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The Morning Star.

VOL. LIII.

THE MORNING STAR, BOSTON AND CHICAGO, MAY 29, 1878.

NO. 22.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 29, 1878.

DECORATION DAY.

On this fair morn, when over all the land
Come softly gracious ones, with eyelids wet,
And on the soldier's grave, with reverent hand,
Lay lily and violet,

Who brings to thee, where o'er thy fallen head
The unflinching seasons heedless come and go,
A wreath to deck thy lone and nameless bed,
Where southern forests grow?

When ode and psalm and tuneful eloquence
Rehearse the deeds that kept the nation free,
And tears rain fast in love and reverence,
Who drops a tear for thee?

Perchance, where thou dost rest, the oriole's
psalm
Floats light above thee, and the sweet-brier
lays
Her perfumed cheek on thine. When nights
are calm,
And all the stars ablaze,

Perchance the dew distills her patient tears
Upon thy breast; or from the o'erhanging tree,
A dreaming bird, disturbed by midnight fears,
Shakes down soft drops on thee.

I may not know. Afar thou liest, and lone,
Nor love nor grief thy burial-place may see;
But the wide earth, my lot, yet still my own,
Holds but thy grave for me!

—Amelia Daley Alden in Atlantic Monthly.

AN APOLOGY FOR ODDITY.

BY RAY THOMPSON.

It is but reasonable to suppose that some
of our readers may number among their
dearest friends, a person of marked ec-
centricity. Viewing such an individual
in the light of friendly criticism, and con-
trasting his strange notions, queer ex-
pressions, and singular behavior, with the
familiar ideas, trite utterances, and con-
ventional deportment of others, the reader
may have been led to form an unfavorable
opinion of his associate's judgment, and
to wish that the latter would learn to
think, talk, and act like ordinary mortals.

The same conclusion has doubtless been
reached, and a like desire felt by the
anomalous being himself, who, unless he
is a street vender of patent medicine, a
writer of machine poetry, or a pursuer of
some other erratic calling which renders
conspicuousness desirable, will be likely
to obtain little advantage from a cheap
notoriety gained by personal oddity.
Indeed, if he is a person of warm and
strong affections, and possessed of a ten-
der and sensitive spirit, he will be shock-
ed at his unenviable condition, and will
use every endeavor to overcome, or, at
least, conceal, a singularity which can
only be indulged in at the cost of many
friendships, and at the risk of much abuse,
and social persecution.

It is needless to remark that his efforts
are usually unsuccessful. A stoop in
the shoulders may be remedied, and cross-
eyes be straightened by processes well
known to us; but an unfortunate men-
tal twist, or that dreadful infirmity which
Dr. Holmes calls "squinting brains," may
justly be regarded as incurable. Persons
thus afflicted are unable to hide their
deformity. Let them suppress what they
may, let them excuse what they can, they
will yet reveal such unmistakable
features of their inner selves as will as-
tonish, perhaps shock, the most casual
observer.

Under such circumstances, the victim of
a "peculiar temperament" is a creature
more deserving of pity than censure.
Even in instances where his eccentricities
and asperities appear incomprehensible
and unwarrantable, we should remember
that there are impelling motives whose
force we may be unable to estimate; as-
sociated influences where we may fail to
trace a connecting link. And with this
remembrance fresh in our minds, we may
safely mingle human allowance with dis-
approbation and tolerate what we can not
admire.

It is not surprising that a man who
sees everything in a different light from
his fellows, should laugh when others are
grave, or grow serious over matters which
are commonly recognized as legitimate
subjects for mirth. Accustomed to rea-
son in a manner unknown to well-balanced
minds, an individual of this description
gives strange answers to the simplest
questions, and advances the most singular
ideas concerning topics which are gener-
ally supposed to be well understood. If
he is a person of ordinary discernment, he
will not fail to discover the difference
which exists between himself and the
world at large, and to mark the disfavor
and suspicion, with which he is too fre-
quently regarded.

As a natural consequence, he becomes
unwisely defiant, or morbidly sensitive,
according to the warmth or mildness of
his temper. In either case, he is almost
certain to avoid mingling in society,
where he is constantly putting himself in
a false position, and to restrict himself in
his intercourse with people by whom he
is sure to be misunderstood.

By the world, his retirement is looked
upon as a new freak of oddity. Those
who have considered him strange and
whimsical in company, now regard him
as equally strange and whimsical in se-
clusion. Even the satisfaction of offering
an explanation is denied him. To give
his reasons for choosing solitude would be
to tell to doubtful friends a story that
would provoke a smile, or a stare. And
thus the unhappy man lives on; wearing,
perhaps, a smooth brow, and duly ex-
changing courtesies with his neighbors;
while his heart yearns, through many a
lonely hour, for kind greetings that do
not come, and for warm sympathies that
he is doomed never to experience.

To all, save his Maker, the "peculiar
individual" must forever remain a mys-
tery. The world does not understand
him, and there is no reason why it should.
Inquiries addressed to the man in person
will fail to solve the problem of his singu-
larity, for the reason that he does not un-
derstand himself. He can not tell why he
is odd, any more than he can tell why he
is six feet tall. Like Topsy, he only
knows that he grew so.

In view of this fact, it may be as well
to conclude that the man of whims and
vagaries was not designed to be under-
stood. And, while we can not regard his
strange temperament as repelling the es-
tablished rule of politeness, neither should
we consider it as beyond the universal
law of charity.

We need, all of us, great tenderness
from those who surround us. However
much we may affect a similarity in man-
ners and appearance, let us not forget
that, even among people of kindred tastes
and pursuits, there will scarcely be found
two persons who think alike. This re-
flection may serve to render us more mer-
ciful in our judgment of those strange be-
ings, who seem, as it were, forced by
nature itself, to talk and act, as they think
and feel.

DR. STOCK, ON PRAYER FOR MIS- SIONS.

The English Baptist Anniversaries
were held as usual in the last week of
April, and, as is customary, the first meet-
ing was a prayer meeting. This was
held on Thursday morning, April 25, in
the library of the Mission House. Rev. J.
Stock, D. D., of Huddersfield, presided,
and delivered an address, which, from its
length, I should think was a principal fea-
ture of the meeting. As it contains many
valuable thoughts, as important here as
in England, I will give a short abstract
of it.

He said they were assembled to pray
for the extension of the Saviour's kingdom
in the earth, and no engagement could be
grander, more momentous, or more re-
sponsible than this. It is a high privilege
to be permitted to pray for ourselves;
but it is the noblest function of the Chris-
tian priesthood, which includes all saints,
to be permitted to intercede for a lost and
perishing world. The theme which Dr.
Stock presented was, "Power with God
in Prayer, Essential to Power with Men
in Labor."

He said, the first element of this power
with God is a deep sympathy with God
in his pity for our ruined race. What our
Father in heaven wants to see in us is
pity, sympathetic with that which is in-
dicated in the strong cries and dying
groans of his dear Son. And just so far
as we feel as God feels, we shall have
power with him.

The second element in this power with
God is a devout approval of his method
of saving souls. It is God's purpose that
men shall be saved through the Cross of
his Son, and it becomes us, when we
plead for the ingathering of the nations,
to accept, with all our souls, the method
by which he has willed that this glorious
consummation shall be attained. It is
not by mere culture, nor by human elo-
quence, nor by worldly wisdom, nor by
the shrewdest sagacity, that this enter-
prise is to be brought to a successful is-
sue, but by the might of the Cross and
sacrifice of our Lord. Men must be saved,
if saved at all, in God's way. There
is salvation only through the atonement
of Jesus Christ. This is the one gospel
for these times, and for all times. The
evolutions of the ages will produce no
other. And in praying for the conversion
of the world, we have power with God
just in proportion as we expect all suc-
cess for Christ's sake.

Another element in our intercessory
power is unhesitating faith in God's in-
tention to make use of his church in
bringing the world to receive the salva-
tion which is for Christ's sake. We may
not trust in ourselves, but we are com-
manded to trust in the willingness of God
to make use of us. While we recognize
the fact that the excellency of the power
is of God, we must also remember that

the treasure is put into earthen vessels.
Thus, when the atonement was complet-
ed, the command was given, "Go ye into
all the world, and preach the gospel to
every creature." We are only warranted
to expect the presence of the Saviour as
we execute his great commission. To
trust in the means is an offense, but to
trust in the willingness of Jehovah to
bless the means is a Christian virtue.
And in proportion as we believe that God
intends to bless the work of his church in
the mission cause, we shall have power
with him in prayer for a blessing on that
work.

Another thing which gives power with
God is a character lifted to a level with
this holy enterprise. We are to lift "up
holy hands." All pride and vain glory,
every unchristian temper, uncharitable
feelings towards any of our fellow-men,
a vindictive and unforgiving spirit, or a
soul that will stoop to the unworthy tricks
of trade, must deprive us of power in
pleading with a God of purity and truth
and love. What we need is an infinite
abhorrence of everything that is mean,
groveling, selfish, proud, untruthful,
uncharitable, and impure. It is the effect-
ual, fervent prayer of the righteous man
which availeth much.

Another element in intercessory power
is the spirit of self-sacrifice. The law of
the Christian life is laid down by our
Lord, in these solemn words, "If any one
will come after me, let him deny himself
and take up his cross and follow me." How
many Christian people can say that they
have denied themselves a comfort, or
even a luxury, in order to give more
to the cause of God? And yet self-denial
in giving is, according to the Master, one
term of authentic Christian discipleship.
And the Lord asks us also to consecrate
to this cause our most gifted sons, and
our most accomplished daughters. And
still further, he demands of us ourselves.
We must be prepared for any service to
which he may call us. It is only as we
approach God in prayer, in this spirit of
self-sacrifice, that we can hope to prevail,
as Jacob did.

Another element of power with God in
prayer, is a supreme regard to his glory
in all we do for him. Our own honor
and distinction should be lost sight of,
that Jehovah may be "all in all." The
work must be loved for the sake of Him
whose work it is. The more of this en-
tire devotedness to our Master, and this
complete forgetfulness of self, we bring to
"the throne of grace," the mightier will
our wrestlings be. The more of God
there is in our motives, the more of power
there will be in our prayers.

The last element of might in prayer
which is named, is a profound conviction
that, apart from the gospel, the case of
the heathen is hopeless. Many of the
phases of modern religious thought are
utterly unfriendly to deep earnestness in
the missionary cause. If we accept the
Scriptural testimony that divine mercy
went to its uttermost in the gift of Jesus,
and in the gift of all things in him, and
that for the finally impenitent there is a
certain "fearful looking for judgment,"
we shall have such power in our plead-
ings with the Judge of all the earth, as
we can not have if we believe that the
heathen are to be saved from the perdition
of the bottomless abyss by some new
and unknown manifestation of mercy.
The heathen are perishing, and if we re-
alize this, our prayers for those who are
rushing to this terrible doom will be in-
spired with a holy agony that will have
power with God.

The necessity of this power with God
in prayer, in order to have power with
men in labor, is self-evident. It arises
from the very nature of the case. It is the
winning of hearts, now depraved and
alienated, back again to the love of God
and holiness. And what power can we
have with men in this direction except as
God be with us? To spread the gospel is
our work, but to open men's hearts to re-
ceive the gospel is God's work. Unless
God works with us and by us, we shall
achieve no deliverance in the earth. But
if we have power with God, the power
with men will follow. Money will be
forthcoming for all our needs. Men of
the right stamp will readily offer them-
selves for the work. And converts ar-
rayed in the beauties of holiness will be
more numerous than the drops of dew
from the womb of the dawn. Let us,
then, one and all, look well to our power
with God.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

HOTEL DU LOUVRE, PARIS,
May 8, 1878.

Now when the edge of novelty is worn
off and the Exhibition has settled down
into its "humdrum" state, it is much
easier to navigate and get a good idea of
the thing, as a whole. It must not be un-
derstood from this, however, that every-
thing is finished and in apple-pie order,
for such is very far from being the case;
indeed, I think I may safely say that it
will be well into June before all the De-
partments will be presentable and all de-
tails arranged. One thing is completed,
however, and that is the restaurants and
places of refreshment; and these form

an important item in the experience of
foreigners who visit the Exhibition. There
are four strictly first-class restau-
rants in the Champ de Mars, one second-
class, and four buffets occupying the
angles of the building. The cheap es-
tablishment is presided over by the
Messieurs Duval, and good dinners are
supplied here at the fixed price of one
franc and fifty centimes, or about thirty
cents in our money. Of the four first-
class places referred to, one is a Viennese
house, and the three others are Parisian.
On the other side of the river, in the
Trocadero gardens, there is an excellent
Spanish restaurant, and a German brew-
ery for the manufacture and sale of malt
liquors.

There have been some whisperings of a
"row" among the American artists
here, many of whom were excluded, and
some of those whose works were admit-
ted, claim that their paintings are hung in
"bad lights," &c. &c. It is yet too
early to speak at length of our collection
of pictures; I shall devote a subsequent
letter to that; but a stroll through the
gallery shows a fair selection—better, on
the whole, than I had been led to expect
from my Philadelphia experience in this
line. The judges, Mr. Maitland Arm-
strong and Mr. St. Gaudens, have evi-
dently been extremely careful and, I be-
lieve, conscientious. There is some won-
derfully strong painting; a head of a
youth, for instance, by J. P. Vinton,
which, if it had been done by a pupil of
Velasquez, might have earned the Mas-
ter's praise. There is also a superb
moccit sea, by Mr. U. P. W. Dane.
Many of the subjects, I rejoice to see, are
home scenes, though they are treated, as
they should be, in the style of the foreign
school in which, as yet, the art is best
learned.

It is but a step from this gallery to the
Prince of Wales' "Indian Pavilion,"
which seems, so far, to be the great cen-
ter of attraction. It is located to the
right as you enter the great main ave-
nue, nearly in the center of the front or
facade of the British section, and consists
of a two-story building in the peculiar,
quaint Hindu style of architecture, all re-
splendent with gold and bright colors.
The interior is a perfect marvel of costli-
ness and decorative art, and contains the
innumerable presents which were be-
stowed upon the Prince during his travels
in India. Among these is a camel's-hair
shawl, valued at six thousand pounds
sterling, or thirty thousand dollars, and a
saber, the hilt of which is set with dia-
monds and emeralds valued at twenty
thousand pounds, or one hundred thou-
sand dollars. Queen Victoria's great
diamond, the Koh-i-Nur, is also here, and
is always surrounded by an admiring
crowd; it is said to weigh about 123
carats and is valued at £120,664, or about
\$603,500. The value of all the riches
contained in this pavilion can not fall
short of six or seven millions of dollars.
I understood, however, that the Koh-i-
Nur will be removed shortly, and is only
here temporarily.

In the American Machinery Division,
the Wheelock engine has, at last, been
placed in running order and appears to
give eminent satisfaction. The special
characteristics of this engine consist in
the arrangement of valves and their gear
which makes it almost noiseless. Among
other interesting exhibits here, I may
mention the Messrs. Brown & Sharpe's
(of Providence, R. I.) machine tools;
wood-working machinery, exhibited by
J. Fay & Co., of Cincinnati; machines
for stamping metals, from Bliss & Wil-
liams, in New York; a complete set of
Westinghouse air-brakes; fire-arms from
the Colt Manufacturing Co.; a silk loom
from B. Tilt & Son, whose looms attract-
ed considerable attention at our Centen-
nial Exhibition; and a hundred other
things which may be spoken of more fully
hereafter, when everything shall have
been arranged in ship-shape.

Foreigners still continue to pour into
the city, and it is stated officially that
there are to-day three hundred and fifty-five
thousand strangers in Paris, besides the
resident "foreign" population. The
Americans congregate, as usual, in the
lobbies of the Grand Hotel, and Hotel
du Louvre, both of which are "full," and
likely to remain so during the entire
term of the Exhibition. The cost of liv-
ing at a first-class hotel in the "foreign"
quarter of the city, which is the most
fashionable, and where the best hotels
are located, will average about eight dol-
lars a day for a single person; but one
may live just as well, if not better, for
half that sum, by crossing the river, and
taking apartments on the south side.

The finest hotels are located on the
Rue de Rivoli, Rue Royale, Rue de la
Paix, and the Place Vendome. But peo-
ple with slender purses, can find excel-
lent accommodations in the vicinity of
the Luxembourg, which is, besides, con-
siderably nearer to the Champ de Mars
than the more fashionable north-western
quarter; only, it is almost a requisite to
speak French here, for one finds few
Englishmen or Americans in that part of
the city. Those who desire to see the
lights and shadows of Paris, as they real-

ly are, should reside here; I lived oppo-
site the St. Sulpice for three years, and
know whereof I speak.

LOUIS.

FAITHFULNESS IN HUMBLE PLACES.

That is a very tender story concerning
faithfulness in humble places, which Jean
Ingelow has related for us. It was in one
of the Orkney Islands, far beyond the
north of Scotland. On the coast of this
island there stood out a rock, called the
Lonely Rock, very dangerous to naviga-
tors. One night, long ago, there sat
in a fisherman's hut ashore a young girl,
toiling at her spinning-wheel, looking
out upon the dark and driving clouds,
and listening anxiously to the wind and
sea. At last the morning came; and
one boat, that should have been riding on
the waves, was missing. It was her fa-
ther's boat. And half a mile from the
cottage her father's body was found,
washed upon the shore. He had been
wrecked against this Lonely Rock. That
was more than fifty years ago. The girl
watched her father's body, according to
the custom of her people, till it was laid
in the grave; then she lay down on her
bed and slept. When the night came
she arose and set a candle in her case-
ment, as a beacon to the fishermen, and
a guide. All night long she sat by the
candle, trimmed it when it flickered
down, and spun. So many hanks of yarn
as she had spun before, for her daily
bread, she spun still, and one hank over
for her nightly candle. And from that
time to the time of the telling of this
story, for fifty years—through youth, matu-
rity, into old age—she has turned night in-
to day. And in the snow-storms of win-
ter, in the serene calms of summer,
through driving mists, deceptive moon-
light and solemn darkness, that north-
ern harbor has never once been without
the light of that small candle. However
far the fisherman might be standing out
to sea, he had only to bear down straight
for that lighted window, and he was sure
of safe entrance into the harbor. And so
far all these fifty years that tiny light,
flaming thus out of devotion and self-
sacrifice, has helped, and cheered, and
saved. Surely this was finding chance
for service in a humble place. Surely
this was lowliness glorified by faithfulness.
Surely the smile of the Lord
Christ must have followed along the
beams of that poor candle, glimmering
from that humble window, as they went
wandering forth to bless and guide the
fishermen tossing in their little boats up-
on the sea.—Vermont Chronicle.

THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

It is only since his divine form has
risen before my soul that I have learned
to know the true condition of man. For-
merly comparing myself with what was
small, I appeared great in my own eyes;
but since I have compared myself with
him, how insignificant have I become.
When we hear a man whom we feel to
be truthful and humble, speaking great
things of himself, it has a humiliating ef-
fect upon us. And when the Saviour ut-
ters such words as, "I do always those
things that please him"—and I be-
lieve it to be in very truth that he utters
this—I then become conscious of what
man, who is created in the image of God,
ought to be.

When I see how, in all things, he
sought not his own glory, but that of his
heavenly Father, I am ashamed of my
ambition; when I see how he came not
to be ministered unto but to minister, I
am ashamed of my pride; when I see
how he took the cup which his Father
gave him, and drank it, I am ashamed of
my disobedience, when I see how he bore
the contradiction of sinners against him-
self, and when he was reviled, reviled
not again, I am ashamed of my impa-
tience and my passion. Nothing has so
subduing and humiliating an influence
upon me as my Saviour's example. As
Luther beautifully writes: "Put on the
Lord Jesus Christ," says the apostle.
That is indeed most attractive. For he
must be a knave who would see his Lord
fast and suffer hunger, while he himself
was feasting and living in idleness and
pleasure.

Who will be able to move or attract
him, if he is not excited and admonished,
and charmed by the example of Christ?
What should the noise of pamphlets and
discourses be able to accomplish, if the
louder thunder of Christ's example fails
to arouse us?"—Dr. A. Tholuck.

The Religious Telescope has the follow-
ing:

Mr. Spurgeon recently said: "There
is not a Christian beneath the scope of God's
heaven from whom I am separated. At
the Lord's table I always invite all Chris-
tians to come and sit down and commune
with us. If any man were to tell me that
I am separate from the Episcopalians, the
Presbyterians, or Methodists, I would tell
him he did not know me; for I love them
with a pure heart, fervently, and I am
not separate from them." Our Baptist
brethren will hardly be able to pull Mr.
Spurgeon back into the old rut of close
communion. What would they do with
him in America?

MISSION WORK.

CONDUCTED BY REV. G. C. WATERMAN.
A GOOD BEGINNING.

