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THE MORNING STAR.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1877.

YOUR PEARLS.

Trust not the secret of thy soul with those

Who hold their treasures with a reckless hand;

Nor to each ready ear thy thought disclose,

Nor to each smiling face the heart expand.

Pearls from the ocean's depth too precious are

To be strewn heedless at the common feet.

Show not to curious eyes the hidden scar,

Nor to the winds thy sacred words repeat.

Else under trampling hoofs thy gold shall lie—

The holy gold of thy interior self.

Crushed the rare pearls by every passer-by,

Or given from hand to hand, as vulgar pelf.

It is the lesson taught each separate heart

To shield its gems from universal gaze;

To shine in quiet glory and apart,

Revealed alone on coronation days.

Give freely to the world its just demand

Of sympathy, of kindness, of trust;

But keep reserved for one beloved hand

The pearls too pure to be trod down in dust.

All lives may know thy gentleness and grace,

All hearts thy loving power may evidence;

But on few hands—on one alone—dare place

The costly ring of priceless confidence.

—Galaxy for September.

OLD CHESTER.

BY CHARLES HOWARD MALCOM.

We are rid of the sea. For eleven days our good steamship urged her way through the winds and waves. Then we stepped on land once more. How good it is to look upon the green grass, and the leafy trees, and the stately houses after for so long a time seeing only the unstable waters. Years have passed since we walked the streets of Liverpool.

Now we look upon the buildings and monuments again, and they seem to us as solid and grand as ever. After presenting some letters of introduction, and for a day or two conferring with several gentlemen, we ran down for a day or two to the quaint old city of Chester.

But before speaking of that visit, let us tell one or two good incidents about our esteemed Baptist friend, the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool, which have never before been published.

Mr. Brown has now been an eminent and successful pastor in Liverpool for over twenty years. The manner of his settlement in Liverpool was singular. He came from the Isle of Man. His father was Vicar of a church of the Establishment on that island. The son became a Baptist.

A gentleman of the Isle of Man wrote to a friend of his in Liverpool, saying, "The son of our Vicar has turned Baptist. He is a clever young man. You Baptists in Liverpool better give him a trial." So a Deacon of the very church of which Mr. Brown is now pastor wrote to young Brown, saying they were without a pastor, and asking him to come and preach a Sunday. Hugh thought it a hoax. He could not believe that any one in Liverpool knew about him. He went to a shop, got a city directory of Liverpool, looked for the name of the gentleman who professed to write him the letter, and found it. He came, was called to be pastor, was settled, and has been a mighty influence for good in that church to this day. The Lord did not leave him without reward in being obedient to his religious convictions!

Mr. Brown's church is a strict communion church, after an open communion fashion. It is strict according to the law, but it is open according to the gospel. It is like some very prominent "Regular" churches we know of at home, it gives no form of invitation to the Lord's Table. That saves its strict conscience; but then, you see, it cordially allows any Christian to receive of his own will the communion, and that saves its open conscience. One day the Rev. Dr. Peter of Richmond, the venerable and honored friend of our early ministry, came early into Mr. Brown's church and said to a gentleman who repeated this to me: "This is a Baptist church, is it not?" "Yes, sir."

"Well, are you restricted in communion?" "Who are you?" "No matter, I want to tarry with you to communion." "You can do so." And Dr. Peter did commune, and was none the worse off in that he would just as cordially have been received if he had been a Presbyterian or a Methodist.

But we are in danger of forgetting the quaint old city of Chester. The day was clear and beautiful as we entered the gate of Chester, for the city is surrounded by venerable walls, and terraces, and gates.

Chester is the most wondrous city for its

memorials of antiquity in Great Britain.

It was a settlement of the Britons, then of a colony from Rome, then a residence of Anglo-Saxon monarchs. Here stood the altars of the ancient Druids, then the temple of the Romans, and now stands the magnificent cathedral of the Anglo-Saxon race. Eighteen hundred years ago Julius Agricola encamped his Legion here, and to-day we walk around the whole old city upon the walls built upon their Roman foundations, and then pass along the Watling street of the Romans that existed at the time of the crucifixion of our Lord.

An American, brought up in the freshness of a new country, is about bewildered at the souvenirs of olden time clustering about him here. As we pass along we pause to see the Quaker meeting-house where William Penn the founder of Pennsylvania once preached; we look from the window of a crumbling tower where, in 1645 King Charles looked to see his army defeated on Rowton Moor; now we come to a tower erected in 1322, and to Chester Castle, and to many an object of which we have not space to make mention.

The quaint streets of Chester interest us exceedingly. The venerable Rows, created by Roman hands, gives the footman a walk through the first floor fronts of the houses. We admired the curious old houses. We saw one called God's Providence House, and read carved upon the front the inscription, "God's Providence is mine inheritance." This house was the only one in the street that escaped the plague which ravaged the city during the 17th century, and in gratitude for that deliverance the owner had carved upon its front the words we have just quoted. On one house we saw some unique work of the 17th century, giving many carvings on the front of the house illustrating Scripture subjects. We saw a house bearing the date 1591, bearing rich and curious carving. Indeed, the city is full of rare old edifices.

One of the finest ecclesiastical edifices in England is the Cathedral of Chester. It stands upon ground once occupied by a fane of the Druids, and then by a Roman temple dedicated to Apollo. The edifice progressed slowly through two hundred years, until it was in 1492 completed virtually as we now see it. We shall not endeavor to give a description of this truly magnificent edifice. It is a wonderful creation of genius and of labor.

One is entranced in viewing its glories. St. John's church is a structure of venerable age and of splendid proportions, though part of the edifice is quite in ruins.

We did not fail to get a boatman to row us out in his boat upon the river Dee, and to take a bit of lunch in a quaint house built nearly three centuries ago, and to rest and refresh our frame weary with industrious sight-seeing, that we might have rest and refreshment sufficient to write to our far-away but remembered friends who meet us from time to time in the columns of the *Morning Star*.

THE MINISTER'S MANUAL.

The recent announcement that there is a forthcoming work of this kind to be published by the Printing Establishment, must have created an expectation on the part of many of our people. It has been for a long time not only a real, but a felt need. This appears from the number of our ministers, who have supplied themselves with copies of similar works published by other denominations though not fully adapted to our use, as well as from the frequent inquiries, especially by young ministers, whether we have not such a work. Such an inquiry was made of me only a few days ago.

The advanced sheets of this work are now before me. My time for their examination, however, has been so very limited, and my other duties so pressing, that I have been unable to give to them such attention as would warrant me in expressing a judgment of any considerable degree of accuracy, with respect to the merits of the work in detail.

I do not hesitate, however, to say, that the general scope of the treatise, the arrangement of its materials, the judiciousness of their selection, together with the amount of matter pressed into so small a compass, have struck me most favorably.

Nearly one half of the book is to be composed of extracts from the Bible, classified so as to be appropriately used by the pastor and others on a great variety of occasions, with foot references to a still larger number of corresponding passages. The value of this feature of the work can not be well over-estimated. The adaptation of the Scriptures to all States and conditions of men can not have escaped the notice of most superficial Biblical students. And nothing can be more important than the selection of such portions of them, as may be appropriate to each occasion, calling for their use. This is what this division of the book aims to enable the pastor to do. That theory is a good one, which works well. Using pages in the missionary concert of the Theological School, last evening, we found them a decided and most grateful help.

The "Scripture Selections" are followed by a full and complete list of "Order of Exercises," suitable for all needful occasions for them, such as the organization of churches, ordinations, church meetings, Sabbath-school and missionary concerts, &c., &c., together with an ample array of "Formulas" for license and ordination certificates, for letters of dismission, call for councils, and for wedding services, &c. These generally may be said to be couched in well selected language, and are sufficiently brief and comprehensive. Though if in any instance they may seem to any one too long, he will find here ample material and suggestion from which to construct others more suitable to his taste and convenience.

Passing over a large number of "Suggestions" which the work contains, suitable to a great variety of occasions, mention only need be made of the "Rules of Order in Deliberative Bodies," which cover the concluding pages of the work. Here I may say, I have read from Jefferson's Manual, actually studied Cushing's, and sat two whole sessions in a Legislative body, and all to little purpose by way of improvement in this line. Command me to Fluxions, and the Calculus, and all that tangle of higher mathematics; but spare me the haze and maze of the ordinary Code of Parliamentary Rules, which scarce a Speaker of the Congressional House has been able to manage, without an assistant at his elbow, who has made the subject a life long study! But as these included in this treatise claim to be only such as are necessary to propriety and dispatch in the transaction of business in an Ecclesiastical Assembly, doubtless they will be found equally serviceable in their way as the other parts of the book.

This work will be issued, it is understood, very soon; and let it have, as it ought, a rapid and general sale. Every pastor should have a copy at once, and every officer in the church, and indeed all who aim at intelligent Christian service in any sphere which finds herein a recognition. So general may be its use, that I see no objection to its having been entitled *The Church Manual*, instead of *The Minister's*, though it is eminently the latter.—J. F.

AN OLD REPUBLIC.

BY F. M. COLBY.

Last year America celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of its birthday as a nation. That did very well for us whose country two centuries back nearly all belonged to the red-man. Still it is hardly seemly for us to boast of our age, for our Republic is a mere infant compared with some others that have existence across the water. The Swiss Cantons had formed their confederacy a hundred years before the eyes of the swarth old Florentine sailor, Vespucci, gazed on the American mainland. Andorra, in the Pyrenees, is six hundred years older. But the grandfather of republics is the little state of San Marino. Fifteen hundred years ago, when our English ancestors were idol serving barbarians, San Marino looked down as it does now from its mountain fastnesses, upon the beautiful Italian plains.

Most interesting and curious is the history of this ancient and miniature commonwealth. In the reign of Diocletian, there stood on the shore of the Adriatic Sea the ruins of the old Roman town, Ariminum. Its advantageous situation attracted the notice of the emperor, who resolved to rebuild it. For this purpose he invited from the opposite coast of the Adriatic, which was his native place, a number of Dalmatian workmen and artists. There came to Ariminum several hundred of these foreign masons and builders. Among them was a man of devout character and eminent Christian principles, named Marino. Ariminum was rebuilt by the hands of Marino and his companions, and soon Diocletian began his celebrated religious persecution.

This was in the year of our Lord 303, and there have been very few attempts to conquer men's consciences by force so sanguinary as this. In Ariminum alone, an old historian says, "rivers of Catholic blood flowed, not to earth but to heaven." At last, made desperate by the oppressions of their enemies the Christians rose against the Emperor. A serious conflict ensued, in which Marino took part with other churchmen, and the heathen persecutors were forced to relinquish their exertions. Soon after this Marino determined to devote himself exclusively to the practices of his religion.

Eleven miles north of Ariminum, now the modern Rimini, was a wild, rugged mountain, called Monte Titano. To this solitary retreat Marino betook himself, and in process of time gathered about him others of like belief. Most of these were his own countrymen, who brought their wives and children with them. At the same time many of the native Italians driven by persecution and war, sought safety with them in this mountain home. Such was the original nucleus of the smallest and oldest of all European States.

Several years passed by. Marino, in the practice of the strictest devotion, and

by the rigid penances to which, as was the custom of those early ages, he submitted himself, acquired a reputation for great sanctity. The stone mason had made himself an ascetic and a devotee, and now the ascetic was made a dignitary of the Catholic hierarchy, being styled Deacon, or Deacon. Once he came down from his rocky retreat to attend an ecclesiastical council held at Rimini. But the little community he had established on the mountain top was dear to him, and he never left it again. He died there full of years and holiness, and his tomb for a thousand years was visited by pilgrims, and miracles were said to have been wrought by relics he had worn. Pope Gregory VI. canonized him, and Monte Titano was named after him—San Marino.

On the map San Marino occupies only a microscopic dot. It contains scarcely twenty-four square miles, its dimensions being nowhere six miles across. The sum total of its population is about eight thousand, and it can summon an army of twelve hundred fighting men. There is seldom any use for these, however, for San Marino has had but little to do with war. The sanctity attached to the place and the sentiments of religion, perhaps, as much as its smallness and inoffensiveness have contributed to the preservation of the Republic through the changes and convulsions of the ages. The bold rock, on which San Marino stands, outlined here by a church, there by a tower or a convent, has frowned over the landscape unchanged during all the ruin of the mighty around her.

What scenes this commonwealth has witnessed! The history of modern Italy has passed like a panorama before her. San Marino was still in its infancy when Constantine conveyed the Roman eagle from its native haunts to the shores of the Bosphorus. Only a few years later the Republic saw the flash of the Lombard spears upon the fertile plains of Italy, and the dissolution of the western Roman empire. It saw the triumphs of Belisarius, and the conquering march of Charlemagne. It witnessed the rise and growth of Papacy. The brilliant Italian republics rose, flourished, and fell. From her rocky seat she beheld the glory of Venice, her neighbor, the ceremony of the Beaneater, the great fleets of that splendid maritime power as they sailed up the Adriatic from cruises in the Levant. Later it looked upon Venice enslaved and prostrate, the spoil of the Austrian. Through all the Italian struggles of medieval times, the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, the incursions of the condottieri, French, Spanish and German invasions, San Marino withstood despotism, and to-day it presents to the world the spectacle of a prosperous and happy community.

When Napoleon, in the first flush of his early renown, appeared as the conqueror of Italy in the vicinity of San Marino, he dispatched a deputation to the sister Republic tendering the congratulations and reverence felt by France for so ancient and free a commonwealth, and asked what he could do for the state. "Leave us alone," replied the President. The great Frenchman took the hint and his departure, after bestowing upon the little Republic four small pieces of artillery.

The constitution of San Marino is nominally democratic. In the original charter of the Republic the sovereign power is lodged solely in the Arengo, or great council, in which every family had a representative. But gradually the authority has fallen into the hands of a council called the "Sixty," chosen from the ranks of the nobles, bourgeois, and small proprietors. An executive body of twelve is chosen by this council from their own body, two of whom are termed Presidents. Their term of office lasts only six months and they can not be re-elected to the supreme post until after an interval of three years. Two administrators of justice are joined with the Presidents, to judge all civil and criminal affairs. These officers are all selected for their integrity, and the people are happy under their rule. They have never had an investigating committee, and the total revenue of the State would not afford plunder enough for one Credit Mobilier Congressman, being only \$8000 a year.

In times of great emergency, the Arengo, or popular body, is still sometimes called. The ringing of a great bell in such a case brings all the people to the Assembly. According to an ancient statute every family must send a member, and if one fails to attend the summons, he is liable to a fine equal to about five cents of American money.

The people of San Marino are honest and industrious. Their rugged mountain land yields good harvests to the laborer. Peace, plenty, sobriety and brotherly kindness prevail in the valleys and reign on the mountain tops. The spirit of the saintly Marino still seems to keep watch and ward over his chosen city. His statue of the heroic size stands in one of the churches. He holds in his hand the figure of a mountain crowned with three towers. The mountain and the towers are symbolic, and they are the appropriate arms of the Republic.

EXCHANGE NOTES AND QUOTES.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

It is quite likely, that an unsuspected power of cohesion may exist in that strange community which will hold its members together.—*Christian Union*.

Now the head—the bad, bold, unscrupulous man—has been taken off, we may reasonably expect that the atrocious system he has so long practiced will, ere long, under the light of the truth and gospel that has there been introduced, pass away.—*Vermont Chronicle*.

He had done something to promote the material enterprises of the day, and far more to promote his own aggrandizement; he had made use of his position by which to amass a large fortune that has been estimated at some millions of dollars, but his life has been a great moral blight, a curse upon tens of thousands who would have been far better off if he and his companions in imposture had never lived.—*N. Y. Observer*.

The ability which Brigham Young displayed as a business manager and an organizer of men would have made him a marked man anywhere. The religious fanaticism of those whom he controlled magnified this to the inspiration of a "Prophet." He has been compared to Mohammed, and there are many points of similarity in their careers. But Brigham Young won success in the face of greater obstacles than Mohammed's.—*Ex. & Chronicle*.

