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The Morning Star - volume 51 number 52 - December 27, 1876

Freewill Baptist printers

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The Morning Star.

VOL. LI.

THE MORNING STAR, BOSTON AND CHICAGO, DECEMBER 27, 1876.

NO 52.

THE MORNING STAR.

A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER.

ISSUED BY THE

Free Will Baptist Printing Establishment.

Rev. I. D. STEWART, Publisher.

To whom all letters on business, remittances of money, &c., should be addressed, at Dover, N. H.

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

Western Department. Rev. A. H. HULING, Manager, 56 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Terms: \$3.00 per year, if paid strictly in advance \$2.50. See the 8th page of this paper.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1876.

"ENOUGH!"

I am so weak, dear Lord! I can not stand

One moment without Thee;

But, oh, the tenderness of Thine enfolding,

And, oh, the faithfulness of Thine upholding,

And, oh, the strength of Thy right hand!

That strength is enough for me.

I am so needy, Lord! and yet I know

All fullness dwells in Thee;

And hour by hour that never-failing treasure

Supplies and fills in overflowing measure.

My least, my greatest need. And so

Thy grace is enough for me.

It is so sweet to trust Thy Word alone.

I do not ask to see

The unveiling of Thy purpose, or the shining

Of future light on mysteries untwining;

Thy promise-roll is all my own—

Thy Word is enough for me.

The human heart asks love. But now I know

That my heart hath from Thee

All real, and full, and marvelous affection;

So near, so human! Yet divine perfection

Thrills gloriously the mighty glow!

Thy love is enough for me.

There were strange soul-deaths, restless,

vast and broad,

Unfathomable as the sea,

An infinite craving for some infinite stilling;

But now Thy perfect love is perfect filling!

Lord Jesus Christ, my Lord, my God,

Thou, Thou art enough for me!

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

THE LEAF CHRISTIAN.

BY REV. JOHN M. DAVIS.

There is a noticeable uniformity in the figurative use of the word leaf in religious literature. The leaf's fragility as a type of life's uncertainty; its limited period as a pathetic reminder to man of the brevity of his earthly existence; its changing hues as sadly symbolic of man's shifting fortunes—these and a few kindred applications are all that we commonly find. Consequently, the introduction of the word into religious discourse or composition usually suggests only gloomy, melancholy, plaintive, sad thoughts.

There should be no such figurative monopoly. It robs the leaf of its fertile suggestiveness. It fences it in from a wide range of valuable symbolic application. It denies it the highest spiritual uses hinted at in the Scriptures. See Ps. 1: 3, Isa. 1: 30, Jer. 17: 8, Ezek. 47: 12. Some of these uses, more invigorating and no less appropriate than those above mentioned, I shall try to develop in a few paragraphs concerning the leaf Christian.

1. The leaf has an office. It works. It is a vegetable functionary, not a mere adornment. The carbonic acid, of the carbon of which nearly half the woody fiber of the tree is composed, is taken from the air and enters the tree through the pores in the under side of the leaf. The water, holding in solution the earthy constituents of the wood, enters by the roots, passes upward as sap into the leaves, where it unites with the carbonic acid to form cellulose or woody fiber. The residue of oxygen and watery vapor left after this process passes, "into the air through the stomata or pores by which the carbonic acid entered. Thus we see how vital a part of the arboreal organism the leaf is. Regarding the tree as a living organic body, gathering the materials of its structure from the inorganic world around it, and by an inner process assimilating and appropriating them, if we should say that the leaf is the mouth, stomach, and lungs of the tree, we should speak with almost scientific exactness. The leaf does far more than to delight with its greenness the eye wearied with the dismal brown and glaring heat of winter, to mitigate the blazing light of a summer's sun, or to afford a comfortable shade to the tired laborer and the dreamy idler. All summer long it takes from the air the plant food, and within its cells works it into the desired shape. The leaf makes the tree.

The leaf Christian is likewise a laborer. He has duties and discharges them. In the church, he has some work. Action, and action ever toward the end of the organism of which he is a part, is the grand law of his life. He does not swing idly in the air and sunshine. On the lowest and most hidden bough, if that be his place, he works daily, and his work

is to gather souls into the church, and help to build them up into timber fit for a spiritual temple. Happily, quietly, just as the leaf smiles in the sun and rustles in the breeze, does he hold his place and do his work. God smiles upon him. His labor is not in vain. He grows, and he promotes the growth of the church.

2. The leaf performs its function only by the aid of sunlight. Shut away from the sun it grows pale and pulpy and dies. And only the upper side is so constructed as to bear the sunshine. If its position is reversed, it twists on the stalk so as to get the under side away from the light, and, if prevented from doing so, it perishes. The living leaf, then, performs its work by means of a dynamic energy not belonging to itself; neither can it work unless rightly placed toward the source of that energy.

So of the Christian. The source of his spiritual life and power is above. "God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, has shined in his heart, to give him the light of the knowledge of his glory in the face of Jesus Christ." He has the light of life. He is not only enlightened, but is inwardly quickened and transformed by a divine actinism. He turns himself that his spirit may face the fountain of this light and life. He is not only a worker, but also a worshiper. He reads the word. He meditates upon it. He prays. And as the leaf daily faces the sun, so does he daily face the source of his spiritual life.

3. The leaf does its work not for the sake of its own life alone, although during the season of foliage it has its own distinct uses, and, so far, is an end in itself—but to promote the growth of the tree. The foliage of one summer produces one year's growth of the tree, laying its product as an accretion upon that of the last year. When this work is done, it falls off, leaving a vacant field of work for its successor.

These facts are paralleled in a true Christian life. A Christian character is an end in itself. Could it be won by any man without any influence being exerted upon other men, the winning of it would be the best personal end to which he could direct his efforts. But a true Christian life stretches beyond a mere personal end. Its activity is for others. It is to overlay Christian work done before and be a valuable addition to it. And, in general, each man's efforts and influence are confined to the period of his own life. What he does for others is mostly done for his contemporaries, or is lost. If, like David, he works "according to the will of God," he "serves his own generation." He plans, prays, labors for those of his own day. Not posthumous fame, but present work to answer present needs, urges him to effort; and with effort directed toward this sole end, he is content. No man has a right to dwell in contemplation on the future triumphs of Christ's kingdom and the glories of his millennial reign, who does not ever "act, act in the living present."

Christian, if you would be a leaf Christian, to-day is your time. Your own generation demands your labor. The next will have its own laborers. Work now—now or never. "The night cometh in which no man can work."

A BIT OF EXEGESIS.

BY REV. GEORGE S. RICKER.

It was affirmed during a recent Monday lecture by Rev. Joseph Cook, in Boston, that we were beginning to have visions of the immortality of the soul through the microscope! May not the microscope reveal to us wonders in the written Word? May we not be careful and minute study of the Word sometimes get a grasp of the truth, that it is meant to teach, which were otherwise impossible? Dean Trench says, that the history of a word is often more interesting than the history of a campaign; and who has not learned by experience that a careful study of words has again and again been a source of light and inspiration?

The foregoing remarks will find imperfect illustration in the following bit of exegesis:

We read that while Peter was kept in prison, "prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him." By inspecting this assertion more closely, we learn that the phrase "without ceasing" is, in the Greek, *ektenes*, "intense." Following this word a little way, we discover that its most natural use is as an epithet that qualifies something which undergoes severe tension. It seems to be precisely equivalent to the nautical term, "taut." The word may be applied to a rope that is stretched taut—under full tension. Now, bringing this idea back to the passage in question, what is the evident meaning which we are to get from it? Prayer is the means of communication between man and God. Behold! a rope is let down from the mercy-seat to the needy human soul; he grasps it, and in his struggles for salvation, pulls it taut and is saved! Or, in intercessory prayer, the rope passes over the mercy-seat down to the soul for whom the pleader grasps it,

pulls it taut, and lifts the object at the other end out of death into life!

A little more than eighteen hundred years ago, a company of Christian men and women were gathered together, and pulling with all their might upon this rope; the other end straightening down from the heavens was fastened about a poor prisoner, doubly and trebly guarded in Herod's prison. Soon the chains drop off, the doors swing open, and Peter walks out a free man! Was there any connection between that praying company in the house of Mary and Peter's release? The emphasis is all to be put upon this word—taut, intense. Of what avail is it to grasp the rope and let it remain slack? How soon will the vessel whose slackened sails flap in the wind, reach her port? For how long time may the slackened rope be held in one's hands, before the object attached to the other end shall reach him?

Do we not begin to get visions which plainly show the sources of all Christian weakness and inefficiency? Do we not get hints of the causes of long periods of unfruitfulness in our churches? Do you stumble, falter and fall, fellow-Christian? Is not the rope slackened? Has your church enjoyed no blessed revival experiences for long months and years? Is the rope tense? Does the church make intense prayer unto God?

We need to remember that the other end of the rope is fastened to infinite power. When we constrain God to help us, we are saved and the work will go forward successfully. It is not this or that man that stands at the other end of the rope, but it is God himself—infinite power!

"Prayer was made of the church." Every one, man, woman and child, had a grasp upon that rope, and their prayer was effectual. When we all take hold of the rope, pastor and people, old and young, large and small, and pull till it becomes tense, the prison doors, over which sin keeps guard, will open all about us, and the poor fettered prisoners will come forth into the "liberty wherewith Christ has made us free." Dear fellow-Christian, God has graciously let this rope down from the mercy-seat; will you not grasp it and pull with all your might!—pull till it becomes taut,—pull till the blessing comes. In the forty-fourth verse of the twenty-second chapter of Luke, we read of Christ, "And being in an agony, he prayed earnestly." The expression "more earnestly" is from this same Greek word. He pulled with heavier strain upon the rope. Shall we not, everyone, grasp the rope and pull till it shall become tense? Be assured the baptism of the Holy Ghost will fall upon us when the rope becomes taut!

BAPTIST BREADTH.

BY REV. T. J. MELISH.

There is every reason why the Baptists should be a broad, rather than a narrow people; tolerant, rather than intolerant. They have the historic honor of founding the first State where freedom of conscience to serve God received constitutional and legislative sanction. This fact, we believe, is now pretty well attested by valid historic documents, though for a time disputed in favor of Lord Baltimore's colony of Maryland. From the days of John Bunyan and Roger Williams to the present hour, the advocacy of "soul liberty" has been the boast of all Baptists; even by those who do not seem to see that intolerance in the church among Christians is of the same essence as intolerance in the State. The intolerance which destroys a minister's reputation, and even reduces his family to beggary for some ritualistic difference, is, if anything, more double-distilled than that which condemns a dissenter to fine and imprisonment, for daring to preach a doctrine not sanctioned by the State. It gnaws more deeply into the soul.

But again, Baptists have especially claimed to be a spiritual people; to take deeply experimental and spiritual views of the gospel. "It is not merely," we always say, "a mode of performing a symbolic rite which makes us Baptists, and separates us from other Christians; but the demand that every one who comes to the door of the church shall give evidence of the spiritual birth before he can enter." This is a high boast; and it only needs to be established, in order to show where the empire of the future is to be. God is certainly on the side of character, of holiness, of spiritual regeneration, of Christ-likeness. There can be no doubt of this.

"The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost; for he that in these things serveth Christ is acceptable to God, and approved of men." "He is not a Jew who is one outwardly; neither is that circumcision which is outward in the flesh; but he is a Jew who is one inwardly, and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter, whose praise is not of men, but of God." "Therefore, if the uncircumcision keep the righteousness of the law, shall not his uncircumcision be counted for circumcision?"

This is the spiritual standard; God's way of weighing out things in the golden balances of the sanctuary. This is spirituality; but it is also breadth. It reflects

the Divine holiness, and the broadness of God's boundless love.

Ought not a spiritual people to be also a people of such breadth as this? But does it look like spirituality to welcome Judas, and Simon Magus and Diosaphes to the Lord's table, because they are members of churches of the same faith and order, and to exclude Isaiah, and David and Malachi, or their modern representatives in sanctity—because they have never been able to see that baptism means to dip!

But, finally, Baptists ought to be a broad and tolerant people, because there have always been great diversities of thought among Baptists. Diversities of thought on Calvinism: Look at Fuller, and Gill; and compare the theories of either of them with the practical tone and temper of these times, when the old controversies which agitated our fathers on the subject, are the dulles of all possible reading; and we are filled with amazement that men so great could imagine that God could be better pleased with the discussion of insoluble conundrums on his decrees, than with efforts to bring the world to know his Son.

So, too, on the communion question. The three greatest men God ever vouchsafed to the Baptists were all open-communionists. Bunyan, fresh from Bedford jail, came out with a heart so warm for all Christians as to found a church, whose articles of faith forbade them ever to refuse to receive any Christian to membership, even though he should be a Quaker in his views of baptism—that the higher baptism of the Spirit had abrogated and done away with symbolic baptism by water altogether.

Carson, valiant and heroic Baptist, with his defiant claim that "baptize means dip, and nothing but dip in all Greek literature," yet was of so broad a Christian charity, putting the spirit above the letter, that he invited all God's children to his communion table.

Charles H. Spurgeon is another Baptist of the broad-gauge pattern, too well-known to need comment.

Since such have been the providential developments of the Baptists as a people, why should they not be true to their history, and become distinguished for a broad and comprehensive Christian charity? We welcome such deliverances as those of Dr. Lorimer, at Chicago. They are much more Christian than that published outrage of Elder Jabez Swan, who is reported to have addressed Dr. Jeffery, in a public meeting: "Thou full of all subtlety and child of the devil, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?" and the meeting suffered the clerical "bull-dozing" without a rebuke!

But let us hope the day is dawning, notwithstanding that the Baptist Union has failed for want of support.

TWO MISSIONARY MARRIAGES.

The recent death of the venerable Mrs. Lucy Goodale Thurston, of the Sandwich Islands Mission, recalls the romantic circumstances of her marriage, fifty-seven years ago.

