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The Morning Star.

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THE MORNING STAR, BOSTON AND CHICAGO, JUNE 26, 1878.

NO. 26.

THE MORNING STAR,

A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER,

ISSUED BY THE

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Rev. I. D. STEWART, Publisher,

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

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26, 1878.

GRASS BLADES.

Peeping, peeping, here and there
In lawns and meadows everywhere;
Coming up to find the spring,
And hear the redbreast robin sing;
Creeping under children's feet,
Peeping at the violets sweet;
Growing into tiny bowers
For the dainty meadow flowers;
We are small, but think a minute
Of a world with no grass in it!

—Selected.

THE FOREIGN MISSION.

THE DEBT AND RE-INFORCEMENTS.

BY REV. E. D. BATES.

It is usually a misfortune for an individual or a corporation to be in debt. It is generally an embarrassment to both. Yet in debt, debt is often unavoidable when "hard times" are upon us. Some may be disposed to censure the Foreign Mission Board because there is a debt upon the Society of 7200 dollars,—that it ought not to have been contracted. That is true. But all should bear in mind the reason why this debt is upon us,—that it is simply because Free Will Baptists, both ministers and people, have not felt and manifested the interest there should have been, in the work God has called us to do in the foreign field. They have not given money enough to defray the expenses of the mission.

Salaries, both to missionaries and native helpers, were due, remittances must be made regularly and on time, else the workers must suffer.

When there was not money enough in the treasury to make the quarterly payment, money was borrowed, as a temporary necessity, presuming that the members of the churches would soon send in their contributions, and the borrowed money be paid. But the expectations were not realized. The consequence is that during several years last past, amidst the time of financial depression, commencing in 1873, the debt has accumulated to its present amount.

It is to be remembered that indebtedness is not peculiar to, or limited to, our mission. Most of the mission corporations of the large, rich and powerful denominations have incurred large debts during the last six years. Appeals have been made, with very liberal responses, to remove the indebtedness of those societies.

Our debt should be paid in less than three months' time. "Old scores" should be settled, the coast soon be cleared and our bark set sail without the incubation of debt.

We are glad to know that brethren, both ministers and laymen, are beginning to feel in earnest to have this done. At the late session of the Ohio Central Y. M. this matter was brought before Conference by a lay brother, Major J. B. Larue, of Melmore, Seneca Co., O. He preached to us a lay sermon on John 6:9, "What are they among so many?" referring to the question of Andrew to Christ concerning the few loaves and fishes with which he proposed to feed the multitude.

The point made was, what are seventy-two hundred dollars among seventy-five thousand Free Will Baptists? Not quite 10 cents each, to pay the debt. A resolution was introduced, unanimously and enthusiastically passed, without a murmur, pledging the Y. M. to pay its proportion of the debt. More than half of it was assumed by brethren on the spot, and the whole amount will be raised and paid by Sept. 1st. Now can not, will not all the Y. Ms. unite with us at once and "do likewise"? A little extra effort will accomplish the end. As this matter was introduced by a layman, let the laymen of the churches keep the ball rolling. The ministers will "second the motion" and the work soon will be done.

Next, perhaps exceeding in importance the payment of the debt, is the duty and effort to re-inforce the mission this fall. Favored with one of the best fields in the world, three and a half millions entreating us to give them the "bread of life," with few tollers on the ground, half of them so aged that they must soon close their labors, it is essential, imperative, that a large number of young men and women should be sent soon to their assistance and relief, and to extend the work. For a long time we have been asking the Lord to send forth more laborers into the harvest, for it is great and the laborers are few.

Our prayers are answered. Six brethren and sisters, well qualified in heart, mind and culture, are ready to accompany Dr. J. L. Phillips, wife and sister

on their return to India the coming autumn.

Shall they go? Yes, if the money can be raised for their outfit and traveling expenses. That can be done easily if there is a proper interest and effort.

If we should use just a little of our Free Will, it can be done.

It is estimated that three thousand dollars will defray that expense. "What are they among so many?" was the layman's text. How many cents per member, does some one ask? Well, just four, not the price of one cheap, poor cigar. Will not the women of our churches raise that money? They can if they just say, "We will."

What a noble work they have just done for the "Girls' Hall," at Harper's Ferry. While the inspiration is upon them, let them assume the work of raising the necessary money to send re-inforcements to our foreign field the coming fall. The Woman's Mission Soc. of the O. Central Y. M. held a meeting in connection with its late session, and among other good things done it resolved to do this: to raise thirty dollars, the sum the Y. M. should raise as its proportion of the 3000 dollars.

More than half of that amount was raised in cash, and passed into the hands of Bro. Fernald, the Financial Secretary, immediately. May not all the Y. M. and Q. M. organizations among the sisters go on with this work?

Where such organizations do not exist let some good sister, or sisters, in each church voluntarily take up the work and do it quickly, sending the money to Rev. E. N. Fernald, Lewiston, Maine. This will be quite acceptable to the "Crucified One" as the service of the women "first at the sepulcher" bringing their spices to embalm his body.

Suffer a note of caution, brethren and sisters of the denomination. While many of us will pay annual interest on notes given to establish the Bible School in India, and may, as we ought, pay extra sums to remove the debt and send re-inforcements, let us be careful that we do not lessen our systematic, regular contributions for the annual support of all the missionaries and native helpers. May God help us.

A BOX OF BOOKS.

In the British section of the Paris Exposition, and not far from the exhibit of the British and Foreign Bible Society, is the exhibit of the Pure Literature Society, having its headquarters in London. Many cottage and wall pictures, diagrams for teachers, and reward cards are displayed, although the main exhibit is that of specimens from the three thousand selected books and periodicals which they recommend to those young men and women who have not had time to post themselves up in regard to the best lot of books and periodicals to be selected from.

