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The Morning Star.

Volume L.

BOSTON AND CHICAGO, APRIL 21, 1875.

Number 16

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.

To whom all letters on business, remittances of money, &c., should be sent. In writing to this office the name of the State should always be given.

All communications designed for publication should be addressed to the Editor, DOVER, N. H.

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

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21, 1875.

A Rebuke.

"Why are you so sad?" sing the birds, the little birds;

"All the sky is blue;

We are in our branches, yonder are the herds;

And the sun is on the dew;

Everything is merry, 'sing the happy little birds,

"Everything but you!

"Fire is on the hearth-stone, the ship is on the wave;

Pretty eggs are in the nest;

Yonder sits a mother, smiling at a grave;

With a baby at her breast;

And Christ was on the earth, and the sinner he forgave

"Is with Him in His rest."

"We shall droop our wings," pipes the thrush on the tree;

"When everything is done;

Time unfurlth yours, that you soar eternally

In the regions of the sun.

"When our day is over," sings the blackbird in the leaf,

"Yours is but begun!"

"Then why are you so sad?" warble all the little birds;

"While the sky is blue,

Brooding over phantoms and vexing about words

That can never be true."

"Everything is merry," trill the happy, happy birds,

"Everything but you!"

—All The Year Round.

Missionary Correspondence.

CALCUTTA, Feb. 27, 1875.

The good-byes have been said to all our mission circle, and we are here to embark for home. It was very hard leaving dear Midnapore, but thank God for the hope of coming back some day. Were it not for that, we should be sad indeed. Very many precious associations bind us to Midnapore. It was our first field, and we became greatly endeared to it.

For the first time in the history of this mission, six missionary brethren met together at Midnapore on the day we came away. But that same evening the number was reduced to five. I wish I could say that some one acquainted with the Santal language was left in the northern part of our mission field. Even now, after these recent re-inforcements, our Santal department is poorly enough supplied with workers. It made me feel very sad on leaving the other day, to hear the people asking "who will preach to us now in our own tongue?" Just now the Santals seem to be the most promising people within our Mission limits, and their claims should be responded to more promptly and generously.

On Monday evening, the 22d, we left Midnapore on a canal boat. All the members of the mission came down to the river to see us off. It was 10 o'clock, and the moon was shining, so all seemed quiet and delightful. We sang the "Sweet by and by," father offered prayer, and then we had the doxology. It was hard saying good-bye to our beloved friends and co-laborers. God bless them one and all, our hearts said as the boatmen rowed us away in the beautiful moonlight.

Our passage is engaged on the steamship "Assyria," Capt. Heanman, and we are to go via Suez Canal to London. General

Litchfield, our American Consul, kindly interested himself for us and secured this chance for me to pay my passage by going as ship-surgeon, which greatly reduces the expense. The orders are to go aboard to-morrow evening, and we hope to be off early on Monday morning, 1. prox. It will be cheering to know that our dear friends are praying for us. We hope to reach New York sometime in May.

J. L. P.

P. S. We learn that the sailing of the "Assyria" was delayed to March 4.—ED.

English Correspondence.

CHILWELL COLLEGE, ENG.,
March 30, 1875.

MOODY AND SANKEY.

For three weeks Messrs. Moody and Sankey have conducted evangelistic services in London. Every evening except Saturday, Mr. Moody has spoken to the large audience gathered in the Agricultural Hall. A noon-day prayer meeting has also been held every day at Exeter Hall, and Mr. Moody has spoken at this meeting as well. The Agricultural Hall is a building used for a winter cattle-show, and is so arranged for this special occasion that it will seat 22,520 people. It is usually well filled and sometimes quite full. There is nothing about the services that is peculiar except Mr. Sankey's solo singing. But it is at least an extraordinary circumstance that about 20,000 people daily attend a religious service.

What does it all mean? That in Messrs. Moody and Sankey we have two exceptionally able men, men of great genius, of superior character, of mighty enthusiasm,—epoch-making men? I do not think so.

There are hundreds of men in England and America as earnest, as devout, and far more able. Why, then, this great movement? Why this flocking in tens of thousands to hear them? It is the work of God. It is the answer to prayer. It is the result of twenty years' anxious thought and effort on behalf of the many within and without our churches who are yet unsaved. The very possibility of uniting all classes and all denominations of Christians in preparing the way and furnishing the means for these evangelistic services is itself a revival. Twenty years ago it would have been impossible. England is slowly awaking to the importance of its own evangelization. The wave of revival is passing over our churches and our country, and has been for some time past; Moody and Sankey ride on the crest of the wave which has been rising for years.

This is their own account of themselves and their own estimate of their work, and it is, I believe, the true one. But they are remarkable men, nevertheless, and are eminently adapted for their work. Mr. Sankey sings in deep sympathy with his theme, and creates, by his music and the part he gets the audience to take, a favorable condition of mind for religious impression. Mr. Moody comes down to the level of the common thoughts of men in his addresses, speaks of Biblical stories as an eye-witness, and of religion as an actual experience of every-day life. The inquiry-room brings those who are touched and affected into close quarters with earnest Christian workers, and thus religious decision is promoted. It is a happy thing that all this is going on daily in London, and will go on, God willing, for three months longer. Three millions of people live in the great metropolis, and tens and hundreds of thousands of strangers visit it every few months. These earnest and honored evangelists are in the very midst of a world rather than a city. He who moves London, the center of our commercial, political and literary life, moves the whole empire, and sends an impulse round the whole earth. Books, newspapers, ships, armies will carry the influence of this movement over the world.

The criticism that is passed upon Messrs. Moody and Sankey by the English press is generally favorable and appreciative. Yet one or two influential organs are persistently hostile. The "Saturday Review" is unconvertible. Their main objections, however, are worth notice. The first and chief objection is, that Mr. Sankey's "tricky" art of singing and Mr. Moody's "American humor" are a degradation of religion. Their second objection is, that if Moody and Sankey are right in their methods of operation, our English clergy and churches are all hopelessly wrong. And their third objection is that no "serious result," that is, no changed religious life and eternal salvation can be expected to come from the momentary excited feeling these addresses and their singing produce; religion being a life-long labor and conflict and not a transient spasm of emotion. The objections are founded on a misapprehension of the nature of the work to be done. It is evangelistic work, not the ordinary teaching, "edification," advancement in religious knowledge and experience of a Christian people. Mr. Moody's one business is to press the truth of God on the acceptance of hesitating, wavering and wandering hearts. Stories about fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, children, told with pathos and freshness, songs that kindle feeling and awaken emotion are exactly appropriate; and a gleam of humor makes the pathos more natural and keeps the attention alive. It is not in the conflicts of the Christian life they seek to encourage men,—rather they ask men to enlist in the Christian army; the drill and the conflict come afterwards. In other words, here are

vessels stranded on the shores of life; a high tide is needed to float them. The services are such as by God's grace secure this tidal rush of emotion; when the vessels are afloat on the sea of a new experience, they may be left to the winds of heaven and the working of sails and helm. Entrance upon the Christian life is the aim of these services, not training and culture in that life. It is not degrading the gospel to make it intelligible, attractive, impressive to the popular mind. Ordinary Christian ministers and Christian workers will find not that their "occupation is gone," but that they have more to do and a greater joy in doing it, through the labors of Messrs. Moody and Sankey.

The power of this revival movement may be measured by its effect upon newspaper literature as well as its influence in bringing ministers of every shade of doctrine and polity together for prayers. Almost every London newspaper discusses the question of religious revival, and reports these meetings. The extraordinary strain that Mr. Moody's nervous system has to bear marks him out as an extraordinary man. When Spurgeon preached one day a week in the Agricultural Hall, he had to spend the remaining six in the country to recover himself. Moody speaks six days in succession, and rests only one day, and far inferior to Whitfield, who calculated that about 33,000 people hear with only one day's rest, and his sounding-board; there is quite an elaborate apparatus at the Agricultural Hall to enable Moody to make 20,000 people hear within four walls.

THOMAS GOADBY.

Rhode Island Correspondence.

PROVIDENCE, April 15, 1875.

POLITICAL.

A prophecy uttered a few weeks since, that the temperance question would be the leading issue in our State election, has been fulfilled. The campaign was short, but replete with interest, and though the result is, from some points of view, unwelcome, from others it is encouraging. In June last, our Legislature enacted prohibitory and constabulary laws for the suppression of the liquor traffic. The laws have been so far successful in accomplishing the work designed, as to arouse in opposition to them liquor and monied interests both in and out of the State. It was determined that no stone should be left unturned to return a Legislature which would repeal these laws and enact a license law instead. The first step in the programme was to capture the Republican State Convention and use the machinery of the Republican party to accomplish their nefarious ends. After a session of nineteen hours and the use of the most unworthy means, the rum-sellers' candidate for Governor was put in nomination, he receiving just the number necessary to a choice. The temperance and independent Republicans immediately put in nomination Hon. Roland Hayard, who, with the rum-Republican and Democratic candidate made the third candidate in the field. Bribery and rum had a hand to hand contest with honesty and temperance, and though money was freely used, when the returns came in it was found that there were nearly nine thousand noble and conscientious men who had not bartered their honor and manhood. The total vote is the largest but one ever cast in the State. While there is no choice for Governor, Mr. Hayard leads Mr. Lippitt, the rum Republican, by about four hundred votes. The Democratic candidate falls far behind, Mr. Lippitt taking from him much of his strength. It is feared that the Legislature, in the choice of which party machinery was more manifest than in the vote for Governor, is favorable to Lippitt and license, yet it is hopeful that the fears entertained may not be realized. It is possible that the temperance reform may have received a temporary check, but with so many strong and brave hearts enlisted in it, it can be only temporary. At least, the protest uttered by the supporters of Mr. Hayard is full of meaning.

BUSINESS PROSPECTS.

The opening season presents signs of encouragement. It would scarcely be otherwise after a long and dreary winter, which still seems reluctant to relinquish its grasp. Shall we not hope that better days are at hand for all classes, the rich as well as the poor, and for all interests, material as well as moral? Indeed, the several classes of society and the varied interests of life are so interwoven, that it is difficult to draw the line of separation. If one member suffers, the other members suffer with him.

R. I.

Special Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 7, 1875.

DREAMING.

With long pauses between, we have been journeying from Fort Foote to Washington. Now, when the birds are singing their welcome to spring and the flowers are being coaxed into bloom by the sunshine, it is delightful to travel, for the roads are as dry as in summer, and the cool, bracing air is invigorating, if one does get a sniff of the chilly. There's a buzz and a hum peculiar only to a spring morning, when bells echo long over the hill tops, and the chattering chimneys in with a spring trill, and away in the distance the ducks and geese chatter with vociferous modulations.

Last, but not least the happy voices of children ring out over the valley, and away to the hill, until there's a genuine jubilee; one of nature's grandest efforts.

Our pleasure would not be quite complete without the pink eyes of the trailing arbutus peeping out here and there from vases and mossy festoons. Their waxen petals shining up through a net-work of green and sending forth their delicate, delicious fragrance revive memories that reach away to heaven.

We have dreamed our dreams, and now we'll bustle along towards the city, sniffing the odor of the arbutus in spite of a hundred licks. Oh, "its too sweet for anything" as the Southern people say.

THE NATIONAL INSANE ASYLUM.

The Government asylum for the insane, known as "St. Elizabeth," is an immense institution, that has been growing for twenty-five years, and is now a towering pile of brick which threatens to rival in size and importance the Capitol itself.

It is situated on the Maryland side of the District, and is three miles from the Capitol. It has at present nearly 700 inmates, besides attendants and officers. It is called a charitable institution for Soldiers and Sailors, but a large number are domiciled here who pay high figures for board and attendants.

Frail women, who have the prestige of rank and health, but are slaves to drink, are kept here by their friends; and again, that greatest of all curses that amounts to crime, making prisoners of sane men and women through policy, exists here as it probably does in every such institution in the land.

There are spacious and imposing grounds laid out with much taste, natural groves of stately forest trees running down over sloping hill-sides to the Potomac river and directly opposite the Navy Yard. We know of no finer site than this, to be found in the District.

Then too, there is a large farm of 500 acres, elegant barns, and picturesque cottages under the management and control of the Trustees and Directors, making, all together, a most imposing and expensive institution.

Each year Congress makes large appropriations to this Hospital. At the last session \$295,000 was allowed, while many similar institutions can not command enough to keep them alive.

It would seem that 419 acres (the exact number cultivated here) would make this Hospital somewhat self-supporting; but we believe every added acre makes an additional demand on the Government for its cultivation although the patients do the work.

It may be a grand benefecence; it may be an elaborate system of agricultural experiments; its managers may be angels in disguise, but it costs the Government too much by half. We hear that Dr. C. H. Nichols, Secretary ex-officio, wants an appropriation of \$300,000 to build another hospital, opposite this one, for female patients only.

We are getting nervous, and expect the whole country about will be gobbled up for a monument to human greatness.

RAMBLES.

Leaving these elegant grounds, and our insane conjectures, we follow Nicholas avenue down towards the Anacostia river. We pass through Howardward, the center of the Howard site owned and settled by colored people. An imposing public school building accommodates some four hundred pupils. Opposite this is the residence of the Hon. Fred Douglass, when he is about Washington; or at least two of his sons reside here in cozy cottages; and much of his time is spent here.

Over the Anacostia river there is being built in place of the old, broken structure known as the Navy Yard bridge, a new substantial one of stone piers and iron trestle work.

Anacostia, the little town, just here will assume new importance and build up rapidly as soon as this long needed enterprise is completed. By contract, the first of May will see it finished. The street cars will all-surge to the Government Hospital.

Leaving the bridge, we pass the Navy Yard buildings, where the boys in blue tramp back and forth with shouldered muskets; pass the Marine Hospital down Penn. avenue to the Capitol and Ben. Butler's imposing mansion, that looks as though he designed it for a wing to the Capitol.

The change being wrought about the Capitol grounds is marvelous. The front side, so long littered by old buildings and unpleasant objects, is simply grand in its new and still unfinished expanse. Never has the dear old Capitol looked so magnificent as now.

Easter Monday, the Capitol terraces were a sight to behold. Thousands of children gathered there to roll eggs and roll themselves.

Red, purple, pink, and spotted eggs were sent spinning down in all directions over the terraces, while the children of all sizes made the grounds ring with their shouts.

On the terraces too, about the White House, there was no less excitement than here, although these were aristocratic children and extraordinary eggs tossed over the turf.

A large number of colored men were following around late in the afternoon gathering up the shells that the children had sent rolling everywhere.

The latest excitement is spelling matches.

BESSIE BEECH.

The Concord Fight.

