in sacrifices and prayers, for Christ and his church, to the teachers in them who labor as the servants of Christ, to the students in them upon whom will soon rest the responsibility of leading our beloved Zion in the ranks of the Lord's host,—most of all, do we not owe it to God, who has so often visited our schools with precious revivals of religion, converting hundreds of our youth to himself, and who invites, nay, commands, united prayer for his favor, and promises to answer such prayer, and does answer it,—do we not owe it to him, to humble ourselves as a people before him at least one day in the year, to implore, yea, importune with him to pour out his Spirit upon these fountains of influence, until they shall become no less distinguished as nurseries of piety, than as schools of learning? Many of our churches are destitute of pastors, and a multitude of "inviting fields of influence, open to us as a denomination, are lying waste for lack of men to occupy and cultivate them. Shall we not all do well, as the day of prayer for colleges draws nigh, a day that God has so signally and so graciously remembered in the past, to listen to the words of Jesus to the disciples at the well, when he said, 'Behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest?' And if we listen in submission to his will, and with faith in his promises, shall we not also gladly hear those other words of his to the seventy, when he said, 'The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into the harvest.' Brethren in the ministry, brethren and sisters in the churches, and especially in all our institutions of learning, let us, on the day appointed for the purpose—Thursday, the 25th inst.—meet together at the throne of grace, and unite 'with one accord' before the mercy-seat in imploring the descent of the Holy Spirit upon our schools, that the instructors may be patterns of piety and faith, that revivals may be multiplied in them until all the students shall know the Lord, and especially that many of our young men may be called of God into the ministry of Christ and qualified for the great work of winning souls.

Milton, N. H., Feb. 12, 1875.

S. S. Department.

Sabbath School Lesson.—Feb. 21.

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

CALEB'S INHERITANCE.

JOSHUA 14:6-15.

GOLDEN TEXT:—If any man serve me,
him will my Father honor. John 12:26.

Notes and Hints.

Omitted history relating to the course of the Gibeonites, the victory over the five kings when the sun and moon stood still, the conquest of other parts of Canaan, and the division of the land east of Jordan, connects the event in this lesson with that studied last Sabbath.

THE SERVICES OF CALEB.

6-9. "Then the children of Judah came unto Joshua in Gilgal; and Caleb, the son of Jephunneh, the Kenezite, said unto him." Caleb was of the tribe of Judah, and, as he was about to prefer a claim to land, took with him the chief men of his tribe for two reasons: that they might understand his grounds for demanding a special assignment, and that they might sustain him in his demands both before Israel and before Joshua, the judge of the case. "Thou knowest the thing that the Lord said unto Moses, the man of God, concerning me and thee in Kadesh-barnea." This was the opening of the case to Joshua, the judge. Caleb reminds him of what had been said to them both. He makes Joshua a witness as well as a judge. The account alluded to is first found in Num. 14:24-30; but is stated more clearly in Deut. 1:36-38. Kadesh-barnea was the place of encampment when the spies went forth on their expedition. That took place, as Caleb shows, forty-five years ago, from the time he was speaking. Caleb explains the motive that prompted his report. It differed from that of the other spies because it was in his heart to speak without distrust of God, or fear of man. He determined to present a minority report, setting forth his convictions that the people were conquerable, and that Israel, led of the Lord, would have no difficulty in wresting the country from them. He was a brave man, as his future showed. He was a true man, as this incident proves. "I wholly followed the Lord my God." He followed a good guide. It became him to wholly follow so wise a leader. Caleb wholly followed because he had a disposition and determination to trust in God. Henry says, "It adds much to the praise of following God if we adhere to him when others desert and decline from him." Caleb calls the ten spies that caused the heart of the people to melt his "brethren," but they were not brethren in spirit. We shall think more highly of Caleb's following if we remember the clamor that was raised against him.

THE PROMISE TO CALEB.

9. The promise was made by Moses, was sworn to by Moses, rather was made by the Lord for whom Moses spoke. In Numbers the promise, as interpreted by this statement, refers not only to seeing the land sworn unto the fathers, but also to inheriting that district of the land into which Caleb penetrated. "Him will I bring into the land whereto he went," the promise in Numbers reads. In Deuteronomy the language is, "He shall see it, and to him will I give the land that he hath trodden upon," making a double promise; one, the seeing or entering of Canaan; the other, the inheritance of the part he visited. The promise here declared to have been made is taken from Deuteronomy. The language of Caleb, by which he claims to have "wholly followed the Lord," is not self-righteous, but is the speech of a sincere, frank nature. Caleb knew that he sought to follow the Lord, and certifies to it. He had the testimony of God, in this promise, to his fidelity. He was "faithful in a few things."

THE AGE OF CALEB.

10, 11. "And now behold the Lord hath kept me alive, as he said, these forty and five years." The children of Israel had now been in Canaan seven years, and were masters, though not entire possessors of the country. In this period they had virtually completed the conquest. The promise to Caleb was made at the beginning of the thirty-eight years of wandering in the wilderness. During that period an entire generation wasted and died. Caleb was preserved by the blessing of God. The care of him was special. It was not due to obedience to the laws of health alone that he was that day alive, a man of eighty-five years. We do well to thank God for continued life. Caleb was not conscious of any supernatural power about his step more than we have felt. Every one alive to-day may say, "The Lord hath kept me alive." Caleb adds that his age had not impaired his strength. "As yet I am as strong as this day as I was in the day that Moses sent me; as my strength was then, even so is my strength now for war, both to go out and to come in." He was, with the exception of Joshua, the oldest man by twenty years in all Israel; for all that were over twenty when he was forty died in the desert. The reason for mentioning his strength seems to have been twofold, to glorify the keeping of God, and to show that he was able to subdue and to hold the territory he asked to have given to him. The decision of Joshua need not, for fear lest the territory remain unconquered, be adverse. It is interesting to notice how health is, in the Bible, made a fruit of piety. God is called, "thy life, and the length of thy days;" children are exhorted to filial obedience that their "days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee;" Da-

vid sings of the upright that he shall be "like a tree planted by the rivers of water;" or of those planted in the house of the Lord, that "they shall still bring forth fruit in old age;" and he declares that "the Lord is the strength of my life." The connection of health and piety is close, as we see illustrated in the age and strength of Caleb.

THE REQUEST OF CALEB.

12. "Now therefore give me this mountain whereof the Lord spake in that day." Not any particular mountain, but the mountainous region of Hebron, where the sons of Anak dwelt. A mountainous region produces tall and stalwart men. The giants of Hebron owed their growth to the climate and region where they lived. Their cities "great and fenced" were not yet in the possession of the Israelites. To capture the strongholds of the giants would require bravery, strength and the divine favor. Caleb, who forty-five years ago believed that the Israelites were "well able to go up and possess" the country, is not now afraid of the sons of Anak. "If so be the Lord will be with me, then I shall be able to drive them out, as the Lord said." Caleb trusts that Jehovah will be with him in accepting this territory on the condition of dislodging the Canaanites. Then, by the arms of Judah, not merely by his single arm, Caleb would drive them out. The Lord had said that the land should be given to Caleb, and therefore he had faith to say, if Hebron was assigned to him, he would, by the help of the Lord, become master of it. His confidence then was not in his native strength and bravery only, but in the Lord who has promised. It is interesting to see Caleb claiming the promises of God. His faith in the word of God notice and imitate. Explicit statements of a heavenly inheritance to all who believe, God has made, and his word should be enough to give us courage and inspire hope. He has promised to the young a life-long protection, blessings, usefulness, gladness, victory over the giants of sin, the conquest of heaven, and they ought to catch from this lesson the spirit of this loyal, brave, believing man.

JOSHUA BLESSES CALEB.

13. "And Joshua blessed him." They were old friends, with hearts cemented by past and present associations. The meaning of "blessed" here is, invoked the blessing of God upon him, and applauded the noble spirit that Caleb showed. He then granted the request of Caleb, and gave him Hebron. By Hebron is meant the capital of the district which Caleb sought. The surrounding mountainous country belonged to Hebron, and it was there other towns. Chapter 15:13 Hebron is south of Jerusalem twenty miles, and is one of the oldest cities mentioned in the Scriptures. The ancient name of Hebron was Kirjath-arba, that is, the city of Arba, the name of a chieftain distinguished for prowess and authority among the Anakims. "And the land had rest from war," that is from general war; or from wars while the division of the land was made. The land was conquered as a whole, but not in every part. The inhabitants of the country were not entirely subdued for centuries. Joshua belonged to the invading party, and when he ceased to attack for awhile, was ceased. The lesson has many inspiring truths for practical life, to some of which attention has been called; viz.: the benefits of following the Lord wholly; the care of God over those who are true to him; the influence of piety to secure strength and age; the courage and hope those who trust in the Lord may have; the greater promises of a better inheritance than Hebron to all who follow our Lord Jesus.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL'S WORK. Dr. Vincent, in an address on "Old and New Fashions in Sunday School Work," emphasizes the fact that conversion is the great work of the Sunday school.

Let us come back to the school that God established—the Jewish Tabernacle. The first thing I want you to notice about that Tabernacle is this: the first lesson that a Jew studied when he came into the Jewish Tabernacle, the first lesson that God gave in his school—do you remember what it was? Ah, what a contrast between the old fashion and the new! The old fashion was this: the first thing a Jew saw when he came to God's school in the wilderness was the altar of burnt offering, with the blood on it at the very entrance. The first thing we ought to teach a scholar in the Sunday school is Christ crucified to save from sin. Alas! some of our new fashioned Sunday schools put the altar of burnt offering at the other end, and say the great object of a Sunday school is instruction; and if we can hold on to our young people five, or ten, or twenty years, may be they will be converted. Now my idea is that the first and indispensable thing for the best Sunday school work is conversion. It is the first thing to be sought. Dr. Dur-yea, in Brooklyn, said on one occasion, "I have a teacher in my Sunday school, who by fervent prayer, and faithful teaching, and holy living, always brings her scholars to Christ."

YES—BUT HOW? Means are as carefully to be considered as ends:

"Would you urge an unconverted scholar every Sunday to come to Jesus?" asked a teacher of a well-known and successful Sunday school worker. "Yes," was the answer; "but not by saying over, Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus, Sunday after Sunday. I would try each Sunday to win him to Jesus by whatever I said or did." There is an important truth in that answer. Christ is all in all to the true disciple. He is preached by such in more ways than one. A teacher who only tells of Jesus in the class, and fails to illustrate the spirit of Jesus in personal intercourse with his scholars, rather turns those scholars from the Saviour than wins them to him. He who would preach Christ must live Christ.—Independent.

"Moses was no orator, yet he made a grand superintendent for the Israelites," says the *Christian at Work*. How he did it Sunday school superintendents might do well to consider.

Communications.

A Sun Bath.

BY ADDIE L. WYMAN.

When Dea. Aaron had taken a cold, and was consequently afflicted with rheumatic aches and pains, he took a sun bath, and it always did him good.

He might, if he had chosen, have wrapped himself in a dark corner by the fire, to nurse his misery, scolding at the draughts every time the door opened, and scolding at little Tut when her block house suddenly collapsed with a noise corresponding to the immensity of the disaster. But the deacon chose to be as sensible as he knew how to be, and when those grumbling, disagreeable, rheumatic little visitants came to tell him that he had taken cold he only said, "Umph! Must ha' been waiting so long at the corner for Smith. No idee that a church-member wouldn't keep 'n' pointment;" or, "Guess it must ha' been riding over to Gougerville in the wind, to lead that meeting; time when I found Mehitable Larkins gathered together for an audience, and no fire;" and then he opened the shutters and drew up the curtains and took a position where the warmest, brightest thing in the universe could act upon him.

When anybody asked him if he knew what would help rheumatism, he didn't recommend hot water and ashes, or hops, or liniment, but simply said, "Get full of sunshine, sir; get full of sunshine."

Now it is usually the case that what is literally good for the body is figuratively good for the soul. The soul as much as the body needs its food and raiment and exercise and rest. It is just as sensitive to comfort and to pain, to light and darkness, to heat and cold.

When a soul is not warmly enough clothed, exposure to winds of doctrine is liable to give it a wry severe cold.

Some people who obtain pretty good raiment for their souls at the time of their birth seem to consider that with that their whole duty is done. The buttons that are constantly getting off their shirts are as constantly replaced, the holes in their coat pockets are sewed up, and gloves and stockings are constantly renewed; but the buttons fall off from the soul's garments unnoticed, the good things of the kingdom get slipping through the ragged pockets, its feet are too numb with cold to climb the mountains of our God, and its hands are folded tight across its breast, too cold to reach out in sympathy or help for others.

No soul has a constitution strong enough to bear long such neglect. Rheumatic twinges soon result, aches and pains and discomforts innumerable. There is an unsightly swelling here, an uncomfortable contraction there, and its most natural thing to do is just to sit down in a dark corner close up to the fire of hatred and cynicism, and groan in melancholy selfishness, and talk about a sinful world for man's delusion given, and wish not so much to go to a better one as to get out of this.

Now for a soul in this condition I am very sure that the Good Physician would prescribe just a sun bath. Not ashes of the past diluted with hot water of the present, not hops of resignation, nor liniment of consolation, but sunshine warm and bright from the glorious Sun which rises over all God's spiritual world with healing in its wings.

