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## **The Morning Star - volume 52 number 27 - July 4, 1877**

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# The Morning Star.

VOL. LII.

THE MORNING STAR, BOSTON AND CHICAGO, JULY 4, 1877.

NO. 27.

## THE MORNING STAR.

A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER.

ISSUED BY THE

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## The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1877.

### FAVORS.

You say I throw my gifts to the unworthy; So doth the Lord of Love who rules on high; So doth the liberal sun to all things earthly, To hill or plain, to palace or to sty. Who sells his gifts for gratitude expected, To but a bargaining huckster at the best; The sun asks nothing for his rays reflected; I ask for nothing—prithree let me rest!

—Belgravia.

### BATES COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.

The exercises of commencement week opened with President Cheney's baccalaureate sermon, at 2 1/2 o'clock, P. M., Sunday, June 24th, in the Main Street Free Baptist church. Notwithstanding the oppressive heat and other church services in the city, the church was crowded. The opening exercises were conducted by members of the faculty. An abstract of the sermon will appear next week.

In the evening the annual sermon before the Theological School was delivered by Rev. J. L. Phillips of India. Mr. Phillips selected as his text, Prov. 11:25: "He that watereth shall be watered also himself." His subject was, "The Foreign Missionary Enterprise a manifold blessing to the home churches." The reflective influence of sacrifice was abundantly shown throughout the discourse. In order to sustain his proposition the speaker presented seven powerful reasons:—First, Christian missions are a blessing to the home churches by continually stimulating gratitude for the gospel. It reminds us that our parents, the Anglo-Saxons, are the descendants of pagans, and that their regeneration was due to Foreign Missions. Secondly, the foreign mission enterprise serves to expand and ennoble our estimate of the Christian religion. It overthrows all shades of skepticism. Thirdly, the recital of the condition of the heathen is more effective in stirring up home congregations to the need of their immediate neighborhood. The Foreign Missionary Society has been the nucleus around which all other benevolent institutions have been formed. Fourthly, the consecration and devotion requisite to open and prosecute missionary work abroad have invariably brought large prosperity to the church at home. The Baptists date their rapid increase from their awakened interest in missions. Fifthly, missionary enterprise is educating the churches to a consecration of property to God's service. Sixthly, Christian missions have conferred an inestimable blessing upon the church in the lives of Christian missionaries. Seventhly, Christian missions have always been a potent unflagging agency in the church. The speaker having ably and eloquently set forth these truths, very readily disposed of the usual mass of objections to foreign missions. He then closed with a powerful appeal to the home churches.

Monday evening the Main Street Free Baptist church was crowded to listen to the annual exhibition by the Junior class. The declamations were original and showed careful preparation both in their composition and delivery.

The meeting of the Board of Trustees occurred Tuesday, A. M. The President submitted his annual report, also other members of the Faculty reported their respective departments. From the President's report we learn that the conditions upon which Mr. Bates pledged \$100,000 in 1873 have not yet been met. It was supposed that the conditions were met a year ago, but financial pressure has made it impossible for those pledging to fulfill their obligations. The college has lost some \$50,000 through the inability or neglect of those who made subscriptions. Prof. Hayes in his report recommended the introduction of more philosophical and moral studies for the first three years of the course. The report of Prof. Stanton, the librarian, shows 5079 volumes in the college library. He paid a noble tribute to his predecessor, the late Horace R. Cheney. In respect to the memory of the deceased the Trustees unanimously adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That in the death of Horace R. Cheney of Boston, a trustee of this college, we hereby express both profound sorrow for our personal bereavement, and also our most vivid sense of the loss sustained by the college, inasmuch as from unusual mental and generous culture, he gave the most grateful assurance of large usefulness, wherever his influences could be bestowed.

Resolved, That we hereby record our deep sympathy with the widowed companion, and with his father, the President of the college, and his family.

The vacancies in the Board of Fellows occasioned by the resignations of Rev. A. H. Heath, Rev. I. D. Stewart, and W. B. Wood, were filled by C. H. Latham, G. F. Mosher and Rev. A. L. Houghton. Ex-Gov. P. C. Cheney, of N. H., was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Horace R. Cheney. C. S. Perkins, G. W. Howe and G. D. Vittum were re-elected, and Isaac Goddard, Jr., Geo. B. Files, and J. S. Brown were elected members of the Board of Overseers.

The Trustees received a proposition from the graduating class for establishing a scholarship of the class of '77. The Trustees voted to change commencement day from Wednesday to Thursday, that the alumni may hold their reunion Wednesday. The report of the Treasurer showed the expense of the college for year just closed, to be \$15,788, and that of the Latin School, \$2,080; the expenses being \$5,000 more than the receipts.

The exercises of the Theological School occurred Tuesday P. M., at the Main St., Free Baptist church. President Cheney presided. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Penney. The following is the programme:—The Harmony of Culture and Religion, Thomas Spooner, Jr. Subjective and Objective Influence of Christian Truth, Andrew Jackson Eastman. The Preacher as an Artist, Charles Densmore Dudley. The Authority of the Early Church Fathers Compared with that of Modern Christian Scholars, Horace Jerome White. Contributions of New England to the History of Christian Doctrine, Frederic Ernest Emrich. The Essential Truth in Theories of the Atonement, Barton George Blaisdell. Truth Indestructible and Perpetuating, Hagop Harootun Acterian.

To say that the graduating parts were good would be a mild phrase; but to declare that no graduating class from the Theological school ever did better would be stating nearer the truth.

Six of the seven graduates have received calls from churches, and have accepted.

Thos. Spooner, Jr., goes to North Berwick Me., A. J. Eastman will settle at Steep Falls, Me., Chas. D. Dudley has accepted a pastorate at North Scituate, R. I., H. J. White goes to Biddeford, Me., F. E. Emrich will continue his pastorate at Mechanics Falls, Me., B. G. Blaisdell has accepted a position at Gardiner, Me., H. H. Acterian has not yet located. All the graduates are Free Baptists, except F. E. Emrich, who has settled over a Congregationalist church. The commencement concert held at the City Hall, Tuesday evening, commanded the largest audience of any concert ever given in Lewiston. It was attended by over seventeen hundred persons. Miss Cary, Miss Morton, Mr. Whitney, Mr. Fessenden, and the Boston Philharmonic Club gave the citizens of Lewiston and the commencement visitors some rare exhibitions of musical skill and power. Although this is the third appearance of Miss Cary at commencement concerts, yet she has lost neither reputation nor sweetness of voice.

Wednesday morning, at 10 o'clock, the procession from the college arrived at City Hall. The weather was fine and everything conspired to make the exercises pass off finely. Although the exercises were lengthy, an appreciative audience remained to the last.

During the exercises there was no hesitating or prompting. The thought exhibited close research. Some of the parts were of a very high order. The oratory displayed was above the average. The class consists of eighteen members, two of whom are ladies. It is simply due to them to say that one lady bore off the Valcitoria, a thing which has never before occurred in any American college. The exercises were as follows, being opened by prayer and interspersed with music:

Oratio Salutatoria—(Latin.)—Oliver Barrett Clason, Gardiner; Disquisition—The Ideal in Education, Augustus William Potter, Oxford; Disquisition—The Novel in Society, James Watson Smith, Lewiston; Oratio—A Regulative Principle for the American Republic, Benjamin Tappan Hathaway, Monmouth; Thesis—The Problem of our Great Cities, Newell Perkins Noble, Minot; Oratio—The Province of Satire, Alanson Bean Merrill, Parsonsfield; Disquisition—Art as an Educator, Pell Russell Clason, Gardiner; Oratio—The Scholar's Future, Giles Alfred Stuart, Readfield; Disquisition—Man and Measure of all Things, John Kinzer Tomlinson, Harrisburg, Pa.; Thesis—Power of Thought, George Henry Wyman, Chester; Disquisition—A National System of Education, Lewis Abram Burr, Phillipsburg; Disquisition—The Poetry of Classic Mythology, Caroline Maria Warner, Bristol, Conn.; Disquisition—The Relation of Science and Poetry, Franklin Folsom Phillips, Montville; Disquisition—The German Element in Modern Civilization, Clarence Volney Emerson, Lewiston; Oratio—The Perpetual Auburn; Disquisition—Value of Imagination to the Scientist, Ezekiel Henry Besse, Augusta; Disquisition—The Reality of Duty, Joseph Aubrey Chase, Unity; Oratio Valcitoria—The Mystery of Genius, Jane Rich North, Bristol, Conn.; Oratio—Ancient and Modern Literature, Franklin Pierce Moulton, Parsonsfield; Conferring Degrees; Benediction.

At the close of the speaking the degree A. B. was conferred upon each member of

the class, and the degree A. M. upon three members of the class '74 and upon one of class '71. Diplomas were presented to the members of the graduating class of the Theological School. The procession then reformed and marched to Gymnasium Hall where a bountiful dinner was served. At the close of the repast speeches were made by Ex-Gov. Dingley, Hon. J. D. Philbrick, Superintendent of Boston Schools, Ex-Senator Fogg of N. H., Rev. J. L. Phillips and others. All these speakers, though allied to other institutions as graduates, commended Bates College as an institution of correct morals and sound scholarship.

Wendell Phillips addressed the United Literary Societies at City Hall, Monday evening. He appropriately selected "Charles Sumner" as his subject for discussion. The orator held the audience with almost breathless attention while he portrayed the virtues of the good statesman. His selection of words, the grandeur of his bearing and the correctness of his elocution powerfully revived the noble words and deeds of Charles Sumner.

Thursday morning the Alumni exercises were held at Maine St. Free Baptist church. G. B. Files, the President of the Alumni Association, presided, Rev. Mr. Houghton of Lawrence, Mass., offered prayer. The President then introduced G. C. Emery of class '69 as orator of the occasion. Mr. Emery chose as his subject, "The Aim of the True College." It was a masterly effort, pointing out the true way to a successful end. The speaker earnestly advocated the study of the languages as the principal work of a college course. It develops esthetic culture which is the great neglect of our age. College must guard against irreligion. Polytechnic schools should not be suffered to take the place of the college. The remedy is not the introduction of elective studies so as to make it a scientific school. Let us not attempt a utilitarian departure. The poem on this occasion was delivered by Miss Mary Mitchell, Professor in Vassar College. It will be remembered that Miss Mitchell was the first lady graduate Bates College ever sent forth. She read in a very low tone, but apparently had a fine production.

The Class Day exercises occurred Thursday evening. A large audience was in attendance. Most of the parts were creditable to the class. Touching reference was frequently made to the loss of their classmate, Hestus J. Rice, who died in the freshman year of their course. Friday evening the President gave a reception to the graduating class and their friends. Then they leave the scenes of college days forever, and go forth to battle with the stern realities of life.

Lewiston, June 30.

### PARIS LETTER.

PARIS, June 8, 1877.

All have remarked the great use made by the Catholic church of the accessories of worship, and the source of power which it has always been, especially over the masses. Pomp is always captivating, especially to the uncultivated mind and heart. Yet I do not think the glitter of a gorgeous ceremony can produce a movement of the heart toward God, so as an accessory of real worship it must be considered a failure. But in their wonderful use of music we might well learn a lesson. I care nothing for the magnificence of their ritual; their genuflections seem to me to be too formal to be anything else than hollow; but I go out from under the wonderful music of Notre Dame or Saint Sulpice, almost bewildered with a great feeling at my heart of something inexpressible, and it is easier to pray then than at other times. When I have seen the vast, thronging crowd, pushing their way toward the choir only to hear the music, many of them rough and ragged and dirty, I have half wished for a more cultivated audience, but have changed my wish. I see them all hushed to silence now, who know no Sabbath but these few moments, and this may be a ray of heaven's sunlight breaking into the darkest soul. I am surprised to hear many humming the air and joining in the melody of those grand old choruses of Handel, and Mozart, and Beethoven, usually considered beyond the reach of any but our very best church choirs. There, too, we may learn a lesson. These choruses are sung till the public know them, not only by memory but by heart, and no one thinks of becoming weary of them.

Saint Sulpice has a choir of about two hundred singers, and its organ is one of the best in the world. I wish I could make you hear the music. If I could tell how large the organ is, I could give you a starting point for the imagination. I do not like to measure music or poetry by feet and inches, but I will tell you about this organ. It has five key-boards, one hundred and eighteen registers, and six thousand five hundred and fifty-eight stops; and it seems to me that the player plays upon the feelings of the listeners about as easily as he plays upon the organ keys. They play the great organ at two services on Sunday, and once during the week. All of these churches have a smaller organ for an accompaniment to the choir.

It is exceedingly difficult in this last of my letters from Paris, to decide what few

things are more worthy of mention than the many things which must be passed without notice. Of course, no one thinks of leaving Paris without having spent some days, at least, in the galleries of the Louvre. And this collection, which, fortunately, passed through the vicissitudes of war and fire, is so extensive that I confess to a feeling of discouragement in seeing new and unlooked for vistas opening up before me when I thought all had at last been seen. It is not enough to say that whole days are needed for the thorough appreciation of the objects of interest collected there. That is as much perhaps as the traveler can ordinarily spare for it; but it is probably true that a year of thorough study in the museums of the Louvre would be worth more to the student than double the time in a post-graduate course in any university in the world. Not only are there paintings almost without limit, and of the best, both ancient and modern, but the collection of sculpture is worthy of its sister art. And if there be some one whose Nature forgot to endow with those faculties essential to the love of the beautiful, he need not be at a loss for agreeable occupation during that year of study. If he has a love for archeology, he will find his wants entirely met. One might almost say that there is nothing that he seeks in this department that he can not find here. We are introduced to the old world by a whole room full of vases, dating back to before the time of Pericles. Then the hall of Egyptian antiquities with its array of images, mummies, coffins and statues, telling stories of two thousand years or more before the Christian era, makes even these look modern. The Egyptian museum is worthy of special mention. No scholars have done so much for the elucidation of Egyptian history as those of France, and the books they studied are many of them here, written with a pen of iron, ineffaceably in the granite. The wonderful funeral ritual, complete relic of that ancient time, is here. And among the dusty mummies, with their sunken, withered eyes, looking out so strangely upon the young, gay world that dances around them now, may be the very priests, who, with mysterious intonations, initiated the young devotee into that knowledge for which the human soul is always hungering, the knowledge of the life to come. Here, as we shake hands with the life of four thousand years ago, how natural it is to think—how little chance there is for us to be valued even in our life as these poor withered relics are, so far away from theirs. We are glad they are unconscious, they look so strangely lonely; one could almost imagine them mourning for the banks of the Nile or the palaces of Memphis.

Here is the Assyrian gallery, where we see the magnificent human headed bulls, found in the palace of Sargon at Khorsabad. Then there is the gallery of Phœnician antiquities, and a rather unique collection of relics from Mexico and Peru. And with the simple remark that if the visitor can not find anything interesting in the halls we have mentioned, there is plenty of opportunity in those we have not, we leave the museum of the Louvre.

It is equally out of the question for the traveler to leave Paris without having paid a visit to the palace of Versailles. The picture galleries are even more extensive than those of the Louvre, but of a totally different character. Everything at Versailles is historic. While you are here you live among kings and queens, and form a part of the history of France. The walls of one immense hall are covered with the paintings of the battles where were won the most notable victories for France. Here is another of naval engagements, and like the *stèles* left by the Egyptian and Assyrian kings along their line of march, in all the collection there is not one commemorating a defeat. But there is a wonderful power and enthusiasm in them all. Here are the portraits of those whom you would most like to see, from Louis XIV. to Napoleon. We notice a very fine portrait of Marie Antoinette, by Mme. L. Brun, which we saw with the greater pleasure from having read its history in the letters of the artist. The noted scenes in the life of the kings and emperors of France are all placed upon canvas and left for the world to see. There are weddings and receptions innumerable. The trappings of royalty greet you everywhere, even the halls in which they hang were the chambers and boudoirs of kings and queens for two hundred years. So everything is magnificent, and even pictures are not less beautiful from being hung on palace walls. And I suspect that ninety-nine out of every hundred who see them both derive more pleasure from the first day in the galleries of the palace of Versailles than the first day in the Louvre. Yet none of the Italian or German painters are represented here. This is equally an exhibition of the best art of France, and its best prowess, for when kings order paintings they order of the best.

It is very difficult among so many to make a choice. Indeed when one can see them all, why should one make a choice? And if we poor people could have the painting we liked the best for the mere asking, we should be in a sad predicament.

That one, no doubt, because it struck my fancy, represents the first emperor placing the crown upon the head of Josephine, under the solemn arches of Notre Dame, in the presence of the most august assembly of modern times. Josephine is kneeling before the emperor, who is advancing with the crown toward her, partially above his head. The rank and beauty of Europe are there, and all the gorgeous magnificence of the pontifical train. When I again entered Notre Dame I could but compare its severe and simple architecture with the pomp of that day, and wonder how it looked. That was the day of Napoleon's greatest triumph. Then I went to the Hotel des Invalides, where under its mighty dome the hero sleeps. The staining of the glass has been so exquisitely done that the most wonderful golden light falls upon the floor below, and bathes perpetually a gilded canopy supported by four black and white marble columns. In front of this canopy in a crypt in the marble floor is the granite tomb of Napoleon. The tomb is polished granite, and we feel that it is well, so was the man, but all around is marble, and we say that that is well also. Has not some one said that marble is frozen music? Even if it has never been said we can but feel that here, at least, it is true. And the music is quieter because he sleeps who slept so little in the days of his might. There is a tenderness that seems to hover round an ancient tomb in Pere la Chaise. It is the grave of Abelard and Heloise, but the saddest spot inside the city walls, to me, is the tomb of the great though erring chieftain at the Invalides.

There is one thing more which can not be passed over. In the Hotel des Invalides is the museum of artillery. There are weapons and armor in infinite variety, from the days of the Greek and Roman until now. You go in and come out feeling like a real knight. You see the armor and the swords of a dozen kings, many of them renowned for their prowess. While we can not stop to mention them we can say emphatically that no one in Paris should fail to see this museum. To-morrow, after seven weeks in Paris, we bid it farewell.

ALFRED C. HOBGIN.

### MISSION WORK.

(Conducted by Rev. G. C. Waterman.)

A BIBLICAL SCHOOL IN INDIA.

It has for a long time been apparent that the work of preaching the gospel in heathen lands must be done mainly by the natives of those countries. Men and women born on the ground, inured to the climate, familiar with the habits of the people and their modes of thought, knowing the language from childhood, and of the same race, have a manifest advantage over any foreigners in their adaptation to this work. Christian Missions have so far advanced in many nations that this now begins to be practical. Many of the most efficient preachers among the heathen are of this class. This is true in our own mission field. It is very plain, moreover, that these men need not simply a general education, such as could properly be given to all pupils in the schools, but a special training in the Bible and such other studies as would fit them for their work. They, no less than ministers in our own land, need to be trained that they may do their work most rapidly and successfully. This training of young preachers can not be well done by missionaries in the field, from the nature of the case. For it, a school is needed as truly as at home. Such schools have been established in many of the missions already, and are turning out annually young native preachers qualified to do most excellent service for the Master. We have no such school, and nothing is more imperatively needed in our mission to-day. It is the want of this, if anything, that will prevent Dr. Phillips from returning to India this year. To establish such a school an endowment of \$25,000 is necessary. Two thousand dollars have been pledged already, and it is earnestly hoped that friends to whom God has given liberally will bear his voice calling them to set apart liberal donations to this cause. The money must be raised by private subscriptions, and it is very desirable that these should be in as large sums as possible. The appeal is made especially to those who can, if they will, do largely, and all such are desired to correspond with Dr. J. L. Phillips, Parsonsfield, R. I., on the subject.

### FREEDMEN'S MISSION IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

It is reasonable to expect the inquiry from all the friends of the Mission, "How did you find things in the south?" And it is proper that the question should be answered. First, I found the forms still there; the covenant meetings and Quarterly Meetings kept moving, but existing only in form. Their true object and design was almost entirely lost sight of. The Quarterly Meetings, instead of being made a source of increasing spiritual strength and Christian union, and as means for bringing sinners to Christ, had been converted into courts of discipline, where every offence of the preacher, great or small, must be attended to; and this discipline was held like an iron rod over the head of each minister.

The result was, as might be expected, to produce bitterness and unbrotherly feeling among the ministers, and jealousy, contention and the entire absence of union of effort and

concert of action. Consequently but little good has been done. Some churches have gone down and but few have been organized; but one preacher ordained (and he ordained twice by different parties) and the membership less than two years ago.

Another difficulty was the discouraging of the lay members. They had become almost indifferent to the interests of the church, or the wants of the minister, and things seemed settling back into the old forms. They found no soul food at the Q. M. sessions, and but little at home, and the ministry were losing their influence over the churches.