The May number of Harper's Magazine has an illustrated article on this opening fight of the revolution, contributed by Frederic Hudson, and from which we extract the following:

On the highest point of land where the Americans had assembled, the chief officers and citizens of Concord, with a few from the adjoining towns, held a council of war. There was an animated consultation on that historic spot. There Colonels Barrett, Robinson, Pierce, and Brooks, Major Buttrick, Captains Davis, Brown, Miles, Barlett, and Smith, citizens William Parkman, Ephraim Wood, and others, met and consulted on the course they would pursue. These patriots, requiring even more moral than physical courage to meet the regulars, armed with the power of a strong government, did not long hesitate. Indeed, the aggressions of the enemy soon provoked them to a decision. While these deliberations were absorbing their attention, the British were ruthlessly burning gun-carriages, wheels, the liberty-pole, and other spoils in the village, the smoke from which rose in a cloud over the common, and was plainly to be seen by those on the hill. It appeared as if the enemy had already set fire to the town. The sight sent a thrill of indignation through the ranks of the militia and minute-men gathered there. In the midst of the excitement the energetic Hosmer exclaimed, "They have set the village on fire! Will you let them burn it down?" With this danger in view, and urged by the bold and emphatic expressions of Major Buttrick and Captain Davis, they immediately "resolved to march to the middle of the town to defend their homes, or die in the attempt."

Although the British force at the bridge was not over 150 to 200 men, there were more than 500 in the village, a distance of half a mile, 100 more under Captain Pole, only a mile further, and the three companies under Captain Parsons, expected to return at any moment from Colonel Barrett's. The British could concentrate over 800 men within half an hour after the first gun was fired. The Americans numbered 500, and, in a military point of view, were merely an "armed mob," suddenly called together for self-protection. The British were well organized, well disciplined, experienced soldiers—veterans, indeed, accustomed to war in all its rigor, and sustained in whatever they did by a great nation. But in face of all this array, was there a doubt in the ranks of the Americans? In the excitement of the hour, Captain Smith, of Lincoln, full of patriotic impulses, volunteered to dislodge the enemy at the bridge with his single company. Smith had led his men to the field on the first alarm, and leaving his horse at Wright's tavern in the village, took his position on the hill and joined in the council. Captain Davis, of Acton, animated with the same feelings, exclaimed, "I haven't a man that's afraid to go." This was the spirit shown by the provincials, and it was decisive. It was arranged that, in the forward movement, Captain Davis, as commander of the first company of minute-men, should take the right, which he did in a gallant manner. It was thought best that the minute-men should have the advanced position, because many of them had bayonets, and it was deemed best to be prepared for a charge and close fighting.

The British, somewhat scattered in small groups on the bridge and on the west bank of the river, noticing the advance of the Americans, immediately formed and crossed to the east bank, taking up some of the planks of the bridge as they passed over. The soldiers under Captain Lawrie, who had previously retired to the hill, moved forward and joined their companions on the right bank of the river. The attempt of the British to dismantle the bridge attracted the attention of Major Buttrick as the Americans were advancing, "two and two, and turning the corner of the cross-road." He remonstrated against the act in a loud and emphatic tone, and ordered his men to march in a quick step. Thereupon the enemy desisted from the destruction. They became alarmed at the menacing movement of the Americans; and it may have occurred to them at the time that whatever obstructions were placed in the way of the Americans would jeopard the safety of Captain Parson's detachment.

It was, according to Captain David Brown, "between nine and ten of the clock in the forenoon." The British fired two or three guns in quick succession. These were preconcerted signal-guns for the distant detachments of the enemy to return at once. When the Americans arrived within ten or fifteen rods of the bridge, and were rapidly moving forward, one of the regulars, a sharp-shooter, stepped from the ranks and discharged his musket, manifestly aimed at Major Buttrick or Colonel Robinson, the ball from which, passing under the arm of the latter, slightly wounded Luther Blanchard, the flier of the Acton company, in the side, and Jonas Brown, one of the Concord minute-men. This gun was immediately followed by a volley, which instantly killed Captain Isaac Davis and private Abner Hosmer, of Acton, a ball passing through the heart of the former, and another through the head of the latter, and slightly wounding Ezekiel Davis, a brother of Captain Davis, a ball passing through his hat and grazing his head. When he saw that his flier was wounded, Captain Davis impulsively stepped to the wall by the road, and was in the act of sighting his gun, when he was hit by the enemy's shot. He sprang two or three feet in the air, fell on the north side of the wall, and expired without uttering a word. Joshua Brooks, of Lincoln, was struck with a ball that cut through his hat and drew blood on his forehead. It appeared as if he had been cut with a knife; and "I concluded," said Private Baker, "that the British were firing jackknives."

Major Buttrick, then in front of Captain Brown's company, instantly jumped from the ground, and partly turning to his men impetuously exclaimed, "Fire, fellow-soldiers! For God's sake, fire!" discharging his own gun at the same moment. Captain Brown, who never before nor after used a profane word, exclaimed, "God damn them, they are firing balls! Fire, men, fire!" drew up his own musket, deliberately aimed, and fired. One of the British soldiers, buried near the old monument, was believed to have been the result of that shot. Major Buttrick's orders ran along the line of militia and minute-men, the word "Fire!" "Fire!" came from a hundred lips, and a general discharge instantly followed from the Americans. They fired as they stood, and over each other's heads. The fusillade continued for a few minutes only, when the British broke and fled in great alarm and confusion. Noah Parkhurst, one of the Lincoln men, said to one of his comrades, "Now the war has begun, and no one knows when it will end!"

The fire of the Americans was destructive. Two British soldiers were instantly killed. Four officers, Lieutenants Gould, Hall, Sunderland, and Kelly, and a sergeant and six privates, were reported to have been wounded at the same time. It has never been accurately ascertained how many privates suffered in this engagement. More than a dozen had their wounds dressed in the village by Drs. Minot and Cummings, and, of course, there were surgeons with the expeditionary force. Many of the troops were covered with blood as they passed the houses on their retreat to the village, and were seen in this condition from the windows. The sudden flight of such veteran soldiers showed that the fire of the Americans must have been very severe.

Events of the Week.

MAIL CONTRACTS.

Postmaster-General Jewell continues his searching inquiry into the affairs of the postoffice department. He has already found the existence of devices designed to defraud the Government in relation to contracts for carrying the mails. In some cases bids for contracts have been destroyed, after they have been received and filed; in others, whole files have been taken away for examination. The sympathies of the people are with Mr. Jewell, and we hope he may be enabled to look as sharply into the making of future contracts, as he has in hunting up and exposing the frauds in those previously made.

THE CATHOLICS AND THE SCHOOLS.

The Catholics in New York propose to lease their parochial school-houses to the board of education and place their schools completely under the control of the same board with the exception of appointing the teachers and providing the religious instruction; but as yet their proposition has not been accepted. For some time the Catholics in New York and elsewhere have been in earnest to push matters, and achieve at least a single decisive step in the direction of gaining complete supremacy in the management of our public schools; and thus put an end to our system of secular education.

THE PARTIAL LOCK-OUT.

A partial lock-out, begun in Lowell, Mass., last Wednesday, adds a new phase to the labor question in New England. A lock-out is the counterpart of a strike. The trades-unions have learned that a general strike, throwing a large number of men with families out of employment, must in a short time break down under its own weight. So they permit a certain number of their members to continue at work, and assessments on these aid in supporting the strikers to hold out for a much longer period. To defend themselves, the manufacturers shut down their mills and give work to none. This is termed a lock-out. But the corporations in Lowell have only refused to employ those of the mule-spinners who are in the conspiracy, keeping their doors open to all others.

OTHER STRIKES.

In Pennsylvania, 10,000 miners of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Company are fully determined as yet not to resume work unless their demand for an advance of ten per cent. is granted. On April 14, fifty pudding furnaces were started, in Pittsburgh and it is thought that soon most of the mills will be in operation.

ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY CENTENNIAL.

The centennial celebration of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society was held in Philadelphia last Wednesday. Vice-President Wilson presided, and in a short address stated the character of the meeting and history of the Society, which he believed to be the oldest of its character in the world. Though founded in April, 1775, its work was practically suspended during the Revolution. After the war, however, its work was revived. After the passage of the fugitive slave law in 1850, through the agency of this Society very many fugitive slaves were assisted beyond the reach of capture.

S. S. Department.

Sabbath School Lesson.—April 25.

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

GIDEON'S ARMY.

JUDGES 7:1-8.

GOLDEN TEXT:—There is no restraint to the Lord, to save by many or by few. 1 Sam. 14: 6.

Notes and Hints.

After the departure of the angel, on the night of that day, Gideon threw down the altar of Baal, built an altar to God, and offered sacrifice to him. The men of Ophrah demanded his death for the sacrifice, but his father said if Baal was a god, he could protect his own altar. Hence Gideon was called the Baal-fighter, or Jerub-baal, that is, the one against whom Baal fights. Next, Gideon gathered an army from Manasseh, Asher, Zebulun and (Naphtali), and having obtained a double assurance of the Lord, by the trial with the fleece, of success in the undertaking, pitched his camp before his foes.

1. The Situation. Midian, with Amalek as an ally, had crossed the Jordan and pitched in the plain of Esdraelon, anciently called Jezreel, the battle-ground of Palestine, where, at a later period, Saul and the Philistines, the Israelites and the Syrians, Josiah and the Egyptians, and, in modern times, Napoleon and the Syrians fought against each other. "Jews, Gentiles, Saracens, Egyptians, Persians, Druzes, Turks, Arabs, Christian Crusaders and anti-Christian Frenchmen—warriors of every nation under heaven, have pitched their tents in the plain of Esdraelon, and have beheld the various banners of their nations wet with the dew of Tabor and Hermon." This plain is bounded on the south by Carmel and the mountains of Ephraim, on the north by the mountains of Gilboa and Little Hermon, on the west by southern spurs of Galilean highlands. On this plain, "like grasshoppers for multitude, with camels without number," the Midianites were spread out. The "well of Harod" was a natural spring. Harod means trembling. There is no mention of this spot previously; it may have been so named from the panic of the Midianites. The Israelites were on the heights from the base of which the spring flowed. The "well" was probably at the foot of Gilboa, the one now called Ain Jahud. The hill Moreh is probably Little Hermon. Between these two locations, a plain from two to three miles in extent is found, sufficient for the host of Midian to encamp upon.

2. Not the army, but God is to save Israel. Notice the disproportion of the army of Israel to that of their foes. Of the Midianites there were one hundred and thirty-five thousand men; Judges 8:10; of the Israelites, thirty-two thousand. This small force God declared to be too large, lest it leaving won the victory, Israel should boast, "mine own hand hath saved me." The evil to be avoided was confidence in the human, independently of God. God would teach that all our strength is from him. Seeing these two facts clearly, men will look to God for his aid; men will give God the glory of their achievements. There is a wrong reliance on God which ignores the use of means appointed of God to reach ends; but this lesson deals with a more common wrong reliance, in which God, as the source of all strength, is forgotten. Let not God be thought of as seeking fulsome praise or taking delight in vacant applause. He is not eager for such glory. God would have men see what they are, and what he is; what relations to him they necessarily have, and how inevitably good comes from honoring him, and evil from attempting to do what they can not be, independent of divine strength; and this God desires for great reasons. Thus men enter that moral state and abide in it, whose goodness is recognized and revered and embraced. As we acknowledge God we escape the sins of pride, self-will, defiance of heaven, and take the only position favorable to the health and productiveness of virtue; this is why the Scriptures teach us to beware of declaring "mine own hand hath saved me."

3. 4. The Fearful Go Home. "Now, therefore, go to proclaim in the ears of the people, saying, whosoever is fearful and afraid, let him return and depart early from mount Gilead." This form of proclamation, with the reason for it annexed, is found in the law of Moses, Deut. 20:9. Mount Gilead is east of the Jordan; we have seen that Gideon with his army was west of that river. Hence, Gilead must either be a mistake for Gilboa, or there was a mount Gilead by the plain of Jezreel. Twenty-two thousand people left the camp for their homes. They had much reason for fear, and if they were afraid had better be out of the army. The people of God are engaged in a service that requires brave devotion to it. Christ says to his disciples that they must not love, above him, their own lives even. What if now he should call to his church, "let all who love riches, friends, social position, ease, self in any way more than me return to the world," how large a reduction would Zion suffer? The army of Gideon, if they viewed God as their leader, and their enterprise of his ordering, would have had no reason to fear. This sifting showed that, had they attacked and conquered Midian, God would not have been given the glory. Because they had no faith, because they looked for salvation to their own hand, they feared and reasonably feared to meet the one hundred and thirty-five thousand of Midian. Hence, after a victory obtained by them, Baal would have been served as before.

5. 6. Ten Thousand Are too Many. God commanded a further reduction. Gideon must have had supreme confidence in God, or this last order would have disheartened him. He, as well as his army, was tried. The greatest works of the church are not wrought by the greatest numbers, nor by the most talented members. "Bring them down into the water," that is, that flowed from the fountain of Harod. Gideon obeys God, brings his men to the water, and all drink of the water. Three hundred lapped of the water with their tongue, that is, drank from the hand. The rest knelt and drank. The men were not aware that God was testing them. The mode of drinking proved who stood ready for service, who was active, who on the alert, and ready for further hardships. "By such a sign as this," a writer thinks, "an ordinary general might have been able to recognize the bravest of his army;" but generals in the circumstances of Gideon would seldom seek to exchange ten thousand for three hundred men. It was not of Gideon but of the Lord that this proposed reduction came. It is not impossible for small churches to achieve great victories, or for a small Sabbath school to attack the hosts of sin successfully, for a few brave, because trusting, souls in any Zion, to rescue the people from depression. The valor that, like a spring, issues from faith in God, makes numbers of little account, and is invincible.

7. God by the Three Hundred Will Save Israel. "And the Lord said unto Gideon, by the three hundred that lapped will I save you, and deliver the Midianites into your hand." "You" here means those whom Gideon represents, and with whose cause he is identified. So God often says to a pastor who has failed to enlist the heart of the majority of his church in the work of saving men, "by a few tried and loyal ones, will I save you."

8. The Few for the Battle. "So the people took victuals in their hands and their trumpets." Instead of the whole people taking victuals, the three hundred took the provisions of the people which had been prepared for the camp. They also took the trumpets of the people who were to go to their tents. Keil and Delitzsch render this verse thus: "so they (the 300 picked men) took the provision of the people in their hand, and their (the people's) trumpets; and all the men of Israel (the 9700) he had sent away every one to his tent, (i. e., to his home, Deut. 16:7.) and the three hundred men he had kept by himself; but the camp of the Midianites was below to him in the valley." The return of so many men would leave to the little band an abundance of supplies, and they availed themselves of the opportunity. Bush thinks that those who were sent to their tents remained at a safe distance to witness the attack. The expression "and he sent all the rest of Israel every man unto his tent" need not be pressed to mean any more than he disbanded them. Hence they may have joined in the attack after the panic and route. It is necessary to notice the expression "and the host of Midian was beneath him in the valley," because the dream of the soldier which Gideon heard is then better understood.

