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The Morning Star - volume 50 number 28 - July 14, 1875

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The Morning Star.

Volume L.

BOSTON AND CHICAGO, JULY 14, 1875.

Number 28

THE MORNING STAR, A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER FOR THE FAMILY.

ISSUED BY THE
FREWILL BAPTIST PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.
Office, 39 Washington St., Dover, N. H.
Rev. I. D. STEWART, Publisher.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 14, 1875.

Mortui Salutamus.

The following is Mr. Longfellow's admirable poem which he read last week at Brunswick, Me., before the alumni of Bowdoin College, the occasion being the fiftieth anniversary of his class:

*Tempora labuntur, faciesque senectutis annis,
Fugientem ferro non.* [Ovid, "Fastorum," lib. vi.]

"O Caesar, who are about to die the gladiator's cry
In the arena, standing face to face
With death and with the Roman populace.

O ye familiar scenes—ye groves of pine,
That once were mine and are no longer mine—
Thou river, widening through the meadow's green

To the vast sea, so near and yet unseen—
Ye halls, in whose seclusion and repose
Phantoms of fame, the exhalations, rose
And vanished—ye who are about to die
Salute you; earth and air and sea and sky,
And the Imperial Sun that scatters down
His sovereign splendor upon grove and town.

Ye do not answer us! ye do not hear!
We are forgotten; and in your austere
And calm indifference, ye little care
Whether we come or go, or whence or where.
What passing generations fill these halls,
What passing voices echo from these walls,
Ye heed not, we are only as the blast,
A moment heard, and then forever past.

Not so the teachers who in earlier days
Led our bewildered feet through learning's maze;
They answer us—alas! what have I said?
What are things come there from the voiceless dead?

What salutation, welcome or reply?
What pressure from the hands that lifeless lie?
They are no longer here; they all are gone
Into the land of shadows—all save one
Honor and reverence, and the good report
That follows faithful service as its lot.
Be unto him, whom living we salute.

The great Italian poet, when he made
His dreary journey to the realms of shade,
Met there the old instructor of his youth,
And cried in tones of pity and of awe:
"Oh, never from the memory of my part
Your dear, paternal image shall depart,
Who while on earth, ere yet by death surprised,
Taught me how mortals are immortalized;
How grateful am I to my patient care,
And all my life long my language shall declare."

To-day we make the poet's words our own,
And utter them in plaintive undertone;
Not to the living only they are said;
But to the living called the dead,
Not wrapped in gloom, but robed in sunshine here.

Whose simple lives, complete and without flaw,
Were part and parcel of great Nature's law,
Who said not to their Lord, as if afraid,
"Here is thy talent, Lord, as thou hast said;
But labored in their sphere, as those who live
In the light that work alone can give.
Peace be to them, eternal peace and rest,
And the fulfillment of the great behest:
"Ye have been faithful over a few things,
Over ten cities shall ye reign as kings."

And ye who fill the places we once filled,
And follow in the furrows that we tilled,
Young men, whose generous hearts are beating high,
We who are old, and are about to die,
Salute you; hail you; take your hands in ours,
And crown you with our welcome as with flowers!

How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
Book of Beginnings, aspirations, dreams!
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend!
Aladdin's Lamp and Fortunatus's Purse,
Of Trojans and Achaeus of the wars!
All possibilities are in its hands,
No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands;
In its sublime audacity of faith,
Peace be to them, eternal peace and rest,
And the fulfillment of the great behest:
"Ye have been faithful over a few things,
Over ten cities shall ye reign as kings."

As ancient Priam at the Scaean gate
Sat on the walls of Troy in real state
With the old men, too old and weak to fight,
Chirping like grasshoppers in their delight
To see the embattled hosts with spear and shield
Of Trojans and Achaeus of the wars!
We see you in the plain, as each appears,
And question you, asking, "Who is he
That towers above the others? Which may be

Atreides, Menelaus, Olysses,
Ajax the great, or bold Idomeneus?"

Let him not boast who puts his armor on,
As he who puts it off, the battle done.
Study yourselves; and most of all note well
Such kind Nature meant you to excel.
Not every blade is meant to be a sword;
Minerva, the inventor of the flute,
Flung it aside, when she her face surveyed
Distorted in a fountain as she played;
The valiant Mars found it, and his fate
Was one to make the bravest hesitate.

Write on your doors the saying wise and old:
"Be bold! be bold! and every where be bold!"
Be not too bold! Yet better the excess
Than the defect; better the more than less;
Better like Hector in the field to die,
Than like a perturbed Paris turn and fly.

And now my classmates, ye remaining few,
That number not the half of those we knew,
Ye, against whose familiar names not yet
The fatal asterisk of death is set.
Ye I salute! The horologe of time
Strikes the half-century with a solemn chime,
And summons us together once again,
The joy of meeting not unmix'd with pain.

Where are the others? Voices from the deep
Of darkness answer me: "They sleep!"
I name no names; instinctively I feel
Each at some well-remembered grave will kneel,
And from the inscription wipe the weeds and moss.

For every heart beat knoweth its own loss.
I see the scattered grave-stones gleaming white
Through the pale dusk of the impending night;
I see the golden sunbeams mingled with the rose;
We give to all a tender thought and pass
Out of the grave-yards with their tangled grass,
When these scenes frequented by our feet
When we were young and life was fresh and sweet.

What shall I say to you? What can I say
To you, my friends, who are so few?
This throng of faces turned to meet my own,
Friendly and fair, and yet to me unknown,
Transformed the very landscape seems to be;
So many memories crowd upon my brain,
So many ghosts are in the wooded plain,
I find myself steal away with noiseless tread,
From a house where some one lieth dead.
I can not go—I pause—I hesitate;
My feet reluctant linger at the gate;
As one who struggles in a troubled dream
To speak and can not, to myself I scream.

Vanish the dream! Vanish the life fears!
Vanish the rolling mists of fifty years!
Whatever time or space may intervene,
I will not go unarm'd to this scene,
Here every doubt, all indecision ends;
Hail, my companions, comrades, classmates,
Friends!

Alas! the years that have so long since met
Seem to me fifty years bound and set.
By time, the great transcriber, on his shelves,
Wherein are written the histories of ourselves,
What tragedies, what comedies are there;
What griefs and joys, what raptures and despair!
What chronicles of triumph and defeat,
Of struggle, and temptation, and retreat!
What records of regrets, and doubts, and fears!
What pages blotted, blighted by our tears!
What lovely landscapes on the margin shine,
What sweet, angelic faces, what divine
And holy images of love and trust,
Whose hand shall dare to open and expose
These volumes, closed and clasped forever?
Not mine. With reverential feet I pass;
I hear, and feel, and cry, "Alas! alas!"
Whatever hath been written shall remain,
Nor be erased nor written o'er again;
The unwritten only still belongs to thee,
Take heed, and ponder well what that shall be."

As children frightened by a thunder-cloud
Are reassured if some one reads aloud
A tale of wonder, with enchantments fraught,
Or wild adventure, that directs the thought,
Let me endeavor with a tale to chase
The gathering shadows of the time and place,
And banish what we all too deeply feel
Wholly to say, or wholly to conceal.

In medieval Rome, I know not where,
There stood an image with its arm in air,
And on its lifted finger, shining clear,
A golden ring with the device, "Strike here!"
Greatly the people wondered, though none guessed
The meaning that these words but half expressed.

Until a learned clerk, who at noonday
With downy feet was passing on his way,
Pansied and observed the spot, and marked it
Well.

Whereupon the shadow of the finger fell,
And, coming back at midnight, delved, and found
A secret pathway leading under ground.
Down this he passed into a spacious hall,
Lit by a flaming jewel on the wall;
And opposite a brazen statue stood
A boy and shaft in threatening attitude.
Upon its forehead, like a coronet, gleamed
Were these mysterious words of menace set:

"That which I am, I am; my fatal aim
None can escape, not even my luminous flame!"
Midway the hall was a fair table placed,
With cloth of gold, and golden cups encased
With clove of gold, and plates and knives were gold,
And gold the bread and viands manifold.
Around it, silent, motionless and sad,
Were seated knights in armor clad,
And ladies beautiful, with plume and zone,
But they were stone; their hearts within were
stone.

And the vast hall was filled in every part
With silent crowds, stony in face and heart.
Long at the scene, bewildered and amazed,
The trembling clerk in speechless wonder gazed;
The tale of wonder, by his greed made bold,
He seized a goblet and a knife of gold,
And suddenly from their seats the guests up-
sprang.

The vaulted ceiling with loud clamors rang,
The archer sped his arrow, at their call,
Shattering the lambent jewel on the wall,
And all was dark around and overhead—
Stark on the floor the luckless clerk lay dead!"

The writer of this legend then records
Its ghostly application in these words:
The image is the Adversary old,
The beckoning finger points to realm of gold;
Our lusts and passions are the downward stair
That leads the soul from a diviner air;
The archer, Death; the flaming jewel, Life;
The knights and ladies, all whose flesh and bone
By avarice have been hardened into stone;
The clerk, the scholar whom the love of pelf
Tempts from his books and from his nobler self.

The scholar and the world! The endless strife,
The discord in the harmonies of life!
The love of learning, the sequestered books,
And all the sweet serenity of books;
The market place, the love of gain,
Whose aim is vanity, and whose end is pain!
But why, you ask me, should this tale be told
To men grown old, or who are growing old?
It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late,
Till the third heart shall cease to palpitate.
Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand *Oedipus*, and Socrates
Bore off the prize of virtue from his compeers.
When each had numbered more than fourscore
years;

And Theophrastus, at fourscore and ten,
And he wrote his *Characters* of Men.
Terence, good, the greatest of the nightingales,
At sixty wrote the *Comedy of Errors*;
Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed Faust when eighty years were past.
These are indeed exceptions; but they show
How far the Gulf stream of our youth may flow
Into the arctic regions of our lives,
Where little else than life itself survives.
As the barometer foretells the storm
While all the skies are clear, the weather warm,
So something in us, as old age draws near,
Betrays the pressure of the atmosphere.
The nimble mercury, ere we are aware,
Descends the elastic ladder of the air;
The telltale blood in artery and in vein
Sinks from its higher levels in the brain;
Whatever poet, orator or sage
May say of it, old age is still old age.

It is the waning, not the crescent moon,
The dusk of evening, not the blaze of noon;
It is not strength, but weakness; not desire,
But its surcease; not the fierce heat of fire,
But that of ashes and of embers spent.
In which some living sparks we still discern,
Enough to warm, but not enough to burn.

What then? Shall we sit idly down and say
The night hath come; it is no longer day?
The night hath not yet come; we are not quite
Out of from labor by the falling light;
Something remains for us to do or dare;
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear;
Not *Oedipus* Colonus, or Greek *Ode*,
Or tales of pilgrims that one morning rode
Out of the gateway of the Tabard Inn,
But other something, would we but begin;
For age is opportunity no less.
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

Special Correspondence.

OLD ORCHARD BEACH, ME.,
July 7, 1875.

ITS NAME.

It was by the simplest process in the world that this famous beach received its odd name. Fifty years ago, when the festive inhabitants of Saco, Biddeford and Portland wished a day's cool enjoyment and release from the heat of the city, they used to betake themselves to this wide range of gleaming sand, which extends clean and unbroken from the mouth of the Saco to that of the Presumpscot. Their immediate gathering place was an old orchard that stood about midway the beach, and near where a small unpretentious cottage furnished all the hotel accommodations that could be had in those days. The old orchard gave the beach its name, and the unpretentious cottage has grown into the now widely known "Old Orchard House."

ITS ATTRIBUTES.

Of course the wide and ever so wide sea is the chief one. Year in and out it is constantly rolling itself over and up the beach, for no other reason apparently than that it may then roll back, so as to roll itself up again. Its breakers shoulder each other and tumble about on the sand like great white acrobats, as though they were bent on showing visitors how lazy and careless and easy going all life is here at the beach. One catches the prevailing spirit as soon as one steps from the cars.

Then there is the beautiful "Fern Park," just the ideal of a rustic retreat, something that would charm Alcott and Emerson into rapture, if they could get over the evident attempts here and there to be artistic. Its rocky nooks, and quiet walks, and cool retreats, all appropriately named after some flower, or passion, or sentiment, remind one of the sylvan haunts of the old rustic poets, if indeed they were old, and if this park is not too artistic to be rustic. It is sustained by money left by a Vermontor, who used to board at the Old Orchard House, and who died there. These don't half include the attractions of the place. It would approach a task to mention them all, and no one is expected to attempt tasks here.

Forty days of Camp-meeting are already arranged for the season here,—equal to the days of temptation in the wilderness. It would not be surprising if the morals of some of the visitors should be subject to a similar strain.

ITS HOTELS.

These are as numerous and as varied as the tastes of the visitors. In stately retirement from the beach, as though they would avoid being dashed by the spray, stand the "Old Orchard" and "The Ocean" houses, where wealth and fashion mainly congregate, simply perhaps because the prices are sufficiently high to make us who have never invested in bores wonder how they can afford it.

But if one wants to really live on the beach, have the sound of the sea constantly in his ear, and its breath always refreshing him, he should patronize one of these cottage hotels right here on the sand, a good many of which are now in operation. One of the best for situation is the renowned old "Adams House" with its elegant Mansard addition, bearing the ambitious name of "Sans Souci." The proprietress, Mrs. M. A. Whitten, knows how to make her guests truly care-less. Like the characteristic motto in Hawthorne's attic retreat in Concord, she is constantly saying to them, in spirit if not in words, "All who enter here leave care behind." The house is directly on the beach, bathing facilities are ample, charges moderate, and all the appliances of a home exist in abundance. Our Montreal friends seem to find attractions at the "Sans Souci," for more or less of them are here summer after summer.

THE COMPANY.

Let us toss in a word about the company while we are, as it were, hastening to the train. The hotels are beginning to fill up. Prominent Chicago, New York and Boston parties are already at the Old Orchard and Ocean houses, and many more have engaged rooms. The lesser hotels and cottages have their share of guests,—indeed they seem to be monopolizing the business at present.—There is always a large number of transient visitors here, picnic parties, &c.

TO GET HERE.

Come by the Boston & Maine Railroad. It lands you almost in the surf. There is a platform for those to alight upon who do not wish to land in the surf. The road is splendidly equipped, all its cars are elegantly finished and upholstered, and it is managed as safely as the old two wheeled chaises that our fathers used to take us to meeting in.

French Reporting.

French parliamentary reporting, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is of three kinds,—the report in *extenso* the *compte-rendu analytique* and the *compte-rendu sommaire*. All three reports are remarkably well done, by a staff of twelve official reporters under the direction of M. Maurel Dupeyre, a gentleman who has a hard time of it. In one sense M. Dupeyre is better off than any English reporter, for, as the sittings of the Assembly generally terminate by 6 o'clock, he has eight or nine hours in which to prepare his sheets for such morning papers as report the debates; but it is precisely these eight or nine hours which are the most burdensome of M. Dupeyre's life. No sooner is the sitting over, than there is an instantaneous rush of members to the printing office underneath the House. There M. Dupeyre, enthroned behind an ink desk, distributes proof-sheets to the speakers of the day, and afterwards performs the editorial duty of seeing that the corrections added do not much alter the text as originally delivered. M. Dupeyre's maxim is "touch the form, not the substance;" and he finds very few members inclined to obey this rule. M. Thiers gives a great deal of trouble. To begin with, as his speeches are long, he usually takes three hours in correcting. He overloads his proofs with afterthoughts; prunes his style, which is a trifle diffuse; and cuts out whole paragraphs which sounded well in the Tribune, but which he sees to be declaratory in print. M. Gambetta, Monsignor Dupanloup, M. Buffet, and M. Dufaure disdain to revise at all. M. Saint Marc-Girardin used to add Latin quotations, and M. de Broglie has inherited this failing. M. Louis Blanc introduces quotations from his own works and argues for his right to do with a will tenacity which always leaves his master of the field. MM. Tolain and Scherer (radicals) who are moderate enough in debate, come down laden with vehement diatribes, which they allege to have omitted from forgetfulness. But the two most ingenious manipulators of proofs are MM. D'Andignat Pasquier and Puy-Quier. These gentlemen, being both authorities on finance, have shrewdness enough to know that nothing so rapidly empties a House as half a column of statistics; so they reduce their financial expositions to the smallest possible compass, and insert in the proofs those carefully compiled arrays of figures which the public reads with admiration on the following day. M. Dupeyre has another intractable class to deal with in the persons of the members who stipulate for laudatory mentions of the effect produced by their oratory. One must have heard these bagging gentlemen to understand what fierce combats of vanity can be waged over the French equivalents of "hear, hear," "cheers," and "loud cheers." The formulae of approval are at Versailles, very numerous, consisting of "tres-bien," "applaudissements," "applaudissements sur un certain," or "sur un tres grand," nombre de bances, and "mouvement general—triple salve d'applaudissements, l'orateur est chaudement felicite par un grand nombre de ses collegues." Now, this last mentioned can only be rightfully claimed by orators of the finest caliber, and even by these once or twice in a session. Such is human nature, however, that many a spokesman who has strung together but half-a-dozen stammering sentences declares hotly that his efforts were rewarded by a "mouvement general" and unanimous felicitations.

English and Sham English.