The town of Hammett is so far away from the course of the sun that for about two months of the year it dwells in the blackness of night. No morning glow, no midday brightness, no evening halo,—only the heaviness of one great shadow. Yet two thousand and fifty-seven souls make this place their home.

"Why, what makes anybody live there?" asked Cherie, with her big blue eyes looking like two great exclamation points, when I told her. "Isn't there enough world where the sun shines to hold all the people?"

Bless your dear little heart, Cherie, of course there is; and that is just the question that I want to ask of the thousands who get as near the north pole of the spiritual world. Why stay in the shadow when there is enough world where the sun shines?

And, my dear Hammettians, don't shrug your shoulders and wrap your cloaks about you and growl back at me, from the depths of icy darkness, that everybody has a right to live where he pleases, but just gather your mercies into your memory, and pull on the seven-league boots of giant Gratitude, and stride into the warmth and light to thank God, with me, that every body has a right to live where He has pleased to put His sunshine.

Dying testimony of Unbelievers.

BY EMIL HUBBARD BARRETT.

A few weeks ago there appeared in the *Star* an article, containing the dying testimonies of believers. The design of that article was to show the happy influences of the Christian religion upon the minds of its votaries while contemplating the solemn realities of death and eternity, and to encourage all believers to continue steadfast in the faith of the gospel. But the object of this communication is different, and the subject, too, is entirely a different one, as it relates to a different class of persons,—infidels, scoffers, and neglecters of the great salvation.

In giving these extracts which are derived from authentic sources, we proceed as follows:

1. FRANCIS NEWPORT. In his last illness, while looking at the fire, he exclaimed: "Oh! that I was to live and broil upon that fire for a hundred thousand years, to purchase the favor of God, and be reconciled to him again! But it is a fruitless,

vain wish. Millions of millions of years will bring me no nearer to the end of my tortures than one poor hour. O eternity! eternity! who can properly paraphrase upon the words,—forever and ever!"

2. VOLTAIRE. "Retire! It is you that have brought me to my present state! Be gone! I could have done without you all; but you could not exist without me! And what a wretched glory have you procured me!—I am abandoned by God and man!"

3. HOBBS. "If I had the whole world to dispose of, I would give it to live one day."

4. ROUSSEAU. "How happy a thing it is to die, when one has no reason for remorse, or self-reproach."

5. THOMAS PAINE. "Oh! God, help me!—Jesus Christ, help me!—Oh! Lord help me," &c.; repeating, without the least variation, the same expressions in a tone that would alarm the house.

6. ANTITHEUS. When told by his physician that he was in eminent danger, he exclaimed: "How so! how so! Do you think me dying?" Being informed that the symptoms indicated death, he said: "Impossible! you must not let me die; oh! doctor, save me if you can. My mind is full of horror, and I am incapable of preparing it for death."

7. ALTAUNT. "Oh! time, time, it is it thou shouldst thus strike thy murderer to the heart? How art thou fled forever! A month! Oh, for a single week! I ask not for years; though an age were too little for the much I have to do."

Remorse for the past throws my thoughts on the future; worse dread of the future strikes them back on the past. I turn, and turn, and find no ray. Didst thou feel half the mountain that is on me, thou wouldst struggle with the martyr for his stake, and bless heaven for the flames; that is not an everlasting flame; that is not an unquenchable fire. My principles have poisoned my friend; my extravagance has beggared my boy; my unkindness has murdered my wife! And is there another hell? Oh! thou blasphemous, yet most indulgent Lord God, hell itself is a refuge, if it hide me from thy frown."

To this list might be added many other prominent names of unbelievers and rejecters of the gospel, as Julian, the apostate; Maximin, emperor of the East; Galerius, the adopted son of Diocletian; Antiochus IV., an unrelenting enemy of the church of God; Philip II., of Spain; Louis XV., of France; Alexander Campbell, a Dominican friar; Edward Gibbon, author of the history of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire;" Diderot, an avowed atheist; D'Alembert, the head of the Encyclopedists; David Hume, the English Historian; Lord Byron and Robert Burns, poets; Mirabeau, the brilliant orator.

The foregoing examples, without the addition of any more, are abundantly sufficient to demonstrate the fact, that nothing but pure and undefiled religion can stand the last test. It is that alone which can make death desirable, and enable the dying sufferer to exclaim with transports of joy, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" A life spent in the service of God only can ensure a happy and triumphant death, and fit the soul for a happy reception in the kingdom of immortal glory. Then how can you be skeptical? How can you assert that man is not an accountable being, that the soul is not immortal, and that death is an eternal sleep? Newton, and Voltaire, and Hobbes, and Rousseau, and Paine, and many others, embraced these erroneous opinions.—They gloried in their vain philosophy while in health and prosperity; but when adversity, and sickness, and death came, the scene was changed. They died in terror, in agony in despair! Do you wish to die their death? Do you wish to have hearts keenly stung with anguish and remorse? If not, be entreated, before it is too late, to seek a refuge in Jesus Christ.

There is another class of persons who do not doubt the divine authenticity of the Bible. They believe in revealed religion. They expect some day to be the happy possessors of this religion; yet something induces them to procrastinate. The allurements of the world dazzle their eyes; they are led on from vanity to vanity till death insidiously steals upon them. Then they are unprepared for the summons. In the midst of confusion and alarm, they, like Voltaire, cry out that they are "abandoned by God and man." Their doleful lamentations too plainly indicate that to them all is dark and dreadful beyond the vale of death.

The righteous not only die happy, but they enter heaven, and are present with the Lord. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." To die is gain to believers; for they "rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." Life, with all its cares, no more distracts their minds. They no longer feel the weight and burden of advancing years. They are to bloom in eternal youth; to praise God and the Lamb forever. How joyful! How soul-thrilling is the thought in this world that there is a life beyond, pure and spotless as the throne of heaven!

Rutland, O.

Despair and Prayer.

BY REV. GEO. H. CHAPPELL.

O God, in mercy list my plaint, I pray,
My feet within a darkness path now tread;
Not e'en a smiling starbeam glides my way,
Faith's light is fled.

Despair broods o'er my soul with darkling wing;
My head droops low, in weariness of life,
No note of Hope's sweet song my pale lips sing,
Chilled in the strife.

Mine eyes with wasting tears fall moist to ope;
In my seared heart Life's faint is almost dry;
Fainting and worn, all battle stained I grope,
And wish to die.

Not near, nor far, is there one kindly hand,
Ready to aid me in my sore distress.
Alone, unaided, for, and unhelped, I stand,
All pitiless.

Prone on the ground and broken is my life;
No answering chord vibrates within mine ear;
Each string, o'erstrained by hapless hand, lies
Mute.

Not nought to cheer.

O God, in mercy bend thine ear, I pray!
Let one sweet starbeam thwart the path I tread;
Let faith again, with a pellucid ray,
Light on my head.

Reach forth thine hand and mend my broken
lyre,
And let its soothing chords strike on my ear;
Fill my dark soul with beams of heavenly fire.
Kind Father, hear.

Warm these chilled lips with living coals that
burn
Upon thine altar of forgiving love;
To sing again sweet songs of thee, I yearn,
Father above.

Thank Heaven! Despair has waved her leaden
wings;
A glimmering light beams on my darkness way;
A little song of hope, again I sing,
The while I pray.

The Divine Christ.

In a sermon of remarkable power and excellence lately preached by Rev. Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn, occurs this passage on the divine united with the human nature of Christ. The conclusions which he reaches on this proposition can not fail to quicken and cheer the spirit of every seeker after truth:

He was a man, that man of Galilee; our brother man. If he were not a man like you and me, with blood as red and quick as ours; eating, sleeping, thinking, dreaming even, as we do; if he were not a man like us, with human sympathies, human forces, and in a sense with human limitations—then the gospels are deceptive; and then perfect sympathy is not possible between him and us. I do not want an angel to teach me. Let him tarry till I come to him. To me, enwrapped in this vesture of decay; to me, solicited by temptation and peril; to me, aware of coming death—the angelic form, swift and powerful, the angelic spirit, passionless and celestial, is so transcendent that it awes without alluring. If he hide himself beneath a clothing of clay like this of mine, which yet is not his as this is mine, then it is continuing hypocrisy and falsehood. I do not want the shining hand; I want the hand of flesh and blood, which I can grasp in perfect sympathy.

I do not want the intelligence that saw the beginnings of creation, but knows not human want and weakness. I want the human intelligence, like mine, sympathetic while sovereign, to tell me of the way of life, or open to me the mysteries of truth, and show to me the realms above. And that, thank God! is given me in Jesus. If the were not a man like us, though without sin, then the whole history is a myth; then Jerusalem itself may have been but a fancy of the historic imagination; then I have no solid certainty concerning anything that has been in the world.

But was he merely a man? I see him announcing the absolute truth, concerning God, and man, and the hereafter. I see him addressing that truth with absolute propriety and a divine fitness to the inmost moral nature of man; not as it was merely in the disciples whom he addressed; as it has been since in hero and martyr, in sage and saint, as it is to-day in the lowliest and the lordliest of human souls. I see him discerning initial tendencies of things, foreseeing the secret and future processes of life and history, looking on to the end from the beginning, and I hear him say, "Temple shall vanish, and city disappear; the heavens and the earth shall pass away, but these, my words, now strewn upon the air, now sinking in the winds, shall never pass;" and I am compelled to recognize in him a nature higher than the human; a soul in which the divine was revealed, as well as the human. It was not merely the peasant of Galilee, but it was God speaking through him, who uttered those words for the world to hear!

You tell me that this unique permanence of his words in their authority over men's minds can be accounted for by a superior genius? Nonsense! You might as well tell me that the resplendent arch of the heavens blazing with light through all the blue, is upheld somewhere on props of timber! You might as well tell me that the solidity of the earth is due to the fact that men in the past built walls of brick-work under its surging seas, under its craggy peaks. It is not human genius, of whatever sort, the most exalted, that have its hand upon the human intellect to the end of time, and governs it; that lays its hands upon the advancing moral sense to the end of time, and inspires and trains it. It is the God who made the mind who speaks these words, which enlighten us always. It is the God whose wisdom formed our moral nature, who gave this gospel, whose fitness to us is undecaying! Do not ask, like Thomas, to see the wounds in the hands, and to put my hand into the side, when I say with him, "My Lord, and my God."

Here is the supreme mind of Christendom! Here is a mind descending from the heavens to the earth, and itself taking part in human nature, that with divine truths in human words it may forever illuminate the world! I exult and triumph in the thought that he who spake these words of truth,—even without a miracle to certify me of his power, without any prophecy going before,—he who spake these words verifies himself to me as divine, in them, and their fulfillment. As the only begotten Son of God he stands before me; as he at whose advent the heavens broke into sudden song, and at whose death the same heavens were curtained with a mysterious gloom, while the earth trembled and rocked beneath "God, manifest in the flesh," is revealed to me with sovereign force in these challenging words of Jesus: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall never pass."

My brethren, if this be so, as certainly it is, we need never fear the assault of skep-

ticism upon the perennial gospel of Christ. Such assaults have been repeated from the beginning, and men have been fearful of them always; have felt sometimes as if the gospel were to be surely overthrow, driven finally from the faith of mankind, by the force, by the spirit, the assiduous ingenuity, the desperate vehemence of these assaults. It never has been. It never will be. The constant repetition of these attacks has been like shooting arrows into Lebanon to overthrow it; will be so to the end of time. The Saviour says himself that his words shall stand forever, and so far history has verified the assertion. Upon that we may rest.

Yea, more than that. Modern skeptical science is eagerly trying to derive from the earth and the heavens its final argument against the gospel. It interprets these as having been formed, not according to the plan and will of a beneficent Creator, but by the fortuitous concurrence of atoms whirling together, existing under the necessity of things, and arranging themselves at last in adjustments made inevitable by innate harmonies. The molecule is the monarch. The atheistic atom is the lawgiver of creation. And, as if anticipating this very development of skepticism at last, he who spake in Galilee and in Perea, sends his challenge forward to our time, and says, "The heavens and the earth—from which you derive your argument against me—they not only can not contradict me; they shall not even last as long as my word does! They shall perish, but it shall survive, and shall see their wreck, while remaining itself still sovereign and serene, in its essential and continuing glory."

Here, then, let us rest. It was not folly, it was wisdom, in the great orator and statesman of the past generation, to say in his closing hours—did he not say it, indeed, in his will?—that while astronomical argument, especially that derived from the vastness of the universe, had sometimes embarrassed and clouded his mind concerning Revelation, the Sermon on the Mount was the full demonstration that the gospel is divine. It came, it could have come, only from the mind of God.

The church has its permanence through these perennial words of Christ; in the life it derives from them, the distribution it gives to them. Here is the true succession of the ministry; not in one man, touched by another, who has been touched by a third, proceeding backward through all the lurid lines of pontiffs and prelates. The succession is in clear and forceful ministry of the word which lives forever! He who proclaims it, is in succession with all who have anywhere uttered it in the past; who, filled themselves with its divine force, have sought to impress that force on others. Whatever interposes between this word and the soul of man, is of infinite damage; whatever would put itself in place of it, becomes a blasphemy; whatever would spread this over the earth, is working everywhere for the glory and peace of man, and for the glory and joy of God.