The work for the Girls' Hall at Storer
College has certainly been well begun,
for it is now certain that the building will
be enclosed during the present summer.
Cash and reliable pledges sufficient to
insure this are now in hand, but we very
much mistake the temper and spirit of our
people and the friends of the school, if
the work is allowed to stop here. They
do not propose to compel those young
women to live in barracks a year or two.
Of course not. A work so well started,
so cheerfully and heartily undertaken, so
courageously pushed forward, ought not
to stop where it now is. Indeed, we do
not see how it can stop. The tide seems
rather to be rising than falling, and we
hope it will continue to rise and pour it-
self along with steadily increasing power
until the Hall shall be finished and
furnished. Let the half-completed sub-
scriptions be speedily filled up and for-
warded. Let the friends who have as yet
done nothing come forward now with
timely aid. Now it is certain that all
the available help will be needed, that
there will be opportunity for its use.
While we write, a delegation of friends
from New England is on its way to at-
tend the Anniversary Exercises and as-
sist in laying the corner stone. About
the time these lines come into the hands
of our readers that work will be done;
and the long-covered foundation will
soon be the scene of active and energetic
labors. Let every friend of our Mission
in the Shenandoah Valley, every friend
of Storer College and every friend of
Christian culture rejoice that the time for
an advance has come and the order to
move forward has been given. It is also
a matter to rejoice in, that in the provid-
ence of God, the work of inaugurating
this movement has fallen into the hands of
the Woman's Missionary Society. The
work in hand is for the coming women of
the South, and it is fitting that the wom-
en of the North should lead in it. God
has wonderfully blessed their labors and
will, without doubt, continue to bless
every effort to honor him and do good to
his children.

FOREIGN MISSION MATTERS.

We commend to the careful attention
of all our readers the following impor-
tant communication from the esteemed
President of the Foreign Mission So-
ciety:

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

In looking over the minutes of our Gen-
eral Conference, I find the following pled-
ges and appeal upon the subject of missions,
made at a session held in Byron, N. Y., in 1855.
Viz.: "We do pledge ourselves, as members of
this Conference and as members of Jesus
Christ, that we will use our influence on all
suitable occasions, to advance the cause; and
we do most affectionately entreat our brethren
in the ministry and membership, that they
consider well the claims which God and our
fellow-men have upon them in relation to this
subject." Just fifteen days before the assem-
bling of this Conference, our first missionaries
to a foreign field had sailed for Orléans. Only
about two years previous to this time, the
subject of Foreign Missions had been considered
to any extent in the denomination. It was a
time when strong and persistent opposition
had to be encountered; yet these men, true to
their convictions of duty, and to the claims of
those unblest with the gospel of the blessed
Son of God, pressed forward, faithfully labo-
ring to awaken the denomination to a clearer
sense of its great responsibility in this matter;
and the results show that they did not labor
in vain. Notwithstanding our churches were
poor in this world's goods, small in numbers,
and greatly scattered, many of them without
pastors, and a ministry mostly uneducated,
the denomination was enabled to make a be-
ginning in this department of Christian work
highly creditable to itself, and which should
awaken a spirit of true emulation in us to dis-
charge our duty with equal fidelity. The de-
nomination numbered then less than thirty
four thousand, mostly in newly settled por-
tions of the country, with but few churches in
large villages and cities; yet two men and
their wives were sent forth to the work and
sustained in the field, and in a few years re-
inforcements were sent out, thereby greatly
strengthening the mission and enlarging the
field.

And now, dear brethren and sisters, with a
membership of nearly eighty thousand, and
with our educational advantages, and the
greatly increased wealth of our churches, and
the onward march of improvement in almost
every direction, are we doing our duty to the
benighted millions of India? It seems to me
that we have fallen far behind in our work in
proportion to our facilities for its prosecution,
when comparing them with those enjoyed by
the fathers. To meet our obligations, we need
equal fidelity we need, at least, thirty mission-
aries in the field to-day. I feel deeply im-
pressed that we are coming far short of doing
our whole duty in this matter. And can we
expect God to bless us while we are neglecting
from those perishing millions the bread of
life? Will not the curse of God rest upon us
if we do not awake to our duty in giving them
the gospel?

How humiliating it is, when approaching a
brother Christian to solicit aid to give the
blessed gospel to the heathen, to be met with
the cold refusal, "I have nothing to give,"
when that brother's habits and custom declare
beyond a doubt, the fact that he is lavishing
with no very sparing hand, for his own selfish
indulgence, the means which God has put in
his hands with which to bless his fellow-men.
Of such it may be said, "But whose hath this
world's good, and seeing that we are neglecting
and shutting up his bowels of compassion from
him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"
Our missionaries that we send abroad are
our representatives in the world and no con-
sideration whatever can release us of our re-
sponsibility to see that they are properly sus-
tained, and that as far as we have it in our
power men and means be employed in extend-
ing the mission by the occupation of other
stations, strengthening those already occupied,
and the general enlargement of the field. This
is emphatically our work. Not, as some ap-
pear to think, the work merely of the mis-
sionary, but our work. A work for which we
are alike responsible with our brethren and
sisters whom we have sent forth.
Let us, then, considering well the claims
which God and our fellow-men have upon us
in relation to this subject, emphasize by the
largest liberality and Christian endeavor, the
pledge of the fathers; and may God help us to
be true; that when our work is done we may
rejoice together as we shall each hear it said
to us, "Well done."

S. S. Department.

Sabbath-School Lesson.—June 9.

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

(For Questions see Lesson Papers.)

DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN.

GOLDEN TEXT: "My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me."—Daniel 6:22.

Daniel—6:14-23.

Notes and Hints.

"Then the king." Supposed to be the same as Astyages, the son of Ahasuerus, and to have ruled by the appointment of Cyrus, two years, in Babylon. "These words." The charge that Daniel, regardless of the royal decree that, for thirty days, prayer should be offered only to Darius himself, had prayed three times a day to his God. "Was sore displeased with himself." Darius is reported to have been a king of weak character. He allowed vanity to blind his judgment, and flattery to lead him into the pit of shame. Reflection awakens in him, too late, regret for his foolishness. He finds himself entrapped, with no chance of escape. "Labored to deliver him." Because of his respect for Daniel, now an aged man of eighty-five years. By what measures he sought the release of Daniel, we can only conjecture.

"Then these men assembled." These base conspirators, these noble presidents and princes, these counselors and captains who sought the death of Daniel. Ambition and envy are often allied. Envy instigated this crime. "The law of the Medes and Persians." Darius knew that it was a peculiarity of the Medes and Persians not to revoke any law, or edict. That mischievous principle allowed no abrogation of the decree, no pardon of offense against it. The king, in the outset, tied his own hands. "Then the king commanded." When men have become bound by solemn oaths to commit crime, they have no right to do it. They are under the highest obligation to break the oath and stop the progress of sin. The oath is sin, to execute it is sin, to abrogate the oath is virtue. "The den of lions." A cave, having an opening above, through which criminals were cast, and having a grated door at the side, by which the beasts could be introduced. This kind of punishment was of ancient origin, and compares well with the temper of the age. "Thy God will deliver thee." This denotes the common opinion of the day. Daniel was a martyr for his God. Hence, his God would rescue him. Darius would, doubtless, have said, this; if Daniel had worshiped Bel of Babylon. "Sealed it." So that the stone could not be removed to rescue Daniel. The sealing, doubtless, consisted of laying clay, impressed with the signet of the king and his nobles across the joint of the stone door. His signet may have been a ring, more probably a small cylinder, having some device engraved on it, with which to mark the wet clay.

"Passed the night fasting." His love and anxiety for Daniel, or his conscience, aroused by the wrong done Daniel, caused this disgust. Darius felt bound to execute the law, but felt that he alone was responsible for the law. "Instruments of music." His disturbed mind refused every delight. The Septuagint reads "food," instead of "instruments of music." "The living God." The Persians worshiped a supreme principle of good and one of evil; the Medes either had the same religion, or worshiped the elements, air and fire. Darius would not have allowed prayer to be offered to himself, if he had sincerely held the faith his language here implies. "Served continually." This, Darius knew, from the way this aged prophet treated the royal decree. Nothing could prevent Daniel from worshiping God. The king thought that the God of Daniel was sure to reward his fidelity.

"Hath sent his angel." Daniel does not say that he saw the angel. The Jews thought that all the commands of God were executed by angels. The mouths of the lions God shut; and, hence, Daniel says "by an angel." "Innocency was found in me." Daniel knew that he had not been guilty of any sin in this matter. It was not boasting for him to say as much. He was, not only in this, but in all things, a righteous man. God had a regard for him that he would not have for an inconsistent worshiper. God will ever watch over and reward steadfastness to him.

"Have I done no hurt." Daniel regards the violation of the king's decree as right. He set the king below his God, and that did not injure the State. "Because he believed his God." Because Daniel had trusted enough in God to obey him regardless of consequences. That faith every Christian needs.

Practical Lessons. (1) The Christian can not put a human law above the law of God. (2) A bad promise, if made, must be broken; but it must not be made. (3) Doing evil because we think we must, never can give peace to conscience. The necessity of sinning is always a fiction. No such necessity does a free being know. (4) Trust the consequences of obedience to God to him. In that way the mouths of lions will be shut and our souls escape unharm.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS FOR COLORED PEOPLE. The question as to what shall be done to organize and carry on Sunday-

schools among the colored people of the South, was a topic brought up and urged upon the convention by the Georgia delegation. It was ably and eloquently urged by the venerable Dr. Plummer and by Dr. Means, both Southern men. In reporting for their several States, many of the Southern delegates spoke of the work being done among the colored people and their children. None appeared to sympathize with the act of Mr. W. G. Whidby, who, misinterpreting Southern sentiment, wrote to [the secretary of the Ohio Association advising that Rev. B. W. Arnett be recommended, though duly chosen a delegate, to stay at home because he was a colored man. There was scarcely a Southern state but what repudiated that act in our hearing. Texas sent a colored delegate, who took his seat in the convention without the least opposition being manifested. As one of the good results of the convention, the representatives from the unorganized Southern States met and resolved immediately to go to work for the purpose of organizing them for active Sunday-school work. When that is thoroughly accomplished, we may expect a better day for both races.—S. S. Teacher.

SUMMER AND WINTER SCHOOLS. How common it is for man to feel that his way of doing a thing is the way of doing it; that the customs of his home, or school, or church, or community are the customs which ought to prevail everywhere, if indeed they do not; that, in fact, he lives at the "hub of the universe," or is himself like the Rev. John Jasper, the center of all creation, around which sun, moon, and stars revolve unceasingly. "What," said a Christian man from another town, as he heard the church-bells ring on a Wednesday evening, while he was in the house of a Christian friend, "what do you have Thursday night meeting in your church on Wednesday?" He had been accustomed to attend a mid-week prayer meeting on Thursday evening, and he supposed that everybody else did or ought to do the same. This prevalent feeling is brought afresh to our mind by the suggestion again sent to us from several quarters, that it would be better to have the New Testament lessons of the International series assigned to the winter months, "when all the schools are in session," instead of to "the season of summer vacations." Doubtless there are good people in some of our cities or larger towns who really suppose that more Sunday-schools are in session in winter months than in summer, and that more scholars are studying the Bible in January than in July, whereas just the opposite is the fact. Only an overweening sense of ignorance of the rest of the world, induces the belief that the more important Sunday-schools have vacations. It would be a pity to arrange the lessons to accommodate the comparatively unimportant schools which close their doors in midsummer.—Times.

"AN INFANT CHILD." Is there anything so beautiful? Look at its little hands. Can any sculptor match them? Behold the light of its eyes. Does any flower of earth open with such glory? Look upon the rose, the lily, the violet, as they first open their eyes upon the world. Ah! there is no such light in any of them.

"Where did you get your eyes so blue?" "Out of the heavens as I came through." "Where did you get this pretty ear?" "God spake, and it came out to hear."

A man is far gone, a woman farther, when the child which comes to them, the immortal clasp of their two hearts, is not so beautiful in their sight. Earth has no honor so great as the parentage of an immortal. Heaven no higher dignity.—Rev. S. S. Muelch.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL NEWS.

The Rev. Dr. J. T. Duryea, of Brooklyn, is delivering a course of normal class lectures and expositions of the International Lessons, before the Brooklyn Sunday-school Union. The lectures are the Union's fourth course, and are delivered in the chapel of the Classon Avenue Presbyterian Church, every Tuesday evening.

Dr. Warren Randolph lately delivered two lectures before the Chicago Theological Seminary. True to his Sunday-school instincts and training, the first was on "Our Sunday-school Work," and the second on "Sunday-schools and Christian Pastors." Just the sort of topics that young theologues need instruction upon.

The Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke has always been the most industrious of Unitarian ministers in his attention to the Sunday-school work of his church and denomination. The school connected with his church, the Church of the Disciples, Boston, has 495 scholars and 54 teachers, besides a Bible-class ranging from 150 to 200. The latter is held on Sunday afternoons in the church. The library numbers about 2,000 volumes. The series of lessons now in use was prepared by Dr. Clarke, and is on "Christian Faith and Practice." The school observes the principal days of the "church year," and also national anniversaries.

The New York Sunday-school Association held its anniversary exercises at the Broadway Tabernacle, Friday evening, May 10. The church was well filled with an audience representing the Sunday-school workers of this city and vicinity. Rev. Dr. O. H. Tiffany presided, and the singing was led by a choir of nearly three hundred children under the direction of Mr. Theodore E. Perkins. Addresses were made by Rev. S. H. Vergin, Rev. Dr. S. H. Tyng, Jr., and Rev. Dr. C. S. Robinson. In describing the work of the Association, Dr. Robinson said: "It differs from all other Sunday-school organizations; they labor to increase the quantity of working material; we, the quality. This society takes the 75,000 Sunday-school children and 10,000 teachers, and seeks to make their work more effective. Its efforts, then, are, first, to intensify feeling among teachers; secondly, to increase the knowledge of the Scriptures; and you will bear with me in saying that there is need of this even in this city."

A number of German churches of Cleveland, representing at least four different denominations, have formed a Sunday-school Association, and engaged in the common work with delightful harmony.

Communications.

OUR PART OF THE FOREIGN MISSION WORK.

[A paper read at the late New England Convention in Boston, by Rev. J. T. Ward.]

After the introduction in which originality was disclaimed, and the theme was defined to refer to the part our clergy and prominent laymen should have in the mission work, the speaker said: A review of a few facts may help us better to see our position and duty.

The first I will mention is, that more missionaries are needed in India. This is not questioned, I think. Our Corresponding Secretary, who certainly knows what is needed, tells us there ought to be twenty-four American laborers in that field to-day, and this not to crowd the work upon the natives, but to give the gospel in places where they are pleading for the word of life. The time is past when the missionaries must urge men to hear the gospel, and meet only insult and violence,—men are pleading for the gospel light. Missionaries are welcomed to the villages and homes, if not to the hearts of the people, so that not less than twenty-four laborers are demanded to answer the pressing calls in that field. But the noble band, who represent the Freewill Baptist denomination there to-day, numbers only ten. They are holding the field, they are working nobly. They need re-inforcements. They must have them,—or else the Master "will let out his vineyard unto other husbandmen which shall render him the fruits in their seasons." This pressing need of more missionaries is one fact we should not forget as we consider our own personal duty.

The second fact I shall mention is one familiar to you all, that the work in the foreign field depends not alone upon the missionaries, but also upon us. We do not often entirely forget this fact, but we sometimes pass it by with little thought.

In time of war the soldiers went to the southern fields to fight for our homes. Was it their work alone and not ours? Did we at home have no responsibility—no part in the work? All were not needed on the battle-field. All could not serve in the hospital. Only a few, comparatively, were needed in the commissary department. Food must be produced, clothing made, arms manufactured, ammunition prepared. All were necessary. And with some on the farm, some in the mill, some in the gunshop, some in the hospital, and others taking the post which called for greatest strength and courage—the camp and the battle-field—all working together, the work was carried to a glorious completion. I have sometimes thought that the missionaries are soldiers in the army of the Lord, whom we send out to do our fighting for us. They take their stations on the field of battle, stations where men of strength and courage are needed. They leave the comforts of home. They leave the influences of civilized society. They stand in the midst of the powers opposed to God, and battle to establish there the kingdom of God.

And the relation of the missionaries to us is the same as the relation of the soldiers to those at home. We furnished the soldiers arms and ammunition, and clothing and food and money, which we called their pay. If they had not received these supplies from the rear, they could not have carried on the campaigns. The whole effort would have been a failure. And so we regard the part of those at home, a humble part perhaps, yet an important part in the great work. In just the same way, the missionary is dependent on us for supplies. He needs food and clothing and a house to live in. He needs books to use and Bibles to distribute. He needs conveyances for the long tours, that he may save strength for the teaching. He needs also supplies for the native teachers, that they may aid him in the work. If he is compelled to stop his missionary labors to obtain these necessities of life, then his missionary labors must be a failure. He can no more support himself in the midst of active labor in the foreign field, than the soldier in active warfare can stop to earn his arms and ammunition. Our part of the work, then, is not a part that can be performed or omitted, according to the state of our feelings. The work for God ceases when we at home cease to furnish the supplies.

If we now put these two facts together, we see that if Freewill Baptists are to make any pretense at all to being faithful to God in the work which he has given them, and which they have accepted at his hands, they must more than double the supplies for this work. And this means that individual men and women, who love money, but love God best, must send more dollars and more cents to the treasurer of the Foreign Missionary Society.

Ten missionaries in that field to-day! Twenty-four needed! And these fourteen kept at home because we will not furnish the supplies. And the battle does not progress as we wish it to; and who wonders? The wonder is that God still intrusts to us the care of three million two hundred and ten thousand immortal souls. We see, then, the need of more missionaries and our responsibility in the matter.

Let us notice now a third fact, that our churches are not doing all they can do for this work. If we were not able to do this work, God would not call us to it, God does not call us to that we can not

do. In our calling we have evidence of our ability for this work. But the work is not done, as we see; nor half done. It is evident, then, we do not use the ability God gives us.

This same fact is evident if we notice the number of our churches that aid in this work. It is doubtful whether any person is unable to aid this cause,—certainly, in every church there is some one who can do something for this cause,—and especially in every New England church,—and yet of our New England churches, as a matter of fact, not one-third of them are represented on the treasurers' books at all, either by the gifts of the church or of individual members in it. Even in the State of New Hampshire, where we find the proportion of the churches giving to this cause larger than in any other Yearly Meeting, even there we find only one-half of the churches having any part in this work. And this includes the woman's mission, also. In the State of Maine, with its two hundred and eighty churches, two hundred of them omit this work entirely. These many churches doing nothing are a sad evidence to us that we do not do all we can do.

The same is manifest, too, from the amounts given. In New England, to the Foreign Missionary Society, per member, annually, we give eight and one-third cents; or, including the woman's society, twelve and seven-tenths cents. This to the Foreign Mission cause. It may occur to some that this amount is made small by reason of large gifts in other directions. Let us see. All the gifts of the churches and individuals in New England to the different societies, the Home Mission, the Foreign Mission, the Education Society, the Woman's Mission, the R. I. and Mass. Mission and the Maine State Mission, I think that includes them all, the gifts to all these average less than twenty-six and one-half cents per member, annually. This for all these causes. We certainly can not excuse ourselves from the Foreign work because we do so much elsewhere. One cent, from a Christian person, in fourteen days, for all these causes! Twenty-six and one-half cents in a whole year! What family, pray tell me, does not save paper-rags every year to more than equal that amount? And yet, dear friends, that is the measure of all our gifts to Education and to Home and Foreign Missions.

No one here doubts, no one anywhere who thinks a moment doubts at all, our ability to give more for God. Christians are tempted of Satan when they say they can not do more; and they need to be watchful lest he have them and sift them as wheat.

But this average is small, not merely because some give less than they are able to give, but also because most do not give at all. A careful estimate shows us that there are more than 23,000 Freewill Baptists in New England, who give nothing for these causes. True, these are hard times. Factories are closed; business is prostrated. But money is plenty. Five per cent. will draw plenty of it from Christian families. Business men tell us the trouble is that people have no confidence in the government or in the securities their neighbors can give them. Then may we not have confidence in God; and while all earthly investments seem insecure, may we not devote to God what he has intrusted to us, not with the thought of laying it up in heaven, but because we love the Master and love the souls he died to save? There is a withholding which tendeth to poverty. I do not know but New England is feeling that poverty to-day.

We will notice now a fourth fact, that a systematic way of giving is best. It is the most effective and reliable, as it calls forth the powers regularly and keeps us all the time at work.

It is the Scriptural plan. God commanded the Israelites to give regularly as the flocks increased and the ground brought forth, and through the apostle we are commanded to lay by regularly as God prospers us.

Moreover, it is the only Christian way of giving. The Christian is devoted to God, the life given to God, the work put forth for God,—we living to him, not to ourselves. The only mode of giving, then, in accord with the spirit of Christianity, is to give regularly all the time as God prospers us.

How much should we give? God demanded of the Jews one-tenth of all; and besides this the sacrifices in worship and the freewill offerings, God demands of us that we keep not back part of the price.

In our mission work, both at home and abroad, it is not safe for us to trust to chance collections. If we do that, we shall go backward, not forward. If we do that, we shall lose our religious life. For the spiritual life of our churches as well, as also for the progress in our benevolent work, it is necessary for all our membership to feel that they are workers with God, laboring all the time to save something to aid on his cause and giving it as God prospers.

There is no piety nor any salvation without a devotion of the life to God, and our membership might just as well omit their prayers as to omit this devotion to God. We should not forget, then, that systematic giving is the hope of our mission enterprises as well as also the index of our spiritual life.