Brigham Young grew immensely rich, his fortune amounting, it is thought, to several millions. Bayard Taylor characterized him as possessed of three chief qualities—"great prudence, great determination, and great belief in himself." The reverence of the Mormons for their leader was unbounded. His death is, no doubt, a fatal blow to them. There is no one to take his place. His was a phenomenal history.—*N. Y. Christian Weekly*.

Young's power was pitted against the fallow intellects of the lower stratum of European populations. To take in a few thousand peasants and day-laborers in England, Norway and Sweden, does not seem to be a great stroke of genius. And having got them under his hand, he has had the worldly wisdom to keep them under. It was an awful assumption in such a man to claim prophetic authority, as of one through whom God spoke. But the first step securely taken, all the rest followed, of course. A man who is believed to utter the voice of God, will be implicitly obeyed by all his dupes, as long as they are his dupes. The absolute authority of Young over those who believed in him is no mystery, and proves no special greatness in him, except great audacity.—*Watchman*.

Adultery, murder, blasphemy and resistance to civil law have enjoyed an immunity for a generation that can hardly be accounted for, especially since our population has swept over and beyond the scene of their illegal and criminal transaction; since the railway has opened them up to light and abhorrence of the whole country; and since statesmen and honest citizens have visited and seen with their own eyes the enormities in constant practice in Utah. But the great, clear-headed, vigorous, unprincipled chief is now dead.—*Zion's Herald*.

Whether Brigham Young was wholly a designing hypocrite or wholly a deluded fanatic, or partly both, he was certainly a very shrewd manager, and his remarkable success in organizing and training his followers make his methods of work in this direction worthy of attention, if not of imitation. He believed in teaching as well as in preaching; and he gave large prominence to the Sunday-school idea. He saw to it that the children were all taught the tenets of his church faith, and that the teachers of the children themselves were fully instructed. The Sunday-school system of the Mormons is quite complete in its way.—*H. Clay Trumbull, in S. S. Times*.

Instead of punishing the man and crushing his system, we have yielded to his bullying threats, humored his passions, dishonored our laws, as well as our civilization, permitted him to absorb the wealth of all the labor of his dupes, and have even bestowed upon him the highest political honors which he could receive. We have not merely winked at his Danite massacres and his organized polygamy; but have supported his spiritual dictatorship by making him governor of Utah under the commission and great seal of the Republic. Surely, we can not complain that God's justice has been slow to strike when we have assisted the imposture and the crime.—*Independent*.

As we write the obituary of this infamous man, we propose to bear on hard. We use habitually a broad-nibbed pen and the blackest of ink, but neither is our pen broad enough nor our ink black enough to produce lines worthy of the present subject. The proverb to which we have been brought up is: *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. To fit the case before us, we shall change it to: *De mortuo nil nisi malum* (if that be good Latin). On the whole, Brigham Young was about the wickedest man in the United States. Another man so gifted personally, so favored circumstantially, so privileged by early history and association, and at the same time so utterly abandoned to what is earthly, sensual, devilish, has not been known the present century in this country. Were it not for the unspeakable Turk, we should be almost inclined to add, nor in any other.—In him the lust of

the eye, and the pride of life found a champion example.—*Congregationalist*.

MISSION WORK.

CONDUCTED BY REV. G. C. WATERMAN.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF ZENANA WORK.

We present this week an extract from the report of Mrs. Smith, of Balasore, showing some of the encouraging features of her work in the zenanas:

But if there are discouraging features connected with this work, they do not in the least lead us to feel that it should be abandoned. Many of the inmates of the zenanas are young women, some of them mere children, but they are shut out from all chance of an education except what they find in their own homes. The majority, by far, are of this class, and their education seems to us of sufficient importance to justify all the time, trouble, and expense incurred in prosecuting it. There has been an average of about one hundred and twenty pupils during the year. On the 31st of March there were one hundred and thirty-one names on the rolls. Of this number, about fifty can read and write, many of them study arithmetic, and geography, and nearly all can do plain and fancy needle-work, some of them very indifferently, while others are very apt scholars with the needle, and the progress they make often quite astonishes us. The remaining portion are learning to read and work, but most of them are scholars of recent date. Fifteen teachers have been kept at work. Among these are some that deserve honorable mention. One, an old lady who was at first employed to go out with the younger teachers, has become a most valuable assistant, and, more nearly than almost any other person I know, obeys the injunction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." She is constantly going about trying to do good, both "in season and out of season." If there is a person anywhere among the women seeking light in spiritual things, she knows it, and is there to point to the true light, and her loving, gentle ways win all hearts to her. Rebecca, the first native teacher we employed in zenana teaching, has charge of the work at Bhudruk, where she, with her husband and children, has lived for several years past. So far as we can see, she has proved herself worthy of the trust reposed in her, and her pupils certainly do her great credit, especially in the department of needle-work. On the occasion of a recent visit, we found women who could cut and make such garments as are more commonly worn by the people, very well indeed. This is the only Christian family now living there, but they are treated very kindly by the people, and seem to have gained their confidence to a very great extent. Rebecca is the daughter of Rama, a very devoted native preacher who died many years ago, and the sister of Jacob Misra, one of the native preachers in Minsapore. Eliza, a woman sent us by Mrs. Buckley, some time ago, is the most skillful teacher with her needle that we have, and on this account is employed as a sort of overseer, going about to look after the work of the other teachers as well as to teach herself. Her Christian character, like that of the two mentioned above, is of a marked type, her address pleasing, and her intercourse with her pupils, as well as with the other teachers, is such as to gain their confidence and respect. She is a widow, and has four children depending upon her for support. Mary is the teacher in the Hindu Girls' school, in which capacity she has served for nearly seven years. She is paid by a committee, composed, with one exception, of Hindu gentlemen, and they seem to have great confidence in her. They have often spoken to us of the creditable manner in which she conducts herself under circumstances somewhat trying for a native woman. Among the younger teachers, Emily Hampton stands first, we almost always find her faithful in her work, and have ample proof that she is highly regarded by her pupils. Should this meet the eye of any of those ladies who supported her in school, it may be a source of comfort and encouragement to them.

NATIVE HELPERS.

The Report from India makes grateful mention of the valuable services of some of these assistants. As might be expected, they do not always turn out as well as could be desired, neither to ministers at home, for that matter. Some of them wear names familiar to us on this side of the sea, as will be seen from the following condensed extract:

"Although mostly young and inexperienced, our native fellow-workers afford much aid and comfort, and their profiting becomes more and more manifest year by year. Bro. Silas Curtis, though much of the time in feeble health, has rendered valuable service during the year, both at home and abroad in the district. His son, Hiram Curtis and Dea. Brundaban Sing, who had charge of matters, both temporal and spiritual, during our five months' vacation, did their work well, and gave excellent satisfaction. Not only are such men of great comfort to us, but they are of solid value when dealing with our heathen neighbors, as no one ever asks any discount on their character;" in which respect the first named is not unworthy of the name he bears.

SABBATH-SCHOOLS.

We are pleased to note the attention given to this form of Christian work among the Hindus. At Santipore, with two hundred names on the roll, the average attendance has been one hundred and thirty-eight during the year, which is quite as good as in many schools in America. The same need of more and better qualified teachers is felt there as here, and the missionaries look to the Sunday-school, as we do, for sound converts to Christianity.

There are many other matters of interest in the Report of which we shall speak from time to time.

S. S. Department.

Sabbath School Lesson.—Sept. 23.

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

(For Questions see Lesson Papers.)

PAUL AT MILETUS.

GOLDEN TEXT: "For we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake."—2 Cor. 4:5.

Acts 20:17-33.

Notes and Hints.

After the fruitless efforts of Demetrius to have Paul suppressed, the apostles went to Macedonia and to Corinth. According to Combe and Howson, most reliable of critics, Paul wrote in the autumn of this year (57) at Philippi, 2 Cor.; in the winter, at Corinth, Galatians; in the spring of the next year at Corinth, Romans. From Corinth Paul returned, on account of a plot of the Jews, through Macedonia. He determined to pass by Ephesus, and so passed at Miletus.

17. "And from Miletus he sent to Ephesus, and called the elders of the church." (1) Miletus was thirty miles south of Ephesus, the capital and seaport of Ionia, was originally settled by a colony of Cretans, grew to be powerful, and the source of colonies for other places on the Euxine sea. Thales, one of the seven wise men of Greece, was born in Miletus. (2) The "elders" of the church were men appointed to exercise care over the church. They corresponded to officers in the synagogue. The word elders, in the Greek *presbuteros*, whence the word Presbyterian, means the aged. The elderly men were selected out of the church to have charge of the church, to read the Scriptures, to take care of the money, to see that the place of meeting was prepared, to advise, exhort, admonish, instruct and to guard the flock. This talk of Paul will help us to understand the duties of these elders.

18, 19. THE SPIRIT OF PAUL'S MINISTRY. (1) "Ye know, from the first day I came into Asia, after what manner I have been with you at all seasons." Paul, conscious of his fidelity, appeals to those who knew how he had worked among them. "Ye know my manner of service," he says. Happy is the heart that, in retrospect of life, is thus free from any reproach. Paul, for Christ, ever did his best, and in a manly way dared to. Now-a-days it is considered of questionable taste or piety to speak. Notice that his was no flimsy spasm of faithful service. From the first of his coming to Asia Minor until, 18 months or more later, he left, his devotion to his ministry continued unflagging. See that he does not measure his fidelity by the number of revivals, or converts, or by his feelings, or by his state of emotion at the time of speaking, but by his endeavors and sincerity. "After what manner" means in what way. "At all seasons" should read "the whole time." (2) "Serving the Lord with all humility of mind." In what spirit we serve the Lord may be seen the true character of our discipleship. It is the spirit of an act that gives it moral beauty. The ministry of Paul at Ephesus was, by the temper of his mind, made holy. Let all our work for Christ be wrought in humility. Paul did not feel elevated by success, did not assume lordship over the church, did not regard his powers to work miracles as making him superior to other disciples. He was "one that served." Paul is an example to the ministry, and to all who serve their fellowmen in any way. (3) "With many tears." The sympathetic condition of Paul grew out of his love for his nation and for Christ, and the knowledge that the Jews were rejecting life and calling down from God destruction. The same cause made our Lord weep. The opposition of the Jews to the true word of God affected the preacher of that work to tears. Notice that he feels towards his enemies pity not enmity. (4) The word for "temptations" is "trials," but such trials make temptations to petulance and hatred.

20, 21. HIS TEACHING. (1) Paul told the whole truth that was given him. He kept back nothing that was profitable for the church. Dangers did not deter him. Unpopularity did not influence him. He told the truth of the Messiah. Let us learn from Paul how to serve Christ, for Paul was the most useful disciple that ever served our Lord. (2) Paul had two modes of instruction, the public and the private. He preached in public places, he preached in private houses, he visited the homes of those who heard him and there preached. (3) Paul preached two truths: that men should repent, that they should believe in Christ. "Repentance towards God" means repentance before God for sin against God. The force of the word "testifying" is seen in 1 Tim. 5:21, where the term is translated "charge." It denotes the urgency with which Paul declared the need and duty of repentance and faith. His reason for mentioning both "Jews and Greeks" is because he has been recently converted to the doctrine that "God is no respecter of persons," because the Jews so bitterly opposed this feature of the gospel, because the danger of Paul grew out of this doctrine, and he wished the church at Ephesus also to preach the gospel to all men.

22, 23. GLOOMY PRESENTIMENTS. (1) "And now, behold, I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there." "Bound in the spirit" means constrained by a sense

of duty. The "spirit" mentioned is his own. He felt compelled to go to Jerusalem. (2) Urged by his sense of duty to go, he did not know how he should be received. He knew the feelings of the Jews elsewhere and what they were at Jerusalem when he was last there; hence, now he has every reason to anticipate ill. (3) "The Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city." The Holy Spirit did not prophesy to him of what awaited him at Jerusalem, but in every city the Holy Spirit showed him that he must undergo trials. So, now, having had this uniform experience, it seems to him that he will continue to have it. "Bonds and afflictions," encountered in every place, and principally at the hands of the Jews, what else could he expect at the very capital of Judaism? (4) Notice through what difficulties the gospel of Jesus was planted. Consider the sufferings of the early church, and that our peaceful enjoyment of Christian privileges was, in other ages, by holy martyrs and a suffering church secured for us.

24. UNMOVED, UNTERIFIED, UNSHAKEN. (1) "None of these things move me." Affect his steadfast purpose to preach the gospel he means. "Bonds and afflictions" endured to an extent that makes it evident that the Spirit of God has no other experience for him do not terrify him. Paul will still preach Jesus. (2) "Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received." By "course" is meant the course or race of life. He considers his life valuable as the means to an end, valueless when the goal of life is reached. To finish his course with joy is to do in life what the Lord requires of him. If, unmoved by persecutions, he can keep on in his work to the end, he cares not for death. See what the aim of life to Paul is. See how the aim of Paul inspired him to zeal. (3) The ministry of Paul was received of the Lord in a way known to us all. Ministry and service for another, mean the same. Paul was to do this service for Christ, "testify the gospel of the grace of God." "Testify" here means publicly declare. The "gospel" means "goodness." The American Bible Union translation of the word is usually "good news" instead of gospel. (4) "The gospel of the grace of God" is the good news of God's salvation of man by faith in Christ. It is called "grace of God" because salvation is offered to all men, not merely to Jews, on the same terms of faith, and because such an offer comes from the love of God for man. Grace means favor. God favors because he loves us. He "so loved the world." Paul, inspired by the love of God, as shown in the way of salvation through Jesus, only aspires to preach this truth to men. Death, for the privilege of such a ministry, he would not mind. (5) Notice how to get great emotions, how to feel great sympathies, how to become as servants of Jesus, heroic, sublime. Paul shows us how—by grasping the precious truth of the gospel and allowing the soul to be swayed by its sentiments.

25-27. CONSCIOUSNESS OF FIDELITY. (1) The heart of the true pastor Paul shows. "I know that ye all, among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more." Paul did not contemplate a return to Ephesus. Other countries, if he lived, he meant to visit. See how his attachment to his converts is manifested in his words. The relation of a disciple to those whom he has brought to Jesus is ever one of interest and affection. (2) "The kingdom of God" was preached when the gospel was preached. Hence, see the meaning of that phrase, the prevalence of the good news is the reign of Jesus. The kingdom is as wide as believers. (3) Paul was conscious of fidelity. He could have added another effort, preached another sermon, visited another home, slept less, and moved quicker. Judged by the unnatural standards of extremists he never could have said what he did. He judged himself by a reasonable standard. He had been zealous, sincere, steadfast, faithful; he knew it, and enjoyed the fruit of that consciousness. Yet he was humble and modest. (4) In preaching he preached the whole truth. So danger was encountered. "All the counsel of God," that is, all the results of God's kind thoughts of men, all his purposes as unfolded in the gospel Paul had preached. He kept back nothing of God's truth.

28-32. HIS WARNING. (1) To take heed of themselves and of their flock, he urges them. He calls them "bishops of God's flock," "overseers" and "bishops" are from the same Greek word. These men were "elders." Hence, "elders" were "bishops" in the early church. (2) "Purchased with his own blood." "His" refers to "God" for its antecedent. Oldest manuscripts read "Lord" instead of "God," in this verse. "The blood of God" is an unscriptural phrase. (3) Paul foresaw evils for the church at Ephesus. His absence made him fear for them. False teachers he called "grievous wolves." By citing his example, and the dangers foreseen he hopes to arouse these bishops to watchfulness. (4) What more could he do than commend them to God? The "word of God's grace" is the truth of Jesus. That could protect them from all their perils, build up their souls in virtue, and fit them to dwell with the saints on high. Only the gospel of Jesus can do this, and the gospel, only as we receive its truth, cherish it, and trust it.

22, 23. GLOOMY PRESENTIMENTS. (1) "And now, behold, I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there." "Bound in the spirit" means constrained by a sense

Communications.

A VISIT TO MY RICH NEIGHBOR.

BY R. T.

When Cressus purchased the lot adjoining mine on B—Street, and began to erect an edifice whose stately proportions, towering above my unpretentious cottage, bade fair to shut out the fine view which I had long been accustomed to enjoy from my chamber window, I was secretly chagrined, and felt little disposed to welcome the new comer.