My friends, simply stand upon this word of Jesus: "Heaven and earth shall pass away;" remember how they have thus far been fulfilled; remember what, by that fulfillment, is shown of their truth; what of their perfect essential fitness to that moral nature which is sovereign in man; what of the Divine nature, united with the human, in him who spake them; and then there standing, as on a sun-bright summit, looking forward you will see without dimness or doubt, the final universal dominion of these words on the earth, the final reign over human minds of him who spake them!

Looking onward, the world will grow brighter as you look. Looking upward, there will come to you unspeakable expectations! If you and I are wise enough now to receive these words, perennial in authority, to make them our law, and light and life—when we have passed beyond the grave and gate of death, when we have entered the immortality, it shall be ours to hear again His voice who spake this truth, sweet as the voice of Heavenly harps, but mighty as the voice of many waters, uttering these yet nobler words, whose power and authority shall also outlast the heavens and the earth, and be as enduring as God's eternity!

God bring us unto that, in his great grace; and unto him be all the praise!

Belief that is Unbelief.

A preacher of the gospel, on being introduced to a skeptic, with the explanation that the man was a skeptic, in the midst of an extended circle of friends, said to him:

"I suppose, then, you do not believe anything."

"O yes," replied the skeptic. "I do believe many things."

"Will you, then," said the preacher, "be so good as to tell us what you do believe?"

The skeptic replied, "I do not believe that old story of the Bible about Cain obtaining a wife in the land of Nod, where there was nobody living."

"Never mind what you do not believe," said the preacher; "no doubt there is much of that, but tell us what you do believe."

The skeptic rallied and said, "Well, I will tell you; I do not believe the account given by Moses, that God commanded the Midianites to be destroyed."

"I am not inquiring what you do not believe, but what you do believe."

Recovering himself a little, and clearing up his voice, he made a desperate effort, saying, "I do not believe that old fable of the Bible, that God commanded the Canaanites to be destroyed."

His belief was disbelief. It commenced all the time with, "I do not believe."

True gold fears not the fire.

The Morning Star

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 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, Dover, N.H.

Unconscious Backsliding.

The Scriptures abound in warnings against what is forcibly called backsliding. Experience and observation enforce this warning and supply reasons for it. A soul is not sure to hold the better position it has gained. The higher life awakened within may wane again. The fervid heat may lose its warmth and suffer a serious moral chill. Such things are possible, considered as a theory. One does not acquire momentum enough in the Christian life to keep him moving on without further care or thought. It is needful to struggle on, or the progress will be stayed. A Christian life ever means moving against the current. Only while contending are the soul's foes mastered. Something and perhaps more of the same energy and effort that were found needful to master the soul's foes, is called for to keep them under the feet.

In fact, these losses are seen to be real. They are by no means uncommon. While more or less Christians advance and rise steadily, others fall back and sink to lower levels. The glow of the earlier spiritual life is now and then wanting to the later. Faith weakens. Doubts intrude. Prayer is less a joyful and helpful talk with Heaven. The exercises of religion awaken less interest. God seems to have removed farther away. Worldly maxims and aims come in to take the place of Christian principles and ends. The heart itself is evidently suffering lack and loss; the life fails to bear the fruit that used to abound.

These losses will almost surely appear if they be not guarded against. Simple neglect suffices to induce them. And they are often suffered while the loser fails to take note of what is passing within. As the boat will surely sweep down the stream while the rower pauses on his oars with closed eyes, so there is sure to be a backward movement when the soul ceases to struggle. And the worst and most dangerous thing about this backsliding is the fact that there is no proper consciousness of it. It is one of the chief of sin's deceptions, that it makes us unaware of danger and evil when it is doing its work. It is said that the vampire bat which sucks away the sleeper's blood, soothes him to a still more delicious slumber by the progress. So the life of godliness is often stolen away while it seems to be abundant and increasing. There is a good deal of simple going on in the way of routine. The Bible is read as usual, or the omissions seem necessary. The prayers are still offered at the customary hours. The steps turn to the sanctuary on the Sabbath, for habit has made that the natural thing. The S. S. lesson is regularly gone over. The usual subscription is made to aid in paying the pastor's salary. Good causes get the regular contribution. The daily work is such that religion suffers no open reproach on account of it. One is set down as an average Christian, and the inward estimate conforms to the outside verdict. The soul settles into a sort of easy contentment. It assumes that all is fairly well. It confesses to unfaithfulness, to be sure, in general terms, but it means no very definite thing by its litany. The words of the psalmist may come out of the lips,—"God be merciful to me a sinner," but the real language of the heart may be, at the same instant,—"God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are." That is the usual way in which backsliding goes on, especially in its earlier stages. It may go on thus for years; the ground lost may be very large; the level reached may be sadly low; and yet all the while there may be almost no consciousness that anything vital is gone or in danger.

What an awakening sometimes comes to such backsliding souls. It may come gradually or suddenly; but when it does really come, it is at times an experience that startles and bewilders. There is a coming to one's self like that of the prodigal among the swine, who begins to inspect his wretchedness and rags in the light of the memories of the old home in his father's house. And how far away from God does the aroused backslider find himself,—so far indeed, at times, that it seems almost impossible to find the way back. How poor and barren the life now seems! How low earnestness there has been in it! And how much of routine and worldly indulgence that never seemed such till now. The cry for help and forgiveness and peace is often more eager and passionate and full of yearning and intensity than was the case when God was first sought years before. There seems a reason for it, too. And the self-accusation may be even fiercer now than then, and the road to peace and rest longer and harder to the feet. This is a sad experience, but it is less so than the stupor or the self-complacency that still hold on perhaps to the end, and go over to be broken by the revealing light of another life.

We trust few of our readers are thus sliding backward in unconsciousness of their state and peril. And yet it may be that the number is not small. It is surely proper that they study their condition, that they watch over the heart, that they keep themselves secure through a daily uplook for light, and an active devotion to Christian labor that implies heroism and keeps the spiritual life-blood always astir. Backsliding is not necessary. The soul may ever go up and on instead of falling back.

ward and slipping to lower levels. This is the privilege which God accords it. The early glow of the heart may indeed lessen in the course of years, yet life may have been growing deeper and stronger all the while. But, in order to this there must be constant watching and working; the service of each to-day must be larger than that of any yesterday; and God must be ever sought unto for the keeping without which all our own thought and care are almost sure to fail and leave us to be cheated.

The Success of Faith.

One can hardly read the Iliad of Homer without noting the wide margin of triumph or defeat completely dominated by an ardent faith in the happy issue of the battle, or by a corresponding distrust. It is as though the poet held in his hand two constant forces steadily opposed to each other; there is no re-inforcement upon either side, but the tide of victory ebbs and flows in proportion as each hostile force believes itself opposed or sustained by heaven, by which it has been already destined to coming glory or dishonor.

May it not be that more of truth is shadowed forth in this than is involved in a mere coincidence,—the meeting of images in a dreamer's brain,—that it is a fact of human experience, standing out in startling clearness amid a thousand other forms more or less cloudlike, that faith is the measure of a man's success?

It would not be difficult to give reasons why this should be, or even to show that, if it were not so, it would be contrary to nature; but history is so replete with examples, from Paul to Napoleon,—and later still, from Grant on the one hand, to Moody and Sankey on the other, that any presentation of such reasons is unnecessary at best. The orator, in the moment of his inspiration, doubts neither the justice nor the triumph of his cause; the successful minister not only "hopeth all things," but "believeth all things." Every Christian worker is successful nearly in proportion as he is able to realize to himself the nearness of the crown or to catch a glimpse of the Elysian fields through the open gates.

Some one has said of Mr. Spurgeon that he not only has a "faith too clear for a doubt, but never has the slightest doubt as to his own mode of presenting the truth." How many of us have been almost shocked at the apparent self-conceit of those who have seemed to be often the most successful as evangelists throughout the churches. We recall many who have paraded the merits of their own work in such a manner as to become positively offensive. Yet the labors of such men were blessed where more modest men could not succeed. That very fault of over-confidence, which spoils some men for the pastorate, becomes an element of success where faith is everything.

But faith is not necessarily assuming or egotistical even when it becomes a faith in one's self. When we add, "Through Christ that strengtheneth me," we must not forget the "I can do all things." Is it not true that as workers we lack even self-confidence; and that, as ministers of the gospel, we forget that a dispensation of the gospel is committed unto us? We have an authority; we have assurance; but we lay aside the advantage of both and descend to the level of those who dabble in law and politics. We can recall many a man, uneducated, crude, eccentric, scarcely able to define his creed, moved by an almost blind faith, yet who, with an unshaken belief in his vital power, accomplishes what we dare not aspire to with our balancing of probabilities pro and con. Really, a little self-conceit would do us no harm if it rendered us more free from the bias of others' opinions and from our own doubts.

Has not Christ given even this to us, to know the things whereof we speak by the witness of the Spirit? The key to Paul's successful ministry lay in the little word "know." "I know in whom I have believed," and "there is laid up for me a crown." That revelation of Christ changed Saul to Paul, and gave us the hero of a thousand struggles, and a faith well kept. Not even an angel from heaven might preach a gospel capable of overturning such a faith. No wonder he was able to make an Agrippa tremble. There was a certainty in his "judgment to come" which at that moment pressed heavier than the crown and dignity of a king.

The British Revival.

Our readers are not wholly ignorant of the wonderful work of grace now in progress in many parts of Great Britain. It is of especial interest to us from the fact that it has gone forward largely in connection with labors of two of our own countrymen, one of whom had a national fame before he went to the old world. Mr. D. L. Moody, who has been, under God, the leader of this movement, was found, some twenty years ago, a poor, ignorant lad in Boston, and was brought into the Sunday-school of Dr. Kirk's church. At the age of twenty he was converted, and soon went to Chicago. He was once cautioned, by an officer of the church, against taking part too freely in the meetings on account of his ignorance. But his heart was aglow with love for souls, and he soon began to gather boys from the streets into such places as he could obtain for the purpose, and give them instruction out of the Word of God. Wm. Reynolds, of Peoria, found him, at one time, in a deserted saloon, expounding the parable of the prodigal son to a negro boy. After the meeting, Mr. Moody said, "I have got only one talent; I have no education, but I love the Lord Jesus Christ, and I want to do something for him; I want you to pray for me."

The one talent has been wonderfully multiplied. This mission work in Chicago

grew so rapidly that at length he felt called of God to give up a prosperous business, and devote his time and strength to the Master's service. A large building was erected for his mission school, and an independent church of four hundred members was organized. The great fire destroyed this building, and Mr. Moody went abroad into other fields. About one year and a half ago he went to England, in response to an invitation of Cuthbert Bainbridge, Esq., with whom he had become acquainted in this country. He was accompanied by Mr. Ira D. Sankey, one of the "sweet singers of Israel," a gentleman of culture, and heartily in sympathy with his work. On their arrival at Newcastle, they found that this kind friend, on whose assistance they had relied so largely, had already passed from earth to heaven, and they were led to look to God alone. He raised up new friends for them. The way opened wonderfully. The work began at once. It has gone steadily forward with a power and momentum scarcely equalled since the day of Pentecost. The principal places visited thus far, have been Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Belfast, Dublin, Manchester, Birmingham and Sheffield. The entire month of February is to be devoted to Liverpool, after which they will go to London, where they will remain three or four months. Many other places have been visited for a day, when practicable.

In all these places, it has been necessary to occupy the largest halls, to accommodate the vast throngs of eager listeners. In Liverpool a building has been put up expressly for their use, to be removed in eight weeks, and costing over \$16,000. From three to six services have been held daily, and these men have been able to attend nearly all the meetings. Conversions have taken place by hundreds, until more than twenty thousand persons are believed to have been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth. Nothing like it has been known in the present century.

These plain American Christians have not been the only workers. They have gathered around them earnest Christians from all classes and denominations. In a remarkable manner the British clergy have rallied to their support, and the work has, in every locality, been so left in the hands of the ministry and people that it has continued to go on with little or no abatement after their departure.

The effect upon the churches and professed Christians has been quite as marked as upon the unconverted. There has been a wonderful uplifting of Christian experience, all through the British churches and their ministry. Many clergymen confess that they had been living, for years, almost destitute of enjoyment in their work, performing their service in a mechanical manner. Now they find great joy and peace in leading sinners to Christ, and have entered into all these forms of evangelistic labor with true British zeal and power. With singular unanimity the clergy of all sects unite in bearing testimony to the wisdom, skill and success of these laborers.

As we read the almost marvelous accounts of the power and progress of the work, we are constrained to cry out, "What hath God wrought?" Surely, "it is not by might nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord." We turn naturally to seek for an explanation. The apparent agents are plain, unpretending Christian men. Mr. Moody is a man of no great culture or unusual mental power. Two things, however, must be said of him, which probably solve whatever of mystery there may seem to be about his share in the work. He is "rich in faith toward God," and "mighty in the Scriptures." He believes supremely in God as his Heavenly Father and constant friend. He knows his Bible through and through. He is a man of one book. That he is master of. What it says of the great questions of the soul's welfare, he knows. This is his reliance. He is intensely in earnest in winning men to Christ by the power of divine truth.

