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THE MORNING STAR.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1877.

DARK DAYS.

O, dull dark day with leaden skies,
And sense of sorrow in the air,
With chill winds wailing like a voice,
That feebly echoes the despair
Of some heart stricken unto death,
Whose hopes are buried past recall,
O'er whom all skies will henceforth hang
In gloom and darkness, like a pall;
Say, is not Nature one with man?
And must she not in some way show
All feelings, passions, hopes, that move
His heart, in their restless flow?
—Francis L. Gardner in N. Y. Tribune.

SABBATH SERVICES.

BY REV. A. L. HOUGHTON.

Just at this time many city churches are closed for the vacation, and in many others, both in city and country, a part of the services are suspended. The "heat-temper" is full upon us, and seems to necessitate more or less modification in church work in almost every parish. These temporary changes, necessitated by circumstances, open the whole question of church services on the Sabbath. There is a feeling, on the part of some, that any change in those time-honored services, especially any diminution of their number is much to be deplored. The special form and order of services, to which one has been long accustomed, acquire, for him at least, a sort of sacredness, and any proposed change seems to savor of sacrilege. But it is true that changes have been constantly taking place in those things, in all branches of the church, even in those most ritualistic. In the absence of any scriptural teaching concerning the number and form of these services, it could not have been otherwise than that these matters should have been determined by the needs and peculiarities of each age and country. The lack of uniformity, then, is no wonder.

Now, since the Sabbath and its services were made for man, not for these, is it not also true that the form and frequency of service best adapted to the condition of any community, and most helpful to its people, should be accepted as the proper standard for that community? Little more than fifty years ago the observance of the New England Sabbath consisted of two sermons, often elaborate and lengthy (not to raise the suspicion that they were ever dull). These two services were all. Since this time the Sunday school and the evening prayer-meeting have been added, making four services where there were formerly two. The inevitable result is that the Sabbath is overcrowded. Its services become burdensome to those who attend them all, and especially so to the pastor.

The Sabbath brings no rest. On the contrary, to many households it is the busiest day of the week, and its duties the most exhausting. Plainly this ought not to be. The Sabbath should be a day of rest to the whole man. It should not be a day of inactivity, but its activity should not be inconsistent with the most restful experiences for body and soul. How much the Bible has to say of "rest"! It was the basal idea in the Jewish sabbath, and it was by no means lost in the Christian. The state of the blessed dead is represented more frequently than in any other way as a state of rest. It is a sad thing for the church when her Sabbath fails in this respect to give her a foretaste of heaven. But what shall be done? This is the practical question which no one can ignore. That something must be done is evident to every earnest church worker. It would be difficult to find any one who would advise the giving up of the Sunday-school or the social meeting. The demand seems to be that more, rather than less, shall be made of these. Why not omit one preaching service? What objections? Would not one sermon, into which the preacher should condense the thought now spread out over two, with a live Sunday-school from which no church member could then have the excuse to absent himself, and a hearty social meeting, which is not possible for good Christians who have been dragged through three previous services, do more for Christian culture and the saving of the lost than a rigged adherence to the morning and afternoon preachments? As matter of fact, this plan suggested, or a similar one, has been adopted and is being successfully carried out in a large number of churches in New England. Success, after all, is the best argument for

any measure, and we will close this article with the testimony of our own experience. Five years ago the afternoon preaching service in our church was suspended indefinitely. Since that time we have had a sermon in the morning at half past ten o'clock, followed by a Sunday-school at quarter before twelve, and a social service in the evening, varied occasionally by the introduction of a lecture, sermon, or concert. By this plan the afternoon is free for rest, religious reading, and home culture. This arrangement secures the attendance of the children at the preaching service—which seems to us very important—and also brings a larger number of adults into the Sunday-school. We have tried the experience five years, and this is our experiment: Our morning congregations have doubled, the attendance at Sunday-school and social meeting is much larger than formerly, and we think the interest in all the services has increased correspondingly. Those who were opposed to the change when it was made are now warm supporters of the present system, believing that we have found, in this respect, "a more excellent way."

A DAY NEAR NAPLES.

LEIPZIG, GERMANY, June 23, 1877.

The March morning on which my friend and I took carriage at Naples for Baia was quite different from a March morning in New England. To be sure a strong breeze was blowing from the bay, so strong that the boat for Capri did not venture to leave her moorings; but it was a breeze laden with refreshing and vigor. Without it, the heat of the sun might have been a source of discomfort. Without it, we should certainly have missed the music of the waves dashing against the coast along which the greater part of our journey lay. We left an interested crowd of loiterers in front of the National House at an early hour, and bestowed ourselves to enjoy the cool air and pleasant sights of the day. There were few signs of life within the city. A few pedestrians keeping to the sunny side of the street brought conviction to the eye, while the incessant braying of donkeys performed the same service for the ear. Just beyond the tomb of Virgil, we traversed a long tunnel, once popularly supposed to have been called into being by the incantations of that poet. Once through this, we were outside the city proper and fairly started on our excursion.

Idlers were already about in the streets of the first village, just beyond the tunnel. They turned, as if half inclined to run after us. If they had seen us sooner, they would have intercepted us. From here the road led us to the first object of special interest, up a long and gradual ascent. From its summit, we looked down into a great basin, like an amphitheater, whose only gateway was the gap by which we were entering. It was the crater of a long extinct volcano. Coils of smoke or steam were rising, here and there, from the bottom. Several people were moving about just below us, apparently waiting for us to descend. When we did descend, one of them led us into a series of "underground chambers, filled with a stifling, sulphurous steam. It pours out from floor and walls, and puts you in a sweat before you know that you are warm. The place, I learn, is now, as in ancient times, much frequented by those afflicted with diseases of the skin. A franc, paid as we hurried out, did not seem an unreasonable price for the amount of sulphur we had swallowed.

After fairly recovering our breath, we ventured to approach a second door in the hill-side, which was opened for us by a dark stout female who, though she looked well able to take care of herself, was accompanied by a dog too large for petting, and too small to be put to work, a fate that befalls many of his fellows on this side of the water. That the dog in question did not serve as the protector of the stout female, was also plain after the first glance. The poor fellow retreated to a kind of bed, as we entered, where he kept whining piteously, and cowering as if he expected a blow. But we knew that he was asking of us, in the most expressive language he could command, not to have him sent down into that dark tunnel a little farther on. "We might go if we wanted to. It didn't hurt men. But it was as bad as death to a dog." In truth, we were looking into the mouth of the famous *Grotto del Cane*, and the facts of the case are just as the dog put it. The trembling animal had been suffocated fifty times, recovering only to die again so soon as his keeper receiving a promise of reward. For ourselves, we were content to forego the offered exhibition.

Resuming our seats, we returned a short distance upon our tracks and then, turning, proceeded, with the sea upon our left, to Pozzuoli. This is the ancient Puteoli, where St. Paul once spent a few days and where Cicero had a villa. It is situated upon a high promontory and commands a magnificent view of the whole Bay of Naples and its beautiful coast. There are still visible ruins of Cicero's Villa, a small temple of Serapis, an Amphitheater, and, I might add, an

old mountain; for another volcano, only half-extinct, is one of the sights of Pozzuoli. It goes to show the nature of the whole region around Naples, to know that of its two volcanoes, Vesuvius on the east, and Solfatara at Pozzuoli on the west, one grows quiet according as the other increases in commotion. Solfatara was rather still that day, and we, seeking to learn the cause, saw that Vesuvius had spread his great signal-flag along the sky, commanding silence to his subordinate across the bay. And the majestic old hill looked as if it would be rash to disobey him.

Beyond Pozzuoli, we passed *Lake Lucrinus*, once celebrated for its oysters, to Lake Avernus, which has a far less worthy claim to celebrity. It is, to be sure, a pleasant-looking body of water; but it was notorious among the early Romans as the very mouth of the infernal regions. No bird could fly over it and live, so poisonous were the vapors which exhaled from its surface. The Grotto of the Sibyl is still shown where Aeneas began his descent into Hades. We had the less desire to imitate that formidable hero, when we learned that, since Virgil's time, the descent ("Descensus Avernus, etc.") has become quite as difficult as the return. ("Revoctare gradum.") There is, I believe, a certain sect of philosophers at the present day who stoutly declare that they have grave doubts as to whether the way to the lower regions is, or ever has been, at all passable; but all events getting out would be much easier than getting in.

Avernus being left, the day's sights were nearly exhausted. Baia has a few uncertain ruins but gives few hints of its former character as the Saratoga of ancient Rome. Several bits of Italian character came out during our stay. The landlord charged us an exorbitant price for what we ate and two francs for the use of his table. Mean while, two black-eyed little girls had offered to dance the tarantella for a small consideration, and a pert young fellow had antique bronzes which he wished to dispose of. This last rogue might have imposed upon us, if we had not already seen, in Naples, the place where these antiques are manufactured.

As we passed out to resume our seat in the carriage, three or four loiterers jumped for the horse's head and then asked for money, on the plea that they had been holding the restless animal. Another appeared from the Hotel with something the driver had left, and held out his hand to us for money. A third begged for money on no plea at all. This was an infant in arms, whose coaxing way of pleading was really irresistible. We each gave him a five-centime piece. Straightway, all the available infants in the village were brought forward, while the driver gave way and looked on with utmost interest. In vain we shouted to the driver to move on; not until we had yielded our last copper coin did he understand what we meant. Then we proceeded a little further toward the tomb-shaped *Capo Miseno*, but soon turned and rode slowly back to our Hotel, glad to forget, for an hour, everything but the indescribable beauty and music of that wonderful bay of Naples. GEO. H. STOCKBRIDGE.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MONTBARRY, FRANCE, June 30, 1877.

One of the cosiest and quietest villages of France is Montbarry, and one of the most characteristic. It lies in a quiet valley which has its legend, whence its name, the Val d'Amour, and they tell how in the olden time, when the valley was largely submerged, a young lover used to cross, Leander like, only by rowing, not by swimming, in the dusk of the evening, guided by the lamp which the fair one always placed for him in the window. But one evening a servant, instructed by the father, who was not friendly to the young man's suit, extinguished the light unknown to the lady, and in the storm that swept across the valley that night, the young man was drowned. So on an old sign that hangs upon the front of the little inn which has been our home for a few weeks, if your sight is good, you can just read the title, "Au Val d'Amour," and the inhabitants are never tired of telling the story, and calling attention to the elegant chateau, which, built not long ago, stands upon the site of the home of the bereaved lady and her unknown father.

Montbarry, with its five hundred inhabitants, has its own autonomy. There is the mayor, a sort of common council and the justice of the peace. It asks but little from the world outside, and our arrival was a matter of no little interest. Indeed, so far as the memory of the oldest inhabitant serves, no traveler from beyond the seas ever before set foot in the village. So there were of course no prejudices, and the people have vied with each other in doing us honor. We thought it a little strange to find bouquets upon our table, and beautiful ones, too, gathered and sent by those whom we had never seen, with a kind word of welcome to the "American lady;" and the beauties of the place, for each place has its beauties, were opened to us while we were yet strangers.

How much of this courtesy is due to the kind feeling of simple hearted people toward the stranger, and how much is due to the good offices of our young hostess, Celeste, I do not know. Celeste is a young girl who takes the responsibility

of entertainment at the little inn of the Val d'Amour. The father has made himself half idiot by drink. The mother and the younger sister work in the fields, tilling the acre that belongs to them, and working for wages when that is done. Celeste stays at home, waits on customers who may chance into the little shop, which also forms part of the establishment, brings beer or wine for those who stop to drink it, just at present provides the necessities of life for the strangers, and fills up the odd intervals by doing all kinds of sewing for hire. After all she is ready for a stroll at evening, and glad to guide us to all the places of interest in the vicinity. "Every one loves Celeste," said one of the neighbors; and when we told her she said, naively, "I know they do." Then she laughed heartily at the suggestion of her soldier lover being jealous. Celeste's lover is in the army, in which she differs not in the least from all the rest of the young girls of France. The spirit of the coming struggle is already living in the law that compels five years of service from every young man in France.

The day begins with the first ray of the dawn among the French peasantry. Whether the dawn awakes the bells, or the bells awake the dawn, the two are never separated. If you are wakeful, you can hear them ringing here and there in the distance; for the bell of every village church rings out an awakening, and every mile or two you come upon a little village with its church. It seems to you almost like an act of faith, for though the sexton from the spire has caught a glimpse of the day, all is dark in your chamber; and as you half dream through the stillness, the tones of the bells seem like voices asking hope, rather than giving it. At this busy season of the year the peasant rises at the call of the bells. The mowers are in the field at three o'clock in the morning. You come upon them as you take your morning walk a few hours later, sitting in a little knot making their breakfast of bread and beer, or, if they can afford it, wine. The women stay till the cows are milked, and the housework done, and then follow to the field. The housework of an ordinary family is dispatched in a few minutes. Outside of this little difference there is no difference in the time spent in the field by the wife or husband. Then upon their return at noon or night the wife comes loaded with the bundle of grass for the horse or the oxen, while the husband walks free. I asked the reason why, and a friend replied, "Why, everybody would laugh at the man if he should carry the load, even the women."

How strange it seems that all this beautiful country should be divided into fields the size of a garden plot, and yet how fortunate that it is so. To look across the valley you imagine it all meadow and grain, one large field; but when you come nearer you see how greatly you are mistaken. "Everybody is rich here," said a contented looking farmer to me when I praised the beauty of the plain, the day after my arrival; and I believe it now. All are contented; that tells one-half the story. All are independent; that tells the other. Those little fields, belong to these people. No one buys and no one sells any land, and the only source of income save their living is the cheese produced. Each family owns from one to five acres, and from that little farm the family lives. Each has his little field of wheat, which grows beautifully, his field of corn, his patch of potatoes, and two or three little meadows. Then those who own the slopes of the hills have their vineyards. "I am going to help my uncle to-day," said one young girl to me. "How much hay has he?" I inquired. "Ah, he has a large meadow," with emphasis upon the large. "How much?" I asked. She turned to ask some one standing by, and answered, "Oh, he has two acres." The family with whom we live have a half-dozen little pieces of land, of which one half is in grain and vegetables and the other in grass. I asked how much there was in all. Celeste uttered an exclamation as if it was too much to count, and then, having taken time to find the sum, returned the total of four acres. Yet "all are rich." And this division of land, the result of the French Revolution, has made the French peasant the happiest in the world. An acre of land will make a slave a king. An old truth that, which more than one nation has yet to learn.

This land is worth two hundred dollars an acre. The amount of labor expended upon it is enormous. The smallness of the fields renders the employing of machinery an impossibility. Even if it were not impossible, it would not be profitable. The chief instrument of culture is one which takes the place of the hoe; but it takes the place of the plow also, and is very strong and very heavy. How these women can handle it all day as they do, and still be able to do some thing the next day is a mystery to me. A woman works for thirty cents per day and board, a man for forty to fifty. Every one is at work, and those who need help on their haying, which employs every one just now, have difficulty in finding it. Even

those ladies who are independent of work in the fields do not hesitate to go at this season. There are twice as many women in the fields as men, and the view from any elevated point where a large surface of country can be seen is very picturesque; rendered so by the broad hats which they all wear, and the contiguity of the laborers, since each little field has its quota. When the harvest comes the men will cut the grain, but the women will rake and bind it all.