A most interesting feature of this exhibit is a rough wooden box, rather it looks like a minute cupboard about 20 inches long, 10 inches thick, and 14 inches in width and thickness. Set this up on one end, swing back one side which is on hinges and opens like a door, and you may count twenty-two books, part of which stand on the bottom and part on a shelf half way up. Some of the books are considerably worn, but they all are in very good condition. A framed inscription near it informs the observer that this box with its contents is one of the ship libraries furnished by "St. Paul's, Dock St., the church for seamen for the port of London," and also that this identical box of books has made nine voyages, the details of which interested me so much that I copied them, and venture to give them to the reader:

This little library was (1) put on board the ship "Christiana," May 16, 1865, and visited New York and traveled 7,000 miles; (2) on the "Mary Russell Mitford," June 14, 1866, West Indies, 13,000; (3) "Natal Star," Sept. 3, 1867, Port Natal (E. Africa), 15,000; (4) "Prince Alfred," May 4, 1868, Port Natal, 15,000; (5) "Harmodius," May 31, 1869, Brisbane (Australia), 32,000; (6) "Victory," June 3, 1870, Algoa Bay (E. Africa), Mauritius, China, Japan, Sydney, Calcutta, 80,000; (7) "Goolwa," April 21, 1873, Adelaide (S. Australia), 28,000; (8) "Baonto," March 31, 1874, Port Natal, Mauritius, 20,000; (9) "Lelia Alice," Feb. 25, 1875, Algoa Bay (E. Africa), Mauritius, China, Japan, Akab, Calcutta, Bombay, 75,000; the number of miles traveled in its nine voyages, sums up a total of 285,000.

It is a profitable thing to think of the Godsend these few books must have been to the sailor on those voyages. That they traveled two hundred and eighty-five thousand miles, the figures state; that they were read much and often the books themselves testify, but the good that they did, the hours which they enlivened, the secret purposes for better living which they inspired, and the blessing which came upon those who planned and those who execute this kind of benevolence, all these are not reckoned in figures, but the account is kept in God's book.

It may be of interest to the reader to know something of this Society and its

workings. It was established in 1854, and its report for 1877 states that the chief aim of its committee has been "to use every effort they can, not only to check impure and sensational literature, but to promote the circulation and to create a demand for that which is pure."

Yearly subscribers, by paying one guinea, may receive, post free, monthly, a shilling parcel selected by themselves of 41 approved periodicals; or, may recommend grants of books at half price for libraries, to the value of £10 annually. Subscribers of two guineas may avail themselves of both the preceding privileges. Contributors desirous of becoming life members may, in future, by a donation of twenty guineas, avail themselves for life of either of the privileges given to one-guinea subscribers. Donors of thirty guineas may avail themselves for life of privileges given to two-guinea subscribers. I clip from the Report for 1877:

The earliest work of the Society was to form a list of periodicals which they could recommend, and the circulation of good and sound periodicals has always been one of the chief objects of the Society. There are now on the list forty-one periodicals; these are divided into two classes, for adults and for children. Upwards of one thousand parcels are sent off monthly to nearly all parts of Great Britain, our Colonies, and various parts of the world. As education increases so will the demand for reading, and also, in proportion, for periodical literature. Efforts of many kinds in the most seductive ways will be made to induce purchasers, and it does behoove all true friends of education to foster and help every agency for supplying a healthy literature.

A special and interesting work has been carried on for a number of years by the Secretary devoting several weeks in the autumn to a systematic visitation of the news-vendors who chiefly sell cheap sensational literature. By this means 9,461 visits have been made to shops in most of the large towns and cities of England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and the Channel Islands. The chief object of this work is to go to those shops where the lowest kind of literature is sold, and by friendly counsel induce the shop-keeper to hang up in a prominent part of the shop a list of periodicals prepared by the Society. At the head of the list are the words, "To be had here." This plan has been found very useful. Occasionally a few specimens of the periodicals are also left on condition of their being exhibited in the window, and by this means a demand has been caused for pure literature. Very few refuse to receive the list, while many gladly welcome it. . . . The Secretary reports that year by year he finds a steady increase in the number of shops which sell regularly the Society's periodicals.

Then they have what are called Parochial Magazine Associations. The Report says:

There are upwards of one hundred of these, supplied directly from the Society, and a large number of others which obtain their periodicals through local agencies. These are all doing a real and earnest good work. Their importance can hardly be over-estimated, as, where fully and properly worked, every house has to be visited, and aggressive work is here begun. The testimony given by many clergymen is, that not only has pure literature been introduced by this means, but a door has been opened which was shut before for other Christian usefulness. The plans for managing these Associations are various, and they may be adapted to suit the city, town, or village, and either by a regular committee or the work of a private individual. The suggestions for forming these Associations given at page 18 have been found very useful.

As to ships' libraries:

A very valuable work has been carried on for several years by various Sailors' Societies in placing libraries on board ships, and exchanging them on their return voyage. In many cases the sailors are allowed to purchase any of the books in the library, and they often avail themselves of this privilege. These libraries have proved a means of much usefulness, and, as a proof that they are appreciated, it is seldom that a library is returned without some contribution from the officers and men towards the fund for sustaining these grants.

Finally, the object of the Society is thus plainly stated:

The Pure Literature Society does not publish books or periodicals. It neither issues any new works of its own, nor derives any profit from commercial transactions. Its efforts are directed to promote the circulation of pure and healthy literature.

This it endeavors to effect—
1. By the publication of a catalogue of such periodicals, books, prints, diagrams, and other works, as the committee may, from time to time, have brought before them, and which they deem really useful and good, whether they are issued by individuals or by societies.