Another result of the absence of the missionary was the almost entire loss of confidence in the mission, and the people of the north. They say, "They claimed to be our friends, sent their teachers and missionaries among us, and just when we got a good start they left us to fight our own battles and get on as best we could." It is not generally understood what it costs to be a F. W. B. in the south. They are hated by the whites for their anti-slavery sentiments and by the blacks because they are not known. It is very easy to make the colored people believe that F. W. B. had an existence before the war. Other denominations have a history and a popularity. While the missionary was with them to refute all false reports, to encourage them and tell them of the sympathy of the people of the north, to tell them of their sacrifices and their devotion to the interests of the poor oppressed colored man, they could endure all the spots and taunts of their opposers. But when that aid and sympathy was entirely withdrawn and they left to fight their own battles, they felt they had been neglected and forsaken, and the natural tendency was to drift into other and more popular denominations.

On the other hand, in many respects things look hopeful. First these people have lost none of their faith in the doctrines of the Bible, and the peculiar adaptation of that doctrine as taught by us to their wants and understanding is what has kept them from losing their visibility as Free Will Baptists. They contend just as earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints as they ever did, and seem anxious to labor and sacrifice for the spread of these doctrines, and if their labors and influence can be properly directed and utilized the work will go forward.

Another wholesome feature is that the conceit has been taken out of these brethren. Many of them had become restless under the direction, and management of the white man. They thought they were fully competent to take care of themselves, and control their affairs. The trial of that for the last two years has satisfied them that it is not an easy thing to manage two or three thousand ignorant colored people, and the brethren had been praying for my return, and a large degree of encouragement has been produced by my return.

And now, all things considered, we feel that our people can not afford to neglect this work. The extent of the field, its easy access, the positive demand for missionary labor, and the happy results that follow the expenditure of small means, are great inducements for us to continue the work. No mission work that our people have ever undertaken has been so successful as this, and it does not seem wise to forsake the rich fields and cultivate the barren and unfruitful.

It seems to me clear that our people should at once take this entire work under their control and management, provide for its support, plan for its prosperity and pray and give for its enlargement.

J. S. MANNING.

### "WOMAN'S MISSION WORK AT MAINE WESTERN YEARLY MEETING."

After the sermon in the church Wednesday afternoon by Rev. Hosea Quinby, the ladies adjourned to the school-house. Their meeting was presided over by Miss Avilda Basty, District Secretary of the Woman's Board. After singing Coronation, appropriate passages were read from the book of Isaiah, and prayer was offered by Mrs. Granville. Mrs. E. D. Jordan was chosen Secretary pro tem. The reports from the several Quarterly Meetings were called for. These were not as full as they should have been, but new societies have been organized in a number of the churches, and a new interest is being aroused especially among the young people. The church in South Parsonsfield had raised forty dollars for this work. In Limerick a society of thirty members has been started; they hold monthly meetings and have a committee to gather in and scatter missionary intelligence. After the reports, Miss Julia E. Phillips gave an instructive talk upon the fearful condition of the women in India, their dark and loathsome homes, and the tyranny of the mothers-in-law over their sons' wives, who are taken to these women when they are but children, eight and ten years old. She also spoke of the manner in which the zenana work has been done, and what a wonderful opportunity is opened to us of imparting a knowledge of our Saviour to these poor creatures. At five o'clock the meeting adjourned till the next morning at half past nine.

Thursday morning the meeting was held in the church, and was opened by Rev. J. W. Twort, who spoke words of encouragement and sympathy to our missionaries. Miss Phillips then gave an account of the mission work which the native women are doing in India among themselves. She also explained the plans of the Woman's Board for this fall; the need there is for two new Missionaries to be sent out, and made an earnest plea for help. Dr. J. L. Phillips then gave a stirring account of the great work which had been done throughout our denomination by the women, and he urged the hearty co-operation of the pastors with their labors. While Dr. Phillips sang some Santal and Bengali hymns, four women went through the audience with subscription papers. Pledges were given for fifty-two dollars, and cash received to the amount of thirty-three dollars and thirty cents.

E. D. JORDAN, Sec. pro tem.

Mr. Cook recommends for devotional reading his book, Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying"; Thomas a Kempis's "Imitation of Christ"; Bunyan, both "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Holy War"; with Macaulay's "Essay on Bunyan" as a preface; Pascal's "Thoughts on Religion"; Bushnell's "Sermons for the New Life"; and Bishop Huntington's "Christian Believing and Living." We should want to add to this same collection of sacred poetry. We know none better than Dr. Schaff's "Christ in Song." Such a collection is better for the various needs and moods of the soul than the works of any one poet, like Bonar or Bickersteth.



## S. S. Department.

## Sabbath School Lesson.—July 15.

QUESTIONS AND NOTES BY PROF. J. A. ROWE.

(For Questions See Lesson Papers.)

## TURNING TO THE GENTILES.

GOLDEN TEXT: "And in his name shall the Gentiles trust." Matt. 12:21.

Acts 13:42-52.

## Notes and Hints.

42. THE APOSTLES GO OUT. "And when the Jews were gone out of the synagogue, the Gentiles besought that these words might be spoken to them the next Sabbath." This verse reads more correctly thus: "And as they were going out they besought that these words might be spoken to them the next Sabbath." The strangers, Paul and Barnabas, having delivered their message, left the synagogue, but they first sought the privilege of speaking on the same themes again.

43. PAUL AND BARNABAS FOLLOWED. "Now when the congregation was broken up, many of the Jews and religious proselytes followed Paul and Barnabas." The apostles left before the dispersion of the congregation. They were followed to their home by many who had become interested in the truth heard. The new doctrines were the theme of conversation. Every Jew was deeply excited over the matter. The announcement that the Messiah, for whom their nation for centuries had been looking, had come, had been crucified, raised from the dead, and was gone into the heavens was startling. Hence they desired to know more about this strange intelligence. (2) Those who followed Paul were, besides Jews, converts to the Jewish faith from the Gentiles, or, at any rate, believers in Jehovah, if not in the ceremonial law. These men had no prejudices against doctrines affecting Judaism. They were "proselytes," not of the Abrahamic stock. The Jews regarded the proselytes as saved by the sufferance of those descended from the sacred genealogical line. (3) Paul and Barnabas "besought them to continue in the grace of God." They had not yet believed the gospel, but since the apostle had spoken to them of the promises of God fulfilled, they were exhorted not to throw themselves out of the reach of the favors granted them. Not having rejected the new way of acceptance with God, Paul regarded them as yet receiving the grace of God. To "continue in" it was then not to go away from it, not to incur the evils of disbelief.

44. THE CROWD OF HEARERS. "And the next Sabbath day came almost the whole city together to hear the word of God." Some of them must have had busy tongues to carry through the whole city accounts of these strange and startling truths. Everybody who was at the synagogue had a tongue to tell the Jews and Gentiles spoke of it. Hence, the pagans heard of it. Other Jews of other synagogues, if such there were, heard of the doctrine. Hence Jews, of Paul's early spirit, were not at all favorable to the truth. They were ready to dispute it. And so when this large concourse came together to hear Paul and Barnabas, these fierce men, the curious, too, and all hearts waiting for the redemption of Israel, were on hand. Most of them came for the right object, "to hear the word of God."

45. THE JEWS ENRAGED. (1) "But when the Jews saw the multitudes they were filled with envy." Instead of "envy" we may read wrath. The term denotes any excited state of feeling or strong passion against the object arousing it. (2) The cause of the feelings of the Jews was their mad devotion to every sentiment of Judaism. The threatened innovation on their religion excited them. Their haughty contempt for the Gentiles also maddened them. Besides the disgrace of their nation, by the story of Paul and Barnabas, was proclaimed. The whole temple church was blackened, and all fond hopes of national supremacy, to be secured under the Messiah, were dashed in pieces. How could the Jews, ingrained with prejudices as they were, witness this enthusiasm to hear the "good news," and not be enraged? (3) Their rage found words of expression. "They spake against those things which we spoke by Paul, contradicting and blaspheming." They disputed Paul to his face, and to the face of his hearers. They contradicted him, denied the truth of his story, spoke of Jesus blasphemously, that is, with contempt and derision.

46. THEY TURN TO THE GENTILES. (1) "Paul and Barnabas waxed bold, and said, it was necessary that the word of God should first be spoken to you." The boldness of the apostles was not in repudiation of danger, but before the truth that the Jews were to be put aside for Gentiles. (2) The necessity of first preaching to the Jews arose from the law of Christ. Acts 1:8; 3:28. The law of Christ was based on the recognition of Jews as the chosen people. They were to have the opportunity of receiving the gospel, and the responsibility of rejecting it. (3) "Seeing ye put it from you, and judge yourself unworthy of everlasting life, we turn to the Gentiles." This text shows who reproaches the souls of men. Every man is responsible for his choice of religious character. These Jews were not disposed to see if the gospel were true or not. They thrust it away and would have none of it. They acted ignorantly, as did their rulers at Jerusalem, but sometimes ignorance is blameworthy, and never more so than in the Jewish attitude

towards Christ. These men acted like other men, but sometimes human nature, refusing the restraints of the inherent laws and perceptions, acts guiltily. First, to beware of condemning innocence next, of substituting prejudice for conscience, and last, of thrusting the issues of everlasting life inconsiderately away. This verse teaches us all. (4) The apostles give their authority for turning with the offers of election from Jews to Gentiles. It was the command of the Lord. By Lord may be meant Christ, or the Father. For the command, see Acts 1:8. The prophecy quoted, instead of any direct instruction, some think contained the command. Is. 49:6. (5) How singular the blindness of the Jews to their own prophets! The sacred books said not only words here quoted, but many other equally as clear words of the gathering of the Gentiles into the kingdom of God. But these Jews having eyes did not see.

48. (1) The Gentiles hearing this, "were glad, and glorified the word of the Lord," that is, the word just recited by Paul, or the doctrines of Jesus that Paul went on to preach. Their joy, as appears from the result, did not bring them all to Christ. (2) "As many as were ordained to eternal life believed." Any passage of Scripture that shocks our natural instincts is not understood. This verse can reasonably be rendered. "As it stands, it conveys a sentiment opposed to the equity, sincerity, fatherhood of God. It contradicts squarely the Scriptures which say, 'God is no respecter of persons,' and that he stands at the door and knocks, but the man within must of himself open the door. Reason and piety alike repudiate the sentiment that God foreordains the choices of our minds as their efficient cause. Hence here the reading intended is not brought out. The Greek word has meanings enough that accord with the idea that God is the Father of us all. Read, then, 'as many as were arranged for,' or 'agreed upon eternal life.' The original means 'drawn up in line,' 'fall in line,' 'agree upon,' 'arrange,' 'constitute,' 'appoint,' 'ordain.' We should select from these meanings one that harmonizes with the nature of things, and with the necessary character of God.

49. THE ACTIVITY OF THE APOSTLES. "And the word was published throughout that region," published by the continued telling of the story of Jesus. The apostles and their converts proclaimed throughout the whole region the good news. The Gentiles were the principal auditors. When each one who hears tells another, the gospel spreads rapidly abroad.

50-52. PERSECUTION AND JOY. (1) The Jews instigated a movement against the strange doctrine. They incited the prejudices of the city. They wrought especially on the religious nature of women, and embittered "the devout and honorable women;" that is, those in high social and religious circles. They may have been proselytes. The chief men of the city were thus aroused to expel the apostles. The "chief men" were those in authority. Probably they were influenced both by their wives and also directly by the Jews. The apostles were probably regarded as innovators and revolutionists, endangering the order of the State. (2) The expulsion does not seem to have been attended with violence. Paul and Barnabas were simply ordered to depart. In doing so, they left seeds of truth, the harvest of which was sure. (3) The apostles "shook off the dust of their feet against them." The act was symbolic and impressive. It more than words, was calculated to arrest attention. How many souls have had the dust of their pastors and teachers' feet shaken off against them. This was an act required of our Lord. Matt. 10:14. (4) Iconium was ninety miles south-east, a populous town of Lycaonia. It was on the route from Ephesus to Mesopotamia. (5) The disciples were "filled with joy, and with the Holy Ghost." The joy arose from the Holy Spirit. When God loves us, whatever the treatment of men, we may have joy. It is a joy to maintain holy truth in the face of wicked men.

This lesson shows us that we judge ourselves, and that we settle our everlasting life; that we should speak to our neighbor of Jesus; that in the midst of trials for the faith we may be filled with joy.

A great many of our Sunday-schools are in danger of becoming mechanized to death. What with responsive readings and singings; a posture for this and a posture for that; a series of questions enough to drive a native Yankee wild, with their responses repeated mechanically, and only uttered to be speedily forgotten; with blackboard and map, catechetical exercises and interminable addresses, the Sunday-school in some quarters is fast becoming a machine as complex as Babbage's calculating engine, and almost as difficult to work. We do not say that some of these exercises in one way or another may not be used to advantage; but it is evident that, as they are incorporated in many schools, an elaboration of detail is secured which is as exhaustive to the ordinary scholar as an air-pump is to the atmosphere in a glass receiver. Children's minds, their apprehensions, and their tastes run to simplicity; and it would be well to remember this before fastening upon the youthful faculties a strain out of all proportion to their capacities. Less machinery and more attention to spiritual instruction seem to be greatly needed in some quarters. —Christian at Work.

## Communications.

## CLAIMS OF SOCIETY ON CULTURE.

[Recalled sermon, preached by Rev. D. W. C. Durgin, D. D., President of Hillsdale College, before the graduating class, Sunday, June 17.]

PSALMS, 45: 11. So shall the King greatly desire thy beauty.

The diversity of relations subsisting between the members of God's rational creation gives rise to a diversity of claims. The parent has a claim upon the child; the teacher upon the pupil; society upon the individual; the King upon the subject, and *vice versa*. The conditions of the highest possible good are met only when these claims are recognized and honored.

I shall not, I know, be doing serious violence to my subject if I allow society to take the throne of "the king," and intellectual culture to stand in the place of "beauty." And this leads me at once to my theme: The moral claims of Society upon Intellectual Culture.

There are some departments in which the duty of Christian consecration is very readily admitted and more or less exemplarily put into practice. The church is coming gradually to understand the extent of Christ's claim upon her wealth and substance. And though the obligation of proportionate, systematic and liberal giving is not yet felt so much as it ought to be, though it is too early in the day to relegate a stingy Christian to the Paleozoic formation, and account a mean believer a rare and curious fossil, yet the disposition to "devise liberal things" is a growing one, and the recognition of the fact that the Christian is not his own, "but bought with a price," is finding increasing practical expression in a thousand acts of self-denial and sacrifice.

But while, in relation to the stewardship of the lower endowments of silver and gold, there is arising a healthy sentiment in the heart of the church in relation to the application of the higher endowments of intellect, education, and culture, the prevailing sentiment, we fear, is neither so correct nor so earnest as a full appreciation of Christian obligation would beget. We are learning to lay our material wealth upon the altar of sacrifice; but there is another department of human possession with which mere wealth is not for a moment to be compared, and which has not received the stamp of consecration and been laid on the Master's feet. Money is something. To a church militant it is sinews of war; but Christ asks not merely our money but our manhood. He may not be compounded with. He is satisfied with no man's purse minus his person. His image and superscription, carrying right of claims, are impressed not only upon the metallic currency which passes through our steward-hands, but also on every golden thought that is minted in the active brain; on every gem of fancy, on every spoil of learning, on every subtle influence that comes of refinement and that tends to refine. We shall not do all we may for Christ until we recognize that our "sweetness" and our "light" are his, as well and as much as our silver and gold. We are not discharged of our liabilities to him, as too many seem to think, when the reluctant scrip is placed in the collection plate, or even when we have drawn our larger check; "body, soul, spirit," manhood, are the measure of our "reasonable service."

The church needs the culture of the age to be consecrated upon her altars. There are altars in other fane on which this peerless tribute is laid with an almost profuse devotion. The "unknown God" has his troops of votaries who burn to him perpetually the incense of pure intellectuality; and garlands woven with the highest literary art adorn the temples of science, the palaces of pleasure, even our hearths and homes. Genius lends its fascinating power and taste its nameless charm and poetry the witchery of its "fine phrensy" to the dark and dreadful doctrines of atheism, and so tend to beguile many who would otherwise be repelled. Rowland Hill, defending oratorical performances, did so on the ground that "it was a pity the devil should have all the best of the music." It is a crying pity if the devil should have, or should seem to have, all the best of the culture. The world must not be allowed to receive the impression or to keep it—for we fear it has already received and is fondly nursing it—that heresy and infidelity have all the intelligence on their side, and that the church has nothing but simplicity and credulity on hers. Good Dr. Watts begins one of his hymns with the exclamation, "Are all the foes of Zion fools?" In one sense they certainly are not; but it is a too common assumption that Zion's friends might very aptly be included under that designation.

But the devil has not appropriated all the best culture; and we are persuaded that whatever of refined intellectuality and of scientific acumen may be arrayed against the church, her intellectual resources are fully equal to any demands that a scoffing scientism may make upon them, and that she will be more than able to hold her own in a free and open encounter. There are scientific Christians as well as scientific atheists. There are men who know something of geology and yet believe in the Bible, as well as men who make geology their Bible. The church has her Faradays and Owens, if materialism has her Huxleys and Tyndalls. Faith has her Tischnendorfs and Pressensens. If Doubt has her Strausses and Renans. Signs of intellectual vigor are not wholly wanting, even in men who refuse to summarily reject the fourth gospel from the canon, and who decline to accept the doctrine of protoplasm.

But there is unfortunately this difference between the culture that is outside the church and hostile to it, and that which is within and on its side. The former is blatant, the latter is comparatively tacit. Christian science speaks in

the ear, atheistic science proclaims itself upon the house-tops. Godless intellectuality is self-assertive, full of exuberant activity. Pious intellectuality is too often reticent and retiring. We know the full strength of the enemies of the gospel; we do not know our own. Hate seems to be, almost a so much mightier inspiration than love. There is intellectual scholarship, refinement, genius enough among Christians to counteract and overmatch such of these qualities as may be engaged on the other side; but the church has not, as yet, the full benefit of them; many of the "men of might have not yet found their hands." In too many instances the ten talents, as well as the one, are wrapped in the napkin of indifference and buried beneath the clouds of indolence. We want a spirit of more earnest consecration, under the impulse of which our noblest minds shall be constrained to brace themselves for devoted effort in the best of all services. Why should the genius whose brilliant flame dazzles the senate or the forum become a dark-lantern within the precincts of the church? Why should the rhetoric, so chaste, fluent in a voice so winsome that under its charms the sober judge is spell-bound, and the dingy court of law become more like a song-bird's cage, be silent in our pulpits, on our platforms, and in those mighty gatherings where the highest moral questions are discussed? Or to speak of other attainments—for culture is many-sided—why should the shrewd faculties and disciplined judgment which have made their possessor so skillful and successful a financier in the world's marts, be denied to Christ's exchequer? Why should professional skill be employed only when for ends of self-aggrandizement when its consecrated exercise might prove a priceless boon to some of the needy brothers and sisters of the Son of Man? Almost all that the majority of such men do at present, is to give their names to Christian enterprises, in commutation of their personal services. It is the latter, however, that the Redeemer asks; and nothing short of that will meet the demands which humanity makes upon culture. Gilded figure-heads may be very ornamental, but they do not propel the vessel. It is the living force that is in every one of us that our Lord demands; and this alone can be in the highest degree useful in his church. And with how much better effect this force can be exerted by the judicious, the educated, the disciplined, and most readily perceive. As the royal preacher puts it, the finer the polish and the keener the edge of our implement, the greater the execution.

"If the iron be blunt, and he do not whet the edge, then must he put to more strength; but wisdom is profitable to direct." Many are the deadly Upas-trees to be cut down that society be not corrupted and poisoned, and the church is bending every energy to the felling of the noxious growth; but much of her work hitherto has been attempted with blunt axes, and she has fallen back, spent with her fruitless exertions. The whetstone has been too long despised. The necessity for an adopted as well as a zealous agency—for edge and temper in the blade as well as sinew in the arm—has been too much overlooked.

In urging this point we anticipate the exception that may be taken. It may be said that in thus insisting on a cultured human agency we are derogating from the high sovereignty of God who sends by the hand of whom He will send, and to whom the eloquence of Aaron and the stammerings of Moses are alike indifferent; of whom it is expressly declared that he hath chosen "the foolish things of the world to confound the wise" and that "it hath pleased Him by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." Far be it from us to detract from the most regal of divine attributes, and to give to the borrowed ray of human intelligence the glory due unto his name who is the Father of lights. But there is a false as well as a true aspect of that doctrine of sovereignty. We are not to confound the "foolishness of preaching" with foolish preaching. If there were any special efficacy in the latter, the world ought to have been converted long ago! Because God chooses to put the treasure in earthen vessels, we are not therefore to infer that the excellency of the power lies in the earthen vessel, any more than it would have done in a golden vase. And yet this is our danger. We transfer our glory from the gold to the clay. We glorify the weakness in place of the strength. If God sometimes chooses a weak and contemptible instrumentality—as He undoubtedly does—it is not because there is anything in weakness or ignorance that especially lends itself to his designs. He is not uniformly bound to dull implements. He has a use for edge and point and polish. His general method proceeds upon principles of natural adaptation. He does not disdain human genius as an auxiliary in accomplishment of his purposes. If it be said that God can do without our learning, Wesley's rejoinder holds good, he can do equally well without our ignorance. If he can dispense with our refinement, our vulgarity is not essential to him. Clownishness is not to be regarded as a prime qualification for service in moral enterprise. If the simple and unsophisticated agency whereby the ruddy shepherd led brought down the huge Philistine be alleged as a model of moral warfare, it is to be observed that the missiles selected were not any sort of pebbles, but smooth stones from the brook. And we venture to believe that the most ardent advocate for the divine sovereignty, who deems that he glorifies God by the apotheosis (deification) of dullness, is unfaithful to his own principles when put to the practical test. Does he choose his minister on the score of illiterateness, or imagine that the theological chair of the college of which he is probably one of the committee, will be best filled by one combining the not unique qualifications of ignorance of the Greek Testament and corresponding dogmatism in its interpretation?