The methods are worthy of notice. Bible reading and exposition are Mr. Moody's strong points. Taking a topic, as "Grace," "The Blood," "Believe," he will go through the Scriptures explaining the different phases and relations of the subject, citing proof-texts all the while, until it stands before his audience in letters of light, clear as the sun. His reading and address on "The Blood," is believed to have led to the conversion of more than ten thousand persons.

The inquiry meeting is freely used. In this, Mr. Moody, Mr. Sankey and other Christian workers go directly to those present and talk with them personally, giving the best counsel they can for each case. In this way particular difficulties are met and removed, and the seekers are helped forward directly. This has proved to be one of the best means of securing permanent good to those awakened.

Christian song has formed a notable feature in this work. This has been Mr. Sankey's especial department, though in it he has been only a leader. The people have sung heartily the sweet "songs of Zion," which he has introduced. The hymns and songs of our own writers, Fanny Crosby, Philip Phillips, P. P. Bliss, W. H. Doane and others, as well as the grand old lyrics of the church which have come down to us from Wesley and the fathers have given fitting expression to the feelings of the vast congregations gathered in these meetings.

The results already attained have been glorious. Probably twenty-five thousand persons have been converted already, and still the work goes on. The Christian church has experienced a wonderful quickening. New modes of labor have been brought into use with great and good results. Old prejudices have melted under the genial influence of the love of Christ and human souls. The different denominations have been brought into closer union than ever before.

nations have been drawn nearer together. The clergy have felt this influence and unite cordially in the good work. They preach with new power and new joy, and, of course, with greater success than ever before. Let us rejoice in the triumphs of the Master's cause. Let us pray earnestly for the continuance of these blessed influences, and imitate the zeal and enthusiasm of our British brethren; seek to exercise the same faith in God and his truth, hoping that we, too, may share in the gracious out-pouring of his Spirit.

Current Topics.

—NO GOD, NO OATH. A novel case is before the New York courts. One of the witnesses in a suit lately brought declared on the witness stand that he was an atheist, and the court thereupon refused to receive his testimony, alleging that if he did not believe in a God he could not take an oath. The "Liberal Club" of that city have now taken up the matter and propose to test in a higher court the rights of such witnesses to testify: Ought a man's atheistical beliefs to affect his credibility in matters that have entered into his own knowledge? Probably; but the aim of the "Liberal Club" is doubtless to do away with the oath in our courts of justice, and this, however often witnesses perjure themselves, could hardly be accomplished with safety to society. Gentlemen of high moral qualities, whether atheists or not, would tell the truth as fully without an oath as with it, but for the mass of witnesses there must be a sense of some underlying moral obligation, and if God is left out of the question, it would be difficult to say where this obligation could lay.

—A THEORY OF GOVERNMENT ABUSE. In a sermon last Sunday week Rev. E. E. Hale said that a large amount of the ridicule so constantly poured upon our government by the press came from Europeans that are employed as writers, and whose political education had never gone beyond European precedents. There is an idea worth considering. Along with the public benefits of our unbridled freedom of speech come a good many evils, and particularly to the government. It is so constantly ridiculed, and defects, real or fancied, are so frequently pointed out, that great prejudice is raised against it, and it may possibly sow seeds that, like the dragon's teeth Cadmus scattered, shall bear baleful fruit. If this abuse, a good deal of which is plainly out of place and uncalled for, really comes from prejudiced European writers, whose minds constantly revert to the troubled conditions of the Old World for their models, then a knowledge of the fact might help us in taking the scolding at nearer its real worth. Suppose we look into the matter and see how it is.

—HELP FROM A SIGNIFICANT SOURCE. It has been announced that King's Chapel, Boston, was about to throw its pulpit open to weekly services calculated to oppose the hurtful anti-Christian and atheistic teaching that is now so wide spread in the city. Coming from this source, and representing the utterances of a denomination (Unitarian) which has the name of training up a good many of the apostles of modern unbelief, the significance of the utterances will be of more than transient interest. Rev. Dr. Miller has already preached a sermon there, on "Law and Providence," whose teaching was mainly of the most wholesome and inspiring kind. Closing he said that "the death of Christ itself is a transcendent miracle in which we can read the friendly interest of God in our affairs, and, remembering that great sacrifice in our behalf, we may lay our heads on our pillows in perfect peace and say, not with the stoicism that does not care, but with transcending love, 'Thy will, not mine, be done.'"

—DO WE WORSHIP MAMMON? Rev. Dr. Lorimer has lately held strong language touching the money-worship of the present age. Speaking from the well known text about the service of God and mammon, he said:

With some exceptions the god that now sways society is mammon, against whom the Saviour warned the world. Not long after the treaty of Westphalia, mammon took possession of the European mind, and since that time has extended his empire over the so-called civilized world. To-day, as never before, he sits supreme in his temples, preaching the gospel of political economy. Not now for God, or glory, or beauty, but for gain are all things. For this men fight and plot; for this they make war and peace, legislate and institute banks. Everything appears to have its money equivalent. Faith, honor, justice, chastity and piety have their prices. Finance is the God of the present world, and power, fame, grace, and even the favor of God are sold at his bidding.

There are certainly examples enough to warrant the Doctor in saying as much as that. But there are also enough examples on which he may be contradicted. Churches and missions—home and foreign—schools and charities, and all enterprises of that character flourish now as never before, and it is money, given not for love of money but for love of Christ and humanity, that enables them to flourish. Let us have a sermon on the other side of the question.

—METHODISM CHANGING. A prominent Methodist clergyman claims that his denomination is in a transition state, and he notes three expressions of change. First, the Methodists have better church accommodations than they formerly had; second, they dress and live better; and third, they have more to do with other denominations than they used to have. This would seem at a glance to be changing for the better. But not so. The sin of extravagance is committed in the first case, of vanity in the second, and in the third, there is too great conformity to the modes of worship of other

bodies. We suppose the same changes might be noted in all the denominations that are making any advancement. If there are follies connected with them there are also great benefits. For these let us thank God, and let the transition go on.

—HIGHLY INFLAMMABLE STATESMEN. Two members of the North Carolina legislature, classed as "leading Republicans," have taken fire over the House passage of the Civil Rights bill, and gone off to the opposition in a blaze of indignation. It isn't much to the point that the action of the House did not make a law of the bill, nor that these two gentlemen stated their position in a set of resolutions that entirely falsified the spirit of the bill. But, what is of some consequence, their action shows the spirit that late political successes have encouraged in the South, and also how utterly inadequate to the pursuit of liberty, peace and happiness is the present status of the negro there. If we thus leave him in the flood of his present misfortunes, to buffet them alone, and perhaps to perish, we might as well all join these two North Carolina lucifers, and bring our inconsistency to a climax.

—THE Cumberland County (Maine) Medical Society has admitted Mrs. Sarah W. Devoll, a graduate of the New England Female Medical College, to full membership. Will the Supreme Court now deny her the privilege of membership as it lately did the right of ladies to solemnize marriage?

—THE Congressional Temperance Society, of which Hon. Henry Wilson is President, renew this year their earnest recommendation that intemperance and its remedies occupy the attention of Christian ministers and congregations on the 21st of February.

—FOR twenty consecutive years Mr. Spurgeon has published a sermon a week. He probably leads the list in that respect. His sermons are translated into and read in nearly all European tongues, and sold all over the world.

—How are we going to reconcile this unusually cold weather with the discovery that the earth is seven million miles nearer the sun than it was before the transit of Venus?

—ARCTICS AND TROPICS. If anything is provoking, it is to sit here in our office, with the windows clothed in frost, the mercury outside ten degrees below zero, the earth open to the depth of five feet, gardens buried in snow and every tree holding up bare and forsaken limbs, and thus to read letters from the midst of orange groves, spiced with the flavor of lemons, and actually odoriferous of flowers from the gardens where they were written. A friend in Los Angeles, the garden of California, offers green peas, strawberries and honey any day during the last or the present month, with a sight of green fields, and of fresh flowers amid which the birds are singing. It was cruelly intentional, to write us such a letter as that. He knew we would be in the doldrums for days after reading it.—But here is another one, worse if anything. It is from "sunny Florida," where the author is trying to build up and promote Free Baptist interests, and where he sat on the morning of the 4th of February, "looking out upon shimmering groves of the lemon and orange, laden with golden fruit, with bananas and strawberries ripe in the garden." And on that very morning we were rejoicing that the mercury had struggled up to three above zero. Bro. Woodworth, how could you?

—A RARE RECORD. Rev. Dr. Burns, of London, a prominent English Baptist clergyman, and whom many of our readers will remember to have met in this country, is about to issue an autobiographical sketch, which will present a record of forty-five years of service in the Christian ministry, embracing an account of public work in other spheres of benevolent labor and tours in various lands. We may safely say in advance that it will be a book well worth having, especially as it will be furnished for five shillings, English money.

—BEAUTY FOR NOTHING. We feel free to call attention again to the offer of Rev. J. Copeland, of Lima, N. Y., to furnish our readers with flower seeds practically for nothing. Last season he distributed about 50,000 packets to various homes, and has a much larger quantity to distribute this season. The seeds will go to waste if not called for. Fuller particulars appear on the last page.

—THE LATE REV. E. KNOWLTON. A biographical sketch of the late Rev. E. Knowlton, received too late for this issue of the Star, will appear next week.

—ARRIVAL OF MISSIONARIES. Misses Libby and French and Mr. Hogbin, who sailed for the Foreign Mission field in October, reached Midnapore the 18th of December, and are already learning to handle the implements of their new service. They report a rough passage during the latter part of the voyage, but out of it all bath the Lord delivered them.

—JAMES VICK, the successful florist and seedman of Rochester, N. Y., offers to add five hundred dollars to the aggregate of all sums that may be sent him to be used in purchasing seeds for the destitute western sufferers. When it is recalled that the grasshoppers nearly destroyed the crops in several of the western States, and that the farmers therefore have almost nothing from which to raise a harvest the coming year, both the timeliness of this offer and the need of augmenting it become forcibly apparent.

Denominational News and Notes.

An Appeal.

TO THE FREE BAPTISTS IN OHIO.

DEAR BRETHREN:—The "Ohio Free Communion Baptist Association" has now two ministers laboring in the field for the advancement of our State interests. One of them is engaged in evangelistic labor, holding protracted meetings in various places, to strengthen the feeble churches and to plant new ones. The other is engaged in kindred labors, and also to raise twenty thousand dollars, to be an endowment fund, the interest of which is to be used each year, to employ evangelists to labor in the States in accordance with the State organization at its annual meeting in September last. Money is now much needed to meet the liabilities of the Association in the prosecution of its labors. Will our ministers and churches see that collections and subscriptions are taken soon, and the money forwarded to the treasurer, Bro. Leavelle Fite, Marion, O. Can not the sum of 50 cents per member be raised for this purpose? If not, let all be raised that can be. Please do not read this appeal, and immediately forget it, but make arrangements at once to take collections.

Don't forget the Foreign Mission call, nor the fact that what we do for the State work does not interfere with the Home Mission cause, as a part of our contributions are appropriated to the furtherance of its interests.

S. D. BATES, Pres. State Asso.

Home Mission Chit-Chat.

Some time since a sister died in Connecticut, and in her last moments made donations to several benevolent objects. In October we visited the relatives, and church with which she was connected, and learned that the brothers of the deceased were the executors, one living in N. Y. and one in Ill. A week ago we visited the brother living in Evanston, Ill., and found him to be a gentleman, frank and honest in his conversation. Being present at his sister's death, and she not having time to make a will, he thoughtfully wrote her requests, which he read to us. Among other donations were the following to our denomination: To the church with which she was connected, \$1000.00; to the Indigent Students, \$1000.00; to the Home Mission, \$200.00; to the Foreign Mission, \$100.00. The bequests of his sister he said would be sacredly paid as soon as the property she left could be sold. How much cost and trouble would be saved if all executors of trusts committed to them were as honest as Mr. Richmond.

Our church in Chicago is prospering as well as could be expected. The prayer meeting that we attended was interesting, and gave evidence of a healthy condition of the church. The prospects were never more encouraging than at the time their pastor was compelled to leave his work. Bro. Malvern has a strong hold on the congregation, and his labors and influence are doing much to strengthen the church. The brethren are praying earnestly that the Lord would restore him to health. The pulpit is supplied by Bro. Huling, in addition to his labors in the office of the Morning Star. He is thus helping the cause in Chicago.

The office of the Star is in a central location, and being connected with a reputable book-store, makes it very convenient and creditable. We are glad to learn that the enterprise is more encouraging than it was anticipated, with the prospect of yet greater prosperity as it shall become better known. It will take time and labor to give the enterprise that influence and strength so much needed to aid in building up our cause in the West. The brethren are pleased with the undertaking and will give it their hearty support.