After he had taken possession of his new residence, and commenced setting out trees, whose shadows, during the brightest hours of the day, streamed across our sitting-room carpet, adding an unwelcome somberness to that sunshiny little room, my vexation increased, and I ill-naturedly remarked to my wife, "I do not like being thrown in the shade by Cressus; and I am sorry that he has come here stealing our prospect and robbing us of our sunshine."

I have forgotten the answer which my wife made to this querulous remark; but I remember that my selfishness, like the liver of Prometheus, grew as it was fed upon, until Cressus became as odious to me as the worms and bugs which destroyed my fruit trees and vegetables.

In this state of antagonism, no act of my neighbor's found favor with me. If he gave liberally to any worthy cause, I sneered at his pharisaical charity. If he refused to bestow alms upon one who was generally regarded as a questionable object, his aversion aroused my indignation and the word "miser" sprang unbidden to my lips. In short, to quote an old proverb, "Every saddle seemed made to fit him," and blinded by prejudice and envy, I considered myself fully justified in strapping it on.

Cressus had visited Europe, and, being of a literary turn of mind, he commenced publishing in the *Town Crier*, a series of letters descriptive of foreign travel. Being addicted to scribbling myself, and, moreover, on confidential terms with the editor of that journal, I wrote a censorious article headed with Pope's couplet,

"How much the fool who's been to Rome,
Exceeds the fool who's stayed at home!"

To which I did my best to ridicule a certain traveler whose ignorance of life and manners at home, confined him to a dry, uninteresting statement of the sights and noises which he had seen and heard abroad. I blushed to remember that this production found favor with many well disposed and reasonably intelligent people, and also that it was regarded as a masterpiece of withering sarcasm and crushing irony, by the Jack Cades of our little community.

Shortly after this ungracious proceeding, matters connected with the educational interests of our district drew me into something like business relations with Cressus; and it chanced that one evening I was obliged to visit him at his residence, a thing which I had heretofore carefully guarded against. Mrs. Cressus, a bright-eyed, pleasant-faced and altogether amiable appearing woman, ushered me into the library where her husband sat reading the latest school report. He arose at my entrance and gave me so cordial a welcome that I at once became suspicious of affection, and on the alert to discover something offensive about him, which would justify the ill-opinion I had so long cherished concerning him.

"It has been a fine day, Mr. Hogg," observed Cressus, as I seated myself at the table, preparatory to plunging into the work before us.

"A weather breeder," I rejoined gruffly as I sharpened a lead pencil.

"Well, at all events, we have enjoyed it," he replied cheerfully. Adding with a smile, "your favorite poet says,

"Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own;
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have lived to-day."

Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate, are mine."

Plague on the fellow, thought I. What has all this nonsense to do with school affairs; and how came he to know that Dryden was one of my favorites? Above all, what possessed him to quote from those "imitations of Horace," which I never particularly admired? These questions which flashed over me in an instant, threw my astonished faculties into such confusion that before I could frame a reply to his quotation, he had started another topic.

"Mr. Hogg, what do you think of Shakespeare?"

"Sir," said I with Johnson-like impressiveness, "I am not going to think of Shakespeare; I am not here for that purpose."

"Very true, very true," replied Cressus, "and yet," he added reflectively, "this question of schools might naturally enough suggest him. How strange to think that the poet who wrote for all time should have picked up his education at a free school, and in a country attorney's office. It almost leads me to think that our present system of academic cramming may be altogether wrong."

"It is not for me to oppose the present method of teaching," I replied coldly.

"Perhaps not," said Cressus, "Gaius says, 'a child is better unborn than untaught,' in which case, we had better stick to the old way, until some one discovers a better one. By the way, I read an article on this subject the other day,

which so interested me that I cut it out of the newspaper. If you will excuse me for a moment, I will show it to you," and before I could utter a word of remonstrance, he had left the room.

After waiting what seemed to me a very long while, during which I cast wistful glances at the solid rows of books on the walls, I left my seat and, approaching the shelves, took down a volume which had evident marks of perusal. It proved to be the "Noyum Organum," and I had barely read as far as, "Francis of Verulam thought thus," when Cressus returned with a scrap of newspaper in his hand. Glancing at the book which I had now closed, and put back upon the shelf, he remarked familiarly,

"Ah, Hogg, I see you have Bacon; which of his biographers do you think has given us the fairest sketch? Dr. Rawley, Basil, Montague, Lord Campbell, or Macaulay? You hesitate," he continued, "from which I infer that you agree with me in thinking that neither of these writers has done him justice. Few great men have been favored like Achilles with Patroclus for a friend, and with Homer for a poet. True, Alexander the Great, accompanied by his bard, Cherylus, was enabled to establish a double pledge of excellence, by giving a piece of gold for every good verse produced, and a blow for every bad one; while Napoleon, Frederick the Great, Voltaire, Goethe and other noted warriors and literary men have never wanted friends to excuse their faults. But the man who wrote The Advancement of Learning, The Wisdom of the Ancients, The Noyum Organum, and a collection of Essays whose originality has furnished many of our most celebrated writer with their entire stock of ideas—this man, Bacon, who in his will has solemnly left his memory to men's charitable speeches," is regarded as a corrupt politician, and stigmatized as a taker of bribes. Shame on such injustice!"

I was so well pleased at this eulogy that I was well nigh betrayed into an expression of my admiration; but, recollecting myself in time, I glanced at my watch, and begged the speaker to consider the lateness of the hour, and the business which had brought us together.

"To be sure," said Cressus apologetically, "how stupid I am," and, unfolding the paper in his hand, he began reading a piece entitled "Ways to Learning," which I had written for the *Town Crier*, a few weeks previous.

When he had concluded, I said, with as much dignity as I could assume on so short a notice, "Mr. Cressus, are you aware that I am the author of those remarks?"

"Are you?" he asked innocently. "Well without the least desire to flatter you, I must say that I consider them superior to some of your productions; 'Criticism on Travelers,' for instance," he added good-humoredly.

His laughter was infectious, and although the joke was against me I could not control my mirth. He was the first to regain composure, and in the kindest manner he begged me not to take offense at his conduct; nor to look upon him in any other light than that of a neighbor who would willingly live on friendly terms with me and mine.

I have forgotten the exact reply which I made to this peaceful overture, but I believe it to have been something very much like an apology for my scurrilous criticism. I remember, however, that we transacted no business on that occasion, but that we passed the time—as we have many evenings since—in friendly conversation.

To this day I am ashamed of my mean, selfish, envious feelings, and worse than foolish behavior toward one who never gave me cause to doubt his friendliness. In proof of my penitence, and as a sort of atonement for my former injustice, I have written this story of a visit to my rich neighbor.

A PLEA FOR THE EPISCOPACY.

BY REV. GEO. S. HICKER.

At a late session of the New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church the question of reducing the number of districts in the Conference, thus implying limiting the authority of the Bishops and Presiding Elders, was the occasion of a prolonged and, at times, somewhat heated debate. During the progress of the discussion, a younger member of the Conference took the floor and proceeded to say in substance: "Mr. President, The glory of Methodism is in its Episcopacy," with great emphasis upon the latter word.

The success of the American M. E. church during the last century has been surprisingly great. Prof. Diman, speaking of this church, says, that "up to the Revolution the body had no distinct existence in this country; and as soon as hostilities commenced, all the preachers except Ashbury hurried back to England." (See *N. A. Review*, Jan. 1876). By the census of 1870, the great religious bodies rank in the following order: Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, Christian, Lutheran, Congregational, etc., etc. So that in less than a century the Methodist church sprang from a position of insignificance to the front rank in numbers, in wealth, and, possibly in general intelligence.

One would scarcely be justified in jumping to the conclusion, that this surprising growth is wholly due to the Episcopal form of government; but that form of government will be evident to the thoughtful student of church history.

A hundred years ago the Congregationalists were double the size of any other body; they had the wealth, the intelligence, the prestige—certainly in New England. Yet, notwithstanding their advantages and opportunities, the Methodists speedily overtook them, and to-day outnumber them five to one! It will not be claimed, however, that this difference in growth is due solely to the difference in church government, though that is, undoubtedly, one of the causes of difference. Methodism was introduced into this country either by Stowbridge in 1764, or by Embury in 1776. The first F. B. church was organized in 1780, though Randall and others preached essentially F. B. doctrines three or four years prior to that event. The two denominations have preached essentially the same doctrines, with the exception of the doctrine of baptism; and the ministers of the M. E. churches, especially during the past few years, have been more willing to baptize by immersion than ministers of other Pedobaptist churches.

The great, and almost sole difference in the two denominations, therefore, is in respect to church government: the Methodist church is Episcopal, the Free Baptist, Congregational. Now, when we come to contrast the two denominations in respect to growth, we find that while the Free Baptists have increased to about 75,000, the Methodist church has attained the enormous membership of probably more than 2,000,000! Or, in other words, the growth of the latter has been nearly thirty times as great as that of the former.

The practice of drawing conclusions from insufficient premises, is too gross and too frequent. I do not propose to fall into that error, which, in some guise or other, lies at the bottom of most scientific wrangling and theological strife; but I appeal to the common sense—the good sense—of the reader: Is there not in the facts stated above, food for reflection? Had not the young brother, already referred to above, for some reason saying, "The glory of Methodism is in its Episcopacy?"

That there are evils in the Episcopal form of government cannot be doubted; those of us who have been born and bred under a system of free government, whose very blood has been inoculated with the principles of freedom, can scarcely brook the idea of bondage conveyed by the term Episcopacy; it is a yoke that would gall our necks; yet it can not be doubted that it is a principal source of the glory of the great Methodist church.

One excellent feature—in my own mind the chief, if not the sole excellent feature—of the Episcopal form of government, is its care for the feeble churches. It might almost be claimed that the Methodist body has no feeble churches, such is its zeal and wisdom in "strengthening the things that remain." A prime, fundamental principle in this church is this: For every minister a church; for every church a minister. It avoids the pernicious system and methods of "candidating," and still supplies every pulpit. It holds every man right at the front, and exacts from him the very best work, implied by promising him a better station as soon as he deserves it. It affords to every church preaching and pastoral care, if not always the best and the wisest.

At the recent Baptist Convention in Maine, the following facts, substantially, were stated: There are in the State two hundred and sixty Baptist churches, and only one hundred and sixty ministers, nearly one hundred churches being unsupplied with pastoral labor; on the other hand, the Methodists have about two hundred and thirty churches, with a less number of ministers than the Baptists, and every church is supplied with pastoral labor.

In these statements the careful student finds the source of the weakness of Congregationalism and the strength of the Episcopacy.

Notwithstanding any facts or inferences stated above—aye, in view of them the writer is, by mature reflection, what he is by birth and education, a radical Congregationalist. The question, however, still remains: What shall be done for our feeble churches? Like Banquo's ghost, it will not down; and every true lover of the denomination anxiously awaits some wise solution of this troublesome problem. Is it to be found in the Episcopacy? The "born and bred" Congregationalist answers unhesitatingly, No! To his mind there is, unquestionably, "a more excellent way," and this we shall try to point out in a future article.

SIN.

BY JOSEPH FULLERTON.

The Bible defines it plainly. "Sin is the transgression of the law." The law of God, of course, is meant. Webster and others give the same idea as to the definition, and adds that it is any deficiency or blemish of moral character. Neglect of obligation comes under this. "To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

"Sin is an intelligent act. Law, duty and obligation are known, in some degree at least, and violated."

Sin is a voluntary act. One is not compelled, but acts freely. Sin is the act of a free moral agent. A free moral agent is one who acts voluntarily and from choice. And an action is rendered moral by some rule which determines its character. One of the questions God asked the first transgressors was, "What is this thou hast done?" as if the Most High was astonished at what had unnecessarily,

voluntarily and very wickedly taken place. So it is now. "Why do you sin?" Jehovah asks, "Why will ye die?"

Sin is terrible in its consequences. It defiles the soul. In the sight of God the one who persists in transgression is morally unclean, and hence totally unfit for that world whose "Holy gates forever bar pollution, sin and shame." Sin causes misery. The peace, content and enjoyment, coming from right actions and rectitude of moral character are gone; and what Pope calls the family of pain comes. These he names hate, fear and grief. There is a sense of guilt. There is "condemnation," the stings of a guilty conscience. Not unfrequently there is terrible remorse. The horror and anguish of a criminal about to suffer the penalty of the law of the land, is sometimes intolerable. Those under a sense of condemnation to the penalty of the law of the living God, feel that they have more than they can bear.

The sighs of sinners in distress are being wafted on every breeze. So many are sinners, that "creation groaneth." Tears, oh, what rivers of tears, sin is causing. Agony because of misconduct on their own part, and suffering in consequence of the wrong others are doing them.

Sin has caused the wars of the world, the slaughter, blood and death of millions on battle fields. Destruction in this respect has driven its plowshare through. It has disordered society in general. It has cursed the ground. It has brought mortality, disease and death. The earth has become one vast burying place, and the sea has taken in its millions. Besides the death of the body, there is another death caused by sin:

"There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death."

Have you, reader, sinned? "All have, and come short of the glory of God." Have you repented and found pardon? Some who read may have not. There is a remedy for your foreboding fears, your pangs of sorrow and your distress. "The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin." Will you not avail yourselves of it without delay? Neglect it not, lest you find sorrow and unavailing regrets when it shall be eternally too late.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES.

BY ERNEST WESLEY.

Looking out of my window a few mornings since, I saw a very small, bright object shining among the green leaves. It had the brilliancy of a diamond, the pure white gleams were almost dazzling as they darted from all sides; for a few moments I could not imagine what it was, but a closer inspection showed it to be only a tiny drop of dew reflecting the early morning sun; yet the little dew drop was beautiful, not in itself, but in the reflected beams of a glory received from above.

Should not the Christian be thus—pure, bright, beautiful, glorious, not in himself, but in the purity, brightness, beauty and glory of the Sun of Righteousness? Naturally no more worthy of notice than thousands of similar little water drops hanging from numberless blades of grass, yet as it caught and reflected the sun's rays it appeared wondrously attractive. Thus the heart of man, or woman, naturally sinful, when coming under the power of Christ Jesus, when lying beneath the cross of the Redeemer in a position for Divine love and holiness to shine upon it, glows and reflects the splendor of the Holy One of Israel. "He has been with Jesus"—the fact that the Christian dwells in the light of Christ's presence is the only reason why a Christian life should be beautiful.

Do our lives reflect the beauty of Christ? It was natural that the dew-drop should reflect the sun's rays where they shone upon it; it is natural that the Christian heart should reflect the purity, love and holiness of Christ so long as that heart lives near the Lord Jesus: if it is not the case, we are living beyond the reach of the holy influences that pour down from the throne of God upon the souls of his children.

The Christian life should be a beautiful life in every sense of the word; it is surely not enough that a Christian be moral, virtuous, honest, upright—there should be a something spread over this morality to distinguish it from the morality of the world, and this something is the loveliness of Christ Jesus which shines from the hearts of all his faithful followers.

A few moments previous, the dew-drop was like its fellows—the moment the sunlight streamed upon it, that moment it began to shine. So the moment the light of Christ falls upon the heart of man or woman, that heart glows with the sunlight of heaven. We can not stand near the Saviour without reflecting his pure, holy, self-denying character—true, only in a measure, but that measure, small though it must be, will be an image of the glorious reality.

It is Christ who works this change. The sunlight fell upon the dew-drop, the dew-drop only received, it did not originate the beauty that gleamed from it. Let us see that our lives are not dark, cold, unlovely, fruitless—a real Christian life cannot be thus. Permit the Lord Jesus to transform our hearts, by the working of his Spirit's soul-renewing power, then shall we receive and reflect his glory, the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.

The heart can receive no bliss from that which it knows must prove evanescent.—Mme. d'Stael.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1877.