The chief bearing of these observations is, of course, upon the laity. The ministry is assumed to be an educated ministry; and those who fill its ranks *ipso facto* counter-sign the church's claim upon the educated. But the laity is now very largely an educated order and is becoming increasingly so year by year. Indeed, in virtue of wealth and concomitant advantages it is a fact that in point of mere culture, though not perhaps of natural ability, the laity are in many cases in advance of their spiritual teachers. A young man leaving a first-class public school at the age of twenty, will possess more general knowledge and be more thoroughly grounded in the elements of a sound education than many ministerial students who have passed their college curriculum

and who, prior to going to college, were all but destitute of educational advantages. It happens, then, since so many of our people are well to do, that there is a considerable degree of well-informed and highly trained intelligence in our congregations. What is needed is, that all this latent culture—which is latent power of the highest kind—should be developed, brought to the front and turned to account. How is very much of it turned to account as matters stand? A considerable proportion of it is not turned to account at all. For the rest, we are disposed to fear that our high culture too often runs to seed in the direction of hyper-criticisms. The educated man in the congregation is often an object of terror to many a worthy minister. One has need to painfully circumspect in the presence of a hearer who can quote Horace, who takes in the Reviews, who has a keen scent for heresy, but to whom there is one thing worse than false doctrine, and that is a false quantity. We have all heard of an instance in which a man held in high honor in his denomination, both for his character and talents, was excluded from an important metropolitan pulpit through the influence of a deacon who was a University graduate; and the ground of whose charge against the unfortunate brother was, that he had used a long vowel where he ought to have used a short one! How could souls be saved by a man who tripped in his scanning? Now culture, turning sour in this way and degenerating into capriciousness, assuming rather the judge's seat than the disciple's footstool, is a barrier to all moral enterprise, whereas it might be an unspeakable blessing. Why should not the man of thought and cultivation and refinement instead of being the pastor's critic and evil genius, become rather his most confidential friend? We rejoice to know that, despite what we have said, very many are the cases in which the latter happy relation is sustained.

My young friends, to whatever profession you may devote your life-work, do not be so absorbed in your own speciality that you can not be counted on as co-laborers and co-workers with those agencies which are at work for the moral cultivation and elevation of society. Let every toiler in this moral domain feel that in you he has a valued helper and trusted friend.

There are many ways in which the educated may help in the moral elevation of society even though they may not feel called to pulpits ministrations. We name some of them:

1. They can help the church by way of supporting its prestige. This, then, we are aware, carries an invidious sound in relation to a spiritual institution like the church of Christ, unheralded and unostentatious, "coming not with observations," and having its foundations laid in meekness and humility. But we use the term "prestige," not in any low, worldly, pompous sense; only as signifying that claim to respect and homage on the ground of the possession of certain high qualities which the church, in common with other societies, has surely a right to assert. There can be little doubt that the moral agencies have suffered considerably for want of this. Foster, in his "Essay on the aversion of men of taste to evangelical religion," has clearly shown how the vulgarities which, somehow or other, do associate themselves with church life, and which, because vulgar, are far more obtrusive than the amenities and refinements of Christian fellowship, present themselves to the superficial observer as its characteristic feature and operate to excite in cultivated minds a sentiment of revulsion which renders their attraction within the sacred pale an almost hopeless consummation.

We know, of course, full well, that respectability, whether social or intellectual, is nothing of the essence of spiritual force; and that it is the spiritual force within the church that is to regenerate humanity, not its gentility. And yet, as a little grit or roughness in the machinery will cripple even the power of steam, may not the unrefinement and want of finish which do mark many of our most prominent men, constitute a hindrance to the freest possible play of power on the part of our spiritual agencies. Does not much that characterizes our corporate Christian life, plant an unfavorable presumption in the heart of the man who comes to investigate us and our ways? Now Christ's church, we know, is not essentially vulgar, but the world seems to think it is. It hears the meaningless talk of the glib-tongued, and sees the unseemliness of the rude, and with that hasty generalization which is as unjust as it is misleading, classes all Christians together in the same unlovely category. But it sees not the quiet beauty of many a deep-toned life, nor hears the chaste wisdom of many a cultured life, nor discerns the fine sensibilities of a truly gentle nature, nor knows the graceful dignity of many a chivalrous spirit, nor marks the expansive grasp and the profound reach of many a masculine intellect, which, and much besides, are all to be found within the pale of Christian society, but which, either from a false modesty or a defective legality, refrain from coming to the front and thus suffer judgment to go by default. Most earnestly do we plead with high intellectual culture to show itself, to make itself felt in the broad domain of moral service as well as the mere circumscribed sphere of specific professional life. That which is high-toned among us is too abashed and reticent. Our sweetest notes are so to VOICE. We whisper our classics, but trumpet our provincialisms. Our refinement walks with God under the trees of the garden in the cool of the evening; while our ignorance and bad taste flaunt themselves in the full glare of the daylight and in the full gaze of the world.

The churches of America have need of whatever advantages may flow from prestige of intellect and culture. We can not gain prestige by the show and glitter of regalia for we are not atired in the court dress of the state. We, who have nothing but the primitive fig-leaf of Apostolic precedent to appear in, must win our status by other means, by an exhibition of those revered attributes to which even sycophants and place-hunters are constrained to pay homage in spite of themselves,—attributes in which we are not lacking, but which have hitherto been too much concealed. Let not, then, these young men and women of high attainments and social rank and mental culture shrink, as too often others have done, from representative and responsible positions in the reformatory and religious work of the age. It is unfair that the most sacred institution should labor under the imputation of being the sanctuary of plebeianism, the chosen home of weak-

ness and bad taste. Let classical English be heard in our prayer meetings, let grace and refinement adorn the deaconate. Especially in the interests of the young, who are so sensitive to insinuations like these here indicated, we beg its false modesty, and assume, for Christ's sake, its proper place. We know the sound pretensions that are put forward by the enemies of the faith to an exclusive monopoly in the article of intelligence. They are the people and wisdom will die with them. We know how the tolerance in belief are themselves the most illiberal and intolerant of men, refusing to allow the attributes of common intelligence in those who do not share their doubts and their denials. We know how they cant against cant. We know, too, the effect all this has in the way of undermining the prestige of religion in the view of the inquiring but undiscriminating mind of youth. Let, then, the cultured, the thinkers among us, show themselves on the side of Truth and convince the world that skepticism has not absorbed all the mental vigor of the age, that a man may be a Christian without losing his reputation for sanity and sense.

2. Again, the church has a claim on her cultured men as defenders of the truth against the specious assertions of skepticism. Many of the arguments of modern atheism,—those especially advanced by the apostles of science,—are such as, for want of speciality in their studies, can not be fairly grappled with or fully met by many ministers of the gospel. They can be adequately dealt with only by men who have gone over the same ground, and who are versed in the facts and technicalities of that particular science. Many come from enemies lurking in fields that few of its professed defenders have been able to explore. It is impossible for any man to travel over all the ground covered by the researches of Tyndall, of Huxley, and of Darwin, and retain his familiarity with theology. For men can be found who, like Joseph Cook, can draw from the armories of History, Philosophy and Science, the weapons needful to shatter the bulwarks of proud, boastful skepticism. No man, not an intellectual prodigy, the greater part of whose time is spent in preaching and in preparation for the pulpit, and who is expected to take an active part in all matters of public interest and importance, can be expected to fairly equip himself for a combat in their own arena with the doughty knights of modern science. The arguments of the laboratory can not be met by quotations from Paul's epistles. The champion of natural selection will not be silenced by reference to a psalm or prophecy. But there are educated men and women among the laity,—experts in the questions at issue, who could render invaluable service to the cause of truth by communicating to others; especially the young and inquiring, the real scientific value of certain facts that are being constantly urged against the truth, as well as the fashions and strength of these logical anchors whereby they themselves are still held fast to their evangelical moorings. Some brave attempts in this direction have been already made; but there is abundant scope yet for our "beloved physicians" and skillful dialecticians to serve the interests of a race struggling for a truer life and a nobler manhood. We know how pleasant it is to prosecute a favorite study with all the advantages that accrue from taste and leisure. But are not the educated and rightly endowed minds often summoned from their own enjoyment, nay, sometimes from their own improvement, to the high places of the field where right is struggling with wrong for mastery and where the rewards of fidelity infinitely transcend any fee or fame which the world has to give? A story is told of Joseph Schaller,—than whom the world has never produced a man of profounder and more universal erudition,—to the effect that, while a student at the University of Paris, he was so absorbed in the study of Homer as to be unconscious of the tumult in the street when the massacre of St. Bartholomew was going on! There are thousands who have gone forth from our colleges and universities endowed with the highest talent, gifted with the keenest minds, and adorned with the ineffable charms of true refinement who yet, absorbed in selfish aims, are enjoying with exquisite gratification the pursuit of their own refined and studious tastes, all oblivious of the ten thousand cries of humanity, to lend a hand or a voice to lift it heavenward.

Young ladies and gentlemen, I hope "better things of you, though we thus speak." Going forth from an institution whose foundation was laid in prayer and whose highest and noblest work is that of Christian culture, for if this is not its work it has no business to exist, you can not be indifferent to the claims which the moral enterprises of the world make upon you for prestige and support. Is yours the pen of a ready writer? wield it in the cause of the sublimest truth, and let not all its energy be expended upon legal forms and political strife. Have you the gift of an eloquent tongue? let its eloquence be heard elsewhere than at the bar and on the platforms where secular themes alone are discussed; let it be heard in response to the claims of society,—the claims which the lower has upon the higher. "The king greatly desires thy beauty" of thine eloquence.

You are about to choose your profession. I would say rather, let the profession choose you. Your first work will be to find out the special gift of God to you. You must use all the aids and appliances possible to discover it, for your life-work will not rise like a star upon you till your peculiar gift of God is found. It is not always an easy task, I know; but it, in godly simplicity, with receptive hearts, standing in God's light, with spirits up to him and open to receive his inspirations, you would seek to know your gifts that you may exercise them just where and as God would have you, you will find it less difficult to ascertain what your gifts are and what you have an aptitude for doing. Choosing to do what you were not made to do, you will find your faculties at cross purposes with your own faculties. You are out of line and do not march to the music of God's harmonious creation. "We are not all made with wheels to fit the track we covet." Harmony comes only when every man and gift finds its place, and quietly abides and works there. Your gifts, however diversified, put under the leadership of an absolute conviction that you are where you ought to be, will lend a grandeur and dignity to lead you on to the goal of a noble manhood and womanhood.



## Selections.

## MY OREED.

I hold that Christian grace abounds  
Where charity is seen; that when  
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds  
Of love to men.

I hold all else named piety  
A selfish scheme, a vain pretense;  
Where either is, can there be  
Circumference?

This I moreover hold, and dare  
Affirm wherever my rhyme may go;  
Whatever things be sweet or fair,  
Love makes them so.

Whether it be the lullabies  
That cheer to rest the nesting bird,  
Or that sweet confidence of sighs  
And blushes without word;

Whether the dazzling and the flush  
Of softly sauntering court bowers,  
Or by some cabin door, or bush  
Of ragged flowers.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,  
Nor stubborn fast, or vain prayers,  
That make us what we judge the tree  
By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart  
From work, on theologic trust,  
I know the blood about the heart  
Is dry as dust.

—Whittier.

## A CHRISTIAN HERO.

Commodore James Graham Goodenough, of the English navy, was born in 1830. His father, a clergyman, was the Dean of Wells. As his grandfather at his christening, Sir James Graham, was First Lord of the Admiralty it was settled that the boy should go into the navy. Between nine and ten he went to Westminster school, and at thirteen he joined his ship.

At school and on board ship he showed the qualities that afterwards distinguished him. Though a mere boy, and one full of spirit, he passed a great deal of his time in the cabin of the naval instructor on board the Collingwood, applying himself with untiring energy both in professional studies and to the acquisition of modern languages. A friend writes of him: "As a midshipman young Goodenough fulfilled the promise he had given as a boy at Westminster. Always modest and unassuming, he naturally took the lead in everything; the best as a linguist, in navigation, in seamanship, in gunnery, and all exercises, and among the foremost in all expeditions. His messmates looked to him as their leader, almost as their guide; and none of them ceased to look back with regret to those four happy years."

An incident which occurred during this period of his life presents a characteristic which was, perhaps, as prominent in Goodenough as it has ever been in anyone. He and a shipmate were pushing their way through the dense foliage of one of the ravines of Juan Fernandez. Goodenough was in front, when suddenly his companion heard a crash, and a moment afterwards Goodenough's voice warning him not to follow. Goodenough had fallen down a precipice, and there he lay for twenty-four hours in great agony. And his first thought had been for his companion. "Such," says his friend, from whom we have already quoted, "was Goodenough; in pain or in danger his first thought was for others."

The backbone of his character was, from the outset of his career, high religious principle. One of his companions writes of him, in reference to the time when he was working for his lieutenant's commission—which he obtained in 1851: "There are few, if any, the delineation of whose character would be more inspiring to young men who are seeking after the best and noblest things of this life and that to come. The time we spent together in the excellent, and at the Royal Naval College, was one of close study and constant companionship. We taught in the Sunday schools together. We read and prayed together every night; and what little time we snatched from study was generally devoted to walks in the country, to which sketching and botanizing added interest." In 1851, when appointed to the *Centaur*, he used to teach the ship's boys on Sunday afternoons. At this time when speaking of the grandeur of Nature and his enjoyment of it, he writes: "If to know and see a little of God's doings is a source of real happiness, how much more is to be obtained by what Dr. Milner calls, in homely phrase, making God 'one's sunbeam'—the source of all our springs of action." In 1856 he was appointed first lieutenant of the *Raleigh*. He was present, in 1857, at the taking of Canton, and was immediately afterwards promoted to the rank of acting commander. In 1858, he assisted at the taking of the *Taku* forts. On board the *Raleigh* he was known among some of the crew as Holy Joe; and an old shipmate tells of having seen him standing for a moment under the walls of Canton, engaged in silent prayer with his unsheathed sword in his hand. A little after he saw him pour the contents of his water-bottle into the mouth of a Tartar soldier, who was lying with a wound in his thigh.

We need not follow the story of Goodenough's life through his various commands and appointments. His mind was one of great activity, and his high intelligence led the Government to call him to positions of great responsibility. He was made Naval Attaché to the Maritime Courts of Europe; and was appointed a commissioner to the United States to inquire into the ships and guns used in the great war between the North and South. While performing this service he was impressed by the superiority of the education America was giving to her naval cadets, and on his return to England, by his tongue and pen, ably advocated the imperative necessity of a more systematic training for the young British naval officers.

He had great sympathy for the poor, for the working classes, and desired their elevation and improvement. In 1869, writing of education, he says: "It seems to me that education is the great question of the day. Education will do something—not everything—to relieve pauperism and to diminish crime, and something to stay the process which, to me, is undoubted, of the rich getting richer, and the poor poorer; the distance increasing, as it is, with increasing population and strife for living between grades; when the law, however slightly, is made by and for the richest and most satisfied people. Education is the only way we have of enabling the lower ranks of life—without surpassing merit—to raise themselves to their proper level with rich; to make themselves, body and mind,

of such worth as to make the highest wealth of small comparative value."

Such a man would be the friend of his ship's company, and be careful of their interests. The following, written at a time when he had an opportunity of joining his wife and children for a time, makes plain the spirit that was in him: "I shall come away from Milford, if I can get leave for my men; but I won't go away or leave unless they do. I want to engrain that principle on my officers—that excellent rule of the sea by which the naval service is more excellent than any other—that in all great hardships and privations officers and men share alike."

In 1873 he assumed his last command, sailing as commodore in command to the Australian station. While cruising among the South Sea Islands for nearly two years, he took a great interest in Christian missions, carefully gathered information in relation to the condition of the native population and labored to establish friendly relations between the natives and foreigners. During this time he also threw his great influence first into the scale of temperance in the use of strong drink and then into that of total abstinence. He lived more for others than he did for himself.

In June, 1875, Commodore Goodenough having landed Sir Arthur Gordon, the newly-appointed Governor at Fiji, sailed for the New Hebrides, and thence to the Santa Cruz Islands. Avoiding, as usual, Nukapu, where Bishop Pateson was murdered, on the 12th of August, he went ashore in Carlisle Bay, Santa Cruz. After spending some time on shore, a native fired an arrow into his side; on which he gave the order, "To the boats." Five officers were wounded—the commodore himself a second time, in the head. A volley from those who were armed in the boat-party put a stop to the attacking. The wounds were at once sucked.

For five days Goodenough seemed well. The ship was without delay steered southward, in order to get a cooler climate, but after the fifth day signs of tetanus appeared. He had on the Sunday desired the chaplain to give thanks that he and the rest had not been cut off suddenly, but had been allowed time to prepare for death, if death should come. And now the end drew on apace. He had all the officers brought to his cabin, told them how he had loved them all, and seen in them all something worthy. He told them how absolutely he trusted in God, how happy he was in his love, and he bade each one kiss him as a token that any hastiness on his part was forgiven. Although it was feared it might do him harm, he insisted on taking leave of the ship's company. He said: "If I can only turn one soul to the love of God, if it were but the youngest boy in the ship, I must do it. Perhaps when they hear it from the lips of a dying man they will believe it."

It was carried out in his chair, wrapped in blankets, and laid on a bed on the quarter-deck, the ship's company being all around him. He begged the men to smile at him, and not to look sad. He told them that he was dying, and therefore he wished to say good-bye to them. He told them that he had had a very happy life, and now God was taking him away before he had any sorrow. He told them how happy he was in the sense of God's love, and in the conviction that whatever happened was according to God's will; and he exhorted them most earnestly to the love of God, saying, "The love which God himself will give you, if you trust him, is very great; it will guide all your goings and doings." He begged them to try and resist when on shore the temptations to sin, which led them to break their leave and desert. When you are tempted," he said, "think of the love of God."

He begged the older men who had influence over the younger ones, to use it for good; adding, "will you do this for my sake?" He begged the forgiveness—or rather took for granted the forgiveness—of any who might feel he had been mistaken in his dealing with them, assuring them that he had always loved his ship's companies, even those among them that he had punished, for that he had always seen some good even in the greatest offender. "As to those poor natives," he added, "don't think about what they have done. It is not worth while; they could not know right from wrong. Perhaps some twenty or thirty years hence, when some good Christian man has settled among them and taught them, something may be learned about it."

After again speaking of the vastness of God's love, he said, "Before I go back to die, I should like you all to say, 'God bless you'—which they did, and he then said, "May God Almighty bless you with his exceeding great love, and give you happiness, such as he has given me!"

He then shook hands with all the petty officers, having a special word for each; and then—again saying good-bye to all—he was carried back to his cabin. He had spoken for twenty minutes or more; his voice, which was very weak at first, became quite strong and clear as he went. On getting back to bed he said: "Well, I suppose there is nothing more to be done now but to lie down and die quietly."

As was the manner of the man in his vigor, so he was in his mortal sickness. The veil over the tenderness of his heart and over the movements of his Christian life was a little more drawn back; otherwise he was the same. He thought of everything that had to be done, and of every one about him. And so, with his face to duty, with the high striving for himself, his officers, his men, his service, his country strong in him, as it had been from his early years, far out on this great and wide sea on which his life had been spent, on the 20th of August, 1875, he died quietly.

He was laid to rest on the north shore of Sydney Harbor, with two of his sailors, who had also died of arrow-wounds: he, in the middle; they, one on either side of him. And this noble thing was written on his grave:

HE SAILED AWAY TO DIE;  
REFUSING TO ALLOW A SINGLE LIFE  
TO BE TAKEN IN RETALIATION.

—Sel.

I was told lately by a young man who had been in Scotland, that he came one day to a gate, when the gate-keeper's little girl ran down and shut it, saying: "You have not to pay anything to pass; you have only to say, 'Please allow me to go through.' The young man did as he was directed, and simply repeated, 'Please allow me to go through.' And the gate was immediately opened. So, simply 'ask, and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find, knock, and it shall be opened unto you.'"