We are sorely grieved as we receive letters from our missionaries stating that they have not received their quarterly remittance from the H. M.; that they are suffering for the want of it, &c., &c. It is a season of the year that help is the most needed. The churches in the West are doing nobly to aid the destitute in the grasshopper section, and we ask the churches in N. Y. and in New England to send help to the suffering ones in the South. We tell you the truth that there is a pressing demand upon the H. M. for help at the present time. Will you, brethren, come to the rescue? The A. M. A. receipts were falling much below what was expected (the same is true of most missionary Societies), when the Association made an appeal for aid, and the response, we are pleased to know, has been very encouraging. From that appeal we give the following extract, every word of which is true and worthy of the consideration of every Freewill Baptist:

The workers are in the field; we can save nothing by recalling them now; they can not live in the South without the prompt payment of their small salaries; and we can not increase our debt. The "hard times" press heavier upon the South than upon the North; cutting down the public school fund; requiring many a young colored teacher to wait long for his pay, then take it in depreciated certificates; compelling pupils, apt and earnest, to leave school; and reducing to almost nothing the offerings of the people for the support of our ministers. The wolf is at the door, and the poor negro is left to utter wail or to theft.

The South never will be prosperous or harmonious till the negro is educated. The white people there have neither the means nor the will to do this adequately. The philanthropy, patriotism and piety of the North have a duty to do that delay may make too late, and inefficiency render useless. Prompt and steady effort alone will do it.

Will the churches and friends who mean to help this suffering people, give the H. M. sufficient means to carry on the work laid upon us? A. H. CHASE, Cor. Sec.

Poetry.

A Valentine.

BY MOLLY MYRTLE.

TO A FRIEND.

I write not unto you, to-day,
A retrospect of bygone years;
A memory for a valentine,
For you to read mid smiles and tears;
Of love we bore each other when
We conned our lessons side by side,
Or when upon one Valentine's
We took that long remembered ride.
Those days are vanished—let them rest;
But living out what doth remain,
To him who knoweth best, we'll trust
For what of love we may retain.
I write to ask you to accept,
For valentine, this message light—
There's one who thinks of you to-day,
And wishes happy dreams to-night.

To-day.

Let doubts grieve for childhood's days,
And only those look back
Whose wasted wealth or shattered health
Betrays a shameless track;
I can not join in mourning time
Forever passed away—
For, whilst I look on Nature's book,
I'm thankful for to-day.
Then tell me not that childhood's days
Are fraught with joy,
That manhood's fancy can not raise
The structures of the boy;
The childish mind is lost in dreams
Of pictures far away,
But man beholds majestic themes
In wonders of to-day.
O ye whose eyes upbraiding rise,
Pronouncing faith unjust—
Who walk the earth with cherished hopes
Low trailing in the dust,
Discard a false, unmanly thrill,
Nor own so weak a sway,
But hope in Him who gave you all,
And thank Him for to-day.

—Charles Winton.

The Family Circle.

Courtship after Marriage.

"Now this is what I call comfort," said Madge Harley, as she sat down by her neighbor's fire one evening; "here you are at your sewing, with the kettle steaming on the hob, and the tea-things on the table, expecting every minute to hear your husband's step, and see his kind face look in at the door. Ah! if my husband was like yours, Janet."

"He is like mine in many of his ways," said Janet, with a smile; "and if you allow me to speak plainly, he would be still more like him if you took more pains to make him comfortable."

"What do you mean?" cried Madge; "our house is as clean as yours; I mend my husband's clothes, and cook his dinner as carefully as any woman in the parish, and yet he never sits here by your cheerful fire, night after night, as happy as can be."

"As happy as can be on earth," said her friend, gravely; "yes, and I shall tell you the secret of it, Madge."

"I wish you would," said Madge, with a deep sigh; "it's misery to live as I do now."

"Well, then," said Janet, speaking slowly and distinctly, "let me tell you that I love him still, and that I learn every day to love him more. Love is the chain that binds him to his home. The world may call it folly, but the world is not my lawgiver."

"And do you really think," exclaimed Madge in surprise, "that husbands care for that sort of thing?"

"For love, do you mean?" asked Janet.

"Yes; they don't feel at all as we do, Janet, and it don't take many years of married life to make them think of a wife as a sort of maid-of-all-work."

"A libel, Madge," said Mrs. Matson, laughing; "I won't allow you to sit in William's chair and talk so."

"No, because your husband is different, and values his wife's love, while John cares for me only as his housekeeper."

"I don't think that," said Janet, "although I know that he said to my husband the other day that courting time was the happiest of a man's life. William reminded him that there is greater happiness than that, even on earth, if men but give their hearts to Christ. I know John did not alter his opinion, but he went away thinking of his courting time as a joy too great to be exceeded."

"Dear fellow," cried Madge, smiling through her tears, "I do believe he was very happy then. I remember I used to listen for his steps as I sat with my dear mother, by the fire, longing for the happiness of seeing him."

"Just so," said Janet; "do you ever feel like that now?"

"Madge hesitated. "Well, no, not exactly."

"And why not?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Madge; "married people give up that sort of thing."

"Love, do you mean?" asked Janet.

"No, but what people call being sentimental," said Mrs. Harley.

"Longing to see your husband is a proper sentiment," said Janet.

"But some people are ridiculously foolish before others," reasoned Madge.

"That proves that they want sense. I am not likely to approve of that as William would tell you; all I want is that wives should let their husbands know they are still loved."

"But men are so vain," said Madge,

"that it is dangerous to show them much attention."

Her friend looked up, "O Madge, what are you saying? Have you, then, married with the notion that it is not good for John to believe you love him?"

"No, but it is not wise to show that you care too much for them."

"Say I and him; do not talk of husbands in general, but of yours in particular."

"He thinks quite enough of himself already, I assure you."

"Dear Madge," said Janet, smiling, "would it do you any harm to receive a little more attention from your husband?"

"Of course not. I wish he'd try," and Mrs. Harley laughed at the idea.

"Then you don't think enough of yourself, already? And nothing would make you vain, I suppose?"

Madge colored, and all the more when she perceived that William Matson had come in quietly, and was now standing behind Janet's chair. This, of course, put an end to the conversation. Madge retired to her own home, to think of Janet's words and to confess secretly that they were wise.

Hours passed before John Harley returned home. He was a man of good abilities, and well-to-do in the world, and having married Madge because he truly loved her, he had expected to have a happy home. But partly because he was reserved and sensitive, and partly because Madge feared to make him vain, they had grown very cold toward each other, so cold that John began to think the ale-house a more comfortable place than his own fireside.

That night the rain fell in torrents, the winds howled, and it was not until the midnight hour had arrived that Harley left the public house and hastened toward his cottage. He was wet through when he at length crossed the threshold; he was, as he gruffly muttered, "used to that," but he was not "used" to the tone and look with which his wife drew near to welcome him, nor to find warm clothes by a crackling fire, and slippers on the hearth; nor to hear no reproach for late hours, and neglect, and dirty footmarks as he sat in his arm-chair. Some change had come to Madge, he was very sure. She wore a dress he had bought her years ago, with a neat linen collar around her neck, and had a cap, trimmed with white ribbons, on her head.

"You're smart, Madge," he exclaimed at last, when he had stared at her for some little time in silence. "Who has been here worth dressing for to-night?"

"No one until you came," said Madge, half laughing.

"I? Nonsense; you didn't dress for me!" cried John.

"You won't believe it, perhaps, but I did. I have been talking with Mrs. Matson this evening, and she has given me some very good advice. So now, John, what would you like for your supper?"

John, who was wont to steal to the shelf at night and content himself with anything he could find, thought Madge's offer too excellent to be refused, and very soon a large bowl of chocolate was steaming on the table. Then his wife sat down, for a wonder, by his side, and talked a little, and listened, and looked pleased, when at last, as if he could not help it, he said, "Dear old Madge!"

That was enough; her elbow somehow found its way then to the arm of his great chair, and she sat quietly looking at the fire. After awhile John spoke again:

"Madge, dear, do you remember the old days, when we used to sit side by side in your mother's kitchen?"

"Yes."

"I was a younger man then, Madge, and, as they told me, handsome; now I am growing older, plainer, duller. Then you—loved me; do you love me still?"

She looked up in his face, and her eyes answered him. It was like going back to the old days to feel his arm around her as her head lay on his shoulder, and to hear once again the kind words meant for her ear alone.

She never once asked if this would make him "vain"; she knew, as if by instinct, that it was making him a wiser, a more thoughtful, more earnest-hearted man.

And when, after a happy silence, he took down the big Bible, and read a chapter as he had been wont to read to her mother in former times, she bowed her head and prayed.

Yes, prayed—for pardon, through the blood of Jesus Christ—for strength to fulfill every duty in the future—for the all-powerful influence of the Spirit, for blessings on her husband evermore.

She prayed—and not in vain.—*British Workman.*

A Storm at Sea—the Rescue

"Mother, you will let me go?"

A terrible storm was sweeping along the wild coast of North Devonshire. The Dymouth life-boat is prepared to make its way to a foreign vessel which, at some short distance from the land, is showing signs of dire distress. The life-boat crew is complete, with the exception of one man. Young Will Carew, a Dymouth fisherman and an expert sailor, is offering to fill the vacant place. At first he bends down to the woman, who stands beside him on the dreary shore, and it is his clear, brave voice that we hear above the raging of the storm.

"Mother, you will let me go?"

The mother has been a widow only six short months. Her husband was a fisherman; he put out one bright day last spring, for the last time in a fishing-boat, upon a delusively calm sea. A sudden squall came on; broken fragments of the boat were seen next morning on the beach, but the fisherman returned no more to home and love. And now the son asks permis-

sion to brave the horrors of the sea, which his father found so pitiless.

A fierce, passionate refusal rises to the woman's lips. But her sad eyes move slowly toward the distressed vessel; she thinks of the many loved lives in jeopardy within it, thinks, with a sudden pang of agonized pity, of many distant, dear homes in peril of bereavement; she turns to the boy, and her voice is calm and courageous as his own:

"Go, my son. And may God Almighty go with you, and bring you safe back to your mother's heart."

Hurriedly she leaves the beach, hurriedly seeks her desolate home, and alone she wrestles with the pain of her old sorrow and her new fear.

Morning dawns again. The storm has spent itself. Sullenly the waves are tossing their haughty heads, but the sea's worst fury is over at last. A gallant vessel has gone down upon the waters, but the Dymouth life-boat has nobly fulfilled its noble task, and all hands on board the vessel have been saved.

Why does young Will Carew linger in hesitation outside his mother's door? Bravest of the brave he has shown himself throughout the night. Why does he shrink from the proud welcome that awaits him, from the heart nearest to his own?

Beside him stands a tall, worn man; a man whom he has rescued from a watery grave; a man whose eyes full of tenderness never leave his own. Around the two through Dymouth villagers; many hands are thrust toward the man in happy recognition.

"Who will dare to tell her?" So speaks a voice well-nigh choked with emotion.

"I will." And Will Carew makes his way through the awe-struck crowd.

Another moment and he is in his mother's arms. He feels and knows for the first time the whole depth of that wonderful maternal love which Love Omnipotent has chosen as its best earthly token.

"Mother, listen. I have a tale for your ears. May God teach me how to tell it right. One of the men saved last night was a Dymouth fisherman. The boy's voice is soft and grave, but it is evident that he steadies it only with a strong effort."

"A fearful storm had overtaken him upon the sea, one day not many months ago. He was observed and saved by a foreign vessel. The vessel was outward bound. Away from home, from wife and kindred, the man was forced to sail; and by wife and kindred he was mourned as dead. He arrived at the vessel's destined port, only to set sail again with the first ship bound for England."

Last night he found himself within sight of home; but a wild storm was raging on land and sea, and once more the man stood face to face with a terrible death. Help came in his need; help, God-sent, God-directed. And—

The boy breaks down now. On his knees, by his mother's feet, he clasps her hands convulsively in his, and his voice comes only through his thick sobs:

"Mother, darling, try to bear the happy truth. When your brave heart, a heart which, in the midst of its own sorrow, could feel for the sorrow of others, sent me forth last night to the succor of the distressed, you knew not—how should you know?—that you sent me to the rescue of my dear father's life. God gave him to me. God has given him, mother, back to our grateful love."

Not another word is spoken. Looked in each other's arms, mother and son pour out their hearts in a flood of unspeakably happy tears.

A step is heard; the rescued man stands by his own fireside, remembering, with deep emotion, that his place there has been won for him by the skill and courage of his son.

With a cry of wild joy, the mother rushes forward, and her head finds its long lost place upon her husband's breast.

Ah! Love, supreme, unutterable! Strange, indeed, are the paths through which thy divine wisdom leads thy children to pure happiness! In mute reverence we bow before the mighty Tenderness, which crowns and blesses earthly love.—*Olive Leaf.*

The Journey Postponed.

It was very difficult for the Peterkin family to decide where to go.

Mrs. Peterkin did not want to go the sea-shore, as she was a little afraid of the sea.

Elizabeth Eliza had no desire to go to the mountains.

"It tires you so to go up," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"I suppose one sees a great deal," said Mr. Peterkin.

"I don't know," said Elizabeth Eliza, who had been up Sandown Hill, "because, on the way up, your back is to the view all the time."