2. By grants, from this catalogue, of libraries at half-price.

3. By acting as an agency for the selection and distribution of desirable periodicals and other works, in order to supply persons, schools, and institutions in the country and abroad.

4. By the judicious use of correspondence with the managers of publications, either in praise or in kindly remonstrance.

The receipts of the Society for the year ending Dec. 31, 1876, amounted to £2048-15s-4d.

These extracts have been given that there may be generally known to the readers of the Star, something of the means and methods which are being used in England for the promotion of a healthy appetite for wholesome reading matter. It

will be noticed that that is the great point in view, to supplant immoral and sensational literature.—E. A. S.

WHITESTOWN SEMINARY.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY.

No school of its class in the Empire State, perhaps we might safely say in the United States, is doing more thorough, effective work than Whitestown Seminary. Charming in its beautiful Mohawk valley in close proximity to the city of Utica, under the shadows of Hamilton College, her natural advantages have been supplemented by some of the most earnest work ever done in the cause of education. It is said that over ten thousand students have received instruction at this school; students now scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The closing exercises of the school year are always interesting and largely attended.

The Anniversary of 1878 marked a half century's history for this institution, and we do not fear over-stating, when we say that there has never been held a more thoroughly enjoyable anniversary than the fiftieth. Preparations were made a year since, looking toward the proper observance of this semi-centennial birth-day. The anticipations were more than realized, in the deep interest shown toward the Seminary by the old students, and the perfect manner in which the arrangements were carried out.

On Sabbath evening, Rev. Jas. L. Phillips delivered an address on "the claims of Christian Missions upon the schools," before the Students' Christian Association.

When I say that Bro. Phillips spoke, every reader of the Star knows at once that it was something worth listening to. The address was given to a very large audience, many coming from Utica and adjacent villages, and all felt that the cause of missions had a larger place in their hearts because of Bro. Phillips's burning words. His address was practical and yet scholarly, and gave the most perfect satisfaction. On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday the examination of the various classes was in progress. Tuesday, at 3, P. M., six young men strove to satisfactorily answer the question, "Has the prevailing religion of a nation contributed most to its civilization?" The five literary societies held their annual reunion on Tuesday evening, and were addressed by Dr. Phillips and representatives of each society, and on Wednesday evening, the 17th Prize Exhibition in Declamation and Recitation was held.

But Thursday, as it was the last so was the great day of the feast. Early in the morning streams of people began to pour in from the surrounding country, and by the time designated for the commencement of the prize speaking, the spacious hall was crowded. The ladies and gentlemen who spoke, did credit to themselves and honored the Institution which they represented.

Whitestown has long been noted for training her students to become fine speakers, and the contest, Thursday, proved that she yet retains her pre-eminence in oratory and elocution.

At 2, P. M., the meeting of the Alumni Association was called to order by the chairman, Hon. Ellis H. Roberts, LL.D., of Utica, who made the opening address. The Historical address, by Rev. E. D. Morris, D.D., of Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, followed, and the exercises of the afternoon closed with a poem by Mrs. A. T. Huntly, of Ithaca. Did space permit we should be pleased to refer at length to these efforts, each of which was deserving of the most hearty commendation.

We hope to see some portions of the address by Dr. Morris published in the Star at no distant day, especially that part where he alluded so touchingly to the work done by Profs. Fullerton and Butler. The poem was a gem couched in that chaste language which its author seems ever to command. In the evening speeches were made by Drs. Brown, North, of Hamilton College, and other distinguished members of the Alumni. In the course of the evening the Alumni took occasion to give Principal Gardner a "caning," which he bore heroically.

We can not close without expressing the sincere love which we are sure swells the heart of every Alumnus, for that man who for so long a time has made the success of this Institution his sole aim.

Prof. J. S. Gardner has done a work as an educator which entitles him to rank with the ablest teachers of the day. And we can not ignore the fact that to him the school is largely indebted for its high moral tone. Many souls have been born to God in the old chapel, and they look back with loving eyes to him who gave them words of advice and counsel.

We believe God has yet a great work for Whitestown. That her success in the future may equal that of the past—greater prosperity we could not desire—is the earnest prayer of

70.

June 21st.

EXCHANGE NOTES AND QUOTES.

Few men can long appear to be what they are not; their real self will show through the thin disguise.—Zion's Herald.

The death of Mr. Bryant removed the foremost citizen of New York, the father of American poetry, and in many respects the most rounded, complete, and truly admirable character developed in the first century of our national life.—Golden Rule.

The benefit of such a life as Mr. Bryant's is immeasurable, not only in its direct contribution to our stores of good reading, and to all the best labors of our civilization, but in the indirect forces which radiate from it, and which tend to make our literature nobler and more stimulative of all uplifting influences.—Congregationalist.

But while rejoicing over the immediate achievements of so many of our churches in their deliverance from debt, let us also encourage ourselves with the evidence this great movement furnishes of the hold Christianity has over the hearts of those who profess it, and with the grand demonstration it affords of the love of God's people for the places they have built for his worship.—Baptist Weekly.

We can not see but the Senate Committee, to which were referred the petitions for a Sixteenth Amendment, granting female suffrage, acted wisely in reporting adversely. That is not the way that reforms are secured. It is beginning at the wrong end.—Independent.

We suggest that the law ought to exercise a certain supervision over the dime novel and similar publications. We believe in the freedom of the press. We would have the government interfere only where there can be no doubt that the morals of its citizens are endangered. We think it has the same right to suppress tales of murder and robbery that it has to destroy obscene literature, and we should be glad to have our legislature do their duty in reference to this matter.—Watchman.