Mr. E. A. Freeman has been delivering a course of six lectures, at the London Institution, on "The Use of the English Language," in the last of which he pointed out some examples of foreign words which had supplanted good English words, and of words which had slipped into daily use in a sense very different from their real meaning. Nearly all writers, and frequently those who write hurriedly for daily papers, and whose knowledge is gained or freshened by reading the papers, occasionally use the unnecessary or incorrect words mentioned by Mr. Freeman. Some of these are worth remembering. One that is in common use is "ovation," which a witness in the Tichborne trial described as "yelling and hooting." It was a term applied to a Roman celebration, at which a victorious general walked to the place where a sheep (ovis) was sacrificed in his honor, and it was inferior to a "triumph" at which the victorious general rode in a chariot to the place where a bull was sacrificed. "Transpire" once meant to come out gradually, but now an event "transpires" whenever anything happens. Men "allude to" each other by name, when they actually "speak" of each other. Waiters are often sent to "find out" anything or "ask" anything they are told to "ascertain" or to "inquire." Tradesmen do not "send in their bills" but render their accounts; "singers do not "sing psalms," but the psalms are beautifully "rendered." Things do not begin now-a-days, but are "inaugurated," and statues are also "inaugurated" not "uncovered or unveiled." In concluding his interesting lecture, Mr. Freeman said that the great use of lectures is to set people thinking for themselves, and that each one would think

what he could do for the English language a reform would soon be wrought. One great use of speaking in plain English is that every one must then know what it is he means to say, and that if the speaker means nothing at all, this is at once found out; while, if he uses high-flown foreign words, people are not sure what it is they mean, or whether they really have any meaning.

Exchange Notes and Quotes.

The *Congregationalist* thinks that there is often too much over-particularity in details in Christian life and work; that "the great principle to be used in the following of Christ, in our endeavor to walk even as he also walked, must doubtless be that of putting ourselves—saying it in all reverence—into his place, so far as may be possible. The principles on which he acted are our true guide for similar right action, much more than the particular things which he did."

"The only hope of Spain," the *Christian Era* says, "lies in a change of religion. If the nation could be imbued with the energy born of absolute freedom of thought, and of individualism of character, it might possibly surmount all difficulties, and enter on a new era of growth and prosperity. But, bound hand and foot by a priesthood, whose aim is to resist progress, and to neutralize the social forces of the century, no hope illumines its future. It seems doomed to bankruptcy and decay."

The *Independent* says that animals have rights as really though not as largely as men, and that these rights grow out of their natural capacity to suffer and enjoy. Pain and pleasure are phenomena of their being. They can be made happy or they can be made miserable. Therefore, "the law which seeks to protect animals has a moral basis or reason, not in the moral but in the sensitive nature of the animal." But "the great difficulty in securing to animals the protection which the law intends to give results from their absolute helplessness, so far as the employment of legal remedies is concerned. Victims and sufferers they may be, but witnesses and clients they are not. Statutes are powerless except as they are enforced; and they mean nothing practically unless there is a public sentiment in the community that will demand their enforcement."

The *Christian Union*, speaking of the condition of the South, says that "the State of New York alone spends more annually for educational purposes than all the Southern States put together—the exact figures being, for New York, \$11,256,894; for all the Southern States, \$11,176,344." And continues that "there is no need of argument to show that this vast amount of ignorance, with the vice and superstition that are its inevitable fruits, is a prolific source of danger to the Republic. The events of the last ten years in connection with the State Governments of the South speak to us in a voice which no good citizen should disregard. The one thing above all others needed at the present time to heal the differences between the North and the South, and ensure the safety of our Republican experiment, is a hearty union of the patriotic and Christian people of both sections in one grand effort to diffuse the blessings of education in the Southern States."

The *Methodist* maintains that the exalted Christian life "is, to say the least, a near and approachable land of personal Christian experience." It continues, "Danger? Of course there is. Cant, hypocrisy, diseased mentality, tricks of emotion and sentimental sleight-of-hand—all crowd around the gateway by which we approach the exalted life. But Christian exaltation stands distinct and clear amid these cheats and mockeries of spirituality. It is distinguished from fanaticism in that it is utterly reasonable; from disordered states, in that full mental and moral health are necessary to its attainment; from all trickeries, in that it is vital, continuous, obedient, attractive and wholesome. It lifts us into a higher region of motive, emotion, experience, but it is utterly and constantly logical; only its law, its method, is of a strain not called for in the market-place and the mill."

The *Christian Intelligencer* learns, under the caption of "Fighting Rum with New Weapons," that the experiment tried in London of establishing a cafe in one of the most degraded neighborhoods, where food is supplied to the poor at exceedingly low rates, and the rooms are made attractive with books, newspapers and amusements, is a decided success. Referring to this, it says that "the cafe planted in this debased soil has proved a moral as well as a pecuniary success. From one of our English contemporaries we learn that the police declare that if the cafe goes on as it has begun, there will be little need for their services in a spot where hitherto it has been unsafe to venture by day and absolutely dangerous to do so by night. In view of its great benefit to themselves and their class, many of the workmen of London have become shareholders in the organization, which as we have previously shown, proposes to place cafes in every part of London; and thus they will become not merely recipients of benefits but active missionaries to bring in others of their own

rank to participate in the enjoyments and comforts that are brought within their reach."

Events of the Week.

THE OLD DUTCH CHURCH.
The Old Dutch Church in Fulton Street, New York, made famous as the source of the daily noon prayer meetings, was torn down on Wednesday, under the direction of the contractor and inspector of buildings, as it was considered an unsafe structure.

THE CHRONOMETER LOCK AGAIN.

It was not long ago that we spoke of the chronometer lock and its superiority to other locks for baffling the attempts of burglars, referring to the failure to rob the National Bank of Great Barrington, Mass., which had placed these locks upon its safe a few days before. Now we have another example of their utility. Four masked men entered the residence of the cashier of the Barre (Vermont) National Bank, early Wednesday morning, bound and gagged the occupants and leading the cashier to the bank, ordered him to open the safe, which, however, he was unable to do, as it was locked with one of the above-named chronometer locks. They secured some money in unsigned bills and left, foiled by this valuable burglar proof invention.

A RAILROAD COLLISION.

The South Side railroad of Long Island is peculiarly unfortunate in accidents. A collision occurred on Monday afternoon near Far Rockaway between trains going eastward and westward, by which two passenger trains were smashed, ten persons were killed and about twenty-eight others injured. The passenger train was several minutes behind time, and was endeavoring to make up and pass the siding where the train from Rockaway was expected to be in waiting. The latter train had on board Mr. Poppenhansen, president of the road, who is reported to have become impatient at the non-appearance of the overdue passenger train down, and ordered his up-train to go along. If this report is true, we do not see how in justice Mr. Poppenhansen can escape being held strictly responsible for this dreadful calamity.

DEATHS BY DROWNING.

As the heat increases the incitements to bathe in lakes and rivers are multiplied. But little prudence is exercised by boys when allowed to bathe at pleasure. The many cases of sickness and deaths resulting from untimely baths do not affect the community as forcibly as when the news of immediate deaths by drowning is announced. A sad case occurred at Fall River, Mass., on Monday afternoon. Seven little boys, between the ages of eight and eleven, while bathing in Watuppa Lake, got beyond their depth, and before assistance arrived, six were drowned. In the same paper we found that two persons were drowned while bathing in Sabattus, Me.; a young man, seventeen years of age, in Lawrence, Mass.; a man, thirty-five years old, in Auburn, Mass.; a boy in South Framingham, Mass.; three near Rockaway, Long Island. This ought certainly to awake caution in the minds of the young and those who have them in charge.

QUEBEC.

The general election for members of the legislature for the province of Quebec took place on Wednesday, and the inauguration of the ballot system passed off in an orderly manner. The indications are that the Government has a majority.

A SEVERE STORM.

A fearful storm visited the Swiss Canton of Geneva and the French frontier on Thursday, accompanied with hail stones of immense size. The glass in the windows of the district where the storm raged was demolished, and many persons were killed and injured.

THE CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN.

The London *Times*, summarizing the military and political situation in Spain, gives a gloomy view of the Alfonso case. It says that the recent minor successes of Jovellar have been outweighed by reverses elsewhere. The Carlists seem about to begin a forward march. All the bright hopes Alfonso brought to Spain have vanished, and his best generals are less active than heretofore. They have met defeat instead of victory. The King has not been more successful in Madrid. He has failed to satisfy the church and has enraged the liberals.

RUSSIA IN CENTRAL ASIA.

In the British House of Commons, last Tuesday evening, Captain Baillie Cochrane called attention to the progress of Russia in Central Asia, which was such as to furnish her with every facility for attacking India. He warned the government against indifference to the danger pointed out, of Russia's breaches of promise in the past, deprecated England's entering into entangling engagements with Russia, and urged the strengthening of English influence in Afghanistan, for which purpose the visit of the Prince of Wales to India offered a favorable opportunity. Hon. Mr. Bourke, Under-Secretary for the Foreign Department, replied that nobody could deny that Russia had broken her engagements with regard to Khiva. Both Russia and Great Britain ought to recognize the interest they have in maintaining a reasonable distance between their respective frontiers in Asia.

S. S. Department.

Sabbath School Lesson.—July 18.

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

JESUS AT THE MARRIAGE.

John 2:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT:—"This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory; and his disciples believed on him." John 2:11.

Notes and Hints.

1, 2. THE MARRIAGE. There was a marriage in Cana of Galilee. (1) The place. Cana was situated near Nazareth. Two places claim to be the site of the ancient town, one four, the other nine miles from Nazareth. The most distant town has, by Robinson, been shown to be the place where Cana stood. (2) The time was "the third day." John wrote no chapters in his gospel, hence he has before mentioned the days from which he computes. See John 1:43. (3) The guests included, with others, Mary, the mother of Jesus, with his disciples. These may have been invited as relatives or as friends of the parties, but which, as we know neither of the parties, we cannot tell. The way that Mary spoke to the servants has been supposed to show that she was a relative. No mention is made of Joseph, and therefore some have concluded he was not now living. Unjustifiable inference. Mary more than Joseph is mentioned in the gospels, for she was more closely related to Jesus. Besides, at a later time, the Jews say, "the son of Joseph whose father and mother we know." John 6:42. (4) Marriage feasts lasted several days, and were attended by invited guests. The character of Christ had not hitherto revealed at Nazareth those wonderful traits which would, at a later date, make his acquaintances pause before sending him a card to a social gathering. We should be so desirous of his presence at all our festivities as to invite him earnestly to be there. Their character should be in harmony with the presence of this Guest. If ours are innocent pleasures, they are not without his approval or presence. If our pleasures are too impure for him to approve, they are too deadly for us to enjoy. For such pleasures we pay a costly price, and then they destroy us.

MARY SUGGESTS A MIRACLE. (1) They wanted wine before the feast was ended, not because of poverty, but because of the number of the guests, and the duration of the feast. The bridegroom or his parents had miscalculated the amount necessary for the occasion. (2) "The mother of Jesus saith unto him, they have no wine," with the intent that he should miraculously provide some. It was a suggestion, not a formal request. The suggestion was based on a knowledge of his power which she must have seen, or from his history interred that he had. This was his first public miracle; hence, Mary had not from experience reason to expect a miracle. Perhaps he had told her that he would, when of the right age, enter on his Father's business; and as he had just returned from Judea with his disciples, she expected to see him show some sign of his heavenly origin. Mary knew that he came from God, and was about to begin the mission for which he came. Her suggestion to Jesus has been regarded by some as a request for him to withdraw from the feast, and so draw away the guests. Calvin thought Mary wished him to relieve the embarrassment of the parties by a disclosure that would interest the guests and take off their attention from the failure of the wine. It is plain, however, that what Mary wished was for Jesus to supply the deficiency. Tholuck thinks that Jesus had in secret performed miracles before this. (3) Mary was rebuked by the words of Jesus. The address "woman," was not disrespectful, as infidels have alleged, nor the reproof that followed. The indirect request of Mary came as a temptation to Jesus. She solicited him, in her womanly way, to use his suppressed power for the gratification of his friends. Satan tempted Jesus to use omnipotence for relief of physical wants. Herod was glad that Pilate sent Jesus to the court, for Herod wished to see a miracle. Mary unconsciously trespassed on this ground. She did not ask Christ to honor God and display his benevolence to man by seizing this occasion to prove the incarnation, but to do a miracle that would please, meet the exigency, and set the joy of the occasion flowing again. The right of Mary to make her relations to him the ground of any such request is what we here see Jesus denying. (4) He had arrived at the period when his true nature and ministry required to be made manifest, but the divine must control, not be directed by the human. "Woman, what have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come," said Jesus. The literal reading of this reply is, "What to me and thee, woman?" The idea is, "What affairs have we in common? your thoughts and interests are not mine, nor mine yours." (5) "The hour of the crucifixion when I shall recognize thee as mother," is one explanation of "mine hour." Another is, "mine hour to assist the festival," and the best, "mine hour to begin my public, miraculous work." In John this expression refers usually to the hour of his death, but here the expression corresponds more closely to the idea of the words addressed to Mary on another occasion, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" The attempt of Mary to have this miracle performed may be compared with the impatient waiting of John the Baptist indicated by the words, "Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?" In two things Mary seems to have been astray,—first in her motives, and next in anticipating the hour for Christ's work. The reply of Jesus, "mine hour is not yet come,"

does not assert that his hour was not near. See a similar statement of his. John 7:6. (6) The answer of Jesus does not dishearten Mary. Alford thinks unwritten history explains her words to the servants and the preparations made. She has expectations, and some glimmer of the way in which the miracle will be wrought. How much, and what else Christ said to her besides what is written we know not, but he left Mary in expectation of some sign of his power. Her words to the servants denote her social standing and freedom of action in the festival.

WHAT JESUS DID. (1) The six water-pots of stone held each from sixteen to twenty-five gallons. The "firkins," used to measure them, were Jewish vessels of measure, called "bath," and held eight and one-half gallons, less half a pint. Hence these stone vessels, holding two or three "firkins apiece," were capacious, and furnished not less than one hundred gallons of water, nearly two hogshheads. (2) These vessels were for the ablutions of the guests, who "ate not except they first washed." Mark 7:1-5. This custom of purifying was founded on tradition. (3) The character of the change wrought in these vessels of water is beyond cavil. No trick was possible. The size of the vessels, their location where all the guests had access to them, the public filling of them with water to the brim, and the drawing out of the liquid by dipping it from the top, prevent imposture here. (4) Jesus commanded the servants, not his disciples, to fill the vessels to the brim. He intended now to perform the miracle, not from the motives which Mary suggested, nor at the moment which Mary named. How long after Jesus said, "mine hour is not yet come," it came, we do not know. The narrative indicates no break in the time, but there may have been one of several hours. The Saviour, perhaps, had from the first expected to manifest his glory at this feast, but not until the circumstances were favorable or demanded it. When Mary spoke to him, his hour had not come. She was not ready, nor were the other guests ready for "this beginning of miracles." Her request, however, promoted the opportunity, and induced the fulfillment of the necessary conditions for the opening of his ministry. Hence he proceeds to do what shortly before he refused to do. (5) When the water was made wine is not declared, but probably the change occurred in the liquid, as it was drawn. The process of wine-making may be compared with this transformation, to show the marvelous nature of the miracle. The power that gave, through the process of nature, the juices to the grape is as marvelous, if not as sensational, as that which instantly changes the chemical elements of water, so that it becomes wine. The original force in either case must be the same.

THE GOVERNOR OF THE FEAST. (1) The master of ceremonies is here termed "governor." Some of the older commentators suppose that he made it a business to preside at such gatherings; others think that one of the guests was elected to the honor. He tasted the wine first, and told what was customary at feasts. (2) Tradition has it that Nathanael was the governor, and that John the Evangelist, or Simon the Canaanite, was the bridegroom; but the tradition has never been sworn to tell the truth. (3) The governor recognized the improved flavor of the wine, called the bridegroom, and declared that an innovation on the custom at weddings had been made. The wine at first was good, this was excellent. (4) "When men have well drunk," is a general statement of a custom rather than of what occurred at this time, and that custom was to get intoxicated. Intoxicated persons could not discern good wine from poor. We have no right to insist that the wine made was intoxicating, nor to deny that it was. It was miraculously made, and may have been like other wine, or may have had the taste and appearance of intoxicating wine without the alcoholic ingredient. This we know, the law of Jesus condemns drunkenness, condemns, too, in one age what it does not in a darker age, and exalts, for the sake of the soul, self-denial and rigid restraints. Hence we can not flatter the appetite for alcoholic beverages with citations from this passage.

TALKERS AND TEACHERS.—There are two kinds of Sunday school teachers, as indeed there are two kinds of pulpit preachers; those who want to know and to show what God has declared in his Holy Word, and those who want to tell what they know, or think they know. The one only enjoys the International Lessons, because of their influence in quickening Bible study. The other class thinks lightly of these lessons, because of the new demand for Bible study created by them, and of the slight they throw on Sunday school speech-making. The Bible students and teachers are gaining steadily on the mere talkers, in both pulpit and Sunday school; but the latter class is by no means yet extinct. They still belittle many a pulpit, and disgrace many a Sunday school. "We can't use these International Lessons in our Sunday school," said a Pennsylvania superintendent. "They won't interest our scholars. We tried them, and we've given them up; and now we don't have any regular lesson; but I talk to the school." One Sunday I gave a short talk on Character; another Sunday I gave a talk on Gratitude. We find talkers are the best in the school. In a Florida Sunday school, the teacher of an adult class took up the lesson for the day, and ran his eye over it, before his class; then said, slightly, "I tell you there's mighty little that you can teach in this lesson." Thereupon he turned away from the Bible to talk on miscellaneous topics. These men represent a class of Sunday school workers, or talkers, whose mission for good has ended. The sooner our schools are rid of them, the better for all concerned.—S. S. World.

THE responsibilities of a Christian profession, so often feared and shunned as intolerable burdens, under the pressure of which we are likely to make a disgraceful fall, ought rather to be invited as safeguards and helps in the working out of our salvation.

Communications.

Evangelism in Calcutta.

BY REV. O. R. BACHELER.

Early last cold season, Mr. Somerville, pastor of one of the popular Presbyterian churches in Glasgow, was sent to India by some mercantile association for evangelistic work. Mr. Moody's labors originated this movement. His arrival in Calcutta was heralded in the papers and every means employed to secure for him a favorable reception. The ministers of the place united in forming a committee of co-operation and arrangement and the largest church was opened for the first meetings.