This lesson is one of encouragement to the small and the few who are at work for Christ. Who needs encouragement more than the little church or Sabbath school, struggling against great odds for the spread of the gospel? Here is hope, here is heart, here is prophecy for them. The church as well as the world needs to learn that God saves as easily by the three hundred as by the thirty-two thousand. It is a matter of common observation that a few energetic, loyal, confident souls can cause mighty evils to be routed and overthrown. The few whom Christ makes strong can not be resisted. But the few and the many must remember that "the excellency of the power" in all religious work is of God and not of us. Hence the importance of putting the soul into the state of praise to God, and of prayer to God. God is our strength, our skill, our life and being. We have what is given us. Praise, then, is comely.

ENCOURAGING FOR TEACHERS. The teacher who would rightly measure the value of his efforts, must take many things into consideration besides visible results. He must regard the different natures of children, each requiring a different course of treatment; their different degrees of receptivity; the different degrees to which their minds are pre-occupied with false ideas, each calling for a different degree of preparation; the different ways in which consciousness and education manifest themselves, by the operation of which the truth-plant will in each person assume a different shape; and he must keep in view the opposing motives and influences which surround us all. No one can be divested wholly of them. Under their pressure we tend alternately to good and evil, undergoing what Herbert Spencer describes as the rhythm of motion. As one is more or less impraisable, he yields more readily to them, and is carried further in either direction. The teacher observes the variations of his scholars, and is anxious. Let him pursue his work trustfully, and not fear. He has the truth. It is imperishable, and can not be overcome. —Methodist.

"I'LL RISK IT." A faithful pastor urged a young lady of his congregation and Sabbath school to come to Jesus now. She impatiently answered:

"You are always urging me now, now, I can not see the need of such great hurry."

"I have no authority to preach or to teach any other gospel."

"Oh, well, I'll risk it," she jauntily replied, as she waved a good-bye and started on a summer's pleasure. A burning steamer on the Hudson River closed the short chapter of her unhappy life.

O teacher, teach a present salvation, a present peril to sin, a present heaven to win. And do it now, on this Sabbath, and on every Sabbath you meet and greet your scholars. It may be your last time to teach, their last time to hear.

Sunday may be made a delightful day in the household, by special privileges, appropriate songs, and readings chosen in turn, till the little ones count it the best day of all the seven.

Communications.

Church Indebtedness.

When a thing becomes a popular usage, blindness or indifference to its evil tendencies naturally follows. So it appears to extensively be in relation to the practice of encumbering a new meeting-house with a debt. But, whether this is done in expectation of the growth of the place, or the congregation, or with an eye to the distant future, or through competition, or love of display, it is proposed to show, that, in general, it is very unwise. That there may be no extreme case, in which it is admissible, is not now affirmed. But that it is almost always inadvisable may appear from the following considerations:

1. It may serve as a discouragement both to pastor and people, and that in proportion to its amount compared with their ability. A considerable debt, which is felt to be onerous, throws a weight upon their spirits, rendering their movements heavy and melancholy. We need all the hopefulness we can well attain. In a church's best state, certainly in its usual state, there is so much to dishearten, from the imperfection of Christians, the carelessness of sinners, the pressure of worldliness, the eager desire for dissipating pleasure, that any needless cause of additional discouragement may well be avoided. If the pastor labors under great depression, he can not preach as zealously and successfully as otherwise. If the church be greatly cast down, he will lack the hearty co-operation indispensable to the fullest success. The abiding remembrance of such indebtedness,—in the case of a feeble church especially,—may increase the difficulties of raising the funds needful for current expenses; thus adding to the discouragement. If some large and wealthy churches can not appreciate this item, there are those that can.

2. Such indebtedness may abridge the benevolence of the church and people. We all know how common it is for persons to urge their indebtedness as an excuse for declining to contribute to a call of benevolence. It might be well, if some such were equally mindful of their just debts when about to make an extravagant purchase, while their needy creditors wait for their pay. Some, who, on a benevolent call, are thus pressing reminded of their debts, may, in fact, always be in debt, yet, having offsets sufficient, are not straitened as to any expenditures for their own selfish gratification. Indeed, the purse is, commonly, one of the last things that Christians heartily give up to Christ.

Now, it is a very plausible and seemingly respectable excuse for doing little or nothing for the perishing, that "our church is in debt for the meeting-house." Of course, while this is unpaid, we ought not to spend our money for people on the other side of the globe. Charity begins at home. We will not here stop to show the fallacy of this style of evading the claims of duty. Enough, that it is perfectly natural to selfish beings, as we all by nature are. It would be, indeed, somewhat noticeable, if a church deeply in debt for the house of worship, should be largely liberal to benevolent causes. How mournful it is for a church to fall back from a healthful course of giving; and what an evil to increase the temptations to such retrogradation. If anything weakens a church, if anything cripples its power for good, the spirit of withholding is eminently weakening and crippling. And the case is the more sad, because the churches are extensively unaware that it is so disastrous to withhold. Oh, how many churches have never suitably realized this, and how difficult it is to convince them of it. All this being so, what intelligent, earnest Christian would wish the church to which he belongs to become impoverished by a debt upon the house of God?

3. Such indebtedness may prevent people from uniting with the church or society. It might not so affect some noble souls, but all souls are not thus noble. Taking mankind as they usually are, if an individual can readily find another convenient place of worship, unincumbered with such a burden, we can not wonder that he prefers to decline in assisting to discharge a debt which he had no share in contracting. If he willingly pays his full quota of what is needful for current expenses, he may very naturally think he does all his duty, peculiarly, for the church with which he worships. If the man is rich, he may be all the more unwilling to come in and largely aid in lifting off the burden which the church has so unwisely assumed. It is natural, too, for him to think that the church may wish to relieve itself by looking to him as one of its chief burden-bearers; an office which he does not covet; and so, by going elsewhere, he may defeat any such expectations. In fact, leaving out the few noble souls,—who are disposed to unite with a church, or parish, thus indebted, if he can be as much edified elsewhere, especially, if he judges it wrong, in all ordinary circumstances, to incur such indebtedness? There are no doubt some who will help an individual, or a church, out of trouble, even when that trouble is the direct result of imprudence or sin; but there are not many who think it a sufficient excuse for withholding aid, because the individual, or church, had no business to get into such trouble? This may be mean; but meanness is quite common. It may savor of self-righteousness; but this, too, is common. So that, as things are in this imperfect world, the indebtedness of a church may often repel people from its worship. Also all earnest attempts to increase a church or congregation, may be construed into endeavors to allure outsiders to come and help in paying the debt. This very suspicion of itself may keep off not a few.

Hence, if an increase of numbers be desired from the purest motives, even from an earnest desire to benefit and save men, this object may fail. The very end of a church's being, to bless and save men, through the appointed means, may thus in part be defeated. At least, it may be so if, in the place, there is no other evangelical church, or locality, where Christ is preached. Think of this, ye who purpose to erect, or to repair and beautify, a house of worship, and do not exceed your ability, nor forget that ability may be as often overrated as the expected cost is underrated.

As to building for a distant future, in the hope of a town's large increase, this hope may prove illusive. Besides, it tends to impair the effect of public worship, to spread a little congregation over a spacious house. Fifty or seventy-five persons, and some congregations scarcely average the higher number, men, women and children all told, if they do the lower, scattered over a large house, have a forlorn look, especially if thinly spread, each in his own pew, over the unsocial space. Bid a shrewd lawyer address a jury so spread out and see what he would say? He would say that good common sense had little to do with the arrangement. Webster or Choate would hardly have won in such circumstances. In every view, as a rule, it is poor business to incur debt in building a house of worship.

4. The last consideration to be here mentioned is not the least; viz., the incongruity of dedicating to God, that which is not ours. The house may never be paid for. What right have we to dedicate to God other people's property? My mortgaged farm I do not fully own. Would it be pleasant in the dedicatory prayer of a house of worship to say, "We consecrate to Thee so much of this house as has no incumbrance upon it?" How about the rest? I think that some have felt the incongruity of dedicating a house burdened with debt, even at the time of dedication, and out of a cogent sense of propriety, have come forward and cleared off the debt on the spot. If this can not be at once done, would it not be respectful to postpone the dedication till the house is ours to give? All which is respectfully submitted.

Catching Sunbeams.

Who does not love the sunshine? The glad, golden sunshine, sparkling on leaf and twig, irradiating mountain and valley, sending its bright, dazzling rays into lowly cottage and lordly hall.

On such a day as the present, dark, damp and dreary, the rain one steady monotonous drip, the wind with its weird unearthly music, falling like some mournful dirge upon the ear, how we long for one burst of blessed sunshine, to dispel these gloomy shadows, to change the dull, oppressive day into one of joy and beauty.

Some years since my attention was called to a little book entitled, "A Trap to Catch the Sunbeams." It was a simple story of a man in the humblest circumstances, living a bare, dreary life in a bare, dreary room, whose windows were so encumbered with the accumulations of years that not even the sharp-pointed arrows of the beautiful sunshine could readily penetrate therein.

The man's whole moral nature partook of the gloominess of his surroundings. Silent, morose, going to his daily labor with a clouded brow and a complaining heart, he passed his wretched days, caring for nobody, and nobody caring for him.

A child's hand admitting into his gloomy room the sunbeams that for years had vainly sought admission there, awoke him from the miserable state. Beholding the wonderful transformation wrought by the beautiful little elves as they played on wall and floor, and scattered their sparkling gems all over the dingy room, dispelling as by magic the shadows that so long had brooded there, he realized as never before how ruthlessly he had trampled under foot every dower that had bloomed in his pathway, and aside every blessing that might have cheered his lot.

The sunbeams that revealed in every corner of his room the gossamer webs, the fruit of years of patient toil, revealed no less clearly to his startled eyes that, over his heart, the tempter's hand had woven many a web far more difficult to remove than those which a light touch could brush away.

But vigorously he went to work, earnestly, assiduously he labored, until the cobwebs were expelled not only from room, but from mind and heart as well. Then, with deep gratitude to the Maker of those wonderful little fairies whose mission to his own heart had proved so beneficial, he resolved to do all in his power that others might share in like glorious results.

His life henceforth was a benison. With a lavish hand the blessed sunbeams were scattered hither and thither, lighting up many an otherwise dreary path, bringing joy and hope to many an aching heart. He was a humble man, earning his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, but many a millionaire might have envied his lot as he pursued his life journey, the sunshine of a happy, contented heart irradiating his face, and giving to the plain features a charm no mere beauty could bestow.

Little children, who had formerly shunned the gloomy man, now followed his steps, clinging to his hand, looking with beaming eyes into his face, to catch the answering smiles reflected there.

How different would this world be if more such traps to catch the sunbeams were constructed. If we brooded less over the petty trials that are incident to this earthly life, and appreciated more fully the thousand unnumbered blessings that our Father has so lavishly scattered around us.

We sometimes meet those who understand full well this art of catching the sunbeams. Indeed, in their very countenance, often seems reflected the sunshine and love of the heavenly home. We enter their society with eagerness, and leave it with regret, for they scatter, wherever they go, the precious sunbeams of joy and love. Trials they doubtless have, but these trials make them neither bitter nor morose. To them the world is a pleasant world, filled with objects to delight the eye and charm the heart.

To them God is a loving Father, watching over his children with an infinite tenderness.

Ah! they bask amid the beauties of the glorious sunbeams, their hearts are warmed by the cheering rays.

Another class there is, whose jaundiced vision sees nothing beautiful or attractive in the world. To them it is all out of joint, a dreary, gloomy place, in which to drag heavily, wearily along.

These people are constantly enveloped in shadow; the sunshine is all around them, but they can not see it. They constantly look through green spectacles, and hence everything to them is green. They make mountains of mole-hills; unhappy themselves, it seems to be their aim to make others so also. They are their own worst enemies. God pity them, and open the eyes so long darkened by gloom and misanthropy.

But the sunny-hearted ones, God bless them, and make their number legion.

FILIGRA.

A Wife's Influence.

BY MAUD L. STANTON.

One cold October evening a lady stood by the window of a pleasant farm-house gazing thoughtfully out into the darkness. The wind, as it swept mournfully by, seemed in harmony with her own sad thoughts. Her mind went rapidly back to her childhood's home, her father's kindness and her mother's love, and then to the new love that had crept unbidden into her heart, and for whom, a few short months ago, she had left parents and home. She was a member of the Methodist church. Her husband attended the Presbyterian church, but previous to their marriage he had promised to attend the Methodist part of the time, and daily the loving wife had borne him on the arms of faith in prayer to God. But she had been pained and grieved by his growing indifference and disinclination to accompany her, and to-night unbearably struggled for the mastery. "Were thy prayers in vain?" and turning with tearful eyes she met her husband's questioning glance.

"Draw the curtain, Mary, shut out the cold and gloom, then tell me of what you are thinking," he said, gently drawing a chair near his own.

"I am thinking of you, my husband. I want you to go to meeting with me this evening. Will you?" she asked pleadingly.

"But, Mary, it is so cold and dreary, I do not want you to go."

"We need not fear the cold," she said, smilingly. "You will go, will you not?"

"No; I will not go," he answered, sharply.

Without a word she turned and left the room. He knew that she had gone away to pray for him and his conscience smote him for the first unkind words he had ever spoken to her, and he longed to ask her forgiveness. Acting upon the impulse, he left the room and softly ascended the stairs, pausing at the door of her room, where with sobs and tears she was pleading for him,—her husband,—pleading as he had never heard her plead before, that he might be reconciled to God; and in an agony of remorse he bowed his head and wept. As her voice ceased he crept softly back, and when she entered the room he had resumed his former position. Tearfully kissing him "good-bye" she again left him.

He glanced quickly around the bright, pleasant room, containing so many evidences of his young wife's thoughtful love. A mile to the church, he thought. She ought not to go alone. He would harness old Jerry, as he could easily overtake her, and he need not enter the church.

Blinded by her tears the young wife walked slowly on until she was accosted by her uncle's cheery voice:

"What, Mary, walking to church? I can carry you. Come, let me help you in," and she found herself in her uncle's carriage driven rapidly toward the church. Previous to leaving home, she had written on several slips of paper a request that prayer might be offered for an unconverted husband. Sipping these into the hymn-books, she prayerfully awaited the result.

Meanwhile her husband had driven on, momentarily expecting to overtake her, and as he neared the church his wonder and surprise were great. He was determined not to enter, but he could not go away unless he knew that she was there, so standing by the open door he glanced in. Yes, she was there with her uncle. There was no necessity for a longer stay. Her uncle would drive her home and she need never know he had been there. But still he lingered. A strong impulse was urging him to enter. Was it not the Divine Spirit pleading with him in answer to that loving wife's prayer? Glancing around hastily, to make sure that no one had noticed him, he softly entered the nearest seat, thinking the old-fashioned, high-backed pews would effectually screen him from observation.