When Messrs. Thurston and Bingham, then theological students at Andover, consecrated themselves to the missionary work, the mothers of the two young ladies to whom they were engaged, at once broke off the engagements. The rupture constituted a very serious obstacle to their approaching departure, which was then to take place within a few weeks; for in that infancy of missions the departing missionaries never expected to return to this country, and unless married when they sailed, might be condemned to an enforced bachelorhood for life. The missionary society of the seminary held some prayer meetings, and many a discussion over the fate of their two lonely members, and finally hired the best horse to be had in Andover, put on his back one of their number, the Rev. William Goodell, afterwards of Constantinople, and commissioned him to go forth to visit two young ladies he knew, and ask them, or one of them at least, to become the bride of Mr. Thurston. Traveling forty miles, Mr. Goodell called on one of the young ladies, and made her an offer of marriage in behalf of his friend. The offer was promptly rejected. Retracing his steps to a lonely school-house, where Miss Goodale was teaching, he repeated the offer. She consented that Mr. Thurston might call upon her; and after an evening's acquaintance they were engaged. To sail at the appointed time, they must be married within two weeks. But the laws of Massachusetts then required three publications of the banns. Fortunately a town-meeting was to be held in the middle of the coming week; and by the use of the church doors twice, and the town hall once, they were published, married, and in due time, sailed. Though entered into on so slight acquaintance, the match proved a happy one.

Mr. Bingham still remained solitary and unmarried. But going to Connecticut, to be ordained, and thence to sail, he met in the street a young lady inquiring the way to her place of destination that she might attend the ordination. Mr.

Bingham kindly offered to show her the way; and before a week had passed, she had become Mrs. Bingham. Such were the romantic marriages of two missionaries a generation ago, of whom the last has just passed away.—*Congregationalist*.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 22, 1876.

The fall of snow may have had the effect of cooling some of the hot blood in Congress, for the excitement and acrimony in debate, which characterized the first week or two of the session, have materially subsided. The leading Southern Democrats, many of them, in marked contrast to their Northern allies, preserve a calm repose, and, evidently, do not want any war. It was only the other day that Senator Gordon, of Georgia, in the caucus of Democratic Senators, gave utterance to the following words, which are well worth recording and now appear in print for the first time: "Gentlemen," said he earnestly, addressing his colleagues who had gathered in a knot around him, "have you ever experienced the conservative influence of a fifteen-inch shell in process of combustion; in process of combustion, with the prospect of its immediately dropping into your own household? It has a highly conservative influence, and we down South know what it is. We've had enough of it! Now, if you want to fight, try it; this time, we'll stay at home, and make the money!"

Last Monday was the occasion of an interesting event, something in the nature of a cremation and something in the nature of a maceration. During the past ten years, all the steel and copper plates, "transfer-rolls," dies and other paraphernalia, captured from counterfeiters of bank notes, legal tenders, and gold, silver and nickel coin, by the officers of the "Secret Service" of the Treasury Department, were melted in the furnaces at the Navy Yard. At the same time, nearly a million dollars worth of counterfeit bills, ranging from twenty-five cent fractional currency to one hundred dollar bills, were "macarated" or reduced to pulp by the sixty horse power engine recently provided at the Treasury for that purpose. Formerly, all captured counterfeit money, as well as all redeemed notes, was destroyed by fire in a large furnace located in the basement of the Treasury building; but this process gave rise to very unpleasant odors permeating the entire building and the vicinity thereof during the combustion of the filthy and greasy paper money, and the maceration process, which is odorless, was substituted and works like a charm. Aristocratic five hundred and thousand dollar bills go through the hopper into the revolving trough or cylinder in company with plebeian quarters, and come out at the other end in one even stream of pulp.

This pulp sells at five dollars a ton and is used for paper making. The value of the money which goes to make a ton would be something like eight hundred thousand dollars on an average. That is a come down, from a little less than a million, to five dollars—but such is life!

The wholesale discharge of employees (chiefly female) from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing here, has entailed considerable suffering among a large and worthy class of people. The reduction was made necessary by the transfer of the work of printing the revenue stamps to the bank note companies of New York, which, for several reasons, can do the work cheaper than it can be performed by the Government. But every such discharge of Government employees has, at least, one good effect, and that is to open the eyes of those foolish ones who consider a berth in one of the Departments the acme of human happiness. The ambition to become a Department Clerk is neither a noble nor a healthful one; it is a life of well-paid idleness, a mere mechanical machine, depending on "influence," and not on ability, for promotion and even existence. So many talented young men run to seed in the Government Departments here in Washington, that it would seem unkind not to throw out this warning:

AT IT, AND ALWAYS AT IT.

This is the law of good work. God himself rewards the worker by giving him more to do. It is the inactive man who can not do another stroke. The busy man can always add to his labors: for he acquires power in doing, and gets force for work by working. Unused tools rust. Work keeps them bright. Do not part with the sovereign you are now asked to give, and you will hold the next with a tighter grip, and the third will stick to your soul and become a part of it, and you will die with it burning into the marrow of your bones. As you live, work. Moses did his best work in his last forty years. Paul said his best and sweetest words when he was "aged." The righteous bring forth fruit in old age. Change your work in its form if need be, but keep at it. You have experience, ripeness, grace, culture, which all the energy in the world can not buy. Young people, work wisely, thoughtfully, prayerfully, hopefully, but

work. Be not afraid of discipline for service. Care more about efficiency than fame; and be more anxious to please God than men. Christ himself is the pattern worker, and he was always at his work, saying, "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day."—*John Clifford*.

THE KING AND THE STABLE BOY.

King George the Third was a kind-hearted king, and often spoke kindly to one of his stable boys. When the boy disgraced himself by stealing some oats, the king hearing of it, had the boy brought before him. The poor boy expected to be punished, but the king seeing the boy in tears, and hearing he was sorry, said, "Well, I forgive you," and then, in the hearing of all, he said, "If any one says a word to you about the oats, tell me." The boy was forgiven, and sheltered from future blame by the king. How this reminds us of what God has done for believers. We are forgiven, sheltered, and defended. "In whom we have redemption, even the forgiveness of sins."—Eph. 1: 4. "If God be for us, who can be against us?"—Rom. 8: 31.

EXCHANGE NOTES AND QUOTES.

How would it seem to wish our exchanges—that is, their conductors—a Merry Christmas? An editor's life, as a rule, doesn't admit of much merry-making, but for just that reason perhaps the wishes of their friends ought to be more abundant. At any rate we extend ours, most cordially, with the sincere wish that the season may be to them in the best sense a joyous one, and that a new year of peace, prosperity and usefulness may be added to all their lives.

We do not know what the *Orange Journal* was before Oliver Johnson took it in hand, but we know that it is now a thoroughly wide-awake, energetic, first class family newspaper, combining matter-of-fact and culture in such proportions that while it must be valuable as a local sheet it is still more valuable as an educator and instructor in secular and religious, national and social affairs.

Our Union, the organ of the woman's national and international Christian temperance unions, is making a vigorous effort to extend its circulation. We heartily wish it may succeed, for then its work and influence, which seem to us to be worthy and wholesome in all respects, will reach many more that need its offices. It is published monthly at Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Chicago Alliance, of which Prof. Swing is Editor-in-Chief, has just changed F. B. McClure, its managing Editor, for H. L. Ensign, and announces Washington Gladden and Arthur Swasey among its writers. The paper appears in an entirely new dress of type.

The American people must never forget that their direct foe is to be found in the Jesuit. The Jesuit is the impersonation of evil in the guise of religion. With a questionable code of morals and deceptive appearances, he has never ceased to aim a deadly blow at Protestantism and at civil and religious liberty.—*Zion's Herald*.

Those who truly love the church in whose fellowship they stand, will not be satisfied without being familiar with its movements and work, its progress and growth and victories. They can not and will not do without the church paper.—*Evangelical Messenger*.

The happiest children are children who are invited and permitted and encouraged to give. There will be no children to whom this Christmas season is so glad and joyous, as those who have a share in giving as well as in receiving.—*S. S. Times*.

We can not doubt that there are honesty and patriotism enough in the two Houses of Congress to decide upon the right method of counting the electoral votes regardless of merely personal or party results.—*Ill. Christian Weekly*.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

PRINCIPLES: or, Basis of Social Science. Being a survey of the subject from the moral and theological, yet liberal and progressive standpoint. By E. J. Wright. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 8vo. pp. 524. (\$2.00).

ENDREAVORS AFTER THE CHRISTIAN LIFE. Discourses by James Martineau. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 12mo. pp. 449. (\$1.00).

IN THE LEVANT. By Charles Dudley Warner, author of "My Summer in a Garden," "Back-log Studies," "My Winter on the Nile," etc. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 12mo. pp. 374. (\$2.00). For sale by E. J. Lane & Co.

MIDDLEMARCH: A Study of Provincial Life. By George Eliot, author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Romola," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1876. Paper. 8vo. pp. 288. (\$1.50).

FLOWER AND THORN. Later Poems. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 16mo. pp. 149. (\$1.25). For sale by Lee & Shepard, and by E. J. Lane & Co.

POEMS OF PLACES. Scotland. Edited by H. W. Longfellow. Same publishers, &c. 32mo. pp. 266. (\$1.00).

THE PARLOR CAR. Farce. By W. D. Howells. Vest Pocket edition. Same publishers, &c. (50 cts.).

A POINT OF HONOR. By Annie Edwards, author of "Archie Lovell," "Ought We to Visit Her," etc. New York: Sheldon and Co. Paper. 12mo. pp. 325. (\$1.00).

ZELL'S POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA and Universal Dictionary. Quarto. Parts 29-32. Philadelphia: Baker, Davis & Co.

THREE MEMORIAL POEMS. By James Russell Lowell. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 16mo. pp. 92. (\$1.25).

Eben Shute, the Boston Sunday school publisher, issues some very pretty and appropriate designs of Prang's chromo cards suitably inscribed for New Year's presents from Superintendents to their pupils.

S. S. Department.

Sabbath School Lesson.—Jan. 7.

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

THE KINGDOM DIVIDED.

GOLDEN TEXT: "But he forsook the counsel of the old men, which they had given him." 1 Kings 12:8.

1 Kings 12:12-20.

Notes and Hints.

(1) Jeroboam belonged to the tribe of Ephraim, was a valiant soldier whom Solomon had made commander of the conscription from Ephraim for the public works. Having known, through Ahijah the prophet, that he should be king, he introduced rebellion against Solomon, and was compelled to flee to Egypt. On the death of Solomon he returned to his home and now appears heading this demand on Rehoboam for a promise for the future.

(2) Rehoboam was the son of Solomon, and of the Ammonite princess Naamah. He began his reign B. C. 975, and reigned until 958, seventeen years. (3) The son of Solomon, for some unknown reason, went to Shechem for coronation—an event we should have thought most appropriately introduced at Jerusalem. Shechem, now Nablus, one of the most beautiful sites of Palestine, was on Mt. Gerizim, opposite Mt. Ebal, in the tribe of Ephraim, and was the capital of the tribe. It was a convenient place for such a meeting because central among the tribes, but scarcely more so than Jerusalem. Perhaps it was selected for the coronation of Rehoboam as a means of pacification of the disloyal Ephraimites, but if so, those who there crowned the king were wiser than the king himself. In Shechem a gathering of Israel had before taken place. Joshua convoked the people here, and in a most impressive way renewed their covenant with Jehovah. Josh. 24. Joseph was buried in this place, of itself enough to make it to his tribe a place of interest. (4) The tribes of Israel determined to resist the encroachments of the throne on their liberties. Solomon had not only dazzled them by his splendor, but oppressed them by his despotic taxes and conscriptions. From him they began too late to obtain redress. The act of Jeroboam was no doubt an outbreak against despotism. The people determined to put Rehoboam under the restrictions of a constitution. Hence they demanded of him a pledge before they would promise him loyalty. In answer to this serious demand, he asked for time to consider it, then consulted with two classes of advisers, and formed his reply.

12. "So Jeroboam and all the people came to Rehoboam the third day, as the king had appointed." Jeroboam had been made the leader in this movement. He was brave enough to accept the office, and to present the address of grievances to the throne. Now he appears, well sustained by followers, to receive the reply.

13, 14. "And the king answered the people roughly, and forsook the old men's counsel that they gave him, and spake to them after the counsel of the young men." (1) Rehoboam referred the complaint of the people to the old men, perhaps to the senators or elders of the nation, who advised him to heed the request, and promise the people the relief they sought. (2) Then he mentioned it to the young men, his companions, those who were of the powerful and wealthy families, who were given to sports, luxuries and pleasures, and who regarded the masses as of no account, or as made to minister to the gratification of courtiers and kings. They knew nothing of statesmanship. They were the poorest advisers that Rehoboam could have had. (3) They counseled the young king to reject the advice of the old men, and to scorn to yield to the people. "My father made you yoke heavy, and I will add to your yoke; my father also chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions." This was the response of shallow minds urged on the king, and by him, as a shallow mind himself, given to a nation all ready to revolt. He threatens to greatly increase their burdens. They, driven to desperation, knowing their rights and their power, were stung by the harshness of Rehoboam to the quick. (4) By "scorpions," is supposed to be meant a peculiar kind of whip, having twisted lashes, and leaden balls or pieces of iron interwoven with them, and hooks at the end of the lashes for tearing the flesh. They were called "scorpions" by a figure; for the sting of the scorpion was very painful.

15. "For the cause was from the Lord, that he might perform his saying, which the Lord spake by Ahijah the Shilonite unto Jeroboam the son of Nebat." (1.) To the prophet Ahijah, God had said that that prophet had told Jeroboam, viz., that the kingdom should be divided and ten tribes given to him, and this as a judgment for the sins of Solomon and of the nation. (2) God, then determined the judgment, not the sin; the punishment, not the offense. In inflicting the judgment, God left every man as free as if he had not threatened punishment. They acted and God turned the stream of natural effects as he pleased. (a) God had, by a natural law, sent for sin one judgment, already on Solomon. The inherited character of his son partook by nature of the weaknesses of his parents. Rehoboam, in capacity, was an Ammonite, not a pure Israelite. (b) Then his education by

natural penalties for sin, corresponded to his father's wrong moral conduct. The son was not trained in all those manly and disciplinary ways that yield in the end wisdom and piety. Hence God thus had sent, in a way of natural fulfillment of his threatenings, the evils of the king's course. (c) By a divine law the folly of rulers brings disaster to the state, and the oppression of a free people brings on rebellion. Thus God, not by causing the sin, nor yet by any arbitrary and unnatural way of control, brought the woes to Solomon and his house, which were threatened. The passage reads more literally thus: "the turn of events was from the Lord." It is thus the wrath of man praises him. (3) Ahijah the Shilonite was a prophet of Shiloh, and is known only in two prophecies made, to Jeroboam and his wife. The one prophecy has just been noticed, the other was of the death of Jeroboam's son.