No one here owns any woodland, which gives rise to a custom which is very interesting. The Monday after our arrival was pointed out to us in advance as the day when the citizens would go to the woods, and we found that that meant everybody. That morning when we arose the village was almost deserted. We, too, went to the woods. We found a square of perhaps ten acres, completely cleared. The wood was cut and piled. The small branches were tied up into faggots. Even the chips were picked up and put into sacks. This piece of woodland belonged to the corporation, and at a certain day designated by the mayor, the wood which has been cut during the winter preceding, is divided among the families of the village, the mayor himself being the judge. Thus each one receives his share, while he is charged for it a nominal sum, sufficient to pay for the cutting of the timber and the care of the forest. If he needs more, he can buy it of his neighbor who needs less, or get it from a greater distance. None of this timber land is allowed to be cultivated, but in the course of time is ready for the axe; thus the French Government protects its forests, of which it owns the larger part in the whole country. The fact that the forest immediately adjacent is fifteen or twenty miles in extent accounts for the fact that we sat down one evening to a veritable supper from the flesh of a wild boar, which is not yet extinct in this neighborhood, as the farmer finds sometimes to his cost. The flesh has not the least resemblance to the flesh of its civilized relative, either in appearance or in taste. The color of the flesh is that of beef, the taste is that of wild game intensified. A. C. HOBBS.

[The remaining portion of this letter treating of the religion and politics of Montbarry will be given next week.—ED.]

Bad men see themselves reflected back upon themselves wherever they go. They people the world with a progeny of their own imagination; of their suspicions and disappointments; they begin life maintaining that money is the chief, the only good, and they end it by proclaiming the hollowness of this; idolaters, they beat their idols. If God be not in man's thoughts, the world he lives in is a world without God. And what a world is that! Surely unbelief, if nothing more, is wretchedness.—Rev. W. L. Buddington in Christian Weekly.

MISSION WORK.

BY REV. G. C. WATERMAN.

HARD TIMES FOR THE MISSIONARIES.

We hear a great deal about "hard times," and the difficulty men find in making "both ends meet." It is true. The times have been hard and are not easy yet; that is money has not been in circulation as freely as it was a few years ago. Labor has been depressed; there has been less call for it, and many who would have worked willingly have not been able to find work; others who have had work have received scanty wages. The cost of living has not diminished with the wages paid for work. Rents have kept up; and farm products are the last to feel a downward tendency in the market. Yes, times are hard, but the proportion of our people who have felt severely the pinch of the times is less than is sometimes supposed. Notwithstanding the hardness complained of, many, very many have lived along just about as they used to. They have not cut off the common necessities of life, have scarcely pared away the luxuries to any perceptible extent. If the outgoes have been lessened at all, it has usually been in the department of benevolence. The missionary collection has been allowed to pass unnoticed, the subscription to the minister's salary has been cut down, and so on, not reaching, however, anything pertaining to personal convenience or comfort. How has it been with the missionaries all this while? They have never been liberally paid. Their salaries have been from the first meager and insufficient; their allowance for a working fund has been small. What we call "hard times" has been with them the chronic condition. And now we have withheld something of our former scanty stipend, they have been cramped sorely in all their work. They know hard times as we do not; they feel the "eager, nipping frost of adversity" in a tenderer part than we do; with them it takes hold upon the seat of life. Brethren, let it never be said that, having sent these heroic souls out into the perils of the wilderness, promising them sympathy and prayers and money, we have forgotten any part of that promise. Let us never forget that the hard times that pinch us a little, bite them to the quick, and that God looks down on us with a keen eye, seeing through all our shams and subterfuges, and will, by-and-by, render to every man according to what he hath done; will deal justly with all his children who have been stewards over the treasures of the earth. Let no plea of "hard times" beguile us into stinginess

in administering the trusts committed to us.

"YOU HAVE BEEN A LONG TIME COMING." A story told by Mr. Moody at one of his Boston meetings, forcibly illustrates a fact frequently observed in mission work in India.

When the yellow fever was raging in a southern city, it came to a family of three. First, the father fell, and then the mother was seized. When dying the mother called her little boy to her and told him, "When I am gone Jesus will come and take care of you."

Soon the mother was taken away for burial, and the little boy followed to see where they put her. He then returned to the house, but he was alone, and when night came on he ran away to his mother's grave and threw himself down upon the mound and soon was fast asleep. He awoke in the morning just as a stranger was passing near, who, seeing the boy, asked what he was doing there. The little boy replied, "I am waiting for Jesus." After hearing his story the stranger said, "Jesus has sent me to take care of you." "Well," said the boy, "you have been a good while coming!"

On while telling the story of the advent, the life, and the crucifixion of Christ, and that he is the only Saviour of men, that we have come in obedience to his command to preach the gospel that they might believe, and be saved, have we been struck dumb by the same reflection that fell from the little boy's lips.

"What?" say they, "you tell us that Jesus Christ is the only Saviour and that he came to this world more than eighteen centuries ago, and you have just come to tell us of it? If Jesus is the only true Saviour and came more than eighteen hundred years ago, why haven't you come and told us of it before? Eighteen hundred years! A long time coming!"

How sadly marked the effect of this reflection is upon the hearer's mind can only be felt by those who witness it. The upturned faces and the beaming eyes all fixed on the speaker as he dwells upon the perfect life and the infinite love of Christ, are seen suddenly to undergo a complete change expressing perfect incredulity when some reflective mind has let fall those fatal words. The eye, soft with tender feeling, becomes hazy and hard, and every man turns to his fellow with a shake of the head or hand, remarking, "What we hear can't be true or we should have heard of it before." Who that believes the story of the cross, and has felt its power in the transformation of life, and thus knows its value to fellow-men but feels strange confusion under this reflection that in some way implicates every professed Christian since the day of Pentecost to the present hour? Surely the people of India will rise up in the day of judgment against all Christendom and demand the blood of perished generations at their hand. We need not relate here the variety of explanations that have been given to mantle this great failure of the Christian church. The fact is too plain, and the failure too palpable to allow of palliation.

Even the heathen mind can understand how science and philosophy, things wholly worldly in their derivations, may be confined to particular places and classes; but for that faith which is of God, that salvation which is for every man, and essential to all, that this should be confined to a corner of the earth and known to but a small part of all those whose eternal interests are bound up in it for so many centuries seems to them a thing incredible; hence they are led to deny that Christianity is at all designed to become universal—but is meant to be only the religion of the white man, while every other country and people have their appropriate religion.

The errors of the past we can not alter. They must stand till passed in judgment. That which is all important is that we who are now keeping vigil do not slumber at our post nor fail to sound the alarm when danger threatens. The missions of to-day, viewed from their practical working effect, are but a little advancement upon the history of the past, and future generations even in lands now generally supposed to be pretty well stocked with missions will stand up, as men do now, and accuse the church of its long delay; viewed either in reference to the field or the millions of Christians lying back. The mission forces sent into the field are but the merest shadow of a skirmish line, and that, too, with no prospect within the near future of being backed by an army suitable for a campaign.

In our mission we have scarce one man in the field to a million of inhabitants. What, I ask, can be expected of such a force? Compare the practical effect of three or four men here with as many at home, and we have no reason to believe them more effective, and judge of the prospects of the final conversion of these millions. While it is useless to hope for such numbers to be employed in the foreign mission work as will at once bring the sound of the gospel to every ear, we feel that we can with perfect consistency urge immediate reinforcements. Help is needed at once. Not only do the wants of our mission require the return of those who have gone home for a season of rest as soon as they can possibly return consistent with the object for which they went home, but we must have additional assistance with them. The Orissa division of our mission must have another man and so must the Santal work. With less than these our work will proceed at great disadvantage. We know that could the individual members of our denomination visit these fields, they would vote at once for ten times the help we ask. Will you not believe those who are here and send even the little help they ask?

A. J. MARSHALL.

May 21, 1877.

The plan of systematic giving adopted by the church in Rockland, Mass., has resulted in the increase of its gifts for all causes, from \$474 in 1873 to \$1,175 in 1876.

In a recent address before a Massachusetts conference of churches, Dr. Alden presented a view of the great constituency of the American Board, one hundred millions in number. While in this country, on an average, one in six is a professor of religion, and there is a minister for every six hundred people, in the heathen world there is but one missionary for each seven hundred and fifty thousand people.

S. S. Department.

Sabbath School Lesson. — Aug. 5.

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

GOLDEN TEXT: "I came to Troas to preach Christ's gospel, and a door was opened unto me of the Lord." 2 Cor. 2:12.

Acts 16:1-15.

Notes and Hints.

This lesson relates to the beginning of Paul's second missionary tour. This journey was not made with Barnabas, for Paul and Barnabas quarreled and separated. Barnabas, and Mark his nephew, visited Cyprus. Paul took Silas, whom the church at Jerusalem sent to Antioch with its letter, and these two then commenced a trip through Asia Minor and Macedonia. They went through Syria, then through Cilicia, visiting the churches in these countries.

1-3. TIMOTHY AND PAUL. (1) Paul came to Derbe first, then to Lystra, 20 miles west. Paul last was at these places three or four years before. The churches in numbers were increased, but doubtless needed the careful instruction and organizing of Paul. (2) A certain disciple was at Lystra, of whom we have all heard, Timothy, or Timothy. His mother, Eunice, was a Jewess, and a believer; his father was a Greek. His name means "fearing God." In childhood Timothy was taught the Old Testament Scriptures, and in a way that won the commendation of Paul. The fruit of that careful religious training appears in the conversion of Timothy. Let all Christian teachers and parents ponder, to their own encouragement this truth. Timothy was converted by the preaching of Paul on his first visit to this place. The apostle then led him to see the nature and meaning of the Messiah, and convinced him that Jesus was the Messiah. 1 Tim. 1:2. (3) Timothy was held in esteem by the church at Lystra, and at Iconium, the neighboring town next on the west. Thus he met one of the requirements which Paul instructed Timothy to demand of candidates for the ministry. 1 Tim. 3:7. How Timothy came to be so esteemed it is easy, from acquaintance with the letters of Paul to him, to conjecture. He was, by training, habits, works and personal character, entitled to respect. As one who entered enthusiastically into the new faith, he won the esteem of the church. (4) Paul found the Jewish element in these churches strong. Notwithstanding the action of the council at Jerusalem, he advised Timothy to submit to the rite of circumcision. This was done of Paul on the principle of becoming "all things to all men" that he might "save some." Circumcision he cared little about. It had no value in his eyes. He thought no harm would be done, but good if Timothy so far conformed to Jewish prejudices. Paul refused to command Titus to submit to this rite. Gal. 2:13. He also rebuked the vacillation of Peter on this question. Peter required Gentiles to become Jews, but Paul now only required Timothy, who was a Jew by descent, and who was to labor among Jews, to remove an existing prejudice against him. He had not obeyed the law, and so was regarded by the Jews more as a despoiler of Judaism than he would have been if he had been wholly of Gentile extraction. This will explain the action of Paul.

4-5. THE COURSE OF THE APOSTLES. They delivered to the churches the decrees of the council at Jerusalem. Wherever they went they met the old question of the relation of Gentile converts to the ordinances of the Jews. Hence the work of Paul and Timothy established in the faith the churches. The effect was that the members of the churches increased daily. In times of internal tranquility members of churches should be multiplied. To be "established in the faith" may be prerequisite to conversions. But see here what activity for the faith accompanied the strengthening of it. Faith grows in us and spreads to others when we are rightly becoming established in it.

6-9. THE JOURNEY TO TROAS. (1) A map must be consulted. Notice Galatia, the country of the church which evoked one of the noblest of Paul's Epistles. Phrygia and Galatia are between the Mediterranean and the Black Seas; the latter lying north of the former. The Phrygians are supposed to have descended from the Armenians, the Galatians from the Gauls, who, three centuries B. C., invaded Greece. France, it will be remembered, was overrun and settled by this same people, the Gauls. (2) The Asia in which they were forbidden to preach was not Asia proper, nor Asia Minor, but Proconular Asia, a province under the government of a Roman officer, called a procurator. It was a tract of country containing Ephesus, the capital, and Lydia and Coaria, Phrygia and Mysia, provinces having more or less towns. (3) Why they were not permitted to preach in this country we do not know. Perhaps John had already begun at Ephesus, and other cities here, his ministry, and the needs of that state could be cared for without the aid of Paul. This view is confirmed by the fact that the seven churches of Asia, mentioned in Revelation, were here under the care of John. Bythnia, to which Paul assayed to go was a province east of Mysia. The Spirit did not permit him to go there. "Assayed" means attempted. The way Paul and Timothy were hindered, or not permitted, we do not know. Suggestions to the mind, or revelations,

or hindrances effectually preventing, in a natural way, and interpreted as providential may be regarded as possible ways. (4) Hence "they came down to Troas." They "passed by" Mysia, not in the sense of passing around it, but in the sense of not stopping there to preach. Troas was both a country and a city. It means here the city of Troas, situated on the coast of the Hellespont, four miles only from the renowned Troy. It was a most interesting locality, nor has the attention of the world, since Homer wrote and sung, long been turned away from it. Several mentions of Troas occur in the New Testament. Acts 20:5; 2 Cor. 2:12; 2 Tim. 4:13. Paul must have felt something of the historical influence of that locality.

9-12. THE CALL TO MACEDONIA. (1) The call came in a vision, a mental perception as distinct from sight of the eyes. In that "vision" of the spirit, while the eyes were closed, a man of Macedonia stood and called to Paul, "Come over into Macedonia and help us." Paul thought it the voice of God. The help needed in Macedonia was that which all the world now needs, that of Christ's pure truth. (2) Macedonia was an extensive empire north of Greece, between the Adriatic and Aegean seas. It became, under Alexander the Great, mistress of the world. In view of the increasing power of Macedonia, and the danger thereby to Greece, the best specimens of human eloquence were produced by Demosthenes. The religion of Macedonia and of Greece was the same. Both lands needed, therefore, the gospel. (3) Paul took sail to an island in the Aegean sea, peopled from Samos and Thrace, hence called Samothracia. From that place to Neapolis, new city, "the Naples of Macedonia," a maritime town, the seaport of Philippi, Paul came next. His course was north-west from the island. (4) From Neapolis to Philippi was a short distance inland. Philippi was "the chief city of that part of Macedonia, and a colony." Instead of "chief city" we may read the "first city." Then the meaning would be Philippi was the first city in Macedonia met by Paul on entering it. Neapolis belonged to Thrace, and thus this language would be correct. Philippi was the first European city in which Christ is known to have been preached. Philippi was not the "chief city" of that part of Macedonia, but Amphipolis, the capital. Hence the explanation above given is to be adopted. Philippi had received a colony sent there by Augustus. It was situated on the river Gangas or Gangitis.