The very terms of evangelical religion—terms not of human device, but of divine revelation—salvation, redemption, forgiveness, cleansing, renewal, grace, and all, declare that there is such a thing as sin, that it is a reality in man that endangers and destroys his life, and from which he must be saved if he is to live well here and hereafter. Sin in its reality gives color to all man thinks or feels about himself, or nature around him and God above him. There never was a vain effort, then, than that so much "counted at present to blot out the fact and the reality of sin in man. The fact and the consciousness of the fact can not be blotted out without destroying the soul itself into which sin has so deeply entered.—Vermont Chronicle.

MISSION WORK.

CONDUCTED BY REV. G. C. WATERMAN.

DON'T PUT IT OFF.

We spoke last week of two Yearly Meetings which had taken action in regard to paying their proportion of the debt of the Foreign Mission Society. That action was right, but will amount to nothing unless it is carried into effect in the churches, and this must be done mainly by the influence and efforts of the pastors. What we wish to say now, is just this, "Don't put it off." Do what you can at once. Circumstances may not seem to be the most favorable, but never mind. Interest in the matter will wane and die if it is postponed. Other matters will come up demanding attention. Now is the time to attend to this work. This is the work of the hour. If it be taken in hand with a will, it may be finished within thirty days. It is not necessary to wait for your Yearly Meeting or Quarterly Meeting to convene and take action on the subject. Not at all. The power is with the churches. The work must be done in them. Let them move in the matter without delay. Let pastors preach about it, deacons pray about it, sisters talk about it, children ask questions about it, and let every body give something for it. Let this be a special gift for the debt-paying fund. Let it not interfere with our regular work. Our ordinary contributions must be kept up in order to keep the work going on as we wish to have it. The trifling sum of twenty cents apiece from the resident members of our churches, if promptly collected and sent to the Treasurer of the Society, Rev. N. Brooks, Manchester, N. H., will be more than enough to pay the debt. Why should we dally and by waiting make the matter worse? Debts must be paid, and debts if let alone have an ugly way of growing to a monstrous size almost before we know it. The ball is moving, roll it along through all our lines, let it stir us all to activity and we shall find that a work that must be done, can be done, and the doing is not half so bad as the dreading of it. Now don't put it off.

SO MANY CALLS.

"It is Foreign Missions to-day, and Harper's Ferry to-morrow, and the church debt next day, and the minister's salary all the while, and the Education Society every now and then, besides a great many other things; somebody is wanting money forever." Yes, dear friends, the Lord is wanting money forever. His cause is to be carried forward as other enterprises are, by the faithful and energetic use of means. These means he will bless and make abundantly successful. The willing soul desiring to help every worthy object may sometimes find itself unable to respond to all the calls made upon it, and be in doubt as to which should be chosen. Of course it must then do the best it can under the light given to it. It is well that there are many calls, for some who would not listen to one will to another. The various benevolent enterprises enlist the interest and efforts of a much greater number of workers than any one alone could. We should all grow hard and selfish, as some do, if it were not for the frequent and various calls upon our benevolence. These are voices from God calling us back from paths of worldliness, from covetousness, from stingy habits and selfish plans, and we do well to hear and heed them; we can not safely ignore them. Let us never grow impatient at their number or frequency, but rather cultivate a benevolent disposition, establish a system of giving and adhere to it, seeking always to send our contributions through safe channels to worthy objects, and in as many directions as possible.

SHALL WE AID OUR YOUNG MEN WHO ARE PREPARING FOR THE MINISTRY?

It is urged, "There are two sides to this question. It may be well to aid such in a measure; but young men who are of the right quality for the ministry are capable of obtaining their own education without taxing the churches to aid them." Truth, no council should lay hands on a young man who is of softer metal than that in this age of the world. But does it follow that such should not receive aid because they can, in time, work their way through alone. By no means. We will not here discuss the question, so prominent the past few months, whether such metal is in danger of "softening" under the influence of a not over-heated charity. That question is best settled by actual and illustrative facts which stand out boldly in the clear light of history.

What is the true standpoint from which to view this important question? Does the importance of aiding young men in their preparation for the gospel ministry relate chiefly to the young men themselves, or otherwise? Otherwise, emphatically. Let us, for a moment, look, not so much at these young men, but at the cause which they are to represent, and to which their lives are to be consecrated. Strong and stirring appeals have been made on the ground of the hardships and deprivations of this class of young men. Such have their proper place and are of weight. But if such appeals reach the heart of the people most effectually then the more pity for such an abnormal heart.

Our appeal for aid for young men is not, and should not be, simply to relieve them of a burden. If, all things considered, it be better for them to bear the burden, they can do it. And this is no theory. Many have borne such burdens unaided. But lifting up our eyes and looking beyond the to-be reapers, we behold the field white "ready to harvest."

The churches are calling for educated ministers, and they need them. New and unoccupied fields are inviting us, but the men are wanting. Now here stand a score of young men—as the last annual report of the Education Society shows to be true—with the ministry in view. They can teach, or otherwise employ themselves six months of each year until their education is completed, provided they have no special dependencies. Or, aided to a reasonable extent, and making good use of vacations, they can complete their preparation in about one-half the time they could educate themselves, and enter the field so much sooner, and doubtless add so many years to their public ministry. Now whom are we pleading for, and whom aiding when we ask the churches to contribute to this object? The young men as such? Yes, we have, and ought to have, a deep sympathy for them. But they are by no means the chief factor in the case. When we appeal to the churches for aid for young men who are to be the future pastors of our churches and our future missionaries, let it be understood we are pleading for and helping the churches, helping them to the pastors they are calling for; that we are aiding the cause of religion, in that by aiding young men sufficiently to allow them an uninterrupted course we are putting them into the ministry from three to five years sooner than with commendable prudence and industry they could work their way there, and with a better fitness for their life-work; for who does not know that an interrupted course of study is worth much more than a course made up of disconnected fragments?