Mr. Somerville proved himself a most indefatigable worker; although advanced in life, being sixty or more years of age and looking much older, he has held from two to four meetings daily. The first congregations were all that could be desired, the different classes, from the highest official down, being well represented, but Calcutta Christianity is staid, sedate and very proper. Pulpit beating and Bible thumping are quite out of taste, so, after two or three days, the congregations diminished by about one-half, and churchmen, who are, by far, the most numerous, fell off largely. Still, the work went on. Meetings were held in the different churches, all denominations uniting excepting the church of England.

I attended several of these meetings and studied, with a good deal of interest, Mr. Somerville's plan of operation. He is an earnest man. His style is apt to become boisterous; his voice, when on a high key, often explodes in indistinguishable confusion, so that much of what he says, and that often the key to much more, is entirely lost. I heard him once under very pleasing circumstances. It was at a morning meeting for young men inquirers. There were not more than thirty present. He took his seat on the communion table with his feet in a chair, and for nearly an hour held his audience in rapt attention to the closest argument on the subject of coming to Christ. Could he have carried that style into his more public ministrations, he would have been immensely popular. At one of these morning meetings a family of sparrows, happy in the morning sunshine, were discoursing their sweetest music around the cornices overhead. This seemed to annoy him. At length, he stopped, and, with an expression of anguish, stretched up his hands and cried, "O you birds." This seemed to afford immediate relief, and he went on without further annoyance.

One prominent feature in these revival measures is to get people out of the old rut, and have something new and striking. Hence there were meetings at unusual hours in the churches, at the theater, in the park, in the tents, &c. There were general meetings, meetings for men, meetings for women, and meetings for young men. One Sabbath morning, there was a meeting for men at the Free church. Two elderly ladies, apparently mothers in Israel, and probably living in the neighborhood, wishing to hear the great preacher, had come in and taken a seat near the pulpit. Mr. Somerville stopped in his service and told them they were there on their responsibility, not on his. They sat quietly until the heads of the congregation were bowed in prayer and then retired, taking the sympathies of the congregation with them. Those women have a scar on their souls that they will carry to their graves.

These meetings resulted in much good and quite a number of conversions were reported, but the larger results that had been anticipated were not realized. One reason of this was supposed to be that Mr. Somerville was not able to conform to circumstances. A revival interest was prevailing in two or three of the churches, and this fact was unfortunately overlooked.

The American Methodists are securing a strong foothold in Calcutta. They built a church edifice, but outgrew it in a few months. So they have taken the theater for their Sabbath evening service, which is filled to overflowing. They have introduced the "anxious seat," and it is largely occupied almost every Sabbath evening. Dr. Thoburn is the right man in the right place, and is doing a noble work. He has already the largest congregation in the city. It is real, genuine American Methodism, and no substitute; some of its corners knocked off, perhaps, but with all its peculiar vitality intact that has made for itself a large place in Calcutta. There is also an English Wesleyan church in Calcutta, a very good church, too, when viewed alone, but it is quite interesting to see mother and daughter side by side, the mother all so proper, cringing and aping the church of England, the daughter, bold, dashing and overflowing with life and vigor. But, then, mother and daughter have had their work in very different fields and under very different influences.

Mr. Somerville has completed his tour of India and is about returning home. His last work was to hold meetings for the English speaking Hindus. What the result has been, we have not learned.

On the whole, he has done a good work, and it is thought the after fruits will prove the most abundant. The subject is now being agitated of inviting Mr. Moody to come to India.

The great ocean is in a constant state of evaporation. It gives back what it receives and sends its waters into mists, to gather into clouds, and so there is rain in the fields, and storm on the mountain, and beauty everywhere. But there are men who do not believe in evaporation. They get all they can and keep all they get, and so are not fertilizers, but only miasmatic pools.

There are 8,497,816 communicants in the Presbyterian churches throughout the world.

Help One Another.

BY J. W. BARKER.

It seems to be easy just to reach out the friendly hand or whisper a kind word. It does not cost much effort, it will cost no money. We may all do it. If we can not be rich in gold, we can abound in the greater wealth of kindly deeds and loving words. The commerce of these precious jewels is radiant with the smiles of heaven. When we see one in the dust, shall we not reach the prompt and friendly hand to aid him in rising? When our fellow traveler is trying to climb the tottering ladder of fortune, shall we not endeavor to help him as much as possible? It may be, just one effort will help him over the hard place. Could you read his heart, you would see how eagerly he desires to pass over the delusive rounds. Will you be guilty of beating him back? The scene of human activity sometimes presents a strange anomaly,—one half the world trying to rise, and the other half endeavoring to prevent it. "If a man say he loves God, and hates his brother, he is a liar." Plain and pungent language. That Christianity is spurious that consists only in theory. Philosophy is beautiful to contemplate, but human happiness would starve upon it. Love is swifter and stronger than philosophy. It has a supreme contempt for conventionalism and human forms. The time given us in which to work is so short, we can not afford to waste a moment. Shall we miss the golden opportunity? It may not occur again. You can now, if you will, make a brother man happy. A word or an act may do it. Can you fail to make the investment? An unfriendly push may be fatal. The abyss may be near at hand. You can not see how the wounded spirit thirsts for sympathy and comfort. It turns to you, do not turn it away. The great Teacher commissions you. Can you find an excuse? "It is better," you may say, "that the sore be probed to the bottom." That is precisely its condition. Pour in the oil of gladness. If the truth must be told, if the conscience must be awakened, let it be done in the spirit of love and brotherly kindness. "Deal gently with the erring." Gentle treatment leaves no sting behind.

Tested by Trial.

BY MRS. M. A. C.

"I have refined thee, but not with silver." As the tiny seed sown in spring time, nourished by sun and shower, comes forth tender at first, but as the years flow on, strengthened by wind and storm, becomes the majestic tree, yielding its burden of fruit to the patient toiler, giving shelter and shade to him who rests beneath its branches, so begins the love of Christ in the heart, the result, perhaps of seed sown by the wayside. Nourished by the influence of the Holy Spirit, the new-born soul surveys the path before him with confidence, but not until storms arise and the tempest tries the strength of our foundation is the permanency of our hope in Christ tested. Instances are not rare in which the Father sees fit to test our faith by very severe trials. A few years since, an earnest, intelligent, Christian lady was called to part with her youngest son. For twelve years he had been the pet of the household, and the child of many prayers; truthful, obedient, considerate beyond his years, with an increasing interest in God's word, he showed many tokens of the silent work of the Holy Spirit in his heart. These were not accepted as such by the mother, who was looking for some sudden change, some outburst of thanksgiving for the assurance of sins forgiven as was her experience years before. The messenger came very suddenly. No farewells were spoken, no time for the kindly offices usually administered, not even the gentle pressure of the hand was recognized. The bereaved mother was almost paralyzed. Were all her prayers in vain? Was the life so closely linked to hers to be thus separated from all the holy influences which had surrounded it? If so, religion was a fable. Her health failed; friends were alarmed lest reason should be threatened; Christians were grieved, and the enemies of the cross asked in triumph, where is now that trust in God she was so ready to recommend to others in like bereavement?

It was at the time of our nation's great peril, and homes were being made desolate in answer to the repeated calls for volunteers. The elder son, wishing to flee the shadows which were gathering about their household, enlisted, and was to start the ensuing morning. Well might the mother say, with the Psalmist, "All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me," but God does not forsake his children. The Comforter came, bringing all things to her remembrance,—the dear boy's reverence for the Sabbath, his unquestioning faith in the Father's promises, the moistened eye and quivering lips as he read the story of the Cross,—these with other tender memories came up with remarkable distinctness and with them the foretaste of victory, even now. As if to be reassured, she opened the sacred volume and read from Jeremiah, "Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him; but weep sore for him that goeth away, for he shall return no more nor see his native country."

Was the cloud to be lifted only to close around her with increasing darkness? No, the loving Father was the refiner, and knew when to bring the pure metal to light. She hesitated but a moment, then hastened to the bedside of her son, and recounted to him the lessons of the past few weeks, her blindness in not comprehending and her ingratitude in not accepting it, also the strong consolation she had received within the last few hours, such as God gives his hidden ones, reading to him the Scripture which seemed like a warning in

gard to his leaving home. And the result? The son, being under age, was released from his enlistment at the request of his parents, became an earnest seeker and sure finder of that "pearl of great price, has enlisted in an army who are fighting not with sword and musket under the leadership of one who is liable to be pierced by the bullet of an enemy and left fainting and dying on the field, but is a valiant soldier under the Captain of our Salvation in whose service victory is sure. The mother and younger son are reunited. Her last years were spent in noble, consecrated work for God.

Reader, is the refining process going on with you? There is no burden so heavy but He who bore the sins of the world can lift it. No cloud so dark but the sympathy and love of Christ can penetrate it. No providence so mysterious but it may subserve to the highest ends in our spiritual life.

Listening to the Word.

BY JOSEPH FULLERTON.

Suppose a case, which, in fact, has been more than once a reality. A vessel is on fire at sea. In jeopardy, in peril, passengers are in terrible consternation. Hurrying to and fro, their lamentations are loud and distressing. The captain is master of the situation, and sees how the lives of these on board can be saved by boats. He beckons attention, calls all to listen and follow his directions. Stillness prevails; with anxiety they hang upon his words; comply at once with his commands; get off, and are saved from destruction by fire and water.

This is a somewhat forcible illustration of spiritual things. Men are in peril, in danger of perdition and eternal ruin. God and Christ and the Holy Spirit and good Christians see how they may be saved. They call upon them to hear, that their souls may live. The word given is, hearken, listen. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." "Unto you, O men, I call, and my voice is to the sons of men." "Incline your ear and come."

Now, who does not see that in what pertains to being saved, much, indeed all primarily, depends upon being still and listening, with a heart to obey the calls of Heaven. God is ever calling. The Spirit is always striving. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." With Christians the Saviour will hold communion all of the time, if they will listen to the voice of his love. But oh, the noise, tumult and commotion often prevailing within, without and around them, so that they can not hear what Jesus says, nor enjoy the presence of the Spirit.

There is the tumult of improper thoughts. No quietness of mind. Thought is on improper objects; imagination is allowed a wide range on what is not profitable; desire for that which does no good is indulged. And all these without any attempt at self-control. "Guard well thy thoughts, thy thoughts are heard in heaven."

Supreme worldliness is another terrible commotion. The mind is in agitation, the heart is perplexed and distracted. All is noise and confusion. God calls, but his voice is not heard. He warns by some appalling providence; they are startled and listen to listen for a moment, then rush on with ears closed against reproof, warnings and invitations of mercy.

Much talk, especially on subjects worldly, vain, wicked and unprofitable, prevents hearing the calls of God. What a tumult is here. Talk, talk, and nothing of importance said. No ideas advanced. The valuable powers of speech prostituted to unworthy or base purposes. Nothing said that ministers instruction or grace to speaker or hearer. We once saw a saw-mill in operation. The pond of water was mostly out; the water ran shallow, and the mill just moved. But a more distressing sight is one talking, all spent. No force reserved. All talked out. The tongue still in motion, but all running shallow and weak.

What good there is for the world of men if they will have it. God comes to bless. He calls with a "still, small voice." He speaks in tones of thunder. "Hear, and your souls shall live."

Love.

BY D. D. HALSTED.

"Love is the fulfilling of the law." This seems to indicate that love is an act of volition. We can not love by voluntary choice. We can only love when the loveliness of the object blends and harmonizes with the feelings of the soul. The soul can not love an object unless the object has superior loveliness. We can not even admire an object unless it has qualities of excellence that commend it to our admiration. And even in this you will see that the grandeur of the object claims our admiration independent of volition. We see with the soul. There may seem to be an effort to receive the lovely and reject the unlovely, but there is no independent volition in the matter, and the seeming efforts to receive or reject an object are only results of contact of lovely or unlovely objects with the love attributes of the soul. Love is a mystery. Without volition, design, or intention, it must of necessity be involuntary; and yet it is of a character and force that bind hearts forever.

The adaptation of Christianity to the wants of men is of a nature and character that commend it to their understanding and approval. The divinity of truth and love will reach and blend with the attributes of the soul, and they will love in spite of themselves. The soul aspirations of the blind will be of a lower order than those of both sight and hearing; but its nature and origin are the same, and the throbbings and graspings for its love-object are the same. But, being deprived of vision, their souls never filled with all its glories. The soul may breathe out its aspirations from

behind its curtain of night, but can never be inspired by the beauties and grandeur of nature's glories. They can never learn to fully love the beautiful. Their souls will forever be strangers to those emotions that find loving hearts inspired by beauty and organized loveliness. The inspirations of truth can only stir souls by means of other lips. What a loss, what a loss to the morally blind!

Christ in the Family.

The following is taken from one of Dr. Sears's sermons:

The family is a divine institution and there is no substitute for it. Every one of you by divine appointment is a member of it. It is older than the State, older than the church, older than universities; and the parental line is more sacred than that of any Apostolic succession, and goes up higher and away beyond it. The Christian duties which pertain to it you can not delegate to anybody else, and by no ingenuity can you find anything that will supply their place. You can not send your children to Christ, but you may lead them along, and draw them after you. Home lies back of the Sunday school, and its teachings run through six days and all the twenty-four hours; and the tide of interest in the school rises and sinks with the life in the homes that inspire it and throbs through it. You may give the children books to read; your own book of life they are reading all the while, perhaps more thoroughly than you are aware of, for their clear and innocent gaze will take in the very lines and chapters which you may think are most obscure.

The unconscious influences of home, those which come from little things, little speeches, little deeds, and little offices, that best portion of a good man's life, his little nameless acts of kindness and of love, are more subtle and pervading and plastic over the character than the teachings which we set ourselves formally to make. For it is not merely from what we say or what we do, but how we say it and how we do it, and in what spirit and temper, that the life of our life comes out and shows its quality. You may shape the young lips to prayer, but the young eyes will see whether your life is a prayer and an inspiration towards heavenly things. You may give them hymns to learn, but it will come to nothing if the music be drowned in the discords of earthly passions and the din of this world. We may teach them here the Saviour's "Come unto me;" we work against mighty odds, if they see us either going the other way, or halting or standing still. And there comes a time, a very solemn time, when the home breaks up and forms anew; not only the cradles are brought in, but the coffins are carried out, and there is to be sorrow and mourning, and heaven is to be seen through tears.

And you are to live in this world long after you have left it—live in the memories you leave behind you, memories which may be a long and sweet persuasive to things which are pure and lovely and of good report; yea, the very chairs where you sat, and the pictures on the wall, and the old blessed Bible that lies on the stand, shall speak long afterward and call others to Christ in more tender accents, if only now you will fill the house where you live with the fragrance of a Christian life. But for this, Christ must come into the house, now to be learned there, and taught there, and lived there, and he must shape the very end and purpose for which all its business goes on and all its burdens are borne, even to make the home on earth a seminary for the skies.

The Love of Christ.

It was on the love of Christ that the early church so strongly leaned. It is to this love that we find the apostle Paul so continually turning. This was his soul's true resting place and refuge. It was under the branches of this palm tree that he found a shadow from the heat. This was the deep well of which he drank his endless consolation. He needed no other. To be "able to comprehend with all saints the length and breadth, the height and depth" of this love was his aim; and to "know that love which passeth knowledge" was the sum of his prayers.

This love is our refuge too—our true and quiet home. The knowledge of this love is perfect peace. We sit down and let this love breathe freely into us, and straightway it is calm. Each storm has gone to rest; each gust has died away. Love beyond all loves, in greatness, in freeness, and in efficacy. Gifted with strange power of healing and comforting! He who has possession of this love has hold of a hidden spell, mighty to charm away all heaviness of heart, all bitterness of soul. Who can withstand it?

In this love are all the loves of earth gathered up and centered. It is a father's love, yet passing far above it. It is a bridegroom's love, as the Song of Solomon shows, yet tenderer than the love of mortal bridegroom. It is a husband's love, yet truer and more faithful than the love of the truest and most faithful husband upon earth. It is a love without beginning and without end—a love without any intermingling selfishness, or jealousy, or coldness, or forgetfulness, or weariness, a love without intermission, a love without fickleness, a love without decay.—Presbyterian.

God answers our prayers not according to our wishes but our wants; not as in our ignorance we may have asked, but as an enlightened regard to our best interests would have led us to ask.

In their intercourse with the world, people should not take words as so much genuine coin or standard metal, but merely as counters that people play with.

Growing Old.

Fourscore! But softly the years have swept by
 thee,
 Touching thee lightly with tenderest care;
 Sorrow and death they did often bring nigh thee.
 Yet they have left thee but beauty to wear.
 Growing old gracefully,
 Graceful and fair. — N. Y. Observer

Were I to call upon you now, brethren and sisters, to stand in your place to bear witness concerning this fact of Christ's resurrection even if death stared you in the face in consequence of your testimony, you would rise to your feet and place your hand

round
upon **Liberal Christian**

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and small dark spots, possibly due to age or handling. A faint horizontal crease is visible near the top edge. The page is set against a dark background.

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I. D. STEWART, Dover,

The Morning Star

WEDNESDAY, JULY 14, 1875.

G. F. MOSHER, Office 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 Half-Century Reunion.

No other college commencement has had so attractive a feature as Bowdoin's had last week. It was the semi-centennial of the class of 1825. The class, which has always been regarded as a famous one on account of the rare literary attainments and the unusually varied and brilliant mental qualities of its members, originally numbered about forty men, and comprised such persons as the poet Longfellow, the shy and melancholy Hawthorne, the brave and chivalrous Cilley who early fell in a duel with a hot pro-slavery politician, Dr. John S. C. Abbott, the historian and biographer, Dr. George B. Cheever, Dr. Sawtelle, but these names already make a galaxy whose lustre would outshine any others that could be mentioned with them.