## WE WILL SEE JESUS.

The glory of heaven will be in seeing Jesus. "A little while, and ye shall not see me. But I go unto my Father." "Where I am ye shall be also." When we return home after a long absence, it is not the house, or fire, or the loved ones, or joy, it is meeting the loved ones. If they have gone, every forsaken room or empty chair is an agony. So in our Father's house it will not be the party gate or the streets of gold that will make us happy. But oh! how transcendently glad will we be when we see our Lord! If we ever went in heaven it will be tears of joy at meeting Jesus. Perhaps in that "upper room" also he may show unto us his hands and his side, and we may cry out with happy Thomas, "My Lord and my God."—Dr. T. L. Cuyler.

## TEMPERANCE.

DRUNK OR DISEASED.

The sciences of law and medicine are now in direct conflict on the question of the responsibility of the inebriate. The law holds a drunken person answerable for his acts, and refuses to accept intoxication as a plea in extenuation. On the other hand, one of the highest medical authorities, who has made drunkenness the subject of prolonged and careful study, Dr. D. G. Dodge, late Superintendent of the New York State Inebriate Asylum in Binghamton, says that inebriety is a condition of the system exhibiting a class of symptoms resulting from a long continued and excessive use of alcoholic stimulants, which brings the subject to a condition he is too weak to overcome; and for which he is not responsible. Society, it would seem, stands in a dilemma from which it is difficult to perceive any present way of escape.

The question is one, however, which demands speedy settlement for laws are indeed anomalous under which fine-drawn pleas of "emotional insanity" have secured immunity for willful murder, while the wretch who deals the fatal blow while crazed by disease with drink is subjected to the full meed of punishment. Much has been written and said to prove that, when a man becomes a drunkard, it is a voluntary proceeding on his part. This is the legal view, or rather, the legal fiction, relative to the subject. There is no doubt that many do become confirmed inebriates through finding pleasure in their early use of stimulants; but this is by no means true of all. Dr. Dodge tells us that, like all hereditary diseases, intemperance is transmitted from parent to child as much as scrofula, gout, or consumption; that it observes all the laws of transmitted disease; that it may even skip a generation, and appear in a succeeding one with all its former activity; that the habit seldom culminates until the subject is thirty years of age, and that the disease is oftenest found among people between the ages of thirty and forty; that certain individuals possess an alcoholic idiosyncrasy, a natural latent desire for stimulants which, if indulged, led to morbid appetite and a diseased condition of the system, which the patient is powerless to relieve, because the weakness of will that led to the disease obstructs its removal. These are all well demonstrated facts. Dr. Joseph Parrish says that he has known hereditary drunkenness developed after sixty years of sobriety. Dr. Forbes Winslow, before a British Parliamentary Committee, stated that he had observed a list of criminals in which a father was a drunkard, grandfather a drunkard, grandnephew an idiot; and in the whole line the family showed drunkards, criminals, and idiots. All the forms of vice were hereditarily transmitted.

The difficulty at once suggests itself of how to distinguish between the man who gets drunk because he can not help it and then sins, and him who deliberately becomes intoxicated. If we place the drunkard on the same level as the lunatic in regard to irresponsibility for crime, we find ourselves brought face to face with a host of perplexing questions. A man can not shame lunacy without being reasonably sure of detection; but he can get genuinely drunk, and still have faculties clear enough to execute a purpose of revenge, for example. Neither law nor medicine can positively say how drunk a man must be to be irresponsible. Neither can we unearth every one's genealogy to find out whether his grandfather was an inebriate in order to predicate a hereditary hypothesis. It is evident, therefore, that the drunkard, no matter how he became a victim, must be placed in a different category from the lunatic and the criminal who commits crime automatically. A lunatic is never responsible, society must regard a criminal as always so; but the responsibility of the inebriate depends on a host of circumstances, which may differ in countless instances. It is obviously as much an error to regard every drunkard as an automaton impelled by irresistible impulse as it is to consider him, as we now practically do, a fully reflecting being. The problem is to find the just mean which will cover all cases, or to discover a mode of prevention which will simplify the general conditions.—Scientific American.

## WHAT LIQUOR IS DOING.

R. F. Musbet writes to the English press that Liquordom is killing trade, and, after mentioning the amounts spent annually, he remarks: "Now I say to manufacturers that it is all very well to reduce wages, and to economize their processes of manufacture, but unless they unite manfully, and put down the liquor fiend, he will crush them all. Besides the nine hundred and forty millions actually paid in the past seven years, the effect of swallowing the Satanic solution itself has lost and cost the nation at least an equal sum. If the days' work lost through drink in the last seven years was reckoned up, the amount of wages thus sacrificed would appear incredible. If manufacturers were to unite, as one body, and refuse to employ any man or woman who frequented drink shops, and would set the example by themselves abstaining, prosperity would soon return; for a sober England could compete successfully against all other nations."

We are most forcibly reminded of the truth of all this by an item in the *Labor Tribune* of Pittsburgh, which gives an account of the number of drinking shops in Allegheny City: the editor proceeds to use the stirring words: "When will men rise above this servitude to a soul-slaving appetite? Reform is impossible while saloons abound. Good wages can not be long preserved where men encourage such vices. The working classes will be compelled sooner or later to acknowledge that abstinence must be practiced before there can be any permanent amelioration in their condition."—*Coal Trade Journal*.

## ONCE DRUNK.

"Just once," is the Devil's plea, an encouragement which has ruined many a soul. One hour of passion may blast a life of carefulness. One hour of sleep on the part of a pilot may send the noblest vessel to the bottom of the sea; and one single indulgence in the intoxicating cup may throw the balance of a man's will into the Devil's hands, and he, knowing that it is his only chance, may do his worst!

"Never," says Dr. Jabez Burns, "shall I forget the end of one member of the church of which I was pastor at Perth. He was a moderate drinker, and at the solicitation of a traveler with whom he had business, retired one evening to the hotel. For the first time in his life he became intoxicated; went home, and in the heat of passion excited by liquor, committed upon his wife injuries of which she died."

In due time he was tried, the evidence was conclusive, and a sentence of death pronounced. Never will it be effaced from my memory. I attended him in his cell, and was the last to leave him on the scaffold; and there, within sight of the church of which he had been for forty years a member, he was hung like a dog. Beware of being once drunk—beware of the first glass and you need not fear the last!—*The Christian*.

## LONDON POOR.

London is just now greatly agitated on the pauper question. One person in eight is a pauper. Statesmen have written, and ministers preached, and the city has been divided, and the poor millions are to be personally visited, and their cases investigated. All concede that the beer and gin shops, notably the former, are the cause of nearly all the trouble, yet the ministers who are so distressed about the poverty do not give up their own beer-drinking, nor the statesmen theirs. Evidently preaching and practicing do not go together. A nation that spends over \$714,000 annually for intoxicating drinks (according to William Hoyle, the distinguished statistician), ought not to wonder at its poverty and crime. At present the Permission or Local Option Bill can not be passed, on account of Parliament (many of the members are brewers), and public opinion. Public opinion would be wonderfully changed if the clergy and the higher classes would give up the habits that are ruining the working classes. It is very expensive and arduous work, to care for the results of the liquor traffic.—*The Morning*.

## PROF. TYNDALL'S WARNING.

In concluding an address to the students of University College (London) Prof. Tyndall, who is unquestionably one of the most indefatigable brain workers of our century, said, "Take care of your health. Imagine Hercules as oarsman in a rotten boat; what can he do there but by the very force of his stroke expedite the ruin of his craft. Take care of the timbers of your boat." The distinguished scientist's advice is equally valuable to all workers. We are apt to devote all our energies to wielding the oars, our strokes fall firm and fast, but few of us examine or even think of the condition of our boats until the broken or rotten timbers suddenly give way and we find ourselves the victims of a calamity which could have been easily avoided by a little forethought. What began with a slight fracture, or perhaps even a careless exposure to disorganizing influences; ends in the complete wreck of the life-boat. The disease which began with a slight headache or an undue exposure to cold terminates in death, unless its progress be checked, and the heralds of disease, give no indications of the strength of the on-coming foe; the victim trusts that his old ally, Nature, will exterminate the invader. Disease is an old general and accomplishes his most important movements in the night-time, and some bright morning finds him in possession of one of the strongest fortifications; and when he has once gained a stronghold in the system, Nature indignantly turns traitor and secretly delivers up the whole physical armory to the invader. Like the wily politician, Nature is always on the strongest side, and the only way to insure her support is to keep your vital powers in the ascendancy. Keep your strongest forts—the stomach and liver—well guarded. Do not let the foe enter the arterial highways, for he will steal or destroy your richest merchandise and impoverish your kingdom. To repulse the attacks of the foe you can find no better ammunition than Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines. (Full directions accompany each package.) His Pleasant Purgative Pellets are especially effective in defending the stomach and liver, his Golden Medical Discovery for purifying the blood and arresting coughs and colds. If you wish to become familiar with the most approved system of defense in this warfare, and the history of the complete instructions for keeping your forces in martial order in time of peace, you can find no better manual of these tactics than "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," by R. V. Pierce, M. D., of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y. Sent to any address on receipt of \$1.50. It contains over nine hundred pages, illustrated by two hundred and eighty-two engravings and colored plates, and elegantly bound in cloth and gilt.

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1877.

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

## CREEDS.

There is a strong prejudice with many against all creeds in religion. They say, Give us the Bible, we want no creed but that. Very well, what does the Bible teach? Of what avail will the Bible be to us unless we understand its teachings? We must read or hear it, study it, and receive its instructions; and in doing so we form our creed. A creed is simply belief. We believe that the Scriptures are from God, a divine revelation, containing truth essential to our highest welfare. This, then, is our creed, whether written, verbal, or mental. The belief may be individual, never compared with any other; or it may have been adopted in connection with others, as in a church covenant, or a summary of faith as held by an association or a denomination.

Some can not think of a creed except as the Apostles' Creed, the Athanasian Creed, or the Westminster Catechism, and so, rejecting them, they reject all creeds. But even in this they form a creed,—they believe that the Scriptures are opposed to the above named creeds, and teach something else. Of course this is their creed. All have their creeds, whether positive or negative, whether formulated or not. Often those most bitter in denouncing them are the most tenacious of their own; as those most denunciatory of the sects are usually the most sectarian.

A creed or confession of faith is used chiefly for convenience. In obedience to a divine command Christians unite and form a church. That they may live and work together harmoniously and efficiently they become acquainted with each other's sentiments, and if found in agreement, they express this in a covenant, and receive others to their number who are of like faith with them. There is here no binding of conscience, but the largest liberty.

How much should be expressed in this formula? Some would have it full and explicit in all the various points of doctrine and practice. Some say, Let it contain only what is essential to salvation. But who is to determine what is essential? What is essential to one may not be to another under different circumstances of light and opportunity. Each body must suit their own convenience and sense of duty, and need not be uncharitable towards those adopting a different formula. In every case it should be expressive of their real sentiment and usage, and as full as practicable to secure union and co-operation.

We confess that the antipathy to creeds is not altogether groundless. Christendom has been so long and so largely, we will not say bound, but burdened by creeds and confessions made in ages far past and under greatly diverse circumstances, and long since become practically obsolete, that much evil and very little good has been the result. The creeds of Ambrose or Anselm or Luther or Calvin, or Arminius or Edwards may have been very good for them and their associates in their day and in their relations; but may not be suited to ours. Why attempt to retain what is manifestly ambiguous or untruthful? The truth of God is immutable, the Bible changes not; but the views and usages of fallible men do change, improve by study and experience, and so warrant and demand improved expressions. The more we know of God and his truth in our hearts the better will and should be our creed.

## CHARACTER—ITS ELEMENTS AND PERMANENCY.

The other day we examined Prang's process for the manufacture of chromos. Commencing with the plain canvas, the first impression was scarcely more than a mere daub. The second impression was a slight improvement upon the first, and each successive one added a new color or shade. Completeness, however, was wanting until some forty or more impressions had been made. Then appeared the finished picture.

This process, interesting in itself, serves to illustrate a great truth. The word character as applied to the individual is pregnant with meaning. What it implies constitutes every individual what he is. Rounded, perfected and Christian, it is of no sudden growth, but it obtains its completeness in a way which Prang's process serves to illustrate. To the foundation or framework, there are gradual accretions; but while the impressions made to produce the chromo are limited, the constituent elements of a perfected Christian character may be numberless.

But, however numerous these elements may be, they are susceptible of classification. For what every individual is, he is more or less indebted to his parentage. It is quite impossible to dispute that many of the constituents of character are transmitted from father to son.

There is much meaning in the expression, "born of a good stock," and in others of a similar import. What our parents were in physical health, disposition, habits, and even in culture and moral purpose, more or less affects us. Culture, both mental and moral, is another important element in character. The educational influences which surround the individual in childhood and youth enter into his character and help mould it. The training of the home, the Sunday-school and the church proceeds upon this principle and acknowledges the truth involved to be fundamental. Other things being equal, the individual who has the more of purely mental culture has the more character.

Another element in character is life's conflicts and experiences. Indeed, they put character to the test and serve to develop it. No one actually knows what he is, and is capable of enduring until he has been tried. Each burden borne, each sorrow endured and each victory achieved, makes the individual stronger to bear, to endure and to achieve. Everything done and suffered bears a striking analogy to each impression made in producing the completed picture.

But the crowning and perfecting element in character is the possession of "faith, hope and love," or the grace of God in the heart. It supplements every other element. It may even supply the deficiency, if some of the other elements be wanting. Paul could boast of his ancestry, his education, his blameless life and his large experience, but he counted "all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus." The best parentage one can have is the consciousness of adoption into the family of God. The best education one can receive is that obtained in the school of Christ, and the experiences of life work out their proper and legitimate results only in renewed and consecrated hearts.

With all these elements entering into character, it becomes blessed in its completeness and complete in its blessedness. But this whole subject assumes transcendent importance in view of the final permanency of character. There is given man but one life of probation. As the character is formed and developed in that life so will it continue. "Where the tree falleth, there it shall be." Such are the teaching of human reason and the declaration of the word of God. Joseph Cook in arguing that "moral character tends to a final permanency, either good or bad," has promulgated no new doctrine. We can not, however, but be grateful to him for giving, by his irresistible logic, such newness to an old truth. Yet this truth is one of the most solemn import. In accordance with it, each and every individual is daily, nay, hourly, both receiving and producing impressions which will be eternal in their duration.

What manner of persons, then, ought we to be in act, in word and even in thought? How careful should we not be that we always do right, how watchful lest we be overtaken with the wrong, and how prayerful that we be kept! "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." The sowing of the present life shall surely be followed by the reaping of the future life. As the character of the sowing of this is, so will the character of the reaping in that be. The link which connects one here and hereafter is indissoluble.

## A FATHER AND SON.

In looking over the life of Robert Dale Owen, whose death is just announced, one is almost unavoidably led to cast a glance at the life of his father, Robert Owen; so closely were they related in their philanthropic spirit and aims. Obviously James and John Stuart Mill were far above the Owens in intellectual gifts, but inferior to them in coming close to the great throbbing heart of the world.

Somewhat diverse are the opinions concerning Robert Owen's life; but we may be sure that his eighty-seven years were well filled with noble impulses and great activity. Earnest and ever sanguine, he remained unto the end of life pure, simple and beloved in his domestic relations. His children were accustomed to say that they loved to make him "the very happiest old man in the world."

Born of poor parents, yet he received a respectable education in childhood. At fourteen, we find him employed in a London business house; four years later, partner in a cotton mill; then the affluent proprietor of the Chorlton mills; then connected with David Dale, whose daughter he had married; in the manufactory at New Lanark, Scotland; then, in 1816, upon the death of Mr. Dale, assuming its control and managing its affairs for ten years in a way to bring in extraordinary profits, and at the same time applying those social reforms to the every day life of the employees—in regard to drainage, ventilation, care of the sick, day and evening schools, hours of work, etc.—in a manner to make New Lanark famous. Harriet Martineau says of him, "He once made nearly 3000 people an example of comfort, decent conduct and unusual cultivation at a time when poverty, crime and ignorance made all good men's hearts sad."

Retiring from the management of the mill in 1827 with a large fortune, he thought, and his sanguine temperament caused him to believe, that the social condition of life through the world would become ameliorated by putting his theories into operation. To this end devoting his time and means, he kept on theorizing until in his brain a world reorganized in its religion, politics, social life, took shape, and the more he perfected his system the less tangible it grew. For thirty years—failing to make his schemes suc-

cessful in the United States, Mexico and in his own country,—his zeal never flagged.

To quote Miss Martineau again, "The probability seems to be that time will make his prodigious errors more palpable and unquestionable; but that it will at least in equal proportion exalt his name and fame, on account of some great intuitive truths which are at present about equally involved with his wildest mistakes and his noblest virtues."

He exaggerated external circumstances in the formation of character. The ideas had not yet been promulgated that society must grow into a better life, and can not put on and off social improvements as it does its clothes. But he did see and declare that co-operation was to be, a perhaps to him the, watchword in the elevation of the working classes. Crude theories obscured the glass, as with smoke, through which he looked at the economy of association. It was a great thing that he saw it at all, even if he did not himself notice the smoke on the glass. The half century and more, since elapsed, has made it plain that a good deal of smoke was on the glass and is on it to-day, yet the whole question is by no means all smoke. Its truths are yet to be made clear.

But all else in his life sinks into insignificance, it seems to us, before the fact that he fired the mind of the day laborer with thoughts which in time would work out great practical good. For this grand work he has never received his just due. We very much doubt if he himself realized that this was his greatest gift to the world. He was popular and had an enthusiastic following. Trades-unions and like associations owe their origin to his much speaking. When the common people of a country have their minds awakened, that they may prove to be a dangerous factor in society, that they invariably will labor under misconceptions and commit excesses, is admitted; but it has never been solved how others than themselves can work out their salvation.

Not much space is left to speak of the son, Robert Dale Owen. Coming to this country in 1825, he ever after remained a citizen of it. Had he possessed the same tendency to impracticable theorizing which his father manifested, it would have been greatly modified by the excellent education he received.

The two most impressive thoughts in the consideration of his career seem to be, first, the success with which he carried through certain reforms which he undertook, showing a rare judgment of men and things, and the second, the blindness with which his later years were characterized in regard to Spiritualism.

About the year 1836, his labors were rewarded, after a long struggle, in the passage of a bill by the Indiana Legislature, of which he was a member, appropriating half the surplus revenue of the State for public school purposes. In 1845, while a member of Congress, he carried a bill through the House for the organization of the Smithsonian Institution, an object for which John Quincy Adams had labored in vain, during the two previous sessions; and in 1846, Mr. Owen became one of its regents and chairman of its building committee. He was an especially prominent member in the Constitutional Convention of Indiana in 1850. The next year in the Legislature he was the author of a bill, which has been a law in that State ever since, giving to widows and married women independent rights of property. During the war he was a patriot, and some of his letters addressed to public personages were widely read, millions of copies being disposed of, and had a noteworthy influence in swaying public opinion to the side of right. The high patriotism shown in an address which he issued to the citizens of Indiana, opposing the idea of a reconstruction of the States with New England left out, commended him to loyal hearts all over the country, 75,000 copies of which were distributed by the Union League Club, of New York. One of the Government commissions during the rebellion on which he served with Judge Holt, that on Ordinance and Ordinance Stores; had presented to them for audit accounts amounting to about 50 millions. The commission sat about four months and saved the Government some fourteen million dollars, and of their decisions not one has ever been reversed.

The last years of Robert Owen were touched with a belief in Spiritualism. The son was more than touched by it. Whether the Katie King exposure, soon after which his mind began to fail, was the direct cause of that or not, the whole subject certainly cast a shadow over his usefulness.

If lives are to be judged by fruit bearing, while there is that in the lives of both which one would wish was not, yet they are far from being likened unto the barren fig tree. Their works do follow them.

## BRIEF NOTES.

At Bates College Commencement last week a lady had the Valdeytorry—the first case of the kind in New England.

An editor has at last been found who has thousands of dollars to give away. The editor of the Religious Herald is the man, and the money is for the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, removed to Louisville, recently.

A paper is to be established by the American Missionary Association at Talladega, Ga., to be in the interest of the colored students and partially conducted by them. The credit of this movement is largely due to the Western Secretary of the Association, Rev. Jas. Powell, who has recently forwarded from Chicago an \$800 press for the printing of the paper.

## CURRENT TOPICS.

SOMETHING NEW. Several of our Congregational exchanges seem to be very hopeful of large accessions from the Free Baptists. They tell us that two of our ministers from western New York attended the "Ontario Association of Congregational Ministers," and made a formal proposition of union with that body as Baptist ministers and churches, and that it was unanimously accepted. We are also told that "the Niagara Square Baptist Church, Buffalo, it is expected, will at once take the lead in joining the Ontario Congregational Conference," and that "the two Baptist brethren present would have been cordially received to membership, but it was thought best on all hands that they should defer joining the body until the September meeting; and in the meantime a conference or convention will probably be held among the Free Baptists of the State, to consider the propriety of a general movement of their denomination in the direction of union with us."