For a church, or individual, to pray God to give them able and efficient pastors, to "send forth laborers into his harvest," and then refuse to aid and encourage those whom God has called, is to mock God, and so far as such an influence reaches, insure slow progress to the church. It is not so much, can the churches afford to aid young men, as it is, can they afford not to aid them? Can the waiting harvests afford them time to come unaided?

Let all our churches pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers, and work and pay in the same direction—thus aiding and encouraging such as are needy and deserving—and it takes no prophet to foretell that the next decade shall witness a forward movement, a nobler enthusiasm, and a more abundant harvest all along the line of our beloved Zion. Brethren of the churches, east and west, what response?

W. L. NOYES.

S. S. Department.

Sabbath-School Lesson.—July 7.

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

BIRTH OF CHRIST.

GOLDEN TEXT: "For unto you is born, this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."—Luke 2:11.

Luke—2: 8-30.

Notes and Hints.

8. "And there were in the same country," Bethlehem is meant. Joseph and Mary were here by a decree of Augustus, emperor of the Roman empire, to which Judea was then subject. Herod the Great was the subject of Augustus. The object of the decree was to have a census of the Jews taken. Bethlehem was the birth-place of David, of whose family Joseph and Mary were descendants. It is situated five miles south of Jerusalem. "Shepherds abiding in the fields." The season of the year usually assigned to the birth of Christ is supposed by some to be inconsistent with this statement. Sojourners in the country, however, relate that the last of December is often as pleasant a season as any in the year. "Keeping watch by night." Tending the flock by turns through the night watches. Barnes translates this passage. The flocks must be tended to prevent their straying and for protection. "The angel of the Lord." An angel rather than the angel. "Came upon them." Appeared suddenly to them. "The glory of the Lord shone." Glory is a word often applied to a bright light. Probably this is all that is meant here. The glory of God, in a moral sense, is holy character, and so is the glory of man. "Sore afraid." The Scriptures usually represent men as terrified by the appearance of an angel to them. The fear arises from a sudden sense of danger, or from the supposition that angels are sent to punish, or from the consciousness of unholiness in their presence. What, then, will be the feelings of man ushered into the presence of God himself?

"I bring you good tidings of great joy." The announcement of the birth of Christ was good and joyful tidings because it gave to all people, by faith in him, forgiveness, election, adoption, salvation. He would save from sin, and give life and the love of God to all who sought it. "Christ the Lord." Christ means "the anointed." Messiah is the Hebrew word having the same meaning. For centuries the Jews had been looking for a Messiah. The Anointed One that came in the form of a babe was Son of David and Son of God. As to the flesh, of the seed of David, as to his spirit, "very God of very God." The incarnation of God, one of the most wonderful of God's acts takes place as naturally as the birth of a child. "Swaddling clothes." Cloths with which infants are bandaged. This Eastern mode of dressing little infants extensively prevails on the continent of Europe.

"Manger." The trough in which cattle are fed. Forced out of the inn by the multitude present, Joseph and Mary took up their quarters in the part of the building appropriated to cattle. In the East, a family often occupies the one room of the house in common with the cattle; that part occupied by the family is generally raised about two feet above the level of the ground. The church of the Nativity, the oldest Christian church, is built over a cave, after a tradition of the second century that Christ was born in that cave. "In the highest." In the highest heaven, or among the highest, i. e., among the angels. "Good will to men."

"To men of good will," is a reading for which there is good authority, though the present reading is preferred by many scholars. "On earth peace," denotes that Christ comes to make peace between man and God, and between man and man. "Good will toward men," denotes that Christ brings to men the friendly, gracious, constraining love of God, and gives to them a free, full, ennobling and eternal salvation from sin and evil. What gifts like these were ever before sent to men!

"As the angels were gone away." A sudden disappearance. The bewildered shepherds recovered from their amazement, to find them gone. "Go even unto Bethlehem." The shepherds were not in the village, but near it. Notice that when they wished to find the Saviour, though not knowing him as the Saviour from sin, they went promptly, eagerly, forsaking all. They "came with haste" to the lowly crib in which the Son of God incarnate lay an infant. "They made known abroad." Have we seen Jesus? Have we found the Christ? Then let us make him known abroad. Tell what God has said concerning this child. "All they that heard it wondered." It was from this and other circumstances that the expectation of Christ's immediate appearance was intensified. The preaching of John, nearly thirty years later, fanned the coals, thus kindled, to a flame.

"Mary kept all these things." She knew that the child was mysteriously born, and had a peculiar mission on earth to perform, but what that mission was and what the character of her son was to be, were in obscurity. Hence, she sought to lay hold of every fact that would help solve the problem of his career.

"Returned, glorifying and praising God." The shepherds were devout men. They had subjects of thought and conversation now that served to increase their piety. Praise for the gift of Jesus, if they saw at all his character, no doubt was often on their lips, as they tended their flocks.

Let us praise him (1) that he became incarnate, (2) that he came among the lowly, (3) that he brought such gifts of grace to men, (4) that he has brought them to us all and given them to us without money, or price.