G. F. MOSHER, Editor.
A. H. Huling, 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.

As for the higher life movement, we have an idea that there are some people for whom it is not well that they study virtue in the abstract. It then seems cold to them, and distant, like the frozen Alps on whose summits we can not walk. But let them contemplate it as it appears in the daily lives of good men. It seems genial then, and near, like low meadows where we can walk in the sunshine and gather flowers. In the first case, it is put away off, and the very thought of attaining it makes them tired and discouraged. In the latter case, it is brought within approachable distance, and they bound to embrace it as though they already felt its loveliness. Considering temperaments, and all, we are not sure but that on such people the story of Washington's prayer in the forest would produce a better effect if coupled with the other fact, that he swore at Trenton.

It is cheering to see so many temperance charts, with the goodly number of names enrolled, hanging on the walls of our Sunday-school rooms. The children are being included in the temperance revival that is now blessing the land. That is wise. It ought to be regarded as a part of the duty of every Sunday-school teacher to see that each member of his class has faithful instruction as to the evil and sin of indulging in intoxicating drinks. "Temperance" is expressly stated to be one of the fruits of the Spirit which the Christian is to produce. And certainly it ought to be one of the features of Sunday-school instruction. Superintendents and teachers, has the pledge been circulated in your schools or classes during the past year? Do not regard the subject as of little consequence. At least, let every member of the schools have the opportunity to enroll their names on the temperance pledge.

It should not be supposed that religious revivals must be confined to the winter season. One of the great Irish revivals occurred in the midst of the "hayting" season. So have many others. It is a mischievous thing to suppose that religion should not prosper save at special seasons and that we must sit and wait, heedlessly or longingly, for the coming of such seasons, hoping for nothing, realizing nothing, till the favored hour has approached. The favored hour is now. And we have always met that hour when we honestly try each day to find and do a needed task, when we recognize success as attainable by putting the right spirit into true work, when we put consistency and fidelity into secular as well as spiritual affairs, and when one goes steadily forward in one's sphere, looking up for a blessing and a triumph.

HOW TO DEAL WITH THE VIOIOUS.

After all that has been accomplished in the work of reform, so much still remains to be done, that the stoutest heart may sometimes well sink in discouragement. Yet there has been a great advance, especially in the drinking usage of society, the prolific source of crime. But a generation ago the intoxicating cup was in repute everywhere. Now it is well nigh banished from the circle of religion. Intemperance has still an awful prevalence, but more among the lower classes, and in secret. The bane of the law is upon it in one way, and another. In many communities prohibitory laws are well enforced, and the traffic suppressed. Enough has been done to show what may and should be done.

That there have been mistakes made in dealing with this evil, is unquestionable. Some have been too lenient, too ready to compromise, often inconsistent. Others have been too harsh, ready like the disciples on one occasion to call down fire from heaven. No plan or measure can succeed which does not originate in benevolence, and have regard to the rights of all.

There must, in the first place, be a just comprehension of the evil. It will not do to shut our eyes upon it, or to trifle with it, or imagine that the evil will cure itself. Half a century ago we were fast becoming a nation of drunkards. The fearful tide of woe has been checked and restrained; but may yet increase and overcome all obstacles. To-day it is our greatest calamity, and danger. How many a noble youth becomes its victim, how many a worthy family is made wretched, how many a community spoiled of its brightest ornaments, how much folly and crime in business, legislation, and enterprise, in state and nation might be traced to the same source. It is our great reproach and shame that with all the light and virtue existing in this land, such a monster iniquity is suffered to live and fatten upon us.

A vast work is before us, and revolting as it is in many aspects, it is yet a work of love. We should never forget that the victims of vice, however low and degraded, are still our fellow immortals, capable of the noblest destiny, and linked to us by numberless ties. We must deal with them as God does—with great love, kindness, forbearance. It is not enough to make a few feeble routine movements,

and then give up. We should be resolute, energetic, persistent, fruitful in expedients, using all proper means, never relaxing the effort while a wanderer remains.

Mercy and judgment. Not mercy without judgment, or judgment without mercy, but both combined. Nature does it; how long it bears the violation of its laws; but when at last the penalty comes, how inexorable. God abounds in love and mercy to the sinful, yet his justice is sure. So should we do in dealing with our erring brother. Win him by love, if possible; it is the strongest motive. But if mercy is not sufficient, judgment must come in. It is a solemn duty that we owe to our country, to society, to our brother, that the fountains of ungodliness shall be sealed up. When the time comes, as it has in numerous instances, and will soon in all, if good men are faithful, let just laws be enacted and enforced for remedying abounding temptations to vice among us, thus most effectually working prevention, and opening the way of reclamation.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

The past week has been an eventful one in a scientific and literary point of view. The American Library Association has held its first annual convention in New York city, which was attended by the librarians of the leading college and public libraries in the country, or by their representatives. Their object is to develop the librarian's profession, to apply methods of co-operation to his work, and to benefit the library which he may have in charge. Various topics relating to the management and control of libraries were discussed, and the continuation of "Poole's Index to Periodical Literature" recommended. The Association seems to be undertaking a worthy work whose benefits will be of a high and important character.

At Saratoga the American Social Science Association began its annual session on Wednesday, and the meetings continued through the week. The importance of this Association to social progress can not be over-estimated. It is composed of the most learned men in the country, and while their sentiments may incline strongly towards the material and radical, they present much that even the most spiritualistic may profitably study.

Hon. Daniel A. Wells opened the meetings of the session by an address on the relation of economic laws to private morality, which was in the main a strong plea for free trade. Among the important features of the session were the Conference of Charities, and the deliberations of the Boards of Health conference, each gathering being participated in by eminent men both in this country and from Europe.

There are hardly any subjects of greater social importance than these two. Our insane asylums, our public hospitals, our charity and health institutions of every class can not be less than profited by the consideration bestowed on them by these representative men.

The closing meetings of the American Science Association were held last week in Nashville, Tenn., the annual session having commenced the preceding week. Resolutions were adopted to appoint a committee on the introduction of studies in science into the schools of the country, and report from time to time facts relating to the subject and methods of facilitating the object sought; also a committee on the relation of science to industrial arts, to report annually; also a committee to petition Congress for such organization of the meteorological service as will utilize the material collected by making it a subject of special research and discussion by scientific experts.

None of these societies have given much attention to spiritual matters. That was not their aim. They discussed questions pertaining to the human welfare from a social and commercial viewpoint. The path of wisdom and safety lies in good men taking care that the spiritual and eternal interests of the human family be as faithfully and ably looked after.

SUBSIDIES.

Those who read the papers are becoming convinced that a powerful lobby is organizing to operate in Washington this winter to secure the appropriation of public money to private enterprises. There is the Texas-Pacific railroad scheme and the South American Steamship project, to say nothing of others. Their promoters represent that these would be great public benefits; that they would open up the resources and industries of our own country, both by developing its internal productiveness and by drawing to it the wealth of other countries; and that therefore the public money should be used to help the projects.

If the wealth that these persons pretend to see in these schemes were really there, they would hardly be asking the United States to help them to exist. Or if the desire for money to help along the projects were an honest and open one, with a clean intention back of it to refund the same, and a belief that the profits of the business would enable them to do it, then they would be likely to apply to private parties and not to the public tax-payers.

It will be very difficult for these subsidy advocates to convince most persons that their purposes are not selfish ones, and that they do not really aim at making money for themselves by swindling the people. Past experience is against them. The few jobs that the United States has been duped into aiding in this way have proved disastrous, not only in

loss of money, but in greater loss of individual moral character. So long as we have statesmen that are such as the Credit Mobilier showed them to be, we do well not to place these temptations in their way.

One of the arguments used to promote these projects is the example of England in aiding various steamship lines to carry on foreign trade. But the cases are wholly dissimilar. A large portion of England's wealth is invested in ocean commercial enterprises. Public sentiment will therefore more readily approve of subsidies there, and the nature of the business which the subsidized lines engage in enable them the more readily to make their profits of a public nature. The arguments in favor of English subsidies by no means hold in this country.

There is also something to be considered in the claim that it is wise to exchange surplus products between countries that lack what the other supplies. But that would not sufficiently apply to the South American Steamship project. And if it would, then the promoters of the project should readily enough find private capital to aid them without going to the public fund.

It is encouraging to note the opposition on the part of the people to these schemes. With the public debt at its present figures, and the times such as they are, they feel that it is no time for ventures of this sort. The New Hampshire legislature took timely action in reference to the matter at its last session.

Like Mr. Blaine's fourth of July speech at Woodstock, its action was regarded by many as uncalled for at the time, but later developments have shown that neither party spoke too soon nor too forcibly. We trust that the people will be preparing to note which of their Congressmen vote to increase taxation by aiding these subsidy schemes.

LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS.

France has lost one of her most distinguished sons in the death of M. Thiers, which occurred suddenly on the 3d inst. His father was a locksmith, and gave his son almost no educational advantages, but by his own talents and perseverance he became an accomplished historian, having issued the first volume of his "History of the French Revolution" at the age of 26; an able statesman, having arisen through various honorable positions to be President of France; and an accomplished scholar and artist, these latter pursuits serving to round out an eventful life. He lived through some of the most stirring scenes in modern French history, and was always an active participant. His country, as he wished it to be, was dearer than life to him, and he was eager to seize every opportunity to carry out his policy. But he was in many respects unfitted to be a leader, especially in France, and so was in almost every case obliged to retire before the ambition of more scheming men.

It was his efforts to restore peace toward the close of the last war with Germany that probably won for him the fullest gratitude of his countrymen. This was proved, after the capitulation of Paris, by his being elected to the National Assembly by one-third of the nation. This popularity naturally pointed him out as the future head of the provisional government, and one of the first acts of the Chamber was to confer that dignity upon him, February 17, 1871. Besides the prerogatives of "chief of the executive power," he also possessed the privilege of a deputy, and was allowed to take part in the deliberations of the Assembly whenever he pleased. On February 28, M. Thiers introduced to the Assembly the preliminaries of the treaty of peace, which he had assisted in concluding two days previously at Versailles, subject to the ratification of the national Assembly. After a very animated debate, these preliminaries were voted.

But he was still in France, and his career must continue to be characteristic of public life in that country. In March, 1871, the National Assembly removed to Versailles, and on the 18th of that month Paris fell into the hands of the Communists, who, about the 6th of April, destroyed M. Thiers' house, and it was not till May 22, that the capital was recovered to the government by the army under Marshal MacMahon. The supplementary elections of July gave additional power to the policy of M. Thiers in the assembly, which, on August 31, by a very large majority, prolonged his tenure of office "until it shall have concluded its labors," increased his powers and changed his designation from "Chief of the executive power" to "President of the French Republic."

During this time, M. Thiers chiefly directed his energies to hasten the evacuation of the occupied districts by paying off the installments of the war indemnity, and to the reorganization of the French army. On May 24, 1873, having on the previous day a majority against him in the Assembly, he resigned the Presidency of the Republic, and was succeeded by Marshal MacMahon. Two days later, M. Thiers resumed his place as a member of the National Assembly, and has since then faithfully performed his part as a citizen of France and lover of his country. His remarkably active life, his great accomplishments, and his vigorous constitution at the age of 80, when he died, easily place him among the famous men of the age.

Rev. W. H. H. Murray, of Boston, has reported to have said that he has not consulted a commentary for six years, nor looked into any book in preparing his sermons but the Bible and dictionary for two years and a half.

CURRENT TOPICS.

The Examiner publishes a translation of a historical sketch of a church at Milan, Italy, which is claimed to have not only in the first three centuries maintained intact its liberty, specially in the matter of choosing its own pastors, but to have been in the fourth century organized in its peculiar form by the greatest of its Bishops, Ambrose. The sketch is precise in its description of the form of baptism used. It appears that trine immersion was practiced, in all cases that the subjects were in all probability adults, and that in the baptisteries there were apartments for each sex, this latter "on account of the great number of candidates, and the frequency of the ordinance." It appears, also, that Ambrose actually held the errors that have been charged to him, a prominent one being a belief in the *real presence* in baptism as well as in the elements at the Lord's supper.

REV. HUGH STOWELL BROWN is dealing strong blows at many of the corruptions of the English Church. One of these is the practice of allowing certain persons or families to appoint the clergyman of a parish, and the still worse practice of selling to some other clergymen the assurance that he shall be next appointed after the present incumbent's decease. It has been suggested that there are certain similar practices in America that need attention. But while the custom of appointing pastors to certain places holds in two or three denominations, we are glad to believe that there is no practice that quite approaches that of selling the next presentation.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York Tribune asserts that even the material prosperity of the Mormons in Utah is not so rose-colored as some would have us believe. Brigham Young's two great projects since the completion of the overland railroad,—"cooperative merchandizing," and the universal communism under what he called "The Order of Enoch"—have proved practical failures. "From end to end of Utah," says the correspondent, "the people barely live—the leaders excepted. There are no free schools, no hospitals, and only one insane asylum, and that has been established comparatively recently. The surplus earnings of the people are absorbed in tithing, marrying, preaching and building temples." He adds:

In 1869, twenty-two years after the Territory was first settled, its taxable assessed valuation was, in round numbers, \$11,000,000. The railroad was built, the outsiders came in, mines were discovered, and in four years the figures increased to \$22,000,000. The railroads have been built chiefly with the money of the Gentiles; the mines, now worth from \$20,000,000 to \$30,000,000, have been opened and are owned mainly by Gentiles and apostate Mormons; and the Mormons themselves have gone on tilling their little patches of wheat and potatoes, paying tithing, marrying, obeying counsel, "living their religion," and growing poorer and more wretched every year.

The correspondent is evidently a Gentile, and he can not repress a little sarcasm, as when he speaks of the *aggrandizements*, which were absolutely necessary, that "the principal one has never been used, because water would not run up hill, even to please an inspired canal-digger." As to the future of Mormonism, he thinks:

There will be a head to the Church, but nobody can ever be so absolute as Brigham Young has been, because the same conditions—the greatest of which was isolation—can not again exist. The polygamy case that has gone up to the Supreme Court of the United States can not be decided too soon. Let it be advanced on the docket, and polygamy be condemned as an illegal form of marriage in this country, and the leaders, or a powerful element in the Church, will have ground upon which to begin an agitation for the abandonment of the system; and with polygamy the objectionable features of the religious system will be discarded. That will be the beginning of the end.

WHILE Rev. Joseph Cook is meeting his critics at home, it will be in order to read this English estimate of him, which was given formal expression by Rev. Mr. Sprague:

These are wonderful lectures. We bless God for raising up such a champion for his truth as Joseph Cook. Few could hunt down Theodor Parker and all that race of misbelievers as Mr. Cook has done. He has strong convictions, the courage of his convictions, and force to support his courage. In reasoning the Infidel have met their match. We know of no other man one-half so well qualified for the peculiar service of exploding the pretensions of modern science as this great preacher. Some men shrink from this spiritual wild boar hunting, but Mr. Cook is as happy in it as he is expert. May his arm be strengthened by the Lord of Hosts.

In its issue of August 24, the London Times, commenting on the so-called "Working Men's Party," of this country, does not think that it will be able to shatter the ranks of the two great parties, which is the only hope it has of gaining its demands. As to these demands it says: "We are afraid, in fact, that the liberty and security for which the working men are crying amount to no more nor less than the freedom to interfere with others' freedom, and immunity from the interference of the law and the Government." It closes the editorial thus:

The strength, however, of the United States is still the "territorial democracy," the farmers and the small traders who have colonized the best part of the Continent, and laid the foundations of a society in the world. Among these men there is a stout self-reliance which is intolerant of anything that looks like dicta-

torial restraint upon individual rights, and suspicious of appeals to a generosity which has to be practiced with other people's money. We should be surprised, therefore, as well as sorry, to find the sound majority of the American electorate yielding up or being vanquished by any "Working Men's Party," but the indifference and negligence of the Republican and Democratic party leaders, and of the middle class generally, may be punished by temporary and local defeats sufficient to do not a little mischief to the national credit and character of the United States.

BRIEF NOTES.

It may aid in explaining some of Charles Reade's characteristics, to know that he has a passion for hot cake, and that three times a day, it is said.

The Sunday-School Times comes about as near the truth as any of us are apt to get, when it says that "the best helps to Bible study are those books which enable one to search the Scriptures intelligently, rather than those which expound and apply the truths of the Bible."