"I know it," said Solomon John; "and when you are on top of the hill, you are too high up to see anything. You can't tell whether they are men or boys."

"And when you come down," continued Elizabeth Eliza, "you have to be looking at your feet all the time, to see where you are treading; so you don't get any view."

"I want to go where we shall see something," said Mr. Peterkin.

"I should like to go up some of the burning mountains," said Agamemnon; "volcanoes, I have read of them, like Mount Etna. I should like to go up one of those."

"Let's go," cried the little boys.

"Only our India-rubber boots would stick," said one of them.

"But the inhabitants get buried up now and then," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"Oh, that was a great while ago," said Agamemnon. "You know I read about their being dug out."

"Still, I should not like to be buried up," said Mrs. Peterkin, "even if I were dug out."

"I suppose, by this time," said Mr. Peterkin, "the top of the mountain must have pretty much all come down, all there is to come down—so many years!"

"It must be the mountain that came down to Mahomet," said Solomon John. "Somebody told me about his not being able to go to it, so it came to him."

"I would not like to go among the Mahometans," said Mr. Peterkin.

"Certainly not to the deserts of Arabia!" exclaimed Elizabeth Eliza.

The little boys would like to see the "Arabian Nights."

"I don't think we want to journey as far as that," said Mr. Peterkin.

Agamemnon was annoyed. The family did not understand. These volcanoes were not so far off as Arabia. Still, they were over the sea, and they would hardly care to travel so far.

"Yet I think we want to see something more than merely to go into the country," said Elizabeth Eliza.

Solomon John had been sitting in quiet for some time.

"What is it, Solomon John?" said Mr. Peterkin. "You have an idea?"

"Yes," said Solomon John, starting up and walking across the room in excitement. "Why should we not go to—Philadelphia?"

"And see the place that the lady from Philadelphia came from," exclaimed Elizabeth Eliza.

"She is so wise," said Mrs. Peterkin; "she has had such opportunities."

"Let us go to-morrow; don't wait for the vacation," cried the little boys in delight.

"It would be a very poor time to go now," said Mrs. Peterkin, "when the only person we should know, the lady from Philadelphia, is here."

"She could tell us how to go," said Solomon John.

"It is very hot in Philadelphia in summer, I have heard," said Mr. Peterkin.

"That is why she comes away," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"It would be a pity to go when everybody is away," said Agamemnon.

"Everybody away?" exclaimed the little boys. "What fun? Then we could go in to the shops and take what we wanted!"

"Don't be absurd," said Solomon John; "of course, the policemen stay."

"Why should not we go later?" said Agamemnon.

"Why not wait till the fall?" said Mr. Peterkin.

"We ought to go in the little boys' vacation," said Mrs. Peterkin.

The little boys thought this was no matter, they could do something else in vacation.

"But then, it would not be a summer journey," said Mrs. Peterkin.

But Elizabeth Eliza felt this was not a serious objection.

"We might wait till the Centennial," suggested Agamemnon. Mrs. Peterkin was firm against this.

"No, I am old enough now," said she.

"If I were to wait till I'm a hundred, I shouldn't enjoy anything!"

"There must be enough to see there now," said Mr. Peterkin.

"Benjamin Franklin came from Philadelphia, or else he went to it," said Agamemnon.

"Oh yes, I know all about him," said Solomon John; "he made paint brushes of his cat's tail!"

"Oh no, that was another Benjamin, I am pretty sure," said Agamemnon.

"I don't know about that," said Solomon John; "but he became a famous artist, and painted the King and Queen of England."

"You must have mixed up the Benjamins," said Agamemnon. "I will go and borrow an encyclopedia, and look them out."

"And we will make paint-brushes out of Elizabeth Eliza's cat," exclaimed the little boys; "and we will become famous, and paint the King and Queen of England."

"You must not use the whole cat," said Solomon John; "and there is no King of England now."

"And I can not spare her tail," cried Elizabeth Eliza, starting up in agony for her cat.

"It is only Philadelphia cats that are used for paint-brushes," said Mr. Peterkin. "We will see about it when we go. I think it is a good plan to wait till autumn, and it will give us time to talk with the lady from Philadelphia and consult her about it."

The little boys were quite satisfied. "A vacation and a journey too!" It was raining a little; but they put on their India-rubber boots, and went out to chase some ducks from a neighboring mud-puddle.—*St. Nicholas for February.*

A Bargain with the Pump.

It is a queer place to make a bargain, truly; but there's many a harder customer for a thirsty man to deal with than our honest friend the pump, as the following story will show:

A hard-working weaver had spent a guinea for the express purpose of having what he called a week's fuddle. He began on Monday, spending three shillings per day for seven days. On the morning of the eighth day, he was burning with thirst, but his money was gone. He went to the back-door of the beer-shop where he had spent every farthing of his guinea, to beg a pint on trust. The landlady was mopping

the passage; he stood looking at her, with his cracked lips, parched tongue and blood-shot eyes, expecting her to ask him to take just a drop; but she did not, and he requested her to trust him for only one pint.

With an indignant look, she replied: "Trust you! Set a step in this house, and I will dash this mop in your face."

The poor man hung down his head in shame. He was leaning against the pump, and after a little study, began to talk to it.

"Well, Pump," he said, "I have not spent a guinea with thee; wilt thou trust me a drop?"

He lifted up the handle, put his burning mouth to the spout, and drank; this done, he again said to the pump:

"Thank thee, Pump; and now hear me, Pump. By God's help, I will not enter a public-house again for the next seven years; and, Pump, thou art a witness."

The bargain was kept, and this man afterward became a respectable manufacturer, and often said it was a grand thing for him that the landlady threatened to dash the mop in his face.

Are there not many poor fellows who would do well to stop trading at the bar and try a bargain with the pump?—*The Morning.*

Harry's Chickens.

Sammy Brent "lived way down South," and was just as full of mischief as a boy of thirteen could be. One evening he came home after a ramble through the woods and by the river, and asked his brother Harry, who was eight years younger than himself,

"Harry, wouldn't you like to have some funny chickens?"

"I'm just sure I would," answered Harry.

"Well, you take these three eggs and put them in a box of sand, and set it in the sun, and after awhile you'll have three of the funniest chickens you ever saw."

Harry followed his brother's direction, and morning, noon and night he might be seen watching for his brood to poke their bills up out of the sand. At last, one hot day, just before noon, the sand began to move, and the queerest kind of a chicken came out. It had a long, horny bill, a long, flat body, without feathers or wings, four feet, and a tail nearly as long as its body. As soon as Harry's excited eyes could see clearly, he exclaimed,—

"Oh! ho! it's an alligator! it's an alligator come out of an egg!"

Literary Review.

THE LAST JOURNAL OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE IN CENTRAL AFRICA. From 1865 to his death. Continued by a narrative of His Last Moments and Sufferings, obtained from his faithful servants, CHUMA and BUSTI. By Horace Waller, F.R.G.S., Rector of Tytwell, Northampton. With Portrait, Maps and Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1875. 8vo, pp. 541.

This volume witnesses the fulfillment of a hope which sprang up in many quarters at the time when Mr. Livingstone's death was reported, viz., that some of his journals might survive the calamity. Thanks to his faithful attendants, they were all carefully preserved, and this volume before us presents a minute and circumstantial history of the most interesting period of the great traveler's explorations. There seems to be no reason to doubt its authenticity. A satisfactory chain of circumstances connects the volume with the Doctor's journals, diaries, notes, &c., which he faithfully kept during his wonderful experience in that remote and unexplored land, and one may feel assured that the narrative is a truthful one. It is of a highly interesting character. The charm of romance is thrown about many portions of it, while some of its narratives of adventures, perils and escapes are both thrilling and startling. Instances of that heroic determination which was a marked element of the great explorer's character frequently appear in the book, and these keep suggesting at how great an exercise of courage and fidelity we got the knowledge which Dr. L.'s explorations have opened to us. The journals have been mainly printed just as they were kept, although the editor has used his discretion where it seemed needful. The volume differs from the mass of literature which has appeared on the subject in being the explorer's own account of what he saw and the conclusions which he reached.

Among the greatest facts recorded here the geographer will perceive that the Doctor has placed it beyond doubt that Lake Nyassa belongs to a totally distinct system of waters to that which holds Lake Tanganyika, and the rivers running north and west. He was too sagacious to venture the surmise that Tanganyika has a subterranean outlet without having duly weighed the probabilities in a scale with his elaborate observations; the idea gathers force when we remember that in the case of limestone cliffs water so often ceases in breaking bounds by boring through the solid rock. No more interesting problem is left to solve, and we shall yet learn whether through the caverns of Western Kabogo, the lake sends its waters to the vast northern flow of rivers we now read of for the first time, and which are undoubtedly among the largest in the world.

THE BAZAR BOOK OF THE HOUSEHOLD. Marriage, Establishment, Servants, Housekeeping, Children, Home-Life, Company. Same Publishers. 18mo, pp. 358.

This book is one of the "Household" series which these Publishers are issuing, and which take their name from their celebrated journal, the Bazar. It is from this journal that most of the contents of the previous volume were taken. Only a few of the last pages of this one previously appeared there. The topics treated may be known from the title page above. The suggestions are generally sensible, and the advice such that, if it could be followed, would soon give us a domestic millennium.

OLD MYDDLETON'S MONEY. A Novel. By Mary Cecil Hay. Same Publishers. Paper covers. 8vo, pp. 155.

"Old Myddleton" was an ancient English gentleman who was murdered for his money. The circumstances have been woven into a somewhat thrilling and generally well written story, and makes one of the Publishers' "Library of select Novels."

S. S. Seranton & Co., New York, have issued a new edition of the COMMENTARY, CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY, ON THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS, by the three noted Scotch divines, Robert Jamieson, A. R. Fausset, and David Brown. Since it received a formal review in these columns in the issue for May 31, 1871, when we were able to speak of it in the terms of high praise which it obviously merits, an extended notice doesn't seem called for at this time. It should be said, however, that the present edition, while containing all the matter of the old, has added 150 pages of concordance, geographical and historical index, and pronouncing dictionary of Scripture proper names. It is illustrated and is in all respects an excellent work. The price is \$7.50 and \$10 per volume, according to style of binding.

The Catholic Publication Society, New York, have issued in paper covers Dr. J. H. Manning's LETTER TO THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, on the occasion of Mr. Gladstone's recent Exposition. The letter is divided into ten chapters. Dr. Manning declares that Gladstone's aspersions of English Catholics are undeserved, his tone uncharitable and his conclusions untrustworthy. The school of cardinals alone, he says, is competent to determine Papal and synodal utterances. He declares that there is no inconsistency in being a good Catholic and a good Englishman. He then draws the distinction between spiritual and secular allegiance. If he says, Parliament should pass an act compelling Catholics to attend Protestant service once a week, and the Pope should forbid them, I would obey the Pope, and not the law. If I was a soldier or a sailor, and the Pope bid all Catholics leave the army and navy, I would disobey him in the time of war. The reverend father, in conclusion, says that infallibility is declared a matter of faith in thought merely, not in action. There is only one oracle of God, the holy church, with the Pope as head. It would be quite easy to point out the inconsistencies of the present pamphlet, but they are apparent that they may be safely left for the reader to notice. As a part of the effort by which the Catholic clergy seek to break the force of Gladstone's truth-telling statements, the letter is clothed with considerable interest.

The Vox Humana for February presents an interesting table of contents, in which the literary and musical features are happily blended. The editor, Charles Barnard, would not be contented to make it less than the good thing that it is. Cambridgeport, Mass.: George Woods & Co.

Notes.

R. H. Stoddard reduced the Greville Memoirs about one-half, making one volume of the "Brilliant Series."

Mr. Martineau's address in reply to Prof. Tyndall is entitled "Religion as Affected by Modern Materialism." It is published by Putnam.

Dr. Walker bequeathed all his private library, valued at \$15,000, to Harvard college. The library building at Harvard is only about half large enough to hold its treasures, and President Eliot wants \$30,000 worth of addition made to it.

J. R. Osgood & Co. have Mr. Greg's new work, "Rocks Ahead," in press. His other works have had a large sale among thoughtful readers, and the perils he points out with a powerful and sharp pen are by no means confined to English Soil.

"The Dictionary of Religious Knowledge," by Messrs. Abbott and Conant, contains over a thousand concise pages, and the leading articles have been carefully revised by prominent members of the denominations to which they refer. It is published by Harper & Brothers.

Some sensible chap says, truly, that a person who undertakes to raise himself by scandalizing others might just as well sit down on a wheelbarrow and undertake to wheel himself.

News Summary.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Monday, there was no business of importance before either branch of Congress.

Tuesday, the Senate adjourned after a very short session, as a mark of respect to the late Mr. Buckingham. The House passed the Indian appropriation bill, rejecting, however, the Chocoma and Chickasaw claims.

Wednesday, there was little business of importance transacted in the Senate. The post-office appropriation bill was considered at length by the House, several important amendments being carried, among them abolishing the Pacific Mail subsidy. A bill was introduced making the coolie trade a penal offense. The evening was devoted to a debate of the Louisiana and financial questions.

Thursday, the Senate considered the bill providing a government for the District of Columbia. The House passed the post-office appropriation bill and discussed the tariff bill.