The Interior (Presbyterian) says, "If Free Baptists will now tolerate sprinkling in infant baptism, the union will be accomplished."

About this proposed union we now wish to say only this:—we know nothing about its origin, its details or its purposes, nor have we yet learned of any one that does know them beyond the parties interested. These brethren and their church may be ready to join the Association, and they may not be; but when our exchanges speak of ten thousand Free Baptists in that State following their lead, we suggest that they be not too sanguine.

Pleasant as our relations with the Congregationalists have always been, our feelings about joining them are somewhat as we suppose theirs to be about joining us. And if our churches in New York shall be urged to the proposed union, we expect that they will hesitate and say, our doctrines, usages and denominational work are something to us, and principle we will not surrender. In this conclusion they may confidently count upon the sympathy and support of their brethren both east and west.

CURIOUS things sometimes happen in the world. This might have been the sentiment of young Mr. John Bigelow, Jr., just graduated as cadet at West Point, when he was informed of his assignment to the same regiment with Flipper, the colored student, with whom he refused to associate. And the most curious part of it all to him must have been to find that the Tenth Cavalry, to which both are assigned, is a negro regiment. If John Bigelow, Jr., is teachable, he ought at least to be impressed with the fact that the dress of wisdom, which is courtesy, is worth something, even if he does not take much stock in wisdom itself.

In the closing remarks of the address given by the Hon. J. D. Cox, before the Yale Law School, last week, on "Historical Maxims for Troubled Times," we find this:

We have great reasons for congratulations that, considering the magnitude and desperate character of the war of the rebellion, and the remarkable difficulty of the problems it left us, the moderation of our people and their faithfulness to true republicanism have left little to desire. The practical conduct of the people has generally been wiser than that of their legislation, and we can afford to laugh at some absurdities in our statutes when we remember that there has been no necessity for a strong central government to hold back a conquering and excited populace from cruel revenges or bloody proscriptions. It is no small cause for satisfaction that we are able to say with truth that this last and most terrible test of the strength of Republican Government has only confirmed the opinion of Stuart Mill, of Grote and of Freeman, that popular government is such an educator of the people themselves, that their rule is milder, more humane, and liberal to those in their power than any other form of rule.

"But," he adds, "a full recognition of this comforting fact is consistent also with the desire to learn more perfectly the lessons taught by experience." We should say as much. There is, certainly, enough left for us to do before our politics become ideal. Yet who is there that does not have to return to the "comforting fact" now and then to keep up his courage?

The difference of opinion between the Mayor of Boston, and the ladies who desired that at the banquet given by the city to the President no rum should be served, has received a very general attention from the press, and will result, as we hope and expect, in a more zealous earnestness in all departments of temperance work. In the opinion of *Zion's Herald*, "the occasion will be remembered with sadness in many a home, for scores of our best citizens have gone to drunkards' graves, victims of these social drinking customs; and some who will attempt to 'honor' President Hayes by drinking his health in champagne, will come at last into shame and dishonor through the habit thus indulged." The *Congregationalist*: "A prolonged and spirited colloquy ensued, in which Mrs. Livermore 'held her own.' She ought to have had the satisfaction of 'carrying her point.' We shall be glad to see the day—and we believe it is coming—when the occasion for such requests will not exist." The *Watchman*: "Mayor Prince made, we think, a bad decision, and then made it worse by trying to justify it. His reasons, or what he wished to have accepted as such, were poor stuff. The ladies had the advantage of him at every point." The *Golden Rule*: "The wine bottle on the table for which the public pays, and to which conscientious total abstinents are invited to sit down, will follow the rum bottle that formerly found harbor in the pulpit, and the intoxicants that were a part of the people's daily use. The perils of drinking habits, the woe and the waste that follow in the wake of intemperance, and the duty of society to its young and weaker members, are understood as they were not forty years ago. When the successor of President Hayes dines here, as we hope he will do, we predict that the city of Boston will not pass him the bottle nor fill his glass." The *Christian Register*: "We regret that the Mayor did not rise to the height of the occasion. This decision was a noble opportunity lost. The position of the President, and especially that of his wife, is a noble moral position, and we wish in the interests of temperance that Boston had taken at least as high a stand on this moral question as the occupants of the White House."

In a communication to the *Library Table*, Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson makes an appeal to the thinking classes of America to discuss and find a solution for the problem presented by the fact that in this first year of our second century there are said to be three millions of unemployed persons in the United States. She concludes, and the appeal should meet with a ready response:

I desire that every aspect of the subject may be thoroughly discussed in the columns of the American press. To that end I offer three premiums, one of one hundred dollars in gold, one of seventy-five dollars, and one of fifty dollars, for the best newspaper article of about 2,000 words upon some feature of the "Labor Question," considered in its widest scope. These articles are to be signed by *sane non de plume*, and sent to the office of the *Library Table* before the 1st of October next, and the awards shall be made by a committee to be appointed by the American Social Science Association at its meeting at Saratoga in July. I reserve the right of accepting at twenty dollars any of the essays which may not receive the premiums.

EVIDENTLY the end of the failures of life insurance companies is not yet. The Special Commissioners appointed by the last Legislature of Connecticut to examine into the life insurance business of that State, have certified to Commissioner Steadman that there is an actual deficit in the assets of the Charter Oak Company of over two millions dollars, and also that there are questionable assets amounting to more than a million and a half. The policy holders are cautioned not to be frightened into surrendering policies or neglecting payments, as nothing is done in the appointment of a commission save under the advice of able counsel and the approval of honorable business men. Probably that professor who exhorted his class not to waste years in gaining a liberal education, if they were to turn up insurance agents, did not see into the future far enough to add to the high ideas of cultured manhood which he advanced the selfish motive that, if they got into an agent's chair, it would be highly probable that the company's disappearance would leave them stranded.

The reception given by the city and people of Boston must have been especially gratifying to President Hayes and party. The exercises of Tuesday and Wednesday were in every way a success. The banquet given him by the city on Wednesday evening was a notable gathering. Among the guests were Henry W. Longfellow, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Richard H. Dana, William D. Howells, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Curtis Guild, Gov. Rice, Ex-Gov. Gaston, Ex-Gov. Noyes, and prominent men from all departments of Boston life, on which occasion the President closed his speech in these words: "I know, indeed, that this reception and this welcome do not come to me. No individual ever deserved or ever will deserve such kindness and such honors as these. Boston in this speaks her love of the nation, her regard for equal human rights, her aspiration for restored harmony. God grant that Boston, Massachusetts, our whole people, will enjoy the blessing that brings you together in this spirit tonight. I beg that you will receive my heartiest acknowledgments for your kindness."

A FACT which we often fail to realize is that the many deeds of charity which are merely done for their own sake are constant occurrences all about us. Now and then we happen to hear of a case, and in thinking over it forget that there are hundreds of like instances which never reach our ears. "Burleigh," in one of his letters to the *Boston Journal*, relates that a blind woman was found groping her way along one of the New York streets the other day. A gentleman taking her in charge put her on her way home. Upon inquiry it was brought out that she was living in rooms which she had occupied for ten years. "How do you live?" said the gentleman. "My son supported me when he was alive. He was a salesman in a store [mentioning a well known house in New York]. Since he died the firm his sent me a check every month on which I live." The correspondent adds that this unostentatious style of charity is very common in that city.

Please ask those who do not take the "Morning Star," to send us Ninety-Five cents, and receive it the balance of the year.

## Denominational News.

## Maine Western Yearly Meeting.

This Yearly Meeting held its last session with the Gorham church, June 19—21. The charming scenery, the beautiful weather, the large congregations, and the excellent spirit of the meeting, rendered the occasion deeply interesting.

Rev. W. J. Two was called to preside, assisted by Rev. T. Tyre, A. F. Hutchinson, J. M. Pease and J. T. Granite. Rev. F. Smith was appointed assistant clerk. The Q. M.'s reported general prosperity. Corresponding delegates and visiting brethren were invited to participate in the deliberations.

Brethren L. H. Witham, L. W. Raymond, and C. S. Perkins made their reports, as Cor. Depts. to the other bodies, which were disposed of in the usual manner. Brethren R. Deering, J. M. Pease, A. S. Hilton and J. Nason were appointed a business committee.

Appointed as Cor. Del.—T. Tyre to the Penobscot Y. M., F. K. Chase to the Maine Central Y. M., L. W. Raymond to the N. H. Y. M., R. D. Frost to the R. I. & Mass. Y. M.

Made choice of the following brethren as delegates to General Conference: C. S. Perkins, A. F. Hutchinson, J. M. Pease, O. S. Hasty and H. Quinby. Alternates, W. J. Two, W. T. Smith, L. W. Raymond, F. C. Braden and T. Stevens.

Rev. W. H. Yeoman reported the Penobscot Y. M., Rev. A. Deering represented the N. H. Y. M. and Rev. J. Mariner spoke for the Maine Central Y. M.

## Adopted the following resolutions:

## MISSIONS.

Resolved, 1. That our institution of learning and Mission at Harper's Ferry, W. Va., demands our vigorous and continuous support, until it is relieved of its present embarrassments and made a glorious success.

2. That we affectionately urge the pastors of the churches in this Y. M. to take a collection in their congregations the first Sabbath in July, or as soon as practicable.

3. That we earnestly solicit the brethren of all our churches to make the most efficient use they can of the Mission cards in their various regions and forward the funds thereby raised for the benevolent societies.

## REV. A. HOBSON.

Whereas, our beloved brother, Rev. Andrew Hobson, of Steep Falls, has passed to his reward since we last met, therefore,

Resolved, 1. That though by age and infirmity he has been mostly laid aside from the work of the ministry during his later years, we most gratefully remember his active life, his stability of character, soundness of judgment, excellence of example, efficiency in the gospel work, and his salutary influence upon the cause in general.

2. That in this event we are all admonished of the importance of most earnestly seeking for the highest Christian integrity and for doing what we can towards promoting the good of man and the glory of God.

Our returned missionaries from India, Rev. J. L. Phillips and Miss J. E. Phillips, were with us and added much to the interest of the meeting. Rev. E. N. Fernald, the efficient agent of our benevolent Societies, was present, cheering Christian workers on in saving souls through these instrumentalities.

Collections were taken for Harper's Ferry and F. Missions.

Preaching on the occasion by Rev. O. S. Hasty, H. Quinby, W. H. Yeoman, T. Tyre and A. Deering. L. H. WITHAM, Clerk.

## N. Y. &amp; Penn. Yearly Meeting.

The N. Y. & Penn. Y. M. held its last session with the Pine Valley church, commencing June 8, at 1 p. m.

Conference called to order by the standing Clerk. Opening Prayer by Rev. O. C. Hills. Conference organized by making choice of Rev. O. S. Brown as Chairman.

Tuscarora Q. M. reports a fair steadfastness in matters of religious interest. Revivals in some of the churches and some additions. Several Sabbath schools sustained.

Potter Co. Q. M. reports revivals in two churches. Some of the churches sustain Sabbath schools.

The report from the Chemung Q. M. states that there is a lack of zeal on the part of the churches in holding up the standard of the cross.

Rev. O. C. Hills made a verbal report for the Tioga Co. Q. M. (formerly Bradford & Tioga), in the absence of a written report. He states that there is a fair interest in most of the churches. One new church building has been dedicated during the past year. The prospect of establishing a church in Wellsboro, the shire town of the county, is good.

During the transaction of the conference business the whole was conducted in a spirit of harmony and brotherly kindness. The public meetings were seasons of interest during the session and the preaching spiritual. Rev. Wm. Taylor, of Rochester, was present, and by his labors added interest to the gathering.

Rev. O. C. Hills was appointed to represent the Y. M. at the next General Conference, and Rev. L. Kellogg his alternate. Delegates were also appointed to attend the next meeting of the Central Association. In view of the recent death of one of the ministers of the Y. M. and to all human probability another being near the close of life, the following resolutions were passed:

Resolved, 1. That in the departure by death of our excellent brother in the ministry, faithful and true, Rev. William Mack, we experience a loss that God alone can fill, and we record this memorial to his high Christian work and abundant labors. We also express our sympathy to his family and friends.

2. That we express our deep sympathy for our brother now prostrated by sickness, Rev. S. C. Wetherby, and his family who kindly minister to his wants, and pray God to be his comfort and strength while his earthly interests recede.

The next session of the Yearly Meeting will be held within the bounds of the Tioga Co. Q. M., on Friday before the second Sabbath in June, commencing at 1 p. m.

## G. H. FREEMAN, Clerk.

## Ohio Yearly Meeting.

The Ohio Yearly Meeting convened with the church in Mainville, June 1, and organized by electing Rev. J. Hisey, Moderator.

The reports from the Quarterly Meetings were cheering as a whole. Several additions were reported to some of the churches, and union throughout their borders. The feeling seemed to prevail that much had been realized, but that there remained more to be done. The great need seems to be more and better work for Jesus.

Besides the general routine of business, resolutions on Foreign and State missions, urging the duty of contributing largely and regularly, to the same, were unanimously passed. Also, a resolution on Temperance, recognizing in the Murphy movement, evidences of genuine reform and permanent results. The committee on correspondence reported a fraternal letter from Rev. O. E. Baker, which was read; also,







## Poetry.

## THE DAWN OF DAY.

BY MINA BODGER.

Slowly uplifts the curtain of the night  
That screeneth Nature when she seeks repose.  
And soon the vast expanse of heaven glows  
With rosy light.

The wakening south wind rustles through  
The corn,  
And whispers tender greeting to the flower,  
The feathered songster hails the earliest hour  
Of coming morn.

With the sweet cadence of his morning lay,  
As through the liquid blue he wings his flight;  
And comes, in one grand burst of golden light,  
The radiant day.

Another page of life—oh, have a care,  
Ye who the days' account on it shall trace,  
That no wrong thought or action shall deface  
The record there.

Onward we press, we hope, we fear, we pray,  
Till we receive the good for which we thirst;  
Till full upon our wakening sight shall burst  
Life's perfect day.

## A POSER.

"What's 'Fourth of July'?" The question came

That famous day at dawning,  
While all the bells were ringing in  
Great Independence morning,  
Mid roar of guns, and cannons' boom,  
And crackers' valiant fight for room—  
Ding-dong, screech, toot and horn.

"Please tell me what is 'Fourth July'?"  
"My dear," I answered, turning  
To see the wee maid, all unversed  
In patriotic learning:

"Our happy land, in times afar,  
Was ruled by a severe mamma,  
Who, right and justice spurning,

"Determined she would make us do  
To her commands according;  
But we rebelled, and so it chanced,  
One Fourth of July morning,  
Long years ago, the deed was done,  
By which we Independence won,  
The laws of Mamma England scorned."

"You understand?" She paused a bit,  
Mischievous dimples playing  
About her lips; then, sudden, I  
Triumphantly heard her say:  
"Now I think, sometimes, all mamma,  
And, very often too, papa,  
Act bad 'bout our obeys!"

"Like yours, they want to make us do  
To their commands according;  
Why shouldn't we rebel, and have  
A nice Fourth July morn'g?"  
"But that was not a good mamma  
Who ruled us in the times afar!"  
My explanation scoring,

Triumphant spoke this cunning maid:  
"I'd like to ask that mother  
If she thought you was right; I guess  
She'd say, like any other,  
That she knew how to make good laws,  
And you was naughty children, 'cause  
You didn't mind your mother!"

—Wide Awake.

## Family Circle.

## HOW THE BOYS WOKE HIM.

A FOURTH-OF-JULY STORY.

Up the valley, through the misty twilight stillness, float whistled notes. Now the light shifting breeze sweeps them aside, and again bears them up the river-way, each moment clearer, until "Hail Columbia's" martial strains ring bravely out. The very night-calm thrills and quivers.

Gwin Halsted's soul, just now, is in that whistle.

Hark—another! Y2—Bob. No one else could send "Yankee Doodle" dancing, singing down the hills in that way.

Again—and again—down the valley, past the mill, and from over the east hill, the old war songs come throbbing from boyish throats.

Feet keep step to music, and

"Tramp, tramp, tramp,  
The boys are marching."

on, on, across the fields, up the hill-side, and all toward the old pine tree.

And hear the blending of voices and whistled notes—how they touch and weave and swell in a strange, mixed chorus of patriotism—boyish patriotism.

That pine tree on the hill-side, where solos always end in chorus, is a bosom friend of the boys. Not one in all the region but bears the stamp of its tar-pentine seal. There are massive oaks, broad and branching, on either hand, but no boy confides in them. Perhaps its singular, wide-limbed growth, so unlike the tall, pinnated pines of the region, has enticed the boys to fill its open arms with rude platforms of seats. Perhaps the eternal twilight of its dense foliage meets, in some mystic way, that tinge of exquisite romance in the boyish heart.

But be that as it may, the summer twilight there have always echoed with songs and laughter and glad voices, or hushed at the silence of whispered secrets—and sometimes, as I know, shivered at the bold, dark fancies of these same boys.

But on this eve of the one great day of the American year, they clasp fraternal hands at the end of the chorus, and cheer the gay, brave flag that Bob is just flinging free from the upper greenness.

"Come up," he shouts, "up to the sky parlor!"

"Aye, aye," answer the boys, and with various flying springs they seize the lower limbs and swing themselves lightly to their airy perches.

And the pow-wow begins.

"Got your crackers and rockets, Gwin?"

"Long ago; and after six weeks' teasing I've got that big horse-pistol of Grif, and a horn of powder. Just have some

cotton handy, boys, for a double charge is ear-splitting, I tell you."

"And Toof's trumpet—did you get the colossus made?"

"Yes, (confound the tinman!) but nothing less than the blacksmith's bellows could ever blow it!"

"See here, I tell you," says Bod, with a little yell, "we might fit it to the steam whistle at the mill—'twould wake every sleeper in the valley, sure!"

"And how the brass band shriekers would tear their hair!"

A chorus-yell of laughter greets this prospect.

"Capital! The very thing! Bob and I'll look after that. We'll let her shriek at twelve o'clock, to a second!"

"Yes," says Bob, "and send a stream of sound down the valley bigger than Sandy River in a spring freshet."

Then various other Fourth of July festivities are planned—the tar-barrel bonfire on the east hill, a boat race, and the swimming match at Blue Ledge on the Sandy.

"And now about the bells," says Tom; "you'll be at the church on time, Gwin?"

"That depends. What do you call 'on time'?"

"Why, midnight, of course."

"Well, I don't know," says Gwin, carelessly, dropping his lids none too soon over the dancing brown orbs.

He is met by a perfect clamor—"Don't know?" "Why not?"

"Well, I don't see the good of a fellow's getting up at midnight, and pulling a confounded bell-ropes till sunrise! I'd rather sleep."

The boys surge and clamor the more at this. Any one else would be hissed as traitor, and tumbled down from the sky parlor to the basement. But Gwin is a leader, and no one dares pick up the gauntlet. And after a little the pow-wow breaks up, to the stirring strains of "Hold the Fort."

At the foot of the hill Gwin's path led away from the others, and the moment he had turned the corner down sat those boys in a solemn consultation over his strange freak. The end was a vow, to be fulfilled before the next dawn.

Gwin sauntered home with a queer smile curling his lips, and a sparkle of mischief in his brown eyes.

"They'll be here, of course. I should myself."

Before going in, he walked round under the window of his room, and made certain final mysterious arrangements—and the swaying vines heard something about "a prodigious joke!"

When he reached his room he tumbled on the lounge, and had another little talk with himself.

"Rather neatly managed, that's a fact. Didn't know what to think of you, did you, Gwin Halsted? Well, just wait a bit, and we'll enlighten them, won't we, old fellow?" and Gwin chuckled and shook with suppressed mirth.

"Well, they won't be here till after midnight—and I shall be sure to hear that old fog-horn—that and the bells would wake the very scare-crows! So I s'pose a fellow may as well turn in for a few hours." Saying which he kicked his boots off, and across the room, squirmed out of his clothes, and in two minutes slept like the night-hush of the valley.

Oh, the calm of that still darkness! The very trees slept, and the breezes held their breath. Once only did a mother-bird chirp, and trill a low dream-song. The moon waned silently into the west, and faded away in the shadow of the horizon pines.

Suddenly, crashing through the night-calm, come the church-bells' heavy tones, and up from the mill, like lightning for their thunder, hurries the long-drawn, shuddering shrieks of the giant horn. Hark to the quick rattle of guns, the roll of drums, the blending in tumultuous swell! The breezes wake, the winds hold noisy revel, and for an hour sweep the tempest-clangor over the valley and echoing off among the hills. Yes, it is Independence morning this minute.

Again the night hush flows back over the valley.

Gwin, sound asleep, sprang up startled at the first sound, and then, laughing at himself, fell back among the pillows, and quivered and shook again at the thought of the boys pulling and tugging at the old bell-ropes, and yet again at the prospect of his prodigious joke.