13-15. LYDIA CONVERTED TO CHRIST. (1) On the Sabbath day Paul went out to the place where prayer was wont to be made. The Jews had no synagogue there, only a frail structure, as a place of prayer. It was called a *Proscenium*, an enclosure without a roof. Hence the Jews at Philippi were few. The Jews, in their worship, practiced many ablutions. Hence they preferred to assemble for prayer near the water. The river, according to Hackett, was the Gangas or Gangitis. (2) The persons who "spoke unto the women which resorted thither," did so in a conversational way; and were Paul, Timothy, Silas, and Luke the writer of this book. He is first introduced by the word "we," in verse 11. (3) Lydia was a seller of purple dyes, or cloths. The dye was obtained from a shell-fish, and was the color of royal robes. Thyatira was on the borders of the provinces of Mysia and Ionia, in Asia Minor. It was famous for its trade in purple. Lydia was not a Jewess, but a proselyte, or a believer in one God. (3) She heard the word of Paul and believed it. The Holy Spirit attended the truth, and influenced her mind. Her heart was not forced open, but was persuaded and drawn by the Lord. So were all other hearts there having any will to heed the things of God. The Lord opens hearts by their consent, not against it. If the decision was not left with the hearers, then God would have opened all the other hearts there. He no more loved Lydia than any of the other of her companions. She yielded, and they did not yield, to the Spirit. (4) She was baptized, and her household. Who composed this household is wholly a matter of conjecture. No proof of infant baptism comes from this verse, for it can not be known that she was married or had any children, or had them there; while it is known that in other cases of "household" baptisms, household faith is asserted. Acts 16:34; Acts 18:8; 1 Cor. 1:16, compared with 1 Cor. 16:15. (5) Her hospitality to the apostles was then extended. She was a woman of wealth, having a house, and a "household" that may have embraced slaves. To her home the apostles repaired. Thus was begun the church at Philippi, to which one of the letters of Paul was addressed.

Our lesson teaches the worth to a child of early religious instruction; that it is not in vain to train children in the ways they should go; that sometimes it is better to conform to custom than to stand on our rights if thereby we may "save some"; that the will of the Spirit is not to be resisted; that the Lord will open the hearts of all who have a will to know the truth of Jesus.

The joyous celebration of the Third Anniversary of one of the happiest schools in the world, is the way in which the Evangelical Mission Bible School of Lebanon, Penn., announced its recent anniversary gathering. That is the light in which every school ought to look at its privileges and prospects. This school shows now a membership of 285, over against 200 of a year before and 71 in 1874.

Communications.

PRINCIPLE IN CHURCH-JOINING.

BY REV. O. E. BAKER.

There are few transactions, especially among people professing to be religious, in which principle is more fearfully violated than often in the matter of church-joining. One person is actuated by self-interest, and puts in a bid for patronage of some kind. Another looks to popularity; and yet another is controlled in the case by personal prejudices. Preachers and people there are, quite enough of them, who are willing to invite the membership of persons known to be actuated by these questionable motives.

The same principle exercised in deciding other matters of infinitely less importance, would cover the party with public contempt. Imagine a case in court, involving the homestead, or what is more, the character, or the life. Witnesses, knowing all the facts, are called upon to testify, upon their sacred honor or solemn oath; but self-interest is pitted against the facts, and the witnesses hesitate, prevaricate, or swear falsely. The cases are analogous, and if Christian churches were what they ought to be, the presence of any such motives in an applicant would be treated as a disqualification for membership.

Are we putting the case too strongly? Let us see. 1st. The church is a divine institution, the terms of which no mortal has prerogatives to alter or amend. 2nd. Each religious denomination is the ideal of its founders, as to the pattern given by the great Head of the church. Freewill Baptists, for example, believe that their doctrines and practices are exactly apostolic, or as nearly as may be. So believe the membership of other denominations. So ought they to believe, or surrender their charter.

No theory is more heretical than that of modern disjointed liberals, who teach that, though God originated and specified the spirit and general object of the church, he left the matter of methods and agencies, government and polity to the fancy of inventive church builders. With the spirit and object of the church, methods and agencies are necessarily associated, and to such spirit and object, such methods and agencies ought to correspond. The identical Scriptures which treat of God's origination and recognition of the church, treat of the officers, and government and institutions, requisite to the existence and efficiency of the church, throughout its life.

3. It is then clear that it is the duty of every Christian to join some church, and to join, if possible, just that denomination which he believes to be most in accordance with the church of the Scriptures. Joining a church involves an endorsement of the characteristic doctrines and practices. If the applicant believes that a given church holds to errors in doctrine, or practices, which he can avoid to endorse by joining another church, then he should join that other. Not to do so, putting the case in its mildest form, is exhibiting dangerous indifference to divine authority.

4. We would instance those who, preachers and people, without any change of views, leave Baptist and join Pedobaptist churches. Pedobaptists, many of them could consistently join Baptist churches, for they recognize the validity of immersion, acknowledge its practicability. But Baptists can not endorse sprinkling and pouring, nor infant baptism. The issues between Baptists and Pedobaptists, are not sufficiently considered. Freewill Baptists especially, in the exercise of their liberal, catholic spirit, and in their intercommunion with Pedobaptists, are slow to accept and announce the real issues on this question. If we name those issues in this article, we doubt not many readers of the *Star* will question the facts, or question the policy of their statement, at this time, at that time, or at any time. We venture to state them, as mildly as truth admits, and propose to assume all responsibility for so doing.

1. Baptists affirm, while Pedobaptists deny that immersion is essential to the rite, that sprinkling and pouring, are hence, no part nor parcel of Christian baptism. Here is a grave difference, viewed in the light of the divine commission to go preach and baptize.

2. Baptists do and must hold, therefore that a Pedobaptist denomination does practically nullify Christian baptism, so far as it deviates from exclusive immersion.

3. All orthodox denominations, through all time, have believed baptism to be professional, and antecedent and prerequisite to the church relationship. They all, or nearly so, speak of a general, or spiritual, or invisible church, as including all Christians, regardless of baptism, or church membership, or any formalities whatever. This, however, is in a very greatly accommodated sense of the term church. When speaking of the visible church proper, they do uniformly place baptism before the door. Baptists, must, therefore do one of two things, must deny the professional character of baptism, and so join issue with all the Christian world, or must hold that Pedobaptist denominations, excepting so far as the number of their immersed membership may affect the case, are not valid. Scripturally constituted churches, however Christian they may be in character, however needful, and commendable they may be, as religious societies, answering to their views of truth and duty. We announce this as an incontro-

vertible proposition. If baptism be professional, in the sense attributed by all Christendom, then it is antecedent to the church relation; and few denominations would not as soon deny baptism to believing converts, as to receive them into the church without the observance of this rite. All church practice, with little exception, supports this view.

Freewill Baptists, in their large-heartedness, are modest in taking positions here, and in their modesty have indicated so near a relationship to Pedobaptists, as that the multitudes of their ministers and members see no obstacles in the way of transmigration at pleasure. A healthy heart, we would boast for them, but would boast as well, a healthy love. We would have them cherish Christian spirit and principle, no less, wherever found, but be orthodox, and not heterodox, on these vital questions.

4. The foregoing issue is magnified when viewed in detail. For example, would any Baptist church on earth consider it in order, apostolic, Scriptural, for a man to preach, to ordain other preachers, to administer baptism, and the Supper, without having been himself first baptized? Would they deem it in order for persons to act as deacons, and other officials of the church, without having been baptized? Would they deem it strictly in order to wholly ignore baptism as having any relation to church membership and the Supper. But when Baptists deny the validity of sprinkling and pouring for baptism, they must attribute irregularity in all these respects to bodies neglecting immersion.

5. But the issue between these bodies, touching the proper subjects of baptism, is, if possible, still more grave. 1. Baptists can not administer baptism to infants. It, they claim, is not authorized. 2. Baptists can not but regard the theory which would baptize all in infancy, as making the baptism of adults a mere exception to the rule, and without any significance suited to adults, if the full significance is given in the baptism of irresponsible babes. They can not but regard the practice as a dangerous innovation.

6. Between Baptists and Pedobaptists there are other issues of no small moment. Most of the latter are episcopal, in full or in part. Local church independence and freedom of the membership, or, in other words, the right and duty of self-government, are essentially Baptist. A Pedobaptist body or two, hold to free church government, but go to the other extreme in so associating outside, "society rule," with church action, as very largely to limit and counteract proper church authority.

7. Now, on what grounds can a Baptist unite with Pedobaptist societies without violation of principle? Especially, how can Baptist preachers, having any confidence in the importance attached to baptism by Christians always and everywhere, join, and give the weight of their influence to societies which in their view, do practically pervert and do away with the baptism of Christ's own appointment?

It is said, "These Pedobaptists are Christians." True, but can a Baptist or Pedobaptist consistently join everybody professing to be Christian? It is said again, "Our adopted churches allow us to practice exclusive immersion." This is not true of most Pedobaptist societies. Congregationalists promise greater liberty but even they exact silence and reserve. He who believes that Christ taught exclusive immersion, and commanded his servants to do the same, promises that he will not preach it, and if he practices it, will do it by a compromise of the real significance of the rite! Once the conscience is turned loose to this degree, it is nothing strange that "baptism can be done by sprinkling on the faith of the candidate," the same drop of water answering to the erring conscience of the candidate, and to washing the hands of the administrator from wrongs.

If such irreverence for divine commands and such supreme submission to, and dumb silence against acknowledged error had been the policy of Christian men in the past, the church would still be groping in the darkness of the middle ages, or would long ago have yielded the cross to the enemy.

We have spoken of how Baptists, to be consistent, must regard Pedobaptists. But reverse the question: Pedobaptists regard Baptists as ignoring a divine institution, in their rejection of infant baptism; as thereby inflicting injustice upon infants, measuring with all the importance of their baptism and church relationship; as attaching unauthorized importance to one out of several modes of baptism, often subjecting candidates to needless painstaking and inconvenience, and so as being generally exclusive and uncharitable.

Most Pedobaptist societies condemn the free church government of Baptist churches, as unsupported by the history of the apostolic church, or by any revelation of God's pleasure in the case. The only consistent course for Christians, as to maintain their views of truth and duty, otherwise Christian conscience must be violated, than which no greater calamity could befall the church. They should love one another, unite as far as practicable, agree to disagree where they differ upon essential points, mutually instruct each other, pray for light, renounce error for truth when these are distinguished, and mutually hope and labor for the time when watchmen shall see eye to eye.

We have spoken plainly of the difference between Baptists and Pedobaptists. We believe in acting accordingly. We

do and will cherish Christian fellowship for all God's people of whatever sect. We do and will place a high value upon Pedobaptist organizations and work. We always have, and expect always to co-operate with them in general work as freely as with others. But while they are Pedobaptists, and while others are Baptists, both ought to preserve consistency with conscience, each allowing all that is asked.

DON'T LOSE IT.

BY FANNIE E. TWOMBLEY.

Much of good, in word or act, is lost upon us because we carelessly neglect it. To illustrate, People go to church and hearing a good sermon, think, "I'll remember that point, or that argument." In two days it is forgotten. People go to a lecture, or a celebration where there is a "feast of reason, and a flow of soul," and come home empty, when they might be filled. What shall they do, do you ask? Do you say, "One good thought crowds out another, and their very number makes me forget them?"

Well, friends, to make a long matter short, Take Notes! Every one who is desirous of retaining good impressions, items of knowledge, or suggestions to work out in practical life ought to keep a note-book and pencil, and carry them with him. Call it an "Every Day Book" if you will. A friend of mine has one always in his pocket, so that, on a journey, or in a sick-room, or when uninspired and dull, as the brightest people feel sometimes, he has something to read, some thought to study, or some comfort to give to others.

Most of people went to the Centennial Exhibition. One in fifty probably could tell something definite about the Exposition on returning home. By "taking notes" men and women may carry away to their busy toil, thoughts which will bless them in future days. More than this, No man liveth to himself. No woman can it she wants to. There are those shut up in sick rooms, or in hot kitchens, who would bless you for bringing them a fresh thought from places you have been permitted to visit. And, too, one thought suggests another. From a copied expression, or suggestion, five others may come to you as entirely new, and thus you will grow.

The margins of your Bibles ought to contain Bible Readings, and *Sentence-Sermons* in abundance. CARRY THEM TO CHURCH, ALWAYS! To go without the Book does not express confidence in your minister's word half as plainly as indifference to God's word. As a general thing, show me your Bible, and I'll tell you whether you echo the Psalmist's word, "In His law do I meditate day and night," or whether its pages are too scrupulously clean, and your life a little soiled.

A person was preaching to an audience where four Methodist ministers sat taking notes. Said one to the preacher, after service, "Thank you! I have gained to-night foundation thoughts for four new sermons."

Do not let good things slip. At Conference, at the S. S. Convention, at church every Sunday, at lectures, wherever thoughts are being expressed, watch for good ones, and *haul in the net*. And, dear brother and sister in the pew, I would not wonder if your pastor preached more thoughts and fewer words should you carry out my suggestions.

THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

BY S. S. C.

God has promised great things to his people through the agency of prayer, but we too often fail of the blessing sought, for lack of faith. We come to God believing that he is, but do not believe that He is the "rewarder of all that diligently seek him." And without unwavering faith, both in his power and willingness to bless, it is "impossible to please" him. In Jacob's exigency, had he doubted in his heart, would he have prevailed when he wrestled with the angel? He held to the covenant promises. God had made him, and said, "I will not let thee go." Thus Elijah prays for rain with a feeling of certainty that it will come. He sends his servant seven times to look, and waits till the "little cloud" appears. And for our encouragement it is recorded, "He was a man of like passions" with us. In this manner, all through the sacred pages, God proclaims himself a hearer of prayer. Read of the Canaanite woman in Matt. 15, of the man who brought his son to Jesus, Mark 9, of the sick of the palsy in Mark 2, and be encouraged to pray. "All things are possible to him that believeth."

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

BY M. C. D.

A fair-haired child, upon her mother's knee, repeats, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters." Her blue eyes have a dreamy, far off look, for; before her childish mind, the scene in all its loveliness, is pictured—the soft grassy slopes, the great river upon whose bank the tender Shepherd leads his fleecy flocks. At length, soothed by the beauty of the imagery, she sinks into peaceful slumber.

Years have passed, and have brought to the child womanhood with all its duties. Far away from her early home, and the sheltering care which blessed her childhood, in a wild, lonely region, she is herself the guide of youth. For the first time she crosses the threshold of the rude building, and meets the varied types of

young life which she must lead and control. Standing thus before them, shrinking almost timidly from the responsibilities of her work, she longs to escape the burdens of the present; to be again a child soothed and comforted by mother-love. Then, like a strain of music, comes the memory of the dear old Psalm. She bids the "little band repeat it, and rude voices, as they follow her own, become almost tender, and uncouth faces glow with something like beauty. The Psalm has accomplished its work. By its soothing melody hearts have been softened and subdued. The young teacher, herself inspired, is strengthened for the coming tasks. Daily she seeks the aid of this Psalm of Psalms, and nightly, as she lies down to rest, feels with grateful assurance, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."

Once more we behold her. Her silvery locks encircle a brow surely beautiful in age. Faintly she murmurs, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Earth's toils are nearly finished; through all, the Psalm which lulled to childish slumber has been her strength, but soon she will need its help no longer; for, in the "green pastures" of the better land, she shall find eternal rest.

REST.

BY L. E. RATES.

Many Christians are very like the dove sent out from the ark, that found no rest for the sole of her foot. The earth and everything upon it was buried beneath the sea of waters. After long wandering and fruitless search for a place of rest, it returned to the ark. So now there are many "weary wanderers after rest" but finding none.