Friday, the Senate further considered the bill providing for the government of the District of Columbia. In the House, the tariff bill came up for discussion.

Saturday, Mrs. Fitch's diamond necklace came up in the Senate, in the form of a joint resolution admitting it free of duty. The bill for the establishment of a government for the district of Columbia, was discussed. In the House, the bill making compensation for supplies taken by Union soldiers in the war was defeated.

MISCELLANEOUS.

German agents are in New York to induce German emigrants to return home.

It is now stated in official circles that the Virginian claims have been satisfactorily adjusted.

Several shocks of earthquake were felt at San Francisco, on Sunday, causing some alarm, especially among the congregations in churches.

A Bismarck despatch says the Indian agents were compelled to put the Indians on half rations, which has created much dissatisfaction, and trouble is apprehended. The weather is intensely cold here.

Present appearances are that Mr. Randall is the leading candidate for the speakership of the next House of Representatives. His skill and readiness gave him the management of the democratic side during the long "filibuster" and the subsequent fight over the amendment of the rules, to the great disadvantage of his two rivals from New York, and on all parliamentary questions he is tacitly acknowledged to be the superior of any man on the floor.

The Ohio Senate has passed a bill providing for the appointment of three fish commissioners, and appropriating ten thousand dollars for the construction of houses for protecting fish.

Senator-elect Eaton has been appointed to fill the vacancy in the United States Senate caused by the death of Mr. Buckingham, whose funeral took place at Norwich, Conn., Tuesday.

The trial of Rufus F. Higgins, for the murder of James Barlow, last September, was begun in Auburn, Me., Tuesday.

Judge Morton has decided that where an agreement is made for a larger rate of interest than six per cent., parties can collect the larger amount under chapter 56 of the acts of 1867.

A member of the congressional committee, now in New Orleans, denies that the proposition for a compromise was made by the authority of the committee.

Minister Washburne telegraphs from Paris an indignant denial of the rumor that he placed the Fremont bonds on the Paris Bourse.

The contest for the Florida senatorship is ended by the election of Mr. C. W. Jones, a democrat.

The bill abolishing capital punishment has been defeated in the Maine House of Representatives.

A. H. Pugh, alias J. C. Hunter, has been arrested at Buffalo as a swindler, and five national seals and a large quantity of forged bonds and mortgages were found in his trunk.

The President sent a message to the Senate, Monday, on Arkansas affairs, in which he earnestly asks Congress to take some action in the matter and expresses the opinion that Brooks is the legally-elected governor.

The general order from the War department with reference to carrying out the provisions of the act of Congress approved February 10, 1875, to provide for the relief of persons suffering from the ravages of grasshoppers upon the western frontiers, says: "Commanders of the departments of the Plate, Missouri and Dakota shall cause to be made an enrollment of the inhabitants of States and Territories within those departments who have been rendered destitute, giving the name of each person entitled to relief. Children under 12 years of age to be rated separately."

The Hon. Samuel Hooper, M. C., died in Washington, on Saturday evening.

The striking weavers in Fall River, state by the secretary of their organization that if their demands are not complied with this week another blow would be struck. A similar notice is given in Lowell.

The severity of the weather has been especially felt in Cape Cod Bay. Twenty-eight vessels are frozen in, and they with the crews are in great danger. The cold weather still holds on, and reports from all along the coast show that its effects have been very serious.

FOREIGN.

The latest mail advices report great suffering by famine in Asia Minor, which must continue until midsummer.

Reports from Prince Edward Island state that the whole island is now an immense snow bank, and almost all kinds of work are at a standstill.

Despatches from China say that civil war in that country is considered imminent.

The royal train, bearing King Alfonso and suite, was fired into by the Carlists, a few miles from Logrono. No one was hurt. The King has arrived at Burgos on his way to Madrid.

A despatch from St. Petersburg announces that the Khan of Khiva has paid his last installment of the war indemnity to Russia.

The constitutional bill has passed its second reading in the French Assembly in a modified form. The Senate bill has been rejected.

Twenty-three bishops have issued a protest in behalf of the entire Roman Catholic episcopate of Germany, against any interference in the papal election as is implied in Bismarck's late circular despatch.

A despatch from Frankfurt says that Savigny, the distinguished ultramontane, is dead.

Edward Randall, an American theatrical manager, was accidentally poisoned in London, on Thursday, from an overdose of chloral.

The German state council has determined to prohibit the importation of American potatoes.

It is rumored that the French ministry has resigned.

Paragraphs.

Baron Nathaniel Rothschild has given to the Jewish hospital in Vienna the furniture of the room in which Anselm Rothschild, his father, died. He will also give \$3000 for the same, from the interest of which the persons shall be supported who are placed in the apartment furnished with these relics.

The Marquis of Ripon, who, prior to his perversion, was engaged in building a large church in connection with the established religion, has in a very proper spirit caused it to be finished, and is about to hand it over—not to the communion he has lately joined—but to that which he has unhappily left.

The Empire Real Estate Journal, of St. Louis, M. A. Shepard, publisher, comes to us doubled in size and attractive in appearance. To all interested, a large amount of information will be found in its columns. Its department of miscellaneous headings is good.

There is to be a great international chess match between English and French players. The last was thirty years ago, and lasted two years, when the English were beaten. They have now challenged the French to another trial of strength. Three days will be allowed for each move. The stakes to be played for will probably be \$4000, and the match will be carried on by telegraph.

Machinery has reached a great state of perfection. An exchange remarks: "We recently saw some burnt put into the hopper of a coffee mill, and in less than two minutes they were occupying a place in a grocery window, labelled 'Fine Old Mocha.'"

A would-be school teacher in Toledo recently replied to a question by one of the examiners: "Do you think the world is round or flat?" by saying, "Well, some people think one way and some another, and I'll teach round or flat just as the parents please."

The late Canon Kingsley leaves a wife, a son, Maurice, who has lived in America several years, has married an American wife, and who is now living in Chattanooga, and two daughters, the eldest of whom published last year an interesting volume of American travel, particularly in Colorado and Mexico.

The blue flame from a coal fire has a temperature of 5500 degrees Fahrenheit, the flame of hydrogen of nearly 6000 degrees, and of oxyhydrogen 9500 degrees. The temperature of the electric spark is unknown, but is supposed to be about 22,000 degrees Fahrenheit.

An experiment is about to be tried at Liege, Belgium, of a new kind of pavement. It consists of a bed of masonry on which is spread a layer of asphalt, while in the bitumen are laid blocks of iron nearly two inches thick. The quality of this pavement will have to be excellent to repay the expense of putting it down.

A remarkable vein of gas was struck lately in opening a well on a farm near Champagne, Ill., at a depth of seventy-one feet. Its escape produces a loud roaring, and a trembling of the earth. Confined to a tube, it blazes up fifteen feet high, having great heating qualities. There are several gas wells in the neighborhood, one of which has been used constantly for two years.

A fetal specimen of the "dugong" the aquatic mammal which probably gave rise to the fabulous stories about mermaids, has been received by Professor Wilder, of Cornell University. It was sent from Australia, and will probably be added to the University Museum, if the purchase-money can be spared from the fund appropriated for such purposes.

A Patterson (N. J.) painter has patented what he calls a "stripping" machine, to be used in fresco work, or any other in which painted bands or stripes form a part. The colored matter is contained in a metal reservoir, through which is carried rubber bands of any width may be made to revolve as the machine is pushed along the surface to be painted. The color is thus laid on by the bands in perfectly regular stripes.

Experiments with petroleum as fuel for locomotives have lately been made in Canada, the result being that, with an average consumption of four gallons per mile, the engine steamed quite freely, and made good time with a train of thirty cars—being about a barrel for every ten miles. It is stated that the most simple contrivance for burning petroleum is either by means of a jet of steam or compressed air, passed at right angles over the orifice of a pipe in such a manner that the oil will be sucked and thrown into the furnace in the form of a fine spray, where, if properly adjusted, it will undergo perfect combustion. The cost of the apparatus is but trifling.

The American Newspaper Advertising Agency of Geo. P. Rowell & Co., New York, is the only establishment of the kind in the United States which keeps itself persistently before the people by advertising in newspapers. They evidently receive their reward, for we have it from a reliable source that advertising orders issued by them for their customers have exceeded three thousand dollars a day since the commencement of the year, and this is not a very good year for advertising either.

Garibaldi, during his visit to Rome, is residing in a one-story house outside of Porta Pia. The ground floor is a species of wine shop; overhead are the two modest rooms, simply furnished for "the hero of two worlds." The old man instructed his son to rent just such a small foothold, and under no circumstances to accept any of the luxurious offers of accommodations showered upon him as soon as his visit to the capital was mooted. He desired especially to reside near the city by which the troops captured Rome, and which was besieged down by the canon of free Italy. The cook of the wine shop, contrary to orders, has laid in the most fancy stock of eatables and drinkables that could be obtained in the markets of "Botanica," for which he does not intend to charge the general the first centesimo.

A rich dame who recently died at an advanced age in Fontainebleau left a will containing among others, a bequest to her physician of all the objects contained in an old oak chest of her cabinet de toilette for "his enlightened care and the sage instructions" which had enabled her to live at such an advanced age. There was great commotion among the heirs when this clause in the will was read, and greater curiosity to know what treasures had escaped them. The notary handed the key to the doctor, who on opening the chest found all the drugs and potions that he had ordered for his patient during the past twenty years.

Dr. J. S. Camden publishes in the Medical Times and Gazette information very important to surgeons who are not cognizant of the fact, that the application of a white-hot iron to the body is absolutely painless, while only red-hot is an extremely painful operation. When operating with a red-hot iron on men screaming with fear, while when the iron was white-hot not a murmur was heard; and when he operated so upon a horse the animal seemed scarcely to be aware of what was being done. He proposes to use for actual cautery a large spirit blow-pipe.

London street thieves steal the fur trimmings from ladies' coats. Going behind a lady with a sharp knife they cut the fur down just at the center of the back, and then, giving a quick tug with each hand, tear off as much fur as will come off at one pull.

Rural and Domestic.

Self-sustaining Fish Culture.

Mr. A. J. Hinds, Patchogue, L. I., contributes the following to the New York Times:

We understand any business to be self-sustaining when the necessary or reasonable amount of capital has been expended in its establishment, and the income pays a satisfactory dividend over and above all contingent or running expenses. For instance, it is very little expense to dam up a small stream, and stock it with bass, perch, bullheads, and some other fish, as they spawn in and around the edges of the pond and when hatched out will find their way into every nook and corner for protection, places unfit for young trout to live in. Thus perch fasten their spawn to weeds, roots, overhanging limbs of trees, etc. Their eggs are very small, and can be no more counted than the sands on the seashore. In fact, they look in a mass like the white of a hen's egg. On the contrary, brook trout lay only a definite number of eggs, varying from 1,000 to 4,000 per pair, according to size and age. Nature has wisely provided them with the instinct of protecting them by burying them in sand or gravel, and it was not for the fact that the spawn at different seasons (according to year), and varying from September to January, and that those the old ones by their eggs first, and that those the old ones after (I might say generally), in making their nests, dig up and destroy the first laid eggs, and also that after being hatched the young fry are exposed to numerous enemies, unless screens are placed over them—I say it is not for these facts, brook trout would increase indefinitely. Just figure up an increase of the lowest estimate that they ever spawn, say 500 per pair, and see how long it would take to have a million of trout. Well, now, it is not only possible, but practicable, to so protect the young fry as not only to make the business self-sustaining but immensely profitable. In the first place we are not in favor of ponds at all for raising trout for market, as many can be raised in a stream dug deep and wide in the form of canals. Thus the water can be regulated at will. The only good reason for making ponds is for use by a club for private fishing with boats. One other reason may be valid in the exterior, where feed is expensive. Ponds encourage the growth of insects, and a large number of trout will not only live but grow fat, especially for the first few years, without any other food than what nature provides, as I have learned by experience; but near the seashore, especially in this vicinity, feed does not cost one cent per pound, so that making ponds here to raise feed is not advisable. It is said that trout will not increase in ponds. This is true, that if the springs are all choked and the bottom is all mud. If trout can find sand gravel to spawn in, they will not spawn at all, any more than a hen will lay when shut up in a dark cellar, or any more than wild animals will breed shut up in a cage. Nature does not do business in that way. A pond raised to its fullest extent, so that no water runs through the dam will grow fat trout, (if sustained by springs), but in that case you will have to buy the young every year to replenish the pond. To make a pond not only self-sustaining but highly productive, you must not choke the head of the springs, but dig shallow canals, say two to four feet wide, board the sides, put in gravel if not there already, and if you wish to save all, put galvanized wire-screens on sanding, four to six inches deep. Then, when the trout bury their eggs in the ground, they will fall through the screens, and can't be eaten up or destroyed. The mesh in the screen should be five-eighths, or one-half inch; put on the gravel and work all the fine through; one inch space between the screen and bottom of gravel is sufficient. Now let in your trout, and they will do the rest; two inches of water is sufficient. If you have not this, put in a board and raise the spawning time, if it is five feet high. On this plan it is safe to let the trout remain all winter or until they are to hatch, which, in this latitude, is about April 1 to June 15. It takes about sixty-five days for trout eggs to hatch in this latitude. Of course the variation in hatching is the same as in spawning. But before the trout begin to hatch the old ones must be removed, and within sixty days after hatching take up your screen and put them on top of all the gravel. Now your young fry are perfectly secure against all intruders. Feed according to numbers and flow of water. The expense the first year is a mere nothing. I have given directions for feeding heretofore, and I will supply say a spoonful of lobbed milk will feed 1,000 a day. For the first six months dilute it in a bowl of water and drink it in with a spoon; blood from liver is good. Never feed enough to fill the water. Thus, after things are perfectly arranged, the machine will almost run itself, and six inches of water will produce more clean money than a large farm. I sold certain kinds of fish will replenish a pond without any trouble whatever. At the same time their market value may be eight or ten cents per pound, while brook trout average, if fat, fully \$1 per pound. I mean Long Island trout, that is a notorious fact that our trout bring about double the price in the market in New York than any others do.