It is hardly necessary to mention a fifth fact, that our older ministers, and the pastors of our churches, with perhaps the more prominent of our aid, that

these together have the shaping of the thought and action of the denomination. To you, dear brethren, God has given an influence which reaches all the way from New York State to the provinces and extends itself even outside our borders. To you, at our quarterly and yearly gatherings, others look for counsel. By you, new measures are introduced. By you, the churches are admonished and guided in their duty.

Recognizing then the position which God has given his ministers as leaders in our Zion, we are prepared to notice our duty in the foreign missionary work.

The success of that work depends not merely upon the missionaries, but upon the supplies we furnish, and the supplies we furnish are now so small as to limit the working force there to less than half the necessary number, and this when only one in three of our churches does anything for this cause; and when in many of these that do contribute it is only an occasional collection, or the gift of some one individual. Our duty, then, as God gives us an influence in our Zion is manifest. It is ours to touch the springs which shall start into activity all this multitude of idlers in the vineyard of our Lord, so that all shall have a share in this work.

We can do it,—certainly,—if we work for it; we can do it by giving our personal influence and labor to the establishing of systematic beneficence in all our churches. When we go to our Yearly Meetings this summer, we can go with hearts burdened with plans prepared, with words ready to speak for this cause; and we can stir up the inactive, fearful, faint-hearted ministers, to new interest in this cause. At our Quarterly gatherings we can show the delegates their duty,—can enforce the need of help from all,—and, more than this, we can take such action in each, that persons interested in the work, perhaps pastors of churches, shall be sent to the churches with the authority of the Quarterly Meeting; the facts of the case can be presented by them, the mission cards introduced into these idle churches and thus all can be brought into the work.

This is not visionary. We can do this work in our own Quarterly Meeting, if we stir ourselves. There are some in every Quarterly Meeting who have an interest, and will join us in this work; and thus all working together it will be accomplished. Here, dear brethren, we have a duty to do. We have trusted too much to the work of our Financial Secretary. He can not reach all the churches individually; but we together can. If we go earnestly about it, we shall reach all our ministers, and in less than six months make our influence felt in every church in New England. It requires work, but that is what we are here on earth for.

The systematic plan requires care on the part of the pastors, but that is just what they are placed over the churches for. It requires sacrifice on the part of the members, but that is what is necessary to their spiritual life and growth. And if we, all united, shall enter upon this work thus suggested, we shall call a multitude of other churches into the work and shall also increase the gifts and the workers in the churches now contributing. This we may do. This the cause needs. And now, brethren, what shall our answer be? Shall the response be, "Forward in the mission work?" God gives us a great responsibility. We, as lovers of this cause,—longing to see the work progress,—have a responsibility which is not met as we give our own money. It is ours to stir into life and action all the idle churches over which God has given us an influence, that they, with us, may send forth to the heathen world an influence which shall lead millions to God. And I suppose God holds us accountable for the way we discharge this duty, as much as any duty he has placed upon us.

It does seem too bad that Christian men and women have to be urged to do something for Christ outside their own doors. But if this is necessary, let us do it; and the blessing will be great to them, as they thus learn the Christian spirit and make progress in their growth in grace.

There will be need of courage and firmness in this work—a persistence that takes no denial. If men think the missionary work a failure, we must remind them of the work of the noble Judson, who said,—"Tell the brethren success is as certain as the promise of a faithful God can make it."

A clergyman, referring to the low condition of the Hindu's, asked the duke of Wellington if he did not think it needless to send them the gospel; when the old duke, knowing that discipline in the army of the Lord was as needful as in his own, promptly replied, "Look, sir, to your marching orders. Preach the gospel to every creature."

Soldiers having received orders to plant guns on the top of a steep hill, dragged them to its base, but thought they could not take them any further, when an officer learning the state of affairs cried—"Men, it must be done, I have the orders in my pocket."

So, brethren, this work must be done; we have the orders in God's word. That mission must be carried forward to the salvation of the heathen. Let that be with us a settled fact, and we work accordingly. If others neglect the work, let us show the more courage. We have our marching orders from God and

must obey. Ours not to reason why. Ours not to make reply to God. Ours not to doubt his word, or disobey the orders given. But it is ours to enter into this work with that courage which takes no denial, and say—men and brethren, it must be done; we have our orders from God and God will see us safely through.

USE OF PROPERTY.

BY REV. D. WATERMAN.

"Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase."—Prov. 3: 9.

This was according to the law, given by the disposition of angels. More than this, the law required that they should give the first born of their sons to God. "Thou shalt not delay to offer the first of thy ripe fruits, and of thy liquors; the first-born of thy sons shalt thou give unto me." Ex. 22: 29. Many other laws were made concerning the first fruits of different kinds. See Num. 18: 12; Deut. 12: 5-18; 26: 1-15. The spirit of these laws is inculcated in the text at the beginning of this article. The same is taught by Christ when he said, "Make unto yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness," &c. Luke 16: 9. Paul teaches, that even our eating and drinking, and whatsoever we do, should be done to the glory of God. 1 Cor. 10-31. He also taught the Ephesians to work, that they might have something to give him that needeth. Eph. 4: 28. From these texts and many others, I draw this conclusion, that it is duty to try, in some honest way, to accumulate property, that we may glorify God with it. If God gives a man a business talent, he is as responsible for its use as if he had a talent to preach and was called to that work. It is his duty to occupy upon the talent committed to his care, but in doing this, his motive should be to glorify God, that he might have the means to advance the cause of Christ. He should hold himself as the steward of God, accountable to him for the faithful performance of his stewardship, and his possessions as belonging to his Master, to be used as he directs or as the apostle says, "for the glory of God." This rule applies to all,—whatever the amount they call their own. The greater the amount, the greater the responsibility. The great question should be with every one, How can I employ time and talents, and use my money so as to glorify God? But the use of money is the only point to which we invite your attention at this time. The specific directions in the word of God, or principles drawn therefrom, must be our guide. And the word of God emphatically teaches, that a man should provide for himself, and those dependent upon him.

"But if any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." 1 Tim. 5: 8. Barnes says, that the word infidel, does not mean one who avowedly disbelieves Christianity, but one who does not believe, and probably had reference to the heathen. Under this instruction to Timothy, a man will be justified not only in providing for the immediate wants of his family, but in anticipating their probable needs, and making a reasonable provision for them. It does not oblige him to provide for every possible need, nor allow him to provide for luxurious indulgence, nor to leave them heirs to a large estate. The provision he should make, should include their physical, intellectual and spiritual needs, such things as, if rightly improved, will fit them for usefulness on earth, and happiness in heaven.

The provision to be made for our families, should be such as will honor God, or be to his glory. Some regard should be had to our position in society. I will not ask can you glorify God in the use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage, for no Christian thinks he can, but I will request the readers of this article to ask his conscience "Can I glorify God in the use of tobacco? Is my body or soul benefited by it? Is the God of purity pleased with a filthy practice that does no good to body or mind, but may injure both?" Providing for the comfort of ourselves, and those dependent on us, to a reasonable extent, is a Christian duty. The Bible, both the Old and New Testaments, teaches, that we should be always ready to do good to the poor. We shall always have them with us, and may glorify God in ministering to their necessities. These are not the only ways in which we can honor the Lord with our substance. In another paper I will notice some other opportunities, we have to obey the instruction "Honor the Lord with thy property."

MANY SAVIOURS NEEDED.

The world, if ever it is to be reformed by men and through men, can only be so by the personal intercourse of living men—living epistles, not dead ones. Love, meekness, kindness, forbearance, unselfishness, manifested in human souls, uttering themselves by word, look and deed, and not by mere description of these sentiments or essays upon them, can alone regenerate man. Neither money, nor schools, nor churches can ever be substituted for living men. Not ministers going their rounds like policemen, with black clothes and white neckties; nor elders taking statistics, nor deacons giving alms; or ladies tracts—all good; but we want Christians, whether they be smiths, or shoemakers, or tailors, or grocers, or coach-drivers, or advocates, to remember their own responsibilities, their own immense influence for good, and to be personal ministers for good.—Norman Macleod.

Selections.

THE LIFE THAT NOW IS.

Not gazing idly toward the far blue sky,
With idle wish to see an angel pass,
But musing of the soft winds drifting by,
The wealth of green, the sunlight on the grass.

I stoop to pick the flowers around my feet,
Thinking God loved them when he made them sweet.

Thinking that He would have me love them,
Too—
The daisies, and the clover red and white,
The wild roses, sparkling wet with dew,
The blue-eyed grass, uplilt to the light—
And thanking Him that with such beauty here,
He gave the seeing eye, the hearing ear.

Not longing for the tranquil evening hour,
When busy hands must all be laid aside,
When active plans and brain must lose their power.

And with their half-done work rest satisfied;
But, drinking in the blessed morning air,
I watch the climbing sun, with eager prayer.

The whole long day is Thine, O Lord, I say,
With all its happy, hopeful work to do;
For single eye and steady heart to the light—
To do my part ere yet the day is through.

The noon must come, and afterwards the night,
But first and best is this glad morning light—

This light in which our duties stand out clear,
When earth and sky alike are free from doubt,
When even distant mountain-tops draw near,
And far-off pine trees stretch their branches out.

Uncertain yet I feel what life may give,
But certain 'tis a blessed thing to live.

To live in Christ; not glorious death alone
Unites us with those who have gone before.
The small, brown warbler never felt unknown,
And unheeded blossoms bloom the lily sweet.

By walking in His footsteps we may see
How fair and good our common life may be.

—Cong.

PROF. HODGE ON FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

The following is the concluding portion of Prof. Hodge's article on "The Intuitions, and Views of Future Punishment," in the *Independent*, which we lately dealt with on another page:

On no subject, however, have men been more disposed to transfer their faith from the Bible to reason and feeling than the state of the souls of the finally impenitent after death. This, however, is precisely the subject as to which our ignorance is the most absolute. The darkness which lies beyond the grave is impenetrable. Every torch lighted by human device is extinguished at the first step into that darkness. All that is known, ever has been known, or ever can be known is due to the supernatural revelations of God. It is at the mouth of the tomb, more even than elsewhere, it becomes us to lay our hands upon our lips, and, with bowed heads, listen to what God the Lord has said.

It is said by many that they can not believe that God will permit the vast majority of the human race to perish eternally. Happily, the Bible does not require us to believe anything so dreadful. However it may be with Romanists, the great majority of Protestants, and every Presbyterian we have seen or known, believe that all who die in infancy are saved. If this be so, more than half of the human race are already in heaven and are hourly crowding through its gates. If to these be added the millions of the children of God who have lived through all the generations, and the still larger number who are to live when the knowledge of God shall cover the whole earth, and when every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father, then we shall understand what Paul meant when he said, "Where sin abounded, grace has much more abounded." The time will surely come when Christ shall be hailed, in a glorious amplitude of meaning, as the Savior of the world.

Again, many say they can not believe in a hell of physical "fire and brimstone." It is probable that not one in many millions of educated Christians believes it. There is no more reason for believing that the Bible teaches any such doctrine than for believing, as before stated, that the Bible teaches that heaven is a real city, built of gold and jewels. This is a misrepresentation of Scriptural doctrine, which errorists often employ.

Others, again, say that their intuitions teach them that there can be no "imposed punishment;" that whatever suffering is endured in a future state is due to the subjective state of the sufferer—that is, to sin and its natural consequence. There is no additional suffering imposed as penalty. It is, no doubt, true that the essence of Hell is sin; that the state of a soul abandoned by the Spirit of God and given up to the dominion of evil passions, with self-loathing, self-contempt, despair, and remorse therewith connected, may produce a degree of suffering to which literal fire and brimstone would be a positive relief. It is no less true that the essence of Heaven is holiness. Perfect holiness is perfect (that is, unalloyed) blessedness. Both of these great truths are taught by the Apostles, when he says: "To be spiritually minded is life;" and to be carnally minded is death." But does it follow that all the blessedness of Heaven consists in holiness and its natural consequences? Is there nothing in "the beatific vision;" nothing in the presence of Christ and the manifestations of his love; nothing in the society of saints and angels; nothing in the exaltation of the powers of the saved and in the higher sphere of activity and usefulness into which they are to be introduced? Does their subjective state exhaust the inexhaustible declaration of our Lord, "The glory which thou gavest me I have given them?"

What right, then, has any man to say that sin is the only source of the misery of those who perish? Is there nothing in the loss of all known good, in the loss of hope, in the constant society of the Devil and his angels? The Bible uses the strongest terms human language can furnish and the most fearful images which human imagination can frame to depict the misery of the finally impenitent, to induce men to flee from the wrath to come.

The Bible is full of declarations that God will punish sin. These declarations are not to be evaporated into mere assurances that sin will produce misery. They are revelations of what he purposes to do. When David committed murder, the crime was not allowed to be its own punishment. God brought upon him and upon his house a long series of calamities, as the punishment of his offense. The Deluge was an imposed punishment; so was the destruction of the Cities of the Plain; so were the fam-

ines and pestilences which God brought upon his people for their sins; and so were the destruction of Jerusalem and the final dispersion of the Jews.

According to this theory, there can be no such thing as either punishment or pardon. You can not pardon pain. Remove the inflammation, and the pain is gone. So remove the sin, and the suffering is gone. The most malicious murderer has only to lay aside his malice; and he has nothing to fear, at least from the hand of God. According to this doctrine, there is no such thing as guilt in man or justice in God.

The Apostle says that when men do not like to retain God in their knowledge he gives them up to a reprobate mind. So, as it would appear, when they do not like to retain in knowledge the doctrines which he has revealed in his Word, he gives them up to vanity of intellect, so that, professing themselves to be wise, they become the opposite.

So much as to the nature of future punishment. As to its duration, the intuitions of men are singularly discordant. Some say there is to be no such punishment, all men at death immediately pass into Heaven. Others say that at death the wicked are annihilated. Others say there is to be a limited period of suffering, and then comes salvation. Others, again, say there is to be a post mortem probation, and those who remain impenitent will be annihilated. On which of these bridges of straw will the reader elect to stand in the day in which the heavens shall melt with fervent heat? No one of these conjectures has the least authority; for on this subject one man knows as much as any other man, for the reason that no man can know anything about it except by revelation. The *Independent*, indeed, says the question is not an exegetical, but an ethical one.

We must interpret what God says by what our moral sense says. By moral sense here must be meant the moral sense of the individual reader. It can not by possibility mean those moral judgments which are necessary and universal. It is a contradiction to say that the Christian church has for ages believed what no man can by possibility believe. If the question of the duration of future punishment is to be decided by every man's private judgment, there is an end to all need of discussion.

There are only two remarks which the present occasion calls for. The first is that, as a little wrong is as impossible to God as a greater, if the existence of sin and misery in this world for thousands of years be consistent with his moral perfection, its unending existence can not necessarily conflict with that perfection. If there are wise reasons for the one, there may be, for aught we know, wise reasons for the other. The other is that what the Bible teaches is a matter of fact. It is a philosophical axiom that what all men believe, in virtue of the constitution of their nature, must be true. It is scarcely less certain that what all Christians believe that the Bible teaches, in point of fact, it does teach. And, as all historical Christian churches have from the beginning and do now believe that the Bible teaches the eternal punishment of the wicked, there can be no rational doubt that such is the doctrine of the Word of God.

TAKE YOUR BIBLES WITH YOU.

Let me give a little experience of my own, that showed me how, by quietly reading our Bibles when traveling, we can be "living epistles read of all men."

I was taking a two days' trip in a steamer, and being rather out of health, I felt a little lonesome after my boys had been put to bed, and took my Bible into the saloon to read, knowing that it would cheer me. After reading awhile, my thoughts went back to the different times I had been on board a boat at night. How often I have traveled, and how often was the first time that I had brought out my own Bible and read it in a public saloon. As a little girl, in the days when the "ladies' cabin" was more generally used to sleep in, I can remember slipping into my berth, pulling the curtains, and then crawling on my knees to pray. Later, I used to try to read by the light of the lamp in my state-room, and I even own to slipping a copy of the Psalms into another book to read on deck. Now perhaps this sounds very shocking. It does not sound any meaner than it was, and if I can encourage and strengthen some weak Christian by acknowledging my own failings, I care not how it sounds. I sat thinking of these things, and wondering how it was that now I felt no temptation to hide my Bible. I had not traveled for more than three years, and during that time the Bible had grown to be so dear to me that I cared not who saw how I loved it.

The next day as we neared a landing, a young man came to me and said he was going to leave the boat in a few minutes, and wished before he left to thank me for reading my Bible the night before. He had been reminded of his own duty by seeing me read, and had found the copy of the Scriptures that the Bible Society had placed in the cabin, and read it reverently before retiring. From perfect strangers, we were friends at once. The Bible was dear to both of us, and we could talk of our longing for perfect consecration, our faith in God, and kindred subjects. As the boat landed, and my friend had to go, he regretted that he had not spoken to me before, that we might have had our hearts burn within us, as we talked of Jesus, all through the day. We agreed that, as for us, we should from that day give the right hand of fellowship to any one whom we met studying the Bible.

Surely a pocket Bible is the best introduction to a fellow-Christian. Let us, then, never fail to slip our Bible in the bag, when we start off for a day or a month of travel, and who knows what wayward boy may be won back to the fold of his fathers, by the sight of his fellow-traveler's Bible?—*American Messenger*.

THE RHUBARB PIE PLAN.

During a discussion in a certain church, on the question of the duty of giving, a brother well-known for his generous benefactions, was asked what part of his income he was in the habit of contributing to the Lord's treasury. "I do not know," said the brother; "I do very much as the woman did who was famous for the excellence of her rhubarb pies. She put in as much sugar as her conscience would allow, and then shut her eyes and put in a handful more. I give all my conscience approves and then add a handful without counting it."

We commend this plan to those who believe that "he that soweth bountifully shall reap bountifully;" and who wish to err upon the safe side. Many men seem afraid of giving too much; but among all the failures in business of which we have heard, we have never known an instance where a man has ruined himself by giving to the poor or to the cause of God. Men have failed in business through dealing in stocks, through speculating in corn, wheat, pork, apples, oil, coal, real estate, patent rights, bank shares, newspapers, steamboats, and almost anything else that men can discover, make, buy or sell—they have lost their money by trusting friends, endorsing notes, neglecting business, and selling whisky, but we have never yet seen the man who was ruined financially by liberal giving to the Lord's poor, or to the Lord's cause. A business so safe as this ought to attract the attention of investors, and we hope some will commence operations on the "rhubarb pie" plan, give all they conscientiously can, and then shut their eyes and put in another handful, and report the results of the experiment.—*The Way-side*.

PRAYER MEETING TONES.

When you speak in a social meeting, speak in a natural tone of voice—that is, a tone befitting the subject, and such as you would use for a similar purpose in any other company. Not much good comes usually even from good thoughts, if they are uttered in an unusual and unnatural voice. Those who hear know that it is not the manner of ordinary speech, and they are apt to infer that what is said does not belong truly to the man himself who is speaking; and that there is the putting on of something for the occasion. They are very apt to be partly right, too, in this opinion. For while these unnatural tones may sometimes be due to embarrassment, or to awkwardness, or to having accidentally fallen into a bad habit; yet even then they indicate some separation between the manner of expression and the underlying state of mind, of a sort that does not exist, or that should not certainly be of long continuance.

If your religious beliefs and feelings are genuine and hearty, and if they have impressed themselves upon your common life, and have become with you as familiar as things, you will express them in a simple and hearty way, without even the reality or the appearance of affectation. Put away, then, your prayer meeting tones, if you have any. Get "unction," if you need it, in your daily life, and upon yourself; and then talk, wherever you are, after an honest and sensible and Christian fashion.—*Congregationalist*.

JOY IN BELIEVING.

Life is serious, indeed; it has troubles and trials and griefs. No man with a thoughtful mind and sympathizing heart can go through the world in a perpetual giggle. But there is unalloyed and perennial joy in believing; and whoever has the root of faith in his life, he should turn his face away from those things that tend to create dejection and misery, when he can not remove or alleviate them. He should refuse to think of what depresses and benumbs the heart. He should dwell on those objects and aspects of things which give steadiness and serenity to the mind, and drop joy like sunbeams into the heart. It makes a vast difference in actual experience whether one looks habitually at things that are bright and beautiful, and is determined to see what is good and useful and lovely in everybody and everything, or at their opposites. It is not more a privilege than a duty to find joy in believing. The joy is there; God himself put it in the truth, as he put heat in coal and oil. And if we do our part in dealing with his truth as with his material bounties, we shall find the truest and deepest joy in believing.—*New York Evangelist*.

THE GALLEY-SLAVE'S FAITH.

In his inaugural address as rector of the University of St. Andrews, Mr. Froude related the following incident:

"Many years ago, when I first studied the history of the Reformation in Scotland, I read a story of a slave, in a French galley, who was one morning bending wearily over his oar. The day was breaking; and rising out of the gray waters a line of cliffs was visible, and the white houses of a town, and a church-tower. The rower was a man unused to such services, worn with toil and watching, and likely, it was thought, to die. A companion touched him, pointed to the shore, and asked him if he knew it. 'Yes,' he answered, 'I know it well. I see the steeple of that place where God first opened my mouth in public to his glory; and I know that how weak soever I now appear, I shall not depart out of this life till my tongue glorify his name in the same place.' Gentlemen, that town was St. Andrews; that galley-slave was John Knox; and we know that he did come back, and did glorify God in this place, and in others, to some purpose."