All before them is a vast waste of waters, a sea of difficulties, their own hearts are like the troubled sea which can not rest. I know of but one way for such to find rest. It is to do as the dove did, cease their wanderings and return to the ark,—to Christ the Ark of Safety, the refuge for weary pilgrims. They shall find him as "a hiding-place from the wind, a covert from the tempest. As rivers of waters in a dry place. As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

In the record we are told that when the dove returned to the ark, Noah put forth his hand and took her in. So Christ, if we will, but come to him, "will open to us the windows of heaven," reach forth his hand and take us in to "dwell with him and he will dwell with us." He has given the invitation, the proclamation has gone out, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Here in this "blissful center," you may "rest," for here and here only is "rest for the weary."

Potter, N. Y.

A CONTRADICTION.

As a believer in our Lord Jesus Christ, you stand publicly pledged to keep the peace. The world has no faith in a quarrelsome Christian. The name is a contradiction. You are a disciple of the Prince of Peace, and are expected to embody the principles of his religion in your life and conduct. The belligerent propensity is the survival of one of the worst qualities of the old man; it is earthly, sensual, devilish, and as such is to be utterly put away, if you would exhibit to the view of man any traces of the Gospel. To contend for the faith does not mean that you are to be a man of contention and strife. To contend for the faith is a very different matter from contending with your brethren. The one is a peaceful warfare, a devotion to the truth, the pursuit of a high and noble end; the other is a difference with fellow disciples, the out-cropping of a restless spirit, the friction and unrest of a depraved nature. The Lord employs no one to quarrel for him, and when you are found to be given to that vice, the world will not believe your religious professions. You will be a grief to good men, a stumbling-block to bad ones. They don't need to go over to the gospel to learn how to quarrel; to that extent they can be religious without any change of heart. What they expect of the Christian is the removal of this belligerency; the implantation of peaceful and holy dispositions. Don't be deceived; your religion is vain except you learn to keep the peace.—*Zion's Herald*.

A SUPPLY FOR EVERY NEED.

Physicists perpetually insist that there must be somewhere a supply for every need which nature reveals. Bear this in mind, and begin your study of man. Like any other animal he has physical wants; and so the world offers him bed and board, and a field for the exercise of his senses and instincts. But man has an intellectual nature also, of which the physical is only the scaffolding. Science, faithful to its principles, recognizes this fact and devotes itself to the study of the laws of this nature and of the supplies which the universe offers to its demands. Have we now reached the end of our analysis of human nature? Is this all of man? Do body and mind complete the inventory? Is the world no more to him than dormitory, larder, gymnasium, school-house, work-shop and museum? Nay, more than these; it is a temple; man worships. He has a moral and spiritual nature. This nature has its needs; no less distinct and urgent than those of the body and of the mind. The canons of science are bound to hold that there exists somewhere a supply for these needs. We need God, and a hereafter; and a revelation, and a redemption; those inspired seers who cried, "I thirst for God, for the living God." "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him," "If a man die shall he live again?" and "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" were only articulating the wails of the race of mankind.—*From President Foss' Baccalaureate Sermon*.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1877.

G. F. MOSHER, Editor.

A. H. Halling, Western Editor.

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

There are times when it is especially profitable to watch the life of Christians; not in order to find fault, nor to extol their virtues before we know what they are, nor to excuse what may appear to be their shortcomings; but to observe them, to see if they are the light of the world. Every man and woman who professes the name of Christ is from the nature of the thing set upon a hill, and is not only the world's Bible, but is to mutually lighten the way of fellow Christians, to contribute comfort, strength and hope as well as to receive these in turn. Thus the courage of the Christian is often renewed and his confidence reassured by witnessing the light reflected in the life of a fellow-worker in the vineyard of the Lord.

"When I was a young man, I had a great hungering after riches. I went to work. I often labored twenty-four hours consecutively, eating a bite at a time as a moment of respite came in the work. Sometimes I would work eight and forty hours in this way. And, again, while engaged in another business, I would go to my labor before breakfast, and sometimes would not stop to eat it till nine o'clock at night. In all this I had no idea that it was wrong. No sense of criminality arose in my mind while taking such a course. That idea was not advanced in those days." After this manner spoke a veteran on Zion's walls the other day. It was a talk which savored of the wisdom gathered from the experience of many years, and unlike much which sometimes characterizes the talk of old age; it was refreshing to younger ears. While thinking over the topic of overwork of all kinds, the whole subject seems to be summed up in the simple statement, that when duty calls to exertion, in the doing of which even the body must suffer, the effect will be sanctified to one's good, but when the body is made to suffer through the interest of self, then does the soul also suffer. Each must decide for himself what this word duty means. And it will need a great deal of enlightenment from above, a good deal of calm thought not to make what we are apt to call duty a scapegoat.

ORGANIC UNION.

Not very long since the Chicago *Inter-rior* took occasion to refer pleasantly to the scheme of a certain New York paper called the *Church Union*, which advocates the organic union of all Christians, and called for light from some one of the great army of distinguished "Editorial contributors" whose names are weekly exhibited, as to what is meant by "organic union" and how it is to be consummated.

Dr. Howard Crosby has responded, and in a recent number of the *Interior* deals at length with the question. Dr. Crosby defines his position as follows:

By the organic union of Christians, we mean singleness of governmental construction, just as by the spiritual union of Christians we mean singleness of heart and life. We can not read the New Testament without believing that both are enjoined—the former being both the proper result and support of the latter. That which seems to us so plainly inculcated in Scripture—that the Church of God should not be divided into independent ecclesiastical states, is taught a *posteriori* by the melancholy results of such divisions in point of fact. In the New Testament day, the church was one in its organic structure, and yet the structure, itself was loose and easy, if we may use such terms.

This subject is just now receiving a good deal of attention from various quarters, and is one in which all Christians alike have common interest. Certainly if organic union is desirable, all things considered, if by it the "spiritual union of Christians" can be exemplified, and if this exemplification can be shown to be capable of working out larger and better practical results for the world, then, unquestionably, it is the duty of all Christian people to labor earnestly to secure this union as speedily as possible.

We fail, however, as we have often failed before when listening to other similar arguments, to find any valid reasons in Dr. Crosby's article to justify the union he advocates. His presentation of the case we freely admit is the best which we have seen from any one occupying a similar standpoint, but is much more kind in spirit than convincing in argument.

That Dr. Crosby's position may be fully understood we quote further. He says:

Now if we are to see the church again made one, it must be by one of two ways, either by all the denominations adopting the identical creed and method, or by all uniting through consent to a wide difference in creed and method. The necessities of human nature forbid the former. The Episcopal, Congregational, Presbyterian, Reformed, Methodist and Baptist bodies, could all be one, allowing individual men, ministers and churches, to cherish any of the views and ways they now hold under a pure evangelical character. The only obstacle to such a union would be the externalism of Baptist communion and Episcopal apostolic succession.

From these extracts, it is made perfect-

ly clear that working in the same ecclesiastical harness is what is meant by the writer, or, as he puts it, "singleness of governmental construction." It is conceded that "the necessities of human nature forbid" the general adoption by the denominations of an "identical creed and method." The union, if it comes, must be through "consent to a wide difference in creed and method," instead of actual agreement. The word "method" seems to be used here with some looseness, for method certainly belongs to the "governmental construction" advocated; but we accept the evident intention of the writer to be the denial of specific agreement in doctrine.

But, we are naturally led to inquire, what kind of union would that be which should embrace the wide doctrinal differences of Disciples on the one hand and Quakers on the other,—the one insisting on water baptism by immersion, "for the remission of sins," and the other ignoring the ordinance altogether? Would the mere fact that both Baptists and Presbyterians were known as fellow members of the one Association or Presbytery remove the important differences in belief which exist and which Dr. Crosby admits the "necessities of human nature" make it impossible to remove? What is to be gained by the mere external adoption of the same church polity by the denominations, were such a thing possible? Does the efficient propagation of Christianity depend on uniformity of method to be employed in reaching all classes and in all countries?

It strikes us that this plea for organic union whereby all the denominations are to live in one ecclesiastical house is a very weak one. As well may we insist that for all American citizens to exhibit true loyalty and propagate most efficiently the principles of republican government it becomes necessary that all the separate local governments be merged in one grand confederation. The patriot from the remotest township in Maine, and the patriot from the city of New York or Chicago met side by side at Gettysburg and fought with equal ardor for the flag, though reared under local influences and government widely different.

But Dr. Crosby neglects to tell us just how the union under one ecclesiastical government is to be brought about. Will the Baptists and Congregationalists be any more willing to surrender for an Episcopacy their idea of "a church without a bishop" than to modify their opinions on baptism and election? Will Methodists and Episcopalians surrender their church polity any easier than they will their articles of faith? Will not "the necessities of human nature forbid" the giving up of all existing systems of "governmental construction" among the churches and the harmonious adoption of a new one? It was one of the peculiarities of this same human nature, we suppose, which prompted the *Advance*, when commenting on Dr. Crosby's theory, to say: "The only strange thing about his declarations on this subject is, that he does not more clearly see that the only way by which this idea can ever be realized is that which builds simply, consistently, courageously, upon the Congregational idea." Human nature impels us to say the same thing, but then our Methodist or Presbyterian brother would find the "necessity of human nature" leading him to say a very different thing.

The fact is, unity already exists among enlightened Christians. So far as the great doctrines of the cross are concerned, and in all that constitutes the spirit of Christ's kingdom and the purpose of believers, there is "one Lord, one faith, one baptism." At this moment, the fraternal representatives of nearly every Christian body in the land are laboring as one man at half a dozen Conventions scattered systematically from Massachusetts to Iowa. The more of unity the better. For "organic union" we must evidently wait until "the necessities of human nature" change.

FAITH AND WORK.

Christianity has been often misrepresented and misunderstood, perhaps in nothing more than in the conditions it imposes. The Scriptures abound in incentive to work. All the holy men of old were workers. Jesus worked as long as his day on the earth lasted. If we would have example of a life of labor, turn to 2 Cor. 11. The Old Testament says: "Wash you, make you clean. The New Testament, with still more explicitness, commands: Work out your own salvation."

Yet there are those who tell us that the gospel encourages sloth, and condemns work; that it forbids all reliance on ourselves, and teaches that we are to be saved passively through the merits of Christ. In this they either ignorantly or willfully misrepresent the whole subject. The gospel, which never discourages but prompts to self-reliance, forbids us to depend on ourselves alone. It presents to us an all-sufficient Savior, but requires us to lay hold on him by faith.

What is faith as presented to us in the sacred word? No mere passive assent or indolent dependence on another. See it as defined and illustrated in the eleventh of Hebrews by the lives of Abel, Noah, Abraham, Moses, and a host of worthy men and women. Their faith was an active principle, which took hold on God, and made divine things, not seen by mortal eyes, visible and real to their minds. Faith is at the foundation of all true work. What, but faith, enabled Napoleon to brave all dangers, and conquer the world for twenty years? What, but faith in his

leader and cause, made his soldiers invincible against all odds? Unbelief, distrust, weaken, paralyze. In our first great struggle for independence, and in our last for the suppression of the rebellion, we should have miserably failed but for the strong faith of the people. How does faith invigorate, and the lack of it enfeeble in every effort and enterprise. Now gospel faith is no less operative, vital and essential. To sinners, and such we all are, the contest with evil is a hard and fearful one, and their salvation the most stupendous of all undertakings. If we engage in this warfare alone, we shall be sure to fail. Knowing this, the divine compassion has extended to us an almighty arm. Christ is raised up to be the captain of our salvation. But the captain will not and can not save us, unless we enlist under his banner, and prove ourselves good and valiant soldiers. We need him, and equally our own earnest co-operation.

We need him both for what he has done, and for what he has suffered. He suffered, the just for the unjust, and bore our sins in his own body on the cross. The scriptures teach that in his great sacrifice is laid the foundation of our forgiveness. His blood was shed for the remission of sins, and his life is given us as a model for our lives. Thus he is offered to us as a full and sufficient Savior to pardon our sins, and lead us on to victory.

The way is plain, the conditions plain to the sincere inquirer. The new life begins in faith and begins in work; continues to the end, and is perfected by faith and work combined. Neither exists alone, both are harmonized and blended throughout. One can not exist without the other, and if it could, would be of no avail. To sceptics and cynics this may appear strange, but to the true believer it is a real and blessed experience.

CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES.

Christianity rests upon no false or insecure foundation. There underlies it not a mere notion or sentiment, but truth. No intelligent Christian is excusable for failing to heed the injunction of the Apostle, "Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you." And this reason of hope may be derived from numerous sources.

There is a presumptive evidence in favor of Christianity. Man is naturally a religious being, and not only should have, but naturally will have, some religion. There are but few among the more degraded nations, so great is the universal want, which have no religion. Indeed, it may be questioned whether there are any. Now, of all the religions of the world, Christianity is transcendently the best. Judged by its fruitage, no other religion can be compared with it. In any proper sense it is alone elevating and life-giving. As the result of a comparison of America with India, or England with China, the question very naturally arises, "Why the difference?" Other things being equal, a comparison between the man who is an experimental Christian among us and the one who is not, and the same question arises.

Christianity commends itself to the highest and best intelligence. This is true of its doctrine of God declaring him to be a loving Father and infinite in all his attributes; its doctrine of Christ, the God-man, through whom the world is reconciled unto the Father; its doctrine of the new life, teaching that old things must pass away and that all things must become new, together with others equally reasonable and equally adequate to meet the necessities of the case. The historic evidences which go to establish its truthfulness are numerous and, to say the least, are not inferior in character to those upon which rest other and more commonly received facts of history. Moreover, there are among those who embrace Christianity the most thoughtful and intelligent.

Christianity is adapted to meet the moral and spiritual wants of man. It takes him in his fallen and sinful condition and lifts him up and transforms him. It causes him to live a new life and to become an heir of heaven. In his nature, it supplies every want and supplements every weakness. The changes which it has produced in hearts the most obdurate attest to its divine character. It did the needed work for Peter and Paul. It has done it for others in the centuries which have intervened since their time. It does it still.

There is an individual testimony which every one who has embraced it may and should give of its excellence and value. Said the Psalmist, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." His example is certainly praiseworthy. This testimony of experience is universal and is often the most convincing. The man who may know nothing of historical evidence and its force, is fully persuaded by the peace, joy and hope which have been produced within himself. Love experienced in the heart conquers the skepticism manifest in the head. Evidence of this kind is that of which no disciple can afford to be destitute.

To-day, there are many asking of the Christian in one form and another the reason of the hope that is within him. He does well, if he is able to meet the arguments and remove the opposition of the skeptical inquirer by the use of all the weapons at his command. Let him show that the Christian system is based upon the highest and best intelligence. In no instance, let him neglect to testify of the reality of his religion by a life changed,

consistent and pure. As the tree is judged by its fruit, so is the Christian system by those who believe in it and represent it. What is experienced in the heart, within must be manifest in the life without.

STREET PREACHING.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon contributes to the *Illustrated Christian Weekly* an article on this subject. He is persuaded that much good may be done in this way, when rightly conducted. And to give some advice as to the manner in which the street preacher may be the most successful is his design.

He thinks a great deal of sermonizing "may be defined as saying nothing at extreme length," and whatever may be thought of this style for in-doors, it will never do on the street.

Out of doors verbosity is not admired; you must say something and have done with it, and go on and say something more, or your hearers will let you know, or will rebuke prolixity by quietly walking away. Very unpleasant this, to find your congregation dispersing, but a very plain intimation that your ideas are also much dispersed.