This class, in the persons of its few surviving members, celebrated its semi-centennial on Wednesday. Dr. Abbott served as chaplain, Dr. Cheever as orator, and Longfellow read an original poem. But the exercises were not confined to the class. The whole alumni of the college were invited to this golden wedding of poetry and philosophy. Fifty years of service, of growing honor and world-wide fame, had now crowned these venerable men who then were in the ardor and freshness of youth, and they had gathered here at the old home, with many of the younger sons who have yearly been going out since then, to celebrate in prayer, and song, and oratory, this "hanging of the crane."

Of the exercises themselves, or of their rare merit and suggestiveness, there would be no need to say much. They should rather be thought of than written about. Simply to look upon Mr. Longfellow, his countenance glowing with that rare and subtle light which his brilliant genius diffused over it, his white locks resting like a silver crown upon his brow, and his whole person like one who had walked with the gods and become as it were transformed by their companionship, were a satisfaction. To listen to his charming verse, with its flowing rhythm, and its imagery, and its melody; to catch the sentiment in his eye almost before it fell from his lips; and to feel the rare charm which his presence and his speech diffused, this was the crowning pleasure of those who sat within the compass of his voice.

The poem, beginning something like this,

"O Caesar, we who are about to die
Salute you," was the gladiator's cry.
To the arena, standing face to face
With death and with the Roman populace,

was a series of poetic salutations to the poet's *Alma Mater*, to his class-mates, not only the living,

"But the other living called the dead,"

to youth, to age, to scholarship, and to one or two other institutions, conditions or qualities. The suggestiveness of the text, the completeness of the poem, the fitting and beautiful images with which he adorned it, its lessons and its inspiration were all like a beautiful statue of Victory crowned with garlands. There was an element of pathos in it.

"Whatever poet, orator or sage

May say of it, old age is still old age,"

he said, and it was evident that he felt it. But there was no cowardice in it. It was like the clarion of the wounded trumpeter sounding a charge.

"Nothing is too late

Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate."

But these are only lines that recur to us at the moment. They may not be remembered correctly. Fortunately, the poem, which fully represents the maturity of his genius, is already published. Let it be his salutation to an admiring world. God grant that he be not about to die.

The oration dealt mainly with the present phase of scientific and religious thought. It was at the same time a scholarly statement of the questions discussed, a manly rebuke of the pretensions in Science, and a loyal defense not only of Christianity but of the idea that underlies it. The argument was clear and forcible, and the conclusions often irresistible. God was honored in it, and the truth both of inspiration and of the divine origin and immortality of the soul set in a strong and clear light. The product showed the truth of the sentiment just before uttered of the class, that they

"labored in their sphere, as those who live
In the delight that work alone can give."

What thrilling memories press into this review of fifty years. During the active career of these men the world has witnessed some of its most remarkable and startling developments. Locomotion by steam, the system of telegraphy, the improvements and discoveries in natural philosophy, political changes in both hemispheres, the freedom of the slave, the great contest between scientific and religious opinions and methods, improvements in the press, in general literature, and in all our educational facilities,—these are only a few things that have made the last half century a most eventful period. Thanks to the men who have so well acted their part in it.

There can be but one suggestion in all this, and that is the great need that the student, the young men and women of to-day, who receive this rich heritage and are left to the disposal of it, be patient, and toilsome, and true, like the men and women who have bequeathed it to them. Said ex-

Speaker Blaine at the Bates commencement the other day, "What the country and the world needs to-day is that its young men and women be earnest and true. And that both for the country's sake and their own." Let the words be pondered. Truth and earnestness—these are the weapons that shall strike down all opposition; the energy that shall give success to all toil, the charm that shall by its touch convert all base things into lasting worth.

Juristic Disagreements.

The public mind is again in that condition of uncertainty which is apt to follow a disagreement of a jury at the end of a great trial. Having placed more or less confidence in the results of the trial, and having anticipated the verdict with more or less cheerfulness, it now finds those results quite unsatisfactory, and is obliged to accept no verdict at all.

The question naturally arises, how far we ought to depend upon the expressed verdict of a jury for the summing up, and conclusion of evidence which we ourselves as well as the jury have either heard or read.

As a rule, we do not delegate the forming of our convictions to other parties. If they would be our own convictions, and formed by such evidence as we are not only satisfied with but can intelligently use in explaining to others a reason for them, we can not consistently accept the verdict of the best twelve men that ever formed a jury for the only foundation of them.

In the case at hand, the public generally felt a few months ago that a trial by jury could furnish the only satisfactory solution of the perplexing questions that had arisen. The trial was held, and now a portion of the same public is as dissatisfied and unsettled as ever. It even suggests another trial,—which argues well for its patience and fortitude, whatever it may indicate as to its taste,—and says that it knows as little of the facts in the case now as it did before the trial began.

It is not to the public's credit to say that, at least, so far as it indicates a disposition to hold its conclusions at second hand. Has not the public had the same testimony that the jury had, and the same arguments by counsel, and the same charge by the judge? Are twelve New York jurymen the only parties that can sift and weigh and interpret that testimony? Indeed, has not the public the advantage in this, namely, that whereas the evidence was presented to the jury under the pressure of possible outside influence and the confusion of legal quibble, and argument, and challenge, and restraint, it comes to the public practically free of those attending influences, finding it in a calmer mood than the jury was, less exhausted by overstrained attention, and better fitted to reach an unprejudiced conclusion?

The same would apply to any case of the kind. Are we going to admit that simply because a man is in the jury box he can therefore see further into a millstone than when out of it? That does not change either his mental or his natural vision. It ought not to be so even by admission. Suppose we hold to the natural and inalienable right of forming our own opinions. If the verdicts of juries don't agree with them, let it be so much the worse for the juries. Considering that we are free and independent beings, that each must stand or fall for himself, and that God is more likely to be displeased with us for what we believe on another's word than for what we believe on our own personal convictions, it could not be exercising too great self-conceit, nor be doing violence to the sacred estimation in which judicial trials should always be held.

So that in this case, there is not so great a disagreement, after all. The chosen twelve have, to be sure, failed to express themselves alike. But whatever they think or say, it is not going to take the case out of the mind of the public. It is too firmly and painfully fixed there. It has revolved and is still weighing the testimony. It is going to make up its mind eventually,—not saying that it is not already made up,—and its verdict will probably be not much influenced by this failure of the twelve to agree.

Meanwhile we do not remember to have known a better opportunity for the best and moral portion of the public to hold to that safest of all rules, that the good profession and influence of a man is so far evidence that he is good. It will be a perilous day for us when we consent to hold previous good character and great usefulness as of no account in estimating a man's moral honesty and purity. Of course we must all hold that Mr. Beecher has shown "a charity unwisely unsuspicious, and a chivalry imprudently heroic." But when we calmly and honestly contrast the parties to the trial—the eminent Christian service of the one, and the bad alliances and unfortunate moral record of the other,—can we hesitate long where to let the weight of favor go?

But in saying that, it must still be admitted that there are many puzzling features of the case, which must be solved before the public can restore Mr. Beecher to his old place in its confidence and esteem.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Our columns are so crowded this week that we are obliged to keep, until next issue, several matters of interest, including Yearly Meeting reports, and other items of denominational news. We shall try to insert them in the order of their reception. Meanwhile, do not fail to send in all the important news from the churches and all denominational institutions.

A GREETING. To all our readers who may be so fortunate as to be enjoying a summer rest, we extend cordial greetings and congratulations. May heart and brain and muscle be renewed, and future service be the more blessed and profitable. Those who may get no respite,—you still have the earth and sky, with all their varied beauty, to look upon. Thank God for them, and be of good cheer.

Different Gifts.

In the domain of nature, we behold an endless variety of being and operation, with no two exactly alike, yet ever preserving unity and harmony. The tiny seed or tender flower is as good and necessary in its place as the strong oak or stately pine. In the members of the body there is a mutual sympathy; "the eye can not say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you." So the apostle teaches with reference to the church, that there are diversities of gifts, each to be exercised appropriately, whether of prophecy, or ministry, or teaching, or exhortation, or giving, or ruling, or mercy. There is room for all, and all are essential to the completeness of the spiritual body.

We are not to be dissatisfied with our position, and crave another. Selfish ambition may impel to such folly. One may say, "If I had the gift of speech to gain applause, I could do something; or if I had wealth so that my contributions would be noticed, I would readily contribute, but what can I do?" Perhaps you can soothe some aching head or sad heart; you can speak a kind word, or render other needed services. Where there is a willing mind, there will be some way open for its exercise; love, submission, patience will furnish the opportunity.

We may indeed covet the best gifts, but always in love. We should make ourselves as useful, and thereby as happy as possible. We are ever to make the most of our abilities and opportunities. Yet here is need of much faith and docility. What seems to be a great occasion, may really be of small consequence; what appears trivial may involve the highest results. If we possess the spirit of the true disciple, we shall be ready for every good work, and so fill the place that the Master assigns us, instead of frittering away our lives and chilling our sensibilities by waiting for something better.

Ministers and churches also are to take into account the variety of gifts, and so exercise charity. All are not made by the same pattern or run in the same mold, having gifts differing. A brother has a certain gift and uses it, but because he does not use some other, he is sometimes disparaged. The gift of exhortation is very helpful to the church, but all do not have it; some love to speak in meeting when ever there is an opportunity, others do not, nor should it be insisted on. No gift should be singled out and made a test of piety. Christians have suffered, and the gospel has suffered from such an exclusive spirit. Cherish all the gifts without partiality. There are many departments of the work, adapted to every variety of talent. If one can preach, let him preach; if one can teach, let him teach; if one can exhort, let him exhort; if one can give, let him give; if one can show mercy to the suffering, let him do it. Who can tell who is doing most, or is best accepted of God?

The beauty, strength, and efficiency of a church consist in the free development and exercise of all the gifts and graces of the spirit. No two members may be precisely alike; in the whole body there may be wide differences, even extremes. But taken together they comprise the entire spirit of the gospel. Then differences should never generate uncharitableness and schism. We are not to impeach another's motives, or sit in judgment on him. God is judge, and to him is each to give account. We must all be loyal to him, and loving to each other. We must all be new creatures in Christ, all have his spirit, and be faithful to him, each in his own way as the spirit and grace of God shall direct. We should rejoice in each other's prosperity. We are never to envy others for the gifts we do not possess, nor because we are surpassed. Rather rejoice that Christ is served in whatever way by ourselves or others. The cause is one, the Captain is one, the victory one, the glorious inheritance one for each and all.

Western Department.

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

Notes on Current Events.

—THE OLD WAY BEST. A prominent correspondent of the *Examiner & Chronicle* having lately called attention to some of the difficulties attending the settlement of pastors by churches based on the Congregational system of independence, and the article having been copied by the *Watchman & Reflector*, the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* now takes up the subject and aims to make a point in favor of the Episcopal plan of settling pastors.

We have no doubt that, for the membership of the M. E. church, the appointment plan is the best possible, while for Baptist and Congregationalist churches, it would be the worst possible. Under the one system, the membership are trained to reliance on ecclesiastical authority and not on their own judgment; in choosing their church they voluntarily choose its methods, and agree to accept as a "thus saith the Lord" the utterance of bishop or conference. With us it is radically different. Every man and woman in our church system is an integral part of the tribunal which is to decide all church questions. Each church assumes to know what it wants, and takes the consequences of its decision. This is pure democracy; and perfect in its operation just in proportion to its intelligence and piety.

The correspondent above referred to advocates a mediation in the settlement of pastors by some third parties, by agreement, and cites some successful examples. The *Advocate*, referring to this, says, "We have reason for satisfaction in the fact that our method of pastoral settlement is being more and more imitated by these brethren." We beg pardon, Bro. *Advocate*,

it is nothing of the kind. The selection, by a vote of the church, of a committee, or council, or other referee, to decide a perplexed question of pastoral settlement, or any other question, is not quite an "imitation" of the Episcopal system, but the reverse. For Baptists, "the old is better."

MARRIAGE IN INDIANA. Not long since, "Dr." Buell and Susan Gilbert, disciples of the modern doctrine of free love, in Indianapolis, went before the proper authorities, took out a license and then, in the presence of witnesses, pledged to live together as husband and wife. The only provision was that, "so long as the union of love and life shall last," the relation should continue. The parties were duly prosecuted for unlawfully living together, and last week a decision on the case given by Judge Chapman of the circuit court at Indianapolis. The decision is an important one, and we believe, wholly in the interest of morality. It is decided that the marriage is entirely valid and can not be dissolved save by due process of law. The proviso inserted by the parties, it was held, had no binding force, the law recognizing marriage as having no limitation, as to duration, save the lifetime of the contracting parties.

It was thus held that the formal employment of a ceremony by a third party was not indispensable to legal marriage. A case involving the same principle was recently decided in Chicago by Judge Wallace, the parties having lived together as man and wife for six or seven consecutive years. These decisions must be very welcome to these "reformers," making them responsible for their conjugal relations just where they had hoped to escape responsibility.

—A CONTRAST. While all right-minded people recognize with grateful joy the recent evidences of fraternal feeling between northern and southern people, as evidenced in the ceremonies of Decoration Day and the Bunker Hill celebration, enough unpleasant reminders exist yet to keep before us the insane bitterness of that class of rebels who, Bourbon-like, never learn and never forget. Here is what Ex-Congressman Hittler, of Georgia, says to an invitation to participate in the Fourth of July celebration, at Atlanta:

In my heart I feel that the existence of the government which dawned on the memorable 4th of July, 1776, perished in 1861, and this is the fourteenth year of the present government. I can't perceive how any Southern man can, with patriotic pleasure, participate in the celebration of the anniversary of a government that has long ceased to exist. Yet out of respect for those many friends, in whose judgment I have confidence, I purpose to be with you on the next 4th of July, and to participate in the ceremonies of that occasion, not as the anniversary of my country (for a government of force can never be my country), but in sad remembrance of my ancestors, and of a day and a significance that has gone forever.

If this melancholy ex-Congressman attended the celebration, it would be interesting to know whether "Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound," &c., was substituted for the "Star-spangled Banner" out of deference to his mournful melancholy.

—TO BE OR NOT TO BE. That was the question discussed at length, last week, by the Chicago ministers' meeting of the Presbyterians with reference to summer vacations for pastors. It was found, like most subjects, to have two sides, the one in favor of vacations, however, presenting much the broadest side. It was agreed by all hands that a period of ministerial rest was needed at some time during the year, the only question being when it should be taken. Unquestionably, the tide of religious interest reaches low water mark during the dog-days. We hardly think, however, that pastors' vacations can be charged with the responsibility of this dullness. In the cities, the people are largely out of town, or too enervated to do more than attend the devotional meetings, which ought not to depend on a pastor's presence for interest or profit. In the country, the labors of the season, joined to the exhausting heat, are scarcely less unfavorable to decisive religious work. The active pastor needs rest and relief from the anxiety and exhausting labor of his field; why not take it, then, when he needs it and the community will be least profited by his presence? Give the pastor a little breathing spell, and do not forget to give him some extra change with which to buy fishing tackle.

Denominational News and Notes.

A Western Free Baptist College.

There is hardly a subject that we would speak of with more delicacy and caution. Some may think us to be sectional, others may attribute ambition. Many are likely to think us rash, as though we would build the house without counting the cost.

The conviction is wide-spread that it is bad policy to multiply Free Baptist colleges, a conviction it is difficult to resist. Many think that the denomination has not strength enough in the West to succeed in such a work, and others still may fear that if the effort succeed, it will militate against other institutions, particularly Hillsdale College. We appreciate all these hints, objections, and liabilities, and confess we do not know a work we would undertake more reluctantly. We say frankly, however, the feeling of reluctance comes not of doubt of ultimate success.

We beg leave to offer a few considerations in favor of the effort to build such a western institution.

1. Almost the entire increase of the denomination is poured into the West. It is

not true that the denomination really diminishes year by year, or barely holds its own. The apparent loss is the result of emigration.

2. These emigrants are among the most intelligent and enterprising people of the East. Coming west they find other denominations enterprising, seizing eagerly the early advantages, and rapidly growing into power. They have seen in the East the folly of the denomination in waiting until others have occupied the land, and placed themselves in position to dictate terms to the incoming Free Baptists, and are slow to repeat the policy. There is hence a fearful tendency to go over to others at once. None but they who know the West know how this flood westward is washing off the very best soil of our denomination to within the land marks of other people. Terrace we must, in a little time, or we can't raise white beans even. It is a significant fact, too, that this emigration lands almost wholly west of the meridian of Chicago.

3. West of Chicago, the reported F. B. membership constitutes nearly or quite one-fifth of the whole denomination. This western membership exceeds that of Mich., Ind., Ohio and Pa., all together. The membership in Iowa alone, including the Mo. Association, which joined the Iowa Y. M. but is not reported in the *Register*, and the Iowa members belonging to Southern Minn. Y. M., is nearly equal to that of Mich. There is besides, a non-resident membership of eastern churches scattered throughout the West, more than equal to the whole reported membership of western churches.

4. Our people in the West have wealth, are enterprising, and are zealously educating their families, but almost wholly in the schools of other denominations. They are loyal to the denomination, and would prefer to patronize their own schools, are loyal to Bates and Hillsdale colleges; but Hillsdale is nearly two hundred miles east of the eastern boundary of the West as it is at Chicago, and Bates somewhat further. Hillsdale is from three hundred to six hundred miles distant from most of our western churches. The catalogue of Hillsdale, for 1873-4, out of over six hundred students, reports less than fifty from the whole West, and less than ten, leaving out those from Wis. and Ill. However much we would have it otherwise, facts are stubborn things, and we must act upon things as they are and are to be, and not as we could prefer to have them.

5. Once more. Have our readers considered what the West is to-day, what it was yesterday, and what it is to be tomorrow? Have they considered the vast advantage of time, only a little, often, in beginning an enterprise? It was our denomination's mistake that our people did not build churches in advance, in Boston, N. York, Cleveland, Chicago, and a thousand other places. So say the dear old fathers from Zion, and the sons say "hear." It was our misfortune that we could not, or did not, at the first, head the denomination with a college, college men and college prestige and power.