It is, perhaps, not known to all our readers that John Knox was for two years a French prisoner and was confined to the galleys.

"YE SHALL FIND REST."

Augustine once said: "I can read many great truths in the works of Plato and Aristotle, but I can find nothing there that is so important to me as this promise." It does not need to be read, as some have supposed, in the sense of perfect and unchanging security or freedom from all causes of trouble. In that sense no one finds rest to his soul in this world of conflict and trouble. But it means, rather, the finding of the true center and a tendency to it, like that of the needle, which, though never motionless, is ever drawn towards its pole. So rest unto the soul is more and more the privilege and the attainment of those who, wearing Christ's robe, learn daily of him as a Teacher, confide in him as a Saviour, and imitate him as the true Example of life. If we can know anything of the design of our natures, by observation or by experience, it is certain that they were made to be nurtured and ennobled and comforted under the influence of such forces as meet us in this relation to our Lord Jesus Christ. Man does not and can not rest until he is at peace with himself, both as to the past and the future. But in Christ he finds rest—rest from conflict with self, from doubt, from distrust and from self-condemnation—a rest which reconciles

one to the past through the power of the atonement, and rest covering the future through the hope of that union with Jesus which is "the force of glory." In this relation something is settled for me whatever in this world may shake; something endures whatever else fades away.—*Rev. R. R. Booth*.

THE POWER OF A "NO."

The most tremendous word in the English language is the short yet mighty word "No." It has been the pivot on which innumerable destinies have turned for this world and the next. Spoken at the right moment, it has saved multitudes from disgrace, from ruin—yes, from an endless hell! The splendid career of Joseph turned on the prompt "no," spoken at the very nick of time. Had he stopped to parley with that wanton woman (as too many young men stop to talk with a bright-eyed temptress in the street), he would have been lost. "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" saved him from the dizzy edge of the precipice. Daniel might easily have said to himself, "Oh, everybody about the court here drinks wine and lives high on the king's meat. I do not want to be thought queer or Puritanical." He dared to be singular. At the end of two weeks he had a cleaner countenance and a sweeter breath than any of the fast livers in the palace. "So did not I," was the motto of this sturdy young testator. If he had yielded to the current of temptation, and dined with it, we never should have heard of such a man as Daniel. All the people who make a marked success in life and who achieve any good work for God are the people who are not ashamed to be thought singular. The man who runs with the crowd counts for nothing. It is when he turns about and faces the multitude who are rushing on to do evil that he commands every eye. Then by a bold protest he may "put a thousand to flight." So the young monk, Luther, turned about and faced the hosts of the Papacy. His heroic "No," nailed up on the church door of Wittenberg, aroused Europe from its delusive and deadly dreams. Standing alone, he was re-inspired by the Almighty.—*Rev. T. L. Cuyler*.

TEMPERAMENT AMONG CHRISTIANS.

It was observed of Mr. Durham, the expositor of the Song of Solomon, that he was so grave and quiet at all times, that he very seldom smiled or laughed at anything. Mr. Wm. Guthrie, minister at Finwick, met with him in a gentleman's house, near Glasgow, some time before his last sickness and observing him somewhat dull endeavored to force him to smile and laugh, by his facetious and pleasant conversation. Mr. Durham was somewhat disgusted at this innocent freedom of Mr. Guthrie, and displeased with himself that he consented in any measure to be merry. But when Mr. Guthrie, agreeing to the laudable custom of that family, and at their desire, prayed with the greatest seriousness, composure, and devout liveliness, the good man seemed to be of another mind. When they rose from prayer Mr. Durham tenderly embraced Mr. Guthrie, and said to him, "O William, you are a happy man; if I had been as merry as you were before you went to pray, I could not have been serious, or in a frame for prayer, or any other religious exercise for two days." Thus the good man ceased to judge his brother and saw that from diverse constitutions there are different manifestations, and so long as they are not sinful, they are to be tolerated even when we share in them. It would be wise on the part of many sober saviors if they would learn the like wisdom.—*Sword and Trowel*.

CHASTISEMENT.

Sorrow, as a discipline for the soul, subdues the will, softens the temper, curbs the passions, pulverizes, so to speak, the rough excrescences of character, which, like lumps of hard clay, on the surface of a tilled field, turn the edge of the plow and balk the skill of the sower. It is not that we are to lose our will; but that we are to retain it, that we may offer it up daily as a living sacrifice to God. "I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself thus: 'Thou hast chastised me, and I was chastised, as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke: turn thou me, and I shall be turned; for thou art the Lord my God. Surely after that I was turned, I repented; and after that I smote upon my thigh.' (Jeremiah 31: 18, 19.) Oh! there are thousands upon thousands much chastened because much loved, taken such pains with that they might grow like God. In a little while, instead of murmuring at it, we shall exult over it in a hymn of praise which angels might envy. Till then, let us glory in tribulation also, for 'tribulation worketh patience.'—*Dr. Thorold*.

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The Memorials of the Free Baptists
give

WEDNESDAY, MAY 29, 1878.

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

The Western Editorial Office is at 85 Clark St., Room 25, Chicago.

The Boston Flower and Fruit Mission is open for the season at Hollis St. Chapel. Country residents on going to the city Mondays or Thursdays can easily take a basket of flowers or fruit from their gardens, leave it at the chapel, and it will find its way to the room of some invalid, or the ward of some hospital, to do real Christian service. Last year the Mission distributed on an average 370 bunches of flowers daily, and large quantities of fruit. Blessed are they that carry joy and healing to the sick-room.

The mission and influence of the press are seen in no clearer light than in a comparison of ancient with modern times. Then, there was no dissemination of knowledge, not even of religious knowledge, among the people. Even the divine revelations were for ages kept among a very limited company. That may not have been wholly an evil, especially in view of the vast numbers that might have been called together to hear that Word expounded, as set over against the modern Sunday congregation, thinned in many cases by the absence of those who have gone to their books and their papers instead of to the services of the sanctuary. But it seems almost superfluous to say that the present dissemination of knowledge through the press is really the blessing of the age. In spite of its evils, there is no minister of progress and of virtue equal to it. The instructive book, the wholesome magazine, the good family paper—these are among the means of intelligence and grace that may be in most, and ought to be in every home.

Three years ago this summer some philanthropic people in Boston inaugurated a plan for giving poor and worthy children a week or fortnight's vacation in the country, finding for them pleasant and suitable boarding places and carrying on the work by means of voluntary contribution. During the first summer 160 children were the subjects of this admirable charity, and the experiment being resumed in 1876 the number increased to 320. In the summer of 1877 the work was conducted under the auspices of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, and 861 children were given the pleasure of a few holidays in the country. This year the matter will be again under the auspices of the Union, and it is hoped that at least one thousand children will be given the elevating and inspiring privilege of tasting country life and recreation. That the charity is one that will bear good fruits is argued in part by the fact that those who are benefited by it receive the privilege in the first place as a reward for good conduct. No more fitting expression of charity could be made than this. Its success depends upon the generosity of those who find pleasure in giving joy to others. It raises one's estimate of human nature to find that such enterprises as this do not lack support.

"When the money fails, dear Kathie, we must give the silver tankards," said Martin Luther, in his earnest way. There is a good deal of philosophy in the remark. For a Christian people, to whom this world's good and its opportunities are theoretically to be used chiefly in preparing ourselves for the better Country, and opening the way by which others also may enter there, we are wonderfully given to the practice of exchanging our money for what will help neither ourselves nor anybody else heavenward. It is no wrong thing, indeed, for a person to suitably adorn his table and his home with such articles as conduce to his comfort and minister to a wholesome taste. But, alas! the great number of cases in which those tastes are gratified at the expense of poverty and hopelessness to such enterprises as the Christian church is bound by duty to take care of, gives an exceedingly gloomy shade to the theory that every man has the right to use his money in his own way. The great lack is that of proper self-denial. That is the philosophy to exalt. For want of it, benevolent enterprises at home are languishing and the heathen abroad are perishing. God help us, and pardon us, if we can, if we continue in this selfish way. Oh, for Martin Luther's heroic benevolence, which, when the money fails, would give the silver tankards that have swallowed up so much of the money.

EMERSON ON GREATNESS.

Ralph Waldo Emerson has an interesting article in the last *North American Review* on the "Sovereignty of Ethics," wherein the great essayist weaves sound philosophy, adroit sophistry and speculative vagaries together in his usual brilliant style. He regards the religious instincts of mankind, and a faith in a dominating power above and beyond us, as universal and as forming a kind of substratum of morality, operative alike in all religions whether Mohammedan, Buddhist or Christian. Hence, we are not surprised to find the following approval of the Fatalism of the Orientals. He says:

All ages of belief have been great; all of unbelief have been mean. The Orientals

believe in Fate. That which shall befall them is written on the iron leaf; they will not turn on their heel to avoid famine, plague, or the sword of the enemy. That is great, and gives a great air to the people.

If we examine this fine rhetorical statement in the light of history we shall be puzzled to understand Mr. Emerson's peculiar standard of greatness. Unconditional surrender to circumstances, which the Arab calls Fate, is scarcely a mark of greatness, but the rather of weakness, if not of imbecility. A few short centuries have served to show what the Fatalism of the Orient has done for its adherents. It has developed a civilization, if such it may be called, which, compared with Christian lands, is simple barbarism. The idolatrous Hindu, the Bedouin of the desert, and the indolent Chinaman can scarcely be cited as samples of greatness as they are photographed by history. The oft-recurring spectacle, as seen in Oriental countries, of whole districts depopulated by famine and pestilence where irrigation, sewerage, cleanliness and industry would so easily change death into life, and barrenness into fertility, is not calculated to fill the average mind with exalted ideas of greatness. That these people "will not turn on their heel to avoid famine, plague, or the sword of the enemy" is the fatal fact which goes to prove imbecility of the most hopeless kind. To-day millions of these people are dying like cattle because the paralysis of a blind Fatalism, which is the legacy of the centuries, has rendered them incapable of all manly effort, such as an intelligent responsibility, born of an intelligent faith in the God of the Bible, inspires.

Christianity reveals a God not as an Arbitrary Power, moving relentlessly indifferent to human weal or woe, but as a Sovereign Ruler making known the paths of human action, which are alike for human good and in harmony with His will, and giving the pledge of approving love and care to all obedient subjects. The responsibility of the individual, and thus the exaltation of true manhood, lies at the very foundation of Christianity. Human ability is set to work in the field of opportunity and the Father above is the infinite Helper toward the harvest of good which comes to industrious and obedient toilers. The God of Christianity helps those who help themselves, and an intelligent consciousness of that fact is an inspiration to all true progress which comes of manliness such as moved Paul to exhort his brethren: "Quit you like men; be strong."

Mr. Emerson will need to restate his postulates or blot out history, for the facts are all against him as its presiding genius points to India and China, and then to Europe and America. "All ages of belief have been great" only as that belief has rested on the Christian's God of Power and Love.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, May 6, 1878.

Perhaps, when three score and ten years have passed over my head, I shall see fit to attend the opening of another International Exhibition; but until that time I have made a tacit agreement with myself that if I am ever again where such an enterprise is to be inaugurated, I will have a most excellent time staying away.

THE PARIS PRESS ON THE EXPOSITION.

On Wednesday morning, I started out on the street to find a newspaper which would give the programme of the opening exercises. I bought a copy of *Gaglin's Messenger*, a high priced daily paper printed in English, and one which is taken by English speaking people all over the Continent. I did not find a word anywhere in reference to the event of the day. I went to *Gaglin's* bookstore, and asked a clerk if he would kindly inform me where a programme of the exercises of the day at Champ de Mars could be procured. The young man at once said he could tell me, and took up one of their own papers of that morning. I remarked that I had procured the *Messenger* but had failed to detect any reference to the matter. However, he gave me the name of a French paper, which I soon found, but with very unsatisfactory details. The *La Petite République Française*, in a number which was "exceptionally devoted to the opening of the Exposition," in its leader, glories over the republican preclivities of France. It compares the condition of this country with that of seven or eight years ago. France has, in its opinion, suffered all that a people can suffer—isolation, defeat, treason and all the various miseries of civil war. Other countries deemed her condition hopeless. Then this journal significantly asks: "How is it that we have risen from our ruin? How have we in so short a time recovered our credit and regained our position in the estimation of the world?" It replies with what may be deemed a pardonable generality just at this time, "By our wisdom, that is all the miracle there is to it." It continues: "The foreigners who are our guests to-day, those of them who have paid even a little attention to our passing history, are aware of the trials through which we have come. They have observed us in two formidable crises, that of May 24 and that of May 16, in the passing of which we evinced a calm and cool courage of which no other people would have been capable. This revolutionary France, this France which was said to be ungovernable, they have seen, with legal arms alone, to defend her liberty against the most violent and the most perfidious of coalitions." Here is its closing para-

graph in the same strain: "We desire that amid the menaces of war which are agitating Europe, the Champ de Mars may be, not an immense bazaar, as the opponents of the Republic call it, but a place of refuge for the artists and the inventors, a subject of liberal and pacific reflections for the kings, and a school of progress for the people. Herein lies all our ambition."

The *Figaro* of the same morning speaking of the all-engrossing subject says that the Exposition is not so much an affirmation of the resources and vitality of France as it is to show that, amid all her discords and strifes and partisan contests, she has preserved a supreme gift—the love of industry.

A temporary sheet, entitled *L'Exposition*, takes the French method of getting over the fact of the unfinished state of things, by saying that the material part of the World's Fair is of subordinate influence to the moral and the intellectual, and that this moral and intellectual phase of the Exposition is in all readiness.

And, after the opening day, the superfluity of superlatives with which those exercises are described puzzles me entirely. They said they were going to have a grand time, and they say now they have had a grand time, and so manage to keep up the illusion and enjoy it hugely, both in anticipation and in remembrance. I have no authority for saying they did not enjoy it in realization.

THE OPENING.

Managing to procure one of the special invitations of which twenty thousand were issued, and which alone would gain admittance to the grounds and buildings during the opening exercises, I made my way to the river to find conveyance on one of the Seine boats. But such crowds were around the stations that I grew impatient of waiting till by sufficient elbowing I might get a chance on one of these, so I walked along. The street was bright, gay, and full of bustle, and one noticed many peasants from the surrounding country districts. It was a clear, hot day although it had been rainy in the morning. The street cars, which by the way are magnificently upholstered, were also crowded, so that I chose to walk the greater part of the way. But I soon reached the grounds of the famous Trocadero, to which my ticket gave admission. But it was as it always is on such occasions, in France no less than in the United States; there was an immense amount of elbowing; a simultaneous standing upon seats as soon as the procession came in sight, very few guards where they were wanted, but any quantity of them half a mile off, and not the remotest possibility of hearing a single word spoken by Mr. Tisserand de Bort, the Minister of Commerce, or anybody else. But judging from what I did see after all the speech-making and receptions were over, the opening was a grand success. It is true that very much remains to be done yet before the Exhibition itself will be complete and really worthy of a thorough inspection; but the last two or three days have done wonders, especially in the French Department. Those who come here expecting to find a counterpart of our Centennial will be disappointed; no single structure on the Champ de Mars can compare with the "Main Building" in Fairmount Park in 1876. What an American will also miss here is the magnificent grounds like those which surrounded our Philadelphia Exhibition; for with the exception of the large open place in front of the main facade, there is nothing but buildings on that side of the river. On the other side, there is the magnificent cascade and park of the Trocadero Palace, about two hundred acres in extent, dotted over with restaurants, cafes and the special buildings erected by Japan, China, Sweden and Norway, Hungary, Tunis, Persia, and Algeria.

My walk back into the city through the Champs Elysees was the most enjoyable feature of the day. The dark green of the rows of the horse-chestnuts, which were in full bloom, and the multitude and the variety of the people to be seen everywhere, were enough to pay one who was simply in search of the curious and the interesting. And I have no doubt but that the moralizer and the philosopher could also gain their peculiar satisfaction out of such a walk.—E. A. S.

CURRENT TOPICS.

SOME earnest seeker after light writes to the *Journal & Messenger*, which is a sort of Baptist light-house and "sound in the faith," to ask, "If Baptists receive to their churches persons who have been baptized by Pseudo-baptists, then why not admit all baptized persons to our communion and administer the Lord's Supper to all such?" And this is how our lucid contemporary answers the query:

Because as long as a baptized person is a member of a Pseudo-baptist church he is walking "disorderly." He declares, by the fact that he has been himself baptized, that he regards those with whom he is associated as unbaptized, and thus declares that with him it is a matter of indifference whether a Christian is baptized on a profession of his faith or not. He may come to the Lord's Supper in a Baptist church on Sabbath, and the next he may be with a Pseudo-baptist assembly at the Table of the Lord.

But suppose the "baptized person" is a member of a "regular" Freewill Baptist church, how does the above apply to his case? It is not "a matter of indifference" with him "whether a Christian is baptized on a profession of his faith or not," but the reverse. The rays of light from the lantern which the *J. & M.* carries seem to fall short of illuminating

the whole subject. Will our esteemed contemporary turn on just a little more light and tell us whether the Lord's Supper is designed to express church fellowship, or the common interest of all Christians in a common Saviour?

The greenback movement has gained ground rapidly within the last few months, and bids fair to exercise a strong influence in future political campaigns. It would naturally be strong in the West, but its strength in New England, such as it is, is not so easily accounted for. Their purpose seems to be to direct the financial policy of the country by popular vote, and not by Congressional enactment. The scheme is in most respects an extravagant one, for it would make paper money, instead of specie, the monetary basis, and flood the country with greenbacks. Of course if the paper were always redeemable, and not subject to so many constantly varying influences, it would be less objectionable. The aims of the Greenbackers are thus set forth by Wendell Phillips, who is an enthusiast in the movement, and rather noted for advocating extravagant measures:

Our effort must be to take the whole question of the currency, as Franklin and Ricardo advised, into the State's hands. Never rest while any bank has a right to issue a bill. Never rest till Congress supplies all our currency, made of paper, and based on the credit of the State. Never rest till the debt is funded for at least a century, held by the people, interchangeable at their will into bonds or greenbacks, and constituting one of the strong ties that bind the Union together. Never rest till the greenback, representing the wealth of the nation, is legal tender everywhere for all debts, thus freeing us forever from all rings and corners in gold; and this, our second declaration of independence, makes the first a reality and not a sham. To this end, trade with no party. Stand willing to absorb either. But hold obstinately the helm in our own hands.

It may possibly happen that all the good thus hinted at will come out of the greenback movement, but if it does it will be a surprise to the most astute financiers and political economists in this and in all other countries.

The Communists, who call themselves labor-reformers, met in New York lately and had their usual tirade against capital. That fifteen minutes should constitute a day's labor, that property-distinctions should be abolished, all the money of the rich equally divided among the poor, were some of the theories advocated. The *Christian Intelligencer* passes a ray of light through this last theory when it says:

Mr. Charles Morgan has just died, leaving from ten to twenty millions of dollars, accumulated by thoughtful industry and economy continued through more than three score years. He was one of the capitalists threatened by the mob. That mob would do better to learn a lesson from the life of Charles Morgan. He began with nothing. He accumulated property by saving. But beyond this, what are these more than ten millions invested in? Public works, steamers and railways, on which hundreds of men are employed.

And from which hundreds of men make their living, too. Abolish property distinctions, and you at once reduce the world to poverty. Industries would decay, and society would be in a hopeless condition.

The American Sunday-school Union celebrated its fifty-fourth anniversary at the Academy of Music in New York city, Tuesday evening of last week. The immense building was crowded. Addresses were made by the Revs. William M. Taylor of New York, Arthur Mitchell of Chicago and W. Neilson McVicker of Philadelphia. The missionary work of the Union has been more than usually prosperous. There have been 1147 new schools established, 3355 other schools were visited and aided, having in all 23,066 teachers and upwards of 201,000 scholars. There have been 10,262 Bibles and Testaments distributed. There have been 2,830,103 scholars placed under Bible instruction by the society during the fifty-four years of its service, and the past year has been one of the most hopeful and successful.

The transfer of convicts from the old Charlestown (Mass.) State prison to the new institution in Concord gives occasion to say that the old prison has received nearly 10,000 prisoners during its seventy years' history, of which number a little over 400 have been sent there for life. Astonishing as it may seem, the average term served by prisoners with life sentences has been only six years; allowing, that is, for pardons and deaths. Think of the misery, the woe, the crime, that that statement represents.

The Chinese Government has ordered a subscription to be taken throughout the Empire for the benefit of the sufferers by the famine. The culture of the poppy has also been forbidden in Shansi and other provinces. The Rev. Timothy Richard, an English Baptist Missionary, stationed at the capital of Shansi, reports that during a winter journey through the province, he saw "for some miles a large number of trees, on both sides of the road, as far as the eye could see on a level country, stripped of their bark to a height of five, ten, and twenty feet, for food." Dead bodies were here and there lying out upon the roadside. Latest despatches say the famine is spreading, and it is estimated that at least 60,000,000 people are suffering more or less from its ravages. It is reported that there is an abundance of food in the country, but an utter lack of transportation facilities pre-

vents relief being afforded the sufferers. One moral is, to go there and build railroads.