By and by, when he knew the first act of the night-drama must be well ended, he slid out of bed, and in two minutes had squirmed back into his clothes.

Then he did something that made the stars wink and blink in the funniest of ways.

He went back to the bed and got his long, white night-gown, and in another minute had squirmed into that—clothes, boots and all. Then he laid a match carefully by the candle—threw himself comfortably into a chair by the low window, and—awaited developments.

For a time all was silent. But at last his quick ear caught the sound of far-away, muffled steps crossing the bridge.

"Coming—was sure they would—no boy was ever let sleep Fourth morning in this town—but I'm ready—full dress reception!" and Gwin smoothed his white robe, and laughed under breath.

And then time went on again.

Hush, now! Yes, the crack of a fencible!

The boys, somewhere in the darkness, are evidently climbing over into the fields. The grass is less tell-tale even than the sandy road.

At last Gwin, his eyes grown dark and large with peering into the night, becomes conscious of dark shadows slowly stealing toward the house.

Six—dash, ping! An accidental pistol discharge! And the quick echoes dance trippingly off over the valley tree-tops.

The shadows stop, motionless, waver a moment, they sink and fade down in the deep grasses.

And for a half hour the silence is utter breathless.

"Waiting for you to fall asleep again, Gwin—aren't they, old fellow?" mutters the white-robed boy to himself, between half-smothered outbursts of mirth. It is so deliciously jolly to lounge there in an easy-chair, and picture those tired shadows prone among the grasses, trembling lest the slumber of their victim has been disturbed.

After awhile he fancies the low ghosts of whispers that pass from one to another along the line. And at length he is sure they are slowly, silently, steadily lessening the distance between.

Gwin can see like an owl now, and all at once, close at hand, he traces the outlines of a boy—yes, another and another take form out of the gloom and glide behind the shrubbery. There must be a dozen of them.

He thrills at the near crisis.

But the plotters are cautious. No sound of their unseen preparations steals through the dense leafage.

Once only does Gwin note the fire-fly flash of a lucifer.

"Lighting their slow-matches! Well, I'm ready for fun!" he says to himself, and glides to the table for his candle.

Slow tick the moments by. Little exquisite tangles fly quick-quivering along every nerve.

But see—the shadows!

Swift, noiseless as mist creeping up the valley, they come—nearer—nearer—close under the window!

Gwin is conscious of an instant's pause—a white signal-flutter—and then, flash! bang! CRASH—CRASH—CRASH! The windows rattle, the tense air, jarred, vibrates with tempest-echoes, swelled by a dozen yells, and pierced through by the comet-shriek of the horn.

Silence.

The boys wait—wait in a hush of expectancy.

A moment later they catch the gleam of light within, and presently night-gowned Gwin, hair tangled, and face drowsy as with late slumber, appears at the window, candle in hand.

"A—ab—what's up?" he draws, sleepily rubbing his eyes.

The boys take this as assurance of their triumph.

"You are!" "You!" Gwin!" "Gwin Halsted!"

And again and again the din of yells and laughter and cheers, climaxed by the five-pounder and the wild reveille of drums, mobs his ears.

But a smile twinkles across Gwin's face, and in the mid-proar he carelessly lets fall his candle from the window.

That falling candle—a light puff down in the grass—and to! sinuous gleams of light run along the ground to the house, the fence, the shrubbery—yes, like serpents, out between the very feet of the astonished boys to the clumps of bushes beyond. Instantly, strange lights, crimson and white and azure glow, intense, around the line. Dense clouds of smoke, billow starward and dome over the scene, shutting out the night, shutting in the boys and the dazzling brilliancy of great iridescent lights.

The would-be wakers are the awakened. Not one of them has spoken, when, sudden, to left, to right, sky-rockets soar their bright serpentine trails into the upper blackness. The fence pickets are Roman candles, explosive, emittant, shooting up into the night their tri-colored globes.

Gwin's moment has come. He tears off his night-robe, and with a flying leap from the window comes down through the smoke into the very mid-brightness, hatted, booted.

The boys start back! They rub their eyes—till his resistless peal of laughter flashes over them the whole prodigious joke—with a tinge of chagrin—chagrin at utter defeat in the height of triumph.

Loyal Bob is first to gain self-possession. "Gwin forever!" he cries. "Cheers! cheers for Gwin!"

And Gwin flings his hat with the rest—the cheers are rare fun: "Bah for the Fourth! Come on, boys! I'm with you! Back to the church—time for the sunrise ringing of bells!"—Wide Awake.

## OUR SUNDAY VISITOR.

WORSE THAN A "HEATHEN CHINESE."

Old Bruin lived in the Wisconsin woods. There, in a hole in the rocks, he had his home, his wife and babies. When winter came, after the fashion of bears, they all went to sleep curled up like woolly balls, only waking up occasionally for a lunch of nut-brown acorns which they had laid by during the summer days.

But this winter—when the things happened of which I am going to tell you—was the longest and coldest old Bruin had ever known. Again and again waking from his nap he looked out to find the world still covered with snow, ice clinging to the trees, and the ground frozen.

Then he looked into the cupboard and noticed how low the stock of provisions was getting, took one acorn less for his supper, that the babies might have one more, and hoping for better days curled up again, sucked his paws and fell asleep.

But better times failed to come, and one morning when the sun shone a little warmer than usual, old Bruin said good-bye to wife and babies, and started off in search of food.

How long he wandered about I can not tell, but he reached our little town about one o'clock one Sunday afternoon.

As far as I know it was Jennie and Katie Brush on their way home from Sun-

day school who first saw him. They never walked very slowly, but to-day their steps were quickened by their appetites, for they were later than usual, and the thought of roast chicken and apple dumplings was enough to make them skip along in the sunshine.

"Ho! there's a big dog behind the bushes! Did you ever see such a big one, Jennie? And he's hungry, poor fellow! See him poke his nose down under the bushes! I believe he's half starved, he looks so long and thin! Let's take him home with us and give him some dinner! Here, doggy, doggy!—what a pity I can't whistle—here, sir, come along!"

But her tone changed as, obedient to the call, old Bruin started toward them. "Oh! Katy it's a bear! Run, run for your life!"

And they did run. Never had their feet taken them over the ground so fast before.

Now Bruin, if he had understood all that had been said, would not only have felt deeply hurt at such rudeness on the part of a would-be hostess, but also grieved at the loss of the chicken-bones. Fortunately he did not understand, but, paying no further attention to the girls, continued his efforts to provide his own dinner; and plodded on with his nose very close to the ground.

Now Mrs. O'Connor's cabin was not very far off. Who was Mrs. O'Connor? Why, Tim O'Connor's old woman. She had been the making of Tim, as she assured her neighbors again and again; and he, looking up at her as she towered head and shoulders above him, always added, with a good-natured twinkle in his eye, "That's true, Biddy, my lass; but while you were about it why didn't you make a little more of me?"

A right thrifty woman was Mrs. O'Connor, and a brave one, as you'll see for yourself before long. Tim's dollar-and-a-half a day was carefully expended.

No children ran round their door-step; but two thrifty pigs they were fattening for winter pork kept the place from being lonely, and gave Mrs. O'Connor an object in life. Every potato-paring or cabbage-leaf was saved for her darlings, and for the convenience of the pigs and herself, were scattered around the door-step, for she liked to see the pretty creatures enjoying themselves at their dinner.

Now, a gentle breeze carried to old Bruin's nose the odor of cabbage leaves, so he quickened his pace and trotted along faster than his poor famished legs had carried him for a long time. Over Mrs. O'Connor's fence at a bound he went—no need of that, though, for the gate always stood conveniently open—and without even saying "By your leave" to the pigs, who were enjoying their Sunday dinner, he helped himself.

"Holy Mother, defend us!" cried Tim, drawn to the door by the squealing of the pigs.

"And what's the matter now?" cried Mrs. Tim, as her lord, pale and trembling, sank into a chair.

"It's a bear, Biddy, a bear! Sure and I thought at first it was the old 'one' himself, but it's a bear, and whatever will we do?"

"Do!" cried Mrs. Tim, seizing a broom-stick. "I'll show you what to do!" and, rushing to the door-step, she laid it vigorously across old Bruin's head and shoulders.

Now, exactly what motive prompted old Bruin I can not say. Whether he had been brought up to treat a woman with respect, or whether the weak state of his body affected his courage, I know not; but I do know that he gave one bound over the fence and was up the street like a shot.

Grandfather Greenleaf was reading his Sunday paper that afternoon, when in rushed Cousin Tom.

"I want your gun, grandfather, and your powder and shot, too. There's a big bear up the street, and the whole town's after him!"

"But the old gun's rusty, Tom; it hasn't been used for years. B-sides, it kicks like the—well, like our old bridle cow. It never works on Sunday, either; so I guess you'd better not disturb it."

But, not heeding or not hearing grandfather's objections, Tom was off in a twinkling with the old gun over his shoulder and the shot-pouch swinging at his side.

How I wished I was a boy, or that it was not Sunday, and I could join the crowd of men and boys—yes, of women and girls—who were rushing up the street after poor old Bruin, for the awful words, "A bear! a bear!" had gone from lip to lip, and fairly aroused our little town.

Run, Bruin, run! for armed men and boys are on your track. Run as you never ran before, for the sake of wife and your little ones!

And so the race began. Some of the crowd carried sticks, some stones; a few guns marked their appearance. Old Ned, the barber, hobbled by on his wooden leg with a razor in his hand, with which I very much fear he had been shaving some Sunday customer. "I'll cut the throat of the black rascal!"

Tim O'Connor followed behind his wife, with a pitchfork over his shoulder. "Just let my old woman get near him again, and she'll fix him. And it was that very broomstick she carries this minute that saved our lives, and maybe the lives of the whole 'ole 'ye."

Poor old Bruin! Cousin Tom kept up bravely till the bear reached the river. "That's the last of you, old fellow." But old Bruin knew better, and plunging in, swam boldly across.

But Tom was sorely disappointed, so, raising his gun to his shoulder, he pulled the trigger.

Did he hit the bear? you wonder. Well, somebody was hit and fell over on the ground, and lay there still for a few minutes, but it was not old Bruin; he was bounding away as fast as ever. If ever you see Cousin Tom, ask him if he ever went bear-hunting on Sunday and carried a gun that kicked.

A few days after this Cousin Tom disappeared. Judge of our surprise when, at the end of a week, he suddenly appeared, driving a farmer's wagon, in the back of which on a pile of straw lay poor old Bruin, dead, dead, with a hole in his head. Tom was the hero, after all. Prowling around in the woods for a whole week, he had at last come across the bear and sent a bullet, another and another, through him—not from grandfather's gun, however—and alas for Bruin!

It's true, though Tom is a middle-aged man now, and keeps a jewelry store in the same little town where all this happened. There in the large glass window stands old Bruin this very day, looking fierce and hungry, with mouth and eyes wide open.—Christian Union.

## Literary Review.

GARTH: A Novel. By Julian Hawthorne, author of "Bessant." "Saxa Frangit." etc., etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 291. (Paper, \$1.00).

The Hawthorne name suggests not only pleasant things in literature, but also deep-sight into Nature and character. It is as a character-study that the volume at hand is especially valuable. The character of Garth, the hero, alone furnishes an almost complete study. The story is one which one can not skim hastily over, dismissing it as soon as it is laid aside, but it demands close attention in reading, and after it is finished, the different types and phases of character depicted in it constantly return to the mind. We are interested in Garth from the time his father announces his method of governing the little lad. "He must be delivered to the jurisdiction of his own conscience," said the father, and when the little fellow was five years old, the birch rod was confided to his care, its use explained and he was "enjoined not to allow any mistaken tenderness for the parental feelings to hinder a demand for its application whenever necessary."

We wish that, as he grew older, his father had explained to him the beauty and moral necessity of attending church, as his grandfather desired, but the father seldom went, and the son, left to do as he pleased, learned to reverence Nature, but no hint in the book gives us leave to hope that through Nature he looked up to Nature's God. Though Garth developed into a noble man, yet there is something lacking. He made all he could of himself, relying alone on himself. The divine touch is needed to mold him to a perfect human character. Maggie, to whom Garth was betrothed from boyhood, through his college course and art studies in Europe to early manhood, is in herself sufficient to form the center character of any story. Subtle, wonderfully acute in reading human nature, it lay in her power to do great good or evil. The different forces of her soul contend with varying success, till finally the evil triumphs, and only a feeling of contempt restrains the pitying tear over her wasted life. Golightly is so truthful a picture of so many weak-minded men, that we accept him with hardly a thought of criticism. Egotistical, vain, selfish, evil triumphs through his life, but the better gains the ascendancy at last. It is the old story of wrong and remorse. Eleanor, whom Garth finally marries, is also well drawn from Nature. The other characters, as well as those already mentioned, are real flesh and blood people. They laugh, chat, become angry, make up and even swear, alas, like men and women in real life, and each character is consistent with itself. The book is full of piquant sentences, and there is a constant appreciation of Nature and Art.

THE BURNING OF THE CONVENT. A narrative of the destruction, by a mob, of the Ursuline school on Mount Benedict, Charlestown, as remembered by one of the pupils. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 18mo. pp. 198. (\$1.00).

The attention of the visitor at Bunker Hill monument is often directed to an eminence a couple of miles away, where once stood the Ursuline convent, destroyed by a mob of Boston truckmen in 1834. Until recently the ruins have been allowed to remain as they were, but the work of leveling the hill having been commenced, one of the pupils in the convent at the time of its destruction has undertaken the task of writing the story of that night, so that its history might not be lost.

Louisa Goddard was the name of the little girl who went unwillingly, at her father's command, to find a home and obtain an education in the convent. She describes the building as spacious and elegant beyond any building in New England for the education of girls. A body of Irish nuns, educated in French convents, had charge of it. Soon the school became so popular that many business men of Boston sent their daughters there, and pupils came from Canada and New Orleans.

During the winter of 1833-4, Dr. Lyman Beecher had given a course of lectures in Boston on the "The Devil and the Pope of Rome," fiercely denouncing Catholicism. Miss Goddard's father was a Unitarian, and his antagonism to Dr. Beecher led him to carry out the plan he had formed of placing his daughter in the convent at Mount Benedict, Charlestown; for he was opposed to the growing independence of women, and hoped the nuns would teach her the submission he was unable to enforce. There were rumors of an attack upon the convent, for the Superior had made many enemies, and the popular feeling was strong against her and her school. But there was but little heed given to these rumors, and Miss Goddard was taken to school. She was very homesick, and we can not wonder, when we read her description of the strict discipline and coarse fare. She welcomed with joy every report concerning the rioters, and all through the excitement of that eventful night she was calm and happy in the thought that the destruction of the convent was procuring her release from school and rendering her return home necessary. The story is well written and probably as impartially told as possible. The Superior is blamed for her arrogant conduct, and the mob condemned for their illegal action. We wish it had been possible for her to have told us more about what became of the sisterhood and the other pupils, after they were scattered, at the burning of the building, for we close the book with an increasing interest in the narrative.

ELLA'S HALF-SOVEREIGN: or, Pains and Gains. A story of the Wrigate Family. By the author of "Elsie." A Lowland Sketch. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 18mo. pp. 316.

This is a pretty story of English life. Ella was the fifth of a family of ten children. She was impatient and careless. One day she was strolling with her brothers and came across a little boy who had wandered away from his home. They took him to his friends, who lived in a settlement of iron-workers, and the woman who took care of them happened to say there was no church they could attend, the nearest being in town a couple of miles away. Ella constantly thought of their misfortune in being deprived of a church, and when they were having a family picnic, near a spring called the Wishing Well, she wished that there might be a church at Green Lane, where the iron-workers lived. Her father interested himself in the matter, and proposed that she try and earn half a sovereign in the next three months, and he would do something towards a church in that place. Ella went to work, but she was only thirteen years old, and it seemed a difficult matter to earn so much money. She learned wood-carving, but in saving a child from the danger of a falling tree, she was herself injured and prevented from continuing her work. But her father said she had done all she could. He talked over the matter of a new church with others,

and a subscription was opened which was liberally received. When Ella recovered she made such progress that she soon earned three pounds. But best of all she learned patience and care. The church was built, and Ella's brother, who counseled and sympathized with her in all her plans and efforts, became the clergyman. The story is a good one, and will be very interesting to boys and girls, and also beneficial for the morals it teaches.

UNSWEAVING. By Ernest Gilmore. New York: T. Y. Crowell. 12mo. pp. 267. (\$1.50).

This is a story for girls. Six graduates from a young ladies' seminary agree to meet again in ten years and report what their lives have been. They go to their homes. One spent her time in visiting and riding, living wholly for self. She married, but her life was aimless and she was far from happy. Another went to an uncongenial home and becoming discouraged, sank under her sorrows. A third went to a poor home and a sick mother, but she bravely met her duties and developed into a noble woman. The fourth married, but, careless and indolent, her home and family were neglected and unhappy. The fifth was disappointed by the death of her lover, but addition only added new graces to her character. The last one was favored by circumstances, but more by her sweet disposition. She sought to promote the happiness of others and secured her own. At the end of ten years four of the ladies met and enjoyed reviving former times. The aim of the book is to show that the life which is unselfishly devoted to the good of others, is the true success. At the close of the book are a few poems in rather a sober mood, calculated to be consoling to the afflicted.

The first paper in the July Atlantic is the beginning of a



## Literary Miscellany.

## THINGS TO REMEMBER.

There is more force in names than most men dream of; and all men keep it in their minds as long as they can. Behind the shield of some fair seeming name, a whole army of devils is lurking.

Nothing can be in itself uncertain; it is we that are uncertain. — *Whately*.

He who can take advice, is sometimes superior to him who can give it. — *Von Knebel*.

I look upon death to be as necessary to our constitution as sleep. We shall rise refreshed in the morning. — *Franklin*.

It is my decided opinion that the mind does more by frequently returning to a difficult problem, than by sticking to it without interruption. — *John Stuart Mill*.

The prejudices of ignorance are more easily removed than the prejudices of interest; the first are all blindly adopted, the second willfully preferred. — *Bancroft*.

The more enlarged is our mind, the more we discover in men of originality. Your commonplace people see no difference between one and another. — *Pascal*.

Some one said to Hugo once upon a time: "It must be very difficult to write good poetry." "No, sir," replied the poet; "it is very easy or utterly impossible."

A man's charity to those who differ from him upon great and difficult questions, will be in the ratio of his own knowledge of them. The more knowledge, the more charity. — *Norman Macleod*.

There are as in philosophy, so in divinity, sturdy doubts and boisterous objections, where-with the happiness of our knowledge and nearly acquaintances. More of these than man hath known than myself, which I confess I conquered not in a martial posture, but on my knees. — *Sir Thomas Browne*.

Make the bridge from the cradle to manhood just as long as you can. Have your child a child just as long as you can, especially if you live in a city. Be not in haste to force your child into premature development by intelligence or by anything else. Let it be a child and not a little piece of a man running about the town. — *Spurgeon*.

Those who get through the world without enemies, are commonly of three classes: the supple, the adroit, and pliant. The leader ruler surmounts obstacles by yielding to them; the oiled wheel escapes friction; the cotton sac escapes damage by its impenetrable elasticity. — *Walt Whitman*.

Begin the education of the heart not with the cultivation of the intellect, but with the cutting away of those that are evil. When once the noxious herbs are withered and rooted out, then the more noble plants, strong in themselves, will shoot upward. The virtues, like the weeds, become strong and healthy more by labor than nourishment. — *Richer*.

## RESULTS OF EMANCIPATION IN RUSSIA.

The *London Quarterly*, in its review of Mr. Wallace's "Russia," says:

The experiment of emancipation is hampered by hindrances arising from the character of all the parties whose co-operation is needed for its good working. The good-natured, but stolid and lazy peasant, is only willing to work so much as is absolutely needful to supply the few wants of his hard and frugal life, and to pay his taxes. The proprietor, disgusted and exasperated at the indolence from which he suffers, is offended at the air of churlish independence, always natural to the Russian peasant, and now aggravated by the new pride of freedom. The result has been a wider division of classes than even under the serfdom which at least defined their social relations plainly, and often bore the redeeming fruit of kindly condescension in the master, and devoted attachment in the serf. This social severance makes it almost impossible for the proprietor and the emancipated peasant to meet on any common ground, at the very time when their co-operation is most needed to make their new relations the foundation of a better social order. The faults of both parties may be illustrated by a conversation which we lately heard in a Russian railway carriage between a proprietor and an English resident. "These *mirniks*," said the Russian, "were invented to be our curse." "Perhaps," rejoined the Englishman, who knew them well, "they think you born to be their prey." There is a whispered feeling among the peasantry that the work of emancipation is but half done; to restore them to their natural right of personal liberty is but a partial boon, without the land which they claim as having belonged to them from the time when Russia was Russia.