Twenty years hence, other denominations will have so occupied Wis., Ill. and Iowa, with schools, that nothing but an immense capital would justify the F. B. in commencing an institution of learning of their own.

Now, others are just beginning, and most western colleges have small endowments and moderate buildings. With a vigorous effort we can commence now, with a strength comparing favorably with that of others, and command our share of patronage, lay our lines, and build our channels of future supply.

Do our good people of the East know how colleges are built in the West? Some of the best were commenced only a few years ago, almost without buildings and without money,—with men only, men who dared to prophesy and then work for fulfillment.

Educators here do double duty, on moderate salaries, for they have "respect unto the recompense of the reward."

We add, we doubt not, that for many years to come, Bates and Hillsdale will excel our institution, and that by building up in the West a love of education and of the denomination, we shall furnish to these colleges a larger number of students, with than without a successful school of our own.

Finally, two things are before us, of which we must choose:—we must ground all hope and purpose to ever build a F. B. college in the West, or we must begin the enterprise now, in advance. To choose the former would be suicidal. If we say the latter, then it means work, patience, sacrifice, over-worked bodies and brains, but it means more we hope,—success finally, denominational honor and strength, and efficiency in the work of God.

Now a word of Wilton Collegiate Institution.

Circumstances brought this Institution into being,—Providence, before circumstances, we hope. We have had charge of the church, and supervision over the school, together with the agency, most of the time since it commenced. We have done little outside work. No one locality in Iowa even, unless we except that of Wilton, has been thoroughly canvassed for the school. Nothing has been attempted outside of Iowa. But, with this little effort,—comparatively, we have school property worth about \$25,000, have a few thousand dollars of endowment, and have had during most of the time, a fair number and quality of students. We have been kept out of the agency, and embarrassed, by a delay on the part of persons to make good certain transfers of the real estate [of the Institution. We had no doubt of an adjustment of matters, but were determined not to ask our people to invest upon uncertainties. This embarrassment has been at length removed, and the Institution relieved of most of its debt, and placed on safe footing. Will our readers be so kind as to notice on the map our favorable location?—on the

Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific R. R., the central, direct route from coast to coast, and at the junction with this of the South Western, extending into Mo., Kan., and by connections far into the West. Twelve miles west of our main road is crossed by the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Minn. R. R., extending, by its connections, from St. Paul to St. Louis. At Davenport and Rock Island, 26 miles east of us, there is another St. Paul R. R., and the Miss. river, together with converging roads from many points in Ill. At Muscatine, only twelve miles distant, we have access again by R. R. to the Miss. river. We are located near to most of the churches in Ill., and by the several R. R. lines, are accessible from every part of the West, and by the rivers, cheap transportation is furnished from Mo. and Ill., Wis., and Minn. The country around is beautiful in the extreme, and the village, of nearly two thousand population, pleasant, and healthy.

In conclusion, we may never have a college here worthy of the name, as some estimate, but must we not try? The child is given to us, and we have given it a name, and assigned it a place, all looking to a full-grown and noble manhood. If any of the good relationship east or west, would add to its wardrobe, or will it a competency, many, many thanks, and long continued benedictions in return.

In asking the *Star* to publish this article, we do it understanding its regard for Bates and Hillsdale, and for all the institutions of the denomination, and do it without asking it to endorse our views, to christen the child,—freely assuming ourselves all responsibility for the publication. Neither will we doubt its respect for the object of our affection and care.—We especially take all blame for the unavoidable length of this article.

O. E. BAKER.

Wilton, Muscatine Co., Iowa.

N. Y. and Penn. Y. M.

The annual session of the N. Y. and Penn. Y. M. was held with the Tuscarora church June 11—13. Conference called to order by standing clerk. Opening prayer by Rev. L. Kellogg. Organized by making choice of Rev. B. F. Herriek as chairman, and Rev. L. Kellogg as an assistant. Considerable interest was manifested by the members of conference in the business that came before them. A summary of letters shows the general condition of the Q. M.'s.

CHEMUNG Q. M. Some of the churches are small and weak. Others are in a more prosperous condition. Additions to some. The Elmira church has been greatly blessed during the past winter.

POTTER CO. Q. M. State of religion rather low. Great destitution of ministerial labor. Efforts are being made to place a missionary in the Q. M.

BRADFORD AND TIOGA Q. M. Religion at a higher point than one year ago and more general interest felt. One church in progress of erection and a lot purchased in the village of Wellsborough.

TUSCARORA Q. M. Some of the churches have enjoyed revival seasons during the past winter. Others are not in as high state of enjoyment. Sabbath schools generally sustained. Cause of missions responded to by some of the churches.

During the entire Conference session, harmony prevailed, and the Spirit of the Master was evidently present.

From the several resolutions passed by Conference the following selections have been made:

Whereas, the Central Association is to a large extent doing the missionary work (both home and foreign) in the central part of our denomination; therefore,

Resolved, that we earnestly recommend to all our ministers and churches to enter earnestly into the work of raising funds to supply its Treasury; so that it may continue to accomplish more and more for the glory of God and the good of man.

On the death of John Borden:

Whereas, God in his providence has removed from earthly labor to reward Rev. John Borden, therefore,

Resolved, 1. That we consider his removal from our midst as an admonition to us to be also ready to meet the bridegroom whenever he may come.

2. That as a Y. M. we extend our hearty sympathy to the bereaved circle of kindred.

On the death of Rev. G. T. Day:

Whereas, God in his infinite wisdom has removed from his important and useful position in the front rank of the denomination Rev. G. T. Day, therefore,

Resolved, 1. That we feel the cause of Christ and the world has lost a faithful friend and laborer.

2. That we as a denomination, in whose front he stood as a leader, feel most deeply affected, but our faith in the grace and providence of God sustains us in this great bereavement.

The devotional exercises were spiritual and interesting, the preaching plain and practical, and we trust the Lord was with us through the entire session. The next session of the Y. M. will be held with the Gaines church, Potter Co. Quarterly Meeting.

G. H. FREEMAN, Clerk.

Genesee Y. M.

The Genesee Yearly Meeting held its last session with the church in Fairport, N. Y. Rev. R. L. Howard was chosen Moderator. Rev. D. M. Stuart, Cor. Mes. from the Holland Purchase Y. M., and G. H. Ball, D. D., were with us to direct in council and to preach the Word with eloquence and power. Appointed Rev. R. L. Howard and Wm. Walker Cor. Mes. to the Holland Purchase Y. M. The following delegates were appointed to the Central Association: Brethren Howard, Hilton, Brown, Wood, Walker, and Sisters Howard, Russell, Walker, Box and Hill; with powers of substitution. A large amount of business was harmoniously transacted. A very touching tribute was paid to the late Dr. Day, who occupied a very large place in the hearts of this Y. M.

The meetings of worship were well attended and interesting. All the Q. M.'s were well represented by encouraging let-

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Poetry.

Summer.

The fickle year is in its golden prime;
The world is dreaming in a hazy lustre,
And round the altars of our summer clime,
The blushing roses cluster.

Upon the mountain dwells impassioned light,
And in the valley sleeps a shade depressing,
While fields of waving wealth enchant the sight,
Like gold of God's own blessing.

The plowman rests beneath the wayside tree,
The stream curls slowly round the hoofs of cattle;
And o'er the meadow floats the droning bee,
Fresh from his flowery battle.

Soft through the Southern meshes of the vine,
I hear the birds unto each other calling;
And in the casket of the eggline,
The tropic dews are falling.

Far in the distance rolls the sluggish sea,
With not enough of life in all its breathing,
To bid the sail from its rude bonds go free,
And spurn its hempen wreathing.

On all there rests a halo and a hush;
The spell of poetry is on the blossom,
And Nature's spirit slumbers in a blush,
Caught from high Heaven's bosom.

The past and future blend in one sweet sleep,
The world's a dream, and Care a hidden murmur,
Whose tears however sadly he may weep,
Are but the dews of summer.

Orpheus C. Kerr's "Versatilities."

Love the Flowers.

Little children, pluck the flowers
With a light and gentle hand,
Though it be the roadside blossoms
Scattered freely o'er the land.

Though it be a white field daisy
Or a golden buttercup,
Do not trample them in passing,
Do not roughly tear one up.

Though there be so many others
Scattered thick amid the grass,
Think how wonderful is folded
Every flower that you pass;

Think how Christ once praised the lilies
In the fields so long ago;
Think how God's own hand has painted
All the simplest flowers that grow.

Even the yellow dandelion,
Even the clover, white and red,
Are as fair as sister flowers
In a dainty garden bed.

Do not prize the roses only,
Or the flowers rare and sweet,
Do not trample roadside blossoms
Carelessly beneath your feet.

Do not crush a single daisy
Nor the smallest flower despise;
Think how many little children
Eagerly would grasp the prize.

Children in the crowded alleys
Not so kindly reared as ours,
Yet more tenderly will gather,
When they may, the roadside flowers.

Think of all the sick and weary
That a little flower might cheer,
Think how some sad eyes would brighten
Even to hold one violet near.

Think how e'en a faded blossom
May hold memories sweet and true;
Think of toiling hands that never
Clasp a flower the whole year through.

So I like to see the children
Gather flowers with gentle hand,
Though it be the roadside blossoms
Scattered freely o'er the land.

Do not crush a single daisy
Carelessly beneath your feet,
For our Maker's smile seems beaming
In each simple flower we meet.

—Ripple.

The Family Circle.

About Dress.

It never seems to me that a girl, who affects to be indifferent to what she wears, is very wise or womanly. It is perfectly right that girls and women should care about their dress, and should make it a subject of thought. Comfort, health, and good looks, all depend very much upon it; and it is, besides, one of the ways in which a modest, diffident girl can easiest express herself and assert her own individuality.

Alice called on me the other day. She is nineteen, and has soft grey eyes, light brown hair, and a blonde complexion. I happen to know that her father is poor, and that the whole family are straining every nerve to pay off a vexatious mortgage on their farm. I am sure that neither Alice nor Kate, her sister, have had a new thing this season. My first thought, however, on entering the parlor was, "How exquisitely she is dressed." She had on a black merino dress, and over it a grey polonaise of camel's hair cloth, a little grey fur boa, and a muff—made at home, no doubt, of what was left of her polonaise, and trimmed with fur like her boa—her hat was a soft grey felt, simply set off with brown velvet and a feather, and her gloves and boots were as neat and as well-fitting as possible. The little things of a costume are the things that give it tone. Soiled white or light-colored gloves are exceedingly un lady-like, no matter how many buttons they have. In fact, anything soiled—frills that are dingy and greasy, grimy cuffs, and collars, spotted and crumpled ribbons, and all fiery that has fallen from its first estate, are offensive in a woman's toilet. Do make up your minds, girls, that no matter what else you have or have not, you will be clean. Let nothing induce you to wear the richest embroidery, or the costliest lace, after it is ready for the landrass. A plain, snowy strip of linen, no matter how cheap, is neater and nicer about a girl's neck, and sleeves than yards of yellow and dirty ruffling. Above all, don't have rags and tags,

caught up with pins, about any part of your clothing. If your skirt braid rips, or your folds give way, set the mending needle to work at once. Never trust to a pin a single instant, to do the proper work of needle and thread.

The more simply and unobtrusively you are dressed, the better you will look. Some people have an idea that it is in bad taste to appear often in the same suit. So they wear themselves out in making, and if they have not much money to spend, they fatigue themselves in looking at the stores for three or four cheap things, instead of at once procuring one good dress, and wearing it straight along. You, my dear, are of more consequence than your frock. When Mrs. Achison asks you to her musical party, she asks you for one of a half-dozen reasons. You are Fanny's darling friend; or you have a sweet, winning face and manner that Mrs. Achison likes; or you play charmingly; or your mother and the lady were schoolmates. Now, if you decline her invitation because you must wear—if you accept it—the same dark poplin that you wear to church, and that you wore at the Christmas party at Miss Richard's, you will deprive yourself and your friends of a pleasure, and show yourself the victim of a very foolish pride. Your poplin being in good order, fresh, clean, spotless, simply made; your hair nice and becoming, and your collar, tie, and gloves suitable, have the courage and the common sense to wear it everywhere you go. If your friends desire to look at dress goods, there are plenty of shops where they are on exhibition, and plenty of fashion papers, in which flounced and ruffled ladies, in every possible attitude, solicit the gaze and admiration of the passer-by.

As a rule, school-girls, and indeed all young girls, should dress very plainly. Their time is supposed to be taken up with study; with active duties of various kinds; and, in short, with work. It is desirable that one's costume should suit one's occupation. Nothing can be more vulgar than a silk dress sweeping the stairs or making pins. Calico is the thing for the little housekeeper. Talking about sweeping, what is more thoroughly unrefined than a dress of any fabric that sweeps the streets? How can a young lady, whatever the fashion, feel satisfied to let the hem of her garments touch the pavement, getting muddy, polluted with the hundred impurities of the side-walk, and advertising to everybody her innate lack of dainty neatness? I am sure, when you come to think of it, girls, you will decide to form a league in your particular circle, against the wearing of long dresses in the street. In the house, when the work is done—not before—they are very pretty.

About material—it is cheaper, and in better taste, to get the best you can, while you are about it. Do without yards and yards of heavy, unhealthy, superfluous trimming, which is only a dust trap at the best, and you can afford to have a richer and heavier fabric, which will be so beautiful that it will need very little extra adornment. Avoid cheap, imitation goods, which soon grow sleazy, and lose their luster with the first few drops of rain, or the first exposure to the sun.

In our fickle climate we need clothing to keep us warm. A great many young women ignore this. When mother and aunt say, "Take a shawl, dear," or, "Put on your thick cloak this morning," there are pouting looks and murmuring words. Everybody ought to be clothed from head to foot, next the skin, in some warm, soft woolen fabric—flannel is a severe foe to colds and consumption. Thick-soled shoes, broad enough to let the foot spread out all the toes, tight over the instep, and with low flat heels, will keep the feet warm, and allow easy and graceful movement. I defy any woman to move gracefully, when a bunion is putting her to the torture.

Warmth, fitness, cleanliness and beauty are what we wish in our garments. Beauty is always in our power. Learn something, therefore, of the harmony of colors, and do not wear together colors that quarrel. A necktie that does not match a dress, no matter how handsome in itself, might better be laid away in the drawer. One advantage in having your best dress a black one—if you are able to have only one—lies, in the fact, that anything can be used to relieve black. But while you have the bright tints, the bright eyes, the plumpness, and the gay spirits of youth, with buoyant health, you do not need very much in the way of color.—School day Magazine.

How Bessie Forgave Patrick.

Sue's house was "round the corner" from Jenny's, and Bessie lived just across the street. The three little girls were very particular friends.

One day Jenny and Sue brought their dollies to Bessie's house, and in an incredibly short space of time the youthful promisers discovered that every one of their promising offspring was stricken down with fell disease, and worse than all, that the disease was small-pox.

"We must send for the doctor. We mustn't wait a minute," said Jenny, wringing her fat little hands.

"Well," replied Bessie, "you go for him. I'll take care of Lucyanna while you're gone."

"Where shall I go?"

"To Benny Johnson's, of course. He's the only boy who knows enough to cure my poor, dear little Paulina."

Jenny donned her hat and went across the street for Benny; but, unfortunately for the suffering dollies, the young physician had disobeyed his mother, and was obliged to stay in the house until five o'clock in consequence.

"Such a boy as he is!" said Jenny, severely, as she rejoined her friends. "I do believe he's in the house half the time

I should think he'd like to be good once in a while, just to try it. I'm sure I don't know who to go for now. How's Lucyanna?"

Sue lifted the quilt, and the bereaved mother uttered a fearful shriek.

"It was no wonder; for the poor little face was so bespattered with red, green, and black paint that its features were hardly distinguishable."

"You did that, Bessie. I know you did. I don't believe it will ever come off in the world." And Lucyanna was snatched from her sick-bed and her head plunged unceremoniously into the wash-basin.

"You'll kill her! You'll kill her!" cried Bessie, whose face presented a droll mixture of melancholy and mirth. "Twill come off if you rub hard enough. Look at my Paulina and Sue's Maud."

Jenny did look at them. They were something to look at, truly.

"I didn't know the small-pox ever turned anybody green yet," said she, sarcastically.

"It turns them all sorts of colors," groaned Bessie. "I don't believe my Paulina will live through the night."

"Well, I can't help it if she don't. I don't want Tom Page or Will Maxwell, do you?"

"We needn't have a boy doctor," said Bessie, scornfully. "There are plenty of real women doctors, for I've seen their signs. You take my Paulina, Sue, and I'll stir 'em up something pretty quick."

Sue submitted to the sudden increase of her family cares with the greatest equanimity, and Bessie concocted a healing compound of molasses and water, thickened with a little Indian meal.

"If this don't cure 'em," said she, with a flourish of her pewter spoon, "nothing will."

And nothing did. In less than five minutes the sympathizing physician announced that all three of her patients were "very dead indeed."

"I'm sorry," said she, consolingly, "and I'll send in my bill to-morrow."

"I'm afraid you haven't given 'em the right medicine," said Jenny, trying to look very sober; "but I s'pose we must have a funeral."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Dr. Bessie, throwing up her hands, "I forgot to vaccinate you. I must do it now, right straight off."

This painful operation having been performed with a pair of blunt scissors and a toothpick, the sorrowing mothers were assured that they might walk through a hospital full of small-pox, and not catch it.

"But we don't want to walk through a hospital full of small-pox," was the somewhat ungracious reply.

"Perhaps you might feel more like running when the time came," remarked Bessie, gravely. "But I think I'll take my Lucyanna again now. There's no need of a doctor when the children are all dead."

"I think the funeral ought to occur very soon," said Sue, with a funny pucker of her rosy lips.

So the afflicted parents proceeded to undress their speckled offspring, and the unfortunate dollies were each wrapped in a large newspaper, which had been brought from the library.

"We'll bury them out in the orchard, where father is going to set out his cherry trees," said Bessie. "Come on, girls. Fill dig the place."