The opening hymn had been sung, and the pastor arose and read the request he had found on his desk, then knelt in prayer, and every word of the fervent, heartfelt petition offered, he knew, in his behalf pierced him to the heart, until in agony he cried aloud to God for mercy, and ere the meeting closed there was rejoicing in heaven with the angels, over another soul

that had been saved from the error of its way.

The above sketch is true, and it is sent for publication hoping that it may encourage and comfort the praying wives and mothers, whose daily cry is for their loved ones' salvation.

False Saving.

"To lay up money when there is a present need for it is a want of trust, like laying up manna."

I have never heard a sermon on trust in God, or upon charity with the laying up of manna for the text, although it may have been often used.

The passage comes to me with wonderful power at each reading; not merely that God can and will provide for us even in the desert or the wilderness, but the great force is, that we may plan and arrange, and put forth every effort that today's abundance shall be a provision for tomorrow, but God may thwart it all and provide afresh. It is not a lesson of indolence, but of reasonable exertion with trust; not the wearing out and denying one's self and the needy around, from fear of tomorrow's wants, which may never come.

You have all the benefits of what you wisely use to-day. All that you have, or others truly need for health or real comfort, bestow, if it require your last dollar. Then thank God that you have not only had the dollar, but the highest good that can come from it,—have blessed a human life.

You find it difficult to decide between a generous want and a mere wish; but when you have placed yourself unreservedly in the hollow of God's hand, and told him so, each day, yes, hourly, renewing your submission and dependence, you will be guided clearly in every decision.

One must observe the unheard but felt longings of God. His silent suggestion, that comes so unexpectedly and so sustainingly. We come to know that we are a part of God, and we need only to keep ourselves attuned to that great heart which knows no discord, to interpret, unmistakably, each throat.

There are times that something impels us to make tremendous struggles; some great work must be accomplished through us, and by a fierce battle. We seem to forget God, but it is all good; God is as much in it, as in the gentle leading and following. A powerful exercise is often the wise physician's means for renovating our physical conditions. The atmosphere is purified by strong winds. So God sometime loosens the binding cord, that an apparently lone combat may develop in us the highest and richest strength for true usefulness.

How much I wish that every soul, especially the invalid of long years of suffering and waiting, might fully feel the safety of trusting all to God; that the waiting is his patient waiting for us, not ours for him; that each might be as sure the manna will fall, fresh and sweet each morning as that the sun will rise. The dark, dreary, sunless days of life must come, but they bring something with them worth, the having, and it is reached only through them.

Don't be anxious! What you anticipate either with joy or dread, will never come just as you hope or fear. Let it come just as it may, knowing that it will be just right and that you will be ripe to receive or endure it. All that you have to do, or can do, is to go straight forward in the way that is laid wide open for you.

Don't hard your means, when you can bless so many and so much. It requires so little to make a heart or a burden lighter; and you know it is an unfailing law of nature that as you sow, you must reap; if it be blessings, fear not but it shall be blessings in the sickle. A. A. F. L.

Charity.

BY ADDIE L. WYMAN.

We look for beauty in the rose
That climbs the garden wall;
The lily, by its side, we say
Is stately, fair and tall.

The little purple pansy wins
A word of loving praise,
On thy blooms of every hue
Admiring all we gaze.

And so the smiling garden seems
All beautiful and fair;
We look for beauty and we find
A beauty everywhere.

We do not mind each speck and spot
Upon the shining leaf;
We did not come to look for flaws,
Or find a source of grief.

There is enough of loveliness
To furnish mental food;
And so we look, with love, and bless
The Giver of all good.

And why not live among our kind
As in our floral bowers,
And give to man the charity
We grudge not to the flowers.

Though he who seeks may always find
A blessing to be had,
'Tis always happier to look
Upon the angel side.

The Power Is of God.

I once said to myself, in the foolishness of my heart, "What sort of a sermon must that have been which was preached by St. Peter, when three thousand souls were converted at once? What sort of sermon! Such as other sermons. There is nothing to be found in it extraordinary. The effect was not produced by St. Peter's eloquence but by the mighty power of God, present with his word. It is in vain to attend one minister after another, and to hear sermons, unless we pray that the Holy Spirit accompany his word. Neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase.—Cecil.

Selections.

All in All.

Wear of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at Heaven, and long to enter in.
But there no evil thing may find a home;
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

So vite I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the Whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

The while I faint would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me, day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And his the blood that may find a home;
And set me faultless there before the throne.

'Twas he who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child.
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me his grace of pardon, and will give.

Yea, thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord,
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, and thine the life laid down.

The Spiritual Harvest.

The late Rev. F. W. Robertson was remarkable for the practical nature of his sermons as well as for their generally sound and helpful teaching. Here is one on "The Principle of the Spiritual Harvest," which he elucidates as follows:

The principle is this: "God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

There are two kinds of good possible to men—one enjoyed by our animal being, the other felt and appreciated by our spirits. Every man understands more or less, the difference between these two; between prosperity and well-doing; between indulgence and nobleness; between comfort and inward peace; between pleasure and striving after perfection; between happiness and blessedness. These are two kinds of harvest, and the labor necessary for them respectively is of very different kinds. The labor which procures the harvest of the one has no tendency to secure the other.

We will not depreciate the advantages of this world. It is foolish and unreal to do so. Comfort, affluence, success, freedom from care, rank, station—these are in their way real goods; only the labor bestowed upon them does not procure one single blessing that is spiritual.

On the other hand, the seed which is sown for a spiritual harvest has no tendency whatever to procure temporal well-being. Let us see what are the laws of the sowing and reaping in this department. Christ has declared them: "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled" (with righteousness). "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted." You observe the "beatific vision of the Almighty—fullness of righteousness—comfort. There is nothing earthly—spiritual results for spiritual labor. It is not said that the pure in heart shall be made rich; nor that they who hunger after goodness shall be filled with bread; nor that they who mourn shall rise in life, and obtain distinction. Each department has its own appropriate harvest reserved exclusively to its own method of sowing.

Now the mistakes men make, and the extravagant expectation in which they indulge, are these: they sow for earth, and expect to win spiritual blessings; or, they sow to the spirit, and then wonder that they have not a harvest of the good things of earth. In each case they complain, "What have I done to be treated so?"

The unreasonableness of all this appears the moment we have understood the conditions contained in this principle. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

It is a common thing to hear sentimental wonderings about the unfairness of the distribution of things here. "But if you look into it, the balance is perfectly adjusted even here. God has made his world much better than you and I could make it. Everything reaps its own harvest, every act has its own reward. And before you covet the enjoyment which another possesses you must first calculate the cost at which it was procured.

For instance, the religious tradesman complains that his honesty is a hindrance to his success; that the tide of custom pours into the doors of his less scrupulous neighbors in the same street, while he himself waits for hours idle. My brother! do you think that God is going to reward honor, integrity, high-mindedness, with this world's coin? Do you fancy that he will pay spiritual excellence with plenty of custom? Now consider the price that man has paid for his success. Perhaps mental degradation and inward dishonor. His advertisements are all deceptive; his treatment of his workmen tyrannical; his cheap prices made possible by inferior articles. Sow that man's seed, and you will reap that man's harvest. Cheat, lie, advertise, be unscrupulous in your assertions, custom will come to you. But if the price is too dear, let him have his harvest, and take yours. Yours is a clear conscience, a pure mind, rectitude within and without. Will you part with that for this? Then why do you covet the price that he has paid, and you do not choose to pay it.

Again, it is not an uncommon thing to see a man rise from insignificance to sudden wealth by speculation. Within the last ten or twenty years, England has grazed on many such a phenomenon. In this case, as in spiritual things, the law seems to hold: "He that hath, to him shall be given." Tens of thousands upon increase and multiply to hundreds of thousands. His doors are besieged by the rich and great. Royal banquets at his table, and nobles court his alliance. Whereupon some simple Christian is inclined to complain: "How strange that so much prosperity should be the lot of mere cleverness! Well, are these really God's chief blessings? Is it for such as these you serve him? And would these indeed satisfy your soul? Would you have God reward his saints with these gauds and gewgaws—all this trash, rank, and wealth, and equipages, and plate, and courtship from the needy great? Call you that the heaven of the holy? Compute, now, what we paid for that. The price that merchant prince paid, perhaps with the blood of his own soul, was shame and guilt. The price he is paying now is perpetual dread of detection; or, worse still, the burden which can laugh at detection; or, one deep lower yet, the low and groveling soul which can be satisfied with these things as a Paradise, and ask no higher. He has reaped enjoyment, yes, and he has sown, too, the seed of infamy. It is all fair. Count the cost: "He that sateh his life shall lose it."

Save your life, if you like; but do not complain if you lose your nobler life—yourself. Win the whole world; but remember you do it by losing your own soul. Every sin must be paid for; every sensual indulgence is a harvest, the price for which is so much ruin for the soul. "God is not mocked."

Once more: religious men in every profession are surprised to find that many of their avenues are closed to them. The conscientious churchman complains that his delicate scruples, or his bold truthfulness, stand in the way of his preferment; while another man, who conquers his scruples, or softens the eye of truth, rises, and sits down a mitred peer in Parliament. The honorable lawyer feels that his practice is limited, while the unprincipled practitioner receives all he loses; and the Christian physician feels sore and sad at perceiving that charlatanism succeeds in winning employment; or if not charlatanism, at least that affability and courtly manners take the place that is due superior knowledge. Let each man take comfort, and judge fairly. Popularity is one of the things of an earthly harvest, for which quite earthly qualifications are required. I say not always dishonorable qualifications; but a certain flexibility of disposition—a certain courtly willingness to sink obnoxious truths, and adapt ourselves to the prejudices of the minds of others—a certain adroitness at catching the tone of those with whom we are. Without some of these things no man can be popular in any profession. But you have resolved to be a liver, a doer, a champion for the truth. Your ambition is to be pure in the last recesses of the mind. You have your reward—a soul upright and manly; a fearless bearing, that dreads to look no man in the face; a willingness to let men search you through and through, and defy them to see any difference between what you seem and what you are. Now your price is dislike. The price of being true is the cross. The warrior of the truth must not expect success. What have you to do with popularity? Sow for it and you will have it. But if you wish for it, or wish for peace, you have mistaken your course. You must not be a teacher of the truth; you must leave medical, legal, theological truth to harder and nobler men, who are willing to take the martyr's cross and win the martyr's crown. This is the mistake men make. They expect both harvests, paying only one price. They would be blessed with goodness and prosperity at once. They would have that on which they bestow no labor. They take sinful pleasure, and think it very hard that they must pay for it in agony, and worse than agony, souls deteriorated. They would monopolize heaven in their souls, and the world's prizes at the same time. This is to expect to come back, like Joseph's brethren from the land of plenty, with the corn in their sacks, and the money returned, too, in their sacks' mouths. No, no; it will not do. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked." Reap what you have sown. If you sow the wind, do not complain if your harvest is the whirlwind. If you sow to the Spirit, be content with a spiritual reward—invisible—within—more life and higher life.

Work for Christ!

These few words, properly understood, contain in themselves the great secret of spiritual prosperity and success. Let Christians bring to the practice of religious duty the same enthusiasm and energy with which they labor in order to secure effects which are wholly temporal, and they will have cause to wonder at the grace with which God will strengthen, and the results with which He will crown their efforts to glorify Him.

In order to work for Christ we must live for Him. The life and the work go together, but the life in order of being must be first. Simple as this truth is, many are ignorant of it. It is not the doing this thing, or the leaving the other undone, that deserves the name of working for Christ, because even Herod heard John gladly and did many things; but it is having such a measure of living devotion to Christ, our Life, that we can say to some extent at least, as Paul said: "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." The work must be the outgrowth of the life or it is nothing. "Good Master," said the Jews, "what shall we do that we may work the works of God?" and the answer of the Master was, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent."

Faith is the root of all holy living and of all holy activity, because by faith we live. That is a keen saying of the Lord Jesus when he speaks of the folly of seeking grapes on thorns, or figs on thistles. One may be clusters of grapes on any weed or put grow there; and so the wonderful deeds of them who do not abide in Christ, are not the fruits of righteousness. Make the tree good and the fruit will be good also. A corrupt tree can not bring forth good fruit; therefore to work for Christ, the nature must be renewed.

The man must love his nature, not so much for its own sake as for Christ's sake. Nor is it needful that he should go in search of it, because the Lord orders his lot, and ordains the sphere in which His servants can be most useful. How many heart sorrows have been the bitter fruit of forgetting that precept and promise, "Trust in the Lord with all thy heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding; in all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy path." We are ready to complain of this cross or the other, and to lament over the cross in our lot, when we should remember that He who orders our trials knows just what we need, and will surely order them for the good of them that love Him. We lose strength and opportunities of honoring our gracious Lord by active duty, in vain efforts to rid ourselves of the cross which we must bear if we would follow Him.

To serve the Lord is simply to abide in our calling with God. To work for Christ is to believe in Him, to trust in Him, to rest in Him. It is not the doing this great thing, or that wonderful work, but it is meeting the every-day duties and trials of life with a loving desire to please Him who allots our task, and in patience as well as in earnest activity to live the life of faith. The merchant works for his Lord by plain, honest, straight forward dealing and by thus commending the religion of Christ to those that are without, quite as effectively as by acts of worship; and more effectively than the man who amasses vast treasures of money by trickery and fraud, and then seeks to compromise with conscience by the bestowal of a trumpeted donation for the promotion of some special object of Christian benevolence. Happy they who can say with Paul, "For me to live is Christ!" This is more than living or working for Christ; it is having the life in him with Christ in God—Intelligence.

There are many elements of life that never grow sweet and beautiful till sorrow touches them.

Drifting.

A sailor must not only regard the winds and clouds, and veer his sail to suit emergencies, but he must as well be vigilant for tides and currents and undertows. Many men have the sails of Christian profession all right and watch the heavenly scenery through the telescope of faith with perfunctory regularity, and keep busy in the general church routine, and yet are unconscious of the counter-drift of bad habit or some compromise of Christian character. We must look around and beneath as well as above us. It is sad to see a full-rigged ship or saint captured by an undertow.

Some temperance headlights, adame with all the arguments, yet now and again, on peculiar occasions, compromising their principles and practices; some tongues, glib with Scripture and fluent in addresses to the throne of grace, beguiled by self-interest into petty deceptions and prevarications. A flash of passion will carry astray the keel of a purpose which has a mast loaded with sails of creeds and confessions. We must make headway against all the subtle infirmities of our individual character as well as maintain our Christian duties. The upper pull of heavenly influences and the undertow of defects are equal in some characters, and anchor them. They are neutralized. They are as still as a painting of speed. Alas! many of these discrepancies between practice and profession, these so-called little sins, are carried astern in spite of the sail, the sail at length frayed and shredded, and the current gaining in its velocity toward ruin. Do not drift. Look out for the insidious snares of this treacherous sea which we navigate.