It remains to be seen how this divergence and antagonism can be overcome, or rather what natural forces will come into play to correct it. All that the Government has hitherto attempted by the establishment of provincial and district boards—though restoring the model of a free local government in the mode of proprietors and peasants are equally represented, and by which good local work is done—has nevertheless failed to create between the two classes any real community of feeling. The proprietor looks on the peasant as an instrument necessary for obtaining any profit from his land; the peasant regards the proprietor as a reserve whence he may hire land or draw wages as necessity may force him; but beyond this exchange of necessary uses, there is a mutual antipathy in all their ideas, personal, social, and religious—for the modern proprietor, besides being an aristocrat in his feelings and a gentleman in his habits, is wont to scorn the devotion of the Russian peasant.

The harmonizing influence of religion, so powerful in other lands, is here a force failing when most needed. The parish clergy, depending on the peasants for nearly all their subsistence, and scarcely above them in social rank, habits, and opinions, have lost all respect and consideration. For further evidence on this large topic we must be content to refer to Mr. Wallace's discussion on the position of the clergy, but not without giving our readers against the exaggerated influence which he ascribes to the tyranny of the superior ecclesiastics, who are of the "Black Clergy," or monastic orders. At all events some strong ecclesiastical discipline seems necessary to control the propensities of the common clergy. We have ourselves been obliged to look up in his own cellar a parish priest so drunk at his own daughter's marriage as to be a scandal even to a Russian village; and a friend of ours has seen a drunken priest belaboring his whole congregation with the branch he had just dipped in holy water to asperse them. There is at present, then, little hope for the reunion of classes from the Government or the clergy.

One of the few certainties in the immediate future is the extinction of the present class of proprietors, who are still imbued with the traditions of serfdom. It is being rapidly effected by the improvident habits which such a system always engenders, and accelerated by the

reckless action of the Government in the institution of Land Banks all over the country, which have offered the proprietors facilities for securing hopeless embasements. As in other countries, these means of ruin have been furnished by English capital. Into what hands the land thus encumbered will ultimately pass, is one of the problems of the future. At all events, as the combined result of emancipation and the survival of the village communal life, Russia seems to be working back toward her old social relations before the Tartar conquest, though as yet without the visible prospect of recovering her old political liberties; and till the latter is effected, the former can hardly be accomplished. In this critical position it would seem to a looker-on from outside that peace was her first need; but those who see more closely find a whithered feeling that the only hope of breaking the fetters of her despotism is by war; not a war of conquest, which would annex new provinces and carry her banners to Constantinople, but rather a war of humiliation, such as that which caused the military system of Nicholas to collapse, and prepared the way, by revealing the indispensable necessity, for the reforms of Alexander.

## A DISTINCTION.

When I was on the great pyramid, I looked toward the valley of the Nile, and saw many square, brown fields of ripe wheat; many square, green fields of growing wheat; many square, black fields of ploughed land; many square, white fields of blossoming pomegranates. But all the fenceless and hedgeless fields were all a part of Egypt. The division between them went no deeper down than a furrow. Underneath that, this rich soil was a unit. And so, when I look across the world from any commanding height of scholarship, I find that all these divergent shades differ from each other only by the depth of a furrow. They are one Egypt, only different squares.

Undoubtedly, however, there is a distinction between the green fat river-bottom of the Nile and the rustling sand of Sahara that lies at its side. There can be no overlooking that distinction. Between belief and unbelief, between that style of thought which does and that which does not assert man's need of a physician not human, of a regeneration not arising wholly from his own sweat and crooked will, there must be a distinction in philosophy and so there must be in practice. I found that in Egypt all the distinction that I needed to notice was that between the bed of the Nile and the drifts of Sahara. I will not say where Sahara ends, or where the Nile valley begins. It is often a puzzling problem to draw that line with justice. Now and then the valley envelopes the desert; and now and then the desert on the valley. It is ragged, zigzag, which separates green Egypt from brown Sahara, belief from unbelief. Nevertheless, we do not doubt that there is a distinction between Sahara and the river-bottom. All men of honesty and candor are glad to have that distinction pointed out. He whom we dare not name undertakes to point it out. He does so only by the fruitlessness on the one side and the fat harvest on the other. Let the map traced by his finger be ours. Lessing taught that the most useful religion will ultimately be considered the best. There are locusts in Egypt, and on the fat lands the locusts fall rather than on Sahara. Your fields are to be judged by their fruits. They are one. There is no distinction between these fat squares. They are all one soil, but we must adopt Lessing's test as to our merit—fruitfulness, and nothing short of that. — *Joseph Cook*.

## JOHN LOTHEROP MOTLEY.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, speaking of Mr. Motley before a recent meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, thus referred to the historian's college days:

I remember him as a handsome, spirited-looking boy at Harvard College, where, at the early age of 13, he joined the class two years after my own, graduating in 1831. He was probably the youngest student in college, said to be as bright as he looked, and with the reputation of a remarkable talent for learning languages. I recollect him in those earlier days as vivacious, attractive, brilliant, with such a luster of promise about him as belonged to hardly any other of my own date, and after it, in my four years' college experience, if I perhaps except William Sturgis, whom a swift summons called from our side in all the beauty of his early youth. Motley was more nearly the ideal of a young poet than any boy—for he was only a boy as yet—who sat on the benches of the college chapel. His finely shaped and expressive features, his large, luminous eyes, his dark, waving hair, the singularly spirited set of his head, which was most worthy of note for its shapely form and poise, his well-outlined figure, gave promise of his manly beauty, and commended him to those even who could not fully appreciate the richer endowments of which they were only the outward signature. But, with every temptation to a life of pleasant self-indulgence, flattery and the love of luxury could not spoil him. None knew better what they meant. "Give me the luxuries, and I will dispense with the necessities of life," was a playful saying of his, which is one of the three wisest things that have been said in Boston in our time, and which I think has not been claimed for any other wit of any period.

## WALKING TOGETHER.

A callow youth of 18 was deputed 30 years ago to meet Horace Greeley at "the station," and take him in a wagon over a very rough road to deliver a lyceum lecture. On the ride Mr. Greeley, by skillful questions, quite exhausted the lad's knowledge of the various resources, political, intellectual and social, of that locality, and in return poured out information, suggestion, anecdote, without stint. The two traveled and both got rich but they couldn't have traded right away the second time. [Mem. An infallible recipe to make any kind of a writer or lecturer entertaining is to tell him something he doesn't know and wants to know. In return he'll show you all his coins that you care to look at, and give you all you can carry away.] Those who, though not agreed in taste, in purpose, in temperament, are yet compelled to walk together, are like horses tethered in a meadow near to each other, who soon consume all the available grass, and after that find very dry biting. The wisest thing they can do, unless they are willing to starve on common places, is to break the tether and find fresh pasture ground.

Said a gentleman, the law of whose mind is growth, when invited to join for the third or fourth time a party of pleasure-seekers composed of the same persons, "I prefer association with those over whose minds I have not so thoroughly traveled; then I can both give and receive more pleasure and profit." — *N. Y. Tribune*.

## STRANGE ELECTRIC PHENOMENA.

The city was interested, last evening, by the appearance on C street of a strange phenomenon. At first it had the appearance of sparks of fire coming up through the pools of water beside the street. These sparks seemed to explode on reaching the surface, in many instances producing reports loud enough to be heard across the street, and being accompanied by a little cloud of smoke, and emitting a decided sulphurous smell. It was noticed that the phenomena occurred only on one side, under the telegraph wires. The sparks seemed to be caused by drops of water falling from the wires of the telegraph, which exploded when striking the pools of water. This solution was seemingly confirmed by the fact that when the wires became dry the phenomena ceased. It still remains to be explained, however, why, under the circumstances, such results should follow the falling of the water drops from the wires. — *Virginia City Enterprise*.

## PARAGRAPHS.

The Japanese Government is making elaborate preparations for the Paris Exposition.

A man in Tennessee has a watch made of wood—briar and box—which keeps perfect time. The springs, of course, are metal.

"Mamma," said a young hopeful, who against his will was made to rock the cradle of his baby brother, "if the Lord has any more babies to give away, don't you take 'em."

When the Breton mariner puts to sea, his prayer is—"Keep me, my God; my boat is so small, and Thy ocean is so wide." Does not this beautiful prayer truly express the condition of each of us?

Car stops; smiling young lady enters; every seat full; an old gentleman rises at the other end. "Oh, don't rise," says the lovely girl; "I can just as well stand." "You can do just as you please about that miss," says the old man, "but I'm going to get out."

There is a precocious six-year old boy in Auburn, Me., who is wonderful on spelling and definition. The other day his teacher asked him to spell matrimony: "M-a-t-r-i-m-o-n-y," said the youngster, promptly. "Now define it," said the teacher. "Well, I don't exactly know what it means, but I know mother's got enough of it!" replied the boy.

A northwestern gale in a few moments, on June 20, did much damage in Iowa City, overturning chimneys, blowing down trees and fences and injuring the crops in the surrounding country. The steeple of the Presbyterian church with part of the building was blown down. Loss to the church \$7000. The spire of the Congregational church was wrecked out of perpendicular and its foundation cracked so it must be replaced.

Mr. Edward Everett Hale says that he has "within six months talked with a highly cultivated American woman who did not know the difference between a Senator and a Representative to Congress. And he went into a public school, one day, and asked a question about the battle of the Brandywine, to find that the class had never heard of it, and was only amused by the dullness of the name."

## 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 specially important. Not more than a single square can well be afforded to any single obituary. Verses are inadmissible.

HENRY MCCORMICK died in Rutland, Ohio, April 22, 1877, aged 42 years. His disease was consumption, disabling him from the active pursuits of life for some years. He bore up under his afflictions with Christian patience. Upon making a public profession of religion, several years ago, he joined the 2d F. Baptist church in this township, and ever after maintained his profession with Christian steadfastness. He lived above reproach or censure, which can be said of but few. Funeral discourse by Rev. S. H. Barrett, Com.

Mrs. N. JENNIE PECKHAM, wife of Rev. C. B. Peckham, died of heart disease, in Hallowell, Me., May 7. Sister P. died as she had lived in the faith of the gospel. Her work had been so well done with no ordinary love, that death came as the gate to endless work. She was a faithful Christian. She loved the word of God, the church, her home, her family, the cause of Missions, the Sabbath school and every good work, with no ordinary love. There are many that mourn her death; they are not confined to one parish or one State. Her husband, her children, her aged mother and all mourn not as those without hope. Com.

Mrs. ELIZA, wife of David Stone, died at Orléans, Maine, Jan. 14, aged 74 years and 10 months. She was a devoted Christian, and in her old age, she became the subject of Christ's renewing grace. She was connected in church relations, with the Methodist denomination. Her piety was unquestioned; she bore, uncomplainingly, the trial incident to protracted infirmity, and was found by death ready and willing to go from earth.

RICHARD JACKSON died at the same place, May 1, aged 69 years and 10 months. Although Bro. J. had always entertained a deep respect for religion and shown a warm interest in the means of grace, he never fully committed himself to the service of Christ until a little more than a year ago. Since then, his conduct has evinced the sincerity and fixedness of his purpose to follow his Saviour. Almost without exception he bore testimony for Christ in the social meetings, while attending. The last few months of his life he felt deeply concerned for his unconverted neighbors, and was known to pray often and earnestly for their salvation. During his severe sufferings he was richly sustained by the presence of Jesus. "What could I do now?" he said more than once, "if I could not lean upon Christ?" He is greatly missed and affectionately remembered.

JOHN A. JILSON, died at Orléans, Me., June 8, aged 9 years and 14 months. One who many hopes had been built has been removed by this stroke of death. She was a good scholar, mature beyond her years, and remarkably considerate of others. A dark shadow has fallen on the home she has left. May the bereaved parents find consolation in Him who has promised to sustain such as

come to him. May their pathway be cheered by the hope, which the Holy Spirit inspires in the obedient hearts, of a reunion with the loved one gone before.

LOCASTA J., daughter of Dea. J. W. and S. M. Hoyt, died in Los Angeles, California, March 13, 1877, aged 23 years and 5 months. About two years ago her parents took up their residence on the Pacific coast, for the purpose of restoring the health of their daughter, but she was too firmly settled to be much benefited by the change. At the age of a fortnight she was baptized by Rev. E. D. Lewis, and united with the Honey Creek (Wis.) church, which she remained a faithful member. Her play was kind, and she was a devoted Christian. She was a girl of rare good qualities of heart, and held the esteem of all who became acquainted with her. Through a long sickness she was patient and cheerful, and expressed a desire to live only that she might be a comfort to friends and do something for Christ, for she felt that to depart and be with Christ for ever, was her greatest desire. She leaves parents and one brother to mourn their loss.

Mrs. REBECCA J., wife of Mathias A. Bennett, died at Monmouth, Me., June 10, aged 40 years and 6 months. She was a daughter of Rev. Mark Gatchell; became a Christian at the age of fourteen; was baptized by her father and united with the P. B. church, of which she remained a most faithful and devoted member. Her influence was extended through the church, neighborhood and town. As a child she was never known to utter an unkind word to her parents; as a wife, very devoted and affectionate; as a mother, very tender and kind; as a sister, very loving and kind; as a friend, very true and kind; as a neighbor, very kind and kind; as a Christian, very true and kind.

None knew her but to love her. Her ambition was to be useful to family, the church and the world. To entertain ministers and Christians was her delight, and she well knew how to make them at home in her house. She remarked to the writer that she could willingly die if it would help the church. Her sickness was long and distressing, but borne with patience and cheerfulness. Her views of Christ were transporting, comforting and hopeful—having a strong desire to depart and be with Christ. As much as she loved her family, she could willingly leave them in the glory and kingdom of God, and meet her father and mother in heaven. She leaves a kind husband and three children to mourn their loss, one a son, a daughter, and a son-in-law, member of the senior class in Bates college, on whom her heart was fixed, that he might be prepared for usefulness, to bless the world when she was gone.

M. H. TARBOR.

ABEL DAVIS died in East Washington, N. H., May 1, aged 51 years. Bro. D. became a Christian some forty-one years ago, and united with the Congregational church. Several years ago he was elected to the office of deacon, uniting with the Calvinist Baptist church at East Washington. But as time passed on trouble arose in the church and Bro. Davis with a number of others left the church. A year or two ago he was elected to the office of member until death. He leaves a wife and two children to mourn their loss, but they feel that what is their loss is his gain. He was a devoted and faithful member of the church, and his death was a great loss to the church.

JOHN L. GILMAN died in Great Falls, N. H., May 4, 1876, aged 66 years and 1 month. He was baptized in 1837 by Rev. T. Stevens, and was a member of the F. B. church in this place, which he remained a prominent and active member until the Master bade him come up higher. In Aug., 1840, he was married to Miss Mary Merrick. For about forty years he was a faithful member in the Sunday-school, and a part of the time served as its superintendent. He possessed a very active mind, and took great delight in the study of the Bible. He was an earnest laborer in all the enterprises of the church, and was especially interested in the subject of missions. He acted as president of the church missionary society for several years, and it was through his efforts that the church was generally so prompt in paying its annual contributions to the same.

For nearly forty years he was a devoted member of the church. He was a devoted husband, a kind father, and a good neighbor. During his last illness, he was patient, trusting, and calm; and when the time drew near for his departure, with a sweet smile upon his countenance, he said, "All is well." He leaves a wife, one son, and many dear friends to mourn his loss, yet rejoicing in his eternal bliss.

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## Educational.

**HILLDALE COLLEGE.**—Michigan. The location is excellent, and with the new buildings, every facility for study and improvement is furnished. Expenses from \$120 to \$150 per year. A full course is rendered students preparing for the Christian ministry. For catalogues or other information, address D. W.



## News Summary.

### CURRENT EVENTS.

#### News from the Eastern War.

The Grand Duke Nicholas has crossed the Danube at Sistova, with little fighting. Two corps are now on the south bank. Sistova has been captured and Nikolaevsk burned. In Asia, a Russian force of 15,000 men has appeared in the rear of the Turkish army, and the Russian left wing is fighting aggressively in the vicinity of Batum. The news this Monday morning is of the most conflicting character, and nothing definite can be stated.

The Greek government has contracted a loan of 20,000,000 drachmas with the national and Ionian banks.

It is stated that the Khedive of Egypt has agreed to erect forts at the mouth of the Suez canal to prevent any threatened cutting of its banks.

Advices from the Polish frontier state that the supply of railroad rolling stock falling short, all consignments for the army of the Caucasus are suspended, and all available means of transport are needed for the army of the Danube.

Turkish successes in Montenegro.

The Porte officially announces the destruction of Rutchuk by the shells of the Russians.

### Political.

One hundred employees of the New Orleans custom house are soon to be dismissed.

Judge Tuft has declined to be a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination for Governor of Ohio.

The number of government employees at Washington has been reduced 1000 since the inauguration of President Hayes, saving \$4,000 per day.

The Iowa Republican State convention met at Des Moines on Wednesday, nominating the Hon. John H. Gear, of Burlington, for Governor, and the Hon. Frank J. Campbell for Lieutenant Governor. The thing which has excited the chief interest in regard to this convention through the country, is its refusal to endorse the policy of President Hayes. One or two items may or may not help to explain this, according as one is inclined to look at them.

Ex-Governor Packard of Louisiana was present, and the Hon. James F. Wilson, the chairman of the convention, directly disobeyed the recent order of the President, prohibiting federal officers taking an active part in politics. Among the resolutions passed was one declaring that "silver should be made a legal tender with gold, for the payment of all debts, both public and private," and that "the present volume of currency should be maintained until the wants of trade and commerce demand its further contraction."

### Fires, Crimes, Accidents, &c.

A stage from Deadwood, W. T., was stopped near Cheyenne River, Wednesday night, and two treasure boxes were carried off by highwaymen.

Clark & Co.'s thread works at Paisley, Scotland, were burned on Thursday. The work people were saved with great difficulty. Loss, \$75,000.

A despatch from St. John, N. B., states that three men were drowned near Newcastle, on Thursday, by the capsizing of a boat.

The residence of Daniel Harvey on Clermont Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., was robbed on Wednesday morning of \$2,000 worth of property.

George L. Crosby, wife and two children were drowned in a creek near Hannibal, Mo., on Wednesday, while crossing a bridge over a small stream. Their bodies were recovered.

Annie Graham, daughter of Daniel Graham, of Hartford, Ct., aged four years and eight months, died Thursday, of hydrophobia. It was a clearly defined case. She was bitten May 21.

A Plymouth (Mass.) despatch says that the boiler of the steamer Lady of the Lake exploded on Thursday. Six persons were severely and perhaps fatally scalded, and twelve less dangerously.

An accidental fire, supposed to have been caused by the friction of machinery, occurred on Thursday night, in the spinning mill of John Robertson & Co., Glasgow. The works are the largest of the kind in Scotland, covering eight acres and containing 25,000 looms and 60,000 spindles. The fire was confined to the spinning department. Loss, \$400,000, partly insured. Five hundred were thrown out of employment.

### Miscellaneous-Domestic.

Twenty-two cadets from the various classes, who failed to pass the last examination have been dismissed.

There are nearly 1000 convicts in the Kentucky State prison—more than ever before.

Uncle Sam realized \$9,159,675 by the tax on beer last year—an increase of nearly \$500,000 over the previous year.

There is a girl in Western Mass., 9 years old, who is about 4-1/2 feet in height and weighs 154 pounds.

Springfield, Mass., is estimated to drink 300 barrels of ale, weekly, through the summer months at an expense of about \$800 a day.

A Brooklyn (N. Y.) man asked \$1,000 damages from another person for slander. The jury awarded him 6 cents.

In Florida, a man who has lost an arm or a leg, no matter how, is exempt from taxation on his business, unless it be liquor selling.

W. H. Vanderbilt announces a reduction of 10 per cent. on all salaries of the employees of the Lake Shore Railroad, except those earning \$30 per month, or \$1 a day.

The New Hampshire State prison contains 160 convicts, and the earnings of the year just closed, in excess of the expenditures, over \$8,000.

Eph Holland, a gambler, who pleaded guilty to procuring illegal voters in the October elections, has been sentenced to thirteen months in the Ohio penitentiary.

The entire force of printers in the New York Tribune office struck work at five o'clock Friday night, and four hours later forty non-union compositors had been employed and the paper was issued as usual on Saturday morning.

The monument in honor of the defenders of Fort Mifflin in 1776 was unveiled at Charleston, S. C., Thursday, the anniversary of the battle. The military display was very fine.

The graduating class of West Pointers have had a silver cup valued at \$300 manufactured for presentation to the first boy born to any of the marrying members. There is considerable inquiry at Vassar to know if the prize is "real solid."

A new system of mail transportation between the general post-office and the various steamboat and railway stations, went into operation Saturday. The service will comprise forty inclosed wagons, requiring fifty men in uniforms, and 105 horses.

### Personal.

Carl Beaudouin's health is failing. Ex-President Grant visited Queen Victoria, Tuesday.

Senator Ferry is now well enough to go out of doors.

Gov. Hampton spends his summers at the base of Chimney Top Mountain, North Carolina.

The degree of LL. D. was conferred on President Hayes, Wednesday, by Harvard University.