So Bessie dug the place, after which each little girl peeped into her newspaper, to see that the "speckles" were not coming off. Then the babies were laid carefully in the ground and covered with the moist earth.

"Now," said Bessie, "we must sing something."

"Not real hymns!" exclaimed Sue.

"Of course not. That would be almost wicked."

"The Vacant Chair" might do," said Jenny; "only ours are girls and there are three of them."

"I can't think of anything but 'Hail Columbia' and such things," laughed Sue.

"There's 'Peace to the Brave,'" cried Bessie. "That's just the thing. Now—let's all sing."

And they did sing every verse, though the sweet little voices trembled and once Sue was obliged to hide her face in her handkerchief to conceal her emotion.

"The funeral is all finished up now," said Bessie, drawing a long breath. "Let's come up-stairs and have some fun."

"Oh! dear me!" sighed Jenny, as they re-entered the play-room. "How that molasses and water reminds me of my darling Lucyanna."

"Throw it out, then," cried matter-of-fact Bessie. "Just look here, girls. The sparrows are hopping about over their graves."

"How dark it is," exclaimed Sue. "I do believe it's raining. Hadn't we better go and dig them up?"

"No, indeed," answered Bessie. "Who ever heard of such a thing?"

But Sue's tender little heart yearned for her baby. Bessie and Jenny amused themselves in their usual happy-go-lucky manner; but she stood quietly at the window, looking down upon the spot where her darling lay.

Suddenly she started, uttering an exclamation of horror. "Oh! Jenny, oh! Bessie, Patrick's digging right through the graves. He's dug up somebody's head. I can't tell whether it's Lucyanna's or Maud's."

"We forgot to put some sticks up," groaned Bessie. And down the stairs and out into the rain rushed three excited little figures, their cheeks scarlet and their eyes flashing with indignation.

"Patrick, what are you doing?" cried Bessie, picking up the disinterred head.

"Shure your fether told me. The trees comes the night."

"It's my dear, dear little Paulina. Just look, girls. Her head's broke short off, most up to her neck."

Real tears now fell from Bessie's eyes, and Sue and Jenny commenced an anxious search for their own unlucky children. Lucyanna's body (happily made of cloth) was found, exceedingly limp and lifeless from her sojourn under ground; but she was otherwise uninjured. Maud, however, who was a china doll, had lost a leg and an arm, and poor Paulina's remains were in six pieces.

Patrick pitied the poor little woe-begone mothers. "If ye'd only told me they been in it," he began.

"We didn't s'pose you'd dig through there the first thing," sobbed Bessie.

"Couldn't ye glue 'em?" he asked, after a pause.

"'Twould take a whole glue-pot to stick up Paulina. Besides, who wants an old stuck-up doll? Let's go in, girls."

"Patrick feels sorry, I know," whispered Sue, in Bessie's ear.

"Well, he ought to."

"But he didn't mean to."

"I don't s'pose he did."

"Couldn't you just tell him you know he didn't mean to?" asked dear little Sue, hugging her poor mutilated Maud to her bosom.

"Yes, I s'pose I could. Patrick (raising her voice), I know you didn't mean to do it; but it's just as bad as if you did. I mean we feel just as bad. You needn't feel bad at all, unless you want to."

And Bessie turned and walked into the house, Sue and Jenny following slowly.

"I really think I can put Maud together again," said Sue, examining the wounded leg and arm; "but poor Paulina can never be mended, can she, Bessie?"

Sue's voice was so full of sympathy that, somehow, it comforted Bessie.

"I don't believe Lucyanna will ever be as dry as she was before," said Jenny, in a doleful tone.

"Oh! yes, she will," replied Sue. "You can pretend she's clothes and hang her out on the line. But I must be going now. Mother told me to come at five."

Jenny thought she had better go too, and Bessie was left all alone, with her sad thoughts. For awhile she sat very still, gazing mournfully at the ruins. "I didn't think she'd be really and truly dead so soon," said she to herself, at length. "It was too cruel in Patrick. He might have looked."

Just then she heard a timid knock at the door. She opened it, and there stood the subject of her thoughts.

"Here's a piece of a foot," said he, handing her the tip of a dollie's foot.

Bessie took it, without a word.

"It's all the fault of me eyes. They're givin' out on me," he continued, gravely.

Bessie looked up quickly. "What's the matter with your eyes, Patrick?"

"I don't know," shaking his head soberly. "They takes in all that's above ground; but when I wants to look under, that's the time they're givin' out on me."

"Of course, they do," replied Bessie, shortly; but she colored, nevertheless.

"So, you see, when little girls plants their dollies!"

"We didn't plant our dollies, we buried them," interrupted Bessie. "And I do see, Patrick. You weren't a bit to blame. I've been thinking foolishness about you."

"Au! ye wouldn't lay it up agin a poor man, as would be glad to look under the ground if he could."

"Of course, I wouldn't," laughed Bessie, looking up into the shrewd gray eyes, which twinkled with fun. "I forgive you, truly, Patrick. I didn't before; but I do now." And the little lady extended her hand, which Patrick took with becoming gravity.

He was about leaving the room, when he was suddenly recalled.

"I can't forgive you, after all, Patrick," said Bessie, thoughtfully. "You can't forgive a man if he hasn't done anything wrong, and you haven't done a thing. So this talk is all nonsense; don't you see?"

"That may be," replied Patrick, doubtfully; "but it's a nonsense that I'm all the better for."

"I believe I feel better too," said Bessie to herself, when she was alone again; "it was dreadfully mean in me to blame Patrick; but—how I shall miss Paulina. Father'll be sorry for me, I know. I wonder if that pretty little doll at Cross & Hinckley's is sold yet."—Independent.

The law of love is the best rule of life, and to speak ill of others is to be allowed only when love requires it. Censure is as just at some times as praise at others. Only let it be in love. But if the truth is not to be spoken always, if silence is better than speech when speaking the truth would do evil and no good, how wicked and how dangerous it is to utter a word of untruth, even a breath of suspicion, a trifling hint or insinuation that may soil the fair face of a spotless name and dim the luster of a virtuous character. The tongue is a little member, but it is a mighty power. And words once spoken can never, never, be unsaid.—Irenaeus.

If we are faultless, we should not be so much annoyed by the defects of those with whom we associate. If we were to acknowledge honestly that we have not virtue enough to bear patiently with our neighbors' weaknesses, we should show our own imperfection, and this alarms our vanity.—Fenelon.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy; and the two can not be separated with impunity.—Ruskin.

The art of conversation consists in the exercise of two fine qualities. You must originate, and you must sympathize; you must possess, at the same time, the habits of communicating and listening. The union is rare but irresistible.—Froude.

Chicken's Mistake.

"My dear," said Mrs. Hen to Chicken Plump, her son, "I fear you're eating too much."

"Oh, no!" returned the saucy chick; "I know how much my crop will hold."

"Cluck, cluck! my son; you forget how young you are. Why you began to peep only four months ago. Now you are quite a chicken to be sure; but don't think because your comb is beginning to sprout, that you know more than your elders. We who have picked and scratched for years have picked up wisdom; and chickens like you should heed what we say."

"Oh, dear!" grumbled Chick; "I never can do anything right. When I pecked Coquet this morning, for getting all the oats, you pounced upon me like a hawk, and nearly pecked my head off. I can never get on the barnyard gate to flap my wings and crow, without your cackling. That's father's place; you'd better keep where you belong." And now you say I'm growing too fat. What's the use, please tell me, of keeping as thin as a feather, when there's so much nice grain scattered about?"

"You forget," answered Mrs. Hen, "that that's the farmer's way to fatten you for next Thanksgiving. That dreadful day isn't far off; and if you will be a glutton, you will certainly lose your head. Look at me! For six years I've governed my appetite, and here I am. They call me the tough old speckled hen; but what of that? I'd rather be tough and alive, than tender and roasted. Take your mother's advice; remember that moderate eating and a long life are better than gluttony and a hot oven."

Impatient of so much wisdom, Chicken ran off to the sty, where he found his friend Neb, the pig.

"Ha, Neb," cries he, "you lazy thing! Why don't you bestir yourself, instead of dozing here all day with such a dirty face?"

"Stir myself!" exclaimed Neb. "That's not easily done. Somehow my legs are getting too small for me."

"I might give you a little advice; but that's not in my line. You'd better talk with my mother, Mrs. Hen. She'd tell you to stop eating if you don't want to be stuffed and roasted next Thanksgiving Day. That's the way she talks to me."

"Stuffed!" repeated Neb with an angry twinkle in his little gray eyes. "Such stuff will do for half-fledged chickens; but for me—why, I'm worth my weight in corn, yes, fifty times as much! Don't you see how the farmer fills my trough every day with good things? and how pleased he is when I eat well? Don't that prove that he's not going to kill me?"

"Of course," said Chicken gaily. "Guess we know what's what; but there's the farmer. Hope you'll have a good dinner!"

So Chicken and Neb went on eating, and enjoying themselves, till, one dark morning, Chicken was aroused by a terrible squeal. He flew from his perch, and ran into the yard. There was poor Neb, lying dead; the butcher standing near him with a great knife in his hand.

Chicken, terribly frightened at the sight, ran to hide under a rock.

"What if I should be mistaken?" thought he, "I wish—"

Can you guess, little folks, what he wished? Whatever it was, it came too late; he was roasted for the next Thanksgiving dinner.—Sophomore Stories.

Back to the Plow.

It is said that Rufus Choate, the great lawyer, was once in New Hampshire making a plea, when a boy, the son of a farmer, resolved to leave the plow and become a lawyer like Rufus Choate. He accordingly went to Boston, called on Mr. Choate, and said to him, "I heard your plea up in town, and I have a desire to become a lawyer like you; will you teach me how?"

"As well as I can," said the great lawyer; "come in and sit down."

Taking down a copy of Blackstone, he said, "read this until I come back, and I will see how you get on."

The boy began. An hour passed. His back ached, his head and legs ached. He knew not how to study. Every moment became a torture. He wanted air. Another hour passed, and Mr. Choate came and asked, "How do you get on?"

"Get on? Why, do you have to read such stuff as this?"

"Yes."

"How much of it?"

"All there is on these shelves, and more," looking about the great library.

"How long will it take?"

"Well, it has taken me more than twenty-five years."

"How much do you get?"

"My board and clothes."

"Is that all?"

"Well, that is about all that I have gained as yet."

"Then, said the boy, 'I will go back to plowing. The work is not near so hard, and it pays better.'"

Signing with a Cross.

Persons who can not write, sign their name, as is well known, with the mark of a cross. Such mark, however, can be easily imitated, and how are forgeries to be detected? In the following, picked from an American newspaper (1848), there is perhaps a solution. A merchant in Chili could not write, and he signed with a cross. A bill upon him with a forged cross, on being presented for payment was refused. A lawsuit ensued. The judge before whom the case was brought asked the merchant how he could prove that the mark was a forgery. In reply, he explained, that in signing with a cross, he drew the pen along the side of his thumb, so that each limb of the cross was the side of his thumb in profile.

Literary Review.

The Quarterly.

The opening article in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* is an exegesis by Rev. Dr. Cowles, of Oberlin, of the passage in 1 Peter 3:18-20, and particularly of the clause "by which he also went and preached unto the spirits in prison," the writer's object being to ascertain when, where, by whom (instrumentally or otherwise), and to whom this preaching was done. As between two widely different theories on the subject, he attempts to show that the preaching was done while the ark was in preparation; on this earth, and not in Hades; by Christ really, but through Noah instrumentally; and, finally, to "those hardened, defiant sinners," of whom God at length said, "My Spirit shall not always strive with these men." The argument is quite clearly made, the author making good use of his knowledge of Greek in showing the different shades of meaning to be attached to words, and in getting at the apparently real significance of the passage. It is an article that Biblical students will do well to study.

The second article, by R. V. H. Kendall, of Andover, is an attempt to show how Dr. Watts would probably write and speak about his (Watts') theory of Christ's pre-existing human nature if he were alive to-day. The author finds much in the theory to commend, not only of comfort and beauty, but of methods of interpretation which do away with a good deal of perplexity. The article is well written, in a devout spirit, and will make many debtors to its author. It concludes as follows:

A theory, therefore, which combines all these great excellences, fortifying Christianity, giving to us new conceptions of the glory of God; a theory which enhances in our eyes the value of salvation, by enabling the worth of that life which purchased it; a theory which dignifies the whole history of mankind, by making God in man an actual actor in its transactions; a theory which opens anew the word of God, running like a thread of golden light through its dark passages, illuminating their dim proportions, revealing their beauty, and causing them to stand out in clear and well-defined outlines; if a theory, such as this, can be found, surely it deserves not to be rejected simply because it was not hit upon by a tenet of orthodoxy.

A very valuable article in this number is Dr. A. C. Thompson's "Misquotation of Scripture." It shows not only great familiarity with the subject itself but with literature in any way bearing upon it, or which may serve to illustrate it. Several amusing anecdotes are related showing the blunders of prominent persons in Scripture quotation, and the great departure there is from strict accuracy in the popular use of Scripture. These come about largely through ignorance or carelessness, and it is more especially to stir up those who fall in these respects that the article is written.

The remaining articles, each of which does its part in sustaining the excellent character of this Quarterly, are "The New Testament View of Christ as Bearing Sin;" "The Uses of *Mathesis*;" "Early History of Italian Painting;" "Recent Books Bearing upon the Relation of Science to Religion;" "On the Method in the History of the earlier Christian Doctrine;" and review of current literature.

The *Christian Quarterly* begins with an article by the editor of the *Christian Standard* on "Vaticanism." It is based on the Gladstone exposition and on the literature which it both called out and was called out by. One will hardly find the whole subject so compactly and for the most part fairly treated anywhere else. Mr. Errett has evidently done more than to read those numerous "charges," and "replies," and "answers to replies," which have appeared in goodly numbers during the past six months. Catholicism by the way is rather closely attended to in this number, for President Hinsdale, of Hiram College, has an article in it on "The Logic of Roman Catholicism," and there is also an article called "Christ and Anti-Christ," by W. J. Barber, of Columbia College, which pays its left-handed compliments to that "piece of heresy." Catholicism does not lack advocates just now.—Two excellent religious and scientific articles are "Problem of the Supernatural," which of course is quite enough for anybody to handle, so it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Munnell has seemed hardly to elucidate the matter much; and "The Perfect Life,"—its literary notices are characterized by good taste, discrimination and fairness.

PARTS XLIII—L of Potter's complete BIBLE ENCYCLOPEDIA are at hand, and we detect no falling off in interest or value from the previous numbers. The letter-press is excellent, the paper is of the best quality, the illustrations finely executed, and the editorial work of the first order. The last number, which completes the work, contains an excellent steel portrait of Dr. Blackwood, the editor. We can not designate all the valuable features of the work. It seems to have been prepared with fidelity and accuracy, and makes a complete Bible history. The publishers advertise different styles of binding for the work, in 3 or 2 volumes, at prices ranging from four to eight dollars per vol. John E. Potter & Co., Philadelphia.

Literary Miscellany.

Share the Common Burden.

A young merchant of this city, in conversation with his partner, was discussing the difficult and somewhat delicate question of domestic expenses. The partner with whom he was conversing drew out from the resources of the firm for his personal and family outlays much less than himself. There was a necessity for limiting these drafts and reducing expenses to the lowest figures. Like many other forms of business, the firm was suffering in the general depression. They were making no money, and could only hope to meet their liabilities by practicing the closest economy. "I try," said the merchant first referred to, "to bring my expenses to the lowest point; I avoid every possible personal indulgence; but I have not told my wife that we are making nothing in our business, and I can not bear to intimate to her that she must limit the family expenses."

"That is just what I have told my wife," was the answer; "and I have impressed it upon every member of the family that, while business continues as at present, we must live as miserably as a beggar." In this short conversation, over the balance sheet, we have revealed one of the serious evils of the hour. Many merchants whose family expenses were established on the basis of a large annual income now find that the gains of their business have seriously fallen off. They are forced, in order to keep up their style of life, to make constant encroachments upon their capital, and thus cripple their business resources. They have, during the last two years, been in the constant expectation of better times, and the renewal of their former rapid and remunerative sales. But the reaction has not yet come, and the prospect of it grows less encouraging. At present the buyer has the advantage of the seller. Business is very slow, and the profits are very small. The family expenses now begin to be a serious burden. The young merchant seeks to cut off some of his personal gratifications. He is willing to suffer himself, but his pride, or his mistaken tenderness, hinders him from revealing his true condition to his family. He tries to keep up his cheerfulness at home, although his heart aches all the time. He can not bear to think of his wife or children being deprived of any comfort or luxury to which they have been accustomed, or that the neighboring families enjoy. Some young men, driven to desperation by this struggle between pride and ruin, yield to a sudden and terrible impulse, and hurry themselves unbidden into the world beyond. Others struggle on until the burden becomes absolutely insupportable, and then fall, with a hopeless crash, ruining their own business reputation, and occasioning wide-spread distress among their creditors.

Of course this is all wrong. It is wrong every way. A wife is not worthy of such a name, or such a relation, if she would not account it a special privilege to bear the common burden with her husband. It is, perhaps, just the opportunity she requires fully to develop all her powers and her richest affections. Let her but know the real condition of things, and she will need no suggestions as to her course. A true woman is wonderful in resources. She will immediately gild the threatening cloud with the sunshine of her hopefulness and cheerfulness. She will know how to manage to make temporary economy a blessing to the whole family. It will be made the hour to teach the children one of the most valuable habits of their lives. She will be the first to suggest a smaller and cheaper establishment, and, by her adroit ingenuity, will make the more limited home a thousand-fold more delightful than the great, expensive palace, with its burdensome service.

A young man, however, should not wait for such an uncomfortable hour to make his wife the companion and confidant of his business arrangements. She should know just what he is making, all along—that he is expending, what he is laying aside for hours of sickness and the time when labor will be impossible. Her advice, if she is a woman, will be invaluable. By this habit of free interchange of opinion upon his business affairs her mind will be developed and trained, and if an unexpected providence removes him suddenly from life, she will not be left hopeless and aimless, with no plans to secure for herself an independence of aid she may not be willing to ask or receive.