LOST IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL. A Baptist pastor in West Virginia, says: "Our church is almost lost in the Sabbath-school." The great masses of our churches in the South and South-west are not in danger of being lost in the Sunday-schools, for they have nothing or but little to do with them. They might lose much of their carnality and worldly-mindedness by taking a more active part in the Sunday-school work; but in some places we notice a tendency to let the Sunday-school "run" the church, as the cant phrase goes. A year or so ago we stepped into a Sunday-school connected with a leading Baptist church in another State. The morning was very unpleasant and the attendance was quite small. When the usual exercises were over, the pastor of the church came in and stated that several persons were to be received and the doors of the church would be opened. An invitation was given and several persons came forward, related their Christian experiences, and were received. It was said, into the church. After the morning sermon, the pastor baptized them. All this was done when, perhaps, not one member of the church in twenty had heard a word about it. In such cases, says the *Sunday Magazine*, we should say the church is almost lost in the Sunday-school.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL "AN EVIL." Here is a paragraph from Dr. Deems's (Episcopal) magazine, that expresses a strange opinion of Sunday-school work:

The *Churchman* is pronounced on a subject which the New York *Evangelist* properly says is "of practical moment to all our churches." It may be set down as a positive fact that, if the children of churchmen go to Sunday-school instead of to church, the Sunday-school is an evil, and ought to be abandoned. We are sorry to say that, in many a congregation, the parents, as they go to church, meet their children on their way home from Sunday-school. This is a shocking perversion of the church's work. Children ought to go to church with their parents, and if attendance upon Sunday-school and church successively is too wearisome, then the Sunday-schools should be given up. Whatever else may be done, or left undone, on the Lord's day, this should be the rule everywhere. The father of the family, as the priest of the family, should gather about him and take with him to the church all the members of his family, whom, during the week, he has been instructing and leading in worship. Thus the public worship is a legitimate outgrowth of family worship, and the combined religious family life of a parish finds its natural results in a religious church life.

TOO TRUE. The Rev. William C. Walker says in the *Christian Secretary*:

The Rev. George F. Pentecost, in his address as an introduction to a course of Bible readings in New Haven, asserted that even Christians have but little acquaintance with their Bibles. There are plenty of Bibles in their houses as keepsakes and for ornament for center-tables and dressing-rooms, but their contents are too little perused or put into practice in their daily lives. We fear that this statement is more than half true. Think of it, professed Christian reader! "Search the Scriptures." "Seek ye out of the book of the Lord and read." In private, in your families, and every day, read carefully and prayerfully the Word of the Lord. Encourage your children to do it, and to commit to memory the Bible lessons of the week, and do all in your power to encourage the Bible school connected with your church. Go yourself. Teach by example.

A PRESSING DUTY. According to the *Lutheran Observer*: Next to temperance reform, that of arousing parents to the duty of providing their children with healthful reading, and protecting them from that which is injurious and vile, is the most important that can engage the efforts of Christians at the present day.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL NEWS.

The International Sunday-school Lessons are printed with notes and explanations, every week, in the Hawaiian language. The translator, Rev. Lorenzo Lyons, has been connected with the Sunday-schools of the Sandwich Islands for forty-six years.

Dr. J. H. Vincent, during his trip to Europe, will hold Sunday-school institutes in Italy and Germany.

Mr. Hartson, of Poland, N. Y., has given \$5,000 to construct a tabernacle on the Chautauqua grounds, and it is expected that by July 1 the building, accommodating three thousand persons, will be completed.

If it be claimed that Robert Raikes was the "founder" of Sunday-schools, one must make haste to add that the first teacher in that initiatory school was a woman—Mrs. King, of Catherine Street, Gloucester. She was paid a salary, one-and-sixpence per Sunday. However, it is not to be supposed that that was the first time any one had thought of giving regular religious instruction to groups of children on Sundays. It is on record that in 1769 a Sunday-school was started in High Wycombe by Miss Hannah Ball, a young Methodist lady, and in 1770, more than a hundred years ago, she wrote to John Wesley, telling him that the children met twice a week—every Sunday and Monday—adding: "They are a wild little company, but seem willing to be instructed. I labor among them earnestly, desiring to promote the interest of the church of Christ." It was the Sunday-school system or institution, that Robert Raikes inaugurated.

Communications.

THE EARTH'S AGE.

BY REV. O. R. BACHELER, OF INDIA.

Professor Huxley, in his American Lectures, calls up the old argument derived from the recession of the falls of Niagara to prove the antiquity of the earth. Allowing all that science may claim for the Niagara argument, it becomes insignificant and uncertain when compared with the argument derived from the clay beds of the old world. The six miles of rock through which the Niagara river has receded from Lewiston up to its present site, may have been of varying density, and consequently the rate of recession may have been greater or less than at present. In the clay deposits formed by the out-gushings of a great river the uncertainty is by no means so great.

From the sand hills of Conti, there extends a broad plain, six miles in a direct line to the sea. This plain, only a few inches above the ordinary high tides, is a deposit of clay no one knows how deep. It is now covered with a luxuriant crop of rice much of which will go to feed the famine-stricken ones of Madras. Seaward from this point are the outer mouths of the Ganges, where, many miles from land, the deposits of sand are now being made. This river, with its numberless outlets, is the only important stream in this part of India, at least within some hundreds of miles, so there can be no mistake in regard to the source of these deposits.

It is well known that clay is never the result of chemical combinations, but is formed by the attrition of harder portions of matter, rocks, &c., in the presence of water. Now let us estimate the period necessary for the formation of the deposit before us. Supposing that the filling up from the shore seaward has been at the rate of a foot a year, then this plain from the sand hills to the sea has required 31,680 years for its formation. But again, landward from the sand hills there is another stretch of clay deposit, forty miles broad, which claims a period of 21,200 years for its formation, making an aggregate of 52,880 years for the formation of the entire plain. But we have assumed a filling up seaward of a foot a year, which is a far higher rate than facts would justify. If we multiply our sum by ten, thus giving 528,800 years, we doubtless come much nearer the truth. But then this deposit of which I am speaking is comparatively a recent formation. The mouth of the Ganges was originally three hundred miles farther inland, and a delta has been formed more than three hundred miles broad at its base, with an equal distance from base to apex, now covered with populous villages and fruitful fields, formed from the deposits of this mighty stream. Surely, here we have evidence of the earth's antiquity in comparison with which Niagara becomes a thing of yesterday.