It was said recently by a lecturer on temperance, illustrating a point, that one of the celebrated polar explorers, went as far as he could with his ship, and then took to his sledges and dogs. He made his observation of the sun and started due North. All day long the animals yelped as they flew over the frozen pavement. The next morning he took another observation and found that he was farther South than when he started. The vast cake of ice on which he journeyed drifted South faster than he could travel North.

Beware, O Christian, of nullifying your profession and zeal by drifting. Addition to watching the infallible light above, we must take heed unto our path.—Advocate.

Afflictions Sanctified.

As lilies grow best in the valley, so some Christians grow in grace and thrive best in the valley of humiliation. Some are weak, and it planted on the mountain-top, with the sun of prosperity shining on them, it may be too much for their strength, and cause weakness and languor. In times of health and prosperity we are apt to grow self-confident, and forget our entire dependence on God. We sometimes turn aside from the narrow path which leadeth to life, and get entrapped and entangled in the by-path meadows of sin and the world; but every step we take we are learning by sad experience that the world is a hard master, and does not give us just returns for the service we render, but like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord watches over us, and will not leave his own to perish in the wilderness. He watches over us and brings us back in His own way. He knoweth our frame, and what we need. One's brought into the furnace of affliction. A loving Father is sifting by the refiner; moderating the heat; watching the process. In time, the pure metal is brought to light; the dross consumed, the gold refined, the soul is saved; and now the Father says, Behold I have refined thee, but not with silver. I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction. Oh, the blessing of sanctified affliction when we can see Jesus as our Physician giving the bitter cup, and assuring us there is a need—be for all our sufferings. Not one pain too many. Not a stroke too heavy. Some have experienced the sympathies of Jesus most when the heat of the furnace is greatest; the golden comes out. And some of God's children, after afflictions, how they shine forth when the dross of worldliness is consumed. In the valley of humiliation, they thrive and grow in grace. How many can say with David, Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept Thy word. Why, then, should we murmur at the chastening of our Father's hand when it is for our souls' good and God's glory.—Watchman and Reflector.

Christ in all Teaching.

We have known teachers who are always attentive to the class; they never miss a Sabbath, save for sickness; they prepare their lessons so as to attract the attention of the class; they are regarded as model teachers in almost every respect, and yet there are never any conversions in their classes—not even in revivals of religion. Why this strange thing? Just because they never talk about Christ to the class, only in a most general way. They never interest themselves in the spiritual welfare of one of the scholars. They seem to be of the impression that such an important matter as the conversion of the soul must be left almost exclusively to some other agency. They have not aimed at this, and of course they have not accomplished it. Now, it seems very evident that while the "lighter matters" are not to be neglected, yet the "weightier matters" should ever occupy a most prominent place in the thought of the teacher. Teach everything that may be helpful to the class, but be careful that Christ is included in the everything. Keep constantly in mind the duty demands that you should teach for eternity. Never forget that it concerns the personal soul and the personal Christ. Better, far better, to teach less of some other things and more of Christ. It is not wrong to leave your class without having endeavored, directly or indirectly, to leave Christ with it. Teachers, aim right—aim at the soul with Christ, and you shall strike the soul with Christ.—Journal and Messenger.

God's Cure for Darkness.

Our way is often dark in this dark world. Evil and sorrow surround us like so many thick clouds that shut out the light. What, then, shall we do, when we are thus on the point of losing our way? Take hold of God's hand, as the little child does of its father's in the dark night, and keep close to His side.

That is God's cure for darkness—simple confidence in Himself. The want of this confidence puts us all wrong. The possession of it keeps us all right. But am I warranted in trusting God at all

times, whatever may be the evil that I feel to be in me? Of course you are, just as you are bound to obey the command which says, "Thou shalt love Him with all thy heart." You would not say, "I am so bad that I am not warranted in loving God." That would be adding sin to sin. So you ought never to say, "I am so bad that I am not entitled to trust God." God commands you to trust Him; and not to do so would just be adding sin to sin. Trust Him at all times, for He is worthy to be trusted. Stay upon Him, for His arm is strong enough to bear the whole weight both of yourself and your sins. Do not hesitate or delay. Trust Him at once, and as you are. Trust Him now.—H. Bonar.

Dr. Bacon's Conclusion.

In his anniversary discourse to his people the other day, Dr. Bacon made this interesting and eloquent statement:

It is partly by those clearer and more just conceptions of Christian truth, that I have gained a broader liberality of judgment, in regard to theological and ecclesiastical difference among Christians, and a corresponding enlargement of sympathy with all who follow Christ. I trust I am as far as ever from the liberality of indifference, but God has taught me, as he is teaching his churches everywhere, that they who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and follow him are agreed in the main things, and may agree to differ in other things. By the same teaching I have gained better views of what Christian experience is, and of how the Christian life begins and is sustained and manifested. Long ago I learned and began to teach—that I did not adequately know at the beginning of my ministry—that experience, however conformed to any tradition of what conversion and regeneration ought to be—must be tested by the character and not the character by the experience, and that whatever the Christian character appears—the authentic "fruits of the Spirit"—there is no need of inquiring for the story of the psychological process in which that character began; and thus I am learning, more and more, to recognize as belonging to Christ all who profess and seem to love him.

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Any of which will be sent by mail, free of postage on receipt of the price. Parties desiring to get new Sabbath School Libraries, or to replenish old ones, can send us their orders which will be immediately filled with our own publications, or will be filled with the books of other publishers, and will be furnished to Sabbath schools in Libraries at wholesale prices. I. D. STEWART, DOVER, N. H.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21, 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.

The Centennial Season.

One hundred years ago last Monday, daring patriots in Concord, Mass., "fired the shot heard round the world," severed the last line that held the colonies to the mother-country, and started the Republic on its glorious career.

On this, its first anniversary, the event has been celebrated in a fitting manner. The President of the United States and several other distinguished public men were there, besides a promiscuous gathering of citizens, from far and near. All things considered, it was one of the most remarkable gatherings of the century. The wars of the revolution and of the rebellion lay behind; the Republic, having proved the wisdom of its founders and being in the full glory of its mission, is recognized as one of the great powers of the earth; and thus, at peace with the world, with the greatest possibilities before it as a nation and offering the largest and most varied facilities to individual advancement, it enters upon this new stage of its life.

Perhaps the most noticeable feature of the day at Concord was its literary exercises. These included an address by Ralph Waldo Emerson at the unveiling of a statue of a "Minute-Man," an oration by George William Curtis, poem by James Russell Lowell, and a hymn by Henry W. Longfellow. Thus the occasion was graced by the best culture of the country, as fine as any in the world, and almost on the very spot where it has its home. If the nation would show the proudest ornament of its first hundred years, could it do better than to point to those four men?

The statue of the Minute-Man, mentioned above, represents him at early morning at the plow, basket in hand, receiving the news of the approach of the British, and preparing to join his company to defend their homes. It is a spirited bronze figure, of the Young America of a century ago, and represents the inspiration of a young son of Concord. It is cast from cannon recently presented by Congress for that purpose, and is placed at the old "North bridge," where the gallant Davis and Hosmer gave their lives for their country. It was this spot that was marked so long by the bush that Emerson characterized on the fiftieth anniversary of the fight by referring to it as "the burning bush where God spoke for his people." A fitting place for the statue to abide.

These exercises, and those of no little significance in the neighboring town of Lexington, where the first blood of the revolution was really shed, and where on Monday statues of John Hancock and Samuel Adams were to be unveiled, with an oration by R. H. Dana, Jr., appropriately opened the centennial season. The summer's exhibition in Philadelphia will immediately follow, and promises to be of a creditable character. There will be seen not only the evidences of our mechanical, inventive and industrial skill, but the countries of the old world are showing a gratifying interest in the occasion, and will make numerous and important entries. For this season that city will be the mecca of patriotic pilgrimage.—Let it be borne in mind that those who do not participate in this passing centennial can not hope to witness the next.

Let us not forget that there is a higher advancement for us than that in merely temporal and material affairs. That nation is poor indeed, and has existed too long already, whose most striking exhibitions are of such a character. Let us train the heart as well as the hand, seek soul-culture as well as that of the intellect, and aim to be great in our love of Christ and service for humanity. So can we best honor the centuries behind and before us.

Cause of Decline.

Many churches and communities once distinguished for spiritual prosperity are under a cloud. The means of grace once regularly and richly enjoyed are interrupted and inconstant. Desolation marks the hour, irreligion and vice abound. It is a sad picture, so much in contrast with former scenes. Why is it? It may be accounted for in various ways, but there is one prolific source of the evil. It is a purpose to have the best or none. Not the best we can have under our circumstances, but the best absolutely. The sentiment is, we must have the ablest preacher, the largest congregation, the finest church, or the doors shall be closed. We can not think of being inferior. This spirit extensively prevails. In most of our cities pulpits are vacant for lack of star preachers to fill them. Village and country are scarcely behind the city in a like demand.

This is not the spirit of the gospel. Jesus ever rebukes those who ask, "Who or which shall be greatest?" It is right to seek the best, do the best. There may be emulation; but if we fail in our object, we are not therefore to give up and do nothing. In other things, if we can not do as we would, we do as we can. So should it be in religion. No church should be satisfied with doing its best in all its means, appointments, services. But it is a foolish and fatal error to do nothing because it can not do every thing.

Comparisons are apt to be not only odious but pernicious. Do your own duty, meet your own responsibility, without being curious about others. What if some other church does more? God, reason, conscience require according to what we have, not according to what we have not. The silent offering of the poor widow was more valued than the jingle of gold and silver from the rich and proud. The honest, earnest, faithful heart is of chief concern. The true spirit says, if the minority is right, let me stand with the minority. I will cleave to God and truth, if I stand alone. I will do what I can, if it is ever so little.

Great mistakes are made in these estimates. An able minister is desirable for any place, but will have not the greatest ability. Those reckoned star preachers are not always the best. Their power may be transient, and not the most useful. One may make little show, excite little sensation, gain no great popularity, yet be very effective in building up spiritual interests. So with churches and communities. The kingdom of heaven cometh not with observation; neither shall any say, lo here or lo there, for the kingdom of God is within you. This is the main thing, to have the kingdom of God in the heart of the preacher, the church, and the congregation. Little matter what the world says. If God be for us, who can be against us? If he is with us, we shall succeed; without him we shall fail, whatever the circumstances.

A vain and reckless spirit is the bane of society. Young men must mount to the pinnacle of fame speedily, or sink into listlessness. The world is full of idlers, loungers, speculators; almost any resort is made except to patient toil. Yet by this all great achievements are made. Those in haste for wealth or fame soon come to naught or disgrace. He who is intent only on doing his duty, not over anxious for others or even for his own future, will progress, will accumulate, and make the most of himself. The same law is of universal application. No minister of Christ will be indifferent, dilatory, slothful. He can not receive the divine summons to labor in the harvest of souls, without doing his utmost; but if others can do more, this does not excuse him. He rejoices therein and presses on. If a church can secure the salvation of many, God will therefore be glorified; but if duty is done, and but one saved, still a great work is accomplished. Were the spirit of earnest, patient, persistent labor in full exercise, how soon would many desolate places be supplied, moral wastes become fruitful, and all find plenty to do.

Helps for Preachers.

The publication, on the same day, by Dodd & Mead, New York, of Dr. Storrs' "Preaching without Notes" and Dr. John Hall's "God's Word through Preaching," calls fresh attention to the work that is being done for preachers by preachers at the present time. Each volume comprises a course of lectures, both delivered during the past winter, the former before the students of the Union Theological Seminary and the latter before the Yale Divinity School.

Dr. Storrs' lectures are specific. They deal wholly with the extemporaneous method of preaching, and seek, as the preface says, to "contribute something of encouragement, if not of more special assistance, to those who would speak the unchanging truth with which God crowns and crowns the Gospel, out of a furnished and quickening mind, without that perpetual bondage to the pen which presses heavily on many ministers." Dr. Storrs himself is a remarkable example of his method. At first under "bondage to the pen," he at length threw it off, and now, without the aid of so much as a written word in the pulpit, he preaches sermons which are models of directness, finish and illustration. How he was enabled to do it, and how he believes others may become proficient in the same method according to their own measure of ability, he tells us in these lectures. They are a practical illustration of the method in question. Delivered without the aid of note or sign, reported as they were delivered, and published as they were reported, the volume represents theory and practice combined, and is without doubt one of the best presentations of the subject that has appeared.

Dr. Hall's lectures are general. That is, they confine themselves to no particular division of the subject of preaching, but aim to set forth the best theories and methods of clerical and pastoral service, as they have appeared in the author's successful career. Out of rich and varied experience he has drawn singularly excellent conclusions, and these are presented in his clear, blunt and unambiguous style. Almost every side of pastoral life is presented. Opening with a brief review of church history, they proceed to discuss multitudes of points whose treatment must be unusually valuable to the teachable minister of the Gospel.

Not their least value appears in the lecturer's views upon certain methods of work, and means of reaching the masses, which have been lately both advocated and illustrated. The idea of the ministry, the importance of "knowing everybody" in the parish, the sphere and work of evangelists, pastoral visits, the children's claims, the preaching required by the times, and the ways, both good and bad, in which this requirement is met, preparation of sermons, uses and abuses of money, forms of infidelity and how to treat them, modern popular fallacies, the free seat system, which Dr. Hall doesn't fully believe in, "seeing the ladies," which he believes should be done at the minister's house, and theater-going, which he believes to be generally mischievous,—all these points, and almost every other one which a pastor, desirous of fitting himself to do his best work, would like to

see presented, are discussed in the volume, and usually in a very sensible and practical way. They are less imaginative than Mr. Beecher's three previous courses in the same lectureship have been, but they are quite as valuable.

There is a fitness in publishing the two courses simultaneously. They suggest the widely different views held by successful pastors on this much mooted topic of extemporaneous preaching. Dr. Hall, who does write his sermons, and who says in this volume that he believes in the practice, is a no better pastor nor preacher than Dr. Storrs, who neither writes his sermons, habitually, nor believes in it. The eminent pastors who neither write nor read may be easily matched by those just as eminent who do both.

Dr. Storrs' method is admirable. We commend his volume to careful attention. We believe it to be the method, for all those who can possibly succeed in it. But the main thing is a careful preparation of the sermon. As Dr. Hall says to young ministers, and with which Dr. Storrs does not disagree, "write your sermons with the utmost care, with the most lucid order you can secure, in the best language, the most concise, elegant and transparent you can command, in the most correct and faultless style your judgment approves." Whether they should be read or not is another matter.

Is There Real Danger?

Thoughtful men are very generally asking themselves the above question with reference to the experiment of self-government as applied to this country.