The children of the family, also, should be admitted into these councils as soon as their age enables them to comprehend their character. Their own expenditures should be governed by their knowledge of the relation they hold to the family resources. Such a course affords admirable moral culture, and will bring the children into both sweeter and nobler relations to their parents. Ordinarily the children know little of the family income. They have no interest, save to secure all the personal indulgence possible. Admit them into the frank and friendly discussion of the real condition of the home treasury, and let them see the relation that their expenditures hold to the sum to be devoted to all the expenses and charities of the household, and the best of traits and sentiments will be developed, and self-denial will become a much less rugged and forbidding grace.

Many of these lapses in moral character, now sapping the foundation of confidence in the business world, would never have arisen but for the hopeless attempt to bridge over the widening chasm between personal expenditures and regular income. Perilous speculations are attempted, simply to secure this result; and finally, in an hour of temptation, to avoid a humiliating fall in social estimation, some form of fraud is fallen upon. The first act renders others necessary, and certain ruin or suicide become only questions of time. A reaction must come; the sooner the safer. The style of life must change. We can not live now at war rates. The increase of regular business will be moderate for years to come. There is no comfort in any domestic establishment, however elegant in appearance, however much admired by others, where the outlays required exceed the regular and certain income. Beauty and comfort consist with a comparatively inexpensive home; and the sense of freedom from debt, with the ability and heart to give in charity, and as an offering to God, where we and whom we serve, the power to educate our children, and to have a small fund, constantly accumulating, as savings for an hour of need, are infinitely to be preferred to all the momentary pleasures which outward display afford, accompanied, as they often are, with the ceaseless gnawings of that apprehension which, to a sensitive mind, accompanies debt.—*Zion's Herald.*

A young man once came to Gaethe, saying, "I hear, Mr. Gaethe, that you are very wise. Will you tell me what experience is?" The young man thought he might learn the lesson of a lifetime in a single sentence. The philosopher answered, "My young friend, experience is that which a man experiences in experiencing his experience."

Greeley, Bennett, Raymond.

Near the crest of a heavily-wooded declivity, in Greenwood Cemetery, is a plain marble shaft, bearing the name of Henry J. Raymond. The tomb, although perfectly isolated, is within six rods of the most frequented part of the grounds. The lot was chosen by Mr. Raymond, and the selection is characteristic of the man. In public life he sought a place near the front, as was best illustrated in the great work of his life, the founding of the *Times*. In that he aimed at a middle line between the mental eccentricity of the *Tribune* and the moral eccentricity of the *Herald*, making out for the *Times* a mean between the two extremes.

The costly tomb of James Gordon Bennett, conspicuously fronting one of the busiest avenues in the cemetery, is such a sepulchral spot as Mr. Bennett might have been expected to choose, although the lot is believed to have been selected and the marble chiseled under the direction of Mrs. Bennett. It was the dream of his life that, by keeping the *Herald* in the vortex of New York business life, and by enlivening it with wit, he might make it the journal of the future; and he did not hesitate to say as much. In a pecuniary sense he was prodigiously successful.

Horace Greeley's tomb appropriately looks out, from under the abundant boughs of Locust Hill, upon the setting sun. The mound is favorably marked by a modest slab that will tell who sleeps beneath it until his fellow-craftsmen erect their contemplated bronze memorial. The Greeley tomb, too, is typical of its occupant's former aspirations. It is seemingly sequestered, and actually remote from the ornate mausoleums that New York fashion has reared in the City of the Dead; but it is visible at a great distance beyond the cemetery's boundaries, and the monument which the farmer editor must have expected at the hands of his numerous admirers will be a noteworthy feature of the landscape, to be admired by men of all nations as they sail in and out of New York's picturesque harbor.—*Printer's Circular.*

Maternal Plagues.

Perhaps the greatest trial to young creatures full of life and energy is the tyranny of a timid mother. She will not allow her girls to skate because Sir John Franklin was lost among icebergs; nor ride, because fox-hunters sometimes get their necks broken; nor to row, because young men injure themselves in those dreadful boat-races. They may not have a pet dog in case it should go mad, nor any acorn or monkshood in their gardens for fear they should poison themselves. The timid mother forbids her daughter to visit among the poor, as she might take the small-pox, and will not allow one of them to go alone outside the avenue gate from her dread of garrotes. The description which she gives of the neighboring fields is appalling. She represents them to be the lairs of mad bulls, savage traps, venomous snakes and wild hares. Her girls can not propose either work or play which she does not prove to be encompassed with dangers horrible and hitherto not allowed to exist. In childhood days they were not allowed to rock, for fear it should over-balance, nor a swing in case the rope might break, nor a pocket-knife lest they should cut their fingers. The coddling mother is very nearly allied to the timid one. She is always tying comforters around her children's throats, and applying flannel to mysterious places where it will not stay. She revels in chest protectors and respirators, and her room is adorned with sticking plaster and gallipots.

She is always intent on proving that every one either has a cold or is taking one; and she may be seen at night in flannel dressing-gown, going from room to room, giving pills and mustard leaves and India-rubber hot bottles. She is constantly discovering obscure signs of some deadly disease in her children. She takes for granted that all daughters have weak spines, so their beds are destitute of pillows, and there is a reclining board in every room. When the coddling mother takes her girls to a picnic she will not allow them to sit on the grass, nor in the sun, nor under a tree, nor on a rock. They must return with her bearing the dewy dew on their heads, and are never allowed to look at the moon except through a window. They are taught to be always analyzing their sensations, and lose half the pleasures of every-day life. Vivisection is nothing to the tortures she will inflict as she sits down with Laurie's "Domestic Medicine" in her hand, to ask questions in order to diagnose the case. The patient soon feels as though every organ in her body was such a mass of disease that even bryonia and aconite, taken about every five minutes, will fail to cure it.—*Saturday Review.*

Education and Morals.

The Duke of Wellington is credited with the aphorism that the education which does not include training in Christianity morally can only result in turning out "clever devils"; and some confirmation of this may be drawn from certain concomitants of the progress of science. The advance of chemistry, for instance, has been attended by disputable camp followers in the shape of novel adulterants, increasingly difficult of detection. Again, recent disclosures in the commercial world would almost seem to justify the caution of the simple countryman who refrained from teaching his sons to write lest they should be tempted to commit forgery, then a capital crime; and one of the metropolitanists said ditto, the other day, to the Jeremiah Lusk, towards the close of his year of office, declaring that "the city of London is yearly becoming more and more a sink of iniquity, that robberies are daily more openly plotted, that the standard of commercial morality is assimilating itself to that of a pirate's den, and that men of wealth fish for the money of the poor and the unwary with absolute impunity."—*Iron.*

Abandonment of Iceland.

The abandonment of Iceland is more probable than ever, since the tremendous volcanic eruption which, during the winter and spring, has been spreading ruin over a large part of the east frith of the island. It was preceded by great earthquakes, and then mountain-peaks began vomiting fire, and showering ashes and scoriae, until in March the whole region of the Myrth mountains was one blazing fire. On March 29th, the ashes fell in such enormous quantities that the sunny day was transformed to one of absolute darkness—"that might be felt," most assuredly, for when the wind shifted, the ashes lay six inches deep all over the country-side. The fountains and streams were dammed with them, and

every mountain stream ran dark and thick between banks covered with drifts of ashes. All the pasture, which is the reliance of Icelandic farmers, is of course destroyed, and the farmers have fled with their cattle in search of other pasture. After this, the prospect of Alaska will assume a yet brighter allurements for the brave people, thus warned upon by nature.—*Springfield Republican.*

Business Law.

The following brief compilation of business law is worth a careful preservation, as it contains the essence of a large amount of legal verbiage:

It is not necessary to say on a note "for value received."

Contracts made on Sunday can not be enforced.

A note by a minor is void.

A contract made with a minor is also void.

A note obtained by fraud or from a person in a state of intoxication can not be collected.

If a note is lost or stolen, it does not release the maker; he must pay it if the consideration for which it was given and the amount can be proven.

An indorser of a note is exempt from liability if not served with notice of dishonor within twenty-four hours of its non-payment.

Notes bear interest only when it is so stated.

Principals are responsible for the acts of their agents.

Each individual in partnership is responsible for the whole amount of debts of the firm.

Ignorance of the law excuses no one.

It is a fraud to conceal fraud.

The law compels no one to do impossibilities.

An agreement without consideration is void.

Signatures made with a lead pencil are good in law.

A receipt for money is not always conclusive.

The acts of one partner bind all the rest.

How Rich Men Begin.

Cornelius Vanderbilt began life with an old plow running between Staten Island and New York City, carrying garden stuff to market. With two or three thousand dollars from that source he entered upon steadily increasing enterprises, until he amassed the enormous sum of \$50,000,000.

A. T. Stewart first bought a few acres at auction, and opened his way to success in a tiny little shop in Broadway, near the site of his wholesale establishment. Years of rigid, honest, shrewd management and hard work made him the monumental merchant of the nineteenth century.

Daniel Drew, in his early life, was a cattle driver at the munificent rate of 75 cents a day, and he has now driven himself into an estate valued at from \$25,000,000 to \$30,000,000.

George Law, at 45 years of age, was a common day laborer on the docks, and at present counts his fortune at something like \$10,000,000.

Robert L. and Alexander Stuart, the sugar refiners, in their boyhood sold molasses candy, which their widowed mother had made, at a cent a stick, and to-day they are worth probably \$5,000,000 to \$6,000,000.

Marshall O. Roberts is the possessor of \$4,000,000 to \$5,000,000, and yet until he was twenty-five, he did not have \$100 he could call his own.

H. B. Claflin, the eminent dry goods merchant, worth it is estimated \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000, commenced the world with nothing but energy, determination and hope, and see how munificently he has invested them.

How a Lobster Dines.

Frank Buckland, the English naturalist, writes of dining on lobsters: "A lobster is a very particular fellow in his food. I have been watching one in my large marine aquarium at Reculvers. If a portion of food be thrown down to him, he immediately sets his long horns at work to ascertain the whereabouts of his dinner. If he does not like it, he at once pushes it away from him with the attitude of an epicure who bids the waiter take away a plate of meat he does not fancy. If the food is agreeable to him, he munches it up, moving his jaws in a peculiar way, like a man chewing a blanket. He tears his food into large pieces, leaving the actual pounding work to be done by the very peculiar internal teeth, which are to be found in the lining of the stomach, and which my reader can easily examine for himself, if he will take the trouble. When the lobster goes out for a 'constitutional,' and is not in a particular hurry, he carries his great claws in front of him, well away from the ground, like the big flags we sometimes see heading street processions. He 'walks' upon the little legs which are underneath his body, while he keeps his horns moving in front of his nose like a blind man tapping the flags with his stick as he plods along, led by his dog; hence, I conclude the lobster is short-sighted. If the least thing alarms him, he scuttles backward on his hind legs, which move with the rapidity of the legs of a centipede. If he does not go fast enough in this way, he suddenly snaps his tail toward him like a man suddenly closing his hand, and flies backward with a jerk like an India-rubber band snapping in front of his nose like a blind man tapping the flags with his stick as he plods along, led by his dog; hence, I conclude the lobster is short-sighted. 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News Summary.

DOMESTIC.

The money in the U. S. Treasury vault, about ten millions in all, has been counted and found to tally with Gen. Spinner's account to a cent.

The Hon. Francis P. Blair, Jr., died at St. Louis, on Thursday night.

A robbery was attempted on the Vandalia R. R., in Illinois, on Thursday night. Two men jumped into the engine, run that and the express car two miles, shot the engineer and demanded admittance to the express car, which the express messenger refused, successfully barricading the door till help arrived, when the robbers fled.

It is believed that in five years' time all the available lands in public domain will be taken up.

The Rev. C. B. Coffin, pastor of St. Paul's Methodist church, in New York City, died suddenly on Friday morning, after a brief illness.

In Boylston, Mass., on Tuesday, the house of William A. Moore was struck by lightning and considerable injury done. The house of John Nelson, near by, was also struck, Mr. Nelson being stunned, and losing the sight of one eye.

David Broun, a French Canadian, died suddenly at New Bedford, Mass., on Thursday. He had been drinking freely of ice water.

The 60th anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Alvord, of Brookfield, Mass., was celebrated on the 29th ult.

George A. Newman, a river driver, while at work on logs in the river in Lewiston, Me., on Thursday morning, at the head of West Pitch, slipped and fell in, passed down the tremendous fall into the watery chasm below, came out swimming, swam 75 rods to an island in the river, and is now alive to tell the story.

On Saturday, \$10,000 of the fund contributed by New York merchants for the relief of the sufferers by the great earthquake at Cucuta, and neighboring towns of the republics of Columbia and Venezuela, was forwarded. The total amount contributed thus far is \$11,550.

The heaviest item of American manufacture exported is that of our refined petroleum. It foots up the enormous sum of \$37,000,000 annually.

It is estimated that the Internal Revenue receipts for the present fiscal year from distilled spirits will aggregate \$109,000,000.

Daniel O'Leary, the Chicago pedestrian, was successful in the attempt to walk five hundred miles in 156 hours. At the close he had two hours, twenty-eight minutes, and ten seconds to spare. During the walk he made one mile in 7 minutes and 28 seconds; 50 miles in nine consecutive hours, and 200 miles in less than fifty hours.

The oldest ex-United States Senator now living is said to be Peleg Sprague, formerly of Maine, who was Senator from that State from 1829 to 1835.

Projected repairs at Mount Vernon, around the tomb of Washington during the coming year, will require an expenditure of \$1,000.

There are 707 convicts in the State Prison, of Massachusetts.

The St. Louis Democrat was sold for \$300,000.

A raft of logs over two miles long lately floated down the Michigan river.

Five million dollars have been expended on the New York and Brooklyn bridge, and at least eight million more are required to finish the work.

The Assessor of San Francisco shows the valuation of that city to be \$310,000,000 on real and personal property. The Chinese merchants are assessed \$552,300, and the Pacific Mail Company \$4,680,000.

The cost of maintaining the Indians for the year ending July 30, 1874, was \$6,602,462.08.

New discoveries of quicksilver and cinnamon are raising the wildest excitement in Contra Costa County, California.

Speaker Blaine's injuries will prevent his taking part in the political campaign in Ohio, the coming autumn.

Decorah, Iowa, was damaged badly by the recent storms, which destroyed property in the vicinity, to the extent of \$150,000.

Statistics of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange show a generally excellent condition of the cotton crop, though in South Carolina considerable damage to the standing crop has been caused by the recent tornadoes.

Plymouth church has raised Mr. Beecher's salary to \$100,000 for the ensuing year.

The Maine Central Railroad is thriving under its new management. The Superintendent, Mr. Payson Tucker, is a practical railroad man and has worked himself up by integrity and strict attention to business through all the grades of service, to his present responsible position. By this road some of the best fishing waters in New England, as well as the rich scenery of Northern Maine and the British Provinces, are easily reached.

An immense water-spout descended on the track of the Kansas Pacific road, near Kit Carson, on Saturday, and washed away 200 feet of the road. The blockade on the North Missouri and Hannibal and St. Joseph road continues, and no trains have been through for several days.

FOREIGN.

The new fortifications at Metz are now substantially complete. The total number of forts is 11, of which 4 have been newly built by the Germans. The storehouses are expected to contain provisions for several years for 40,000 men.

China has appropriated 40,000 tons for representation at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition.

A terrible typhoon visited Hong Kong, recently. The steamer Payang was wrecked and 125 lives lost.

The sub-scriptions received for the sufferers by the inundations in France, amount to more than \$200,000.

Antoine Louis Barye the celebrated French sculptor, is dead.

Julius F. G. Schubert, the head of the great music publishing firm of Schubert & Co. of Leipzig, died at his residence in this city on the 9th ult.

The population of Japan has increased 150,000 since the census was taken at the close of 1873. Messrs. Moody and Sankey, held their closing meetings in London, on Sunday.

The London Times' despatch from Paris says the Memorial Diplomatic announces that the Turkish students in Paris are ordered home, and that with the money hitherto devoted to the education of these youths, Turkey will establish an institution at Constantinople offering equal advantages to those of Paris.

There is trouble in Columbia, S. A., as the states of Magdalena and Santander are in rebellion against President Paéz.

Great damage was done, and about 1000 persons lost their lives in the city and harbor of Valparaiso, by a heavy "norther," the last of May. Several vessels were sunk, and the loss is very heavy.

Educational.

In Drury College, Missouri, there are more than a dozen Indian students.

The Mississippi grangers are going to establish a college.

It is stated that of the 221,042 teachers in this country, 127,713 are women.

Hereafter the Scandinavian language will be taught at the State University in Wisconsin.

There are now in this country fifteen universities in which colored students are receiving instruction.

The University of Michigan has conferred the degree of LL. D. upon Mr. George Ripley, the literary critic of the N. Y. Tribune.

Ex-President Hopkins, of Williams College, will deliver a course of lectures before the students of Oberlin Theological Seminary at the next term.

The New York City police census shows 107,057 children between eight and fourteen years old, of whom 70,848 attend public schools, 15,656 parish schools, and over 12,000 corporate and private schools.

Of the Centennial funds to be raised by the Baptists of Virginia, \$20,000 will be set apart for the endowment of memorial scholarships for the benefit of the sons of Baptist ministers in the state.

Prof. Blackie announces that he has already received \$25,000 for the endowment of a Celtic chair at Edinburgh University. He expects to get \$5,000 from London and \$10,000 from the colonies.

The Massachusetts school fund now amounts to \$2,500,000. The finest buildings in Massachusetts are school-houses.