The subject of near-sightedness in schools and among students generally has so interested Secretary Northrop of the Connecticut Board of Education, that he has carefully investigated the subject, and incorporates the results in his annual report. He cites these among the causes of visual weakness among American youth: a stooping posture which cramps the chest and brings the eye too near the book or paper; reading at twilight and late at night, and studying by lamp-light in the morning; reading in the cars; using kerosene lamps without a shade; reading while facing a window, or any light, natural or artificial, and still more while facing the bright sunshine; reading dime novels or other books printed in too fine type (all books printed in diamond, pearl, agate, or nonpareil, are unfit for children's eyes); wearing a veil; and neglecting to cultivate far-sightedness by examining carefully distant objects. Hence myopia is more common in cities than in the country, among those working on near and minute objects than those laboring in the field with a wider range of vision and more objects to invite habits of observation. The increase of myopia has been attributed to modern devotion to literary pursuits, as savages are generally exempt from this trouble. But if proper precautions are taken, there is no necessity that myopia should increase in a nation in proportion to its devotion to intellectual pursuits. Though it is often hereditary, this predisposition may commonly be counteracted by proper cure.

The following very plain talk from the Cincinnati *Commercial* embodies some wholesome truth which can be emphasized none too strongly and which has been told none too soon. It says:

It is painful to note of late years how many criminals come from honorable old American families. It is because they have been brought up to be "above" hard work. Meantime, sturdy foreigners who know the worth of a home in this free country, quietly take possession of the plow, the spade and the hammer. They dig and delve as the pioneer ancestors digged and delved. Their strong-limbed boys and girls are put to the common schools till they are old enough to work, when they, too, must earn their own living and help earn that of others. The scepter is gliding into the hands of men whose parents brought them up to work. It must be poor comfort to those who are losing this balance of power to look around them and observe how large a number of the fashionable embezzlers, forgers, defaulters, absconding debtors and treasury robbers, are the sons of old American families, not seldom the descendants of those who helped to found this government. The only remedy is to put the "high-toned" young American upon a farm or in a shop, and work off his weakness, laziness and wickedness.

We call especial attention to the statement and appeal of the Trustees of Maine Central Institute which we print in this issue, hoping that all who have pledged themselves to the aid of the Institute, and to whom especially this call is addressed, will respond favorably and immediately. We would also urge upon those who have as yet given nothing to this cause, the need of liberality in this as well as in other directions, knowing that the money bestowed here will be seed sown where it will bear abundant harvest. We trust all will be so prompt and so generous in their replies, that the Institution may be freed from its present embarrassment.

BRIEF NOTES.

They still resort to the whipping-post in Delaware. Six men were publicly flogged there the other day for some offense.

The forty-first annual report of the Freewill Baptist Sunday-school Union is issued in neat pamphlet form by the Secretary, E. W. Page, Esq., of New York. Copies have been forwarded to the Yearly Meeting agents for distribution.

According to the last report just made of the condition of the Chicago Theological Seminary (Congregational), it appears that the net assets of the institution are a little over three hundred thousand dollars, including grounds and endowments, library, &c. The expenditures for current expenses the past year were about \$17,000.

We suppose that the Episcopal Bishop of the diocese in which Cincinnati is located will now solemnly proceed, after the manner of Bishop Stevens of Pennsylvania in dealing with Rev. Wm. Newton, to "depose from the ministry" Rev. Dr. Morgan, who left the church to unite with the Reformed Episcopalists. The public will simply smile at the important act and that is all.

"The Athenaeum Bureau of Literature" is a new thing in its way. It aims to afford authors, not only professionals but amateurs, a medium by which they may secure the market value of their productions, "without incurring the expense and annoyance of becoming their own auctioneers." Manuscripts, in English and foreign tongues, will also be examined at moderate rates. The principal office is at 233 Broadway, New York.

Extensive arrangements are being made for a Sunday-school Assembly, to be held at Round Lake, N. Y., to commence July 16th, and continue ten days. The plan to be pursued is substantially that of the Chautauque Assemblies. It will be conducted by Rev. J. H. Vincent, D. D., of New York. In addition to the most varied, thorough and extensive instruction in Sunday-school work, there will be many lectures by the ablest men in the country, embracing a wide range of subjects.

At the ninety-fourth annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Pennsylvania, Bishop Stevens, in his address, spoke very energetically of the spread of Communistic ideas in the State. "This scheme," said the Bishop, "can be met, not by argument, not by legislative action, but only by physical force to quell its outbreaks, or overawe its movements; or, better still, by moral force,

which shall bring to bear more closely on the hearts of all men the gospel of peace and love."

The question has been raised whether or not missionary work is favorable to longevity. A correspondent of *The Examiner and Chronicle* gives a list of nineteen missionaries to heathen countries, most of whom lived to advanced age. Carey died at 73, after a service of 41 years; Wade at 74, after a service of 49 years; Judson at 62, after a service of 41 years; and Gulick at 80, after a service of 50 years. Dr. Gulick spent 47 years in the Sandwich Islands, and 3 in Japan, and in the whole half century never visited the United States. This correspondent, who writes from Siam, is of the opinion that a missionary life, even in Burmah and Siam, need not necessarily be short.

There has been not a little sharp criticism visited on the Third Presbyterian church of Chicago, for its futile attempt to "Kimballize" its church debt recently. Mr. Kimball did his best, but with the departure of fully half the immense congregation before the speaker had been fifteen minutes on the platform, the working up of enthusiasm became necessarily somewhat difficult. In view of the fact that the debt has all been deliberately incurred within the past six months, and that the congregation is one of the largest and wealthiest in the city, it is not strange perhaps that the public should distrust the employment of extraneous methods in the case.

Denominational News.

Virginia Correspondence.

The Winchester Quarterly Meeting was held with the recently organized church at "Bunker Hill," on May 18 and 19. This pleasant little town is situated on the macadamized pike, about ten miles from Martinsburg and twelve miles from Winchester. This route was frequented by the armies during the late war, and many a conflict was experienced by the way. This part of the Valley is a delightful farming district. Many from Pa. have purchased lands here.

REV. J. D. VENEY'S TOUR.

Months ago, we were solicited by Rev. J. M. Bailey and others, of Fairfax Co., Va., to send one of our ministers to consult with them, in regard to our doctrines and usages, and to organize a Freewill Baptist church.

Some four years since Bro. Bailey became convinced, from the Bible, that all true Christians should meet together at the Lord's table. And, with a few sympathizing with him in liberal views, he had been earnestly praying for acquaintance with some body of Christians in the practice of free communion. He heard of us, and immediately opened correspondence with us. He pleaded beseechingly that we send a minister to them. We did so, and our beloved Bro. J. D. Veney, pastor at Berryville, Va., was more than willing to go.

The Report of Bro. Veney to the Quarterly Meeting was very impressive. Bro. Bailey received him with tears of rejoicing. He had prayed for such a day for four years. After a ride of ten miles from the depot, another joyful meeting was experienced, at Bro. Bailey's home, with a similar expression from the companion of the good minister.

In due time hundreds flocked to hear Bro. Veney. He was greatly moved at sight of the multitudes so earnest to listen to his words; touched with compassion by the condition of the people; so many yet without school, and so great lack of education in the ministry. Our views will spread rapidly and be well received by the masses of the people; it is a great and important field for our operations.

Before leaving, Bro. Veney organized a church of 85 members; to whom he read our "Faith," and by whom, article by article, it was heartily endorsed. The pastor, Rev. J. M. Bailey, is right on temperance, and that part of our faith was accepted by the new organization with apparent sincerity. We ought to be able to keep a missionary in that part of the field constantly.

Other counties are still more destitute than this, both as it regards schools and intelligent ministers.

ASPECT OF THE CAUSE.

Several ministers and two churches have been added to this mission the past year. Revivals have been enjoyed in several of the old churches, and from the reports sent in by the churches, the outlook is encouraging. The prospect of another new church is seen in Page Co. The vine is evidently "running over the wall." And it is no exaggeration to say, that, at no previous time, has the cause appeared more hopeful!

STORER COLLEGE.

No words can adequately express the importance of this institution to the success of this great enterprise. I am delighted with the attitude of many of our ministers and teachers who have been educated here. The foundations of permanent good are largely laid by the influence of this institution.

On the 30th inst, the "Corner Stone" of the "Girls' Hall" will be set in place, in connection with the Anniversary exercises. It will be a proud day for the colored people of this Valley. Let the friends of this cause take fresh courage. My heart is too full for expression.

A. H. MORRELL.

The Constitution.

The Yearly Meetings have been called upon to take action at their next session, on the proposed change of the constitution of the General Conference.

Almost every question has two sides, and arguments may be adduced in favor of each, but I wish to present a few reasons against the change.

ing with the most recent important events, including The Turco-Russian War, the Administration of President Hayes, &c. 3 books in one. Low price for quick sales, extra terms. Address,
13112 J. C. McCurdy & Co., Philada., Pa.

Poetry.

RETRIBUTION.

BY J. W. BARKER.

Talk not to me of paradise,
That somewhere in the starry skies,
Or in the far and dim unknown,
Some distant region glad and lone,
That all will rest;
Rest from their labor, rest from care,
Secure from every hurtful snare;
All strife and clamor there will cease,
And evermore a tranquil peace
Shall fill the breast.

Sweet to my soul the thought of heaven,
And rest to weary pilgrims given,
The pearly gates, the streets of gold,
The land whose glory ne'er was told;
No stain, no rust,
Shall ever dim that radiant home,
In the bright glory yet to come;
Sweet is the thought, so glad and free,
But dearer is the truth to me,
That God is just.

It matters not beneath what skies,
That world of midnight darkness lies,
Nor if its sorrows or its tears,
Be measured by the flight of years,
It matters not;
Since we the thrilling truth must know,
That we shall reap what we sow,
Though long deferred, the day of doom,
The harvest time will surely come,
With labor fraught.

If on the furrows of this life,
We sow the seeds of hate and strife;
If through the spring and summer hours,
We scatter thorns instead of flowers;
It can not be
That Autumn, on its ample field,
Its rich inheritance shall yield,
Of golden grain,—that such a Spring
The wealth of harvest time will bring
To you and me.

Know this, my soul, and be content,—
There is no pain or banishment
For those who build upon the Rock,
The storms of time, death's rudest shock,
Can ne'er overthrow
Whatever we build in faith and love,
Safe are our treasures laid above,
And rich the flowers that love hath given,
Whose fragrance is the breath of heaven,—
This we may know.

Family Circle.

OUR MOTHS.

BY BESSIE BARTON.

On the 8th day of May, after Charlie had gone to school with Cousin Lillie who came to spend the summer, Emma and Dennis had a grand play in the play-room with their little friend Bessie. They built a castle as high as Dennis' head with blocks, boxes and sticks, and Bessie had just gone when mamma came in and looking up at the cluster of cocoons, as she has a habit of doing, she said, "O children, just see there!" Sure enough, a large moth was clinging to one of the cocoons.

Mamma tried to take it down, but it slipped from her hand and fell to the floor. For the next ten minutes the children surrounded it, asking questions, and saying over and over, "Isn't it a beauty?" When it had gained strength a little, it flew to the window and fluttered so that we feared its wings would be broken, but it soon settled on mamma's large geranium and rested there quite content.

It hung from a limb all day, and received much attention. Bessie made many calls and when Charlie and Lillie came from school, their school-mates came in, too, and formed an admiring circle around the brilliant queen Cecropia, who slowly opened and shut her wings as if anxious to show her rare beauty. Her dusky brown wings are adorned with a kidney-shaped, red spot and a reddish white band, and with a black spot resembling an eye upon the upper or fore wings. The antennae are large and feathery.

When evening came she began to fly about and was in danger of breaking her wings, so mamma placed her in a quart glass can—poured in some chloroform—turned the cover on tight and placed the can on one side, so the moth was soon asleep. Her wings extended the whole length of the can or a little more than six inches. We left her in the can several days, fearing that fresh air might wake her.

Just at night mamma went to call on a dear sick lady and took the can right along that her friend might see our treasure. Moths fly only at night, and Cecropia being quite rare very few people have seen them.

We watched in vain to see any moths come from our two Luna cocoons. For some reason they did not "hatch," if that is the proper way to speak of the moth leaving the chrysalid. I will explain to the little readers that the chrysalid looks like a little brown wrinkled egg, and it is inside a cocoon which the caterpillar spins about itself, of strong threads, before it becomes this brown chrysalid. When the moth is ready to leave this silken envelope it makes a hole in the weakest part and crawls out. Then, if you examine the inside of the cocoon, you will find the thin brown shell of the chrysalid left behind, just as a chicken leaves the broken shell in the nest where it hatches.

But we had some Lunas if the cocoons we watched did prove worthless. When papa was cutting hay with the mower, he saw two lovely Lunas clinging to the grass and he left the team and brought them to the house. They were delicate beauties almost exactly alike, one a little larger than the other. Their principal color is pale blue and yellow tints combined; the fore wings have a rich dark

purple border half way around, and the hind wings have long tails. All four wings are ornamented with a handsome bright spot, somewhat resembling an eye. The antennae are broad and beautiful like small feathers. The wings when spread measure four or five inches.

I think I told you, about a year ago, of the trouble we had with a kind of small woolly caterpillars, colored black and brown—each end of the body black, and the middle brown—when caught, in the fall, they would die in spite of generous feeding, and those put up in the spring (for they live as caterpillars all winter) did not do much better. However, we found out all about them. One day in June, Dennis found, somewhere in the yard, two light brown or yellow moths. They were about an inch and a half in length, with a few black dots on each wing. Charlie placed them in a box, as mamma could not attend to them that day. When she did open the box she found a great many small yellow eggs which hatched in a week or two. There was a host of little fuzzy caterpillars about one-sixteenth of an inch long and of a dark, grayish color. She did not know what their favorite food might be, so she placed a dozen kinds of green leaves in the box, and they chose dandelion. It was easy to keep them supplied with that, and they grew so fast, that in four or five days they outgrew their first suit of clothes and must needs have new ones. They did not call in a tailor or dress-maker, but crawled upon the side of the box and waited a few hours; when they slipped out of the old skin, and behold, they had the new suit already on, for it had been just inside the old one.

They did not sell the cast-off suit to the rag man, but turned about and ate it. For the next meal. What do you little folks think of that plan?

The new, fresh suits solved our old mystery, for they were black at each end and brown in the middle. Now we had seen the moth, the eggs and the caterpillars. Before many weeks we had a dozen dark brown cocoons with brown chrysalids inside, and in two weeks more a dozen of the moths appeared. The strangest part of this story is that two-thirds of this family of caterpillars did not spin cocoons, but just ate and ate, stopping once in a while to get a new suit of cloths, until cold weather came in the fall; then we threw them out on the grass to care for themselves. And now, that pleasant spring days have come, we often see "great bears" (for so these caterpillars are called) crawling about fat and hearty, as if the winter had agreed with them.

We sent some of our moths and caterpillars to a wise man who patiently answers questions, and he told us that these moths are named *Arctia Isabella*, and that there is another moth just like it only the principal color is white and that is named *Arctia Virginica*. The caterpillars are almost entirely alike, and are very properly called "great bears."

THE TURNIP.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

A poor day laborer had raised in his garden an uncommonly large turnip, at which everybody wondered. "I will present it to our gracious Lord," said he, "for he is pleased when one cultivates his field and garden well." He carried the turnip to the castle, and the gracious Lord praised the industry and good will of the man, and presented him with three ducats.

A peasant in the village, who was very rich and very avaricious, heard of it, and said, "Now I will immediately present our gracious Lord with my great calf. If he has already given three pieces of gold for a shabby turnip, how much shall I receive for such a fine calf!"

He led the calf by a rope to the castle, and besought the gracious Lord to accept it. The gracious Lord well knew why the avaricious peasant behaved so generously. He said he did not wish the calf.

But the peasant continued to beg and entreat him not to refuse it. At last, the prudent Lord said: "Well, then, since you insist upon it, I accept the present; but as you have acted towards me with such singular generosity, I need not allow myself to feel badly about it. Therefore, I will take you a present in return, which, indeed, cost me three times as much as your calf is worth." And with these words he gave the astonished and terrified peasant the, to him, well known turnip.

A noble heart gains its own reward, Pretended goodness contempt and scorn.

ANNIE'S MAY PARTY.

"Oh, I know what we'll do—such fun, such fun!" and Annie Mason clapped her small hands, and laughed aloud.

"You are the queerest girl I ever saw!" exclaimed Grace Dinsmore. "I'm sure I don't see anything to laugh at. I'll say it again, it's perfectly horrid to live in a little speck of a place where there ain't child'ren enough to have any kind of a good time; everybody a mile or two away, except just you and me!"

"And me," cried little Rob Mason.

"Yes, you; but then you are a boy."

"Ell, I tant 'elp it, and I couldn't be a girl if I could."

"Now, Rob," said Annie, "you be real good, and we'll let you go to our May party, to-morrow."

"Annie Maria Mason!" Grace cried out. "Are you crazy? Our May party!

"I mean I'm going to have one."

"But how can you have a party without any child'ren to come to it?"

"There are a few children; there's me, and there's you, and there's Rob, and then if you count cats, there's lots more."

"And dogs," chimed in Rob.

"And dolls," added Grace, while her eyes sparkled and her brow began to clear.

"Of course!" said Annie. "You come over to-morrow morning at nine o'clock with your doll Rosabella. Rob shall invite Snip Snap, and I'll take my own dear Pussy Pur. But first of all, you and Rob must agree that as I've got it up, it's no more than fair that I should choose the Queen; and so I say that Pussy Pur shall be our Queen of the May!"

"A tat for a tween! who ever heard of a tat for a tween?" shouted Rob, hopping about on one foot and roaring with laughter.

But Grace looked more serious. "Why, Annie," she said, "I think 'twould make my Rosabella real miser'ble to see a cat set up for a Queen instead of her."

"Well, if you think she'd feel so bad, you'd better not invite her, 'cause Pussy Pur is going to be Queen, anyhow!"

After some further discussion, Grace reluctantly yielded the point, and plans were decided upon for the morrow.

The May-day sun rose bright and clear, and at nine o'clock the three children met as agreed, in the pine grove behind Mr. Mason's house.

Fair Rosabella came in state, reclining in her carriage. Snip Snap walked beside Rob quite sedately, considering his nature; and dainty Pussy Pur, sitting on Annie's shoulder, assumed a most majestic air.

Her gray coat shone like satin, her small fur gloves and slippers were white as snow, and her eyes gleamed in triumph as she looked down on Rosabella.

The children found a few flowers; enough to weave a crown, and to make a tiny bouquet for both Rosabella and Snip Snap.

A long branch of "pussy willow," chosen out of compliment to their Queen, served for a May pole, around which they all danced, joining hands and singing gaily.

Then with a wreath of pink and white arbutus, and shining winter-green, they crowned proud Pussy Pur Queen of May!

"Haven't we had a splendid time?" said Grace, when the party broke up.

"I'll never say again that it's disgustin' to live here. Three child'ren's enough; and truly, Rob's 'most as nice as a girl; and didn't Rosabella and Snip Snap behave elegant, considering they had to let a cat be Queen?"

"I guess they're glad enough to have such a Queen, any way!" replied Annie, catching up her favorite and giving her such a squeeze that out through her fur gloves and white slippers, shot a row of sharp little pins; but they were as quickly withdrawn, for how could a Queen scratch such a loyal subject?

"Free cheers for Tween Pussy Tat!" shouted Rob.

These were given so heartily that even Rosabella opened her eyes and stared, Snip Snap barked, and the Queen, enthroned again on Annie's shoulder, purred her thanks; and so, with the echoes sounding back their cheers, homeward went the happy troop.—*Youth's Companion*.

PARISIAN CHILDREN.

Parisians adore the sunshine. On a sunny day the many squares and parks are peopled by children dressed in gay costumes, always attended by parents or nurses. The old gingerbread vendors at the gates find a ready sale for chunks of coarse bread (to be thrown to the sparrows and swans), hoops, jump ropes, and wooden shovels,—for the little ones are allowed to dig in the public walks as if they were on private grounds and heirs of the soil. Here the babies build their miniature forts, while the sergeants-de-ville (or policemen), who are old soldiers, look kindly on, taking special care not to trample the fortifications as they pass to and fro upon their rounds.

Here the veterans, returned again to childhood, bask in the sun, and, watching the fort-building, forget their terrible campaigns amidst snows and burning sands, delighting to turn an end of the jumping rope or to trot a long-robed hearse on, perhaps, the only knee they have left.

Parisians are very fond of uniforms, and so begin to employ them in the dress of citizens as soon as they make their entry into the world, even before they are registered at the mayor's office; for the caps and cradles of a boy (or *citoyen*) are decorated with blue ribbons, and the girl (or *citoyenne*) with pink.

The little ones of the outskirts of the city are generally independent and self-reliant youngsters, and sometimes, before they are quite steady on their feet, we meet them already doing the family errands, trudging along, hugging a loaf of bread taller than themselves. But the rosy plumpness of the fields is wanting; for children are like chameleons, and partake of the color of the locality they inhabit, so these poor little ones are toned down by the smoke and dust of the workshops. Their play-ground is under the dusty, dingy trees of the wide avenues; but they have the same games of romps their peasant mothers brought from their country homes, and above the noise of the passing vehicles we often hear their voices as they dance round in a circle, and sing verses of some old provincial song.