There are manifestly two diverse currents of influence at work in our national politics. One is moving toward the idea of centralization, and the other quite as strongly toward the diffusion of power. One influential class, represented ably by a portion of the press, advocate the absolute supremacy of the national government over the separate States in all emergencies, the control and possible ownership of the railroads, telegraph lines and express companies. On the other hand, a large number, backed by another portion of the public press, contend vigorously for the extreme of making the national government more advisory and less authoritative, and construe the principle of self-government to mean mainly local legislation, without danger of interference from federal power. By far the larger, at least the more noisy, number of the people have raised the cry of "universal suffrage," which the politicians have put in their mouths, until it comes to be accepted generally that self-government necessarily means the exercise of the voting power by black and white, virtuous and vicious, ignorant and wise, native and foreign indiscriminately.

In the use of this indiscriminate privilege,—mis-called a right,—corrupt and misled voters elevate men to important offices constantly, whose only recommendation is a species of low cunning and steady devotion to party. This tree of American self-government begins to bear some very inferior fruit. Corruption seems to exist in the administration of so many public offices, both State and national, that the people begin to look upon honesty as the exception and rascality as the rule. Exposure follows hard on the heels of exposure, legislative committees of investigation multiply, and the newspapers have learned to keep separate head lines to indicate the daily reports of all this official demoralization. To undertake a rehearsal of the schemes for public plunder by legislative "rings," or to tell of the defalcations by prominent officials, and of the potency of rich lobbies to buy of law-makers the right to swindle the public for private gain, would be to undertake a history of the country. Thoughtful men begin seriously to ask themselves if the continued product of our system is to be mere intriguing politicians, and if the era of dignified American statesmen is forever passed? The question is very pertinently asked whether this state of affairs is due to our faulty system of government, or to a general decline of private virtue in society coming to the surface through public channels?

The columns of the daily press are filled with accounts of revolting crimes and social scandals until we begin to wonder if virtue is only a name, and religion a mockery. What connection exists between the corruptions of public life and these too numerous vices of society? Does the latter stand to the former in the relation of cause to effect? It is unquestionably true, here, that the stream can not rise higher than the fountain, and that in a truly representative government, an ignorant or vicious constituency inevitably produces an ignorant or vicious administration of affairs.

But is it true that the majority of the people who send men to Congress and State legislatures, and elect Presidents, are so very bad after all? We think not. In the prominence given to the cases of recreancy to public trusts and of private corruption and society scandal, we are quite apt to forget the larger number who, from loyalty to duty and the quiet living of pure lives, miss the notoriety of the few who are reprobates. We have faith in the average intelligence and correct moral sense of the people, when aroused, to put down corruption and purify our politics. We have good grounds for this in the history of the near past and the indications of the present. If the most corrupt city on the continent, and the one composed of the most dangerous elements for the exercise of the self-governing principle, has enough of virtuous intelligence to break up the Tammany ring, and send Tweed to a life-long imprisonment, what may we not hope for the country at large? It has already passed into history how the previous valuable services and good names of the men who voted for Credit Mobilier and Pacific Mail subsidies, proved unavailing to

save their possessors from political banishment at the hands of the people. The fact that the air is full of the bustle of "investigating committees," and the papers full of exposures in public and private life, is the very best evidence possible of the existence of a correct public sentiment. It is stagnation that produces death. So long as the poison in the nation's blood can be brought to the surface, there is little cause for serious alarm.

There is doubtless some danger to the permanency of our institutions arising from our too broad ground of suffrage, admitting as it does, the ignorant and often vicious foreign element to the responsible work of self-government among us; but we have faith in the molding influence of our institutions, both educationally and morally, to ultimately direct into safe channels this element of danger. The two opposing tendencies spoken of at the beginning of this article, we believe will work to healthful and safe results, securing a judicious mean between the dangers of a too arbitrary centralization on the one hand, and a self-destroying disintegration on the other. With an untrammelled and well-nigh omnipresent public press, the universal education of the common schools, and the moral power of our colleges and pulpits, we may well be hopeful as we stand on the threshold of the nation's centennial.

A QUESTION. A correspondent wants to know if it is right for a minister, having finished his term of service and received his pay, to remain on the ground and try to organize another meeting, thereby weakening the church from which he had just been dismissed.

It would depend upon circumstances. If another meeting was needed, and if it was established in the right spirit, there could be nothing wrong in it. But, if it were a case of a minister's remaining simply as a partisan, and as a disturbing and embarrassing element in the community,—such a minister ought to be ashamed of himself, and so ought that portion of the community that would countenance him.

POSTAGE ON BOOKS. The last Congress, not satisfied with the law requiring publishers to prepay the postage on newspapers, has passed another, which doubles the postage on books. The law went into effect the first of the present month, and our price list under the head of "Freewill Baptist Publications," has been revised, to which our readers are referred.

MR. VARLEY IN BOSTON. This successful evangelist has been holding meetings in Boston during the past week, which have been fully attended, and which, it is hoped, may show glorious results. It is getting a little beyond the season when work of this nature is believed to be the most successful, but there can be no doubt that God will bless the sincere efforts of his children. If they put the accustomed mid-winter faith and enterprise into them, Mr. Varley's method is to preach daily at the different churches, and give Bible readings and hold other meetings during the evenings.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CONVENTION. Delegates to the International Sunday-school Convention to be held at Baltimore, Maryland, beginning on May 11th, prox., will please note that from States where Union Sunday School Associations exist, each delegate is expected to bring his written credentials from said Association. From States where such Associations do not exist, delegates may receive credentials as follows: North-western States and Territories, from E. Payson Porter, Chicago, Ill.; Central States, from Rev. A. J. Baird, D. D., Nashville, Tenn.; Gulf States, from N. D. Cross, Selma, Ala.; South Atlantic States, from S. A. Nelson, Charleston, S. C.; Virginia, from J. L. M. Curry, L. L. D., Richmond; other States from Rev. George A. Peltz, Newark, N. J.

Accredited delegates desiring entertainment at Baltimore, address Rev. H. A. Smeltz, No. 8 North Charles Street, Baltimore, Md., before May 1st.

Exchange Notes and Quotes.

The *Christian Intelligencer*, thinks that "such a man" [as Mr. Varley] might "fail to claim the countenance and help of all good Christians." It then hints that he makes "so partial and distorted a presentation of the gospel, that the truth which he preaches may have the effect of untruth, and do harm instead of good," and follows up the remark by saying that "he teaches his doctrines, both of faith and renewal, with a dangerous extravagance equally unwarranted by Scripture and by experience." It also believes that he "makes the way of salvation too simple," that it "leaves out the truth," and that "to gloss over these things in the very act of presenting Christ to the choice of men, is a fearful mistake, and the preacher who plants himself upon such a method, must lack the endorsement of the majority of prudent men." Would that paper hinder Mr. Varley's work?

The *Examiner and Chronicle* urges young men and women, and particularly those who enter the professions, to keep up their studies after graduation. In the case of pastors, it presents these sound statements:—"A very small fraction of time each day, sacredly devoted to literature and science, will, in the course of a vast pastorate, carry a minister over a vast deal of ground. At the end of a twenty-five years' pastorate, a man who is well started in his studies at the outset, ought to have control of Hebrew and Greek—to have mastered the Latin and modern languages—to be versed in metaphysical and natural science—to be an able historical scholar and to be perfectly familiar with general literature. Does this sound large? An hour a day—half an hour a day will do the business; and if each of the twenty-four hundred sermons this man has preached, has

had in it what Bible study ought to go in to a sermon, he will be familiar with Scripture in every nook and corner."

A motion having been lately introduced into the Massachusetts legislature to expunge from the old colonial records the sentence of banishment against Roger Williams, the *Watchman and Reflector* says that "we have no sympathy with the motion. It would be but a petty affair at best. America has done him justice by making his great doctrine of soul liberty the corner-stone of its civil edifice, and a living truth in the hearts of its teeming millions."—"That is justice enough." But on the same grounds couldn't the resolutions against Sumner just as appropriately have been allowed to remain?

The New York *Observer* seems to have got at the idea of "taxation for sectarian purposes." It is revealed in an editorial in the last number, the article taking the form of a dialogue between a Roman Catholic and a Protestant, the latter having the last word and closing as follows:—"What the politicians will do for the sake of votes, I will not undertake to say; but I am glad you have abandoned the idea of any right or justice in your claim, and intend to get it by means as base and corrupt as if you bought it with gold. But let me tell you that the American mind understands what you are after, that it resents and will resist your sectarian designs, and will eventually organize a movement on the identical basis of the American Revolution of 1776, and crush out the men, in Church or State, who favor the payment of public money to the sectarian or party purposes of any denomination or association. The conflict is between the American idea of no 'taxation for sectarian purposes,' and the European idea of 'taxation for the support of the Church.' It is a good time to fight it out, and one or the other party will go under."—Is n't that a bit extravagant?

The *Universalist* is "daily getting fresh" that the special imbecility of the age,—from which scholars and trained thinkers are not exempt,—is the inability to discriminate. And it is led to this speech because a correspondent, it thinks, fails to perceive that he is a sectarian when he says:—"In place of a creed I put this: Christianity understood in the light of reason, the moral nature of man, and the true intent of the Scriptures. I think this better than any creed, and its accompaniment of a sect."—"What if the remark should be applied to the *Universalist* for pretending that it is no sectarian sheet and still contending as valiantly for its own faith as any of the other sectarian sheets?"

Denominational and News Notes.

Home Mission Chat-Chat.

Bro. Blackstone, of New Orleans, writes:—"I am very thankful for the money you sent me. I was very much in need of it. I have never known such hard times. Work is very scarce. I have no salary and have to work for my support. I expect to travel this summer and preach the gospel, and organize Freewill Baptist churches. Our people are ignorant and since the war they have been badly deceived, until they believe every one will take advantage of them. We shall have to be prudent until this feeling is changed."

If we had more such ministers as Bro. Dexter, of Georgetown, R. I., our mission work would not be in the crippled condition it now is. In sending \$34.80 for the H. M. and for the Indigent Students, he writes: "Though our apportionment was but \$10, we are glad not to confine ourselves to that. Indeed we expect to send as much more before the close of the year. The people respond to the call with surprising unanimity and cheerfulness. Just in proportion as they increase in giving for these causes I find them increasing in zeal for the 'Master' at home. I wish our brethren in the ministry realized this fact more fully than they do. I think too often they fear that in some way it will interfere with home prosperity when in fact it will promote it."

Bro. Erskine, the faithful pastor of the church in Fraconia, N. H., sends \$10 for H. M. We are rejoiced to see that our friends are coming up to the help of our H. M. cause.

We are sorry to learn that our beloved Bro. Kayser, of Winnebago, Wis., has been quite unwell; we learn he is improving. He writes: "I am glad that you are at the old post, and I will co-operate with you to the best of my ability in carrying forward the H. M. work. We have had some extra meetings which have proved a blessing to our churches. Church matters are moving with us and the prospects are encouraging." Bro. Woolsey, of East Tennessee, writes: "We are very thankful to the H. M. for the money sent for we needed help very much and it has greatly encouraged us. We need \$1200.00 to complete our college. We are poor but we intend to be honest, and we believe God will bless our enterprise, and the Freewill Baptist cause be successful. We ask the prayers and sympathy of all the brethren."

Bro. Doyle is one of our faithful working ministers in Mich., and is greatly blessed in his labors. The Bruce church has enjoyed a revival of religion. Several are added to the church, which has strengthened and encouraged the brethren.

The church in the growing village of Capac have built them a house of worship. The congregation is good, and with aid from the friends outside, will soon have a strong church there.

Bro. Eldred, of the Theological department of Hillsdale College, has accepted a call to the Macon church.

Bro. Kenney, of Hillsdale, is engaged to supply the church in Spring Arbor, the ensuing year.

Bro. Palmer, whose labors with the

Manchester church the past winter have been greatly blessed, was licensed to preach the gospel at the last Hillsdale Q. M. Reports from the churches in Rome and Cambridge were encouraging, and showed what faithful pastoral work would accomplish. The church in Osseo have enjoyed a revival of religion, and nearly completed a fine brick church, but need help, which we trust they will receive. The Rev. A. H. Huling, of Chicago, the Western Manager of the *Star*, was present at the Q. M. session, and in a few modest, well chosen words, presented the claims of the Printing Establishment. His remarks were strongly denominational, and were heartily endorsed by the brotherhood. On the Sabbath he preached in Hillsdale, and was received by the pastor and friends in a way that must have convinced him that personally, as well as the cause that he so ably represents, had true friends here.

One thing is noticeable in this college and vicinity, that our brethren are becoming more denominational, much of which, we think, is to be credited to the teachings of the theological school.

The pastor of the church is meeting with success in the concert for missions. Patient, persevering labor, is pretty sure to win.

We hope that the offer we made to raise a thousand dollars for our mission in the South will be accepted. Eight names more are necessary. Whose shall be among them? Don't think some other one will do it, and thus excuse yourself, for such action will make it a failure. We don't know how the same amount of money can be expended and do so much good.

We will send the *Evangelist* to 1876, for fifty cents, and prepay the postage. Will not our ministers and brethren help us by sending a large list of subscribers?

A. H. CHASE, Cor. Sec.

Rhode Island Items.

The time for the annual meeting of the R. I. Association of Free Baptist Churches is approaching. In order that it may not conflict with other denominational gatherings, the Executive Committee have decided that it be held this year two weeks earlier than the time given in the *Register*. It will consequently convene during the week (25th, 26th and 27th), previous to the last Sabbath in May, and probably with the Park street church. It has now been six years since this meeting was held in the city of Providence. It is believed that there may be circumstances which will render this an occasion of more than ordinary interest.

The Roger Williams church is devising measures for enlarged usefulness. Having maintained a mission for nearly two years, it will now make haste to erect a chapel at an expense of some eight thousand dollars. Among the generous things which this church has recently done is the increase of the pastor's salary from two thousand dollars to two thousand and five hundred.

The Olneyville church has been discussing the free seat system, with a view to its adoption; the pastor taking the lead.

A recent Fair and Festival netted the Park Street church nearly five hundred dollars, a sum of which it was greatly in need.

Not simply the Greenwich Street church, but our cause in the State is soon to lose Bro. Mariner. He will return from Rhode Island to his native State with the consciousness that the years spent here have been abundant in labors and gratifying in results. "May the blessing of God go with you," is the heartfelt language of hosts of friends. He must, as he looks this way, ever see a bright spot in his uniformly successful ministry. R. I.

April 15.

Bates College.

MR. GEO. E. GAY, who is engaged in raising \$25,000 to endow a professorship in Bates College, writes as follows:

THAT CIRCULAR.

Read it again; think of it, pray over it, fill out the note, and send it to me. To-day's mail brought me a check for twenty dollars; another, a note for twenty-five; another, a note for twenty. If all who receive circulars respond in like manner, I shall make a good report at Commencement.

Western Department.

Rev. A. H. Huling, Manager.
56 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Notes on Current Events.