The friends of the late lamented Professor Winlock, who, like Agassiz, had no time to make money, will be glad to learn that a handsome sum has been raised among his professional associates in Cambridge for the benefit of his family. Already some \$10,000 have been subscribed, one-half of which comes from the thoughtful generosity of Mr. Alexander Agassiz.

The examinations in the Chicago grammar schools, for admission to the high school, last week, resulted in the admission of four hundred and eighty-seven students to the latter school.

The statistics of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois prove the value to society of education. Of the persons who can not read and write, one in ten is a pauper; while of those who can read and write, only one in three hundred is a pauper.

Rev. C. H. Payne, of Cincinnati, has been unanimously elected president of Ohio Wesleyan University by the trustees. The choice gives great satisfaction to the faculty, alumni, and patrons.

An actual inventory of Vassar College property shows its value to be nearly \$700,000, with additional investments to the amount of \$300,000, making a total of \$1,000,000. The total expenditure of the last year has been \$200,000. Of this \$40,000 has been expended in repairs and improvements. Salaries amount in the gross to upward of \$40,000; light and heat, \$25,000; board and washing, \$60,000.

The following is a programme of Commencement exercises of Pennsylvania State College: Sunday, July 25, 3 p. m., Baccalaureate sermon by Pres. Calder. Monday, examination of classes. Tuesday, examination of classes; 11 a. m., trial of mowers; 7 p. m., class day exercises. Wednesday, examinations; concluded; 10 a. m., annual meeting of trustees; 1 p. m., meeting of delegates to elect trustees; 3 p. m., trial of reapers; 7 p. m., junior contest for Kaine prize. Thursday, 10 a. m., Commencement; 2 p. m., annual meeting of Alumni; 7 p. m., President's leave.

The Portland Argus says that the large collection of rare geological and mineralogical specimens collected by the late Mrs. Frederic Allen of Gardiner, Me., has recently been presented to Bowdoin College by her daughters, Mrs. Margaret Elton of Boston, and Miss Hannah Allen. The collection embraces fully a thousand specimens, and occupies an entire alcove in the beautiful rooms of the Cleveland cabinet of mineralogy, lately fitted for the college by the generosity of the Hon. Peleg W. Chandler, of Boston. The college is to preserve the collection entire, and it is expected that other interesting memorials of Mrs. Allen will be gathered here. Mrs. Allen was the widow of Mr. Frederic Allen, for many years a member of the board of overseers of the college.

The class graduated at Williams College this year was the smallest for many years, only eight, each taking the full degree. David Dudley Field delivered the address before the Adelpi Union. The graduating exercises passed off pleasantly on Wednesday. The financial report shows that on June 1, the funds amounted to \$289,214. The year's receipts were \$50,514, and the deficit in running the college was \$6,745 which was made up by the alumni.

The sixtieth annual Commencement at Bowdoin College occurred last week. The usual Baccalaureate sermon was delivered by President Chamberlain on Sunday. The most notable event was the oration and poem by Cheever and Longfellow of the class of '75 respectively, before the alumni, on Wednesday. An unusually large number was present on Thursday and the exercises were in every way creditable.

Prof. Chapman has been transferred to the chair of rhetoric. Frederick A. Smythe (son of late Prof. S.), has been appointed Tutor in Mathematics and teacher in Gymnasium. The resignation of Prof. White and Prof. Seavey were accepted.

The following statistics of the class of '75, at Bates College, were given by the historian at the class exercises during commencement: There have been twenty-one men connected with our class; seventeen of us graduate. Of the missing, two left during the first term for want of means, and one, Heaven help him, is married. One died during the junior year. Of the graduating members, four from New Hampshire, one from Nova Scotia, one from New York. Maine furnishes the remaining eleven. The average age is 24 years, 10 months; height, 4 feet, 8 1/2 inches; weight, 147 pounds. Number engaged, eight; number having tried hard and failed, one; having lost the prize from waiting too long to make up his mind whether he wanted it or not, one. The rest are all susceptible and are awaiting an opportunity. Politically, fifteen are Republicans, and two Democrats. Eleven favor the abolition of capital punishment, six are against it. Hard money men, seventeen. Professionally, four have a call to the ministry; law claims seven; medicine, two; journalism, one; undecided three.

The following resolutions were passed by the Alumni Association of Bates College, on the death of one of their number. The obituary of Mr. Moulton will be found in another column of this issue:

Whereas, it has pleased God in his inscrutable providence to remove from our number by the hand of death our brother, Arthur Given Moulton, of the class of '72, therefore,

Resolved, 1. That we deeply mourn his loss, both to the fraternity and to the cause of education which he so faithfully and devotedly served.

2. That we hereby testify to our own recognition of his genial nature as a man, his admirable qualities as a scholar and teacher, and his spotless character as a Christian.

3. That we sympathize deeply with the relatives and numerous friends saddened by his affliction.

4. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and to the Lewiston Journal and Morning Star for publication.

G. H. STOKBRIDGE, Com. of C. A. BUCKFORD, Attest F. W. BALDWIN, Seco.

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Rural and Domestic.

Abridgement.

One of the hardest tasks that weekly recur is cleaning the family linen. Now, during all the summer months, the sun may be harnessed to this work, and he will do it well if merely directed. Let the clothes be thoroughly wet in soap suds, cold or warm, and laid out on the grass. This may be done at night, if convenient—the dew won't hurt them. Three or four hours of hot sun will make rubbing quite unnecessary, especially if the linen, while lying on the grass is turned once or twice and moistened with water from a watering pot. Then it may be washed or rinsed and hung or spread out to dry. The latter is the easier method, as it dispenses with pins and line and gives the sun full opportunity to exert its bleaching properties. Not a drop of hot water need be used in the process. Of course, washing done in this way takes longer time than by the ordinary methods of rubbing and scalding, but it requires less expenditure of fuel and muscle, and a feeble woman who would be quite unable to endure the toil of the common way, by calling the sun to her aid, and employing little hands to help, may get through it easily. In all such processes, there must be expense somewhere, and if time is more abundant than strength, let the expense be in time.

Now, about hot dinners. After seeing to the morning's work—breakfast, milk, butter, calves, chickens, children, washing, ironing, baking, general housework—the farmer's wife, between ten and eleven o'clock, begins her preparations for dinner, which must be ready on the table promptly at twelve. What with the fierce sun without and the fierce fire in the kitchen stove, by the time the dinner is done she's done to a turn also; and while the men are resting in the shade, during the noon hour, she must hurry the after-dinner work through so as to be ready for what comes next. Why can not she sometimes furnish cold dinners, cooked by the morning's fire? Baked beef, peas, mutton, potatoes made into salad, beans, peas, bread and pie are as nutritious eaten cold as eaten hot, and will keep a man as long from being hungry. Our farmers who cook food for their animals never think of serving it to them hot, for reasons that need not be given here. It would be better for us all if we indulged less in diet that is heating from having just been over the fire, or from the condiments mingled with it. On days when it is as easy as not to have a warm dinner, let one be prepared, but the comfort and convenience of the housewife should be consulted in this respect, as well as the tastes of those she feeds. It is the custom, in many farm-houses, to let the dining-table remain in use all the time, and, instead of putting the dishes, when washed, into the closet to be taken out at meal time, they are returned at once to the table, and one handling is thus saved. A cloth spread over the table between meals will keep away dust and flies. Dishes may be drained instead of being wiped, and thus a saving of time and strength be made. If washed in warm, soapy water, rinsed in clean cold or hot water, and laid on a cloth to drain and dry, they will feel more pleasantly to the touch than if wiped, and be every way as clean. A Western housekeeper says that soap may be dispensed with entirely, in washing even greasy dishes, if a little milk is added to the water. There are many things, such as the gathering of vegetables and the preparation of poultry for the table, that are done more easily in the cool of the morning and of the evening than in the heat of the day. Let the housewife, regardless of how she has been accustomed to do, think over her plans, and see if she can not hit upon easier methods of accomplishing her daily tasks.—N. Y. Tribune.

Grange Organization.

The Portland Press thus speaks of the value of granges in Maine:

Are Grange organizations of any use to agricultural communities? There are already one hundred and seventy granges established in our State with a membership of 7000, it is a somewhat important one. There is this to be said for the organization; no bad results are yet to be observed to have arisen from it. We can not well see why anybody need become anxious about these local organizations so long as they adhere to their principles. On the other hand, we can see how a very salutary work for farming in Maine may be done. For years the interest of the young men, reared on the farms in our State, has been declining. They have largely come to think that there is nothing in the vocation for them, and they flock to the cities, the manufacturing villages and the West, leaving Maine farms to decay. The few men who have intelligently taken hold of agriculture in Maine, have made money and have also fairly demonstrated that in no department of industry will brains pay better than when used by farmers. It is fair to assume that one hundred and seventy associations composed of farming people can not meet once a week or month without creating an interest which will lead hundreds of young men and women in the State to look with greater favor upon man's first occupation. It can not be otherwise. In view of this, we think that the extension of the organization may be witnessed without a great amount of solicitude. Indeed, from what one can see of the grange outside of his lodge room, we think he may be encouraged to multiply.

Baking Powders.

Baking powders may be made at home, as well as to pay the great profit demanded by the trade. A contributor to the Country Gentleman gives the following recipes, either of which, it is said, will produce a good article:

1. Take five ounces of tartaric acid, eight ounces of bi-carbonate of soda, and sixteen ounces of potato starch; dry them all separately in a cool oven, not hot enough to brown them, and mix the whole by rubbing through a small sieve.

2. Take six ounces of tartaric acid, nine ounces of bi-carbonate of soda, and nine ounces of powdered arrow root; dry them separately as before.

3. Take sixteen ounces of corn flour and dry it well; then mix with it eight ounces of bi-carbonate of soda, and five ounces of tartaric acid. Rice flour can be substituted for the corn flour. All baking powders should be kept in wide-mouthed bottles well corked, so as to exclude all air and damp.

4. A teaspoonful of the mixture is sufficient quantity for one pound of flour, if used for pastry, and will render a less amount of lard and butter necessary. In making bread with them, two teaspoonfuls of the powder will make a loaf that will weigh two pounds, or will make two quarts of flour into light biscuits. The powder must be well mixed with the flour, after which cold water is used for mixing up, and the dough should be put into it once and baked in a hot oven. Quick worked makes the best biscuits, bread, etc., but the mixing must be thorough.

Hints and Recipes.

Scalding hot milk will take out berry stains and ink spots.

Dry paint is removed by dipping a swab in a strong solution of oxalic acid, which applied to the surface will at once soften the paint.

If stove polish is mixed with soft soap the luster appears immediately, and there is no dust from polishing.

Lemon juice, used as a gargle, is said by a French physician to be a specific against diphtheria and similar throat troubles, and has been successfully used for eighteen years.

To renovate wall paper, dip a woolen cloth in dry corn meal and rub the wall paper with it; this will remove the dust and smoke. Pieces of stale bread have the same effect.

In making frosting for cake or puddings a little lemon juice, tartaric acid or cream of tartar is a very pleasant addition to the taste, besides making the frosting much lighter.

The horticultural journals recommend diluted alcohol in spraying plants, as being deadly to insects, and convenient to use, as it quickly evaporates, leaving no trace on the plants, leaves or flowers. Ordinary atomizers are now freely used for spraying house-plants, and are found to be very convenient.

To remove stains from marble, take two parts of common soda, one part pumice-stone, and one of finely-powdered chalk; sift it through a fine sieve, and mix it with water; then rub it well over the marble, and the stains will be removed. Wash the marble afterward with soap and water.

The following way makes brown bread equal to the best receipt given: Take one quart of Indian meal, one pint unboiled rye, sifted, one cup molasses, one teaspoonful soda, milk enough to make a thick batter; put it in an iron kettle, or what is better, an earthen milk dish, well greased; cover the whole with an inverted plate large enough to prevent its sinking in the batter; bake about three hours. Allowing it to remain in the oven over night improves it.

Indian corn for growing chickens, it is asserted by experienced poultrymen, is not profitable feed. Indian corn meal does not make bones. Ground oats, barley meal, meal scraps and curd of new milk, turned with runnet, are recommended instead.

Charcoal, pulverized and mixed with water, is now highly recommended as an agent for relieving cattle suffering any derangement of the stomach, such as bloat or hoven, etc. This should be remembered. There is no doubt of its efficacy, if abundance of testimony can be relied on.

An exchange says that to prevent horses' feet from calling or cracking in summer, and enabling the shoes to be carried a longer time without injury, the French practice is to coat the hoofs once a week with an ointment composed of equal proportions of soft fat, yellow wax, linseed oil, Venice turpentine and Norway tar; the wax is melted separately before mixing.

Chimney soot is said to be a valuable stimulant and fertilizer for garden flowers. A lady who had tried in vain to train a climbing rose and grape vine over her windows was despairing over the stunted plants, when some one recommended "soot-ter." Forthwith she made some "tea," taking a tea-cupful of soot, to a quart of water. Two or three doses administered to both rose and vine effectually revived them. They grew rapidly and luxuriantly.

The solder used by tinners may be easily made by any one according to the following recipes: The best solder for lead is two parts lead and one of tin. The best solder for sheet tin is two parts tin and one of lead. The best solder for block tin is equal parts of tin, lead and bismuth. Put two parts tin, one lead and one bismuth. Put the metals together in an iron pot or kettle, melt them over the fire, mix well and cast in bars.

Items.

Luxuriant crops are predicted in Kansas and Missouri. The prospect of a good crop of hops in Wisconsin is also reported.

The dog tax in Tennessee, for the coming year, it is estimated, will produce \$300,000, and increase the general revenue of the State twenty-five per cent.

A foreign company, with a capital of \$200,000, has been organized for the purpose of investing in Louisiana land and of pursuing agriculture as a science.

This year the southern counties of California sent to San Francisco 5,380,000 oranges, 620,000 lemons and 80,000 limes.

A Frenchman estimates that forty millions of Frenchmen could subsist on the food which forty millions of Americans throw away.

At the salmon-breeding establishment at Sebec Lake, Me., there have been hatched, this season, 106,000 sea salmon.

A genteel farmer in Massachusetts, a retired Bostonian, did not know how to take a wagon wheel off to grease the axle, and so he bored holes through the hub and poured in the grease.

Many of the California miners are being poisoned, some of them fatally, by the arsenic absorbed from the green flannel with which their rubber boots are lined.

The Paris Figaro says the only chocolate sold in that city which is made of cocoa without adulteration is the chocolate of six francs a pound, or \$1.20. How, then, is it here?

The ice crop of 2,000,000 tons harvested on the Hudson, estimated at half a cent a pound, is of more value by \$2,000,000 than either the wheat or corn crop of the entire State of New York.

The Reading Eagle says that in the top of a crab apple tree, in that village, there is now blooming a pure white rose. The rose stem, which is growing from the apple branch, is over two years old, and it has already bloomed two years.

In 1874, 2,160,000 pounds of buffalo meat were shipped over the Kansas Pacific railway and its connections. In the same year, over the Topeka and Santa Fe railroad: bones, 6,914,650 pounds; hides, 1,314,300 pounds; meat, 673,800 pounds.

The drive of Texas cattle will be much lighter than usual this season, but their condition is said to be above the average. The arrivals of herds will also be about one month later than usual. These facts are naturally having an effect upon the market for beef cattle in the West, and higher prices are already obtained.

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Markets.

BOSTON WHOLESALE PRICES.

For the week ending July 7, 1875.

CANDLES.

Molds..... 13 @ 15
Sperm..... 25 @ 30
GOAL.
Candle..... 25 @ 30
Pictorial..... 25 @ 30
Anthracite..... 25 @ 30

COFFEE.

Java..... 25 @ 30
St. Domingo..... 15 @ 20
Rio..... 15 @ 20
COTTON.

Ordinary..... 13 @ 15
Good Ordinary..... 14 @ 16
Mid. to mid..... 15 @ 17
Low Middling..... 15 @ 17

DOMESTICS.

Sheetings and Shirtings..... 10 @ 12
Medium 4-4..... 10 @ 12
Drills, Brown 14 @ 16
Prints..... 10 @ 12
Gingham..... 10 @ 12
Mous. de Laines..... 10 @ 12
Carpeting..... 10 @ 12
Lewell sup. 3-ply 1 @ 10
Extra Superfine..... 1 @ 10
Superfine..... 1 @ 10

FLOUR AND MEAL.

St. Louis, ext. 0 @ 10
Medium 10 @ 12
Mackerel, 10 @ 12
Do. short..... 10 @ 12
Salmon, 10 @ 12
Lard, 10 @ 12
Butter, 10 @ 12
Eggs, 10 @ 12
Hops, 10 @ 12
Rye Flour..... 10 @ 12
Corn Meal..... 10 @ 12
Do. small..... 10 @ 12

FRUIT.

Almonds..... 10 @ 12
Soft Shell..... 10 @ 12
Shelled..... 10 @ 12
Currants..... 10 @ 12
Grapes..... 10 @ 12
Pigs Nuts..... 10 @ 12
Figs common..... 10 @ 12
Case..... 10 @ 12
Lemons..... 10 @ 12
Oranges..... 10 @ 12
Raisins..... 10 @ 12
Cash..... 10 @ 12
Box..... 10 @ 12
Loose Muscovado..... 10 @ 12
SUGAR.

Southern yell..... 10 @ 12
Western mix'd..... 10 @ 12
Wheat, west..... 10 @ 12
Rye..... 10 @ 12
Barley..... 10 @ 12
Case..... 10 @ 12
Shorts..... 10 @ 12
Fine Feed..... 10 @ 12
Middlings..... 10 @ 12

HAY.

Eastern and Northern..... 10 @ 12
Yon..... 10 @ 12
Country Hay..... 10 @ 12
Yon..... 10 @ 12
Straw, 10 @ 12
HIDES AND SKINS.

Calcutta Cow..... 10 @ 12
Slaughter..... 10 @ 12
Dead Green..... 10 @ 12
H. Ayres, dry..... 10 @ 12
Rio Grande..... 10 @ 12
Western, dry..... 10 @ 12
Do. wet..... 10