16. "The people answered the king, saying, What portion have we in David? neither have we inheritance in the son of Jesse." To your tents, O Israel: now see to thine own house, David. So Israel departed unto their tents." This was the same cry of revolt that Sheba used against David. 2 Sam. 20: 1. There we see that the house of David was not readily accepted as the royal house of Israel. In the long war that followed the death of Saul, before David became king of all Israel, perhaps we have given the secret beginnings of this revolt. Then, as now, the tribe of Judah upheld the house of David, because he was of that tribe. "To your tents, O Israel," is an expression that originated in the wilderness; it means "disperse." "What portion have we in David," means "what further interest in maintaining his descendants on the throne." Tribal jealousy, like State jealousy in our land, worked to disrupt, to weaken and to destroy the nation. Occasion for an outbreak was therefore eagerly seized. When we are ready to do morally a wrong, opportunity will come only too surely. Our safety lies in keeping ourselves in safe frames of mind.

17. "As for the children of Israel which dwell in the cities of Judah, Rehoboam reigned over them." (1) The distinction of Israel from Judah should be kept before the mind in studying this lesson. The chapter marks this distinction. By "Israel" the ten tribes are meant the ten that revolted from Rehoboam. This distinction first appears at the beginning of David's reign. It disappeared not altogether during his reign, broke out in the rebellion of Jeroboam against Solomon, and henceforth, in the Scriptural narrative is maintained. 2 Sam. 2:70, 11:19; 19:41-43. See also the rebellion of Sheba, noticed above. (2) The meaning of this verse is that those members of the ten tribes of Israel who were residing in the boundaries of Judah yielded to Rehoboam their allegiance.

18. "Then king Rehoboam sent Adoram, who was over the tribute; and all Israel stoned him with stones that he died." Adoram was undoubtedly the same as Adoniram (1 Kings 4:6), and Hadoram (2 Samuel 20:24), who performed the same duty under Solomon and during David, a period of forty-seven years or more. Some writers think these were three different persons, but the ancient versions of the old Testament identify them. Adoram was an aged man whom, if any one, Israel would respect. Rehoboam sent him to collect the tax of which Israel had complained, and about which had revolted. The king evidently had not understood the weakness of his influence, nor the strength of their hostility. Experience was necessary to teach the youthful king that a monarch needs, for the prosperity of his kingdom, more wisdom than he himself had shown. The stoning of Adoram opened the eyes of Rehoboam to his own peril. It meant to him war. Hence he fled out of Israel to Judah, to the one loyal tribe.

19. "So Israel rebelled against the house of David unto this day." "This day" was four hundred years after the event, the day of Jeremiah, the reputed author of the book of kings. The breach was never cemented again. Dissension is a consequence and illustration of sin. In families, in the church and in nations the tendency to it is as strong as the passions, ambitions, and selfishness of the members. Love is a bond of unity, and "love is of God." The end of all quarrels leaves the parties to it injured; but love, concord, peace, even if gained by the rule of the Master, about resisting evil, works out our best welfare.

20. Then all Israel called Jeroboam into the congregation and made him king. His qualifications for this position were known; the prophecy of Ahijah may have been known. Jeroboam too was a natural leader. His exile in Egypt, where he was reported to have married a princess given him by Shishak, also helped nominate him for the throne. Why "one tribe" only is said to be left to Rehoboam, when Benjamin and Judah both cleaved to him, is best explained by supposing little Benjamin to have been absorbed in Judah. Ahijah—however recognized its existence by tearing the garment of Jeroboam into twelve pieces, verse 21. The lesson has special instruction for young men; for those who desire the perpetuity of the Republic; for all who have a heavenly kingdom to win, and to keep.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-EIGHT THOUSAND CHILDREN of school age in St. Louis, it is said, and only fifteen thousand of them are in Protestant Sunday-schools. This is an unpleasant prophecy for the St. Louis to come.

Communications.

CHRISTIAN ZEAL.

BY REV. T. H. SHAKER.

That Chinese convert voices the real want of the world, whether that want finds frequent, clear expression or not, when he cries: "We want men of hot hearts to tell us of the love of Jesus!"

One of the great needs of to-day is an increase of zeal in the hearts of the people of God. Not blind enthusiasm, which dismisses the Bible and frowns reason out of countenance, merely to rely upon the heat of an unhealthy brain. The world has already seen too much of that spirit. But the zeal of Christ is what is wanted to make our religion felt powerfully upon the age. From the evils which have come to the world by its perversion, too many are apt to associate with zeal the ideas of ignorance, narrowness and weakness. But these by no means are essential to zeal! If any person, who has never examined this subject, will only sit down with his Bible and concordance to study it, he will be surprised to find so many passages in which zeal is commended.

One of the effective elements in any cause is intense earnestness,—just the thing that too many of the children of God lack. Many of our fathers, though not "brought up at the feet of Gamaliel," were flaming torches of salvation; while not a few of their sons, with all the culture of the schools, are but glow-worms in this dark world.

Why this difference? Human nature is pretty much the same in every generation. The gospel has surely lost none of its old-time power, or its adaptations to the wants of human souls. What if "the times have changed" somewhat? All the burning realities of Revelation, like the divine Author, are "the same yesterday, to-day and forever." The better educational facilities and culture of our day, instead of lessening our obligations and diminishing our success in bringing souls to Jesus, should greatly help us in this noblest of employments.

Undoubtedly the fault is in ourselves. Personally we lack spiritual force and aggressiveness. Men of the world conclude that we are not more than half in earnest in our Christian faith. Is it not too true? None would think of bringing such a charge against the Apostle Paul. His deep moral nature, and royal intellect, cultured in the best schools of his time, were by no means content with a mere formal profession of religion, or even an average Christian experience. His heart was on fire with devotion to the grand work of winning souls to God. Before his conversion, he was "exceedingly zealous of the traditions" of his fathers in the Jewish faith. Afterwards, he learned that there is a "zeal of God, but not according to knowledge." Henceforth his zeal is intelligent, constant, joyful, consuming. Hear what he says: "It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing." "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." "Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." "I count not my life dear unto myself, so that I might by all means save some."

Such is the grand key which this royal preacher struck and sustained to the very close of life. In him we find a model and inspiration for Christian workers while the world stands.

Christ was no blind enthusiast; nor was he cool and heartless. His was "the enthusiasm of humanity," such as all his disciples must have to honor him. "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." How this describes him from the time he said, "I must be about my Father's business!" till his final cry, "It is finished!"

Nor will Christ tolerate any spirit that is the opposite of zeal, in his own disciples. "Because thou art lukewarm, I will spew thee out of my mouth." "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion."

There is enough latest power in the church to move the world, if it were only brought out. There is sufficient ability in the pulpit to win the nation to Jesus, were it surcharged with the gospel enthusiasm of Paul or Christ. If Christians would use right heartily the grace they have, doubtless "a nation would be born in a day," and we might soon claim the world for Jesus. Oh, for the baptism of earnestness, such as gave power to Luther, Whitefield, and Marks, and such as brings victory to Moody! By no means do we suppose that zeal can supply the lack of all other gifts. But all other gifts prove of little value where there is not an earnest heart. Are there not many churches and ministers dying of cold propriety and respectability, while multitudes of thoughtless sinners rush by them to perdition, with "no man to care for their souls"? Half the earnestness of politicians, or even of stage actors, on our part, would soon crowd our churches with anxious inquirers for salvation, and our Zion with souls, crying:—"We will go with you; for we have heard that God is with you!"

It is a fact that God's care is more evident in some instances of it than in others to the dim and often bewildered vision of humanity. Upon such instances men seize and call them providences. It is well that they can, but it would be gloriously better if they could believe that the whole matter is one grand providence.—George McDonald.

SPIRITUALITY AND DOCTRINE.

BY REV. O. E. BAKER.

There is a growing tendency to exalt the devotional and spiritual element in religion. And a corresponding disgust for "the form without the power." This is one of the hopeful signs of the times. Whatever the importance of works, the condition of the mind and heart is and must be matter of chief concern. God and men alike will overlook grave imperfections if the heart be right, while the fullest outward obedience, without heart concurrence, would be unendurable. "It is iniquity, even the solemn meeting."

But men, and strongly to extremes, often seem incapable of entertaining more than one idea at a time; and, making the one idea a hobby, they ride it with the vengeance of a Balaam.

It would be nothing strange if in the effort to emphasize spirituality, other important elements in religion were depreciated. How are we to interpret the growing dislike to doctrinal preaching and discussion, and the frequent reference to religious rites, and stated public worship, as having comparatively little importance? "Give us something to feed the soul and to fix our zeal."

Corresponding to these are the frequent utterances of preachers, orators, editors, claiming the superior virtue of being liberal, denouncing creeds, interpreting all denominational preferences into unprincipled sectarianism, demanding the suspension of doctrinal issues, and the indiscriminate union of all Christians, defining the church to involve nothing more, essentially, in its membership, than the one condition of spiritual union with Christ, &c., &c.; in a word, "Good heartedness the only thing really essential."

That creeds have been perverted, doctrines taught in undue proportion, and forms overrated, is very possible. That large spirituality is a great need, and an imperative duty of Christians there can be no reasonable doubt. But, that the heart quality, the spiritual condition, is so separate and independent of doctrine, and religious forms, as the foregoing propositions indicate; that, in comparison, the former has such relative significance; really that the two are not so intimately connected, as body and soul, for example, that comparison between them at all may not do either or both injustice, are questions worthy of consideration.

Manifestly genuine piety, true spirituality, has its ground work in doctrine. It comes not of absolute, divine sovereignty without human volition, nor of simple well-meaning, but by clear apprehension and hearty acceptance of doctrines, which in their very nature produce this condition of the heart. Wild, irrational enthusiasm may come of ignorance, but true spirituality never.

Further, every higher degree of piety will be reached only when the subject shall, by the study of revelation, nature, and experience, arrive at clearer and more enlarged doctrinal views of God, of the Messiah, and of man, their respective characters, offices and relationships. It is not true, that two persons differing materially in their knowledge of Christian doctrine, may be equally pious and spiritual. This state of mind consists of love, faith, and the consciousness of divine approval. But love may be greater or less, in proportion as the loveable qualities in the object are more or less known. Faith is weak or strong, according to the weight of evidence at hand; and consciousness of divine approval, by the Spirit of God, may be clear and soul-comforting in proportion as the conditions of such Spirit communications are intelligently comprehended.

It is a fact that eminent piety is found coupled with correspondingly eminent attainments in intellectual culture and biblical research. Thomas Dick, Jonathan Edwards, Mary Lyons, and a score of others might be named as examples.

These facts show that a large importance attaches to the study and teaching of religious doctrine. It is a deplorable fact that, generally, one, only, out of many, of professed Christians even, can give an intelligible statement or definition of even the fundamental doctrines on which their religion is based, or support them with any strength when assailed.

Though correctness in doctrine were a matter of minor importance to Christians, since being such, they possess the characteristic of chief value, yet it is very otherwise with those who are not Christians, and who are to make up their estimate of religion by the doctrines on which it is based. These men do, and have a right to test every doctrine, to trace each in its bearings upon every other, and all in the matter of their general harmony. Doctrines manifestly unnatural and contradictory, can not but bewilder men, who, unlike to Christians, have had no personal experience to evince the genuineness of religion.

The first film of ice is scarcely perceptible; keep the waters stirring and you will prevent the ice from hardening it; but once let it film over and remain so, it thickens over the surface, and it thickens still, and at last it is so solid that a wagon might be drawn over the solid water. So with conscience, it films over gradually, and at last it becomes hard, unfeeling, and it can bear up a weight of iniquity.—Bishop Simpson.

Pray to God, but row ashore.

JESUS SHALL BE SATISFIED.

BY REV. W. L. NOYES.

When, from what considerations, and what does this satisfaction involve?

The prophet says, "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied." This must be, evidently, in the grand consummation, when his mediatorial work is accomplished, and his redeemed are gathered home to "be with" Christ and to "behold his glory."

Taking a broad survey of the scheme of salvation, in its inception, and in its completion, in its purpose and in its results, he shall be satisfied. He shall be satisfied because in the atonement he made the amplest provisions for the salvation of all. No one, of any age or class, can ever plead that he was not provided for in Christ's redemptive work, for in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted with him. This applies to the heathen as it did to the ancient Romans. "For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead; so that they, 'even the heathen,' are without excuse." He shall be satisfied because he has ordained the most abundant means for the announcement of the "great salvation" and for the enforcement of truth.

He sent the Spirit to "reprove the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment;" also to enlighten and convict, to comfort and sanctify. He gave his Word to the disciples and to the world, saying: "Now ye are clean through the Word." It is the "power of God unto salvation." Also it has pleased God to save believing souls by "the foolishness of preaching." Prayer is an agency, divinely appointed, whose power the church and the world little realize. Christian influence, in its broad and universal sense, is a means of grace whose efficiency we can not estimate.

Another source of satisfaction shall be that so many are saved. John, in his vision, heard the number of them that were sealed,—an hundred and forty and four thousand" (Jews); after this, "a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations" (Gentiles). And so Christ's mission is to be a grand success, which will afford infinite satisfaction.

Without these considerations how could he be satisfied? If the Son of God saw the race of man fallen, "plunged in a gulf of deep despair," and he, and he alone, had power to make their escape possible, how could he, who is the embodiment of all conscience, sympathy and love, be satisfied until such provision was made? How could he be satisfied without the most thorough and explicit announcement of his plan to all whom it concerned?

Precisely as we would expect, he did all an infinite "Savior" could do. He exhausted all the divine resources, gave himself. "What could have been done more that I have not done?" "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither would they be persuaded though one rose from the dead," is equivalent to saying, "Those who reject the testimony given would not be influenced by any testimony. Those who heed not the invitations of the gospel, in all the breadth and emphasis with which they are given, would heed no invitation."

But this satisfaction must be of broader scope than merely to include the "hundred and forty and four thousand" and the "great multitude . . . before the throne." It must embrace the entire race, the lost as well as the saved. Christ must, evidently, be satisfied with his entire work, including all its vast results, infinite, eternal though they be.

How awful, then, is the end of the wicked! If Jesus has done all that he could do, so that in the "perdition of ungodly men" he is satisfied, what utter despair must seize upon the finally impenitent!