Intensity is the characteristic of the street, and for that very reason the man, who preaches on the street "must be condensed and concentrated in his thought," making his address quick, short and sharp. Here is a longer extract:

Never speak against time or for the sake of hearing your own voice, or you will obtain some information about your personal appearance or manner of oratory which will probably be more true than pleasing. The very best speaker must be prepared to take his share of street wit, and to return it if need be; but prissiness, demureness, formality, sanctimonious long-windedness, and the affectation of superiority actually invites offensive pleasures, and, to a considerable extent, deserve them. Chabard and Stiggins in rusty black, with plastered hair and huge cloak, is as natural an object of derision as Mr. Guido Fawkes himself. A very great man in his own esteem will provoke immediate opposition, and the affectation of supernatural solemnity will have the same effect. The less you are like a parson the more likely you are to be heard; and if you are known to be a minister the more you show yourself to be a man the better.

While it is desirable to speak so as to be heard, yet he thinks there is "no use in incessant bawling."

A quiet, penetrating, conversational style would seem to be the most telling. Men do not bawl and halloo when they are pleading in deepest earnestness; they have generally at such times less wind and a little more rain; less rant and a few more tears. On, on with one monstrous shout and you will weary everybody and wear yourself out. Be wise now, therefore. O ye who would succeed in declaring your Master's message among the multitude, and use your voices as common sense would dictate.

However much of all this some may think is to be excepted before it may be applied with equal truth to in-door preaching, it is pretty safe to agree with Mr. Spurgeon that "perhaps if a speaker were to acquire a style fully adapted to a street audience he would be wise to bring it in-door with him."

CURRENT TOPICS.

—There are some pretty good things in the last *Golden Rule* as to the unhappiness of those who are not satisfied with things as they are found while boarding in the country during these hot summer weeks. It thinks that the reason very likely is that these people are unreasonable in their expectations. "Your steak is not such as your city market gave you, nor is it cooked as your favorite cook would broil it, very likely. Who can expect to get a good steak in the country, and who ever expects to have a steak decently cooked in the average farm-house and hotel?" Doubtless, this is one way of giving comfort. Then it takes up the country feather bed and thinks that "Dante probably slept in one when composing the *Inferno*," and uses language even more severe about being buried "amid the convolutions of a good old-fashioned feather-bed" on most any August night. It concludes:

The best thing for you to do, friend, if you are not easy is to make yourself easy. Think less of the things that vex you, that disturb and fret you and more of the actual blessings which your residence in the country bring to you. In short, adjust yourself easily into whatever nook, however angular it is, into which fate has kindly or maliciously dropped you. Laugh the evil out of your eyes. Philosophize the rough places into smoothness, and make everything around you peaceful and happy because of the peace and happiness that are within your own bosom. In brief—take things easy.

—While glancing over a Thursday evening's paper we were struck with the diversity and representative character of seven telegraphic items which followed one another in uninterrupted succession. The first announced a hail storm; the second that the cotton worm had appeared in Texas in great numbers; the third, that the body of a man was found on the railroad track, and foul play was suspected; the fourth stated the death of three men and a girl by the Indians; the fifth, the arrest of an employee of the Post-office for robbing the mails; the sixth informed us of the issue of an order at the War Department for the establishment of an Infantry School of Training out in Kansas; and the seventh that large numbers of masons were arriving in St. John, but were leaving again because there was no work and poor accommodations. There they are, seven texts for seven lay sermons; seven items which a thousand years hence would give the reader a

better insight into no small part of the life of this age than volumes big with historical lore; that is to say, if the nature of history, as we now recognize it, does not change before that time.

—LAST March, twenty-three persons left New Haven, Conn., for the Black Hills. Of that number a large proportion (twenty) have returned, one has gone to Texas and another is going to Mexico. It doesn't say whether the remaining one is dead or not. It is said "some were compelled to see whether the walking was good on the way back," although most of them had five hundred dollars apiece when they started. Whether this will abate the enthusiasm of the next party or not is doubtful as some people do like to be humbugged, and are sanguine that the one chance in the thousand of getting much gold with little work, will somehow fall to their lot.

—It is not perhaps very strange that in these times when very small men and women aspire to fill great places in the line of evangelistic work a good deal of the painfully ludicrous should occur in the various platform performances. Speaking of "Sensationalism in Religion" in a recent timely editorial, the *Chicago Evening Journal*, among sundry vagaries of various religious sensationalists, states that the other day, at the Sea Cliff camp-meeting in New York, Mrs. Van Cott told her auditors in tragic tones that she was never going to die, but that by and by she "should move into her heavenly mansion on Hallelujah Avenue, Eternal city, county of Heaven," where she would be happy to entertain all of her friends who might call. This specimen but mildly illustrates the straining after effect and cheap bluffery which one constantly meets among the noisy, self-appointed, "Christian workers" of this generation who condescendingly consent to teach the veterans of the cross how to, convert the world. The wisdom that wins souls seeks first to win the respect of the unconverted for the instrumentality employed for their salvation.

—As the season for holding camp-meetings to promote the doctrine of "holiness" is again at hand, we may look for more or less comments on the same. The *Independent* speaks of a movement in Wilmington, Del., in a M. E. church where two classes of meetings have been held: "one kind for ordinary members and another kind for those who claimed or desired to seek 'a second blessing.' " This resulted in dissatisfaction, and the pastor with a hundred members "have formed an independent church where 'perfectionism,' doubtless, will be a leading doctrine." It seems to us that the *Congregationalist* contains some very good talk on this subject. We clip its closing paragraph:

Do not be too fast, dear brethren. To become more holy is, beyond doubt, the great desire of us all. But let us hasten slowly. We want to see whether these "eminent attainments" be genuine, or only the conceit of special holiness. We want to see whether you do really live devoted lives, or only fancy yourselves to do so. We wait to note whether you pay your debts more scrupulously, whether you deny yourselves more thoroughly, whether you govern your spirits more absolutely, whether you are more instant in and out of season for every good work, whether you have a broader and sweeter charity than before. If these things prove to be in you, and abound, we would like time to test the connection between that blessed result and your "new views." Do not be angry with us if our minds do not work as yours do. We shall not fail to be convinced if your light so shine as to prove that it is light from heaven. We, too, have a little oil in our lamps. Do not quench our light, until it be certain how long and well yours is to burn.

BRIEF NOTES.

Dr. Geo. C. Lorimer says in the *Independent*, that in his opinion the secret of Mr. Moody's power "is to be found in his wonderful executive abilities."

John G. Saxe claims for himself "the long pedigree of toil." At least, he says, he is a lineal descendant of Hans Sachs, who was "the cobbler bard," of "Nuremberg the ancient."

And now we are told of one Miss Lizzie Ellis, a graduate at the recent commencement of Wesleyan University, who received a prize of \$100 and is engaged to teach for a salary of \$1,200.

Bertha von Hillern's feats in walking are arousing the young ladies to pedestrianism whether for health or notoriety, or both, it will be most charitable to let them decide for themselves. One Miss May Marshall, who is to attempt a walk of fifty miles within twelve hours, at Taunton, Mass., is the occasion of this paragraph.

The Temperance Camp-meeting at Lake Bluff, near Chicago, which closed last week, was not so largely attended as was anticipated, though Frank Murphy, Dr. Reynolds, Miss Willard and other eminent leaders were present. Much was gained, however, in mutual counsel, and much encouragement was found in the reports from the various fields, especially in Michigan and Ohio.

The death of one on board from delirium tremens, was the occasion of a temperance lecture by Mr. P. T. Barnum, while crossing the ocean recently. An unusual impressiveness is connected with the reading of this item, and to those present, it must have been a season long to be remembered.

The English public used to ask: Who reads an American book? Now, the question would subject the inquirer to ridicule. As further evidence that the world moves from West to East, it has transpired that Prof. E. C. Mitchell, who went from Chicago a few months since to occupy, temporarily, the chair of Greek, Hebrew and Oriental languages in the University of London, has been called to the place permanently. Prof. Mitchell is a Baptist.

The official returns show that while 17,324 of the citizens of Minnesota were in favor of paying the State's debts, 59,173 were opposed to it. There has been a good deal of comment over this action on the part of that State, but the "official returns" are a disgrace and satire in and of themselves, without any comment whatever.

A professor in a certain theological seminary at Chicago, is credited with the remark, made in a public address recently, that there are two kinds of ministers:—"those who labor for the salvation of souls and those who labor for the salvation of theology." There is considerable of the theology of the present day which sadly stands in need of "being born again," at least, as a pre-requisite to soul-saving.

The Sunday-school Assembly at Lakeside, a delightful spot in the region of Put-In-Bay, has proved a success this year in point of attendance and in actual work done, according to all accounts. Most of the workers there, including Dr. Vincent, have transferred their labors to the Lake Bluff Assembly, where, with the added attraction of Joseph Cook's presence, a large number of people have gathered to spend a few pleasant and we trust profitable days.

Denominational News.

"Strengthen the Things that Remain."

I know of no more Christian or useful service than that rendered to a church struggling, almost despairing to sustain adequate preaching, to secure a vitally needed house of worship, or to rid itself of a crushing debt. Such help seasonably tendered has, in a multitude of instances, put new life into a valiant, but over-taxed band of Christ's disciples, rendered a church self-supporting, and even helped it to become a like blessing to others. Bro. Burgess seems of late, as many times before, to have been called of God to a work of this kind. At one time we hear of him supplying a responsible pulpit on the eastern shore of Massachusetts, and at the same time engaged in raising \$7000, to procure for the church there a house of worship. The next mail, there a might say, brings word that he is doing similar service for a church battling for life in the northern part of Vermont. And next we expect to hear from him in some other distant part of New England; if not of the world, and still at it, for there is work enough of this kind to be done, and but few who are adapted to it, or, if adapted, willing to engage in it. We bespeak for him the warmest welcome wherever he may go, and every kind of encouragement in his eminently important and helpful mission.—J. F.

Ontario Yearly Meeting.

The thirty-second annual meeting of the Freewill Baptists, of Ontario, convened with the church in Bloomsburg, Norfolk Co., Ont., June 21, and continued in session over the Sabbath. The meeting was looked forward to with considerable anxiety on the part of those more deeply interested in our prosperity in Canada.

The entire session was characterized by harmony and all seemed agreed and willing to unite in the specific work of offering aid to some of the weak churches within the boundary of the Y. M.

In point of numbers from the Province this annual gathering has not been exceeded in a great number of years.

Rev. G. H. Ball cheered us with a sight of his genial (and to many of us) familiar face, likewise Rev's A. Dick and Wm. R. Norton, from Holland Purchase and Michigan Y. M's respectively. Bro. J. H. Harrington from Hillsdale College, was likewise with us, and preached the opening sermon.

The conference voted to adhere to their distinctive principles as Freewill Baptists and to use all legitimate means to advance our cause, believing that we can thereby best promote Christ's cause and extend his kingdom.

A correspondence with regard to raising funds for building the girls' hall of Storer College was read by the secretary and elicited from Bro. Ball a full explanation of the object and working of the college. A resolution was passed by the conference requesting the Sabbath-schools to take the matter in hand.

Resolutions bearing upon the vital questions of the church, such as Temperance, Missions, Sabbath-schools, etc., were ably discussed and adopted.

Rev. F. W. Straight was appointed delegate to the next General Conference.

The fruit of the meeting is with God, and we hope and trust that it will be such as we shall be pleased to reap in after years.

Z. F. GRIFFIN, Clerk.

Maine Central Institute.

In another column may be found an acknowledgement of cash received. Besides these occasional credits little has appeared in the *Star* for many months. It is well known that from near the first, this Institution has struggled with a heavy debt.

How, when its speedy extinction was predicted and seemed inevitable, it has maintained an existence, grown in public favor, increased in its promise for the future, and in actual strength and usefulness from year to year, is a marvel to its friends, and can only be understood at all by those whose sacrifice of money and work has contributed to this end.

But the statement of facts as furnished by another pen are sufficient. By its fruits it is being known, as its graduates go forth to be themselves teachers, or to swell the classes of college students.

This view of the subject is the "sunny side," and much might be said in simple justice to the really sacrificing, laborious teachers, and the fine class of pupils that share their instruction.

But a simple statement of a few things not quite so cheering is the object of this writing. Me. Cen. Institute should do, and at once would do, a larger and better work if relieved from debt. A subscription was secured, with the condition that it should be available only

Poetry.

A JAPANESE LOVE SONG.

The woods are green in summer time
And bright with blossoms gay;
The murmur of the happy leaves
Sounds all the golden day.

But here a tree, by lightning struck,
Is black and bent and bare;
It lifts its arms like phantoms fell,
And dims the sunny air.

A bird, that built its dainty nest
Among branches blossomed o'er,
Still sings upon the withered bough
As blithely as before.

Oh! fond and faithful as the bird
That haunts the leafless tree,
Though darkest clouds of sorrow came,
My sweet love stayed with me.

A STRIP OF BLUE.

"And look through Nature up to Nature's God."

I do not own an inch of land,
But all I see is mine,—
The orchard and the mowing-fields,
The lawns and gardens fine.
The winds my tax-collectors are,
They bring me tithes divine,—
Wild scents and subtle essences,
A tribute rare and free;
And, more magnificent than all,
My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity,
A little strip of sea.

Richer am I than he who owns
Great fleets and argosies;
I have a share in every ship
Won by the inland breeze
To loiter on my airy road
Above the apple-trees.
I freight them with my untold dreams,
Each bears my own picked crew;
And nobler cargoes wait for them
Than ever India knew.
My ships that sail into the East
Across that outlet blue.

Sometimes they seem like living shapes,—
The people of the sky,—
Guests in white raiment coming down
From heaven, which is close by;
I call them by familiar names,
As one by one draws nigh,
So white, so light, so spirit-like,
From violet mists they bloom!
The aching wastes of the unknown
Are half reclaimed from gloom,
Since on life's hospitable sea
All souls find sailing room.

The sails, like flakes of roseate pearl,
Float in upon the mist;
The waves are broken precious stones,—
Sapphire and amethyst,
Washed from celestial basement walls,
By suns unsetting kissed,
Out through the utmost gates of space,
Past where the gay stars drift,
To the widening Infinite; my soul
Glides on, a vessel swift;
Yet loses not her anchorage,
In yonder azure rift.

Here sit I, as a little child;
The threshold of God's door
Is that clear band of chrysopease;
Now the vast temple floor,
The blinding glory of the dome
I bow my head before;
The universe, O God, is home,
In light or depth, to me;
Yet here upon my footstool green
Content am I to be;
Glad, when is opened to my need
Some sea-like glimpse of thee.

—Lucy Larcom.

Family Circle.

"KING CHARLES."

BY MAY PRESTON.

It all came, you see, of his getting the first prize in the Grammar School. Maybe he did set him up a little, but everybody said he deserved it. And when he graduated into the High, there was that Alf Dixon to pick on him from morning till night. You see, boys ain't the gentle kind, and when they once get going, don't know exactly when to stop. Alf didn't anyhow, and when he began to call Charlie King "King Charles" to plague him, we boys all took it up,—just in fun, you know,—but I expect it cut pretty deep for all that.