Precautions in Fire.

An excellent set of rules for guidance for the prevention of and in case of fire, by Dr. Hall, may be briefly summarized as follows:

Keep all doors and windows of the structure closed until the firemen come; put a wet cloth over the mouth and get down on all fours in a smoky room; open the upper part of the window to let the smoke out; if in a theater, keep cool; descend ladders with a regular step to prevent vibration. If kerosene just purchased can be made to burn in a saucer by lighting with a match, throw it away. Put wire-work over the gaslights in show windows; sprinkle sand instead of saw-dust on floors of oil stores; keep shavings and kindling wood away from steam boilers, and greasy rags from lofts, cupboards, boxes, etc.; see that all stove pipes enter well in the chimney, and that all lights and fires are out before retiring or leaving the place of business; keep matches in metal or earthen vessels, and out of the reach of children; and provide a piece of stout rope long enough to reach the ground in every chamber. Neither admit any one if the house be on fire, except police, firemen, or known neighbors; nor allow little children to be against the wall; nor leave small children in a room where there are wooden boxes or on the floor; nor deposit ashes in a warming the gas meter; nor use a light in examining the gas meter. Never leave clothes near the fire-place to dry; nor smoke or read in bed by candle or lamp light; nor take a light into a closet; nor pour out liquor near an open light; nor keep burning or other inflammable fluids in a room where there is a fire; nor allow smoking about barns or warehouses.

Flower Seeds Gratis.

I admire the Morning Star for its successful efforts to promote the domestic, social and moral virtues, in connection with its higher object, of leading its readers to the possession of the blessings of the higher life. The encouragement you give to the cultivation of flowers, by a law of our nature, is promotion of refinement and domestic felicity.

Let me say to your readers, generally, that I have a stock of surplus seeds, gathered fresh from the finest kind of flowers, grown in my extensive gardens, inasmuch, that I shall take pleasure in supplying each of them with ten or twenty packets. The only cost to them would be the expense of cleaning and putting up the seeds in papers, together with postage. This requires only twenty-five cents for ten packets; and fifty cents for twenty packets.

To those whose ordering seeds fail to receive them in due time, let them notify me of the failure, and I will at once send them another packet.

The lists of seeds that can be ordered, are as follows: First list of ten: Double Asters, Calliopsis, Everlasting Flowers, French Marigolds, Larkspurs, Portulacas, German Pansies, Double Holybolls, Fancy Pinks, and Sweet Williams. Second list of ten: Antirrhinums, Double Balsams, Convolvulus, Campanulas, Catch Fly, Carnations, Fox Gloves, Double Zinnias, Fancy Poppies, and Sweet Rocket.

Hoping the Star will be a blessing to thousands, in leading them to Christ; I will leave it with its readers, to send on their applications for seeds, to beautify their homes, as freely as they please, with the assurance that all their orders will be promptly met.—Write plain and address, REV. J. COPELAND, Lima, N. Y.

Scarlatina an Epidemic.

The views of Dr. Alfred Carpenter, published some three years since in the Lancet, upon the subject of scarlet fever, ascribing to that disease an epidemic character, are strongly endorsed in a recent issue of the Medical and Surgical Reporter. The editor maintains that not only is the disease infectious in the full sense of the term, but also that the malignity of the infection is sometimes trifling. Articles of clothing worn by patients retain a dangerous character for over a year, as do walls, furniture, and in fact everything that has been in the vicinity of the disease, and in its spread. The secretions of the body epidemic scales, and excreta are active carriers of the pestilence.

Thorough ventilation and disinfection are the best means for destroying the poison. Clothing, bedding, etc., should be submitted to a dry heat of 220 degrees Fah. for several hours, and then soaked in a mixture of 1 pound hypochlorite of soda, 2 ounces sulphuric acid, and 8 gallons of water. Rooms should be purified by burning sulphur, and the patient thoroughly cleaned before having intercourse with other people.

To Train Fuchsias.

When a slip has grown six or eight inches high, nip out the top down to the last set of leaves; it will then throw out branches on each side. Let these grow eight or ten inches, then nip them out as before; the tops of each branch, when grown the same height as the others, nip them out again; then procure a stick the size of your finger, eighteen inches in length; take hoopstick wire, twice back and forth alternately, through holes made in the stick equal distances apart, tie the branches to it, and you will have, when in flower, a beautiful and very graceful plant. Having one trained in that way last season, it was the admiration of all who saw it.—Small Fruit Recorder.

Be getting your seeds of all kinds ready for sowing.

Markets.

BOSTON WHOLESALE PRICES.

For the week ending February 10, 1875.

CANDLES.

Molds..... 12 3/4 43 1/2
Sperm..... 28 3/4 50
Andracina..... 1 50 8 00

COFFEE.

Java B..... 28 3/4 34
St. Domingo..... 15 3/4 24
Rio..... 15 3/4 24

COTTON.

Ordinary..... 12 3/4 13 1/2
Good Ordinary..... 14 1/4 15 1/2
Middling..... 15 1/4 16 1/2
Low Middling..... 15 3/4 16 1/2

DOMESTICS.

Sheetings and Shirtings..... 12 3/4 13 1/2
Heavy 4..... 12 3/4 13 1/2
Medium 4..... 12 3/4 13 1/2
Drills, Brown, 10..... 11 1/4 12 1/2
Prints..... 8 3/4 9 1/2
Cotton Flannels..... 10 3/4 11 1/2
Ticking..... 8 3/4 9 1/2
Gingham..... 10 3/4 11 1/2
Mous-de-Laines..... 10 3/4 11 1/2
Carpetings..... 10 3/4 11 1/2
Lovel sup. 3-ply..... 1 1/4 1 3/4
Extra Superfine..... 1 1/4 1 3/4
Superfine..... 1 1/4 1 3/4

FISH.

Cod—large 4 1/2 5 1/2 5 7/8
Medium 4 1/2 5 1/2 5 7/8
Mackerel, blb. 0 1/2 0 3/4 0 5/8
Do. shore..... 8 1/2 9 1/2 10 1/2
Salmon, tr.—21 00 22 00 23 00

ST. LOUIS AND MEAL.

Flour, extra 5 1/2 5 3/4 5 5/8
Medium..... 5 1/2 5 3/4 5 5/8
Choice extra 7 00 7 1/2 7 3/4
Wheat sup. 4 00 4 1/2 4 3/4
Corn, extra 1 1/2 1 3/4 1 5/8
medium 1 1/2 1 3/4 1 5/8
Illinois and Indiana..... 1 1/2 1 3/4 1 5/8
choice extra 2 1/2 2 3/4 2 5/8
Michigan and Ohio..... 2 1/2 2 3/4 2 5/8
Rye Flour..... 3 00 3 1/2 3 3/4
Corn Meal..... 1 1/4 1 3/4 1 5/8

FRUIT.

Almonds..... 20 3/4 21 3/4 22 3/4
Shelled..... 31 3/4 32 3/4 33 3/4
Currants..... 4 3/4 5 3/4 6 3/4
Grapes..... 1 1/2 1 3/4 1 5/8
Pigs Nuts..... 1 1/2 1 3/4 1 5/8
Figs common..... 1 1/2 1 3/4 1 5/8
Case..... 1 1/2 1 3/4 1 5/8
Lemons, 100 lbs 6 00 6 1/2 6 3/4
Oranges..... 6 00 6 1/2 6 3/4
Raisins, bunch..... 6 00 6 1/2 6 3/4
Cask..... 6 00 6 1/2 6 3/4
Box..... 6 00 6 1/2 6 3/4
Loose Musc..... 6 00 6 1/2 6 3/4

GRAIN.

Southern yell, 93 1/2 94 1/2 95 1/2
Western mixd, 93 1/2 94 1/2 95 1/2
Wheat, red 1 1/2 1 3/4 1 5/8
Rye..... 93 1/2 94 1/2 95 1/2
Barley..... 40 1/2 41 1/2 42 1/2
Oats..... 20 1/2 21 1/2 22 1/2
Shorts 20 1/2 21 1/2 22 1/2
Fine Feed..... 20 1/2 21 1/2 22 1/2
Middlings..... 20 1/2 21 1/2 22 1/2

HAY.

Eastern and Northern..... 15 00 16 00 17 00
Country Hay..... 15 00 16 00 17 00
Ginger..... 20 00 21 00 22 00
Straw 100 lbs..... 1 00 1 10 1 20

HIDES AND SKINS.

California Cow..... 15 00 16 00 17 00
Slaughter..... 15 00 16 00 17 00
Dead Green..... 14 1/2 15 1/2 16 1/2
B. Ayres, dry..... 27 1/2 28 1/2 29 1/2
Rio Grande..... 29 1/2 30 1/2 31 1/2
Western, dry..... 29 1/2 30 1/2 31 1/2
Do. wet..... 31 1/2 32 1/2 33 1/2

IRON.

Swedish..... 110 00 112 00 114 00
Com. ass'd 110 00 112 00 114 00
Ex. ass'd..... 110 00 112 00 114 00
Eng. com..... 108 00 110 00 112 00
Do. refined 60 00 62 00 64 00
Do. sheet 7 1/4 7 1/2 7 3/4
Russia, sheet..... 16 1/2 17 1/2 18 1/2

LEAD.

Sheet and Pipe..... 6 1/2 6 3/4 6 5/8
Old..... 6 1/2 6 3/4 6 5/8

LEATHER.

Sole..... 27 1/2 28 1/2 29 1/2
B. Ayres..... 27 1/2 28 1/2 29 1/2
Orinoco..... 27 1/2 28 1/2 29 1/2
Oak Sole..... 27 1/2 28 1/2 29 1/2
Oak..... 27 1/2 28 1/2 29 1/2
Calf Skin..... 27 1/2 28 1/2 29 1/2
Dry Hide..... 27 1/2 28 1/2 29 1/2
In Rough..... 27 1/2 28 1/2 29 1/2

LUMBER.

Clear Pine..... 45 00 46 00 47 00
Concord..... 18 00 19 00 20 00
Shipping 10 1/2 11 1/2 12 1/2
Spruce..... 14 00 15 00 16 00
Oak, 4 in..... 45 00 46 00 47 00
Oak, 6 in..... 45 00 46 00 47 00
Chickadees 10 00 11 00 12 00
Do. Spruce 30 00 31 00 32 00
Shingles, pine 17 1/2 18 1/2 19 1/2
Do. cedar..... 6 00 6 1/2 6 3/4
Laths, pine 1 1/2 1 3/4 1 5/8
Do. Spruce 1 1/2 1 3/4 1 5/8
Do. Cedar 1 1/2 1 3/4 1 5/8

NEW YORK MARKET.

Wholesale Prices for the week ending, February 10, 1875.

BEEF AND FOK.

Beef, extra mess..... 11 00 12 00 13 00
Port, new mess..... 11 00 12 00 13 00

BUTTER.

State, new, good to prime..... 32 3/4 33 3/4 34 3/4
Western, do..... 32 3/4 33 3/4 34 3/4
Lard, steam rendered..... 18 1/2 19 1/2 20 1/2

CHEESE.

Factory Dairies, good to prime..... 16 1/2 17 1/2 18 1/2
Farm Dairies, do..... 15 1/2 16 1/2 17 1/2

COFFEE.

Java, B, bag gold..... 27 1/2 28 1/2 29 1/2
Macao, B, bag, gold..... 27 1/2 28 1/2 29 1/2

COAL.

Anthracite (from yard), retail..... 5 00 5 10 5 20
American Bituminous..... 4 75 4 85 4 95
English House Canal..... 12 00 12 10 12 20
Liverpool Gas Canal..... 12 00 12 10 12 20

EGGS.

State, do..... 31 3/4 32 3/4 33 3/4

FLOUR.

State, extra..... 4 75 4 85 4 95
Southern Flour..... 5 00 5 10 5 20
Rye Flour..... 4 00 4 10 4 20
Corn Meal, 4 lbs..... 1 1/4 1 1/2 1 3/4

GOLD AND STOCK MARKET.

February 11, 1875.

AMERICAN GOLD.

U. S. Five-Twenties, 1867..... 112 1/2
U. S. Five-Twenties, 1869..... 112 1/2
U. S.