To know that God loves us; that Jesus pleads for us, that the Spirit strives with us, that friends pray for us, is a relief, even to the impenitent, to-day. But let a soul be banished from the presence of God; fully conscious that Jesus is no longer anxious; that the Spirit no longer strives (Gen. 6:3), and that prayer no longer avails:—"I have madly broken loose from God and friends and truth and love,—am enwrapped in darkness and despair; I have no longer a motive to virtue, nor any power to reform; only vile associates,—and Jesus satisfied!" And here ends all hope.

Is this a true or false conception of a lost soul? If true, who can bear such torment? The satisfaction of Jesus over the lost soul must be to that soul "the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched."

In view of such opposite destinies,—the one so glorious, the other so unendurable, what vast responsibilities rest upon the disciples of Jesus, whose important mission it is to win souls!

MY PEDO-BAPTIST FRIEND.

BY T. J. WAFUL.

A few years ago, in conversation with a pedo-baptist minister, I inquired in relation to his views respecting the baptism of Jesus. In answer to the inquiry he said, "I believe that when Jesus was baptized, he knelt on the bank of the stream, and that John with hyssop, which he dipped in the water, sprinkled Jesus therewith for baptism." Here allow the inquiry, what exposition of language, either skeptical or religious, could be more at variance with the meaning of the words setting forth the baptism of Jesus? Suppose my pedo-baptist friend

and myself were standing beside a stream of water, and I should say to him, I see a man going up "straightway out of the water." Think you, would he be likely to look upon the bank of the stream, to behold the man? Should I point him to the bank of the stream, to show the locality of the man, would he not say to me, "The man you point out is on dry land, but you said you saw a man going up straightway out of the water?" Your statement of vision and the facts, in the case are wholly irreconcilable, according to any known rule of interpretation of language. Moreover, no man can go "up straightway out of the water," if he is not in the water. Who would say that such correction is not in harmony with the other proper interpretation of language? I will have no further disagreement with my friend about the baptism of Jesus, if he will show me how, when Jesus was baptized, he "went up straightway out of the water; if he was not in the water, but "on the bank of the stream."

PLAIN TALK ABOUT MISSIONS.

BY REV. J. PHILLIPS.

We recollect hearing, in Calcutta many years ago, an annual missionary sermon from Dr. A. Duff, the Scotch Free Church Missionary, in which language like the following was used. We write from memory:

"What is now contributed for Missions, is doled out in mere dribblets, with a grudging, grumbling, grasping, parsimonious hand. Self is fairly represented by Dives sitting in the parlor, clothed in purple and fine linen, faring sumptuously every day; while the cause of Christian benevolence may be set forth in the person of Lazarus the beggar, clothed in rags, full of sores, lying at the rich man's gate, desiring to be fed with the very crumbs that fall from the lordly table. And now, brethren, we propose that this order be reversed. Let us place self on the dung-hill, and the cause of Christ in the parlor. Such an arrangement would far better represent the true merits of the case, than what now exists."

In an annual Missionary sermon by C. H. Spurgeon, on the "Friendship of Christianity," from the text, "And all the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord; and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee," we read the following:

"Now, brethren, I have reminded you of this doctrine, which I believe is held by most of you, not because I thought you needed confirming in the belief of it, but because the consideration of its joyful hope is likely to fire you with holy ardor. We shall not labor here, if we do not labor in hope. If we think mission work to be a forlorn enterprise, we shall go about it with faint hearts and slack hands. If we do not believe in a great success ultimately to come, we shall not use great means. We shall straighten ourselves in action, if we narrow our expectations. Certainly, we have not used very great means yet, for all the missionary operations being carried on in the world are very little more than casting the crumbs from under our table to the poor heathen dogs. We have not done so much as to give the fragments of the gospel feast to the nations. A few cheese parings and candle ends, Christians have given away to missions, but little more. Liberty has barely yielded the tail-corn of her barn, and the dregs of her wine fat. We have not learned self-denial for Christ, and pinching ourselves for his service is a rare thing among us. The men that have gone abroad, have not always been the pick and chief of the church, honor to them that they have gone at all, but small honor to the men of greater ability, who ought to have gone forth, but have laid out their talents in some poor worldly business, and occupied their time in a far less worthy cause. If the church expects small results from Missions, I readily concede that she is acting consistently with her anticipations; and if she has given up the work as a hopeless case, I think she is doing about as little as she could, with the bare appearance of obeying her Lord's command, to evangelize the nations. May the day come when her spirit shall revive, when she shall feel that the earth belongs to Christ, and shall hear her Master's voice pleading like thunder, within her conscience, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.' May she arise to the dignity of her position and perceive that her field is the world, since the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof. All things are possible to him that believeth; may we receive the faith that subdues nations! When the Church is ready for great events they shall occur to her."

This certainly is very plain talk, but not more so, than that of another great preacher, who holds the following language, viz:

"So likewise whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he can not be my disciple."

"Whosoever will save his life shall lose it, but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospels, the same shall save it."

"The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

"If any man come after me let him deny himself [Renounce his own service] take up his cross daily and follow me."

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

And still another noted preacher has said: "How shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?" Seeing then that we have such hope, we use great plainness of speech.

Santipore, India, Nov. 6.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1876.

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THE POSITION OF RUSSIA.

Voltaire, after many vicissitudes of fortune, having reached an advanced age, once more turned his steps towards Paris; and, when stopped by the officers of the customs, as he reached a gate of the city, with the inquiry if he had any contraband goods with him, he replied, "No, no; there is nothing contraband here but myself": so, when the Czar, Alexander II, made his recent memorable speech at Moscow, on the Turkish question, we imagine ourselves asking him as to whether he intends war, and receiving, for answer that the risks of war remain with himself. The speech of the Czar has created a profound sensation throughout Europe. He said, "My wish is to the uttermost to spare Russian blood. Therefore I have striven and will still strive to obtain a real improvement of the position of the Christians by peaceful means. In a few days negotiations will commence at Constantinople. My most ardent wish is that we may arrive at a general agreement. Should this, however, not be achieved, and should I see that we can not obtain guarantees necessary for carrying out what we intend to demand from the Porte, I am convinced that the whole of Russia will respond to my summons should I consider it necessary and Russia's honor requires it. Moscow will lead the van by its example. May God help us to carry out our sacred Mission!"

This speech has awakened great enthusiasm throughout the whole empire of Russia. City and town councils, merchant's and tradesmen's guilds, sects, assemblies of the clergy, and all classes, have declared their readiness to fly to accomplish the demands of the Czar. Next come tidings that the Czar has ordered a part of the Russian army to prepare for military movements; then that these movements have commenced; then that peace will probably prevail; and then that the probabilities of war have increased. True, Prince Gortchakoff has issued a circular to Russian representatives at foreign courts, saying that the Czar does not wish war, though he is determined that the principles of justice shall be carried out in Turkey under efficacious guarantees; but, we have learned from the history of kings and governments the painful lesson that high sounding phrases often conceal a deadly purpose, and the question of war or peace between Russia and Turkey now hinges upon the interpretation which the Czar may be pleased to give his own words.

The conference at Constantinople is very well. Suppose, however, that Turkey will not admit the demands of Russia, as made at that conference. What then? Will Russia in that event, call an international conference, and submit the case to arbitration? Or, will she rush to war? We have sorrowful apprehensions that the latter course would be adopted. Besides, what is the temper of Turkey in this matter? All accounts assure us that enthusiasm rages at Constantinople as well as at Moscow. Will the Turks, moved by religious fanaticism and aroused by intense fervor to fight, listen to the demands of Russia?

These are the requests made of Turkey by the Czar: 1. The disarmament of the entire population of Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Bulgaria, without distinc-

tion of creed; 2. The abolition of irregular troops; 3. The transfer to Asia of the Circassians settled in Europe; 4. The language of the country to be introduced into the public offices and tribunals; 5. A native Christian to be appointed Governor by the Porte in each province; and the appointment of a permanent Commission of supervisors, composed of the counsels of the great Powers.

It seems almost certain that Turkey will not make all these concessions. If not, then the prospect is an awful one indeed. A war, in which religious fanaticism will give additional fury to the political power, is liable to break forth.

Yet, those who pray and labor for peace must not lose heart. There are still left some barriers in the way of war. We mention at least one of these obstructions.

The financial position of Russia is a powerful restraint upon her warlike ambition; she can ill afford to go to war. Notwithstanding her vast area, and ample resources, and great population, she groans now beneath an enormous debt. For years the nation has been sinking deeply into debt; her paper currency is depreciated so that a paper rouble is twenty-five per cent. below par; she owes now probably \$2,000,000,000; taxes are collected with difficulty; the mere rumor of war made Russian funds fall twenty per cent. in one crash at London and Paris; and a war would impair, and possibly destroy, her credit with the capitalists of Europe, and bring on a financial depression the extent of which no human sagacity can foresee. It is to be hoped, therefore, that Russia will hesitate to embark upon a war certain to be very costly, and to add enormously to her present financial embarrassment. Indeed, if nations would simply consult their financial interests, wars would come to an end, peace societies would lose their vocation, and we would stand much nearer than we do now to the happy day of national disarmament and peaceful arbitration.

THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

The week of prayer is close at hand. Have the churches been getting ready for it? We are promised all things that it is useful for us to have in answer to prayer. If we take God at his word, and do the things required of us, we may see such an improvement in living and in worship as will make heaven itself rejoice.

This country has never been in a condition when it so greatly needed the influences and results of a dignified, manly and unfinching Christian spirit as it does now. The old ship of State is among breakers. It is well nigh surrounded by them. There is just the narrowest way out; and only the passion-subduing, wisdom-giving spirit of the great Master can possibly make the passage in safety. Let Christians everywhere seek the Lord; let the spirit of prayer prevail in the churches and in the family; let there be a persistent, holy purpose, on the part of the people, to get out of our national difficulties only by the right way, and an influence will go abroad in the land that politicians and partisans can no more resist than they could the demand for the emancipation proclamation.

The people, if they insist on it, can oblige the politicians to let the country out of its perils safely and honorably. And nothing would help the people so much in this respect as a faithful observance of that day of the week of prayer set apart for the nation's welfare.

Nearly all benevolent enterprises are in a needy condition. Missionary societies are going in debt, and educational work is hindered by the same drawback. To be sure, your matter-of-fact person will say, and rightly, that it is a revival of business that we need to relieve those wants. But there is also needed a revival of the self-denying, generous and charitable Christian spirit throughout the churches, which if we could have, songs of relief would soon be heard where now there are destitution and mourning.

So we earnestly beseech all our churches and all our readers, that in behalf of the national peril, in behalf of all benevolent work, in behalf of a true Christian spirit in the family and throughout the community, in behalf of falling churches, indifferent professors and all sinners, in behalf of the youth, and of temperance, and of every effort calculated to help and bless humanity, they give themselves this one week to meditation and prayer and all noble efforts, that their life through all the other weeks of the year may be a richer possession to themselves and the world.

REV. CHARLES O. LIBBY.

After a lingering illness this dear brother passed to his rest Thursday afternoon at four o'clock. More than two years ago his nervous system yielded to the severe strain brought upon it, partly by his anxiety for the success of the missionary work in which he was engaged, and partly by his almost constant efforts in behalf of that work, and during that time death has been gradually advancing upon him. But his faith and hope were steady and abounding to the end. So, to a great degree, was his interest in religious and secular affairs. Only last summer he, for the second time, served his adopted city (Dover, N. H.) as one of her representatives in the Legislature, and not until the approach of autumn did he fully yield to the encroaching disease that drove him from the activities of life. His death at last was as peaceful as the close of a summer day. In the midst of his fami-

ly, crowned with years and honor, with scarcely a physical motion his spirit passed away, so that one could hardly say when the earthly life ended and the immortal began. Fitting passage from Christian service to a Christian's reward.

As a pastor in various places, and especially as Secretary of our Foreign Missionary Society during the last fifteen years, Bro. Libby was widely known and everywhere esteemed. His robust form, his cheerful manner, his hopeful spirit, his always active humor, and his steady, unwavering faith which operated like a tonic wherever he appeared, made his presence ever grateful and welcome. From Maine to Iowa the announcement of his death will come like a personal bereavement to many a family circle, where he will be recalled as the man of robust health and of devotion to the work that was so dear to him, and they will be amazed afresh at the way death conquers strength and purpose and bodily vigor, and brings them thus suddenly to the grave. Be ye also ready, for the hour of his coming no man may know.

Our own loss by this death is that of a personal friend. His office was only one door from our own, and many a ten minutes' call has he made here in the midst of work already wearisome, and left an influence that was like a breeze from the hills in summer time. Thus he always moved among men. He was never a stranger long. His social qualities soon made him acquaintances, and it needed only the opportunity, for these to soon esteem him as a friend. It was ever a cheerful, hopeful spirit that he showed to men. Even when the cares and needs of the Mission were weighing the most heavily upon him, he resolutely kept his fears only to be discussed with a few intimate friends, or with the proper officers of the Board. I can pass through this life but once, he used to say; I will try and not add to his gloom.

The influence of such a man is blessed. One of the bad things about our daily life is that we so often dole out our fears to those who are already foreboding enough, and lay our burdens upon those who are already bending beneath their own. If those who knew and esteemed our dear Brother would consistently try to be like him in this respect, one of the excellent influences of his life, and one of the most wholesome expressions of the Christian religion, would be greatly multiplied and extended in the world.

The funeral services were held at the Washington street church in Dover, Monday afternoon, and consisted of the usual devotional exercises, and remarks by different persons on some prominent characteristic of the deceased. It was an impressive occasion. The day itself was full of suggestions. Besides these, there was the striking contrast between the silent form of this white haired man upon his bier, and the bounding, exultant life of youth, full of promise and hopefulness, that gathered in the vestries in a few hours following the funeral services, to hold its Christmas festival. Even in this the spirit of our departed friend must have rejoiced, if it were conscious of earthly things.

The services were attended by many citizens, including the clergymen of the place, the Board of Education, of which Mr. Libby had been chairman, and the City Government, of one branch of which he was formerly president. It is by marks of esteem like this that useful men are followed when they die. And among all these classes his life still exercises a blessed influence, drawing their thoughts to the religion which he exemplified and honored before them.