Some boys have a sort of commanding way anyhow, like—Napoleon, or Caesar, that sort of chap. I suppose they can't help it—it's in 'em—and Charlie was one of the kind. But he was a real nice boy, for all that, and Alf used to treat him too mean for anything, and that's a fact. He used to say, "King Charles," in such a hateful way. But it was fun to see how he'd blaze out at Alf when he was at his meanest. (I mean when Alf was.) One day I remember they were at it hot. Alf was mad as he could be, looked just as red—Well, they came pretty near striking, but Charlie never would fight. Queer! he was so strong too. He'd promised his mother he wouldn't. But he didn't tell us that! It was Kittie. Kittie was his sister. Looked just like him for all the world, only not so big and stout, but she had brown eyes and curly hair like him. Char thought lots of her, and always took care nobody hurt Kittie.

Well that day I was telling you about, Alf had been plaguing her, and making her cry—she was a little thing.

"Will you let her alone, Dixon?" says Charlie, coming up, mad as a hornet.

"Poor little pussy!" says Alf, not noticing him. "Did it feel bad? And was it bused? And—"

"Come here, Kittie," said Charlie, and he picked her up, and carried her into the school-house. Then he came back to Dixon, pale and quiet, but you could see how he was just boiling over inside.

"Don't you dare, said he, to plague my sister again."

"Just hear him, boys, will you? His majesty, King Charles, the—"

"Just hear him, boys, will you? His majesty, King Charles, the—"

Charlie's arm come up, and I'll own I wanted him to strike, but he didn't, just dropped it by his side, and walked off. "Oh, he won't fight, the dear little boy!" shouted Alf. "Promised his mammy, did he?"

"Con—" began Charlie, and then he choked and stopped. He'd never swear, either. But I can tell you he didn't love Alf any too well after that, for all he kept so cool. We boys didn't like him very well, either, but he was generous, too, when he liked a fellow. The trouble was he had a spite against King.

He was good enough to the rest of us boys, and free as could be with his pocket-money. I know when Tommy Cane broke the school-house window, playing ball, and cried because he couldn't pay for it, why, Dixon just paid it for him, so he wouldn't have to tell his father. Tommy was hard up, he was always out of luck, and the day before he'd lost his pocket-book—Mr. Cane scolded him lively you'd better believe, and Tommy felt delicate about asking for more.

I guess it must have been just about two weeks after that, when it happened. You never heard how it was? Well, I'll tell you all about it. Tommy Cane was at the bottom of it, he always was in everything. He had a burning-glass—you've seen 'em?—and he'd been showing it to the little chaps at recess; burning holes in their hats; and when we wanted him to play ball, he laid it on the window sash, by Dixon's desk, and forgot all about it. Well, that afternoon we were studying away, when all at once we smelled something burning. There wasn't a spark of fire in the stove—awful hot day—and we thought 'twas queer. All at once Dixon jumped up. His coat was on fire! You see he'd been fixing his magic lantern that morning, and had spilled oil all over his sleeve, so when the burning-glass up in the window started it, it burned like everything. Didn't a soul of us know what to do except Charlie King. "Take off your coat!" he shouted to Alf, but he was so near crazy that he didn't hear, just kept whirling round and round, and howling. The rest of us were as bad, most got out of the way as fast as we could, some hollered "fire" some ran for the police.

But King jumped over half a dozen desks, and began to pull off Alf's coat, and stamped on it. But Alf was all afire.

"A shawl, quick!" said Charlie, and Miss Grigsby came running with hers. Then Charlie wrapped it round Alf, threw him down on the floor, and Miss Grigsby helped, and the fire was out in no time. But we didn't have any more school that afternoon. Alf was hurt some, everything was mussed up, and you just ought to have seen Charlie's hands! They were burnt awfully, and he had to keep 'em bandaged for a month.

That was Friday. The next Monday both boys were at school, but looked pretty pale and used up. Alf looked the worst, 'cause you see he felt so mean. We boys just wondered what he'd say. I know I wouldn't have been in his boots for anything.

We were all around "King Charles," at recess, when Alf came straight up, holding out his hand. I say, Auntie, don't you think that was kind of brave in Alf now? 'Cause he might have waited till we weren't around. "Charlie," said Alf, "I am awful sorry. I've been so hateful this term. And say! it isn't all because you—Friday, you know—Miss Grigsby says you saved my life,—but—but—I know it was mean all the while. And if you'll for—"

"Oh! never mind it, old boy!" says Charlie, blushing just like a girl. "It's all right! I was too huffy myself sometimes. Going to play ball this noon?"

"But you'll shake hands, won't you?" says Alf. Charlie had been holding his hands behind him, so Alf couldn't see the bandages, but little Tommy Cane spoke right up. "Why he can't, Alf! His hands is all burned!" Charlie's face got red. So did Alf's. Then he turned pale, just put his arms around King's neck, and hid his face on his shoulder. I do believe he cried. Tommy Cane did, anyhow, and we all of us kind of choked.

Alf was always a queer kind of chap. He'd do things some wouldn't think of doing. You see, 'tisn't the sort of thing boys are used to, a fellow feels so green, acting like a great baby, but somehow it didn't seem bad a bit that time.

Pretty soon he lifted his head. "I'll never call you 'King Charles' again as long as I live!"

"Ye—yes, we w—will!" blubbered Tommy. "And K—King Alf—Alfred, too?" you see he liked 'em both.

Well, those boys were such friends as you never saw, after that—regular chums. And Tommy, he'd trot for 'em from morning till night, if they'd let him.

And that's how we call Charlie King "King Charles," sometimes. But I'm all out of breath, Auntie, and there's the bell!"

TWO SIDES OF ONE CANVAS.

One beautiful afternoon in August, there came to me the heart-broken wife of a state prison convict. We tried to plan for his pardon and restoration to home and the world. It was a sad case. He was the only surviving son of a very noble man—one who had lived only to serve the poor, he tempted and the criminal. Alf had all he was, he gave unreservedly to help thieves and drunkards. His house was their home; his name their bail to save them from prison; his reward their reformation. It was a happy hour to hear him tell of the hun-

dreds he had shielded from the contamination and evil example of prisons, and of the large proportion he had good reason to believe permanently saved. Out of the hundreds—yes, thousands—only two left him to pay their bail, forfeited by neglect to show themselves in court according to agreement—only two!

Bred under such a roof, the son started in life with a generous heart, noble dreams and high purposes. Ten years of prosperity, fairly earned by energy, industry and character, ended in bankruptcy, as is often the case in our risky, changing trade. Then came a struggle for business, for bread, temptation, despair, intemperance. He could not safely pass the open doors that tempted him to indulgence, forgetfulness and crime. How hard his wife wrought and struggled to shield him from exposure! How long wife, sister and friends labored to avert conviction and the state prison! "I would spare him gladly," wrote the prosecuting attorney, "if he would stop drinking. He shall never go to prison if he be a sober, honest man. But all his wretchedness and crime comes from rum."

Manfully did the young man struggle to resist the appetite. Again and again did he promise and keep his promise perhaps a month, then fall. He could not walk the street and earn bread soberly while so many open doors—opened by men who sought to coin gold out of their neighbors' vices—lured him to indulgence. So, rightfully, the state pressed on, and he went to prison. An honored man disgraced; a loving home broken up; a wide circle of kindred sorely pained; a worthy, well-meaning man wrecked. Sorrow and crime "all come of rum," says the keen-sighted lawyer.

As I parted from the sad wife on my door-step, I looked beyond, and close by the laughing sea stood a handsome cottage. The grounds were laid out expensively and with great taste. Over the broad piazza hung lazily an Eastern hammock, while all around were richly painted chairs and lounges of very easy and tempting form. Overhead were quaint vases of beautiful flowers, and the delightful lawn was bordered with them. On the lawn itself, gaily dressed women laughed merrily over croquet, and noisy children played near. A span of superb horses pawed the earth impatiently at the gate, while gay salutations passed between the croquet players and the fashionable equipages that rolled by. It was a comfortable home as well as a luxurious one. Nature, taste and wealth had done their best. It was a scene of beauty, comfort, taste, luxury and wealth. All came from rum. Silks and diamonds, flowers and equipage, stately roof and costly attendance, all came from rum. The owner was one who, in a great city, coined his gold out of the vice of his fellow-men.

To me it was a dissolving view. I lost sight of the gay women, the frolicsome children, the impatient horses, and the ocean running up to the lawn; I saw instead, the pale convict in his cell, twelve feet by nine; the sad wife going from judge to attorney, from court to governor's council, begging for mercy for her over-tempted husband. I heard above the children's noise, the croquet laugh and the surf waves, that lawyer's stern reason for exacting the full penalty of the law,—all this comes from rum.

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink. Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness and his chambers by wrong, for the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it."—Wendell Phillips.

THE WOULD-BE SAILOR BOY.

THE ROMANCE TAKEN OUT OF HIM.

Among the crew of the Nova Scotia schooner Bertha Ellen, that recently arrived in this port, was a boy named Richard Fielding, whose experience as a runaway is worth recording as a lesson to adventurous young fellows whose ambition is to plow the raging main in a "low, rakish, swift sailing clipper."

Young Fielding is about fifteen years of age, with a bright, handsome face, pleasing manners, and of evident intelligence. His father is a wealthy land-owner in Hampshire, an English gentleman of family and position. Richard had been sent to school in Dorset, where Bracebridge Hemmings' wonderful lies about the happy issues of all Jack Harkaway's adventures fell into his hand and were eagerly perused. The natural result followed: He longed to emulate the romantic glory of Jack's impossible actions, and yearned for a field to display, as Jack had done, the heroism and pluck which he supposed that he possessed. Unfortunately, his father had no influence with the Board of Admiralty, or the boy might have gone into the navy and found a legitimate channel in which to develop his adventurous longings. As it was, Richard determined to run away and go to sea.

Tying up the customary bundle, the little fellow slipped away from school and went to Liverpool. Here he found it impossible to ship in any capacity, but, determined to go to sea at all hazards, he stowed away in the hold of a Mediterranean fruit brig bound to Messina. He was soon discovered, and after undergoing no end of abuse from the captain, was set to the dirtiest kind of work, swabbing the decks, scraping the masts, and tarring down the rigging, and on every calm was put over the side to scrub copper. Before arriving at Messina he was one day tarring down the jib stay, swung in a boat-swain's chair, when the man who was at-

tending to the hoisting rope carelessly lost his hold, and Dick was precipitated to the deck, falling on an anchor stock and on the rail. His arm and leg were broken, and he bounded into the water. He was rescued, however, and after being freely cursed by the captain for the detention of the vessel which the accident had caused, he was passed below, where, without any medical treatment, he was permitted to stay till the vessel arrived at port, fortunately only twenty-four hours afterward. He then went to the hospital, where incompetent physicians dressed his limbs, and after three months he was discharged, penniless and without friends, and a cripple. All the British consul could do was to get him a berth, which, owing to the fact of the boy's crippled limb, was a difficult thing to do, but which was finally accomplished, and Richard sailed as a cabin boy in an American bark for Rio. His situation in this vessel was more tolerable, but on arriving at Rio the bark was condemned as unseaworthy, and Richard was a second time cast adrift in a foreign land. He finally shipped as cook in a West India trading schooner, where he got more kicks than hapence, and in this vessel came to Halifax, where he shipped in a schooner that afterward came to Baltimore with potatoes.

Previous to sailing he wrote to his mother, telling her the name of his vessel. His father cabled to Halifax and ascertained his destination, and then cabled to a friend in Baltimore to look out for Richard on his arrival. Dick came here in the schooner Bertha Ellen, after a thirty days' tempestuous voyage. His father's agent met him, telegraphed his father, provided him with a new outfit of clothes and a passage to Liverpool by the White Star line. And last evening Richard left for New York, to take the steamer, a wiser boy, a cripple for life, and one not likely to again be filled with glowing enthusiasm at the stories of writers of melodramatic fiction.—Baltimore American.

THE IDLE CHILDREN.

There were once three idle children who, instead of going to school as they should have done, stood loitering about, grumbling that learning was such a stupid thing.

"Let's off to the wood!" they all three cried at once. "Let's off to the wood, and play with the animals there; they never go to school."

When they came to the wood they asked the animals, both great and small, to play with them. "We are very sorry, but really we've just now no time," replied the animals.

The beetle hummed, "That would be fine if I were to idle with you, children. I must make a fresh bridge of grass, the old one is not safe."

The children crept softly past the ant-hill; and as for the bee, they ran away from her just as though she had been a venomous beast.

The little mouse cried in a shrill little voice, "I'm gathering up corn and seeds for the winter."

"And I," said the little white dove, "am carrying dry sticks for my nest."

The hare only nodded to them. "I can't come and play with you for the whole world," said he, "I've got such a dirty face, and must go and wash it."

The little strawberry blossom said: "I must make use of this fine day and ripen my fruit, that it may be ready when the old beggarman comes to look for it."

Then came a young cock, strutting through the wood.

"Dear Monsieur Chanticleer, you surely have nothing to do; you can come and play awhile with us."

"Pardon," cried he, with great gravity, "I've noble guests at my house to-day, and have to set out to a feast for them," and, bowing very stiffly, away he went.

Then the children accosted the little stream that was running along so merrily. "Do, dear little stream, come and play with us."

But the stream asked, quite astonished, "What do you mean, children? Yes, indeed, I don't know what to do, I am so very busy; and yet you ask me to play with you. I can't stop either night or day. Men, beasts, gardens, woods, meadows, valleys, mountains, fields—I must give them all water to drink, and wash all the dishes and clothes besides! I must turn the mill, saw planks, spin wool, carry along boats upon my back, put out the fire, and goodness only knows what else besides. I stop and play with idle children, indeed!" And away the stream flowed as fast as ever it could.

The children were growing quite disheartened, and thought they must give up all hope of finding play-fellows in the wood, when they saw a finch sitting upon a branch, singing and eating by turns. They called out to him their invitation.

"Stars and garters!" exclaimed the finch, greatly surprised, "can I believe my ears? You children seem to be under a great mistake. I've no time to play, not I! Here I have been chasing flies all day, and now my young ones want me to sing them to sleep. I'm singing to them the praise of labor. How can you children think so badly of me? No, you turn back again, lazy children, and don't disturb the industrious folks in the wood."

Thus taught by the animals, the children turned back to school very willingly, finding that play is alone the reward of industry and work.—Exchange.

No true artist ever worked yet for ambition. He does the thing that is in him to do by a force far stronger than himself. The first fruits of a man's genius are always pure of greed.

EDDIE'S FIRST PANTS.

"Pants" make an era in any boy's life.

There went out of my house one afternoon a chubby little fellow, less than four years old, wearing a child's frock of soft, white cloth with pretty blue trimmings. It was Eddie going to the city. In two or three hours he came back. My! What a change! Up the front entry stairs he came, looking like a Dutch captain cut short, with blue jacket and pants on (real ones,) and in his hand was an American flag waving!

That night he couldn't sit in his high chair at the table. He was too big a boy. The high chair might do for Peetins (a name from the Chinese or Choctaw or Hottentot, given to the baby by her young sister), but a boy in pants must have a chair-like older folks.

I really think he felt that the change to pants was so marvelous an event that others would think the boy in pants might go back to something else by morning like ice cream that, left in the kitchen over night, goes back to a sweet, milky stuff on the morrow. So in the morning, when Uncle John came down stairs, Eddie cries out, "Here I am, just the same!" There was one change, and a hopeful one, a change of purpose. "I am not going to 'ky' in my pants; I am too big a boy to 'ky,'" was the word for the future.

Unfailing sources of interest were the pockets. Oh, those pockets! As a fat fist was plunged into one, it was pronounced a "very deep pocket." "Feel in them!" was the challenge. As we walked down street one morning, he cried: "I have got to put my hands in my pocket. There's Mr. Dean wid his hands in his pockets!" So the two men went "wid hands in their pockets!"