The principle of the thing seems to be a motive with Mark Twain. In a private letter he is said to have written: "I write so many hours a day regularly, and then throw the copy into the fire. I may not accumulate manuscript, but I have the experience."

Near the beginning of the article, "Baptism and sin," in last week's Star, read, "And indeed they who can interpret all the facts of experience and of history by the absence of any Spirit agency," etc., instead of by the "observance," etc.

Rev. Charles Howard Malcom, who went abroad to attend the Conference of the "Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations," which was held at Antwerp, Belgium, the latter part of August, will furnish an occasional communication to the Star.

We do not know what Ralph Waldo Emerson has to say about perpetual forces in his late paper, but the recent dispatch that fifteen hundred more troops have arrived at Havana from Spain, and eleven hundred at Santiago, is suggestive of something of the kind, isn't it?

Rev. Dr. May, of Tufts College (Universalist), speaking of the effects of Free Religion on church life says that "wherever it goes it crumbles in pieces all church life, like brittle stone ground in an iron hand." That is peculiarly strong testimony in favor of those who believe that the church should have a distinct polity, and live up to it.

There is in it a desperate satisfaction, if the statement of the officers of the New York Savings Banks is true, that all the weaker banks have been weeded out, and the banks now open are sound. The satisfaction must be of a somewhat desperate nature, to those, at least, whose savings have vanished in the fraudulent banks and who have not a cent to put into those now declared to be sound.

Rev. George F. Pentecost has visited Mr. Moody at home, and finds that his "magnificent residence" which the reporters have described is "a small country farmhouse, plain and unostentatious, with a bedroom over the woodshed." His famous "four thousand dollar house" really cost Mr. Moody about \$125, and is particularly noticeable for his "large feet and ears." Thus do facts and fancies disagree.

The Centennial Jubilee Singers, now singing for the benefit of Storer College, gave two of their inimitable concerts in Dover last week, to large and deeply interested audiences. We must acknowledge that we were agreeably surprised and more than satisfied. The music was not the offering of art, but of nature, fresh from the heart, and yet there was culture enough to soften and please. The action of some pieces was more exciting than anything we ever witnessed outside of a "rousing" meeting in the South. We unite with our correspondent in commending this troupe to public patronage, especially as all the profits go towards the erection of a Girls' Boarding Hall at Harper's Ferry. Mr. Daugherty, the advance agent, and Mr. Keyes, the manager, are reliable men, and honorable in their business arrangements.

A correspondent, who is one of the art reviewers for the New York Art Journal, thus writes to us of Wm. E. Marshall's picture of Christ, now on exhibition in New York City:

At the first view it differs so essentially from all other representations that, almost instinctively we feel it not our ideal. Yet it is a work that grows upon one, and although in Jesus we read he was of a light complexion and blue eyes—in adhering to the Jewish type of feature, and the more usual dark hair and eyes, Mr. Marshall has not wandered so far from our demanded Christ, as the delineators of past centuries. How incongruous that the hero of heroes, for even the most dogged of atheists will not deny Christ that, should be represented as bearing a puerile effeminacy and a face, though not wanting in tender pathetic sweetness, poor in intellectual expression. Our need is not a Christ to pity, but to adore, and Mr. Marshall has given us this. His Christ is a harmonious mixture of strength and power with sympathy and meekness. As a work of art, it is masterful; as a conception, it is intellectual and spiritual.

Denominational News.

Unnecessary Agitation.

It has been suggested that among the subjects likely to claim discussion in the next General Conference will be a "review of a portion of the record of the last Conference." I assume that in this statement there is reference as to what has been called the question of "mixed membership;" that is, of unbaptized membership in our churches.

I may be mistaken with respect to the composition of the coming Conference, and what may be required of them as true representatives of the Yearly Meetings in whose behalf they may be called upon to speak and act; but I doubt very much whether the integrity of the Baptist principle among us as a Christian people or the glory of God will require any considerable opening of that subject by way of public discussion. My impression is that the feeling and intent of those who were most prominent in procuring the objectionable action in the last Conference have been somewhat misunderstood, and perhaps, impliedly at least, too severely judged. If there are men in the denomination loyal to it; if there are men who would deprecate the introduction of questions that should divide feeling, grieve good brethren, and add another bone of discord to weaken our power and influence for good, they are to be found among those of

whom I am now speaking. I may have been mistaken, but I have interpreted the long silence maintained by those who may have sympathized with the action of the last Conference, to mean: "Let there be no strife between me and thee, for we are brethren."

The subject has been discussed over and over again in the Star during the last three years, especially on the Baptist side; action has been taken in many of the Yearly and Quarterly Meetings, and without exception all one way. Isn't it time when the resolution is read "for information," that a call should be made for the "question?"

My impression is that if a resolution should be presented by a committee, or in any other legitimate way, similar to those that have been passed by all the General Conferences that have taken any action upon it, except the last, and similar to the one presented to the last previous to amendment, something like this, viz.: "The admission of unimmersed persons to membership in our churches is contrary to the faith and usage of the denomination," it would be passed unanimously and with good feeling.

I am, I trust, known to be an extreme Baptist, and that, too, without being a close communionist. I wish I were as good a Christian in all other respects as I am Baptist. I should never doubt of heaven again. But I can not see how any good can come from further agitation of this subject beyond, perhaps, mutual explanation and kindly assent, at least, to a proposition overwhelmingly approved by the denomination in all its branches ever since its origin. I am on this subject most heartily in accord with an expression in the last Star, "We trust that wisdom and moderation will prevail."—J. F.

The "Centennial Jubilee Singers."

A reliable correspondent, who had listened to a concert by these singers, now visiting some of the New England churches, gives this description of their singing:

I can not do justice to the entertainment afforded us. It was unique, wild, wonderful. This company of singers gives special attention to the rendering of slave melodies in the genuine slave style. We are brought face to face with a phase of our civilization that is rapidly passing away. We are made to realize vividly the pathos—the passion—the vague longing—of the slave heart. We look, with almost doubting eyes, upon the strange physical demonstrations that, to the heart of the uneducated colored race, were not only the highest expression, but the noblest realization of religious enjoyment.

I do not know how to criticize the strictly musical part of the programme. It was more than satisfactory. It is not artistic. It is wild—the wonderful product of untutored nature. It excites strange emotions in one's breast. It is sometimes, in conjunction with the gesticulation, bizarre, ludicrous; then, it touches the deeper feelings; then, it rises almost to sublimity, as it voices the grand passion of a soul completely overmastered by its own emotion.

There are two reasons why one ought to see and hear this troupe: In the first place, he gets the most vivid realization possible of the intellectual and spiritual condition of the colored race up to the close of the war; and in the second place, he learns what culture and true religion can do in the uplifting and ennobling of manhood, for these singers are, every one, perfect ladies and gentlemen.

Let us not fail to give the "Centennial Jubilee Singers" a rousing reception wherever they go, and thus "kill two birds with one stone": pass a pleasant and profitable hour, and help our needy school at Harper's Ferry.

The Central Association.

The Central Association was held at Pike, N. Y., Aug. 28-30. Not quite the usual number of delegates were present on account of the long distances to be traveled by many to reach Pike.

The session was one of great interest. The misunderstanding that had arisen about the visit of Brethren Ball and Dick to the Ontario Association of Congregationalists caused a little excitement at the opening of the session, but the strong desire on the part of all to have the Association take its true position on the question of Christian Union resulted in one of the ablest and most interesting discussions ever enjoyed at its sessions. Within the limits of gentleness, Christian courtesy, delegates have always had the utmost liberty in this Association. It was decided when the Association was organized that each delegate, or visitor, should have perfect liberty to speak his mind, however extreme, upon any of the questions which might arise. The rule has always worked well so far. The discussion soon proved that the delegates were a unit regarding the position that Free Baptists should take in respect to union with any other evangelical denomination. All agreed that several denominations had made great strides towards the principles held by Free Baptists, and they believed that in due time there must come to be such identity of principle and practice as would render organic union with some denomination both desirable and practicable. But all agreed that the time had not yet come for the proposal of any such union, and that the best way to promote a true Christian union is to co-operate in every feasible plan for the salvation of souls with any denomination, while we go on cheerfully and bravely with our own work, giving the strongest testimony we can to all the truth held by us.

The Report of the Treasurer showed the cash receipts during the year to be about \$4000, and the addition to the Memorial Fund to be about \$5000. The report of the Corresponding Secretary indicated that a good and permanent work is being done by the Association, and that it was never so firmly established in the affections and purposes of its constituents. The presence of Bro. E. N. Fernald afforded the Association much edification and pleasure. His earnest, thorough way of setting forth the great work of the missions of the church was very refreshing and profitable. Bro. Jas. L. Phillips is always welcome to the Association. His mission among us this year was a very pleasing one to us, and a very profitable one to him—for when help for India comes then he lives and thrives, and when help is withheld he dies. He is consumed with loving zeal for that most interesting mission. He had three different occasions to talk on the Bible School for India. And he plead his cause well, securing in cash and interest bearing notes, \$854.25. Sister Libbey Gilley, who was sent out to India by the Association four years ago, and who was eminently successful in Ze-

Poetry.

THE CRICKET.

Oh! little cricket that the evening long
Doest tell thy story to the silent hours
While the dew falls upon the thirsty flowers!
What is the burden of thy ceaseless song?

A tale of love? or secrets that belong
To the dim solitudes of ruined towers,
Whose crumbling walls the ivy leaf embowers?
Or drolleries of Titania's shadowy throng?

Thou art a friend, so ancient legends tell,
That with the power of mystic sorcery
Guardest the hearth where thou dost love to dwell,
And with thy quaint and pleasant company

The night's deep loneliness thou dost dispel,
Thou merry chief of insect minstrelsy!
—*Scribner.*

THE FAIR-MINDED MEN.

Two wise men walked to Donahon
Upon a rainy day,—

Heigho!
With one umbrella between them.

They hit upon an honest plan
For both to have fair play,—

Heigho!
I wish you could have seen them.

Says one: "I'll hold it half the way,
And you the other half,—

Heigho!
And safely we'll go skipping."

But soon the neighbor said: "Nay, nay,
You're dry, and have your laugh,—

Heigho!
While I catch all the dripping."

"Now this we'll try: Your head poke through
And I will do the same,—

Heigho!
There! nothing could be better.

Now one umbrella'll serve for two,
And neither'll be to blame,—

Heigho!
If 'twer gets the water."

And so they walked to Donahon,
Nor found the journey long,—

Heigho!
Until they fell a-sneezing:

"The bargain's honest, man to man,"
They said; "but something's wrong,"—

Heigho!
As on they went—a-sneezing.

—*St. Nicholas.*

Family Circle.

BEN, A THIEF.

BY MRS. L. E. THORPE.

"Wave the answer back to heaven
By Thy grace we will!"

Abbie sang in her birdlike voice as she danced down the path to meet her cousin Ben, who was just coming through the gate on his way from school.

"Bennie, whatever did keep you so late? I've waited half an hour for you to play croquet with me."

"I don't want to play croquet," Ben answered, in a sulky tone.

"But Mary Dennison and lots of folks are here to play this evening."

Well, I don't care. Mary Dennison, or General Grant, or anybody else, I ain't going to play."

"Why?" faltered Abbie, astonished at her cousin's cross tones.

"Because I ain't that's why!" he answered, shorter than ever.

Abbie said no more, but slowly followed him to the house, and throwing herself on the bed in her room, burst into tears, not only that her evening's pleasure was destroyed, but the harsh words had so sorely grieved her, for Ben was her playmate, and a cousin whom she loved as a brother, and she was unused to cross words from him. It was some time before she could console herself, and then her head ached and she did not care to play.

Ben went to his room, and, carefully locking the door, threw up and books on the carpet, took a slate pencil from his pocket, and moved with it to the window, where he spent some time in examining it, murmuring, "I wish Charley had it, anyhow; but pshaw, what's a slate pencil! He'll get another all right."

Replacing it, he took his hat and went out. Sounds of cheering and laughter from the play-ground drew his steps towards it, but the merry party were too much interested in the game to notice him as he stood looking on. But he failed to find himself interested; he missed Abbie from the group of merry girls, and as he wondered at her absence from her favorite pastime, he remembered his cross words to her—a memory with a bitter sting to it—and that, added to a conscience pricking him sorely over a slate pencil, succeeded in making Ben quite miserable. Annoyed by the gaiety of the young folks, he walked back to the house, and looked idly from his window till woods and river and town seemed to melt together into one great mass of darkness, broken and intensified by lights, here and there, from some pleasant fire-side. At length the stars, too, were all lit, and seemed to point their tiny rays at Ben, as he sat there in a dismal mood, with the good striving to get the mastery over his willful heart, and the evil trying to persuade him that no one cared for him, and that he was the worst treated boy in the world, and to make him wish to run away, or die and make everybody sorry and ashamed for treating him so. At last he went to bed. Near the middle of the night he awoke, and his conscience awoke, too, suddenly, and making of his mind a submissive slave, traced to him again the sad events of the day: How cross he felt in the morning with Charley Slosson for being so proud of a new slate pencil his grandmother had given him, brightly painted, and bearing the words,

"Wear me away profitably," and how he envied Charley when the boys and girls gathered around to inspect his gift, and how it annoyed him to hear the click, click of that pencil behind him, all the forenoon. Charley never was so attentive to his examples before! And then—Conscience brought him right up to it—that awfully wicked moment when, all alone in the school-room, going over an imperfect lesson, he saw Charley's pencil lying on his desk, where his little cousin Maud had left it. Oh, that wicked thought! and the pencil was slipped into Ben's reader. School was soon called. Charley was a little late in entering and couldn't inquire of Maud for his pencil until recess. Then Maud was sure she left it on Charley's desk. Search was fruitless, and the bell rung before he could get any clue to it, and Ben remembered how troubled Charley looked, and how little Maud cried, and how mean he felt and wished Charley had his pencil again, but he had denied knowing anything about it, and was too proud to give it back. Then came the scene at the close of school when Mrs. King came to him, as he was starting for home, saying, "Bennie, did you notice Charley Slosson's pencil, at noon? Maud says you were the only one in the room when she left it on his desk."

"No ma'am, I didn't, and I've told him so a dozen times," Ben replied in no pleasant tones.

"It was right behind you; you must a took it," sobbed Maud.

"I tell you I didn't; do you think I want his pencil?" and Ben's face grew hot as he noticed he was the object of attraction as Charley had been in the morning, and all the while his hand was fastened like a vice on that reader, pressing it tighter and tighter lest a part in the worn leaves should reveal that dreadful pencil, that Ben would give anything now to be rid of.

Maud would have spoken again, but the teacher prevented her, saying, "There, Maudie, we all know he wouldn't steal the pencil, he is too good a boy to be called 'Ben, a thief!' You must all go home now, and to-morrow, early, Charley and I will come and look for it."

Part of Ben's way home was with Charley, and now in the still hours of the night, with not a sound to be heard but the ticking of the great clock in the room below, seeming sometimes in such a hurry as to gallop over the seconds, and again to drag along at a most provoking pace, he remembered vividly every word of their conversation—how he wondered with Charley about his pencil, and suggested things possible and impossible that "might have" happened to it. And Ben lay in the moonlight, and thought, and thought. One thing he knew; he was going to, in some way, give that pencil back to Charley. He knew he could have no peace till he did it. He couldn't think at all of doing it, but still he knew all the time he would! Conscience seemed to tell him he must. He resolved to make up with Abbie and tell her all about it. He knew she wouldn't call him 'Ben, a thief,' if everybody else in the world did!

The dawn awoke poor Ben from a short refreshing slumber, and he rose hastily to fulfill his resolution. He found Abbie, and taking her to his room, commenced with a stout heart and told her the whole story, keeping straight on till it was done, not daring to look up, for he knew Abbie's brown eyes were full of tears of pity and forgiveness.

That was just the way with Abbie—always ready to forgive upon the least privilege. Ben had heard her say once that she could hardly ever pray for one who had wronged her to be forgiven, because she always felt that she was the worst, and needed forgiveness most.