REAL AND APPARENT RESULTS. All thoughtful Christians have long ago learned by experience to gauge the results of special revival work with much caution. The permanent results are often, perhaps usually, found to bear a very discouraging proportion to those which seem so certain when the work is in progress. The inexperienced farmer may look with great satisfaction on the generous store of wheat turned out by the threshing machine at first, but he will invariably learn to discount his expectations liberally after a few experiences of winnowing.

In the work promoted by special revivalists, such as Moody and Sankey, Bliss and Whittle, or Henry Varley, there is abundant room for Christians to rejoice and give the work a God-speed; but there is also abundant need to remember that the ordinary methods of regular and soul-consecrated church work are not to be forgotten or underrated. At best, such revivals are only projective and initiatory, church care and culture must furnish the training heavenward. "Growth in grace" must come by the "feeding of the flock" in the old fashioned way. In an article, recently, making reference to the "tidal wave" of revival spoken of, we find in the *Alliance* the following pungent paragraph recognizing this work in its true sense:

sale by all druggists. 13t27e4thv

Poetry.

Spring's Glory.

BY J. W. BARKER.

The eye is dull that kindles not anew
At Spring's sweet advent; when a softer hue
Spreads o'er the smiling heavens, and a light
Of a fair morning glids the peaks of night;
When, o'er the hills and all the vales between,
Lies a soft carpet, tinged with freshest green;
When wood and field and dreary desert land,
In a new vesture, fringed with blossom, stand;
Who sees no beauty from this picture rise,
Looks thro' dark windows, with beclouded eyes,
What though this picture many times portrayed
By nature's pencil, tinged with light and shade;
What though the same soft covering, year by
year,
Rests lightly on the hill-tops, and the bier
Of winter, ringed with soft and fragrant flowers,
Sleeps in the calm of green and shady bowers,
Does less of beauty mingle in the scene,
And less of softness grace the virgin green?
Who hears no music at the dawn of day
In the robin's flut' roundelay,
Or in the twittering bluebird's measured tune,
That tells of sunny May or rosy June;
Or when the streamlet, slinging to the vale
In joyous measures, tells its glowing tale,
Hears not in this, the spirit of the free,
All eloquent with life and melody;
Sees not great nature's bosom gently rise,
Touched by soft music from some milder skies;
Whose heart, responsive, no sweet echo gives,
Whose life of sorrow none the sweeter lives;
Whose ear, attuned to preludes such as these,
Gushing in sweetness from the laughing trees,
Feels not a thrill of gladness, when the spring
These grateful offerings of music brings,
Whose heart glows not at such sweet measures
given.
Would close his ears amid the songs of heaven,
Amid the silence of dark sepulchres,
A spirit walks; the dust to new life stirs;
Whispered within a cold and voiceless tomb,
Lives in the glory of the fairest bloom.
Be this the lesson,—O! as gentle spring
Hangs o'er the hills her gay and blooming ban-
ner,
And off as over winter's swift retreat
Shall rise the music of her glad bosom;
And off from the earth's cold bosom spring
Forth forms of beauty, nobler life assuming,
And a sweet presence, in our morning walks,
The dreary languor of the air peruming;
Know this,—the dreary winter time may chill
The forms of beauty, in the cold grave sleep-
ing,
And a dread silence seal the lips of love,
Which death, triumph, holds within his keep-
ing;
Know this,—our fondly loved are never lost,
For o'er the grave a joyous springtime cometh,
And we shall blossom from the night of death,
As the spring flower, upon the desert, bloometh.

The Family Circle.

The Garret.

BY MOLLY MYRTLE.

Not a proper attic-room, all lathed and plastered, swept and garnished, ready at a moment's warning to be used; but a garret reaching over all the spacious house, and to whose floor the eaves, like strong, protecting wings, come down. This is the room best loved of all the house unto a child; the room which holds the romance of his little life, and to which, in a longing, tender love, his memory will go back in after years. The child who has not played in such a one commands our pity, for he has lost one half of childhood's joy.

The perfect house to me is not the one with every nook and corner known and numbered in the mistress' mind, but one which holds a garret, "neath whose rough beams are collected trunks, boxes and bundles, whose contents have been mythical for years. With numerous cobwebbed nooks where witches dwell, and windows where the apple-blossoms smile in spring and rosy apples hang in autumn days. A garret to which at Halloween the clamberers up some gentle girl to read her fate in a quaint looking-glass.

There comes one now into my mind, where I have played. The place where outs were stored and berries dried, the refuge of my childish griefs, and where, in drowsy, summer afternoons, I sewed on patchwork seams or held communion with good Mother Goose. There is a beam from which I used to swing and take my dolls on many distant journeys, and where perhaps there swings to-day another child to whom the world is new. There was a spinning wheel for wool and a small one for flax at which my grandmother oft sat in winter time.

There also used to stand beside the loom, an old, hair-covered trunk which held a cousin's dolls with which she played before she was a city belle. She used to come there often when I was a little child, and then she would unlock the trunk and take the waxen dolls from their bed and let us play with them a while. Wondrous dolls they were to us, with flaxen hair and satin gowns, and one a baby in a long, white robe. There were also other things which we did never have and of which we did wonder much.

I seem to see her now as she sat upon the garret floor, holding the playthings in her hands and telling us about her city life. It comes to me as yesterday, the open room, the eager, childish faces, and the fair-haired girl upon whom fell the golden sunlight through the little window. Since, I have wondered if, amid her round of pleasures, she never thought of the little girl back in the country, who listened to the stories of her life with eyes wide open and then asked her if it was not nearer heaven there. Alas! heaven did come very near there unto her, so near it took her in unto itself. Afterward there were other trunks beside the old one, in which her dresses and all else she wore were placed. The dolls were never taken out again, because her mother could not bear to have them touched, and so the contents of the old trunk grew to us to be a mystery.

How many children's feet have climbed

the stairs up to that garret! How many other stairs those same small feet have trod! Up there our mother's rag-bag was overhauled, and pieces of delaine and calico were found which we sewed into dolls' clothes. There, on rainy days, the boys would come and carve their boats, or have with us a merry game of blind-man's-buff. Then the old roof rang with sounds of childish merriment.

O little child of bygone days, how little did you think you would in later years turn back to this, awery of the great world which in your mind seemed next to heaven! Turn back and long to have again one happy hour in that old garret room, let the busy hum-of-life fade from your ears, and hear once more in dreams the patter of the rain upon the roof.

Robert Carter's Victory.

"How often is the Lord mentioned as a Rock in the Old Bible?" This was the question which Mr. Hill gave to his Sabbath school, to be answered, according to custom, the next Sabbath.

"Now," continued the good superintendent, "there is a new condition attached to this question. It is one which will require careful research to answer, and on next Sabbath I shall present the scholar who brings the largest number of references with a handsome Bible as a prize."

Pleased looks ran through the school as Mr. Hill made this announcement, and a good many of the larger pupils mentally decided to possess that Bible.

Nobody was firmer in this resolution than two of the foremost boys, Robert Carter and Will Morrison.

After they sang "The Refined Rock," and the school was dismissed, as they walked home, Robert declared his intentions.

"I'll have that Bible as certain as hard work can get it."

"Well, now, you will work if you get it away from me," said Will Morrison. "I don't care anything about the Bible, but I'm bound to beat."

"I care for the Bible, too," said Robert, "though not so much for that, because I have two now. But I like to please Mr. Hill, and I know he would be so glad when he comes home (he's gone to Chicago now, you know), to find I'd got the prize."

"Well, you won't get it. I'm bound to beat somehow, so look out for me."

"All right, beat if you can," laughed Robert, as they parted. "On going into the house, he took his Bible and sat down to look for references, beginning at the first chapter of Genesis, and glancing at every verse. Before he got through Genesis he began to think he should not find any references at all, but when he got to Deuteronomy, he soon had several written on his paper.

He hunted till supper time, and after supper until night service at church. He hunted every evening through the week, and after he had thus gone through the whole Bible, he found he had twenty-seven references.

"Now I'm sure I have all," he said to himself, as he copied them neatly on a piece of paper. "And nobody can do better, any how. I wonder how many Will has?"

But he did not ask Will, nor tell any one how many he had found until next Sabbath, and they were all assembled in the Sabbath school. Then they began to compare their papers to see how many references each one had. But Will Morrison would not show his paper.

"Twenty-seven, have you?" he said to Robert.

"Yes. Let me see yours?" said Robert.

"No, I ain't a mind to. But I've beat you, for I've got more than that."

"I don't see how you can have. I'm sure I didn't miss any," said Robert.

"Oh, yes you did! I've got 'em any how," returned Will.

Robert said no more, but after exercises began, he noticed that Will held a very small piece of paper in his hand, while he copied something from it on the larger piece in his Bible.

After lessons were over, when Mr. Hill called for those who had the answer to the question to rise, quite a number arose. Mr. Hill then requested each one, in turn, to read from their paper the number of references obtained.

They did so, some having more, some less. When it came Robert's turn he read out clear and loud, the largest number yet given, "twenty-seven."

"Thirty-two," said Will Morrison, triumphantly.

Robert was struck with amazement. "I know I didn't miss five places!" he said to himself.

But he stood quiet, and saw Will walk up and receive the handsome Bible from Mr. Hill, with a firm conviction that it was not honestly earned.

"I told you I'd get it!" cried Will, as they passed out of the church.

"Did you actually have thirty-two references on your paper?" asked Robert, gravely.

"Look for yourself," said Will, holding the paper a moment before Robert's eyes. In the hasty glance he gave, Robert caught the figures of the last three references, and the moment he found himself alone, he opened his Bible and looked for them.

"Ah, now I see! What a mean act!" he said. "Here's the word 'rock' sure enough, but meaning a real rock, not referring in the least to God! I didn't think that of Will! Well, I would rather lose than win in so mean a way as that!"

He told no one of his discovery, but at school, next day, he was very cool to Will Morrison.

After school Will asked him what made him so distant. "But I know," he added, "you're mad because I got the Bible and you didn't."

"No, I am not," said Robert, "but I

know how you got it, and I despise your deceitfulness."

"What do you know, pray?" said Will, with an air of bravado.

"I know just what you do, that your last five references meant a literal rock, and didn't refer to God at all. I saw you copy something after school began, and I believe you had them ready to use if you found any body else had more than you."

"Well, if I did, it was no great harm," said Will, seeing it was useless to deny his guilt longer. "You won't tell it on a fellow, will you? I'll give you a dollar if you won't."

"I'll not tell, but I don't want your dollar. I don't want anything from you, or anything to do with you," cried Robert. "I despise a mean fellow, and you'd best let me alone hereafter." So saying Robert walked away, and left the crest-fallen Will to comfort himself as best he could.

After this the boys had little to do with each other for a good while. One afternoon Robert Carter was rambling along the bank of a little reed-edged brook which ran below his home, shooting with a bow and arrow.

At last his arrow dropped among the reeds on the bank of the stream, or rather close to the bank, for the reeds grew in the water. Searching carefully along, parting the reeds in all directions to find the arrow, he suddenly stooped, and drew something up out of the water, exclaiming quickly:

"Here's Bill Morrison's boat! Wouldn't he give something to find it, though? Ain't this lucky for me?"

The history of the boat was this: On Will's birthday his uncle had given him a toy steamboat, one of the recently invented toys which run by real steam for an hour or so, which was Will's pride and delight.

One day he, with a lot of boys, was sailing it down the little brook. The steam had given out, and they were watching the boat float down with the current of the stream, when their attention was drawn to something else; and when they returned to the brook to find the boat, it was nowhere to be seen.

With loud lamentations they followed the course of the stream for a long way down, but no boat was found, and at last they came to the conclusion that it had been captured and sunk. They waded up and down, with water up to their necks, but could find no traces of the lost boat; so Will, with sorrowful reluctance, gave it up as lost for good.

This was full two months ago, and when Robert found the boat among the reeds, he knew at once that it had drifted down and lodged there, being thus overlooked.

"There now, I've got a chance to be even with Will Morrison," he said. "If ever he finds this, it won't be by my help. I'm certain."

So he put it carefully back, securely hidden among the reeds, and left it there.

But he could not feel satisfied with himself all the evening. "Now I know I am not following the Golden Rule," said he to himself, as he lay awake in his bed late at night; "because Will did a mean act is no reason for me to do one too. I can't rest while I know where that boat is, and he don't. So I'll tell him in the morning."

This resolution relieved his conscience, and he turned over and went to sleep.

Early in the morning he went to school. At the very gate, whom should he meet but Will Morrison.

"Got something to tell you, Will," was his greeting.

"Let's hear it, then," said Will, indifferently.

"I found your lost boat yesterday," said Robert.

Will's face lit eagerly. "You did? Where was it?"

"Down in the reeds, in our meadow. I lost an arrow and was looking for it, when I found the boat. Come, we'll go down and get her."

Will looked gravely at Robert. "Well, I declare, you're a better fellow than I am," said he, "for had I found your boat, after all that's happened, I wouldn't have let you know it, sure. Shake hands, Bob, and let's be friends. I'm sorry for what I did."

"That's all that's needed, then," said Robert, as he held out his hand, warmly.

"It's all right, and we are good friends," said Will.

"No, it isn't all right; but I'll make it so, for I'll give that Bible to-day."

"No you won't, for I won't take it," said Robert, stoutly, "your right was as good as mine, any how, you remember. If you're sorry, that's all that's necessary."

"I am sorry, and I'll never do such a mean trick again, no never. Now let's go for the dear little old boat." They walked away, each happier than he came, but Robert the happiest, because he had conquered himself.

Ah, my young friends, a moment's pleasure may be procured by yielding to temptation, but lasting happiness is only to be secured by doing right. Remember that, will you?

The Little Indian.

Nowhere in Germany broke the Christmas tide more cheerily than in little Paul's happy home. His quiver was big with delight; the sunbeams that danced amid the greens and gold wreaths were no warmer and brighter than the glow in his satisfied heart.

Only one little spot of anxiety and dread. Paul's papa was a minister; and frequently and unexpectedly the parsonage came visitors—some of whom being only large editions of boys, were to Paul objects of mixed wonder and delight—but more of these, alas, so long-faced, and sepulchral of mien that our hero was glad to hide in the background, and count the hours to their departure. It was the advent of these that Paul dreaded.

"If there would only nobody come," he hoped continually, "that is, nobody to spoil my fun!"

As if purposely to test Paul's Christmas temper, the day after brought an unpleasant surprise. With the wonderful wagon brother Fritz had given him he had passed the morning peddling his mock wares up and down the back road, and a little before dinner came into the house to rest. Encooped in the broad window-seat, with eager eyes fixed on the snow-promising skies, suddenly strange voices sounded in the hall, and before Paul could more than frown out his discontent, the door opened, and his papa ushered in a gentleman accompanied by an odd-faced little boy.