Thus unnumbered centuries passed, belonging to the period of the "beginning," and then came man slowly creeping on the stage, naked as the denizens of the jungles he warred upon, his bow and arrows his means of offensive and defensive subsistence. These sand-hills afforded him security from the floods, and the teeming morasses gave him food. Ere long, a more developed manhood inspired him with higher aims. The ax and hoe supplanted the bow and arrow, and here and there the reclaimed fields began to wave with uncertain crops, for as yet the ocean held dominion, and ever and anon the floods came rushing in, destroying the hopes of man. But manhood's progress was onward. It measured lances with the sea and came off victorious. The sea-dyke rose, and some thousands of square miles of fruitful soil were rescued from the flood. And now as we look out over this once desolate waste, far as the eye can reach, and many, many miles beyond, the vision is filled with waving grain. All the available appliances of the country have been put in requisition to carry off last year's crop to the famine-stricken districts of the south, and still a richer crop is maturing.

In process of time the gods came, whether for good or evil might be a question, but of this we may be sure, God knew they were coming, and let them come, and here we find them. The arts of civilized life with the school in their train came, too, and found a home. And now a new era dawns upon the land. The Gospel comes, best gift of Heaven, with its proffered blessings and its moral power. Its contest is waged, and successfully too, for its victories are being numbered. The beasts of the jungle measured their strength with man, the bow and arrow did not at once give place to the ax and hoe, the ocean long refused to acknowledge man's supremacy, and once and again swept away his weak defences; every change has been contested, and Christianity, in its turn is now in the midst of the conflict. Crude and uncivilized manhood, true to itself, has steadily achieved its successes and it remains to be seen whether we, with the heaven-born hopes that inspire us, and strength not our own to sustain, shall be less true to our enlightened manhood.

The earth is older than it was, in more senses than one. On a recent Sabbath, in response to a call that had been made, the people came together to take measures for sending aid to the famine districts. Some three hundred people were assembled beneath a canopy spread for the purpose, for no building in the place

could accommodate one half the number. One Babu read a paper showing the extent of suffering and need of relief. Fifteen millions of people without means of subsistence, and only one half the number thus far provided for. Another Babu followed, appealing to human sympathy from a religious standpoint. Our brethren, children of the same common parent with ourselves, were in the extremities of mortal suffering, sending forth their agonizing plea for help. Two others followed briefly and then the subscription papers were passed. One man brought a rupee, stating that it was the gift of a poor widow in her poverty. It was a well-timed gift, and like the "widow's mite" of old it had its influence. Two wealthy men, representing considerable property, hesitated. Each wished to give more than the other. One said "Give what you please, I will exceed it." They settled it by subscribing rs. 100 each for their property and rs. 20 each as individual donations. Twelve hundred rupees (\$600) were obtained on the spot, three hundred more were conditionally promised, and it is thought that the sum will be made up to two thousand rupees. This demonstration cheers us. It gives us more confidence in the people. We can push our work with more vigor.

A HAPPY LIFE.

BY GEO. E. PLACE.

She rose in the prayer-meeting, behind me. 'Twas a strange voice. I turned to look at the stranger, and was at once struck with the serene expression of her features. She appeared to be, in age, about sixty; she might have been older. For the face that fronts a heart constantly at peace with God and man, grows old slowly. It is the giving vent to passion or fretfulness that early wrinkles the brow, and gives that surlly, forbidding expression seen on the faces of many. Never shall I forget her testimony. After alluding to the fact of her being a stranger among us, and the pleasure it afforded her of thus meeting with Christ's children, she gave substantially the following testimony:

"There is one point in the experience related by many Christians, which, from my stand-point, I can hardly understand or appreciate. I hear them frequently speak of having dark hours. My friends, I have not always stood upon the highest mount of God's revealed glory and joy, but I can truly say that since I have given my heart to Christ, I have never known what might be called dark hours; but a calm, steady flux of joy has flowed through my heart; my spiritual heaven has always been radiant with sunshine."

Ah, my stranger friend, as I looked into your face, I could not doubt the truth of your words, for the benignity that shone there was its own seal of testimony to their truth. What would it not be worth at the end of a long life to be able to give such a testimony as that? What a blessed wealth of joy would such a testimony reveal! Such a testimony seems all the more grateful because of its rarity. And then I felt to glorify. Is such an experience the outgrowth of large moral faculties naturally developed, or were her predilections to sin as great as the common cast of people, and she gained the triumph over them by the intelligent exercise of her will? Was it the first? And if so, why did not God create all such, so that it would have been easy for all mankind to practice a complete virtue, and so experience a perpetual joy? Would it not seem more beautiful and fitting to witness a universal spontaneity to well instead of evil doing, which seems to characterize the impulses of the most of mankind? That God has created some men so that it is much easier to practice virtue than some others, seems most evident from observation. But does not a partiality seem to exist here unworthy a just God?

But stop. What am I that I should sit in judgment upon infinite Wisdom? Even though I may not understand this thing, one thing appears reasonable, from observation, that no human being is ever created so low in moral impulses, but there existed a power, in God's grace, to raise them to glorious heights of moral excellence. John Bunyan was an abominably wicked man, who, to use his own phrase, used to swear till the air was almost blue around him. Dwight L. Moody is said to have once been a man of sinful habits. And multitudes of wicked men, of whom the world has never known or heard, have fought their terrible battles with sin, and obtained the victory of grace.