The delightful hours spent in boyhood, going to and from school, are unknown in the gay French capital to children of well-to-do parents. Instead of starting early and lingering on the way, they watch from the window until a black one-horse omnibus arrives, when a sub-master takes charge of the pupil, and the omnibus goes from house to house, collecting all the scholars, who are brought home in the same manner, the sub-master sitting next the door, giving no chance to slip out to ride on top, or to beg the driver to trust a fellow with the reins; and as it is the custom to obey all in authority, the master is respected. Girls are either sent to boarding-school or to a day-school; in the latter case, always accompanied by one of their parents or a trusty servant.

But the parents, if their means will not permit them to send their boys to schools that support a one-horse omnibus, or if they have not a servant to go with them, perform that task themselves. In the schools for the poorer classes, when teaching is over, the children file out, two by two, the older children being appointed monitors, and the little processions disappear in different directions; the teachers standing at the gate until they are lost from sight, for they have not far to go, as there is a free school in each quarter.

But I pity the charity-school girls. Although always neatly and cleanly dressed, they are all alike, with white caps, and dresses which might have been cut from the same piece. They file through the streets or public gardens, under the charge of the "good sisters," and perhaps they stop to play or rest sometimes, but I never saw them do so. Perhaps there is no real reason to pity these charity-children, boys or girls; but I remember my own free and happy school-days in America, and so I pity them.—*Henry Bacon, St. Nicholas for May*.

HANS AND PETER.

Hans and Peter met one fine morning on the way to market. Hans was large and stout; the world always went easily with him; he troubled himself as little as possible about the cares of life, and seemed to grow plumper every day.

Peter, on the other hand, was thin and slim. He was continually worrying himself about some trifle, and his face grew more and more care-worn every day.

"Good morning, friend Peter," said plump Hans, in a hearty tone of cheer.

"Good day, neighbor!" answered Peter, solemnly.

"Why are you so downcast?" asked Hans.

"Downcast? Have you no troubles," retorted Peter, "that you can not understand why people look downcast?"

"I?" said jovial Hans. "I've only one trouble in the world, and that does not trouble me. My wife complains I have become so stout."

"Happy man!" exclaimed Peter. "My friends complain because I am so thin."

"My friends say it makes me move too slowly," said Hans.

"My wife upbraids me," returned Peter, "because I move so very quickly."

"Suppose we change bodies!" said they both in a breath.

And they changed.

Again, in a few moments, Hans and Peter met one fine morning; and Hans was again large and stout, while Peter had become thin and slim.

"What have you done to my body?" asked Hans.

"What have you done to my body?" asked Peter.

"I was puzzled at first," said Hans, "to know whether I was Hans or Peter; but it soon came right."

"At first," returned Peter, "I knew not whether I was Peter or Hans, but, as you say, it soon came right."

"Then the difference," remarked Hans, "is not my body."

"Nor my body," put in Peter.

"But," said they both, "our selves!"

THE OLD MAN.

Don't laugh at that old gentleman, boys. It is true, he is an odd object. He is queer and crooked, and his voice is thin and reedy, but don't let him see you laugh at him. He looks as though he could have nothing more of any importance to do in the world. And, indeed, the grave for him is very near, and I think he will not be sorry to lie down in it. But think of this, boys; once he was young—young as you are. He went to school—doubtless in a blue jacket with brass buttons, and a neat ruffled collar, such as boys wore in his day. He hoped to be a doctor or a lawyer. He was blithe and light upon his feet. He whistled as he came up the street. Perhaps he could jump farther and throw his ball better than you. Yes, he was young once, and if you live you will be as old as he—as old and feeble some day. Your limbs will totter, you will lean upon a cane, your voice will be shrill and weak, and your hopes and ambitions dead, and the grave near. So don't laugh at the old man, boys, but treat him with kindness and respect.

DISCONTENT.

A canary and a gold-fish had their lot thrown together in the same room. One hot day, the master of the house heard the fish complaining of his dumb condition, and envying the sweet voice of his companion overhead: "Oh, I wish I could sing as sweetly as my friend up there!" And the canary was eyeing the inhabitant of the globe: "How cool it looks! I wish my lot was there!" "So, then, it shall be," said the master; and forthwith placed the fish in the air, and the bird in the water; whereupon they saw their folly, and repented of their discontent. Let every one be content in the state in which God has placed him.

Literary Review.

THE VOYAGES AND ADVENTURES OF VASCO DA GAMA. By George M. Towle. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1878. 16mo. pp. 294. (\$1.00).

This volume belongs to the "Young Folks' Series," which the publishers are issuing, and has been preceded by Col. Higginson's excellent "History of the United States" and his "Book of American Explorers." The continuation of the series will introduce the readers to certain heroes of history, a second volume, describing the adventures of Pizarro, being now in preparation. It is a most worthy undertaking, and will give the publishers a still larger place in the gratitude of all spirited young people.

Vasco da Gama was one of the heroic navigators and soldiers who figured at the close of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries. In 1497, he was placed in command of an expedition fitted out by Don Manuel, the young king of Portugal, and charged with the discovery of that ocean passage to India which Columbus had already failed to make. After a series of thrilling adventures, in which he overcame the mutinous members of his crew, passed through the tempests that almost constantly prevail around the south coast of Africa, and conquered the savages that frequently opposed him, he at length accomplished the objects of his voyage, and was permitted by his king to wear the title of "Lord of the conquest of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia and India." He was subsequently created Admiral of the Indian Ocean and Count of Vidigueira, and in 1524, the Portuguese dominion having largely expanded in the East, King John III. appointed him Viceroy of the Indies. He proceeded at once to the seat of his new government, but died on Christmas day at the close of that year.

The story of his adventures as related by Mr. Towle is a most thrilling one, and will chain the attention of all who are interested in the daring and the successes of the early navigators. It is written in a simple, comprehensive style, is accompanied by spirited illustrations, and is peculiarly adapted to the tastes of the young folks. We hardly need commend it to their attention, for its own merits will do that.

A YEAR WORTH LIVING: A Story of a Place and of a People One Can Not Afford Not to Know. By William M. Baker, author of "Inside," "The New Timothy," "Mose Evans," "Carter Quarterman," etc. Same publishers, &c. 12mo. pp. 325. (\$1.50).

This is a vigorous, sparkling narrative of the adventures and experiences of a party who sought health and rest, perhaps, by a voyage to the South-western city of St. Jerome. We may as well call it that, although the chief interest in the volume centers about young Hartman Venable, a native of a Southern State, who had managed to push through a Northern college, to get a theological course, and is now described as going back to the native portion of his country to answer a demand upon the theological seminary for their "best man" to fill a vacant pastorate. The adventures of the party are of trifling account, and but for the various phases of character that the members exhibited, there would be little to interest the reader. But, considered as a character-study, the volume is entertaining, and may not be wholly without profit. The description of the Captain and Purser of the "Nautilus," on which the party sailed southward, and which was a mere shell, carrying passengers at the risk (unknown to them) of their lives, so that the owners might continue to make money out of the craft; of Venable himself, of General Butolph, of Mrs. Chaffingsby who "paints," of several young ladies who were moving among men that had but little faith in "wee-wee" outside of the kitchen, and of new acquaintances formed in the tropical country to which they went, is pleasingly given. Tropical insects, vermin and reptiles, as well as tropical climates and fevers, are given due place in the book, and will lead many readers to conclude that the portion of the year among them, at least, was not "worth living." The yellow fever that visited the parish drew out the real elements of character in many of these people, and while much weakness was betrayed, there were also strength and heroism. There is love enough in the narrative to give it an agreeable flavor, and the marriages that ensue are generally to one's liking. The volume will be found a pleasant companion for the vacation.

THE QUEER HOME IN RUGBY COURT. By Annette Lucile Noble, author of "Judge Barnard's Infamy," "St. Augustine's Ladder," etc. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. 16mo. pp. 450.

While of making many books there is no end, it is well that some of them are really enjoyable books. Lizette Barnard, whose fortunes are so pleasantly told in this volume, is a Canadian girl, introduced to us, light-hearted and happy, in her row-boat on the St. Lawrence, but destined by the genial Father D'Hullius for a Catholic nunnery. The idea is repulsive to the young girl. She seeks advice from the Father's brother, a youth about her own age preparing for the priesthood. Already doubts have entered his mind, and he does not assist Lizette in becoming more obedient to the Father's wishes. But she finds that she will not be "unable to resist long the importunities of her Catholic friends, and she runs away to find an uncle in Pennsylvania. She is cordially received at the "Queer Home in Rugby Court," and in the genial atmosphere of Aunt Sabby and the boys, Lizette quickly satisfies her conscience that no monastic life was ever intended for her. But that pleasant home has its sad secret. The master, Lizette's uncle, Jason Barnard, has an appetite for liquor which, when aroused, has complete control over him. He tries in his own strength to overcome it, while Aunt Sabby endeavors to induce him to look for higher help. With many a pleasant episode in the family, and sad accounts of struggles and failures, the story moves along till, in despair of reformation, Mr. Barnard seeks help from above, and becomes free from his evil appetite. After three years' stay in Rugby Court, Lizette goes back to her Canadian home on a visit. She meets again her former playmate who has also broken away from his Catholic education, into the true light of Christian experience. He will be no priest, but together he and Lizette will live out their plans of usefulness more successfully than as priest and nun they possibly could have done.

A Newspaper Directory and Advertiser's Handbook, issued by Pottingill & Co., New York, will be found of great service to advertisers and to all business men who have anything to say through the newspapers. It is an octavo volume of 300 pages, comprising a complete list of the newspapers and other periodicals published in the United States and British America, also the prominent European and Australasian newspapers. It is carefully compiled, and gives information as to circulation, etc.

etc. There are numerous portraits of prominent newspaper men.

THE JUNE MAGAZINES.

Harper's opens with an interesting illustrated article describing places of historical interest along the south shore of Massachusetts Bay. Plymouth, Hull, Duxbury, Marshfield and the home of Webster, Seltwater, Hingham and other places are made to reveal a good deal of historical importance. "The Battle of Monmouth Court-house" is described by Mr. Benson J. Lossing, the accomplished historical writer. Persons interested in Keramics, art or music will find illustrated papers on some special feature of each of those topics. The distinctively literary field is occupied by Rev. A. C. Baldwin, who gives a pleasant correspondence in verse between Fitz-Greene Halleck and a young lady of Guilford, Connecticut. But Mr. Baldwin shares the field with Gen. James S. Brislin, who writes an interesting paper on the poetry of Indians; and with Charlotte Adams's eloquent review of the vicissitudes of Russian literature. Science is duly recognized not only in the "Editor's Scientific Record," but also in a paper by George W. Beaman, entitled "How Shall Our Boys be Fitted for the Scientific School?" and in Simon Newcomb's story of "A Manufactured Comet." In another field—that of religious biography—we have a concise but graphic portrait of Hugh Latimer, the "Paladin of the Reformation," from the pen of Charles D. Dresher. Bret Harte contributes a society poem, "Telemachus versus Mentor," which is illustrated by Reinhardt. George Lunt contributes a poem, "A Trio," Miss Mary A. Barr another, entitled "Captives Queens in the Market," "Song of the Clay," is the title of a peculiar, but very striking poem by Z. D. The Editorial Departments are full of interesting and entertaining matter in their several fields.

"Detmold" reaches its close in some interesting chapters in the *Atlantic*. A timely and attractive article will be found in John Trowbridge's "Imaginary Dialogue in Decorative Art." "June Days" from Thoreau's diary makes delightful reading. There is an admirable article on Douban, by T. S. Perry; and "New Books on Art" are ably reviewed by an anonymous writer, who discusses Perkins's "Raphael and Michelangelo," Elliott's "Pottery and Porcelain," Gardner's "Home Interiors," etc. The sixth of Charles Dudley Warner's delightful papers, "The Adirondacks Verified," treats of "Camping Out," Richard Grant White in "England on the Rails," describes English railway traveling and travelers, and Mr. H. F. French in "Count Paluski's Strange Power," relates some curious incidents which occurred on shipboard during a passage from Portland to Liverpool, in 1858. Henry Cabot Lodge contributes an exceedingly interesting paper on "Timothy Pickens;" and the "Unforeseen Results of the Alabama Disputes" are detailed by Mr. Arthur G. Sedgwick. The poems are: "Border Lands," by H. H., "Decoration Day," by Amelia D. Alden, "Closing Chords," by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, and a "Spring Song," by Mrs. S. M. Platt. The exhibition at the Kurtz Gallery of the New Society of Artists, is critically described in the "Open Letter from New York." The Contributors' Club is as varied and entertaining as usual, discussing, among other things, the "Power of the Boston Lectureship," "Americanisms," "Analytic Scandal," "Our Windows," and a "Proposal to Violate Shakespeare's Tomb." In Recent Literature will be found notices of Palmyre's Life of Gen. Bartlett, the Letters of Keats to Fanny Browne, Sime's Lesing, Swinburne's note on Charlotte Bronte, Appleton's Windfalls, and other new publications.—Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

Scribner's is decidedly an artistic number, whether in respect to its contents or the exquisite mechanical manner in which the magazine is gotten up. Art topics, literary subjects, fiction, poetry and the like make up an interesting number. Dr. Holland discusses the political significance of Bayard Taylor's appointment, "Crime in its Own Element," and "The Art of Speaking." "The Old Cabinet" relates to the principles of taste, "Literary Art-judgments and the Literary Element in Art," "The Academy Exhibition," and summarizes and further discusses "The Recent Controversy about Engravers." The other departments contain some special articles, such as "Improved Dwellings" for working people, with a ground-plan, in "The World's Work," and suggestions about the planting of "Annals" in "Home and Society." Mr. H. C. Bunner has in "Brice-a-brac" some humorous verse in the old French metrical forms now attracting attention in England.—New York: Scribner & Co.

St. Nicholas, Wide Awake and the Nursery are specimens of young folks' periodical literature that will fill them with glee. All the old folks of to-day ought to be young folks for a while just to see how it would seem to have such magazines as these.—Scribner & Co. (New York); D. Lothrop & Co. (Boston); and John L. Shorey (Boston), publishers respectively.

The Complete Preacher for May is of unusual interest, discussing some very vital questions. The following sermons are given in full: "The Gospel of the Incarnation," by William Morley Punshon, LL.D.; "The Nature of Gospel Truth the Prophecy of its Universal Recognition," by James M. Ludlow, D.D.; "What is Man? or, the Skepticism of Science Considered," by R. W. Dale, D.D.; "The Second Advent," by Rev. J. G. Manly; "John Morrissey; or Is Romanism a Safe Guide?" by Justin D. Fulton, D.D. Dr. Dale was most favorably introduced to this country by his Lectures on Preaching delivered at Yale College last year. In this sermon he disposes most effectively of skeptical points raised by some of our scientists. The sermon on the Second Advent will awaken considerable attention, partly because of the renewed interest in the subject of the Second Coming of Christ, but chiefly because of the novel position taken and ably defended by Rev. Mr. Manly—that the Second Advent is past already.—The Religious Newspaper Agency, New York.

The National Temperance Society (New York) has just published, in a pamphlet of thirty-five pages, an address by the Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, entitled *Temperance and Republican Institutions*. It is an able presentation of the relations of the liquor traffic to popular government. Its admonitions concerning the public perils which the drink-traffic involves are timely and of profound importance.

Miss Stebbins's life of Charlotte Cushman will be issued at once by Houghton, Osgood & Co. It will be contained in a single crown octavo volume, with a portrait of Miss Cushman, a heliotype of Miss Stebbins's bust of her, and a view of her Newport cottage.

Literary Miscellany.

OTHER PEOPLE'S THOUGHTS.

Prayer is the voice of faith.—Horne.

Too low the building which beneath the stars.—Young.

We should often have reason to be ashamed of our most brilliant actions if the world could see the motives from which they spring.—Rockeford.

Musical is the heart of the prophets, the only art that can calm the agitations of the soul; it is one of the most magnificent and delightful presents God has given us.—Luther.

Every man's experience of to-day is that he was a fool yesterday and the day before yesterday. To-morrow he will most likely be of exactly the same opinion.—Charles Mackay.

Faith builds in the dungeon and the labyrinth; its subtlest shroud, its most secret veil, is the stone that shut out the eye of heaven, and the ladder where the angels glide to and fro.—Bulwer Lytton.

"What is wanting?" said Napoleon, one day, to Madame Campan, "in order that the youth of France be well educated?" "Good mothers," was the reply. The emperor was most forcibly struck with this answer. "Here," said he, "is a system in one word."—Abbott.

No language can express the power and beauty and heroism and majesty of a mother's love. It shrinks not where man cowers, and grows stronger where man faints, and over the wastes of worldly fortune sends the radiance of its quenchless fidelity like a star in heaven.—Chapin.

Nature is sensitive, refining, elevating. How cunningly she hides every wrinkle of her inconceivable antiquity under roses and violets and morning dew! Every inch of the mountains is scarred by unimaginable convulsions, yet the new day is purple with the bloom of youth and love.—Emerson.

Love, like the opening of the heavens to the saints, shows for a moment, even to the dustiest man, the possibilities of the human race. He has faith, hope and charity for another being, perhaps but a creation of his imagination; still, it is a great advance for a man to be profoundly loving even in his imaginations.—Hilpe.

The little I have seen of the world teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through, the brief pulsations of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with him from whose hand it came.—Longfellow.

When a pump is frequently used, the water pours out as the stream, because it is high; but if the pump has not been used for a long time, the water gets low; and when you want it you must pump a long while, and the water comes only after great efforts. It is so with prayer. If we are instant in prayer, every little circumstance awakens the disposition to pray, and desire and words are always ready; but if we neglect prayer, it is difficult for us to pray, for the water in the well gets low.—Felz Negi.

THE FATHERS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Joseph Addison.

BY FRED MCKINLEY COLBY.

IX.

Addison was a very different character from Pope of whom we spoke in our last sketch. He was the great essayist and prose writer of Queen Anne's age, and though he wrote some poetry and a little drama, his fame rests chiefly on the elegant, perspicuous and charming Addisonian prose of the "Spectator" and "Tatler."

Prose had not been very much cultivated in England prior to Queen Anne's time. Back in the middle ages the monks had kept dry records called chronicles, which were invaluable for historical reference but possessed no genuine literary excellence. More's Utopia was the first great prose composition which the English language had produced, but that even was more a philosophical and ethical production than a purely literary creation. Sir Walter Raleigh, while a prisoner in the Tower, wrote a history of the world which was considered a very interesting work at that time. Sir Francis Bacon, Lord of Verulam, was the author of several important speculative works. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" marked an era in religious prose composition. Milton and Dryden both wrote prose as successfully as they did poetry, but their productions were chiefly polemical or theological. Pure literature as we are accustomed to speak of it to-day, comprehending essays, novels, romances, and racy sketches, had no existence before the time of Addison.

In the reign of Queen Anne, about 1705, began the revolution in English essay writing. Steele, Addison and Defoe, were the originators and prime movers in this literary innovation. Defoe, whose "Robinson Crusoe" and "History of the Great Plague" has made him more famous than any of his essays, Steele, the friend and school-mate of Addison, who still lives in the pages of the "Tatler" and the "Spectator," though far surpassed in the higher tones of thought and mastery of language by the latter, who rises decidedly above all his contemporaries.

Joseph Addison was the son of a Wiltshire dean, and his early childhood was passed at his father's rectory of Milston. He attended the Charter-house school at London where his preparatory education was mostly secured, and from thence he was transferred to Queen's College, Oxford. There he distinguished himself as a writer of Latin verse with such proficiency that he was elected to Magdalen College, where he took his master's degree in 1693. He held a fellowship in the College from 1699 to 1711.

Until he was twenty the experience of Addison was wholly domestic and academic. He lived in retirement, caring for nothing save his books. The serene and intellectual mold in which his habits of mind seemed cast indicated anything else but the fashion of life he was at first to lead. His own taste as well as his training inclined him to his father's vocation. But that was an era of earnest political warfare, and Addison's well known scholarship and ability soon became enlisted in behalf of the Whig leaders.

Addison as a politician preserved all that integrity, probity, graceful courtesy and generous feeling which had characterized him while a student. The fierce bickerings and ambitious struggles for place, the sharp satire of political warfare, left no rankling wound in his breast. He was at first taken in hand by Montague, afterward Earl of Halifax; subsequently he was befriended by Lord John Somers. Both of these patrons remained to their death his friends, and both were men of sufficient culture to appreciate his talents and attainments for their intrinsic merit.

Addison first appeared in print by contributing verses to Dryden's "Miscellaneous." In 1699, by means of a pension procured for him by Lord Somers, he was enabled to travel on the continent, where he spent three years. While still abroad he wrote his best poem, a "Letter from Italy," and also his first extended prose work entitled, "Travels in Italy." His extensive acquirements and his liveliness and facility in composition were particularly exhibited in the latter work, but his verses, though they possess grace and spirit, yet bear traces of a muse "whipped into service."

Soon after his return to England he wrote the "Campaign," a poem celebrating Marlborough's victory at Blenheim. This poem was highly successful and popular, and secured the fortunate bard an appointment as one of the commissioners of appeal. The seven next years were spent in the busy whirlpool of politics. In 1706, he was an under secretary of State, and in 1709, secretary to the lord lieutenant of Ireland. The latter year he was elected to parliament as member for Lostwithiel, and subsequently for Malmesbury, which he continued to represent during the remainder of his life.