But there is one circle remaining, to which this death is too sacred a thing for any words of ours. The family from which the true husband and father goes out has left in it a place vacant forever. That is the heart's own loss. We do not invade its presence. For no human philosophy could explain or hardly lighten it. But for the heavenly peace and consolation, bereft indeed were those who sustain such a loss. Beyond the waiting and the weeping, beyond the valley and the shadow, there is no death and no loss.

Bro. Libby was sixty-five years old at the time of his death.

A PECULIAR COUGH.

Some one has said that there is no surer sign of an inherent meanness of spirit than to always talk about being gentle. These are the people who make abundant excuses for the commonplace position in life which they suppose others assign to them. They have been unfortunate, their health has been poor, their privileges have been limited, stones and rubbish and troublesome bushes have made their road in life hard to travel; and it will be noticed that the difficulties of which they complain most are of the nature of stones and bushes, for instance, which a few days of hard work would have cleared out of the way. Once, they say, they were possessed of an ambition. Certain friends had assured them that a wonderful talent but needed the training to be duly appreciated. As a consequence, they have been making themselves miserable through the years, and pouring their stereotyped story alike into willing and unwilling ears. They make no secret of their inner hopes, fast forsaking them. "Unlucky," is the burden of their cry.

Children will cough rather than to go unobserved, is a well put illustration;—so will older people. In many cases the cough is obstinate.

These ravenous cravers after universal

sympathy get but little besides a condescending pity.

Do we enjoy condescending pity? But then, we are sure we can not make ourselves as disagreeable. Are we sure of that? It is trite to say that we suppose we should be just as weak if we were in another's place, but the remark seldom comes from the heart. We are all lovers of self and in a sense should be. The thing is not to forget that others also love themselves, and on that fact exercise a generous charity.

All this uneasiness in regard to one's self, taken with the native efforts to make that better self apparent to others, all this proves that we are in a state of growth. There is positive satisfaction in the thought that we are not complete, that these awakenings for a higher life may become real some time, that the end is not yet. Sad would be our lot if the end were near. Great hopes are not realized in a day, nor are the greater hopes of mankind satisfied with an earthly life.

Then let us be patient with each other, for each has a story to tell to some one, and blessed is our lot if that some one is patient with us.

This peculiar cough has a practical side, which we will pass by at present. How much one should suffer from what one deems an undue garrulity is a question, and when it is one's duty to practically say "shut up" is another question.

REV. C. O. LIBBY'S RELIGIOUS LIFE. A brief record of the public portion of Bro. Libby's religious and ministerial life will interest his many acquaintances. It would be impossible to speak of its daily and always joyous manifestations. He was converted in his native town of Gorham, Me., in 1831, and, with several relatives, united with the Congregational church in that town, of which his parents were already members. But his own convictions on the subject of baptism led him, in 1843, to be immersed, at which time he with his wife united with the Freewill Baptist church. He soon felt an irresistible duty to preach the gospel, and after a severe experience he determined to enter upon that work. He first preached to a small church in Standish, Me., where there were several conversions, and then entered upon his first pastorate, which was over the Scarborough and Cape Elizabeth churches, dividing his pastoral work between them. He remained here eight years, and then went to So. Parsonfield, where he also remained eight years. He then labored with the No. Berwick church one year, after that five years with the Candia church, and then two years with the Wells church, which was his last pastorate. Each of these pastorates was characterized by prosperity in both the spiritual and temporal affairs of the church. His business talent, which enabled him to serve the Foreign Mission Society so successfully, was always made a blessing to the churches that employed him, although it was always kept in subjection to claims of a spiritual and higher nature. He resided in Dover eight years, and, as we have already intimated, was called to important public positions.

CAUTION. We are informed by one of our brethren called to act on a council for the admission of a professed minister of the gospel to one of our churches, that the examination revealed the fact that the applicant had already been connected with the Presbyterians, Methodists, Wesleyans, Disciples, Christians, Union Church, and had applied for admission to the Baptists. He was not encouraged, and it is no act of genuine kindness to encourage religious tramps anywhere.

MT. MORIAH F. B. ASSOCIATION. The minutes of the last meeting of this Association, which was held with the Bethlehem church, in Monroe Co., Mississippi, show that it is in a hopeful condition and eager for work. It is composed of twenty-one churches in Alabama and Mississippi, all supplied with pastoral service, and having a membership of six hundred and two persons. The Association feels the need of Home Missionary and Evangelistic work, and at this session appointed a person to travel among its churches and stir them up to good works. May the spirit and power attend him.

All money for Foreign Missions should be sent to the Treasurer of the Society, REV. NAHUM BROOKS, Manchester, N. H.

ORDERS FOR DISCONTINUANCE. When a subscriber desires to stop his paper, for any reason satisfactory to himself, he is not relieved from the obligation of paying for it by simply returning it to the office of publication. If we see a name on the paper we do not know but it came back because misdirected, and instead of stopping it, we take more pains in sending it. If the words, "stop my paper," are written on it, the subscriber not only violates law by so writing, but, if the town and state are not given, we can not find the person's name among the twelve or fifteen thousand on our list.

Now if you decide to take a paper no longer, write to the publisher and say, "Please discontinue the paper that now comes to my address in the town of— and state of—," and sign your name in legible letters, and your wish will be

gratified. But to remove the name of a subscriber is always an unpleasant task, and we hope that you will consider the question well before discontinuing the Morning Star.

GATHERING THEM IN. The past week has marked the practical close of the great revival work at Chicago as conducted specially by Messrs. Moody and Sankey. No preaching service (save on the Sabbath) has been held, and yet no period since the commencement of the meetings has been more crowded with work, or more important. In addition to the noon prayer-meetings, which have been held in the Tabernacle, a succession of inquiry-room meetings have been held for different classes filling up the entire afternoon from 1 to 10 P. M. The object has been to become more intelligently acquainted with the new converts in order the better to understand their specific wants and help them to church homes, as well as to afford them better spiritual instruction and encouragement. In short, the wise effort has been to render the results of the meeting as permanent as possible by systematic care of the awakened on the part of the churches. Unlike many of our exchanges, we shall not attempt at present any "summing up" of the great results, nor any elaborate analogies of the evangelists and their methods, nor to cipher out the problem of their wonderful success by assuming factors which possibly do not belong to the calculation. We confess that our own state is not of sufficient size for the computation and that it will be time enough to give the answer when vouchsafed to us by Heaven's arithmetic. Apparently present results are not always ultimately real ones.

Denominational News.

Church Notes.

The church at New Market, N. H., has been gathered half a century. Eld. Osborne first raised the Freewill Baptist standard, in a school-house, surrounded then by a few families, who joyfully gathered to hear and believe. These labors were followed by the still more efficient and successful services of Rev. D. P. Cilley. The Holy Spirit fell in great power upon the whole town, when the voice of agonizing prayer and joyful song mingled in every breeze that swept the place, and gave glory to God in the saving power of the glorious gospel.

This work of divine grace laid the foundation for the neat and pleasant church building they now have. Immediately following its dedication, the "sainted and never to be forgotten" Elias Hutchins occupied its pulpit, and we need not say how well, or with what delight and improvement, the church and people listened to his sweet and earnest appeals. The church from the beginning has been greatly favored in its ministers. Not one has proved recreant to duty. Not one has failed by precept or example to show forth the gospel of God, up to the present day. We have just spent a pleasant Sabbath with them, though cold without. Bro. J. Malvern, late of Chicago, is now their pastor, pleasantly situated, and vigorously at work for the enlargement of the church, and the conversion of sinners. The meetings on the Sabbath are well attended, and excellent attention given the word spoken, with live prayer meetings, increasingly spiritual, convincing and saving.

Bro. Malvern is identified heartily and practically with the Reform Club, which is duly appreciated by the temperance people of the place. The club holds its weekly meetings, Sunday afternoon, which are well attended, and more thoroughly Christian in spirit and service than many temperance gatherings of similar Reform Clubs. The good accomplished by this, and other clubs, is beyond comprehension. Some, if not many, of the reformed, are from the gutter, now thoroughly Christians, and persons of intelligence and moral power. The blessed God is certainly working with them, to the surprise and astonishment of all.

At the close of a discourse on Home Missions, Sabbath morning, a collection was taken of \$22.50. We congratulate the church, and people of New Market upon having so able and valuable a clergyman with them as Bro. M., and may his pastorate and success be long continued.

Bowdoinham Ridge, Me., is the best agricultural part of the town. Its farms are well cultivated and stocked, producing many tons annually of surplus hay, and potatoes for market. But little removed from the beautiful waters of the Kennebec and M. C. Railroad, it enjoys the best facilities for transportation to Boston.

The entire community is almost exclusively of the Freewill Baptist faith. A neat brick meeting-house, on the tip-top-part of the Ridge, has long stood a beacon light to the people, and hallowed by the presence of the Holy One. It has witnessed glorious effusions of spiritual life to the church, and saving grace bestowed upon perishing sinners. Here our dear Bro. Quinnam long labored and preached Jesus, saw the divine glory and passed to his great and eternal reward. This pulpit is now filled by Rev. N. Preble, but who had already resigned his pastorate, and accepted an invitation to become the pastor of the church at Litchfield Plains, at the beginning of

the new year. For many years, Bro. P. has served this last named people, now recalled to serve still longer, from a love of the Lord's servant, and service in times past. There was a good gathering on the Sabbath and some interest felt in Missions, with a collection taken for Home Missions of \$15.75. Sunday evening we spent with the church at East Bowdoinham. Bro. E. Purinton supplies the pulpit, and works with a good will and warm heart for the salvation of the people and is very highly esteemed for his long and faithful services in the Master's cause, in this section of the State. The Sabbath school is superintended by a lady, and is marked for efficiency and permanent progress in its valuable work. The divine Word is closely studied and there is looked for a glorious outpouring of the Holy Spirit, as the winter closes. This church within two years has been heavily taxed in the erection of a very pleasant house of worship. So the collection for Home Missions was \$5.00, with prayers to God for his blessing on the Home Missions.] J. S. BURGESS, Cor. Sec.

To the Women of the F. B. Denomination.

At the annual meeting of the Board of Managers of the F. B. Woman's Missionary Society, its Committee on Missionary Intelligence were instructed to furnish more facts regarding women's missionary work, for the use of our women's missionary societies. We do not know to what extent the articles already published in the Star, under the head, "Woman's Miss. Work," are used in the meetings of the societies; but again we request our sisters to preserve in some form those that may hereafter appear, so as to have them at hand, ready for use whenever occasion offers. For the sake of convenience, we again suggest the use of a scrap book. COM.

Ministers and Churches.

REV. H. WHITCICKER is now supplying the church at Norwich, N. Y.

REV. D. C. WHEELER writes from Bath, Me., that a good work is in progress with the Corliss St. church.

REV. A. D. JONES closed his labors at North Berwick, Me., the second Sabbath in December, and has commenced labors with the church in Nottingham, N. H.

The Register omits by mistake the names of Rev. N. Brooks and C. S. Frost, licentiate, both of the Merrimack St. church, of Manchester, N. H.

FORT JACKSON, N. Y. The F. Baptist society here have built a very pleasant and commodious parsonage of which the pastor and family have now taken possession. Fourteen were added to this church last summer. May this winter bring in many more into the fold. CHAS. HURLIN.

WARREN, VT. For the second time within a year the Lord has seen fit to bless the people of Warren with mercy drops from the full cloud of his salvation. Wanderers have come home to Father's house to rejoice together with the new born convert. Among the converts are the youths, and the middle-aged; the school-girl, merchant, physician and mechanic. J. W. BURGESS.

EAST WILLIAMSTOWN, VT. The church at East Williamstown have had great reason to rejoice as they have been permitted to hear the cry of the wounded and the shout of the redeemed. Ten have come forward for prayers, and many more we think are deeply convicted. E. L. D. PRESTON.

EAST PENFIELD, N. Y. Last May I was called to Wayneport, about six miles from the East Penfield church, to attend the funeral of a little child. At the close of the service I was invited by one who was not a Christian to come and preach to them. Arrangements were made for a room, and I went there once in two weeks, and tried to break to them the bread of life. At one service there was not a single professing Christian present; at another service there was only one. Yet there was a deep interest manifested by non-professors, and to-day we are permitted to say that the parents who were called to part with their child last May, with some twenty others, have found the Saviour, and yesterday (Dec. 17) thirteen of them followed him in the ordinance of baptism. Among the number was a lady sixty-three years old, also a father, mother, son and two daughters, the youngest of whom is seventeen years of age. And to Him be all the glory who came to seek and to save that which is lost. C. B. HART.

DANVILLE, N. H. The audience room of the house of worship has been re-constructed and greatly improved. The sittings, instead of facing the entrance, have been put the other way, the pulpit put at the other end, and the seats for the choir put where the pulpit was. The place for the minister is of modern style, slightly elevated with a small desk. Substantial work and convenience appear in all and nothing for mere show. The re-dedication took place, Sabbath, Nov. 26. Rev. J. A. Lowell, the pastor, gave a very appropriate discourse, and the prayer of dedication was offered by Rev. J. Fullerton. Rev. J. Higgins assisted in the services. The assembly was large, all were attentive and the day was one of great interest to the people there. F.

Donations.

The people of East Penfield, N. Y., and vicinity, showed their willingness to support those that labor with them by making their pastor and family a donation amounting to \$105.00, Dec. 13. COM.

On the evening of Dec. 13, a goodly number gathered at the Hall near the parsonage, in Fort Jackson, N. Y., and after a season of social conversation and refreshments, some \$50.00 were handed the pastor, and thankfully received. CHAS. HURLIN.

WESTERN.

Donations.

We learn that the friends of Rev. J. Q. Wheeler of Mona, Iowa, met recently at the church and donated their pastor thirty-five dollars.

Poetry.

PANE PICTURES.

A wonder-worker all night long
Has wrought his task for me;
Now, by the cold and distant dawn,
His miracles I see;
His gravings on the window-pane,
Of magic tracery.

Here lifts an Alpine summit, steep
As is the heavenly stair,
A way-side cross below the path,
But not a pilgrim there;
No sad face of humanity,
No agony of prayer.

And here, before a lonely lake,
A fringe of reeds and fern;
Across the water's crystal chill
No dying suns burn.
You hear not on that rusby shore
The call of brake or fern.

Here lies a crowd of broken boughs.
A windfall in the woods;
Some wild and wandering hurricane
Hath wrecked these solitudes.
But on that tangled dreariness,
No living step intrudes.