"If they were all like you, Abbie," he said, pressing the little hand laid lovingly on his shoulder, "I could do it."

"Couldn't you just put it back on Charley's desk when no one saw you? and no one need ever know anything about it."

"Abbie, I didn't suppose you'd say that! No, I'm going to take it straight to Mrs. King, and I expect I'll tell her all about it, but I'll do it if I have to leave school!"

"I didn't know you could do that, Ben, but that would be right."

With a pitiful look of despair on his face—pale and haggard from want of sleep—Ben approached the teacher and Charley, and said, with a slight trembling in his tones:

"Mrs. King, here is Charley's pencil; I took it from his desk yesterday noon. I am 'Ben, a thief!' and I am a liar, too. I don't expect you or Charley will ever forgive me or trust me, but I had to tell you. I shall never steal again!"

Mrs. King and Charley received this frank confession with as frank words of forgiveness, and his teacher, clasping his hand tightly in hers, said, "It shall never be mentioned in the school; but my dear boy, let it be a lesson to you, and thank God who gave you strength to make this manly confession. If you keep your resolution, Charley and I will honor and trust you more than ever!"

Charley had a warm, impulsive nature, and heartily seconded her words, and Mrs. King talked some time to the boys about the awful penalty of breaking his law of God and man; but my young readers are tired, and since I trust never one of them has ever broken that command, I will not tell you what she said, but Ben remembered it all, and is growing up a good and honest man.

"Thou shalt not steal."

REGINALD'S FIRST SCHOOL-DAYS.

I.

One frosty morning in January, two delicate-looking children were sitting before a blazing fire in a long, low nursery, with oak rafters running across the ceiling. Between them lay a great shaggy dog.

"You will take good care of Rover whilst I am away," said the boy, winding his fingers in Rover's shaggy hair, and leaning his head against him.

"Yes, he shall go for a walk with me every day, and in the twilight I will talk to him about you," answered Alice; "you might send messages to him in your letters," she added.

"Would you understand them, old fellow?" asked Reginald, lifting up the dog's head, and looking into his eyes. The dog wistfully returned his master's gaze, and gave him his paw.

"I believe he understands," said Reginald, throwing his arms around the dog's neck. "O, Rover, Rover, if I could only take you with me!"

"It would not be so bad then," sighed Alice.

"It won't be really bad when I get accustomed to it. Just at first it may be strange, but I shall be sure to like one, at any rate, out of the forty boys. It is going out into the world, and my father says it is well for a boy to learn his level early. On the whole, I am glad I am going; it is only the first bit of it that one is not sure about."

II.

It was a large room, with desks and benches on either side, and an aisle, as Reginald called it, up the middle. It had four large windows looking out on the playground, and a fireplace at each end, around which some dozen or two of boys were clustered.

Reginald advanced toward the fireplace at the lower end of the room, hoping that some one might speak to him, and rid him of the strange, uncomfortable feeling that crept over him; but none of the boys spoke, though they regarded him critically, as if measuring the sort of being he was before committing themselves to any closer acquaintance.

So he sat down on a bench, half-way down the school-room, tried to look unconscious, and half wished himself at home again.

"Have any of you fellows got a knife? I want to cut this piece of string," said a tall boy, addressing the group generally. In a moment Reginald had taken out his new knife, and offered it to the speaker.

"Ah," said Thompson, the tall boy, "a capital knife. Much obliged, will borrow it for the present"—and after using it, he quietly put it into his pocket.

Some of the boys laughed. One of them, however, murmured, in an undertone, "What a great shame!" Reginald's color rose. He walked straight up to Thompson.

"Will you please give me my knife again?"

"No, I shall please to do nothing of the kind. You offered it, and I accepted it. An offer's an offer."

"I lent it to you to cut the string."

"You did not say so."

"I do not think it is just of you to take my knife in that way," said Reginald, thoroughly aroused; "and if you do not return it at once, I shall speak to Dr. Field about it."

"Oh," said Thompson, coolly, "you're a sneak, are you?"

The boys, who had been gathering around Reginald, admiring his spirit in confronting the tall boy, now drew back, and the words, "tell-tale!" "blab!" "sneak!" were distinctly heard. And Reginald found himself standing alone, deserted by those who had drawn near in sympathy with him, for Thompson was the tyrant of the school.

Presently, when the boys had returned to their places by the fire, and Reginald was apparently forgotten, a merry-looking boy, a year older than himself, sat down by him.

"No," said he, "you must not say anything to Dr. Field. You must let your knife go, and learn wisdom for the future."

Reginald looked up.

"It's mean and unfair," he said.

"That may be; but the boys would say it was meaner still to complain. One has to put up with things of this sort at school and make the best of them."

"What's your name?" asked Reginald, suddenly, for there was something about the boy that he liked, and he thought this might be the one who was to be his friend.

"Barton. And yours?"

"Reginald Murray."

"Murray's enough, without the other."

"I should like you to be my friend."

Barton glanced at the large, dark eyes that were fixed upon him, and at the delicate and somewhat mournful face, and felt attracted also.

"I think I shall like you," he returned; "but I must wait and see how you go on. I think you've the right spirit; but you must take my advice about the knife. Will you?"

There was a struggle in Reginald's mind. It was very hard to give up the knife that Alice had saved up her pocket-money to buy for him! Still Barton had been at school for some time, and knew better than he what ought to be done, so he answered, "I will."

But Barton was not prepared for his manner of carrying out the decision. To his great surprise, Reginald marched

straight up to Thompson. "I shall not," he said, "speak to Dr. Field about the knife. It's unfair and unjust of you to take it, and I sha'n't be friends with you as long as you keep it." But Barton says it would be telling tales if I made a complaint."

Some of the younger boys stood quite aghast at Reginald's boldness; one or two even murmured, "Well done!"

Thompson stared, half in astonishment, half in anger. "You're too fast, young sir; you'll have to be put down, I see," said he. But he did not give Reginald his knife again.

III.

School was indeed a new world to Reginald. He made friends, and found enemies; he worked hard, and played well; and on the whole, was tolerably popular. Thompson, however, still kept the knife, using it upon all occasions, which caused a thrill of indignation to go through Reginald's delicate frame.

"If I can't get it one way, I will another," thought he; and he brooded over the knife until he magnified every word that Thompson said into a series of insults to himself, and Thompson, pleased with the power he possessed over the boy, exercised it on all occasions.

So the spring went by, and summer came, and the days slipped away, and the holidays were close at hand.

"If I were strong enough, I would fight him for it!" said Reginald to Barton, one day when Thompson had been more than usually aggravating.

The remark was repeated to Thompson, who was standing by the side of the river that ran at the foot of the playground.

At that moment Reginald drew near.

"So you would like to fight me if you were big enough!" said he, with a sneer.

"I should!" answered Reginald, warmly.

"Ah, it's a bad state of feeling. If the knife causes such wicked thoughts, the best way is to get rid of it. So here it goes, and there is an end of it!" And drawing the knife from his pocket, he flung it into the river. It fell short of where he intended, and Reginald saw his beloved knife through the clear river, lying within what he supposed to be an easy reach. Without a moment's thought he jumped in after it; regardless of the fact that the water was deeper than it looks!"

His hand had, as if by instinct, grasped the knife, but as he tried to struggle back through the swiftly-running water, he got confused; for, as the boys had called out to him, it was a great deal deeper than it looked, and just there the ground shelved suddenly, and Reginald, taking a false step, lost his footing.

There was a general outcry, which brought Dr. Field, and a visitor who had just arrived, to the spot.

"Murray's in the river!"

And they pointed to the spot where the poor boy had sunk.

With such a cry as the boys long remembered, the visitor had plunged into the water, and had caught the boy, who had risen for the last time, by the arm. And the next thing that the boys knew was that a white, dripping form was carried through the playground into the house.

Then a whisper went around—"It was his father!"

Then a whispered question—"Is he dead?"

And Thompson shuddered as he heard it.

But Reginald did not die; he opened his eyes to find his father clasping his hand. At first he could remember nothing; then he looked around anxiously.

"Is the knife safe? I went to pick up my knife?"

Then he closed his eyes, and remained for a long time silent, and when he spoke again it was in the wild ravings of a delirium.

The shock had been too much for the delicate boy. Fever came on, and it was weeks before he could be moved home.

And then he was ordered to the South, and Italy was the chosen place in which Mr. and Mrs. Murray and their two children should sojourn until Reginald should have completely recovered his health.

And this time Rover was to go with his young master.

The day before Reginald left home a carriage drove up to the door, and Thompson stepped out of it.

He and Reginald were alone for a quarter of an hour, and they parted friends.

"I have my knife now, Thompson," said Reginald, "and so the quarrel is over."

"And Thompson returned to Dr. Field's a better and a wiser boy. He never bullied any one again.—*The Churchman.*

The top of Grand View mountain, near Middlebury, Vermont, has a remarkable pond, about three-quarters of an acre in extent. Except a small space in the center, it is covered with a thick moss, strong enough for people to walk upon. Poles are pushed through the moss at any point, but none have yet touched the bottom, yet there are large trees growing and people walk in safety, the moss forming a thick mat or carpet and being described as exquisitely beautiful.

Lake City, in southern Colorado, is 8500 feet above the level of the sea, or more than 2200 feet higher than the Tip Top House on Mount Washington.

Constantinople has a circumference of about thirteen miles.

Literary Review.

ROMANISM AS IT IS. An Exposition of the Roman Catholic System for the use of the American people. By Rev. Samuel W. Barnum, Editor of the "Comprehensive Dictionary of the Bible." Hartford, Ct.: Connecticut Publishing Company. 1877. 8vo. pp. 848. (Cloth, \$3.50).

It would be a wise thing for the American people to get the most definite and fullest information possible on the Roman Catholic question, for it is likely to assume great public importance in the future. They would thus be better enabled to treat that question fairly, to eliminate false charges from true, and to be less likely to do themselves and the Catholics injustice.

The volume before us will convey a good deal of the information needed. It gives a history of that church, of its significant declarations, of its origin and development at Rome and from Rome, its distinctive features in theory and practice, its characteristic tendencies and aims, its statistical and moral position, and its special relations to American institutions and liberties. The whole professes and indeed seems to be drawn from authentic sources, and is accompanied by illustrations of a documentary, historical, descriptive, anecdotal and pictorial character, together with a full and complete index, and an appendix of important matters from 1871 (when the book was first published) to 1876. This appendix adds 95 pages to the first edition, and describes such interesting matters as the Gladstone controversy, the Guibord case, the Falk laws, the contests about schools, chaplaincies and religious exercises in public institutions, tenure and taxation of ecclesiastical property, supremacy of church or state, secret societies, etc.; and is illustrated with portraits of Cardinals Manning and McCloskey, of Bismarck and Gladstone, of Guibord and Chiniquy. The book is written in a candid, uncontroversial spirit, and thus commends itself to those who desire an unprejudiced statement of facts. The publishers present a long list of testimonials in favor of the volume from clergymen of nearly all denominations, from college professors, and from many newspaper reviews. We mention this fact, because it may tend to strengthen in the minds of our readers their confidence in our own favorable opinion of the historical value of the book. It is by no means just such a book as Secretary Thompson has written on Romanism, but it is quite as full of information as his, and is evidently as authentic. Many of the blocks from which the illustrations were printed are of an ancient age and style, but they serve well to elucidate the text.

That the orthodox character of the book may be shown, and also the spirit of the religion which it describes, we take from it this extract, itself a Roman Catholic utterance, and similar to many others in the book:

Religious liberty, in the sense of a liberty possessed by every man to choose his own religion, is one of the most wicked delusions ever fostered upon this age by the father of all deities. The very name of liberty—except in the sense of a permission to do certain definite acts—ought to be banished from the domain of religion. No man has a right to choose his religion. Catholicism is the most intolerant of creeds. It is intolerance itself, for it is truth itself. We maintain that a sane man has a right to believe that 2 to 2 do not make 4, as his theory of religious liberty. Its impety is only equalled by its absurdity.

Also this, which gives the Catholic opinion of Protestant missionaries:

No self-appointed missionaries of self-created sects have any rights against the national religion of any country, and no claim even to toleration. The Catholic missionary has the right to freedom because he goes clothed with the authority of God, and because he is sent by authority that has from God the right to send him. To refuse to hear him is to refuse to hear God, and to close a Catholic church is to shut up the house of God. The Catholic missionary is sent by the church that has authority from God to send him; the Protestant missionary is sent by nobody, and can oblige nobody in the name of God or religion to hear him. Our Protestant friends should bear this in mind. They have as Protestants no authority in religion, and count for nothing in the church of God. They have from God no right of propaganda, and religious liberty is in no sense violated when the national authority, whether Catholic or Pagan, closes their mouths and their places of holding forth.

Jack. From the French of Alphonse Daudet. Author of "Sidoine," "Robert Helmont," etc. By Mary Neal Sherwood, translator of "Sidoine." Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 12mo. pp. 384. (\$1.50). "Cobweb Series of Fiction."

The fact that such men as those described in "Jack" do occasionally exist, and the hope that they will read this story and blush to see themselves in print, is all that reconciles us to the book. We can not take pleasure in reading it nor thinking of it, for the blood fairly boils at the abuse heaped upon the boy hero of the story. And it is just this fact which proves its power and forces us to recognize it as an effective novel. So life-like are the descriptions, and so true to character, that one constantly forgets it is only a story, and believes in Jack as a real person. Indignation towards D'Argenton and contempt for Ida alternately claim the ascendancy. It is a powerful story, and yet we should hardly like to place it in the hands of a young friend. It makes us indignant towards the wrong, but it inclines only negatively to the right. It savors too strongly of the laxity in Parisian life and morals. It is not always best to correct evil by exposing it, especially to untrained eyes.

Jack, the hero, is a little boy with no acknowledged father. His mother, Ida, is a shallow-minded, selfish woman. She loves the little Jack, but is incapable of entering into sympathy with him, and places him in a wretched school, about whose regulations and influences she was too careless to inquire. It makes one shudder to think it possible that the author has not described that school entirely out of his imagination. This part of the book reminds one of Dickens's "Nicholas Nickleby." Ida marries one of the teachers, and leaves Jack to his fate, but he runs away from school and finds her again. His step-father apprentices him to a machinist, where he suffers exceedingly, but much more when he goes to work on a steamer. He is injured by an explosion, and returns to his mother. All this time she and D'Argenton are living on money which belongs to Jack. They receive him unkindly, but an old doctor, with a granddaughter of uncertain parentage, befriends him. Jack and Celeste, the granddaughter, become engaged and he works at his trade and studies medicine. But Celeste, learning of the cloud that hangs over her birth, dismisses him. Worn in body and discouraged, he yields to falling health, and goes to the hospital to die. A few moments before he dies, his mother, Celeste, and her grandfather visit him. As the end comes his mother cries "Dead!" but the old doctor says, "No, delivered."

The translation is well done, avoiding French idioms, but retaining the French spirit.

This "Cobweb Series" gives us stories of an entirely different character. We catch a glimpse of American home life in "First Love

is Best," of poetic and patriotic German life in "Vineta," and of the gay, wicked Parisian life in "Jack." Each will have its admirers.

A PEER BEHIND THE SCENES. By Mrs. Walton, author of "Christie's Old Dream," etc. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers, 18mo. pp. 848.

Rosalie was the daughter of a traveling actor. Her mother was born and brought up in better circumstances, but, influenced by a constant reading of novels and lured by the charm she thought she saw in a theatrical life, she ran away from home and married an actor. He was very unkind to her, and "behind the scenes" she saw what a wretched mistake she had made. One Sunday a Christian man, visiting that fair-ground where they were stopping, climbed into their caravan and gave Rosalie a picture of the good Shepherd carrying a lamb, which he had found. The actor's wife was very sick. The picture recalled her past life. She thought again of her Bible, and in a short time felt that she was one of the sheep whom the Saviour had found. Rosalie showed the picture and read the story out of the Bible to others, and the good Shepherd found many of her friends. Her mother died, and her father was accidentally killed. Then she went to find her mother's sister, her aunt Lucy, who gave her a home and made her feel that indeed she had been led into green pastures. The influence of the story is good in counteracting the love for the stage, and for a showman's life, which traveling theaters and circuses foster among the young. It shows them that "behind the scenes" there is often led a life whose wretchedness they have never imagined. Perhaps, also, it will lead those of us, who condemn such follies, to exercise more charity towards the persons compelled by their own mistakes or misfortunes to follow so tedious a life.