I left Eddie just now sleeping on the back parlor sofa, a hand resting on his plump chin, and one fat leg thrown over the other. If I should put him, while asleep, into his frock again it would mortify him dreadfully on waking. But when I think that jacket and pants signify that he is growing older, and I shall soon lose my chubby boy, I sigh for the little white frock with blue trimmings. I have a great mind some day to put that frock on him again.—Congregationalist.

CURIOUS MISTAKE.

Among the other curious mistakes that have happened to Congressmen in Washington, the correspondent of the Boston Journal relates the following: "The little suites of rooms at the National Hotel open upon little halls, uniform in appearance, connected by long corridors, and are all furnished alike. One night Senator Mangum, of North Carolina, then President pro tem. of the Senate, a dignified gentleman of the old school, had just returned from a party, when Mr. Upham, a senator from Vermont, came in without any ceremony and took a seat. The two chatted away on politics, the weather, the social amusements, etc., until the clock on the mantle-shelf struck one. 'Really, Mr. Upham,' said Mangum; 'I am always pleased to see you, but I really believe it is getting very late.' I have thought so for some time," replied Upham, but he made no movement. Providently the half-hour sounded, and Mangum remarked: 'I thought, Mr. Upham, that you had decided to go to bed, sir.' 'So I had, Mr. President,' answered the Vermont, yet he did not budge. Mangum stared at him in amazement, and at last plainly said: 'But why don't you go to your room, Mr. Upham? It will soon be two o'clock.' 'My room, Mr. President? Why, this is my room, and I have been waiting for you to go away for two hours past,' Mangum sprang to his feet, looked into the sleeping-room adjacent, and found that he was in Upham's room instead of his own. Mr. Webster used to enjoy joking him about his visit to Vermont."

BAD MEMORY.

"Mary, my love, do you remember the text this morning?"

"No, pa, I never can remember the text; I have such a bad memory."

"By the way, did you notice Susan Brown?" joined in Mary's mother.

"Oh, yes; what a fright! She had on her last year's bonnet dobe up, a pea-green silk, a black lace mantilla, brown boots, an imitation of Honiton collar, a lava bracelet, her old ear-rings, and such a fan! Oh, my!"

"Well, my dear, your memory is certainly 'bad.'"

IN THE DARK.

I stood, with a beautiful child, trying to look out into the night. There was no moon; the stars were hidden behind a dense canopy of clouds, and as we pressed our faces against the pane, only blackness of darkness met us from outside.

"Ah, this is dreary enough," I said to my own heart. "This is like some people's lives, dark to hopelessness,—no ray of cheer before them, let them strain their eyes as they may."

But I kept my thoughts to myself, for young hearts should not know how closely life and nature correspond in some gloomy times. Suddenly a light rippling laugh broke from my companion.

"How very dark!" she said. "This is a night of all others such as I love!"

"This night!" I exclaimed. "This black gloomy night when no one can see a step that they must take?"

She laughed again.

"But I do not want to see a step that I must take," she said. "I do not walk,—I drive home always with my father. That is the very reason why I take so much pleasure in the dark."

"But even then," I said, "I do not understand. It must be pleasant, even if you do not walk, to go under bright skies, with the stars shining above you and a clear light upon the road."

She shook her head, and looked at me with earnest, thoughtful eyes.

"I do not know," she said, "I can not tell you how it is. When the road is so light that the pony hardly seems to need any driving, my father lets me take the reins, and we laugh and chat together as we drive along; but on a night like this it is very different. He takes the reins in his own hands then, and is so busy watching the road that sometimes he hardly speaks to me once all the way. Then I creep in among the cushions and lie still, and have such a happy time by myself thinking how dark it is, and how I can not see whether we are in the track, or just on the brink of a precipice, or even lost, but that my father can, and though I can not see his form, he is there, close before me, holding the reins in his strong hand, and never taking his eyes from the way for a single instant! Oh, it is better than all the bright nights together, and when, once in a while, he turns his head and says, 'All safe, my little one!' I say, 'All safe,' and then I curl down closer in my corner, and feel such a glow rising up in my heart, it keeps me warm on the coldest night. And then at last,—it seems very long sometimes,—I hear his voice again, saying, 'Here we are!' and I look out and see the bright light streaming from the windows, and we are at home!"

I took the pure child-face gently in my hands, and looked into the upturned eyes.

"I understand, now," I said; "but how would it be if some one else than your father were driving, and you did not even know who had the reins?"

A look of surprise, half dismayed and half reproachful, answered before her words.

"Why, what a strange question!" she said. "Of course, I should not like it then! I should not like it then! I should be terrified, and crying to every one we met for a little light.—But that will never happen, for my father always goes with me; he will never trust me to any one but himself!"

Ah, sweet child, what a lesson have you taught us! There are dark nights in our lives, as well as in our world, but in the most rayless of them all, our rest may be most sweet, the glow in our hearts most warm and bright if we do take our refuge in remembering whose hand holds the reins, and when dark and storm are safely passed, we shall see light flaming before us and know we have reached home at last!—Chris. Mirror.

HOW TO DRESS.

It is idle to assert in the presence of girls that the way in which they dress is of no consequence. It is really of great consequence. A woman's dress is the outward expression of her inward life. If she be coarse, vulgar, fond of display, and bent on low material ends, her dress, though extravagant, will be an unconscious revelation of her character. If she be modest, self-reliant, and cultivated in the best direction, the style of her ordinary apparel will betoken her, as the leaves betoken the flower. But in America young girls are too often overdressed. The rounded cheeks, the bright eyes, the waving hair of a girl in her teens, need only the simplest setting. Rich fabrics and sumptuous adornings are more for the matron, her dress gaining in ample fold, and stately sweep as she puts on the dignity of years. The seasons teach us something here, if we go to Nature for an object lesson. How different her charm from the deep maturing of summer, when the hues are decided, and the air is loaded with perfume from a thousand censers. The school-girl is only on the threshold of summer. She has not crossed it yet. Let her copy the sweet grace of the spring on her graduation day.—Christian Intelligencer.

USE BETTER THAN SHOW.

Some time ago a gentleman went to see a friend who was very fond of show and fine things, and who, besides other jewels, was in the habit of wearing a ring containing valuable precious stones. His visitor said to him: "My good friend, of what use are those splendid stones in the ring on your finger?"

"None at all," replied the gentleman.

"Well, then, I'm better off than you are, for I have two precious stones which are of use to a great number of people, and which gain me more than forty pounds every year."

The gentleman begged to be allowed to see these wonderful stones, and his friend took him to his mill and showed him the two millstones.

I have read somewhere that if the money spent every year in England in useless ornaments for people to wear were bestowed in having lighthouses put up all around our shores, there need be no shipwrecks upon the coast of Great Britain.—English Mag.

The heart of man is like a garden, capable of producing, under good culture, every thing beautiful in humanity, while if neglected it is choked up with all kinds of rank and poisonous weeds.

Literary Miscellany.

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

There is an after joy
Sweeter than joy itself.

—Adams.

If individuals have no virtues, their vices
may be of use to us.—*Junius*.

There is nothing so good to make a horse
fat as the eye of his master.—*Diogenes*.

It is not enough to have great qualities; we
should also have the management of them.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

Life in itself is neither good nor evil; it is
the scene of good or evil as you make it; and
if you have lived a long day, you have seen all.
—*Montaigne*.

Without a belief in personal immortality,
religion is surely like an arch resting on one
pillar, like a bridge ending in an abyss.—*Max Muller*.

Dr. Channing was walking on the beach at
Newport with a lady. When I look," said she,
"at the sweep of the ocean and its power, and
think of the infinite range beyond, I feel my
self so small as to be all insignificant. Do not
you?" "My dear friend," said he, "when I
look at the infinite ocean, I do not think of my-
self at all."

Charles Kingsley had a total disgust for cant.
When a man whom he had refused to help
fell on the doorstep, turning up the whites
of his eyes, began to mumble a counterfeit
prayer, he caught him by the collar and hurled
him out to the highway. The man who has
the physical strength and courage to thus
deal with professional beggars is a public benefactor.—*United Presbyterian*.

Every kind of pretense is bad; to pretend to
be better than we are, is hypocrisy; to pretend
to be greater than we are, is vanity and folly;
but to pretend to be worse than we are, for
the sake of winning favor with those whose
favor is not worth having, is at once the worst
and silliest pretense of all. Whatever a man's
position or calling may be, it is a thing to be
ashamed of, let him abandon it; but if he is not
washed or disgraced in itself, let him never be
ashamed of it.—*Sunday at Home*.

THE BLACK SEA.

As the Black Sea is again the scene of
stirring events it is well that a clear un-
derstanding should be had of the nature of
that remarkable body of water. It is about
700 miles long in its longest direction, and
has an extreme width of about 380 miles. Its depth is from
four to forty-eight fathoms near shore, but
in the middle no soundings have been found
at 160 fathoms. The greatest depth of
Lake Superior is 200 fathoms.

The Black Sea is not like our lakes a
fresh water sea, but on the other hand it
contains one-seventh less salt than ocean
water, and is held to receive one-third of
all the running water of Europe. The puzzle
is what becomes of all this fresh water,
and how the Black Sea retains its salinity.
The sea is tideless. There is no perceptible
current toward the Mediterranean. It has the
same level as the Sea of Marmora. The outlet by the Bos-
porus, even were there a strong current,
would be insufficient to discharge the im-
mense volumes of water constantly pour-
ing into the inland sea, and it scarcely
seems credible that the evaporation is
sufficient to account for the surplus water.
Like our own lakes, it is subject to fre-
quent storms, but navigation is not ex-
ceptionally unsafe, and an extensive steam
navigation is carried on. There are several
islands near the mouth of the Danube, but the
sea is singularly free from rocks and shoals.

The Sea of Azov, which is connected with
the Black Sea by the narrow strait of Yenikale,
is much smaller, being only about 168 miles
long and 80 broad. Its waters are fresh and
abundant with fish, but are very shallow, and
fall off toward the west into huge marshes,
which have been aptly named the Putrid Sea.
It is of comparatively little importance for
purposes of navigation, though it has several
ports and roadsteads.

All the shores washed by the Black Sea
have within the last decade made rapid
 strides in the path of material and industrial
development. The entire Russian coast is
annually growing in population, wealth, and
importance. Odessa chiefly exports wheat, tallow,
hides, wool, and leather, and takes in return the
products of all parts of manufacturing Europe.
The southern shore, comprising the northern
line of Asia Minor, has also been quickened
into an activity which bids fair to bring it up
to its ancient prosperity. Samson and Trebizond
are the principal ports, and are the gates through
which the trade of Persia, Armenia and Central
Asia can flow to Europe. The local products
are not very important, chiefly consisting of
wool, hides and breadstuffs.

THE DYNASTY OF COOKS.

It is George Eliot, if we mistake not,
who speaks of the silent tragedies, un-
known and unwritten, which are constantly
taking place amid thousands of human
lives while the world moves carelessly
along. In much the same way might
reference be made to certain innumerable
domestic tragedies, equally unobserved
and unrecorded upon, where cooks
play not the heroic but the purely villainous
part. The heroism in such cases is in-
variably in the suffering housewife,
whose spirit, no matter how resolute it
may be when circumstances first bring it
face to face with the domestic depravity,
gradually succumbs into despairing
submission. A notable feature in the
case of bad cooks may be called their
tendency to occur in groups. A certain
household may have had its kitchen
affairs ably and peacefully administered for
years, when suddenly some unavoidable
change brings in its wake months of
protracted distress, until at last a long
line of incompetent or debased cooks
have been given place to one representing
"milder manners, purer laws," like Titus
after the imperial horrors that had pre-
ceded him. Meats served up in condi-
tions of bleeding rawness one day, and
blackened to actual cinders the next;
soups that are flavorless mockeries;
vegetables execrably undone, or else
pitifully scorched; profane outbursts;
interference; disreputable shrieks of
dissatisfaction regarding the just payment
of certain wages; wild maledictions;
noisy departure—these are but a few of
the most silently unpleasant attributes
that belong to some such distracting inter-
val as that which occasionally follows the
exodus of a trusted and responsible cook.

Not long ago an interregnum of this
disturbing and unwholesome character took
place within the family of a certain literary
gentleman of New York. From week to
week he kept account of the rapid changes
in his domestic government, and called his
document, when finished, "Culinary
Dynasty of the House of Brown," from the
reign of Bridget the Pure down to the Pres-
ent Monarch. Similarly embellished by
incidental rhetorical graces, Mr. Brown's

list read something after the following
manner:

Bridget I., surnamed the Pure. Began to
reign December, 1867; abdicated
October, 1876, because contemplating a
life of seclusion and matrimony. Her
reign was marked by great executive
wisdom, clemency, and economy, and its
cessation caused the most sincere regret.
Succeeded by

Bridget II., a sovereign of considerable
administrative power, but cursed with a
most irascible disposition. Insulted her
prime-minister (Mrs. Brown) when justly
rebuked by that dignitary for her reckless
consumption of butter. Popular opinion
(Mr. Brown), being decided against her,
she abdicated November, 1876, in favor of
Katharine, surnamed the Filthy, on ac-
count of the multiplicity of her suitors. A
giddy, good-natured queen, but wholly
unfitted for her exalted position. Deposed,
November, 1876, and succeeded by

A Regency of Three Days, during
which Jane (a valued chambermaid)
wielded with much ability the culinary
scepter. After which the kitchen was
desecrated by

Bridget III., a sovereign whose char-
acter previous to accession had been rep-
resented as stainless, but who eagerly
gave signs of the most revolting intem-
perance. Driven from the kitchen by an
indignant people (Mr. Brown) after an
alcoholic reign of only two days, and suc-
ceeded by

Mary Ellen, satirically surnamed the
Skeleton, on account of her unnatural
stoutness. Celebrated for intense laziness.
Deposed, December, 1876, and succeeded by

Margaret, popularly known as the
Fiend. Threatened to kill her prime-min-
ister two hours after coronation. On the
following day refused to abdicate. Re-
sisted even the demands of the army
(a policeman) who unanimously in-
dorsed the policy of the prime-minister. Im-
prisoned for high treason, December, 1876.
End unknown. Succeeded by

Bridget IV., surnamed the Lunatic.
Her administration was chiefly distinguish-
ed by an attempt to subvert the usual
methods of dining throughout her realm;
causing soup to be served after fish, and
meat before either. Banished after a
turbulent reign of twelve hours, and suc-
ceeded by

Ann, known as the Spoiler. And so on,
through a terrible list of wrong and out-
rage, the chronicle continues, at last end-
ing in the month of February, 1877, with
the following happy event:

Bridget XV., the reigning sovereign,
surnamed the Culinary Antonine, Modest
of demeanor, gentle in speech, wise and
economical in her rule. Beloved by min-
ister and people. A slight difficulty with
France (the children's foreign nurse),
which occurred in the early part of her
reign, has been amicably settled. The
realm is at present in a most flourishing
condition, and the refrigerator has never
been so prosperously administered. Long
live Bridget XV.—*Appleton's Journal*.

THE BASE-BALL CRAZE.