We have now arrived at the period of Addison's life when he entered upon the vocation of periodical writer to which he owes all his subsequent fame. Defoe had been the first to originate a journal which transcended the mere news-gazettes and political mediums then in vogue and discussed questions of social and popular interest, but the work of the eminent romancer and speculative writer was surpassed by the appearance of the "Tatler" and the "Spectator," which successively published the best productions of Addison. In the former work, Addison wrote more than sixty of the two hundred and seventy-one essays which it contained. The "Spectator" which followed it and was issued every week day from March 1st, 1711, till Dec. 6th, 1712, contained about two hundred and fifty of Addison's scholarly efforts. When the "Spectator" ceased, Addison, in conjunction with his friend Steele, who had been the conductor of the two previous classics, started the "Guardian," which ran about a year and to which the former contributed fifty-three papers.

These works form an epoch in literary history. To them we can trace the development of English essay-writing which has now become one of the most characteristic features of English literature. All the questions of the day were discussed in their pages and that with a calmness, grace of diction, and a Christian philanthropy which made them alike welcome in the circle of fashion and by the humble fireside.

Addison's talents were admirably fitted for such a style of writing, and though many of the other scholars of the age contributed to the pages of these old classics, it is the genius of Addison that is most completely represented by them. Contrasted with the dashing rhetoric, the keen philosophical insight and the intense concentration of our leading essayists of to-day, Addison may seem to lack warmth, breadth of purpose and sympathy with great interests. But after you have read his "Vision of Mirza," his analytical examination of Milton, his discussion of the pleasures of the imagination, you will be forced to confess that in simple elegance of language, in genial vivacity, and in critical insight, Addison is one of the masters of the English language. No author of to-day is read with greater interest by the learned, and though the great rush of contemporary literature has crowded the "Spectator" from the shelves of our circulating libraries, there is very little of it that will compare favorably with the beauty and worth of Addison.

The death of Queen Anne and the accession of George the First restored the Whigs to power again and diverted Addison from literature to politics. He served in various important positions and was recognized as one of the political leaders of the party to whose cause he was devoted. His marriage with the countess-dowager of Warwick in 1716, increased his influence and he was appointed Secretary of State with the Earl of Sunderland, a post which he resigned, however, on account of his health, after having filled it satisfactorily for a year. For his honorable services the king granted him a pension of fifteen hundred pounds a year.

Addison spent the remainder of his life at Holland House, the residence of his wife. His tragedy of "Cato," with which you are doubtless familiar through the dying soliloquy of its hero, long a favorite piece for declamation, was brought out in 1713. He died of dropsy on the 17th of June, 1719, in the forty-seventh year of his age. His body, after lying in state, was interred in the poet's corner at Westminster Abbey.

He was a warm, true friend, generous to his enemies and courteous to his friends.

Few men of letters ever passed through a life of such political vicissitude without creating more bitter antagonisms. He possessed the love and respect of Pope and Swift his opponents in politics, and the gentle Gay, the aristocratic Chesterfield, and the eccentric Lady Montague were mourners at his grave.

READING BY COURSE AND BY TOPIC.

In the ignorance and enthusiasm of girlhood, I asked a "bookish" elderly clergyman for a "course of reading." He very willingly handed me a list of books covering a sheet of commercial note paper, made up largely of such works as Rollin's "Ancient History," Grover's "Gibbon's Decline and Fall," and Buckle's "History of Civilization," with Whately's "Evidences" and Butler's "Analogy" for a diversion. With a commendable desire to be thorough and to begin at the beginning, I attacked Rollin. On account of some trouble with my eyes, half an hour a day was all I was allowed to read. By chance, I happened to mention what I was doing to an enterprising sophomoric of my acquaintance, who asked merrily:

"How long do you suppose it will take you to read Rollin, in half-hour installments?"

"I am sure I can't tell," I answered. "Well, somewhere between ten and fifteen years," he replied; "and you may expect to finish your list some time in the next century." The very thought so frightened me, that I never opened the book again, not even to count the pages to see if he was right.

But this is reading by course, and not by topics. A friend of mine tried to read Macaulay's "History of England," with out much knowledge of the detail of English history. She found so much of which she knew nothing taken for granted as familiar, that she grew quite discouraged, and gave it up. One day she saw the "Students' Home." Here was the very book she wanted, and taking that and the "Students' France" for a basis, she constructed a course of reading to meet her own necessities. She began with the Norman conquest, for she had no interest in the endless squabbles of the Saxons and Danes. (Some time afterward, however, when she was tracing the rise of the European nations, she was glad to read this earlier history.) She read first the story of the reign of an English king, then that of the contemporary French sovereign, at the same time weaving in a wisp of poetry, romance, and biography. Bulwer's "Harold" made the times of the Norman conquest vivid and real; "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," and Shakespeare's "Henries," filled out the pictures of the days of the Plantagenets and Tudors; and the "Abbott" and "Woodstock" gave her the "local coloring" of the times of Mary, Queen of Scots, and Cromwell. She ran over some of the Erckmann-Chatrian tales and Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," for a more vivid idea of the awful days of the French Revolution. The gossip "Queens of England" (abridged edition), showed her how the royal wives and mothers felt and acted, and Victor Hugo, in "Les Misérables," furnished a thrilling description of the battle of Waterloo.

In this manner, with a poem here, a novel or biography there, she made up a glowing mosaic of the most important events in the history of the two countries nearest allied to our own, and with none of the tedious which belongs to the popular idea of reading history, and was thus prepared to enjoy Macaulay, Thiers or Carlyle. How much more satisfactory her two or three years' work than if, like a hummingbird, she had sipped a little here, and a little there, and alighted nowhere! Green's "Short History of the English People" (the revised edition) is even better than the "Students' Home," for the frame-work of such a course of reading, and Yonge's "Parallel History of France and England" has the important events arranged in tables, in such a way as to enable the eye to assist the memory.—Scribner.

ADAMS, JACKSON AND CLAY.

SECRETARY THOMPSON'S PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS AND ANECDOTES.

(From a Lecture by Secretary Thompson.)

He proposed to speak of three dead statesmen, with whom he had been personally acquainted, and whose public life he had witnessed. They were selected because they represented three distinct types of character and each of whom were great in their particular sphere. Whatever their contemporaries, in the heat and bitterness of party conflict, had said about them, now that we can view their characters and deeds through the unbiased medium of history, their claim to the first rank among American statesmen will not be disputed. Adams, Jackson, and Clay, names which roused the fiercest passions and evoked the bitterest invectives from minds inflamed by the rancor of political contentions. There is a point of difference, as well as resemblance, with these three men, arising from their dissimilar family and social relations. Adams descended from an old and wealthy family, in early life came under the influence of education and the associations of a well-regulated and law-abiding community. Jackson and Clay, born in poverty, without early advantages, were compelled in a wild, unsettled community, where the scenes shifted according to the passing passion, to seek that fortune which was not theirs by inheritance. They were all men of marked ability, Adams, a cautious, deliberate nature, with almost the appearance of timidity. But it was only in appearance—that he was combative his opponents had good reason to know. Outwardly cold, his passions were violent, smoldering within like the pent-up fire of a volcano. Jackson and Clay were men made in the same mold, men conscious that they were born to rule, and men who were inspired with such a nobility of patriotism that they were ready to sacrifice their lives upon the altar of their country. I served with Adams in the House during the 27th and 28th congress. I saw him die at his desk like a medieval knight with his arm on a lance. One scene in his life brings out fully the man's character. It was in that celebrated trial for treason in 1842. Adams was a firm supporter of the right of petition, and when he was asked to present a petition looking to the dissolution of the union, he did so, because he held that all petitioners had at least the right to be heard. For this he was charged with treason and arraigned for trial. Against him were arrayed Marshall, Gilmore and Wise,

men of pre-eminent and acknowledged ability as orators and debaters. In the long and excited debate which followed, Adams, with the mature ability of a giant, laid his opponents in the dust, and achieved the proudest triumph of his life.

The first time I saw Jackson was at the celebration of the battle of New Orleans, at Nashville, Tennessee. He then impressed me, as I saw him on horseback, as one whose nature had stamped as a nobleman. He was a great man with a kind heart, the truest of friends, unswerving in duty. If he committed errors it was not from a disinclination to do what was right. The number of persons now living who were personally acquainted with Clay is growing less every year, and his fame now rests with the historian. From a perusal of his speeches, it may be difficult to understand the power which he wielded. Even we, whose hearts were touched and played upon by his burning eloquence, can not describe his power to others. Clay never studied oratory; his eloquence was the blaze of an internal fire. Hence, his set speeches do not give a fair idea of his power. He needed the stimulant of a great occasion in order to rise to the full height of his power. The lecturer closed with an eloquent flight on the power of the orator.

Obituaries.

PARTICULAR NOTICE. Obituaries should be BRIEF and for the public. For the excess over ONE HUNDRED WORDS, and for those sent by persons who do not patronize the Morning Star, it is but just that CASH should accompany the copy at the rate of FOUR CENTS PER LINE of eight words. VERSES are inadmissible.

VINA ELLA, youngest child of Emerson and Frances Clark, died of diphtheria, April 10, aged 2 years and 4 months. She was a lovely, promising child, no more than five years old, and was so safe in the arms of Infinite Love, in that home of the soul where God will wipe away all tears from their eyes and there shall be no more death. E. G. E.

MRS. MENTABLE SMITH died in Exeter, N. H., May 11, aged 100 years and 4 months. She was a native of Raymond, and lived there the last few years, which were passed in a daughter's family in Exeter. She experienced a saving change about the year 1801, was soon after baptized and united with the Free Will Baptist church. She was longer connected with that church in N. than any one has ever been. As a wife and mother, she performed her duties well, and as a Christian was constant in duty, trustful and hopeful. Her influence was uniformly favorable to the cause of Christ. There is no doubt she has gained the prize in the better land. Her remains were brought to Raymond for burial. F.

ABIGAIL, relict of the late Dea. B. S. Edwards, died in Madison, Me., May 13, in the 76th year of her age. She was born in Buxton, Me., where she lived until her marriage, when she and her husband settled in Industry, where they lived about thirty years, and were removed to Madison. In early life she enlisted in the service of Christ, and was true and faithful, till life closed. She greatly loved her own denomination, was deeply interested in the welfare of all its work, reading with great interest the Star and all its publications while she lived. Her house was ever a home for pilgrims, and many weary preachers of all denominations have been refreshed and cheered by her hospitality. She had long been waiting to depart, having firm hope and unshaken confidence in her Redeemer. She leaves seven children, all following her Christian example. One of the Rev. B. M. Edwards, is the successful pastor of our church at Brunswick Village. The years of her widowhood were spent with her son Luther F., who spared neither money, labor, nor time to make her last days comfortable and happy. Her end was peace, her rest has come. J. P. L.

DEACON SILAS BREED died in Alameda, Mich., May 1th, in the 78th year of his age. The deceased was born in Nelson, N. H., Sept. 16, 1800. The youngest son of pious parents, he was early taught the way of life, and at the age of 22, he was converted to God. In 1827, he married Mary, N. Y., and engaged work in a mill with E. J. N. Hinckley. He had been married two years previous to this. Here, while hands were busy, the heart yearned for active service. Surrounded by kindred and associates, he was not content without making an effort for their salvation. With no one to encourage him, for Elder Hinckley had hands and heart full, in other places, besides his own, he felt that he must do something. He girded himself for the conflict, and God was with him. Meetings were appointed, and he became the leader of many a soul to his God. Soon a church was formed, with his young brother for its deacon, and after a few years, another revival followed, under the same leader, and many more found a home in the church. In 1836, Deacon Breed moved to Breedsville, Mich., and there built the first log house on the bank of Black River, and his neighbors being in Paw Paw, twenty miles distant, and then only containing three houses, and was the only settlement between Breedsville and the Prairie Route. In 1847, he was stricken with sickness to himself and family, and in 1859, he laid his wife in the grave, and was left with four sons and one daughter. (The daughter has since died.) Nov. 4, 1841, he married Mary A. Murdock, who was a widow, and who has been to him all these years a faithful wife, and a faithful mother to his children. At this time he was deacon of the church at Antwerp, but in 1851, he united to the Free Will Baptist church, and there he remained until his death. He was a permanent home and united with the Wesleyan church in which he held his place as deacon ever since. An honored, faithful member, standing ever at his post, amid poverty and adversity, he was indeed a pillar in Zion, a standard-bearer for God. For many months he has been confident that his life was fast hastening to a close, and every act of his seemed but the closing up of a life of usefulness. He had left nothing unfinished; his work was done, and we doubt not that the Master said, "Well done." Never has the church during its organization sustained a heavier blow, and it feels beneath it. He never feared death, and he was ready to hear in earnest entreaty or kindest counsel. An able counselor it seemed as if the nearly four score years had left the mind and judgment unimpaired. As a striking worker, he never knew rest until the tired hands were folded in their last sleep over a silent heart.

But ah! beyond the shadowy lands, Where all is bright and fair, He still knows those dear hands, Will miss the voice of victory bear."

He needs no tribute of praise from human lips or pen, his record is on high, "his works follow him." He leaves a wife with one son and two daughters, besides the other sons mentioned. Deacon Breed had been a subscriber to the Star over forty years. A. B.

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The Establishment has also offered, on a slip sent in the Star (and we here repeat the offer), that any subscriber who has paid or will pay all arrearsages shall have his own paper and one for a new subscriber one year, for \$4.00 in advance.

Clubs of six or more, one-third being new subscribers, can have the Star at \$2.00 each, strictly in advance.

The offer of "Day's Memoir," or of "Open Communion or Close Communion," and the Star, is liberal indeed.

A more liberal offer than the above can not be asked for, unless the one asking it should wish the Establishment to become bankrupt. Those who have said, "put the Star at \$2.00 a year and we will double our list of subscribers," now have an opportunity to see what can be done.

We will furnish the Star, to those who have paid all arrearsages, and will order these other publications, at the following rates:

STAR and "Wide Awake" (the popular new juvenile magazine)..... \$4.00

News Summary.

Congressional.

(For the week ending Saturday, May 25.)

MONDAY. In the Senate, Mr. Morrill, chairman of the finance committee, made a speech in opposition to the proposed repeal of the specie-resumption act. The major portion of the session was occupied in discussing the bill placing General Shields on the retired list of the army. An amendment was adopted making General Grant the recipient of this honor, but no vote was reached in the case of General Shields. The House considered at length, in committee of the whole, the army appropriation bill, but reached no action thereon.

TUESDAY. The bill to place General Grant and Shields on the retired list of the army was defeated in the Senate, by a vote of 30 to 34. The finance committee reported with favorable recommendation, the House bill forbidding the further retirement of legal-tender notes, and the measure was assigned for consideration, Wednesday. The bill providing for a permanent form of government for the District of Columbia was discussed to the hour of adjournment, without reaching a vote. The House discussed the army appropriation bill at great length, an evening session being held for the purpose of closing the debate. No vote was reached, notwithstanding the proceedings were extended until 11 o'clock.

WEDNESDAY. In the Senate, the Indian appropriation bill was passed and the District of Columbia bill discussed at length. Mr. Lamar made a long speech in favor of the Texas Pacific Railroad bill. In the House, a resolution was adopted extending the power of the Potter investigating committee to States where there are any well-grounded allegations of fraud. The articles for the impeachment of the late consul general at Shanghai were presented. The army appropriation bill was discussed at length without reaching a vote thereon, and at the evening session a bill was passed providing for the publication of an Official Advertiser in which shall be printed all the public advertisements of the government.

THURSDAY. Nearly the entire session of the Senate was spent in discussing the bill for establishing a permanent form of government in the District of Columbia. In the House, the army appropriation bill was discussed at length, and the amendment increasing the force from 20,000, as provided by the bill, to 25,000, its present strength, was adopted by a vote of 115 to 107. The item for compensating the army was increased from \$5,300,000 to \$5,900,000; the item for subsistence was increased in the same proportion. An evening session was held, lasting until 10:30, at which the bill was further discussed.

FRIDAY. The Senate was engaged, principally, in discussing the bill establishing a permanent form of government for the District of Columbia. In the House, a bill was passed granting a pension of \$72 per month to soldiers and sailors who lost during the war both arms, both legs, or the sight of both eyes; also granting a pension of \$37.50 per month to all pensioners who had a leg amputated at the hip-joint. The army appropriation bill was discussed the major portion of the session, but without reaching final action.

SATURDAY. In the Senate, the bill establishing a permanent form of government for the District of Columbia was further considered without taking action thereon. In the House, the army appropriation bill was under discussion the entire session, the amendment proposing a reduction in the salaries of officers being rejected.

Eastern News.

It now seems that peace is assured. The mission of Count Schouvaloff has resulted in Russia consenting to lay the treaty before the congress of the great powers. Germany has been officially informed of the welcome news and invited to issue invitations immediately. It is probable the congress may meet June 11. The arrangements are not fully completed, however. The London Times says: "The invitations to the congress will not be issued until explanations between England and Russia are somewhat further determined, but there is no reason to apprehend a failure on such points. The preliminary requirements of England, at all events, on the whole have been conceded to."

The Revolutionary Plot.

The Potter investigating committee consisting of seven Democrats and four Republicans, is intensely and maliciously partisan. The Democratic National Committee refused to pass a resolution affirming that the investigation did not intend revolution, the attacking of the title of President Hayes, but unanimously approved the investigation. Should the investigation fail of revealing what the Democrats hope for, they will probably assert that they never intended to attack the title of the President. If it should succeed in disclosing gross frauds, the question whether revolutionary proceedings shall be instituted or not will be seriously considered. Mr. Harrison of Illinois, a Democrat who seems to want fairness in the investigation, stirred up a storm in the House and brought upon himself the bitterest denunciations of his party by introducing a resolution providing for an inquiry into the alleged frauds in South Carolina and Oregon. The Republicans are alive to the needs of the hour. The attack of Secretary Sherman upon the statements of the Democrats has produced a something of a demoralizing effect. Whatever may be the end of the movement, it is certain that no good can come of it. The country wants peace and Congress sounds an alarm. It needs quiet and these reckless parties are up a tree.

The Fenians.

Intense excitement prevailed along the Canadian border last week. There was no doubt, said prominent Canadians, of an invasion. It was rumored that Irish nationalists in large numbers were making their way secretly into the interior of Canada and congregating at various points, and many men were scattered along the border. The Canadians were badly frightened. A high state of feeling has existed for years in the provinces among the laboring classes against the government and monarchical rule, and a wish for a change in affairs. And an independent government or annexation to the United States was thought by some to be the plan. Another theory advanced was that the demonstration may have been merely a scare, originated and conducted by Russian agents in this country, to thereby engross the attention of The Dominion government to her home interests, and bring recruiting for the English service in the Dominion to a dead stop. Any way the entire affair seems to have been only a scare.

A Tornado.

A tornado accompanied by a severe rain-storm swept over southern Wisconsin and northern Illinois, Thursday night. Thirty persons were killed, one hundred and fifty injured, and great damage done to property. The storm seemed about a mile in width, and swept everything before it, the debris from destroyed buildings being carried twelve miles in some cases. Graphic descriptions are given of the terrible effect of the tornado. Teams and wagons are reported to have been taken from roads and carried in the air and dashed to the ground. The most serious damage seems to have been done in the vicinity of Mineral Pt., Wis.

Miscellaneous.

A pleasure steamer with eighteen passengers aboard was capsized and carried over a dam on Grand river, at Galt, Ontario, Wednesday night, and as far as can be ascertained but one person has been saved.

Details of the earthquake in Venezuela on the 12th ultimo state that three hundred persons were killed instead of six hundred, as at first reported. The town of Cua was consumed by fire, and the destruction of property in other places was extensive.

The Springfield Republican suggests that what the world principally lacks at present is a mechanical and therefore honest treasurer, for use in towns, municipalities and savings banks.

The house committee on elections recommended that the contested election case of Richardson vs. Rainey, from the first South Carolina congressional district, be referred back to the people, and that a new election take place.

A flood in Douglas and El Paso counties, Colorado, on Tuesday and Wednesday, swept away several bridges and destroyed a vast amount of property. A freight train on the Denver and Pacific Railroad broke through a bridge across the Kiowa river and three persons were drowned.

Fifty thousand children participated in the parade of the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Sunday-school Union, Wednesday, and it is estimated that 100,000 spectators witnessed the procession.

Ex-Governor Packard of Louisiana has been nominated as United States consul general at Paris.

The Rev. Arthur Munsel of London whom Spurgeon, John Bright and others speak of as one of the most eloquent and able platform speakers of the old country, will appear on the American lecture platform next fall, across the Kiowa river and three persons were drowned.

The importers of New York are to send a protest to the Secretary of the Treasury against the over-licentiousness of the Treasury agents in that city. They complain that incompetent and irresponsible agents and detectives are continually subjecting them to great inconvenience and annoyance, which thus far they have sought in vain to remedy.

The Republicans of Vermont have nominated Colonel Redfield Proctor for governor and E. P. Colton for lieutenant-governor. John A. Page, was renominated for State treasurer. The results of the administration of President Hayes, and condemn the partisanship of the Potter resolution.