The North American Review for September and October opens with an article by Hon. E. W. Stoughton, of New York, reviewing Judge Black's tirade against the Electoral Commission in the preceding number. Mr. Stoughton's article opens as follows:

Political literature, contributed by violent and disappointed partisans, seldom deserves or takes a high rank in the esteem of men, either for style or permanent usefulness. That contained in the last number of the Review, entitled "The Electoral Conspiracy," furnishes no exception to this rule. Its author, the Hon. J. S. Black, was one of the counsel for the defeated Democratic candidates for President Vice-President before the Electoral Commission. Having been long a member of that party, and especially distinguished, when Attorney-General of the United States, for his devotion to the fortunes and schemes of the secession leaders of the South, he saw in the defeat of their favorite nominee, Messrs. Tilden and Hendricks, only another triumph of Northern principles and of the Union men, both regarded by him with sincere dislike.

The author then presents a candid review of the facts which brought the Commission into existence, describes its history, the attitude of politicians towards it, and closes as follows:

When he [Judge Black] shall venture beyond the domain of denunciation, and entering the fair field of inquiry and of argument, shall candidly explore the proofs on which the Board acted, and especially when he shall honestly endeavor to realize that the Electoral Commission was powerless under the Constitution and law to disregard the final will of the States of Louisiana, Florida, and Oregon, he will engage in a task which may open his mind to the consideration of the conclusion, that the nation has not been betrayed, and that the Great Fraud of 1876 was but the symptom of a disordered imagination.

Following this article is a paper on "The Decline of the Drama," by Dion Boucicault, in which occurs this curious but perhaps true sentence:

As the newspaper press has

Literary Miscellany.

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

One can not well know himself, unless he knows his Creator.—*Eastern Proverb.*

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

He who wishes to secure the good of others, has already secured his own.—*Chinese Maxim.*

M. Taine writes: "A fixed idea is like the iron rod which the sculptors put in the statue. It impales and sustains."—*ibid.*

There is in every human countenance a history or a prophecy, which mustadden, or at least soften, every reflecting observer.—*Coleridge.*

True virtue consists in improving the mind, and in purifying the heart. In being good, we will toward mankind, and in engaging them to love truth and moral excellence.—*Confucius.*

I am ever obscure in my expressions, do not fancy that therefore I am deep. If I were really deep, all the world would understand, though they might not appreciate. The perfectly popular style is the perfectly scientific one. To me, an obscurity is a reason for suspecting a fallacy.—*Kingsley.*

Let us ask ourselves seriously and honestly, What do I believe after all? What manner of man am I after all? What sort of a show should I make after all, if the people round me knew my heart and all my secret thoughts? What sort of a show then, if I already make, in the sight of Almighty God, who sees every man exactly as he is.—*Kingsley.*

If we were to give advice to young people, we should say, "Read whatever is most attractive, unless there be in it an evil attraction; but seek continually the most weighty literature which is attractive. Still, rather than not read at all, read whatever you can. If only it agrees with your conscience and does not enfeeble your mind."—*Christian Register.*

ULTIMATE AMERICA.

The following is the concluding portion of Mr. Cook's lecture, the first part of which appeared in our issue of last week:

I find ten most striking physical contrasts between the Old World and the New, and all to the advantage of the productive power of the soil of America. I am fascinated with the rain map of the globe, for it shows that my country is on the humid, and therefore the fertile, side of the world.

1. This continent is narrow. Hence the ocean winds water it well. The Old World is wide. Hence the ocean winds water it poorly. Sahara, Arabia, Persia, Central Tibet, are almost or wholly rainless. We have no Sahara, no Arabia, no Persia.

2. In the New World the mountain chains on the east side of the continent are low; in the Old World the mountain chains on the east side are high. But the earth rolls east; and therefore, the trade-winds blow west. The permanent winds of the globe, bearing the fertilizing exhalation of the ocean, breathe always out of the morning. They impinge upon the breast of the continents on the side of the sunrise. High mountain chains on that side shut out these winds largely from the Old World; low mountain chains on that side admit them to the New. If the Himalayas and the Mountains of the Moon stood on the west side of Africa, Sahara would cease to be a desert. If the Andes stood on the east side of South America, the Amazon Valley would become a desert. A branch of the trade wind breathes through the West Indies into the Gulf of Mexico and ascends the Mississippi Valley. Guyot says that if that Gulf had a chain of mountains on its north side as the Mediterranean has, that valley would be almost rainless.

3. As the more important wind blows from the east, ours is the continent of wet ocean winds; the Old World, of dry land winds. It is dry land winds that makes Sahara; and this land is made dry by the breath of the Old World and its height on the east. Under the tropics, the Old World receives seventy-seven inches of water by the year; America, one hundred and fifteen.

4. The New World, therefore, as Guyot has shown, is the humid, the Old World the arid, side of the globe.

5. America, therefore, has great, the Old World small, river systems. There is no position in which the Mississippi could be placed in Europe, south of St. Petersburg, and find room. Join in one current the Lena, the Ob, the Amoor, the Yang-tse, the Hoang-he, the Yenesei, the Indus, and the Ganges, and these eight principal rivers of Asia do not carry to the ocean as much water as the Amazon.

6. America is the continent of fat plains; the Old World that of frozen or scorched plains. In the New World the Mississippi and the Amazon traverse plains whose fertility no other part of the globe can equal: but in the Old World the great plain extending from Norway to Kamtschatka is locked in perpetual frost; and that which stretches from the western shoulder of Africa to the heart of Asia is made barren by tropical heat.

7. America is a concave, the Old World a convex continent. Our mountain chains run north and south; those of Asia and Europe east and west. Ours, therefore, have the sun on both sides, and culture with us can climb the mountains; those of the Old World have the sun on the south side, and on the north side are comparatively infertile.

8. Cooling inlets of the ocean, like the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, are found in America under the equator; but the hottest regions of the Old World are distinguished by distance from the ocean. The Mediterranean lies too far north to be of as much service to the Old World's fertility as the Gulf is to that of the New; and it is, besides, shut in by the Alps and Sahara.

9. America is high and the Old World low, under the equator. The table-lands of Mexico and of Brazil are comparatively cool, although in the tropics; but Sahara is so low that it might be, as it ought to be, made a navigable sea, by a channel from the Mediterranean or the ocean.

10. The New World is narrow under the equator; the Old World is wide there. The fertility of the New, therefore, loses less than that of the Old by tropical scorching. The equator, it is true, hangs under Orion, directly above the mouth of the Amazon. But the isotherm of greatest heat runs through the mouth of the Orinoco. It cuts only through the narrow neck of South America, necked by oceans and fanned by wet winds; but it burns through Africa from tawny shoulder to tawny shoulder, each unspun by the dew of the sea.

Cut out from the 31,000,000 square miles of the Old World and the 18,000,000 of the New all mountainous, frozen and arid regions. The remnant of productive

soil, scholars say, is about 10,000,000 square miles in the Old World and 11,000,000 in the New. In America, in this estimate, I reject as frozen all territory north of a line running through the Straits of Belle Isle, the south end of Hudson Bay and the north of Vancouver's Island. I exclude the ranges of sterility in the Rocky Mountains and the Andes. I omit the dry regions east and west of Colorado and on the coasts of Chili and Peru. I exclude the sterile portions of Patagonia. In the Old World I shut out Sahara, great parts of Arabia-Persia and Central Asia, and Northern Russia and Siberia.

Here, then, bursts upon us the greatly SUGGESTIVE AND ORGANIZING AMERICAN FACT.

that the New World can sustain a greater population than the Old. If it can, probably it ultimately will. In this majestic circumstance I hear the footfalls of fate, with which it infinitely bestows the dim stir of present ages to keep step! America is yet in the gristle. Her soft, young feet, not without some stains of bloody dew, have wandered so little inland on the continent of unexplored American time, that the eternities, breaking on the shore, kiss them yet with spray, out of pity for their infancy.

Some of us here are young, but we have seen the population of our country increase from 17,000,000 to 40,000,000. In this audience are those who may live to see it increase from 40,000,000 to 100,000,000. Sir Henry Holland thought that America changed so rapidly as to require a visit once in five years. It has been proved by the experience of the United States that a prosperous community, in possession of abundance of uncultivated soil and not aided by immigration, will double its numbers in twenty-five years. The Anglo-Saxon populations of the New World, as a whole, double once in each quarter of a century. But the doubling is now of great and growing numbers. The civilized white population of the United States increases at the rate of three per cent. annually. De Tocqueville calculated that, on a breadth extending from the Lakes to the Gulf, it advanced westward "seventeen miles each year, and he professed to be profoundly moved by the spectacle of this deluge of men, driven on by the hand of God; but the human surge moves yet more rapidly now. Its progress was little checked by the Revolution, and not very greatly impeded even by the Civil War.

In 1790, the pivotal point or center about which all the population of the United States would balance, was a little east of Baltimore. It has been moving westward; in the year of Lincoln's election it had crossed the Ohio; and if its position were, as it should be, marked by a blazing staff, carried from time to time towards the setting sun, the star would rest now a little east of Cincinnati. It is a narrow outlook that pauses at a time when a continent that can sustain a larger population than the Old World shall have 100,000,000 people. But, at that date, the popular imagination stops. At the place where people forecast pauses, I would begin. Suppose that there are 100,000,000 people in all America in the year 2000. It would not be at all extravagant to suppose that there will be that number in 1900; but I wish to make my estimate mildly moderate. England and Prussia, the most thickly populated parts of Europe, now increase at the rate of more than one per cent. annually. But let our immigration fall away; let wars storm over our territory from time to time; who shall say that our rate of increase, now three per cent. annually, will in a hundred or two hundred years not be at least equal to that of suffocated England and Prussia to-day? Gall it less, or only one per cent. annually after the year 2000. Even at this percentage of increase we should double once every hundred years.

Stand on this ocean shore. We see the curvature of a part of the surface of the sea; we know the law of a curve. Carry on the arc which we can measure, steady the imagination on the reason, and bend them in and in, until they meet 8,000 miles beneath your feet, and you feel the globe swim beneath you, aloft in the bosom of Omnipotence. This is the privilege and sublime duty of exact science.

At the ludicrously cautious estimate that after the year 2000 our population will increase only one per cent. annually, or less rapidly than that of England and Prussia to-day, and that in the year 2000 all America, now having 40,000,000 will possess only 100,000,000 of inhabitants, we shall have in 2100, 200,000,000; in 2200, 400,000,000; in 2300, 800,000,000; in 2400, 1,600,000,000; 2500, 3,200,000,000. The capacity of the continent is supposed to be equal to the support of 3,600,000,000.

CALL SUCH NUMBERS EXTRAVAGANT, it is certain that these calculations fall short of those which average German, Scottish and English scholarship is now making as to the future of America. I am little indebted to this, for it seems incautious. An authority like the very latest edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, just issuing from the press, summarizes the best investigation Europe has given to this topic by these amazing words: "If the natural resources of America were fully developed, it would afford sustenance to 3,600,000,000 of inhabitants—a number nearly five times as great as the entire mass of human beings now existing upon the globe! What is even more surprising, it is not improbable that this prodigious population will be in existence within three or at most four centuries." I think these dates not unwisely chosen. I am aware of but three methods of estimating the future of our population. We may take as a standard of judgment either the capacity of our soil, or the law of growth ascertained by our own experience, or the law of increase exhibited by other parts of the world. Two of these methods I have already used; but take the last, and to what astonishing results it leads! This was the standard employed by De Tocqueville. Europe, under the bayonet and cannon-wheel, and the hoofs of war, charging in squadrons, the population of Germany to death in the thirty years' war; Europe, staggering under a thousand impediments inherited from the Middle Ages, and unknown and likely to remain unknown to America; Europe, from Charlemagne to Napoleon, smothered, seared, pecked, and sliced; yet, attained an average population of eighty inhabitants to the square mile. Will America have a harder fate in the next than Europe has had in the last ten centuries? What shall hinder all America from ultimately having as large an average population as all Europe? But we have 15,000,000 of square miles and

Europe only 3,000,000. Look forward, then, to a population in America, equal to the average of that of Europe, that is, to 1,900,000,000.

With whatever telescope I sweep the horizon, I, for one, stand in awe. I set no dates. I seek to establish approximately no definite numbers. I assert only that America can sustain a larger population than Europe, Asia, and Africa together; that since it can, probably it ultimately will; that we may expect as large an average population as Europe now possesses; that America is, therefore, yet in its infancy; that for these immense numbers of the human family we stand in trust; and that the age, therefore, has not yet ceased to be a crisis.

It would have been worth something at Thermopylae to have foreseen Salamis; and at Ansterli, Sedjan, and at Runny mede, America! It would have been worth something to Paul, when he went out of the Ostian gate to die, to have foreseen Constantine, and Augustine, and Luther, and churches on which the sun never sets. It would have been worth something at the parting from Delft Haven, or among the secreted graves on Plymouth Hill, to have foreseen the savages shut up behind the Mississippi, and church bells mingling their murmurs with the Pacific seas. But, undoubtedly, God's plans for the future are as majestic as those for the past; and so it ought to be worth something now to foresee what can be in America, and, therefore, probably will be.

America can sustain a greater population than the combined populations of Europe, Asia and Africa, and yet America is in the gristle.

YOUR RIOTS ARE YET IN THE GRISTLE. Your conflicts between labor and capital have, as yet, hardly opened the eyes that belong to pulling infancy. You say the eyes glare and are bloodshot. What will be the condition of our civilization when these eyes become those of wayward youth, or of stalwart, manhood? If your riotous rioters, if your loafers, if all those who forget that it takes two to make a bargain, if the drones and sneaks who are at the bottom of the city—I am not talking against the working-men, but I am talking against their worst enemy,—if all these were to-day taking advantage of what was, perhaps, a lawful cessation of labor on the part of the low-paid workmen; if the governors of four great commonwealths had to call on the National Government for aid, and succeeded in putting down riot, not by the militia, but only by our half-starved, inadequately paid regular army; if you did that in this little attack, what will you do when we have a population of two hundred to the square mile? It is our duty to see these matters with the eyes of men who look forwards as well as backwards, and in these Centennial years no man can look backward with adequate reverence who does not look forward with a prescience telescopic and microscopic.

Mr. Cook went on to say that the five controlling agencies in this country were the parlor, the pulpit, the press, politics and the police. In speaking of the press, he classed it as one of the greatest among the agencies which were at work bringing about a unity of English-speaking nations. And yet the New York dailies, he remarked, were rarely seen in the Mississippi Valley, and a line of three hundred miles would in many cases draw the circle of their circulation. He thought the same was true of the Chicago papers in the East. Yet the telegraphic news was practically the same in all, East and West, North or South, and it might be that even the telephone would play a part in this work of unification.

But the most interesting and, at this time, appropriate part of the lecture was that portion bearing on the subject of LABOR STRIKES, RIOTS, ETC.

In fact, it may be said that the lecture was sprinkled with thoughts on this general subject, all of which it is impossible to present, but the substance of which will be given. In speaking of the causes of the riots, Mr. Cook attributed them, in part, to our corrupt civil service, which had been managed with too much reference to Jackson's famous spoils system; and to the rapid growth of American cities, and the massing in them, not only of capitalists and honest laborers, but of the riotous element, such as had disgraced this country for the past two weeks. One-fifth of the population of the United States, he said, lived in cities. Why did they live in cities? Because all the means of intercommunication were increased; and because where there were crossings of railways and telegraphs, there capital could be expended to the best advantage. Besides this, people liked the dissipation of city life, its glare and fervor. The management of city life was pretty soon to be the management of American life. Indeed, he felt safe in saying that when a quarter of the population lived in cities, that quarter would govern the other three-quarters, and unless municipal problems could be solved, national problems could not be. There were three classes of burdensome men—the unfortunate, the unenterprising and the unprincipled. For the latter-class the lecturer had no pity.