And here is Arctic waste and woe;
A glacier's mighty face,
Majestic in its awful march,
Slow seaward from its place.
Beneath that frown of solemn death
There lives no human trace.

But slowly from the joyful East
Ascends the dawning sun!
Before his look of light and life
The magic is undone;
The graceful pictures on the pane
All vanish, one by one.

Alas! must all the songs I sing,
The traceries of my brain—
The little stories sad and glad—
Be uttered all in vain?
And vanish when the Master comes,
Like pictures on the pane?

Or will they, in some kindly heart
Remembered, sing and shine.
For wrought from man's humanity
Not feeling frost, are mine;
I love not to be quite forgot;
To die and leave no sign.

—Scribner.

Family Circle.

"LIZ."

"Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them!"

rattled Charlie, thumping in time with his fist on the table; "now! Cannon's a common noun; third person!"

"Oh, let me! I know!" cried Liz, running around from her side of the table, dish-towel in hand—"third person, singular number, neuter gender, nominative case, I agree with—"

"Go ahead!" jeered Charlie; "you do know with a vengeance! Look here, Anna, she wants to know what cannon agrees with. 'For my word, if she isn't the stupidest!'"

"I wish you'd be quiet," said Anna, "we actually can't hear ourselves speak for your noise."

"Maybe it agrees with girls, understood," persisted Charlie; "the kind that won't go up stairs after dark."

Liz felt the scoff, and her brown cheeks flushed; but not being very ready with sharp answers, she merely looked her anger and went back to her dishes. She was wiping the tea-things while Anna washed. Anna was their cousin, though not much of a favorite with either of them; for Charlie complained that she wouldn't help him with his lessons, while Liz envied her because she was grown up and saw company. To keep these elements in order was Aunt Janet in her rocking-chair on the other side of the room.

Aunt Janet and Anna talked, and Liz wiped away in silence till there came another outburst from the young student.

"Look at this!" he cried, his eyes flashing, "just see what she's done, will you, with her smartness!"—and he held up his Latin exercise, and showed a row of blisters where unhappy Liz had spat-tered it with her dripping cups and saucers.

"Take all your books on your own side of the table," said Aunt Janet, quietly. "You shouldn't leave them in the way." Aunt Janet was chary of her words, and had, besides, a tone in giving her orders, which commanded attention.

So Charlie stopped his fault-finding, though he hustled his goods about in a very sulky way.

Then came another interval of peace, and conversation throve, and dish-washing and wiping were nearly at an end, when Charlie took his pen and began, in a large, round hand, to make his "Transposition;" and then Liz, who by that time had about forgotten the snubbing he had given her, as usual must interfere.

"That isn't the way I make an f," she said; "I don't curl it around like that. Look here!" and seizing another pen, she dipped it in the ink and was about to show what she could do, when down came a great blot on the clean white paper. Charlie sprang from his chair in a rage.

"I wish you'd mind your own business!" he cried. "Just look at that now! What do you suppose I care how you write? I wish you'd mind your dishes, and let me alone. You're the most!"

"Stop," said Aunt Janet. "Get another sheet of paper. A blot isn't worth half that noise. And do you, Elizabeth, attend to your work."

Liz returns to her towel. She had been wiping a glass saucer or preserve-dish, and her haste to display her acquirements, had left it wrapped in the

towel on the sideboard. She seized the towel, but alas! forgot the saucer, which, slipping from its hiding-place, fell with a crash to the floor. Liz shrieked, and then stooped for the pieces.

Aunt Janet now approached the scene. The shining bits were scattered over the carpet. "Don't take them in your hands," she said; "you will be cut, and the splinters might get into your fingers. Get the dust-pan and brush." Poor anxiety bore the loss of her saucer very patiently, such things were to be expected whenever Liz undertook to be useful.

The little girl, with many expressions of sorrow, swept up the glass and threw it in the fire.

"Now," said Aunt Janet, "give Anna the towel. You have wiped enough for this evening. Go to your lessons."

She brought her books and seated herself as if to study, but the saucer was in her head, and there was room for nothing else. And then Charlie would dram and hum and rattle his papers, and study out loud; and Anna kept talking, talking. No wonder that little of poor Liz's lessons touched her brain, and that less still lodged in it.

"Do you know," she presently heard Anna say, "the Dyers have heard what Mr. Mount said about them here the other evening?"

"What Mr. Mount said about them," repeated Aunt Janet, vaguely; "why, what did he say?"

"Why, that they were forever in the street, and so late at night. Don't you remember? He said he ran against them one evening down-town, after ten o'clock."

Aunt Janet was silent, her thoughtful eyes resting on the children at all, she would have seen Liz's face flush, and her fingers twitch nervously as she leaved over her grammar. "How could they have heard it?" said the aunt, at last.

"Who could have told them?"

Anna said something, and then Aunt Janet spoke again, but Liz heard not a word. A deadly battle was raging in the little girl's heart. Charlie heard her labored breathing, and looking up, saw that her face had turned very pale. She rose, and stepping towards her aunt, paused behind Charlie's chair.

"Aunt Janet," she said.

The words were so faint that they were unnoticed.

"Aunt Janet," going a step nearer, "I did it."

The lady turned her eyes. "You did what?"

"I told them. I told Sarah Dyer what Mr. Mount said."

There was a dead silence. And then, Aunt Janet's eyes flashed righteous indignation.

"And my niece is a talebearer, is she?" she said, at length. "Go to your room, Elizabeth, and don't leave it till to-morrow. Stop a moment," she added, as the girl in silence prepared to obey.

"Do you know what you have done? Do you know that you can't be trusted any more—that people will be afraid to speak before you after this?"

The tea-things were put in their places, and then Anna brought her sewing and a book, and read and sewed by turns. But there was no more talk. Aunt Janet sat in silence by the fire, and Anna knew that the burden of her thoughts was—"My niece a talebearer. My niece a talebearer."

And Charlie was going over and over

"THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE."

"Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,"

Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode the six hundred."

"Ah!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm, "men are brave, though; aren't they, Anna?"

"Some men are," she answered coolly, "and some are brave who are not men."

"Boys! that's so. I think I'd have faced that music about as well as—"

"I didn't mean you; I was thinking of a little girl."

"A girl!" with round, wondering eyes. "What girl, pray?" Then, after a pause, "Do you mean Liz?"

"Liz," he began, as they walked in company to school next morning, the little girl in advance, with her hat drawn very much over her face, "Liz, what made you tell on yourself, like that, last night?"

"I couldn't help it," she answered, without turning her head. She faced about presently, bringing Charlie to a stand; and then he saw that the little freckled face was very pale, with dark rims under the eyes. "I couldn't help it," she repeated. "To hear poor aunt say, 'Who could have told them?' and there I sat, not three yards off, and she no more suspecting me than she did that saucer! I couldn't bear it. It was too much like what you call 'sailing under false colors,' Charlie."

"But, Charlie," she went on in a shaky voice, "do you think it will be so—as aunt said? Will people never want me about, for fear of my telling tales?"

"That depends," he answered. She looked up inquiringly; but said no more, and they trudged on in silence. A new train of ideas had been started in Charlie's mind, and many a curious glance he threw at his little companion. There was something about her he didn't quite understand; poor, ignorant, gossiping, headlong Liz; with her snub nose and her

freckles, and all in such a framing of elf-locks; something in her steady look, and in the way she carried her head, that he had never noticed before. And then, too, for the first time in his life, Charlie began to doubt himself. From time to time the query would come, "Would I have done it? Would I have owned up in that way?"

They had reached the school-house, and Liz's hand was on the lock, when Charlie, springing up the steps, stopped her for a moment.

"Liz," he said, in a low voice, but very earnestly, "you don't mean to tell any more, do you?"

"What, tales?"

"Yes."

Her eyes answered, though she spoke slowly—Liz was learning to weigh her words—

"Never!"—Christian Weekly.

THE ROBIN'S VISIT.

Once a robin flew into a pretty room; and just as he went in, the wind banged the window-blinds shut, so he could not get out again.

At first he did not mind, but flew about and lit on the bright picture-frames, and wished his pretty wife were with him to enjoy the pleasant place. Then he rested on the back of a small chair, and then he saw another robin!

"O-ho!" sang he to himself,—"here is some one else. I must speak to him: 'Whew! Mr. Robin, glad to meet you. My name is Cock Robin. What do they call this place?'"

But the other robin did not answer. He only opened his mouth and jerked his head from side to side just as Mr. Cock Robin did. You see the other robin lived in the looking-glass and could not speak.

"A rude fellow!" chirped Mr. Cock Robin to himself. "Not worth talking to! Ah! yonder are some fine cherries! I'll eat some."

The cherries were in a bowl on the table. Mr. Cock Robin helped himself. Then he decided to try the other bird once more.

"My friend," sang he softly, as he caught the stem of a fine cherry in his beak, and flew to the chair again, "here is a fine cherry for you;—Oh! Oh!"

Well might Mr. Cock Robin say, "Oh!" for there stood the other robin on just such a chair, offering him a cherry in the most polite manner!

"Thanks!" said Mr. Cock Robin. "But, my deaf and dumb friend, as we each have one, we need not stand on ceremony."

So both began to eat.

"He is a fine, sociable fellow after all," said Mr. Cock Robin.

The door opened, and in came a little girl.

"What's that?" cried Mr. Cock Robin, faintly to himself.

The girl clapped her hands for joy, and ran toward him.

Up flew Mr. Cock Robin in a great fright. He whisked past the looking-glass and saw that the other robin was badly scared also. Then he tried to fly out of a closed window where there were no blinds; but he only dashed against some very hard kind of air that hurt his sides. If he had been like you, he would have known that it was window-glass, and not hard air.

"Poor birdie!" said the little girl, as she threw open the window. "You shall go out if you want to."

In an instant, Mr. Cock Robin was flying through the sunlight to his little wife.

"Where have you been?" chirped she, as he reached the nest.

"Oh, I've been on a visit," said Mr. Cock Robin—and he told her all about it.

Soon Mrs. Cock Robin said, softly, "I should like to see that other one. Was he very handsome, my dear?"

"Handsome!" cried Mr. Robin, sharply. "Handsome! Not all, my dear—a very homely bird, indeed! Yes, ma'am—very homely, and as deaf as a post."

"How dreadful!" sighed Mrs. Cock Robin.

CHRISTMAS IN NORWAY.

The great festival of the year in Norway, as among all Germanic nations, is Christmas. Whether it owes all its sanctity to its association with the birth of the Saviour is, however, an open question; for many customs still kept alive in the remote valleys seem to point beyond the beginning of the Christian era, to the time when the Norsemen ate horse-flesh in honor of Odin and Thor and Frey.

The festival, as the retaining of the old name indicates, is as yet strongly tinged with reminiscences of the old pagan Yule. Tracing the character of Christ and his apostles as they appear in many popular *marchen* and legends, the conclusion lies near that the people have, consciously or not, transferred much that was dear to them in the old gods to the new deity, and thus, by a sort of compromise between the old faith and the new, have produced a divine type which is, at all events, sufficiently national to appeal strongly to their Norse hearts. This nationalizing of one's divinity is, of course, not peculiar to Norway; it would have been more singular if Norway had shown no trace of it.

The preparations for the Yule-tide, in the way of provisioning the house, would, to American eyes, look perfectly enormous. Baking and brewing and butchering keep the whole household busy during the last three weeks preceding the festival. And the fact that the process is repeated year after year probably proves that it is necessary. Every man, woman,

or child who comes within a stone's throw of the house during the holidays (which lasts until a week after New-Year) must be invited in and urged to eat and drink without regard for comfort. Even the birds are to have their share of the Christmas joy. As soon as the church-bells have "rung in the feast" at five o'clock in the afternoon of Christmas Eve, the father of the house takes his richest sheep of oats or barley and attaches it to the end of a pole, which is nailed to the gable of the barn or the store-house. The mother and the children stand by enjoying the sight of the happy birds fluttering around the shaft, while the father will perhaps quote the passage about God's care even for the sparrow, wherefore it is right that the sparrow too should rejoice on the day when Christ was born.

Among the many evening visitors which are sure to drop in to taste the Christmas brew, some are apt to be disguised by grotesque masks, and otherwise fantastically accoutered. These are called Yule-bucks, possibly because the most common mask may have been that of a goat or some other horned creature. At present I do not know that any special kind of disguise is preferred. The rule seems to be, the more grotesque the better.

The German custom of having poor children wander about on Christmas Eve, carrying a large lighted star of canvas, representing the star of Bethlehem, prevails also in Norway. No one can hear their shrill, tiny voices in the snow under their window, singing the dear familiar carols, and refuse them their well-earned penny.—Scribner for Jan.

FACTS.

—E. J. Lane & Co.

More about the Philippine Islands.

The Philippine Islands contain oxen, buffaloes, sheep, goats, swine, harts, squirrels, many species of the monkey, as well as lizards, snakes, crocodiles, huge spiders, white ants, mosquitoes, fire-flies; birds in great numbers, among which are the turtle doves, pheasants, birds of paradise and many very pretty species of paroquets. "Hives of wild bees hang from the branches, and along side of them are the nests of the humming birds dangling in the wind." The caves along the shores are the homes of the swallow, and in some of these caves enormous bats find a habitation. Fish and fowls are abundant.

Among their exports is the mother-of-pearl, amber and tortoise shell, as well as the more important ones of Manila hemp, sugar, tobacco, cigars, indigo, coffee, rice, dye-woods, birds, gold-dust and bees-wax.

A few words about the people. The mountain districts are inhabited by a negro race, most of whom are roaming savages and idolaters. The Tagals and Bisaya are the largest tribes. The most influential class are the *Mestizos*, who are the descendants of Chinese fathers and native mothers. There are a few Spaniards. The leading business houses are conducted by English and American merchants.

Severe thunder-storms and hurricanes are frequent. On Nov. 30, 1875, a dreadful hurricane caused the loss of 250 lives and destroyed 3800 houses, but we must remember that the houses, they live in are not nearly as large or strong as our houses. Perhaps our houses would be no better than theirs to withstand the hurricanes, but to have them destroyed would be a much greater loss. Many active volcanoes are scattered through the islands and at times do their peculiar work of destruction.

Destructive earthquakes often occur. The province of Zamboango, in the Mindanao, was visited by a terrible earthquake on Feb. 3, 1864, which leveled all the houses to the ground, and caused some of the smaller islands to disappear.