Cardinal McCloskey, arrived in New York Tuesday, from Europe. There was no ceremony at the pier, but a formal reception will soon be tendered him at St. Patrick's cathedral.

By an explosion of gas in a Nova Scotia coal mine last week six men were killed.

In San Domingo the political actions have had a reconciliation, and hopes of peace are entertained.

Victoria Woodhull has settled down to a quiet life in London, and it is said will never return to America. If her memory does not fail us, she was, according to her own prediction, going to be President of the United States some time.

Articles of impeachment are to be reported against Consul-General Bradford at Shanghai.

Dr. Dio Lewis is very sick with congestion of the brain and partial paralysis of the left side.

The Chinese are preparing to mine their own coal and build a railroad to the sea for their transportation.

Latest News.

The Potter investigating committee begin serious business this Tuesday, morning. Nothing has yet been decided upon, as to the method of procedure. There is a probability of an adjournment of Congress as soon as the 10th of June. It is rumored that charges are being prepared against Major Ely of New York, with a view of impeachment by Gov. Robinson, the complaint being made on the ground of the maladministration of health and police departments. It is not believed that any railroad bills or the tariff bill can pass both houses this session. It is reported that the hundred striking coal miners at Belleville, Illinois, are on the verge of starvation. In other mining districts near by, hundreds of men, women and children are begging for bread daily. Thirteen buildings, including the University of Florida, were burned at St. Augustine, Florida, on Saturday morning. No trace of communism is to be found among the 125,000 working-men in and around Pittsburgh, Pa., and the statement that the militia of the State is being placed on a war footing is denied. Severe hail storms in Southern New Hampshire Saturday did considerable damage to vegetation. The trucks having evacuated Adak-Kaleh the Austrians took possession on Saturday. The London Observer says the rumors of the impending resignation in the British ministry are unfounded. The Spanish government has decided to authorize the return of the ex-Governor Jovellar from Cuba, leaving General Martinez Campos in supreme military and civil command. Fears are entertained that the course of Austria may make trouble and still further delay the settlement of Eastern affairs. The military situation around Constantinople remains very ticklish. Very great frauds in the importation of sugar at the Treasury of the United States, whereby the government is yearly defrauded of three million dollars, have been discovered.

Educational.

Massachusetts has seven normal schools, Illinois eight, Pennsylvania twelve, and New York nine. In the United States there are 137 normal schools. The average salary of New York city teachers is \$729. Of Chicago teachers, 130 receive over \$650, while 650 receive salaries ranging from \$650 to \$350. Auburn and Tuscaloosa colleges, Alabama, have each about 200 students. Maryland expends over \$1,500,000 for educational purposes, or \$5 per capita. In the State Normal School, at Oshkosh, the young ladies are required to go through the elements of military drill. Health and grace of movement are cultivated in this way. Professor John Trimble, Professor of Greek for twenty-five years in Kenyon College, died at Gambier April 23. Among the theological students at Oberlin is a native of Japan, Mr. Hata-Taro Tamra. He is a graduate of Pacific University, Forest Grove, O. Total enrollment in Chicago Central High School, last year, 946, or \$5 more than during the previous year; total enrollment in the division: high schools, 902, an increase of 24. The United States Government has expended \$3,711,225.47 for the aid of freedmen's schools. A movement is on foot for the establishment of a new university in the north of England, probably at Bradford. Professor William B. Dwight, connected for several years past with the New Britain (Connecticut) Normal School, goes to Vassar College as Professor of Zoology and geology and curator of the cabinet of natural history. Toledo, O., has in its public schools 7,150 and in the Catholic schools 2000 more. There are 131 teachers in the public schools, and 33 in the Catholic. Rev. Wm. Adams, D. D., LL.D., President of Union Theological Seminary, New York, will preside at the Centennial Celebration of Phillips Academy, June 5 and 6. His father, Rev. John Adams, LL.D., was principal for twenty-three years. Rev. Wm. E. Park of Grovesville, N. Y., will give the annual of the Academy, while, as before announced, the oration is to be given by Rev. A. McKenzie of Cambridge, and the poem by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes of Boston. Professor R. R. Duggles of Dartmouth, regrets that so few of our colleges support a chair of history, and especially that applicants for admission are not examined in the history of the United States. The course of study in the Agricultural Department of Dartmouth is to be made three full years, and graduates hereafter will receive the degree of Bachelor of Agricultural Science.

Rural and Domestic.

THE PHONOGRAPH.

The phonograph, recently invented by Thomas A. Edison of New Jersey, must be regarded as one of the most astonishing triumphs, in modern times, of the human mind over matter. Concerning the phenomena of sound and of vibration, it is at once an ear that catches every note and tone within reach of its mechanism, and a mouth that repeats those impressions in the same time and with the same accuracy as they were received, but as yet not with equal volume. It analyzes the sounds in the most delicate manner, marking each individual vibration developed in its sensitive diaphragm with an accuracy and distinctness that is proved by the perfect reproduction of the sound itself. The phonograph is not only a sound-writer but a sound-reproducer.

In mechanism the phonograph is simplicity itself. It consists of a cylinder of hollow brass, mounted on a horizontal axis, supported by two iron uprights, furnished with a balance wheel, and revolved either by hand, clockwork or steam power. On the surface of the cylinder, which is about four inches in diameter, is cut a screw thread, corresponding exactly in pitch with that cut on the axis for the purpose of giving the cylinder longitudinal motion. In front of the cylinder is a movable bar or arm, which supports a mouthpiece of gutta-percha, the under side of which is a disc of thin metal such as is used for taking tints. Against the center of the lower side of this disc, a fine steel point is held by a spring attached to the rim of the mouthpiece; an india-rubber cushion, between the point and the disc, controls the vibration of the spring. In fact, the instrument has no other parts but the cylinder and its axis and the vibrator with its arm, yet with it the most wonderful results are obtained.

To use the phonograph a sheet of smooth tin foil is adjusted around the cylinder, and secured in position with a little gum. The vibrator, with its adjustable mouthpiece, is then moved to the cylinder, and clamped in position, with its point bearing on the wrapper of tin-foil to such a degree that, if the cylinder is revolved, the point will trace a shallow groove on its surface corresponding with the threads cut on the cylinder surface. While turning the crank the operator talks, sings, laughs or whistles into the mouthpiece. Every vibration of sound is faithfully recorded on the tin-foil by the steel point, the cylinder making about one revolution to a word. In order to reproduce the words or sounds, that is to make the machine talk or sing, the cylinder is turned back, so that the steel point may go over the indentations made by speaking into the mouthpiece. A paper funnel, like a speaking trumpet, is now attached to the mouthpiece to prevent the sound from scattering, the cylinder is revolved as before, and the phonograph repeats in a clear tone every word and sound recorded on the tin-foil sheet. In a word, every sound of a pitch that causes vibration of the tintype diaphragm, and thereby the most minute impressions of the pointer attached to it on the tin-foil wrapper of the cylinder, is reproduced.

To reproduce the sounds that originally caused the vibration of the diaphragm and the puncturing of the tin-foil wrapper of the revolving cylinder, it is only necessary to make the pointer pass over and into these punctures and reproduce the vibrations in the diaphragm. These latter, acting on the air, give to it the same relative impulses and in the same order and energy as were given to the organs of speech or other causes of the original sound. Hence, the conditions of atmospheric vibrations being alike in both cases, the same effects must be produced. If the sound of the human voice causes the diaphragm to vibrate and mark the tin-foil, certainly the inverse action of the tin-foil on the diaphragm, when the cylinder is revolved, will cause the reproduction of the same series of vibrations, and consequently the same sounds. Although the quality of the sound as reproduced is not altered, its volume is somewhat less than that of the original. The notes of the higher pitch are given out with more distinctness than those of the lower. Whistling is perfectly reproduced, the sound of a low cough or sneeze is repeated with startling accuracy, singing is given out with full and perfect notes, and distinct as to the pronunciation of every word.

It would be difficult to set a limit to the uses to which this wonderful instrument can be put. The phonograph can be employed in speaking through the telephone over hundreds of miles of wires. With perfected instruments it is possible that a speech delivered by one of the orators of the day can be repeated fifty years hence, simultaneously, in a thousand towns and cities, word for word and tone for tone as it was uttered by one who had long passed away. The phonograph may take the place of short-hand reporters. A man who has many letters to write will talk them to the phonograph and send the sheets to his correspondents, who will lay them on these phonographs and listen to the message. It may be used for reading; a family may sit around a table and listen to a lecture, a novel, or an elocutionary effort, as they originally fell from the lips of some first-class reader. Every family can have an opera or a concert at will. It may be used to teach languages, giving proper words and proper pronunciations, or in making toys talk, for reading to blind people, or those who have never learned to read. Careful investigation and a further acquaintance with its possibilities will undoubtedly develop many curious and useful applications of the phonograph.—Am. Cultivator.

BROAD TIRES TO WHEELS.

The condition of the roads the past winter has done more to commend broad-tired wheels than all the arguments that have ever been uttered. The soft roads have been so cut up with the 1-3-4 inch wagon-tires, and these have sunk so deeply in the mud that, in some places, travel has been impossible for weeks at a time. Those who have been thus mud-bound, are now convinced that it might have been better for them had the tires of their wagons been 3 or 4 inches wide; but they are still in doubt about the ease of draft of these broad wheels. Now, it should be evident that a broad wheel, that will not sink into the ground, is of much easier draft than a narrow one that cuts in two or three inches. The difference in draft of a narrow and a broad wheel upon the hardest, smoothest road is inappreciable, and it is a matter of doubt if it is in favor of the one or the other. Theoretically, there may be a difference, to a small extent, in favor of the narrow tire, but as our roads are far from being hard or smooth, the difference of draft will be decidedly in favor of the broad-tire. A load of manure can be drawn across plowed ground in a broad-tired wagon, by a team that could not move it in one with narrow tires, and the softer the ground the more apparent will be the difference in favor of the broad wheels. It is to be hoped that the manufacturers of wagons will make the experiment of offering wheels with broad tires; we believe they would soon become very popular.—Am. Agriculturist.

WHAT WASHINGTON DIDN'T KNOW.

We don't like to be irreverent, but would like to ask: What did our forefathers know? What, for instance, did George Washington know? He never saw a fast mail train; he never held his ear to a telephone; he never sat for a picture in a photograph gallery; he never saw a steamboat; he never sighted a Krupp gun; he never received a telegraph dispatch; he never listened to the "fizz" of an electric pen; he never saw a pretty girl running a sewing machine; he never saw a self-propelling engine go down the street to a fire; he never took laughing-gas; he never had a set of store teeth; he never attended an International Exposition; he never owned a bonanza mine; he never knew "Old Probs"; he—but why go on? No; when he took an excursion, it was on a flat boat; when he went off on a train, it was a mule train; when he wanted to talk to a man in Milwaukee, he had to go there; when he had his picture taken, it was done in profile with a piece of black paper and a pair of shears; when he got the returns from back counties, they had to be brought in by a man with an ox cart; when he took aim at an enemy, he had to trust to a crooked-barreled old flintlock; and when he wrote, it was with a goose quill; when he had anything to mend, his grandmother did it with a darning needle; when he went to a fire, he stood in line and passed buckets; when he looked at a clam, he never dreamed that it was any relation of his; when he went to a concert, he heard a cracked fiddle and an insane clarinet; when he had a tooth pulled, he sat down and never left off yelling; when he got out of teeth, he gamed victuals; when he wanted an international show, he sent for Lafayette and ordered his friends up from old Virginia with the specimen carefully labeled in bottles; when he once got gold of a nugget of gold from an Indian chief, he felt rich; when he wanted to know anything about the weather, he consulted the ground hog or goose bone;—but why go on? What did such a man know? Who was he anyway?—Selected.

ITEMS.

The agricultural development of the United States has been tremendous of late years. Thus the corn crop increased from 768,320,000 bushels in 1867, to 1,340,000,000 in 1876, or nearly 100 per cent. in a single decade. The hog product has more than doubled during the same period, being the last year 9,048,566 head. The yield of wheat last year was 360,000,000 bushels, or 50,000,000 more than was ever produced before.

The emigration to Western Minnesota is reaching unparalleled proportions. Statistics of the railroad land offices show that the sales for the last six months have been the largest on record for the same length of time. The railroads are crowded with emigrants and the land offices with land-hunters. The agricultural season is earlier by several weeks than the average. Seeding is all finished and the prospect encouraging for a large crop.

Cucumber vines are perfectly protected from the yellow bug by spreading a thin layer of cotton batting over the hills. The vines will grow up with the covering enveloping them. After heavy rains it will need to be put on fresh. One pound of batting, costing ten cents, will do for a hundred hills. We have tried this for years, and it works to a charm.

THE OX-FLY AGAIN.

In reading your excellent paper of yesterday, I noticed an article from William Wreford on the subject of the ox-fly (*ostrus bovis*) and take this method of giving to our brother farmers a remedy that I have used and know is a sure thing. During the months of July and August, about two or three times in each month, all housed cattle should have sulphur mixed with their salt. I generally salt my cattle once in three or four days, and give them the sulphur with the salt every third time during the two months above mentioned, and have not had cattle with grubs in their backs for several years, unless it was cattle that I had bought in the spring. I used to have cattle with grubs in their heads, and the remedy was simple, safe, and effective. I have now thirty-five head of cattle on the farm, and don't think there are any grubs in the backs of any of them.—Cor. Michigan Farmer.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

CREAM BISCUITS.—One quart of sifted flour; four tea-spoonfuls of cream of tartar and two tea-spoonfuls of fine table-salt, which must be well diffused through the flour. Then add two ounces of fresh, good butter. Take one pint of pure, sweet cream, put in it two even tea-spoonfuls of soda, and then add it to the flour. The dough ought to be very soft; but, should it be too soft, add a little more flour. Work it well, roll it out half an inch thick, cut with a biscuit-cutter, and bake in a quick oven five minutes.

OYSTER PATES.—Stew some large oysters with a little nutmeg, a few cloves, some yolk of egg boiled hard and grated, a little butter, and as much liquor from the oysters as will cover them. When stewed a few minutes, take them out of the pan to cool. Have shells of puff paste, previously baked in patty-pans, and lay two or three oysters in each.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world akin," writes the immortal bard of Avon. That's the reason why the ladies sink all their dissensions in common admiration of "Andrews' Bazar" which meets their wants so fully. Bright general reading, stories, essays, criticism, racy chat, sparkling paragraphs are here; but, best of all, the most perfect fashion department in any magazine. All the most novel things from abroad, supplemented by the taste of the finest American modistes, are profusely given and illustrated. Send to Cincinnati for it.

THE MARKETS.

BUTTER, CHEESE, AND EGGS.
Reported by HILTON BROS. & CO., Commission Merchants and dealers in butter, cheese and eggs, 35 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia.
Quincy Market, Boston.

FLOUR.
The receipts of Flour for the week have been 21,970 bbls of all kinds against 33,145 bbls for the corresponding week of 1877, and 23,968 bbls in 1876. The exports for the same time have been 1,174 bbls, of which 3,853 bbls were to Liverpool, 81 to Flores and a market, 535 to Surinam, 610 to St. Pierre, 335 to Haiti, and 1,300 to the West India Provinces. The market is quite as dull as previously noticed, and there is no demand for any kind except for small lots to meet the immediate wants of the trade and to keep up assortments. In prices no material change has taken place, although the tendency is to lowest rates. With a limited export demand prices of both wheat and flour are receding, although wheat is still comparatively higher than flour and Western millers still fail to realize cost for flour now coming forward. The new crop of wheat is also near at hand and the prospects, for a large yield were never more promising. The first wheat of the season was in fact received at St. Louis on the 20th from near Dallas, Texas. It graded No. 4, and was sold at auction for \$1.25 per bu. With a limited export demand and such promising prospects, jobbers will be disposed to purchase as they are wanted, and we look for a very quiet market for the present. There is still a good assortment of all kinds offering and our weekly receipts are quite equal to the demand. Included in the receipts of the week are 34,000 bbls of Grand Junction Railroad for distribution in neighboring markets. The sales of Pa. cent. Wisconsin and Minnesota brands have been at \$1.00 a bbl, very good brands selling from \$1.25 to \$1.50.

BUTTER.
The receipts of Butter for the week have been 14,445 packages, including 2,438 boxes and 1,122 tubs, against 12,792 packages for the corresponding week last year and 10,364 in 1876. Total receipts since the 1st of January 1878, 194,000 packages against 170,995 packages for the same time last year. Exports for the week have been 128 packages. There has been a fair demand for choice grades and prices are fairly maintained, but only the very best lots command outside figures. For all kinds of poor Butter there is a slow market and unsettled prices. Certainly, there is nothing in our market to warrant any higher rates being paid in the country. New York and Vermont choice dairy lots have been selling at 18¢ and 19¢ per pound with one as an extreme for strictly fine grass make, and but few of the straight lots received are good enough to command over 18¢. Second quality has accumulated, and although we quote fair to good at 15¢ and 16¢, there is a disposition to accept the reasonable bid. The receipts of Western are large and some of the lots are as good as some of those from New York or Vermont. We notice sales of choice Western dairy at 17¢ and 18¢, with some fine lots at a higher range. A few well known marks of trade readily command 15¢ and 16¢, but most of the Western milk and store packed is not what is wanted here, and it sells very slowly, with no established price. Sales have been made at 10¢ and 12¢, but only small parcels can be placed at these figures. Trade was very slow yesterday and the market closes dull for all kinds. We quote:

Creameries.....20¢ 23¢
Choice dairy lots.....18¢ 20¢
Fair to good.....17¢ 19¢
Common to fair.....16¢ 18¢
Bakers.....15¢ 16¢

CHEESE.
The receipts for the week have been 2,705 boxes against 2,006 boxes for same week last year. There has been a decided downward tendency in prices, under the influence of liberal receipts, and a slow trade, and the market closes unsettled. Sales have been made at 9¢ for good to choice but only the very finest quality will accept the outside figure at the close, and it is not safe to expect over 9¢ for straight lots. Common to fair range all the way from 5¢ to 8¢, but after passing the best grades it is difficult to give a reliable quotation. We quote:

Fair to good.....8¢ 9¢
Common.....7¢ 8¢
Choice New.....10¢ 11¢
Common to good.....9¢ 10¢

EGGS.
There has been a moderate demand from the trade, with sales of Eastern at 12¢ and 13¢; Northern at 11¢ and 12¢; P. E. Island at 11¢ and 12¢; and Western at 11¢ and 12¢ per dozen. At the close there is a fair feeling and good Northern readily command 12¢. We quote:

Eastern.....12¢ 13¢
Northern.....11¢ 12¢
Western.....11¢ 12¢
P. E. Island.....11¢ 12¢
Lined.....11¢ 12¢

BEANS.
There has been a better demand for Beans, and prices are a little firmer. Sales of Mediana range from \$1.00 to \$1.15, with occasional lots of hand picked at \$1.10 but the trade are not willing to go over \$1.05 per bu. for any kind. Peas have been selling moderately at \$1.05 to \$1.15 per bu., but \$1.15 is an extreme price for extra hand picked. Yellow Eyes are quiet at \$2.25 to \$2.30 per bu. Red Kidneys sell in small lots at \$2.30 to \$2.40 per bu. We quote:

Peas, Northern H.P. per bu.....\$1.70 to \$1.75
Do, Western H.P. per bu.....1.65 to 1.70
Do, common.....1.60 to 1.65
Medium, choice.....1.60 to 1.65
Do, common to good.....1.50 to 1.55
Yellow Eyes.....2.25 to 2.30
Red Kidneys.....2.30 to 2.40

PEAS.
The market is steady, with sales in small lots at unchanged prices. We quote:

Choice Canada, per bu.....1.10 to 1.15
Common do......80 to 85
Green Peas.....1.10 to 1.20

GREEN APPLES.
Receipts have been very small and the market ruled quiet. Sales continue to be made in lots to the trade at \$4.00 to \$4.50 per bbl, and \$5 to \$6 per bushel for good to choice. We quote:

New York, quartered, new, 9 pound.....4¢ 5¢
Do, sliced......5¢ 6¢
Southern, quartered, new......5¢ 6¢
Do, sliced......5¢ 6¢
North and Eastern, 9¢, sliced, old.....2¢ 4¢
Evaporated, choice, 10 pound.....10¢ 12¢
Good......12¢ 15¢

VEGETINE.

Purifies the Blood, Renovates and Invigorates the Whole System.

ITS MEDICAL PROPERTIES ARE
Alterative, Tonic, Solvent and Diuretic.

Reliable Evidence.

Mr. H. R. STEVENS.
Dear Sir,—I will most cheerfully add my testimony to the great number of your great and good medicine VEGETINE, for I do not think enough can be said in its praise; for I was troubled over thirty years with that dreadful disease, Catarrh, and had such bad coughing-spells that it could seem as though I never could breathe any more, and I never could cure myself; and I do feel that VEGETINE has cured me; and I do feel that it is one of the best medicines for coughs, and weak, sinking feelings at the stomach, and advise everybody to take the VEGETINE, for I can assure them it is one of the best medicines there ever was.

MRS. L. J. GORE,
Cor. Magazine and Walnut Sts.,
Cambridge, Mass.

GIVES
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