Charles Motley, a brother of John Lathrop Motley, resides in Berwick, Me., aged 81.

Mr. Murphy, the temperance speaker, has, for the present at least, lost his voice completely.

Senator Lamar is in better health than he has been for years. He is strong and his weight is slightly increased.

A monument to P. P. Bliss and wife will be dedicated at Rome, Pa., July 10th, and Moody, Sankey, and others will be present.

Charles Taylor has just been admitted to the Baltimore bar, being the first colored man who has attained that position in the city.

E. B. Russell, editor of the Boston Herald, and family, left for Europe on Saturday to be absent one year.

John Habberton, author of "The Jericho Road," Helen's Babes, and so many other books, is resting for the summer at Bethlehem, N. H.

The Rev. Joseph Cook of Boston has been engaged to deliver a course of lectures upon "Foreign Missions," between Science and Religion, before the Rochester Theological Seminary next autumn.

William Lloyd Garrison was honored with a breakfast party in London by leading liberal and anti-slavery men, including several distinguished members of parliament, last week.

The Emperor of Germany has ordered a life size portrait of himself to be painted, to be presented to United States Minister Washington for his distinguished services to Germany during the Franco-Prussian war.

Capt. John A. Webster, who commanded the six-gun battery which rendered such valuable service in the defense of Baltimore against the British in the war of 1812, is still living in that city at the age of 90 years, and is still as erect as an Indian.

Lillian Ashworth, an active leader of woman's rights, and niece of John Bright, was married to Thomas Hallett, professor of political economy, Thursday, at Bath, England, according to Quaker forms. John Bright and Jacob Bright were present.

### Sunday's Storm.

At Biddeford, Me., eight inches of water fell in two hours, and the damage to the streets is estimated at \$2,000.—In Kennebunk port, Me., the house of Mr. Townsbee was struck by lightning and two ladies were severely injured.—In Laconia, N. H., a man was struck and lay unconscious for four hours, by the lightning, and the Catholic church was burned to the ground in the same shower.—The lightning struck Columbia Hotel, Washington, D. C., and set it on fire. Seven persons were stunned by the shock, one of whom was seriously injured. The fire was quickly extinguished and the damage is light.

At Utica, N. Y., despatch states that at intervals the heaviest fall of rain for years occurred in that region. The lightning destroyed a store and telegraph office at Boonsville, Mohawk river has overflowed the flats more rapidly than ever before, and heavy damages to the crops are anticipated.

At City Springs, La., the lightning caused a loss of \$20,000.—In the evening, a terrible hail-storm struck Waterbury, Conn., and did great damage to gardens and crops, and in some places killed the cattle. The hailstones were as large as butternuts, and the ground was white with them.

In the West the fearful element of the storm was the wind. Through central Ohio considerable damage was done on Saturday night. Crops, fences and out-buildings suffered to considerable extent. Near Richmond, Ind., a tree was blown on a bridge while two men were crossing in a buggy, killing one and dangerously injuring the other. At O'Fallon Station, Ill., the wind leveled the ground. At Erie, Pa., the damage was very heavy, and twenty families are homeless. A new seminary was destroyed. A woman was instantly killed and five persons were injured, two, it is believed, fatally.

### Latest News.

Seventeen removals were made from the New York Naval office, Saturday, including Auditor Hayes, who was appointed in 1841. The savings amount to about \$30,000 per annum.—Collector Wilkins of Baltimore, Md., declined to resign his position at the President's request, the Secretary of the Treasury was ordered, on Saturday, to suspend Wilkins and appoint John L. Thomas his successor.

### EDUCATIONAL.

#### Maine Central Institute.

The ninth anniversary of this institution occurred the past week. The exercises commenced on Tuesday evening, June 19, with prize declamations by the third class. There were fourteen contestants, all acquiring themselves finely. The committee of award consisted of C. H. Hunter, A. M., F. C. Hersey, M. D., and G. J. Pendexter, Esq. Frank A. Spratt, of Hermon, was awarded the first, and L. C. Gilman, of Bangor, the second prize.

Wednesday was class examination day. All the classes appeared very finely and did themselves, the faculty and the institution, much honor. Wednesday evening, the Manson and Howe prizes were contended for. These are for original orations on the part of the gentlemen, and essays on the part of the ladies, on a given subject, announced by the principal at the middle of the term. The exercises were highly creditable. The awarding committee consisted of E. C. Bryant, D. D., C. H. Hunter, A. M., and C. A. Farwell, Esq. Lewis T. McKenney, of Dexter, was awarded the first, and H. H. Chase, of Unity, the second prize for orations; and Mary L. James, of Waterville, the first, and Nellie M. Lacey, of Pittsford, the second prize for essays.

Thursday, the regular graduating exercises took place. There were sixteen graduates, three ladies and thirteen gentlemen. The different parts were finely rendered, and were creditable. The diplomas were awarded by Prof. Batchelder with excellent and appropriate remarks, and the dinner followed at the Lancy House, where some one hundred and fifty guests assembled. Speeches were made by Judge Williamson, of Maine, Hon. Llewellyn Powers, M. C., Rev. C. F. Penny, Rev. Geo. W. Bean, Rev. Mr. Gerrish, and others.

An Alumni Association has been formed, and intends to hold exercises at each anniversary hereafter. At the social in the evening an original poem was recited by Miss S. Alma Pendexter.

Let the friends of the denomination see to it that their patronage goes to sustain this school.

Rev. N. C. Brackett writes that he is happy to announce that the good work of building a girls' hall for Storer College is to be aided by the Centennial Jubilee Singers. The Fox River and Harrisburg churches have already been aided by this company which has gained a high reputation under the direction of Bro. H. E. Keyes, to whom the credit of making a success of this singing effort belongs. Bro. B. adds: "Now let our friends in the Sabbath-schools everywhere give a helping hand, and the work will be done."

## Rural and Domestic.

### CARE OF HORSES' FEET.

When the foot is gone, there is no horse left. There is an old adage to this effect, the truth of which is incontrovertible. Yet no part of a horse's anatomy is worse used than the foot, and there are no more frequent diseases to which the notice of the veterinary surgeon is brought than those of the feet. This comes of the unwise yet obstinately maintained fashion of rasping, cutting, burning, tarring, and greasing the hoofs. It would occupy too much space here to describe the anatomy of the foot fully, but it is a very timely matter just now to consider the structure of the horny outer covering or crust of the foot, by which the delicate inner parts are protected.

Horn is a fibrous substance, which contains twenty-five per cent. of water. The fact that it contains water in its normal composition is a very important one, and needs to be stated here, because, unless specific reasons are given, very little weight is generally accorded to all that may be written or said about the proper treatment of the horse's foot, by either horse owners, farmers, blacksmiths, or professional horse-shoers. When horn is deprived of water it becomes dry, hard, and without elasticity, precisely like a piece of dry glue, which breaks and splinters into glassy fragments. It is necessary, therefore, that this water should be retained, to keep the horn in good condition. The common practice of burning the sole to procure a fit for the shoe, or rasping the outer surface to get a good shape, and of tarring and greasing the hoof, all tend to drive the water out of the horn, and not only to harden and contract it, but to make it brittle. In this condition its usefulness as a protection for the foot is at once impaired and partially destroyed. When the sole is burned by contact with a hot shoe, it is obvious that the water in the portion of the horn that is heated must be driven off. This is so obvious that no more need be said about it. When the smooth, polished, hard surface of the horn is rasped away, the softer inner fibrous portion is exposed to all the evil influences of evaporation and degradation, and the numerous pores and cells or interstices of the horn are enabled to give up the water they contain. The horn in this case is also made dry and brittle, and, of course, contracts. Tar contains an acid and a volatile oil, which evaporates and leaves a hardened pitch mass. When tar is applied to a hoof the acid acts chemically upon the horn, and hardens or disintegrates it, and the oil, evaporating, leaves a space between the fibers filled with the hardened residue. It operates precisely in the same manner as when it is applied to leather,—as a sole of a shoe, for instance,—as a preservative; the leather in a few days becoming hard and unyielding, impervious to moisture, and dry. As with tar, so with grease; both these substances drive out the water from the horn and occupy its place, in time hardening and acidifying the substance of the hoof crust, rendering it brittle, and contracting it.

The substance of the frog is horn, but is of a softer and more open texture than the sole and crust of the hoof. It is, therefore, more easily affected by injurious conditions, and when it becomes deprived of its water it shrinks more than the more solid horn. From this explanation of the character of the horny covering of the foot any reasonable horse owner may learn how to treat the hoof, and how to avoid injuring it. When a shoe is to be fitted, the edge or wall sole should be prepared by cutting, or rasping, and not by burning. Indeed, the shoe should be fitted to the foot, and not the foot to the shoe. When, from bad management, the sole and frog have become dry and contracted, no grease or tar should be used; but water should be used freely, and then the hoof should be dressed with glycerine, which will mix with water, and does not displace it. Glycerine contains no acid or acrid properties, but is soft, bland, emollient, and does not evaporate. It, therefore, softens the horn, and allows the fibers to expand. Contraction is thus prevented, or overcome when it has actually occurred.—New York Times.

### A PROPAGATING SECRET.

Under this head the London Gardener's Chronicle says: It will be remembered that a month or two ago we alluded to an alleged extraordinary secret for propagating trees and grafting roses, whereby much time could be saved, offered for a small sum by an Austrian nurseryman named Bachraty. This gentleman has since communicated an article on the subject to the Wiener Gartenfreund. Briefly his new method is as follows: Cuttings of shrubs and trees are taken off at the beginning of July, from six inches to twelve inches long, according to the kind. The leaves are removed from the lower portion which is to enter the ground, but those which will come above the ground are left. Beds are prepared for them in the open air by thorough digging and leveling and afterwards applying a superficial layer, about two inches thick, of rotten manure from a spent hot-bed. The cuttings are then stuck in about two inches apart and in a somewhat oblique direction. Each bed when filled is surrounded with a lath fence, so that shade may be given when the sun is very hot, and the cuttings are well watered with a rose-sprout can. This completes the operation. The only further care necessary is a sprinkling overhead three or four times a day during the first week, if the weather be very hot, and once a day afterwards. In the course of five or six weeks, treated in the manner indicated, the cuttings of most plants will have formed a callus, and further shading will be necessary. Late in the autumn a layer of rough manure, two or three inches thick, is spread over for winter protection. It also serves as manure when the cuttings start growing in the spring; and cuttings treat-

ed thus make extraordinary progress,—forming plants equal to two-year-old plants from winter or spring cuttings. Very few, it is asserted, fail. The new method of grafting roses is the insertion of growing eyes early in spring instead of dormant eyes in the summer. They are inserted in the main stem one on each side, to form symmetrical heads. These make, it is said, as much growth the first season as the dormant eyes the second season.

### THIS AND THAT.

SANITARY REFORM ON THE FARM. Dr. Kingsbury talked of Sanitary Reform on the farm. Decaying vegetable matter about the house, around the wells, and in the cellar, are prolific causes of disease in the farm-house. Ill treatment of cows, getting them excited and then feeding the milk to children is a practice liable to be attended with fatal consequences. Bad ventilation, attended with impure air, causes catarrhal and skin diseases of our animals, especially when obliged to breathe the impurities of decaying manure. Better ventilation of sleeping rooms was urged, and more of door-exercise for the farmer's wife.—New Hampshire Agricultural Meeting.

CABBAGES. Some cut their early cabbages at the lowermost leaves. This is not economical, because when so low the stems seldom sprout much afterward; whereas, when they are cut up as far as can be done without injury to the head, and as many of the leaves are left as possible, there are soon many side heads emitted from the stem, and each of these ultimately becomes as useful in the kitchen as the first heads.

Cabbages, when properly attended, yield gatherings from June until November.—Cottage Gardener.

BLACKBERRIES IN GEORGIA. The blackberry industry in Georgia, North Carolina, and other southern states is about to open. The little town of Salem, N. C., containing only about 2000 inhabitants, has shipped during three years over 3,000,000 pounds of blackberries, for which nearly half a million dollars was received. This was equal to over 9000 bales of cotton at 10 cents a pound, and is a resource certainly not to be despised.

### ITEMS.

At St. Augustine, Fla., they are making wine from oranges. One man made 40 barrels of it last year.

Four million hogs, worth \$20,000,000, were lost in this country last year by hog cholera.

Experience teaches us that the locust can stand long-continued wet, cold weather in Spring.—Kansas Advance.

There is in the country a great speculation in the fertilizer business. Forty dollars a ton is charged for an article which costs not over \$15 or \$20.—Detroit Tribune.

Ninety-nine out of a hundred people make a great mistake when they cut off a dog's tail in throwing away the wrong end.—Bluegrass Clipper.

Thinning of fruit on pear, and choice apple trees is too little practiced. By removing the small and gnarly specimens the forces of the tree will be saved to perfect the better ones, which will hence bring a much higher price.

A bright fire of pine chips, tar, or shavings, kindled in a garden at night, will destroy millions of insects. They are attracted by and consumed in the blaze.

At Beecher's Peckskill farm last year his onions cost \$1.50 per bushel; beef 50 cents per pound; oats \$2 per bushel; butter \$1.25 per pound, and eggs 75 cents per dozen.

They have an American Aloe (Agave Mexicana), in blossom at a New York greenhouse which has 355 flowers on one tall stalk. It flowers once in a century.

A company has been recently organized at East Machias, Me., with ample means, to manufacture tannin from sweet fern and alder, which abound in that section. Work has been begun on a factory.

### ROGERS GROUPS.

No popular household work of art has more thoroughly won its way into our houses than the exquisite statuary groups designed and executed by the artist Rogers. They had their origin during our war times, and the groups made in those days were chiefly illustrative of military affairs or of pathetic incident in the life of the freedmen. Since that, Mr. Rogers has turned his attention to the expression of almost every variety of life, from the most grave and serious to the intensely humorous. His last group is in the latter direction. It is called "The mock trial," and represents a parlor scene in which a young man is undergoing trial for some imaginary offense. The lady who officiates as prosecuting attorney is so ferocious against the prisoner, and so full of sarcasm, that he, fearing the judge is about to decide against him, appeals for protection to the lady policeman who holds his fettered hands. The expressions on the countenances of these four figures are as life-like as anything ever seen in a real court of justice,—and the fine lace work on the ladies' dresses is perfect.

This group is one which is especially adapted to parlor furnishing for window, cabinet or mantle, it will give a charm to such a room which no house should be without.

These groups make appropriate presents for any season of the year. Being of permanent value, as well as lasting beauty, they are far more appropriate than some of the perishable things which change hands as souvenirs of affection and esteem.

The neat and tasteful black walnut bracket which Mr. Rogers has recently introduced as a wall support for these groups is worthy of attention.

It is as strong and solid as it is beautiful, and can with ease be securely fastened against the wall in a few moments.

Its price is from four to five dollars, according to size, and it can be sent everywhere by express. Erected at a height of about forty inches from the floor, it holds the group of statuary in good position for convenient viewing, and affords a far safer hold for the art treasure than the delicate tables which are frequently used for the purpose, and which are constantly in danger of being upset. It is gratifying to know that the hardness of times does not interfere with the steady demand for these choice works of art in which Mr. Rogers has achieved such a crowning success. Our readers should send to his rooms 1155 Broadway, New York, for complete illustrated Catalogue.

"Andrews' Bazar" is the only fashion journal which gives special and thorough attention to children's costumes. Many mothers testify to its unrivaled excellence in this department. Send ten cents for specimen copy to W. R. Andrews, Cincinnati.

## Markets.

### BOSTON WHOLESALE PRICES.

For the week ending June 7, 1877.

#### CANDLES.

Monday, June 11, 1877.

Supper, 12 1/2; 13 1/2; 14 1/2; 15 1/2; 16 1/2; 17 1/2; 18 1/2; 19 1/2; 20 1/2; 21 1/2; 22 1/2; 23 1/2; 24 1/2; 25 1/2; 26 1/2; 27 1/2; 28 1/2; 29 1/2; 30 1/2; 31 1/2; 32 1/2; 33 1/2; 34 1/2; 35 1/2; 36 1/2; 37 1/2; 38 1/2; 39 1/2; 40 1/2; 41 1/2; 42 1/2; 43 1/2; 44 1/2; 45 1/2; 46 1/2; 47 1/2; 48 1/2; 49 1/2; 50 1/2; 51 1/2; 52 1/2; 53 1/2; 54 1/2; 55 1/2; 56 1/2; 57 1/2; 58 1/2; 59 1/2; 60 1/2; 61 1/2; 62 1/2; 63 1/2; 64 1/2; 65 1/2; 66 1/2; 67 1/2; 68 1/2; 69 1/2; 70 1/2; 71 1/2; 72 1/2; 73 1/2; 74 1/2; 75 1/2; 76 1/2; 77 1/2; 78 1/2; 79 1/2; 80 1/2; 81 1/2; 82 1/2; 83 1/2; 84 1/2; 85 1/2; 86 1/2; 87 1/2; 88 1/2; 89 1/2; 90 1/2; 91 1/2; 92 1/2; 93 1/2; 94 1/2; 95 1/2; 96 1/2; 97 1/2; 98 1/2; 99 1/2; 100 1/2; 101 1/2; 102 1/2; 103 1/2; 104 1/2; 105 1/2; 106 1/2; 107 1/2; 108 1/2; 109 1/2; 110 1/2; 111 1/2; 112 1/2; 113 1/2; 114 1/2; 115 1/2; 116 1/2; 117 1/2; 118 1/2; 119 1/2; 120 1/2; 121 1/2; 122 1/2; 123 1/2; 124 1/2; 125 1/2; 126 1/2; 127 1/2; 128 1/2; 129 1/2; 130 1/2; 131 1/2; 132 1/2; 133 1/2; 134 1/2; 135 1/2; 136 1/2; 137 1/2; 138 1/2; 139 1/2; 140 1/2; 141 1/2; 142 1/2; 143 1/2; 144 1/2; 145 1/2; 146 1/2; 147 1/2; 148 1/2; 149 1/2; 150 1/2; 151 1/2; 152 1/2; 153 1/2; 154 1/2; 155 1/2; 156 1/2; 157 1/2; 158 1/2; 159 1/2; 160 1/2; 161 1/2; 162 1/2; 163 1/2; 164 1/2; 165 1/2; 166 1/2; 167 1/2; 168 1/2; 169 1/2; 170 1/2; 171 1/2; 172 1/2; 173 1/2; 174 1/2; 175 1/2; 176 1/2; 177 1/2; 178 1/2; 179 1/2; 180 1/2; 181 1/2; 182 1/2; 183 1/2; 184 1/2; 185 1/2; 186 1/2; 187 1/2; 188 1/2; 189 1/2; 190 1/2; 191 1/2; 192 1/2; 193 1/2; 194 1/2; 195 1/2; 196 1/2; 197 1/2; 198 1/2; 199 1/2; 200 1/2; 201 1/2; 202 1/2; 203 1/2; 204 1/2; 205 1/2; 206 1/2; 207 1/2; 208 1/2; 209 1/2; 210 1/2; 211 1/2; 212 1/2; 213 1/2; 214 1/2; 215 1/2; 216 1/2; 217 1/2; 218 1/2; 219 1/2; 220 1/2; 221 1/2; 222 1/2; 223 1/2; 224 1/2; 225 1/2; 226 1/2; 227 1/2; 228 1/2; 229 1/2; 230 1/2; 231 1/2; 232 1/2; 233 1/2; 234 1/2; 235 1/2; 236 1/2; 237 1/2; 238 1/2; 239 1/2; 240 1/2; 241 1/2; 242 1/2; 243 1/2; 244 1/2; 245 1/2; 246 1/2; 247 1/2; 248 1/2; 249 1/2; 250 1/2; 251 1/2; 252 1/2; 253 1/2; 254 1/2; 255 1/2; 256 1/2; 257 1/2; 258 1/2; 259 1/2; 260 1/2; 261 1/2; 262 1/2; 263 1/2; 264 1/2; 265 1/2; 266 1/2; 267 1/2; 268 1/2; 269 1/2; 270 1/2; 271 1/2; 272 1/2; 273 1/2; 274 1/2; 275 1/2; 276 1/2; 277 1/2; 278 1/2; 279 1/2; 280 1/2; 281 1/2; 282 1/2; 283 1/2; 284 1/2; 285 1/2; 286 1/2; 287 1/2; 288 1/2; 289 1/2; 290 1/2; 291 1/2; 292 1/2; 293 1/2; 294 1/2; 295 1/2; 296 1/2; 297 1/2; 298 1/2; 299 1/2; 300 1/2; 301 1/2; 302 1/2; 303 1/2; 304 1/2; 305 1/2; 306 1/2; 307 1/2; 308 1/2; 309 1/2; 310 1/2; 311 1/2; 312 1/2; 313 1/2; 314 1/2; 315 1/2; 316 1/2; 317 1/2; 318 1/2; 319 1/2; 320 1/2; 321 1/2; 322 1/2; 323 1/2; 324 1/2; 325 1/2; 326 1/2;