In 1864, Manila was destroyed by one. Manila, the capital, is thus described by a writer in *Harper's Magazine*:

"At the distance of 650 miles from Hong-Kong lies Manila, the principal seaport of the Philippines, upon the bay of the same name, which washes the shores of five provinces. On its broad bosom the navies of the world might ride at anchor. The earthquake-tossed city of Manila is a hot, dried-up place, with a population which is variously estimated at from 140,000 to 250,000, consisting of Spanish and Chinese, creoles and natives (Tagals) oddly if not picturesquely jumbled together. The city lies, surrounded by walls and wide ditches, on the southern bank of the Passig, which lazily flows along, covered with green scum, and bearing on its placid waters, whose languid flow resembles that of a Dutch canal, dead cats and dogs surrounded with weeds, like eggs in a dish of spinach. The canals and ditches in the hot, drying weather often cause death to the unaccustomed. Although next to Goa, the oldest city in the Indies, Manila, with its numerous monasteries, convents, barracks, etc., reminds one more of a Spanish provincial town than of an Oriental city."

Bible Questions.

[Answers in three weeks.]

132. What did the Jewish law require children to do for their parents?
133. What son cherished his father in his old age, and gave him a possession in the best of the land?
134. What example did our Lord set in obedience to his law?

[Answers requested from younger readers.]

Answers.

132. Gideon. Judges 6:19, 20.
133. Judah. Gen. 28:1-5.
134. Judges 6:1-7.
Answered by Bartle Hyde, who thinks that the answer should be Numbers 23:7-18. But that in Judges is older, though the book of Numbers precedes it. Nos. 130, 121 answered by John Hyde of the same place.

Literary Review.

It is gratifying to notice the various signs of the growing appreciation that is put upon reading as a graceful and elegant accomplishment. Public and private reading clubs are well, they are not so numerous as they might be, indeed, but at the same time there is enough of them to enable one to draw hopeful conclusions. As a means of entertainment and diversion, not to say real profit, during the winter evenings, there are few things better than a good reading club. Whether in town or country, city or village, the club may be made a real benefit. But we only set out to say that Lee & Shepard (Boston) supply excellent material for the use of such a club, in *MONROE'S PUBLIC AND PARLOR READINGS*, a volume of which has just been issued for younger readers, and also in the *HANDY SPEAKER*, for declamation is only next to reading as an accomplishment that is worth acquiring. The latter volume comprises the humorous, pathetic, patriotic and dramatic selections heretofore issued in parts by these publishers.—\$1.50 and \$1.00. For sale by E. J. Lane & Co.

The frontier spirit is still strong in the rising generation. That is one reason why the stories by Elijah Kellogg are so eagerly sought. They relate the daring deeds, thrilling adventures, hardships and dangers of the pioneers, and the real always stirrings of blood that has any really good stuff in it. There is just published (Lee & Shepard, Boston) a new volume by this author, entitled *BLACK RIFLE'S MISSION*, whose chief value to the less sensational class of readers will lie in the vivid descriptions that it gives of the course of domestic life in those days of forest homes and Indian ambushes. The rifle, the spinning wheel, the pitch knot torch when the luxury of a candle could not be afforded, and all the implements of a rude but hardy and honest life constituted the furniture as well as the ornaments of the home in those days, if we add to the latter the antlers, the bear skins and the fox brushes that, along with an occasional Indian scalp, were picturesquely displayed upon the cabin walls. For its picture of life amid such scenes, when Indian surprise and torture made alert heroes of everybody, and even the children dared to be brave, we especially like this volume. It may be added that *Black Rifle's Mission* was to avenge himself on the Indians for the most cruel losses sustained at their hands, and the story shows how severely he fulfills it.—\$1.25. For sale by E. J. Lane & Co.

Some of those dear old stories which have become established as the romances if not the classics of baby-hood, such as "Silver Locks and the Bears," "Jack and the Bean-stalk," "Little Red Riding-hood," "Cinderella," "Puss in Boots," &c., have been revised by Mrs. Clara Doty Bates and published in an attractive quarto volume by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. They bear the title of *CLASSICS OF BABY-LAND*, and are both illustrated and printed in fine style. There hasn't been a better thing done in this line in a long time than the picture that accompanies the "Story of the Five Little Pigs" in this volume. (50 cts.)

Oliver Ditson & Co., the well known Boston music publishers, have just issued *THE WORLD OF SONG*, a quarto collection of choice and popular songs, ballads and duets, with an accompaniment for the piano or reed organ. The selections are made with good taste and discrimination, and comprise some of the best things heretofore sent out from that house. It is just the book to have in the parlor for the winter evenings.

This new department (The Contributors' Club) in the *Atlantic Monthly* is just what we have been waiting to see. It is unique, and is likely to prove attractive. The editorial paragraph that introduces it, which at the same time explains its character and invites to membership in the club, is so well put that we reproduce it here:

"In this place the editors propose to avail themselves of such passages of their correspondence as have a public interest, hoping in this desultory fashion to secure some notable part of that opinion of events, manners, and letters which otherwise goes unuttered in print. They invite all writers who have minds upon any ethical or aesthetic subject briefly to free them here, and while they will not wittingly suffer a personal spite to be wreaked, they will especially welcome the expression of intellectual grudges of every sort. In like manner whoever has a strong predilection worthy the reader's consideration shall have the right to make it known under this head. New facts of literary or artistic value will also be very acceptable."

Accordingly we have a brief paper on "Story's Busts of Shelley and Keats," which deserves to be preserved in this way, a contrast of Morris's and Tennyson's treatment of mediævalism, "Art in Literature," an opinion of one of Brownings's poems, the wreaking of several intellectual grudges in excellent temper, and a classification of George Eliot's admirers, as follows:

I was talking not long ago with a lady of a literary turn about Daniel Deronda, and got myself into her good graces by saying that George Eliot's vast popularity was a mystery to me. She agreed with me that *Deronda* had a great deal to do with it, and said, "I have drawn up a classification of the novelists' admirers, which seems to explain her wide influence." I transcribe this table for you:

First Class. People who exalt George Eliot simply because she's a woman who writes thoughtful books.

Second Class. Men who wish to ingratiate themselves with women belonging to the first class.

Third Class. People who are disappointed in life, or unwell, and accordingly like her gloomy views. Also happy people who find her bitterness tonic, and young women who go to parties too often and want sadness in their novels, to suit the reaction that comes of sitting up late.

Fourth Class. This contains two varieties: first, those who never read philosophy and like to get a smattering of clumsy philosophic words in a novel; and second, those who never read novels, but are attracted by George Eliot's because they look like philosophy.

Fifth Class. The skippers.

Sixth Class. The intellectual aristocrats, who say that no other novelist introduces persons who know everything and are like the most cultured men and women of the day.

Seventh Class. Myself. (I do truly admire George Eliot's strength, though I don't like her books. There are some things so large that they don't leave room for likes or dislikes. They above prejudices aside just as a great steamer displaces more tons of water than a small one can.)

Some of your readers may think this a little frivolous; but to me it has a peculiar value as coming from a lady, herself a writer, and therefore free from any feminine jealousies.

The "Matin Song" by Bayard Taylor, set to music by John K. Paine, is not only a charming musical composition but is also about as complete a love song as one usually gets in two stanzas. But we have begun at the close of the magazine to notice its contents. "The

American," by Henry James, Jr., advances to its eighteenth chapter, and so does Frances Anne Kemble's "Old Woman's Gossip." If only all old women could gossip so charmingly and profitably as this one does! Longfellow pays a graceful poetical tribute to his friend Lowell, and there are also poems by "H. H.," by James Russell Lowell, and E. C. Steadman. Mr. Lathrop, Bayard Taylor and Aldrich are among the contributors, and the whole number is remarkably well sustained.—Boston: H. O. Houghton & Co.

Some cold and snowy evening sit down by your glowing grate and read Boyesen's illustrated article on "Norway and the Norsemen," in *Scribner's* for January. One almost fancies one's self among the fjords and frost palaces of that northern land, so admirably do both text and picture reproduce them. How one, as he looks at the pictures of them, envies the skoe-runners their pleasure as they are sliding gracefully down the snowy mountainside laden with game, or is touched with admiration as he looks at the engraving of Tiedeman's painting of "The Christmas-shaer for the Birds." What a charm there must be in living in the Norway that is here represented! What a handsome kug they have, if this portrait of Oscar II. is a true one—and we have no doubt that it is. But this article doesn't fill the magazine. Here is an excellent biographical and critical sketch of John Burroughs, who has lately come before the public again in "Notes on Walt Whitman," in which his real weight of conscience and the healthy and hearty flavor of honest criticism are really satisfactory. J. G. Holland has a poem, and so has Mr. R. W. Gilder, his associate in editing the magazine, and who sprang to so high a point of poetic fame last year in "The New Day." R. H. Stoddard and Charles De Kay also contribute poems, that of the former being a translation, and there are some amusing and witty rhymes by Margaret Eytling and Irwin Russell, besides a good piece of sarcasm on the modern house furnace, entitled "The Hole in the Floor." "Day Dreams," an illustrated poem by Hannah R. Hudson, is full of New England life pictures, and worthy the place it occupies. Among Dr. Holland's articles is one on "Museum Christianity," in which he mildly upbraids American churches for not having more of such men as Dr. Hall, Dr. Taylor, Rev. Mr. Murray, Phillips Brooks, and others who attract large audiences and do immense good through the help of their muscular qualities. Speaking of the newly imported pastor of "The Brick Church" in New York, Mr. Holland says:

"It is no dishonor to our theological institutions to go out of the country for such men, because America does not raise enough of them for her own use. When we produce them in sufficient numbers, we shall not be obliged to import them. And when we fully comprehend the fact that the body has quite as much to do with pulpits usefulness as the heart and the mind, and that one of the first conditions of that usefulness is high physical vitality, we shall give physical culture the attention that it demands, and ultimately raise our own preachers."

New York: Scribner & Co.

It has been reserved for our Catholic friends to discover that there is "no better example of the tameness of the American mind than Whittier." It has also been discovered—we quote from an article in the *Catholic World* for January—that in his treatment of his themes, which this critic describes as being "trivial and commonplace," Mr. Whittier "rarely, if ever, rises above the level of the verse-maker." Because his poems are mostly short, the author wants "no other evidence of Whittier's poverty of imagination." It is also found that "his verse, like a sluggish stream, creeps languidly along, and that his utterances are mere 'ravings,' which epithet certainly does not agree very well with the comparison of his verse to sluggish water. His descriptive pieces 'seem artificial and mechanical,' while he 'is even feeble in his attempts to portray character than in his description of scenery.' And so we might go on to quote these *catholic* utterances about the purest and sweetest man among us. But, to quote once more, "it is needless to load our page with these nonsense" expressions. Whittier has dared to sing the truth about many things that strike at the base heart of Catholicism. Hence these "ravings." If the article in question were only well written, that, at least, would be so far creditable to the author.—In this number a paper on "What Is Dr. Nevins' Position?" another on "Modern Thought in Science," and one on "Testimony of the Gospels to the Primacy of St. Peter" have some claim to a place in a representative magazine. New York: The Catholic Publication House.

Literary Miscellany.

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

No man's religion ever survives his morals.—South.

It is no use running; to set out betimes is the main point.—La Fontaine.

There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many.—Emerson.

In the sea of axiomatic truth, materialism swims with fins of lead.—Joseph Cook.

There are men whose whole lives are spent in willing one thing and desiring the opposite.—Lecky.

Most of the rules and precepts of this world run this way: to drive us out of ourselves into the world, for the benefit of society.—Montaigne.

The diseased nervous sensibility that accompanies intense mental exertion, the weary, wasting sense of ignorance and vanity, the disenchantment and disintegration that commonly follow a profound research have filled literature with mournful echoes of the words of the royal sage: "In much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."—Lecky.

A SERENE OLD AGE.

I once knew a dear old lady—so sweet, so bright, so clever, wearing her eighty years as "lightly as a flower." When you talked with her you would have thought her a woman of thirty, so full was she of all the quick sympathy of youth, the wise tenderness of middle age. Of the weaknesses of old age she had absolutely none. Her interest in all those about her was such that she never seemed to think of herself at all. No complaint, no murmur, at her own ailments—and she had ailments and sorrows too—ever fell from her lips; her only anxiety was about the cares of other people, and how she could lighten them, in great things and small. Her bounty knew no limits except her means, which were not great; but, she once said, smiling, "I need so little; and then you see, my dear, I always pay my bills every week, so as to give no trouble to anybody afterward." Thus she kept house, with the utmost order, yet with ceaseless hospitality. It was indeed the House Beautiful, to whose gates all who came departed refreshed and strengthened, and when no creature who came in want or grief was ever sent empty away.

I need not name it; many now living will remember it; and none who were familiar there could ever forget it, or her, as she sat in her quiet corner, with her sweet old face, and her lovely little ringed hands—peaceful, idle hands; since for some years before she died she was nearly blind. Yet her blindness—though, coming so late in life, it made her very helpless—never made her sad or dull; she could still listen to and join in conversation, and she greatly liked society, especially that of the young. There was always a tribe of young people coming about her telling her all their doings and plans, their amusements and their troubles. She was fond of them; and they—adored her! One girl in particular owned that the first time this dear old lady voluntarily kissed her, she felt "as if she had been kissed by her first love."

When she died—at over eighty, certainly, but her executors had to guess at the date, for she was an old maid, without any near relation, and had often said not even know her own age. It was so long since she was born—when she died there was found among her private papers a portrait of a young man in foreign military dress. No one could guess who it was; the name—there was name—no one had ever heard of. At last some old acquaintance recalled a far-away tradition of her having been once about to be married; somehow the marriage was broken off, but the two remained friends, and, it was believed, corresponded and occasionally met, till his death, which happened when she was about fifty years old. For his nephew—and heir, he having died unmarried—had then been to see her; somebody recollected having met the young man at her house; and her introducing him by the name on the miniature. After that all was silence. She was never heard to name the name again. Yet she lived on for thirty more years.

"What do you do when you are quite alone?" was once asked anxiously of her when she was too blind either to write or sew or read.

"What do I do? My dear, I sit and think. I have so much to think about—so many."

"And are you never dull?"