Paul's eyes usually glistened at the prospect of a companion, but the new-comer seemed so strange, so different from his ordinary comrades, that he shrank instinctively from him, and listened very gravely as papa explained that the gentleman was a missionary who lived far away in a country called India; and that the odd-faced boy was his son, who was in Germany for the first time in his life; and, at the conclusion, led away his guest for entertainment, as reluctantly as never before in his experience.

But, oh, that was a wonderful day to Paul! The first shyness over, his new friend developed into so decided a novelty, asking such funny questions, and told such remarkable stories about the far-off country where he lived, that long before supper-time Paul was fairly beside himself with delight. Elephants were like dogs to the little Indian; he talked of lions, and tigers, and great snakes with a carelessness that kept Paul's eyes wide open with astonishment, and when the night came he lay awake a full hour, mortified in believing that naught in Germany could startle his wonderful guest.

But on the morrow came Paul's turn. Aroused suddenly from his sound slumbers by the din of the rising-bell, he found the pillow empty at his side, and a glance at the window revealed the little Indian gazing without in speechless wonder. And as Paul's eyes beheld the white work of the night, he sprang from the bed with a cry of ecstasy, and stood, too, at the casement, clapping his hands joyfully!

It was a beautiful scene. All the night long the snow had been silently heaping the roads and meadows; the great tree boughs bent 'neath the spotless trimmings; the meanest twig in all creation shone forth in regal splendor; and still the work of decoration went on, transforming earth to a vision-land. No boy in all Germany doted more on snow-flakes than Paul, and, lost in the anticipation of bailing and sledding, he quite forgot the astonished countenance beside him; quite ignored the hero of snakes and elephants, when, suddenly, a little hand grasped the sleeve of his night-robe, and a voice flattered out—

"Paul, is that cotton?"

Paul turned, wondering, to meet eyes wider-distended even than his own had been the day previous, and burst into a laugh so rollicking you might have heard it fall over the house. Then, a sudden reflection seizing him, he drew himself up with a proud, exultant air, and replied:

"Cotton? No, that ain't cotton, nor snakes, nor tigers nor elephants. That's snow!"

The little Indian's face lighted queerly. "Oh, yes, I know," he said quickly; "I've heard papa say that word, but I never saw any before, and I didn't know how it looked. But, Paul, what is snow, and what makes it so soft and white?"

How fortunate for Paul that he had a wise brother Fritz, who, only two days before, had explained to him every why and wherefore of the snow-flakes—and still proud and exultant he entered into a minute description of the clouds that "broke and froze on their way to the earth," dipping in, by way of illustration, great handfuls from the sill without, till the breakfast-bell broke in on their frosty investigations, and hustled them double-quick ratio, into their mortal coil.

It seemed to Paul that he was entering upon a new existence. A boy that had never seen a snow-flake; never rounded a snow-ball to the curve of perfection; never tasted the joys of a jubilee coast! A boy who feared to step forth into the milk-white drifts lest they should incline to melt and engulf him. Such was the little Indian.

And hardly, snow-loving Paul, who would roll over and over in the soft compound, and rise like a white bear shaking his shaggy fur in the presence of those astonished eyes—it seems as though surely he must be dreaming. But little by little his strange guest allowed Paul to initiate him into the mysteries of the beautiful snow, and of all the delights of that wonderful day it would take me long to tell. But dinner found the little Indian—the hero of snakes and elephants—seated calmly in a trench of his own digging, fashioning balls with a deft hand, and—a very odd-looking face.

But the triumph of the day—the crown of Paul's ambition—was deferred to the afternoon. "We will make a snow-man," he whispered to the little Indian, who was so anxious to continue his novel enjoyments that he quite despised his dinner, and between meats and desserts the two enthusiasts slipped away.

"It shall be an idol," continued Paul, as he scooped out his pure building material, "and you'll show me how to make it. You've seen 'em, you know, and we'll have a jolly one."

The little Indian reflected. "I know the funniest one," he said, finally, "if we could only make him. He's got a man's body, and an elephant's head, with a snake tied round his neck."

Such a feat of sculpture! Our designer stood for a moment agast at the undertaking, but suddenly seizing an armful of building material, signified his readiness to begin.

And begin he did, and such a work and such a statue the world has never seen. The shades of evening were fast gathering when

the weary laborers ceased their molding and stood gazing at their handiwork. Never two prouder artisans, I assure you. The entire household were invited to its inspection; the different parts minutely explained. The critics were mute; their silence was regarded as most complimentary by the sculptors, and their rather sudden retreat to the house innocently attributed to the temperature.

The next morning early the little Indian bade Paul good-bye.

"I wish," he said, regretfully, "I wish I could stay here always with the beautiful snow."

Paul, who had been distracted all the night with visions of snakes and elephants, was in the mood to regard snow as a very tame substitute.

"I'll could only see a 'strictor,' he rejoined, mournfully, "a real live 'strictor!'" and he passed the day after his friend's departure fashioning wonderful beings of all sizes and shapes from snow and imagination.

And through the long years that have passed Paul has never forgotten his visit from the little Indian.—*The Methodist.*

A man may be great by chance, but never wise and good without taking pains for it.

Literary Review.

EARTH'S MORNING: OR, THOUGHTS ON GENESIS. By Horatio Bonar, D. D. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 16mo. pp. 376. For sale by D. Lothrop & Co.

Dr. Bonar needs no introduction. His works have already made his name familiar. In his terse, clear style he has not only given us some of the sweetest Christian songs since Watts and Newton, but he has also written some of the most consoling religious works that have appeared in the last half century. In counsels to converts, in encouragement to the faltering, in instruction to inquirers, and in presenting out of a pious heart truths to comfort and inspire, he has made for himself a name that all Christians love.

In the present volume, he has aimed at exposition rather than controversy. Recognizing the prominence into which the book of Genesis has been brought during the last twenty years, he has here sought, in the interests of Christian truth, to investigate the meaning of each verse and word, that, having done so, the exact revelation of God in these may be brought out, and the spiritual truth evolved. It is well that this book of Genesis be truthfully interpreted; if possible. It makes the basis of all Scripture truth, the rudiments from which both theologians and scientists are trying to develop the story of the earth and of God's purpose with man. Thus, however much it may be written about and discussed, perhaps the interests involved in it will prevent it from seeming to be too frequently dealt with.

The volume contains an abundance of exclamation argument. For instance:

Self-creation, how absurd! Chance creation, how irrational! Evolution by innate law, how unphilosophical! A palace self-built! A temple evolving itself from dead atoms! A city reared by chance! Life without a living One to originate it! How incredible!

There is considerable more of the same style of reading. It may stir thought and suggest argument, but it isn't argument itself. The author indeed does not pretend to advance argument. Perhaps this is sufficient excuse for the absence of it. But it may be reasonably questioned if he has disposed in the best way of the honest doubts and heretical theories of hundreds of sincere persons by simply characterizing them as absurd and incredible. It may be readily imagined how difficult it would be for a man of Dr. Bonar's sincere piety and unquestioning faith to admit the honesty of atheists and materialists.

To those who would get the opinions of so eminent a Christian on this remarkable portion of revelation, Dr. Bonar's book will be found especially valuable. He does not hesitate to state his beliefs. To doubt that God himself created the heavens and the earth? "Surely this is the light, or rather the death, of unreasoning credulity; stiller than the fables of heathendom, poorer than the dreams of pagan savages."—The tree of life, he says, "is a real tree, as real as any of the rest." The knowledge of good and evil, "why may it not mean a tree, the fruit of which was fitted to nourish man's intellectual and moral nature?"—What will the woman's rights advocates say to this: "It was from Adam that God took the substance which he meant to fashion into woman, indicating that, as man was formed first, and as woman sprang from man, so man is to be her head."—It was "a literal serpent" that appeared to Eve. And "it was the serpent that acted throughout, so far as Adam or Eve understood at the time."

But it will be better for each reader to get these opinions for himself. The author has improved every opportunity to draw out useful lessons, to urge to holy living, to exercise saving faith, and to hold the Bible and the Holy Spirit as the only revealers of divine truth. Its tone of piety is of course of the most elevated character, and its instruction is usually sound and wholesome.

NATURE AND THE BIBLE. By J. W. Dawson, LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S. Same Publishers. 16mo. pp. 257. For sale by D. Lothrop & Co.

The late Professor Samuel P. B. Morse, LL.D., founded a lectureship in the Union Theological Seminary, N. Y., the subject to be dealt with being "The Relations of the Bible to the Sciences." It was this subject on which Prof. Dawson delivered, in December, 1874, the course of six lectures which are comprised in the present volume. It will be seen at once that the subject gives a lecturer wide and ample scope, whose exhaustive treatment would make a much larger book than the one before us. The lecturer has therefore devoted himself to a consideration of some of those points of contact of Natural and Physical Science with the Bible. He has generally chosen those points which are now, on account of present controversies, of the greatest importance. These points, as the author chooses to term them, comprise the general relations of science and the Bible, biblical views of the universe as a whole, the science of the earth in relation to the Bible, the origin and history of animal life in both nature and the Bible, man's early history according to both the scientific and the revealed authority, and a close and scholarly review of "Schools of Thought." Prof. Dawson is well fitted for the task to which he was called. A patient investigator and exact student of nature, of wide scientific culture, thoroughly versed in the modern arguments between theologians and scientists, a devout believer in the Bible and a pious follower of the Christian faith, he could not be less than interesting, nor fail to be instructive. His style is plain, direct and almost simple, and his diction is so pure and his arguments so uninvolved that one need to be only an ordinary student to both comprehend and profit by them. His standpoint, however, is not that of a theologian, or a metaphysician, but of a student of Nature, whose secrets and revelations have served to make him a more careful and

revere student of Holy Scriptures. A gentleman of broad sympathies, he would both help those scientific students who "are repelled from the Scriptures by current misapprehensions" as their teachings, and confirm those Christians "who regard the advance of Science with some degree of dread, as possibly hostile to religion." By both these classes, and by all who would post themselves on a subject which is now constantly presenting itself for consideration, the book can be profitably read.

ALL ABOUT JESUS. By Alexander Dickson, Same Publishers. 16mo. pp. 404. For sale by D. Lothrop & Co.

This book is what it claims to be. It is a loving, devout and faithful delineation of the blessed Saviour, as he is described in the fifth chapter of Canticles, from the tenth to the sixteenth verses. The author is one of the "most gentle and beloved of the Reformed Church-clergymen in America, who, by a pious, cheerful and helpful life has so brought Christ into his own experience, that he writes of his beauty, of his gentleness, of his grace, of the wonderful ministrations of the Spirit, of his long-suffering, and of his both humanly-divine and divinely-human qualities, with almost as much clearness and with quite as much love as though he had looked upon the Son in his glory and been inspired to his task. The brief expression on the title-page—"May the Master make this book as sweet to others as it has been to me,"—and signed by Robert Carter, speaks volumes in acknowledgment of the grateful influence which it exerts upon the minds of the devout reader. It is a real love offering, and one of the most really excellent in its way that we have lately seen. There is not a word of controversy in it. The author was a fresh, unsketched and quiet style, and has been so successful in pointing out the engaging features delineated in the Scriptures referred to, that hardly any appreciative reader can lay down the volume without a clearer and more satisfying idea of his perfect Lord and Saviour.

IDEAS IN NATURE OVERLOOKED BY DR. TYNDALL. Being an Examination of Dr. Tyndall's Belfast Address. By James McCosh, D. D., LL.D., President of Princeton College. Same Publishers. 12mo. pp. 50.

Perhaps Dr. McCosh's is the calmest and the most free from personalities of any of the replies to Dr. Tyndall's famous address. That it is able and convincing need not be said to those who know his fitness for the task. Neither need it be pretended that it lays all the ghosts, or settles all the perplexing questions, arising in the Address. It was easy to convict Dr. Tyndall of the charge of using very unscholarly and unphilosophical methods in setting forth the opinions of old masters. That he should go to Plutarch for Bacon's maxims, and that he should place Democritus before the time of Empedocles, exposes the second-hand quality of his learning. There are also weak, loose and unsatisfactory statements in the replies which he has lately made to his critics. In these respects it was quite easy to show defects in and weaken the force of the Address. But there are other points of weakness, less apparent and less easily proved, than these. It is to a consideration of these, like Tyndall's interpretation of the Aristotelean philosophy, for instance, his use of the atomic theory in creation, his failure to appreciate the benefits conferred on science by Christianity, his overlooking the principle of Intelligence in scientific and theological inquiry, ignoring a dual cause, denying a personal God, and so forth, that Dr. McCosh addresses himself, and with a convincing force of argument that is really refreshing. This is the same paper, with a few additions, that appeared in the first number of the second volume of the *International Review*.

WARRINGTON'S MANUAL OF PARLIAMENTARY LAW, just published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, admirably meets a want of deliberative bodies. It is prepared according to the parliamentary law and practice in the United States, and is written upon the assumption that the minimum, and not the maximum, of power and influence ought to be put into the hands of committees and presiding officers. This principle is kept clearly in view in the preparation of the work, and as a result we have in it far less rules and regulations than the perplexing number with which the U. S. House of Representatives has "clad itself up." Whether it takes the place of Cushing's or not will depend mainly on the provisions of the bodies using a manual. It ought at least to find favor in New England, for its author, who is really Wm. S. Robinson, got much of the experience which he has embodied in it while serving as clerk of the Massachusetts general court. It is a square 16mo. volume of 98 pages, is neatly bound, is a model of brevity and clearness in its statements, and its sale ought to run into the hundred thousands right away.

John E. Potter & Co., Philadelphia, issue parts XXXVII—XLII of their COMPLETE BIBLE ENCYCLOPEDIA. This nearly completes the W's, so that the end of the work must be near at hand. It has kept up the excellent features with which it started, and is really a contribution to sacred history. Eminent scholarship has been engaged upon it, and it will doubtless find its way into many homes.

Fleming H. Revell, Chicago, publishes the next quarter's "BLACKBOARD OUTLINES on the International Series of S. S. Lessons for 1875." They are prepared by Rev. and Mrs. W. F. Crafts, and for those schools that use blackboard illustrations are excellent helps. There is an outline out for each Sunday, ready to be transferred in a moment's time to the blackboard.

The New York Catholic Publication Society issue the following pamphlets, called out by the Gladstone expostulation: "The Syllabus for the People, a Review of the Propositions condemned by His Holiness Pope Pius IX., with a text of the condemned list," by a St. Augustine Monk; "Submission to a Divine Teacher neither dishonors nor the Surrender of Mental and Moral Freedom," by Rev. Herbert Vaughan, Bishop of Salisford; and "Mr. Gladstone's Expostulation Unraveled," by Bishop Ullathorne. The pamphlets are generally characterized

For full particulars in regard to the School see
the catalogue. I. W. SANBORN, Sec'y. Board
of Trustees,
Lyndon Center, Vt., 1875.