WHAT WAS TO BE DONE WITH THE RIGORS, the sneaks, the unprincipled in America? He would not make any partisan plea for labor or capital. In this country the laborer was liable to become the capitalist, the poor to become the rich, and vice versa; or if the original capitalist and laborer did not meet with reverses in good fortune, their descendants might change places, the children of the poor man becoming the capitalists, and the children of the capitalist becoming the poor men. Therefore, in America, the cause of the poor man was every man's cause, and the cause of the rich man was every man's cause. But what were the causes that separated the wealthy from the poorest of the poor? One cause was that cities were growing faster than the country. It was a good thing to get into the country. The late Horace Greeley had advised young men to go West, and here the Chicago Tribune was saying most wisely, "that it took no more money to get from the city into the country than it did to get from the country into the city, and the man who had enterprise enough to do the latter could do the former, if he would, and that he need not wait to have a present of an ox or a farm made to him, either. The city was the home of the dangerous, explosive element which had made itself felt the past two weeks. The second great force separating the rich from the poor, was the law of manufacturing populations. It was true that the larger the establishment the greater were the profits. The greater the subdivision of labor, the greater the skill of the workman, and City populations were manufacturing pop-

ulations. Labor has been so subdivided that one man was now set to burnishing his finger, for instance. The workman's life was monotonous. He had no pride, no mechanical skill, it became a mere machine. His intellect was dulled, and he had neither the time nor the inclination to cultivate his higher faculties. Home was a place to eat, to sleep, and nothing more. Could great sentiments thrive in such soil? Naturally the workman became sullen, sour, discontented, and in the end there was a conflict between capital and labor. Neither capital nor labor could settle these questions alone until the average citizen was made to believe that about the right wages there paid, and the right profit received. There was nothing stirring in a republic but Almighty Justice.

Mr. Cook gave the following account of the death of

MR. TOM SCOTT something of a rough handling, saying that he seemed to be paid a high salary, not for his knowledge of legitimate railroad management, but for his knowledge of illegitimate railroad management. There were the most infamous, cut-throat combinations going on under the surface of much railroading in this country, and yet there were great railroad kings who were very princes of integrity. But the outcome of these strikes, and the inquiry set on foot regarding the railroads, would simply be that illegitimate railroading would be turned inside out and exposed to the public gaze, and no railroad would ever prosper long that could not bear to have its ledgers read by the whole American people.

The lecturer spoke of the hard condition of the working man, with his nose to the grindstone, too poor to send his children to school clad in half decent rags, and said that if the Lord were here to-day, he thought he would be using the whip of small cords. And if he used it, should it not be used by the public and the press? Distaste for manual labor, greedy corporations, speculations, the temporary loss of the Southern trade, tariff laws, a paper currency—all these had united to cause hard times, and to bring on the later and more serious troubles. What were the remedies? Mounted police were wanted, an increase in the army was asked for, and people were clamoring for responsible government in cities. State bureaus, and, perhaps, national bureaus of industry were wanted, and boards of arbitration, State and national, were proposed, and warmly advocated. The American reverence for the "smart," "cute" men must be got rid of, and a reverence cultivated for the Lawrence's, the Adames, the Lincolns. People must see to it that God's standards were the standards for men, and it would become evident before long, if it were not already so, that cities must throttle these difficulties or yield to them.

In conclusion, the eloquent orator drew a powerful word-picture of that last day, when the noble patriots of this country, the men who had sought to better the condition of their fellows, should receive their rewards. The entire lecture occupied over two hours in its delivery, but was heard with close attention throughout.

PARAGRAPHS. A letter found its way to Peterboro, N. H., though it was directed thus: "Peter Borer."

The London Times is to be printed on lighter paper, by which a saving of over \$65,000 a year will be made.

About 10,000 artificial eyes are sold annually in the United States. The average cost of an eye is \$10.

The reduction of wages has been found to be absolutely necessary in almost every one of the European cities and in all lines of business.

It is estimated that nearly seven million pounds of steel wire will be required to build the bridge which is to connect New York with Brooklyn.

Sir Charles Trevelyan has calculated that a fourth part of the population of London apply for and receive gratuitous medical relief during each year.

A young lady at the beach lost a wallet containing \$45, in a very foolish way, last week. For safety she buried it in the sand before she went in to bathe, and when she came out she couldn't find it.

Obituaries.

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

EPHRAIM W. FOSS died in Wayne, Me., Aug. 15, aged 85 years and 11 months. He was born in 1800, but his childhood removed with his parents to Leeds, Me., where most of his life was passed. The last few years he resided in Wayne. He was one of the oldest of a large family, and was to be removed by death. He retained the use of his mental faculties to a remarkable degree to the close of his long life. He never made a public profession of religion, but for the last three or four years of his life he had a personal interest in salvation through Christ. He was married twice, and leaves a widow, one son, and three daughters to mourn their loss.

JOHN DAVIS, Esq., died in Alton, Dec. 17, 1866, aged 80 years and 9 months. His wife, the above, died in Alton, Aug. 28, 1877, aged 83 years and 9 months. They both professed faith in Christ many years ago, and we trust died with a good hope. They have four children, only one of whom survives them. She always lived at home, and faithfully cared for and watched over them till the last, and now is left alone with the satisfaction of knowing that she has done what she could for her parents.

SAMUEL YEATON died in Milton, N. H., Aug. 26, aged 45 years and 8 months. He suffered much, but was patient. By this heavy stroke his family is deeply afflicted. He leaves a wife and three children, brothers and sisters, together with an aged father and many other friends to mourn. He and his wife experienced a remarkable degree to the close of his long life. He never made a public profession of religion, but for the last three or four years of his life he had a personal interest in salvation through Christ. He was married twice, and leaves a widow, one son, and three daughters to mourn their loss.

ROBINSON CORNWORTHY died in Springfield, Me., March 31, aged nearly 77 years. Bro. Cornworthy formerly resided in West Waterville, where he was converted over 40 years ago, was baptized by Rev. D. B. Lewis, and became a member of the F. B. church in that place. He was one of the first settlers in Springfield, where he remained until his death. He was a firm friend of the denomination, interested in all its labors, always ready to help the cause of Christ, by his wise counsel, and also by using judiciously the means God had given him. Many a struggling minister has gone from Bro. Cornworthy's home cheered and encouraged, bearing in his heart and mind the love of his love, to Christ and his cause. He was a constant

reader of the *Star* for more than thirty years. He left a wife and a large family of children to mourn, some of whom are humbly following the Saviour. May they all know the blessedness of his salvation, and be prepared to meet him in the better land.

ALICE M. WALKER, daughter of Henry J. and Martha Walker, died at Kittery Point, Me., Aug. 20, aged 18 years and 6 months. More than six weeks before her death Alice suffered intensely from typhoid fever. From early youth she had taken up the cross and followed Jesus. In her death the community has lost one of its most peaceful, helpful, and exemplary members, and the church of God loses one of its most consistent, loving, and devoted lives. Other it may be truly said, she was beautiful in her life and blessed in her death. She was blessed as the dead which die in the Lord.

JOHN PERKINS died in Parsonsfield, Me., June 6, aged 63 years and 9 months. More than twenty years ago Bro. Perkins became a Christian, and united with the South Parsonsfield church, and was a worthy member until his death. In his sufferings he exemplified the Christian's faith, and in his death triumphed in Christ.

ABRAHAM, daughter of A. H. and A. M. Boothby, died in North Newfield, Me., Aug. 1, aged 20 years and 11 months. Ella sought the Saviour while sick. Naturally her disposition was amiable, but during her long and painful illness she became more loving. The last twelve days of her life were passed in great suffering, but Christ sustained her and she endured all without a murmur. A day or two previous to her death she sent for her minister, and made arrangements for her funeral, bidding farewell to her friends, and in a few hours became unconscious, in which condition she died. She leaves to the home circle a legacy of hallowed memories.

FANNIE, only daughter of P. Malcom and Emma Burbank died in South Parsonsfield, Aug. 6, aged 1 year and 6 months. Another sweet bud of promise has been transplanted to a more congenial clime.

FREDDIE M., only son of Melissa and Albert K. Reed, died in Kingston, Me., March 21, aged 11 years and 8 months. Very early in life he proved himself of a kind and generous disposition, yielding to the advice of these older than himself, while at the same time he was a leader among those of his own age. "You think best, Grandpa," was a common saying, when asked to give up any plan of his own; when only about nine years old he and a companion, a little older, went into the woods, cut, and fitted for the stove a cord of wood and hauled it to their minister, and piled it into his shed, Freddie leading in the enterprise. This showed the bent of his mind, and it is not surprising that such a boy should be deeply interested in the Sabbath-school, where he loved to be prompt, and ready with his lesson learned, and an example of good behavior. Possessing rare musical talent, he loved to improve it in singing Sunday-school music. His father added much to the interest of the school. Only a short time before his death he took a prominent part in a S. S. concert, winning the admiration of all present. Beloved wherever he was known, his death falls heavily upon his associates, but more especially on his parents and only surviving sister, grandparents, and a large company of sincere mourners. God grant that this affliction may turn to the salvation of surviving friends, and that they may all have the Christian's hope and the Christian's home.

EDUCATIONAL. STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.—at PLYMOUTH, N. H. Fall Term begins Sept. 12. Tuition remitted on completion of course. For Circular address the Principal, AMBROSE KELSEY, Principal.

HILLDALE COLLEGE.—Michigan. Collegiate, Scientific, Theological, Commercial, Preparatory, Music and Art Departments. Elective studies. Admits both sexes. Thorough instruction. Thoroughly equipped. Fine College buildings in the north-west. Tuition, incidental and library fees only \$10.00. Board \$2.00 a week. Scholarship for commercial course, unlimited time, \$30. Music \$12 and \$15 a term. Fall term begins Sept. 12, 1877. For Catalogue address, D. W. C. DUBIN, President, Hilldale, Mich.

RIDGEVILLE COLLEGE. The Fall Term for 1877 will open Aug. 28. For Circular address the Ridgeville, Indiana.

BATES COLLEGE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL. For further information address the President, O. H. Cheney, D. D., or Professor John Fullerton, D. D., Lewiston, Maine.

NICHOLS LATIN SCHOOL.—The special work of the school is to prepare the students for college, and every effort is made to do this in a thorough manner as possible. Expenses moderate. Send for a catalogue. Lewiston, Me. A. M. JONES, Sec.

GREEN MOUNTAIN SEMINARY.—WATERBURY CENTER, VT. LIZZIE COLLEY, Principal. ADELLE L. BALDWIN, Associate. With competent assistants. Three terms of two weeks each. CALENDAR. Fall Term begins September 4, 1877. Winter Term begins December 4, 1877. Spring Term begins March 5, 1878. Expenses are moderate. For further particulars, address the Principal, at Hill, N. H., or Rev. A. M. Freeman, Waterbury Center, Vt.

LYNDON LITERARY INSTITUTE. J. S. BROWN, A. M., Principal, with competent Assistants. Fall term begins August 28, 1877; Winter term begins Dec. 4, 1877; Spring term begins March 12, 1878. A first class school. Thorough preparation of study.—Collegiate, Scientific, Ladies', English and Classical. Send for catalogue. Address, L. W. SARGENT, Sec'y & Treas., Lyndonville, Vt.

AUSTIN ACADEMY.—CENTER STRAFFORD, N. H. Rooms for self-boarding and board in private families at reasonable rates. Fall Term begins Aug. 18, 1877. Free tuition to students who have the ministerial courses, English and Classical. For further information address the Principal, Rev. S. C. KIMBALL, A. M., Center Strafford, July 21, 1877.

WILTON COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.—WILTON, MUSCATINE CO., IOWA. For circulars write to the President, or to the Principal, Wilton, Muscatine Co., Iowa.

NEW HAMPTON INSTITUTION. Six regular courses for both sexes. For full catalogue and best of any in New England. Cheapest and best of any in New England. CALENDAR. Fall term begins Monday, Aug. 20, 1877. closes Friday, Oct. 26, 1877. Vacation two weeks. Winter term begins Monday, Nov. 12, 1877. closes Friday, Jan. 18, 1878. Vacation one week. Spring term begins Monday, Jan. 23, 1878. closes Thursday, June 20, 1878. Vacation one week. Summer term begins Monday, April 8, 1878. closes Thursday, June 30, 1878. Vacation nine weeks. Fall term begins Monday, Aug. 26, 1878. Send for Catalogue and circular to Rev. A. B. MESSEY, Ph. D., Principal, New Hampton, N. H., July 26, 1877.

PIKE SEMINARY.—Pike, Wyoming Co., New York. This school was never in better condition for doing thorough work in Academic instruction. No primary instruction. With three carefully arranged courses of study. The Classical, Seminary and English Courses. For full catalogue, address the Principal, IRVING B. SMITH.

WHITETOWN SEMINARY.—Fall Term opens Aug. 27, 1877. Winter Term opens Dec. 10, 1877. Spring Term March 25, 1878. For Circulars, apply to the Principal, or to the State, Terms moderate. Send for Catalogue. J. S. GARDNER, Principal, Whitetown, Otsego Co., N. Y.

LAPHAM INSTITUTE,

NORTH SCITUATE, R. I. This Institution furnishes College Preparatory, English and Scientific, and Ladies' Collegiate course of study. For further particulars address the Principal, at North Scituate, R. I. July 11, 1876.

DIO GRANDE COLLEGE.—RIO GRANDE, GALICIA, CO., OHIO. THE college year consists of four terms of ten weeks each.

This new institution is already acquiring a reputation for the thorough manner in which instruction is imparted. The course of study are the Normal, Commercial, College Preparatory and two College courses, viz.: Classical and Scientific. In each of the two latter courses a Freshman class will be formed at the opening of the first term of the second year. Board (including room rent) from \$2.15 to \$2.50 per week. Buildings beautiful and commodious. For circular or further information apply to Rev. L. Z. HANCOCK, Trustee, at North Scituate, R. I.

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LEBANON ACADEMY.—Pupils fitted for business scientific schools or the best colleges. GEO. F. CHACE, A. M., Principal. Spring Term of 11 weeks begins Feb. 20, 1877. Summer 11, 1877. For particulars, address the principal or ELI HAYES, Sec. Trustee, Lebanon, Mo., No. 10, 1877.

NORTHWOOD SEMINARY.—NORTHWOOD, N. H. Fall term of eleven weeks commencing Tuesday, Aug. 28, 1877. P. R. CLASON, A. B., Principal, with a complete board of assistants. For further particulars address the Principal, or E. T. TUCKER, Secretary, Northwood Ridge, N. H., July 27, 1877.

LASSELL SEMINARY FOR YOUNG WOMEN. AUBURNDALE. (near Boston.) Mass. An attractive home; good board; special care of health, manners and morals of growing girls. No limited. Fall last year, 800. C. C. BRAGDON, Principal.

GANNETT INSTITUTE.—BOSTON, MASS. The 24th year will begin Wednesday, Sept. 27, 1877. For Catalogue or Circular, apply to Rev. Geo. Gannett, Principal, 69 Chester square, Boston, Mass. 631.

Freewill Baptist Publications. The Morning Star. Is a large religious paper of eight pages, in its fifty-second volume. It is able, literary and progressive. The publication offices are Boston and Chicago, but in communications to the Western Department, should be addressed to Dover, N. H. Terms per year, \$2.00 in advance, .75 on receipt.

Special offers, strictly in advance, with no commission paid: One old and one new subscriber, \$4.50. Clubs of six or more, one-third new subscribers, each, \$3.00. Postage is paid by the publisher.

The Little Star and Myrtle are Sabbath-school papers, printed alternate weeks, on superior paper, beautifully illustrated. Both papers are of the same size, but the LITTLE STAR is for an older class of readers than the MYRTLE. Terms: single copy, each, 35 cents. Packages of ten or more to one address, 25 cents. Payment always in advance, and no commission allowed on money sent. Sample copies sent free.

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