"Dull? Oh, no! I am quite happy." She was, I am sure, you could see it in her face. Her last act—the last time she ever crossed her threshold—was, I remember, a visit of kindness, partly as an excuse to take for a drive a person who was too feeble to walk much. She was then extremely feeble herself; and climbing a steep stair, one who had assisted her a step, said, "I fear you are very tired." "Yes," she replied, "I am always tired now. But," turning suddenly around with the brightest of smiles, "never mind; it will be all right soon." Four weeks after she lay in her final rest, looking so young, so pretty, so content, that those who best loved her choked down their sobs and smiled, saying, "It was like putting a baby to sleep."—*Sermons out of Church, by Miss Muloch.*

A COLORADO HEROINE.

On a recent Friday night, in one of the small parks of Colorado, lying among the mountains on the North Platte, there was a curious scene. There, in a place fifteen miles away from the nearest neighbor, sat a woman, surrounded by her family of seven children, and watching the dead body of her husband. A large fire which she and her oldest boy, a lad of fourteen, had built, threw a ghastly glare over the lonely landscape. The broad sky above and the hills around made more intense the sense of desolation, and the littleness of humanity, and the murmur of the stream near by and the bark of the fox in the distance were the only utterances of solitude to grief. This woman's story, as told in the *Denver Tribune*, is one of the most affecting in the strange annals of American pioneer adventure. Her husband, W. H. Ostrom, had come to Colorado from Alabama, and on account of the depredations of the grasshoppers had been very prosperous. He had prepared a new home for his family in a park on the North Platte, and set out that morning from Pine Grove Gulch for the journey of twenty miles, in a Western wagon drawn by a team of mules, and loaded with his household goods. Toward evening, as he was crossing a small stream at a rough part of the road, one of the mules shied, and the wagon was overturned. It

is probable that Ostrom was walking beside it, and flung himself in the way to try and save his wife and children. They were thrown violently out, and he was caught under the overturned wagon, and borne to the ground with the cross-bar of the wagon-bed across him and a weight of 1,500 pounds crushing him. His terrified wife found him lying in this way, cool and considerate, but very pale. He directed her in her vain efforts to pry the wagon over, and died within five minutes, even while assuring her that he was not dangerously hurt. The oldest boy was on foot, driving a cow, and came up only in time to join his mother in her attempts to release his father's dead body. With true pioneer readiness and sternness, the team was unhitched and put to drag off the wagon, the corpse was rolled in a sheet, a fire was built, the mules were corralled, and the widow and orphans sat down in their dismal bivouac.

We think a picture of this night-watch of Mrs. Ostrom would be as characteristic of a great phase of American life as any scene that the imagination could conceive of. In her bitter experience, giving us a glimpse of the sufferings of the women of the Western frontier, we have something to suggest the trials and labors of all that hardy generation which pushed slowly on from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, before whom the wilderness receded like the horizon. It is the fault of our time to underrate the rough virtues of the pioneers, and forget the value of their achievements. We are losing sight of the romantic and heroic aspects of their life, in the refinements and luxuries of our own. Her story should bring back old memories to those in the heart of civilization, and teach them what it cost. It was not by enchantment that the log cabin was changed to the brown-stone mansion, the homespun dresses to silks, the emigrant wagons to family carriages. The metamorphosis was rapid, but it was the result of the sacrifice and endeavor of ages heaped into a few years. The Colorado woman, sitting all night in her mournful bivouac, with her seven children around her and the corpse of her husband just outside of the glare of the fire, stifling in the frost—the penitent widow, arising herself in the morning, taking the dead body on the wagon, and retracing the steps toward civilization—she is as distinct a type of American womanhood as the gayest lady that attends church in New York to-day. They have different missions, but neither of them should forget that they are sisters.—*N. Y. World.*

THE BEST SOCIETY.

The dream of many an aspiring soul is that some time supreme happiness will come to it in the shape of admission to the best society. The term is a very vague one as understood by many, and is capable of a great variety of interpretations. To some the best society is composed of those who spend money freely, who wear fashionable clothing, live in elegant houses, feast on dainties, and, in a word, "fare sumptuously every day." Admission into this society can be agreeable only to those who love money for the physical gratifications it brings and the ostentatious display it permits. "Diamonds are indispensable," said a velvet-attired lady, a day or two since, who moves in the "best society," and accepts the wearing of this precious stone as a test of fitness for that position. But to one indifferent to diamonds there are circles of higher grade than that.

The young engineer would think himself in the best society if he could sit down at home in the presence of Roebeling, Payne, Elliot, Stephenson, and hear discussions of plans of bridges, tunnels, trestle-work, with accounts of difficulties overcome, and mapping out of great enterprises to be achieved. The young poet would count the companionship of Bryant, of Whittier, of Longfellow, of Lowell as heaven upon earth. The artist in the early years of his struggles looks up to Page and Church with what seems at the time unavailing aspiration. The graduate just entering upon some school or college professorship looks longingly toward Woolsey and McCosh and Elliot and Marsh, and thinks association with such men of all things most to be desired. The theological student, as he surveys his future, rejoices in the hope that sometime he may be the peer of Simpson and of Hall. The editor of a local sheet anticipates the day when he may break spears with metropolitan editors and share the honors of metropolitan journalism; and so the current of aspiration runs through all the various circles of society, each of which has in its "upper hemisphere" a select and elect portion which may with all propriety be denominated the best.

Occasionally members of these very elect portions are congregated together. They meet on platforms, at dinners, at clubs, or in associations for the advancement of science, art, philanthropy; but the most of their time is passed in comparative solitude and isolation, in making new acquisitions, new enterprises, new conquests. Unless one has a fitness for the best society—interpreting that phrase according to individual preference—entrance into it is anything but pleasant. What delight could an ordinary-day laborer take in the companionship of Church, of Whittier, of Roebeling, of any man eminent in his profession? The great man might for a time bring himself down to the level of the common man's thought and expression, but so soon as he should utter his own thought from his level of thinking the laborer would feel ill at ease and uncomfortable. In unequal companionships there is scarcely more pain on one side than the other, yet the one having the larger capacity must suffer most.

If then real enjoyment is to be had out of the best society, it must come from not only an exterior fitness, but far more from an interior fitness for that society. Unless this interior fitness exists, mere mechanical and physical contact and mingling in society in the direct isolation and loneliness. Where it does exist, outward conditions may be readily brought into harmony with interior actualities. Our young people living in rural and remote places who think the thoughts of poets, of philosophers, of scientific men, would soon find themselves quite at home in their presence, and feel assured that their intellectual and spiritual kinship was acknowledged.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

We should judge men by their treatment of others rather than by their treatment of us.

The art of living easily as to money is to pitch your scale of living one degree below your means.—*Henry Taylor.*

MANNERS AND MORALS.

FASHION.

This is what Channing thought of the influences of fashion:

Without depth of thought or earnestness of feeling or strength of purpose, living an unreal life, sacrificing substance to show, substituting the fictitious for the natural, mistaking a crowd for society, finding his chief pleasure in ridicule, and exhausting his ingenuity in expedients for killing time, fashion is among the last influences under which a human being who respects himself, or who comprehends the great end of life, would desire to be placed.

SHOW YOUR COLORS.

The *Christian Register* has this to say about shirking, and the truths in this short extract will bear a good deal more space than is given to it:

One avoids many difficulties by refusing to take sides on questions which nearly concern the welfare of the community. Often questions of great practical moment can only be settled by those who shall acquire the truth with difficulty, and proclaim it at a risk. No progress can be made or held in social life, in religion or politics, except by the expenditure of the choicest energies of human life. The processes may be disagreeable. The company one finds in the dust of the controversy or the work of reform may be far from acceptable. But all the work of the world is done by those who accept such unpleasant necessities.

MEN MORE PRONE THAN WOMEN.

The *Argosy* thinks that self-sacrifice is a virtue more characteristic of women than men:

To those who have never tried it, cultivated or practiced it, it will be a difficult matter at the outset. Nothing is so hard as for a selfish man to put down self. Self, self, has been so constantly the watchword and key-note of his life, that it comes uppermost in all cases; an object which pervades more or less every action, a weed choking the good seed that, let us hope, is lurking in every heart, ready to take root and spring up. It is an evil to which men are far more prone than women. Taken in the aggregate, men are essentially and exceedingly selfish; women self-sacrificing, bearing in silence, yielding. To the shame of men be it spoken. They, the stronger, should be ready to put forth all the greatness of character which by their very strength is able to shine forth in them. They should be self-forgetful, not only towards women, but towards each other, seeking each other's good, promoting each other's welfare.

WATCH FOR OTHER'S SAKE.

Anthony, of Padua, born in 1195, drew this lesson from the cranes, which is not yet out of date in its application:

Let us, therefore, be merciful, and imitate the cranes, which, when they set off for their appointed place, fly up to some lofty eminence, in order that they may obtain a view of the lands which they are going to pass. The leader of the band goes before them, chastises those that fly too slowly, and keeps together the troop by his cry. As soon as he becomes hoarse, another takes his place; and all have the same care for those that are weary; so that if any one is unable to fly, the rest gather together and bear him up till he recovers his strength. Nor do they take less care of each other when they are on the ground. They divide the night into watches, so that there may be a diligent care over all. Those that watch hold a weight in one of their claws, so that, if they happen to sleep, it falls on the ground and makes a noise, thus convicting them of somnolence. Let us, therefore, be merciful as the cranes; that, placing ourselves on a lofty watch-tower in this life, we may look out for ourselves and others, may lead those that are ignorant of the way, and may chastise the slothful and negligent by our exhortations. Let us succeed alternately to labor. Let us carry the weak and infirm, that they faint not in the way. In the watches of the night let us keep vigil to the Lord, by prayer and contemplation.

Obituaries.

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

STELLA PRATT, wife of Andrew Pratt, and daughter of Richard and Almira Matchett, died near Salem, Ind., Nov. 10, 1876, aged 23 years and 9 months. This young sister has left a precious memory behind her. All who knew her join in speaking of her life as most worthy. Even in childhood she was noted for seriousness and conscientiousness. The last years of her life she was a member of the Salem Free Will Baptist church. She lived a good life, and died a Christian death. When she knew that she should die, she expressed herself as willing and ready. She spoke to her husband, relatives and friends, one by one, and urged them to live Christian lives that they might meet her in heaven. J. W. D.

ELISHA B. FERRIN died in Bridgewater, N. H., August 21st, 1876, aged 45 years. From his youth he exhibited those qualities of character which mark the perfect man. He never sought the applause of men, but quietly performed the duties that devolved upon him. He was converted when young, was baptized by Rev. Daniel Batchelder, and united with the 2d Free Will Baptist church in B. His sickness was very short, and without warning he was called up higher, but death found him ready. The family, church and community have met with a great loss. He leaves a widow, an aged father and two sisters, besides other relatives to mourn his absence, but they sorrow not as those that have no hope, for they feel that he is safe on the other side of the river where he will meet his children, and aged mother (who died about a year ago), together with other friends that have gone before him. D. E. B.

BERTHA, daughter of J. E. and Lorina Tufts, died in Big Island, O., Nov. 24, aged 1 year and 11 months. The event was the more sad, as the family had just arrived in the vicinity of their new and strange home. The brethren of the church sympathize with them, and will do all that kindness can do, to enable them to bear their painful bereavement. R. J. POSTON.

J. ALBERT CHASE died in Waterbury, Me., Dec. 16, 1876, aged 30 years and 8 months. For a year before his death he was a great sufferer, and for a few months had no Saviour in whom to lean; but during his sickness he gave his heart to Christ, after which he became perfectly reconciled to his lot, his greatest anxiety being to know that he was submissive to his heavenly Father's will. He leaves

a wife, one child and other relatives to mourn their loss, but they mourn not as those who have no hope. E. H. H.

Mrs. MARY B. LADD, widow of Mr. John Ladd, died in Duxfield, N. H., Nov. 21, aged nearly 70 years. She was the daughter of Dea. Abraham Bean, of Candia (Bean's Island), and the mother of the late Rev. E. B. Ladd, of Limerick, Me. Converted in early life she united with the P. B. church at Candia Village. Left a widow in the vigor of life, with five sons, she was an affectionate mother and exercised much wisdom in bringing her children up to manhood. The affairs of her family were conducted with dignity and economy, she also carrying her religion into her daily life. Com.

SARAH J., wife of Dea. C. Smith, died in Dixfield, Me., Nov. 23, aged 42 years. Her sufferings at times were very severe, and were borne with great patience. Nearly twenty years ago she gave her heart to Christ, was baptized by Rev. Wm. Bodger at Livermore, where she then resided. She was a faithful wife and mother, a much loved friend and neighbor, and above all a sincere and humble Christian. In her sickness she found the Christian hope an anchor to the soul, and she steadfastly held to it, and doubt or cloud that disturbed her peace. When crossing the river, she kissed her friends, and then good-bye, saying, "I am just as happy as I can be, precious Jesus," and thus passed over in the triumph of victorious faith. When asked that she would soon see a dear child that had gone over she replied, "Yes, but I shall see Jesus first."

Mrs. RUTH A. BROOKER died in Cape, St. Clair Co., Mich., Oct. 16, in the 61st year of her age. Sister Brooker experienced religion when quite young, united with the C. Baptists, and after moving to Cape became one of the first members of the Free Will Baptist church of which she was a worthy member until her death. She was a zealous worker for the cause of the Master. She bore her long and severe sickness with great patience, and met the king of terror with a smile. She leaves a husband, son and daughter to mourn their loss. E. J. DOYLE.

STEPHEN H. ANDREWS died in Providence, R. I., Nov. 25, in the 44th year of his age. He was born in Gloucester, R. I., and had been a resident of Providence for nearly five years. In May, 1877, he was baptized by Rev. Martin Cheney and united with the Free Will Baptist church in Olneyville. He remained a member of that church until called by death to join the church triumphant. He took an active part in the great anti-slavery battle, and the recollection of his participation in that contest in connection with the final results, gave him great satisfaction in his later years. During his last sickness he spoke with great tenderness of those men and women with whom he had been associated in the anti-slavery work. He was a true friend of temperance, to hospitality and was kind and gentle in his family. He bore his last illness, which was long and very distressing, with patience and submissive trust. He leaves a widow and four children, who, being partners with him in the Christian's hope, look trustfully forward to an hour of reunion which shall be joyful and permanent. A. L. GERRISH.

Advertisements.

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