One of the absurdities of all the deliriums
that have recently afflicted the Ameri-
can people is what may, not inaptly, be
called the base-ball mania. An old-fash-
ioned game of base-ball, full of fun and
frolic, giving opportunity for the display
of native shrewdness, agility and strength,
requiring no special training and impos-
ing no special expense, was a very enjoy-
able thing. But base-ball now is reduced
to a science which none but professionals
can master; and the salary of some of
these professionals,—think of that, ye
underpaid pastors,—is from \$1,500 to
\$3,000 a year! Meanwhile, the people,
—hard as the times are,—cheerfully give
up an occasional afternoon and pay fifty
cents gate-money,—to say nothing of car-
fare and other "incidentals"—to help on
the glorious cause; while enough are
ready to venture their money on some
favorite "nine," to make the base-ball
mania as demoralizing as it is ludicrous. It
is not by such methods as these that crick-
et has been made the national game of
England, and we patiently wait the in-
evitable reaction, when base-ball shall be
robbed of its scientific character, and sub-
sided into a pastime for boys instead of
being an infatuation with bearded men.—*Ez. & Chronicle*.

SUNDAY IN DEADWOOD.

On Sunday the people pour into Dead-
wood from the adjoining camps, and dur-
ing the day the streets have the appear-
ance of a national celebration. On a host
inspector can discover that the crowd is
attracted by an auctioneer, who has mount-
ed a barrel and is crying his wares, the
accumulation of every kind of pawned
property. On the other side the prize
package man holds out valuable induc-
ments to a gaping crowd, who, after
listening to a barabrage of fifteen minutes,
stand in awe, with disappointment stamp-
ed on their countenances, to see the
fortune they might have possessed had
they only drawn the lucky packet. He dis-
plays before them. Then the band sends
outlively music, while the merchants are
busy bartering their wares for gold dust
to the dusky miner. Everybody is on the
alert, tramping to and fro, in and out and
up and down the mountains. Then, just
around the corner from this busy throng,
the unpretentious building occupied for a
church sends forth its echoes from three
or four scores of worshippers there as-
sembled, and many are the hearty miners
who here take the opportunity to thank
God for health and success; and all these,
together with the confusion upon the
streets and yelps from dog fights, re-
verberate over the hills. When the
weather is pleasant, groups of two and
upwards are seen winding upon the
towering bed rocks or seen climbing
through the mountain pines. To one not
accustomed to this romantic region, such
proceedings—religion, traffic, toil and
pleasure going to make up Sunday—ap-
pear absurd in the extreme. But such is
mountain life, and in a brief time the
most fastidious pilgrim from the more
Athenian regions will become accustomed
to and fascinated by it.—*Black Hills Times*.

"SIMPLY REPUDIATION."

Any repeal or postponement of the act
of 1875 is simply repudiation of a pledge
of the public faith. All over the country
citizens have made or refused contracts,
relying upon that pledge; the banks and
insurance and other financial companies
have adjusted their business to meet the
change thus promised; and the repeal of
that pledge would be an act of the most
base-faced repudiation. It can not be
honestly said that repudiation is impossi-
ble at the date now fixed. Impossible

without loss and inconvenience to some
people, it certainly is at this time. And as
certainly will be at any other time. But
precisely the arguments which are urged
to excuse it now will be urged, after one
postponement, or two, or three, to excuse
it again. There will always be lost to
somebody in the return to specie values,
but the loss will be less at this time, if the
Government moves fearlessly forward,
than at any future day.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

GOING TO THE COUNTRY.

"My folks are going to the country, to
be gone all summer!" enthusiastically
exclaimed a little girl, yesterday, as she
met another on Cass avenue.

"Your pa must be awful rich," replied
the second.

"Oh, no; he isn't; but if you'll never
tell anybody, I'll tell you something."
"I never will," she said.

"Well, then, Ipa was telling me that
we'd all go out to Uncle John's. Ma shall
work for her board, pa will work in the
saw mill, I'll pick berries and ride horse
to plow corn, brother Tom will go
around with a lightning-rod man, and
while you folks are in the awful heat,
we'll be putting on airs and fixing over
our old clothes for fall. Don't you tell,
now, for ma is saying to everybody that
she must have the country air to restore
her shattered nerves."—*Detroit Free Press*.

EXTRAVAGANT FUNERALS.

The practice of impoverishing the
estate of decedents by means of impos-
ing and extravagant funerals, is severely
criticized in a recent opinion delivered by
Judge Rheme, of the Orphans' Court of
Luzerne county. In a case in which the
personal estate of the deceased was proved
to be but \$581.82, an administrator sought
to have the court allow the sum of \$139.
75 for the expenses of the burial, which
was one-fourth of the whole personal
estate. This allowance Judge Rheme re-
fused to grant, and, in his decision,
after saying that "pompous processions of
great length, glistening silver-plated
caskets and carved marble monuments, are
unnecessary for Christian burial," he
sums up his view of the law of the sub-
ject in the following words: "Such pa-
rades as are called 'fine funerals' may
gratify the vanity of the living, but no
respect for the dead demands them, and
when a decedent's estate is limited and
his debts are not paid, or where he leaves
a family of helpless children, the expenses
of such funerals will not be allowed out
of his estate. Those who contract for
and enjoy such luxuries must pay for
them themselves."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

DEATH OF THE FLEMISH LANGUAGE.

In spite of the well-known vitality of
the Flemish language, it is being gradu-
ally but surely expelled from its several
strongholds. In the northern regions of
France there are already signs of its
approaching extinction, even among the
most remote cottage homes; and in
Belgium it is yielding steadily, though
much less rapidly, before the advancing
tide of French education. A journal
bearing the title *Patria Belgica* admits
thus much, but points with some patriotic
pride to the determined stand made by
the native language. Recent statistics
show that in 1846, out of 1000 Belgians,
421 spoke French, while twenty years
later this percentage had increased only
to 423. In the meantime those who spoke
Flemish decreased in the same twenty
years from 570 per 1000 to 562, of whom
65 per 1000 were "docti utriusque lin-
guae." A still more marked decline is
shown in the use of the German language,
only seven persons out of every 1000
boasting an acquaintance with it in 1866
against eight in 1846. The French wave
of invasion comes into collision with the
opposing Flemish at certain well-known
places along a sort of frontier line. The
most notable of these are two towns in
the neighborhood of Liege, which may
fairly be regarded as the seats of the
two rival tongues. They are called
Heure-le-Romain, the seat of the Walloon
or French tongue, and Heure-le-Tiesche,
the seat of the Deutsen or German or
Flemish dialect, and the antiquity of the
names seems to indicate that the struggle
has been waged there from time im-
memorial. A learned writer has indeed
suggested that the very name of both
towns signifies "frontier," the "Heure"
being not, as might be supposed, an
adaptation of the Latin *hora*, but a cor-
ruption of *ora*, a boundary.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

ENGLISH ENTHUSIASM.

There is nothing like English enthusi-
asm for bringing a man out. Here is
Gen. Grant, for instance. During the
contest that resulted in his election he
was known as "the Dumb Candidate,"
and throughout his Presidency, true to
his character, he was "the Silent Presi-
dent." His longest speech was about six
lines. He inaugurated the biggest thing
in creation, the Philadelphia Exhibition,
in four lines. Yet he no sooner touched
the free soil of England than his tongue
is loosed, and he can make a couple of
smart speeches in an evening—one, it is
true, of his usual six-line pattern, but
the other, twenty or twenty-five lines
deep. Oh, that Gen. Grant would return
our kindness to him by teaching some of
our politicians how to stem the torrent of
their eloquence! He could confer no
greater benefit upon us.—*London May-
fair*.

THE MAN WHO STOPS HIS PAPER.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton, in his admi-
rable papers on "Intellectual Life," has
talked to the man "who stopped his pa-
per." "Newspapers are to the civilized
world what the daily house talk is to the
members of the family,—they keep our
daily interest in each other, they save us
from the evils of the isolation. To live as
a member of the great white race that has
filled Europe and America, colonized or
conquered whatever territory it has been
pleased to occupy; to share from day to
day its thoughts, its cares, its inspirations,
it is necessary that every man should
read his paper. Why are the French
peasants so bewildered and at sea? It is
because they never read a newspaper.
And why are the inhabitants of the United
States, though scattered over a terri-
tory fourteen times the area of France,
so much more capable of concerted ac-
tion, so much more alive and modern, so
much more interested in new discoveries
of all kinds, and capable of selecting and
utilizing the best of them! It is because
the newspapers penetrate everywhere,
and even the lonely dweller on the prairie
or in the forest is not intellectually iso-
lated from the great currents of public

life which flow through the telegraph and
press."

PARAGRAPHS.

The foolish man will ask a woman if
her baby is not a trifle cross-eyed. But
the wise man will take the cars to Syra-
cuse, and make his inquiries by postal-
card.

The number of paupers, exclusive of
lunatics in asylums and vagrants, in Lon-
don, on the last day of the first week in
June, was 80,428.

A Chinaman in San Francisco was rudely
pushed into the mud from a street-
crossing by an American. He picked
himself up very calmly, shook off some of
the mud, bowed very politely, and said,
with a mild, reproving tone to the offend-
er, "You Christian, me beather; good-
bye!"

A \$20,000 monument is to be placed in
position at once over the grave of the
millionaire, James Lick, in the cemetery
at Fredericksburg, Lebanon county, Pa.
It contains seven large statues. Mr. Lick
learned the trade of cabinet-maker in
Fredericksburg, long before starting upon
his successful California career.

A rich but parsimonious old gentleman,
on being taken to task for his uncharita-
bleness, said, "True, I don't give much;
but if you only knew how it hurts me
when I give anything, you wouldn't
wonder."

The highest bridge in the world is in
the Southern Kentucky railroad, just fin-
ished. It is 275 feet high, 1,125 feet long,
and the longest span is 375 feet.

The three highest pieces of architecture
in the world are—The Pyramid of Gizeh,
in Egypt, 543 feet; the steeple of the
Cathedral of Cologne, 541 feet; and St.
Peter's, at Rome, 518.

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.

CHARLES DYER died in Mapleton, Minn.,
March 5, aged 63 years. The subject of this
notice was born in Shattlesburg, Vt., moved to
Wisconsin in 1855, and came to Minnesota
in 1860, where he lived until he passed away.
He was a member of the P. Baptist church at
Mapleton at the time of his death. It was the
privilege of the writer to spend a night with
him and his wife and their son-in-law, Rev. S.
A. Slow, one year ago, and it was a pleasant
interview. Brother Dyer spoke freely of his
falling health, but was willing to trust his
life to Christ. On my way to the Southern Min-
nesota Y. M. C. A. I called again to see them, but
brother Dyer's chair was vacant and I thought
how sweet it would be in that beautiful land,
so free from sorrow and pain, with songs
on our lips, and with harps in our hands,
to meet one another again.

—CHARLES CAIN.

EUGENE S. TASKER, only son of Ephraim
and Francis F. Tasker, died in Northwood,
N. H., aged 23 years and 1 month. His life
was a life of pure and lovely virtues, and
death in duty respected. For nearly three
years he was a clerk in Mr. B. F. Rakeley's drug
store at Dover. By his integrity and faithful-
ness he won the respect and esteem of his
employer and those with whom he associated.
His health failing in January he returned to
his home. Strong hopes were entertained of
his recovery until within a few weeks. His
life was a life full of courage, sweetness and
beauty, an amiable disposition, a heart full
of good will. Honesty and uprightness marked
his whole life. Never word or deed of his
hearted to God, and trusting in his love, he
was enabled to say in his last moments, "All
is well. I am satisfied, I am satisfied," and
then peacefully passed to his rest. So gentle
was his life, so pure and lovely, that it seems
God rewarded him thus early by taking him
to a world free from suffering. The bereaved
and afflicted parents have the heartfelt sym-
pathy of their many friends. He was buried
in the Northwood cemetery, Wednesday, Feb.
22, 1877.

MARY A. wife of Benj. Keech, died in
Chester, June 13, aged 57 years. She had
long been a worthy member of the Free
Baptist church in this place. Her health for
several years previous to her death was poor
and she suffered much, but with patience and
meekness she pressed on to gain the
prize. Quickly and peacefully she was
called home at last, and while her companion,
brother and sisters feel that there is a vacant
place in their hearts, yet they hope to meet her
in that home above. "Blessed are the dead
which die in the Lord from henceforth, yes,
saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their
labors and their works do follow them."

—J. M. FURKES.

E. EUGENE BACHELDER died in Haverhill,
Mass., May 30, aged 29 years and 11 months.
He was the son of D. and Betsey E. Bache-
lder. He was early sent to the Sabbath
school and continued a constant attendant and
lover of it. He was converted some three
years ago, but through his diffidence was not
always so active in the performance of his
public Christian duties as he thought he ought
to have been, but he sadly regretted during
his sickness; but his life was a living testi-
mony to his faith, and his end and his friends
were weeping around him, he looked up and said
to his mother, "Don't cry, mother. There is
nothing to cry about." Thus he passed away
as peacefully as if going to sleep. He was se-
cretary and treasurer of the Sabbath-school,
which unanimously passed resolutions on the
high esteem in which he was held.

—COM.

SALLY B. PIERCE, widow of the late John
Pierce, died at the residence of her son-in-
law, William B. Ingalls, in Taunton, Mass.,
July 3, aged 72 years. She experienced religion
when young under the labors of the Rev.
Charles Beane, was baptized by Rev. John
Stevens, and united with the F. B. church in
North Limington, Me. She was strongly at-
tached to the denomination, and a lover of the
Morning Star. She found her hope in the
saviour to comfort and sustain her in the af-
flictions through which she was called to pass,
as she was called to part with a loving hus-
band, who died in the Lord, at Nashua, N. H.,
March 10, 1869, and her son Henry (a prom-
ising young man, the same year, all of which
she bore like a Christian. She was a great
sufferer for some weeks before her death, but
she was sustained by the consolations of the
Christian's hope, and longed for the hour of
release. She retained her reason to the last.
After bidding her friends farewell, she fell
asleep in Jesus, leaving an only daughter and
many friends to mourn her loss.

—SAML. MCKOWNE.

MARTIN SHEPARD, of Pike, N. Y., died
June 13, in the 63rd year of his age. He and
his twin brother, Dea. Marvin E. Shepard,
were born in Otsego Co., N. Y., whence the
parents moved to Middlebury, N. Y., about
1820. These twin brothers were never separ-
ated but a few days at a time till the Master
took Marvin to himself. Martin was well re-
spected by all the numerous relatives, as a
kind, loving and true friend. About thirty-
five years ago he made a public profession of
faith in Christ, under the labors of Rev. H. N.
Pump and Oliver Johnson, and joined the
church in Bennington, N. Y. He is well and
gratefully remembered by the old members of
that church as one who said but little and
did much. When the Free Baptists purchased
the Seminary, sixteen years ago, and organ-
ized a church here, he was one of the chief
workers in the movement; and from that day
till the day of his death he was never behind
his brethren in zeal and efficiency for the
school and the church. He was a great suf-

ferer but he was the most cheerful and loving
of men, whenever his disease gave him the
least chance of life. He was the pastor's
friend. He was the Principal's friend and
counselor. He was a pillar in the church.
It was permitted him to have a clear mind
and great, steady faith almost to the last. We
shall see him again, in a few years at most,
in that home that will never be broken up.

—D. M. STUART.

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WOOD, N. H.
Spring Term of eleven weeks, commences
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E. C. LEWIS, Sec. Trustee.
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