You would like to have the paths of well-doing made smooth and easy, would you? 'T would be so nice to go to heaven on "flowery beds of ease," instead of sailing there "through bloody seas." Look, my heart, into your own experience. What points in your Christian life are the most precious to you, those wherein you have gained the victory over dark and terrible temptations, or that well-doing which has not cost you much effort or self-sacrifice? How many times have you felt before certain sins, until you become disgusted with yourself and lost confidence in yourself, and almost cursed your existence, until, trusting no longer in your own strength, reaching out and grasping the strength of the infinite Father, which, all the years had been tenderly held out to you, and in the strength of his Son you walked safely over the old paths of temptation, what an aura of joy crowned your soul! Could such a glory and joy ever have

come to you only through such an ordeal? No. We speak of the joys of a growth in grace. No stalwart and healthy growth, either natural or moral, was ever attained only through the agency of antagonism. The tree gains its toughness of fiber and tenacity of root only by resisting the tempest, and moral and spiritual strength is gained only through buffeting. How do we know we are true men and women until the quality becomes put to the test? Who enjoys and appreciates worldly riches most, he who receives them by inheritance, or he who gains them by his own exertions? We err, when we think it would have been best for us for God to have created us with moral faculties so raised as to present no salient points to temptation, and consequently preclude the possibility of sinning.

A joy receives its greatest glow
From occultation with a woe.

and the sun seems to shine all the brighter when emerging from a black cloud; and the beautiful summer receives its greatest glory from the contrast with the cold, lifeless winter; and our joy is the greatest when we meet and successfully resist a temptation.

Reasoning thus, on the hypothesis that angels are not subject to temptation, we shall stand above them in the other world in point of appreciative enjoyment. But we are not sure that they are thus created. Was not Satan once an angel of light, when he was called Lucifer, the son of the morning, standing pre-eminent among those hosts of glorious and intellectual beings? Nothing but the history of the other world will ever unfold the nature of the terrible test upon the loyalty of angelic minds as they beheld their glorious leader breaking his allegiance, and who, in fact, drew after him, in rebellion, so many of the sons of heaven. Neither do we know but that a severe test comes at some time, in some form, to the mind of every angel created. The fact that some of the angels, even in heaven, fell, leaves it open to a strong probability that the principle of free agency is a universal law in God's moral government through all his dominions.

What use in creating a power, or faculty, unless a point is made for the application of its force. We have hands and something is made for them to do. We have eyes, and there are objects for them to see. And if we are free moral agents, the harmony of fitness becomes destroyed, if, in the creation of the faculty, a temptation to aberrate from the right is not sufficiently great to remove it from a spontaneity of well-doing. We may conclude the test comes some time, and a greater or less number of times, to every mind, human or angelic, and there comes also a time when that test ceases to exert a disturbing power. The angels may not be subject to a test but once, while mortals, in some degree, are subject through all their earthly pilgrimage. But even while in this world, by the right use of our progressive faculties, we can substantially raise ourselves above the disturbing power of temptation.

Darkness can come to the soul only by our wronging, in some way, our sense of right or duty. Our sister could never have delivered such a testimony unless she had succeeded in constantly conquering herself. How many testimonies I have heard in prayer-meetings substantially like this—I don't enjoy that love of God that I might, for I feel that I have not done just as I ought—I have done wrong in many things, and have not lived up to my privileges. Dear Christian reader; do we not, by such testimonies, insult the love and power of that Saviour who has promised us grace for all our conditions? Oh, let us so avail ourselves of that promised grace that we shall be enabled to live in such a way that we shall never again be constrained to deliver such a testimony. Would not such despondent testimonies tend to produce a disheartening effect upon the unconverted, and would not such like this of our sister tend to encourage them?

THE CHURCH AND TEMPERANCE REFORM CLUBS.

BY JOSEPH FULLERTON.

The church has been incalculably benefited by the temperance enterprise. 1. The salvation of its own members, in that by abstaining from intoxicants they have been more spiritual and devotedly pious. 2. Being saved themselves from drunkenness, of which many were in danger while using liquors. 3. Additions, many having first abstained from inebriating liquors, although used but in moderate quantities, were at once well prepared to receive a higher good, grace in the heart, salvation, and evidences of heirship to heaven. This last includes the reformation and salvation of tipplers, of confirmed, low, wretched, miserable and seemingly ruined drunkards. This last is a peculiar feature of temperance as it is now being carried forward in the Reform Club movement. It is a religious movement. In some just wars the battle-cry has been, "God and our native land." In this great and grand moral conflict, the battle-cry is, "God and our fellow men." From all parts of hosts engaged, the shrill cry rings on every breeze.

The drunkard still can be a man,
We'll raise him up, by grace we can.

The church is a reformatory body. It is made up of genuinely reformed persons. One great, indeed leading design of the church organization, is to help, under God, the reformation of others. Hence the Saviour says, "Ye are the salt

of the earth," and, "the light of the world," and hence the command, "Go work to-day in my vineyard." How urgent the call to do good as there is opportunity, to be zealously affected in a good cause, and to be ready for every good work.

The temperance enterprise has assumed a glorious aspect. The Most High has set upon it the broad seal of his approbation. The achievements astonish earth, make glad heaven, while the powers of darkness stand aghast, howl and tremble. Such a cause demands the sympathy, aid and earnest support of the friends of God and man. But does it? There are complaints that it does not. The failure may not be general, but it is somewhat extensive. In many places, those engaged in the Reform movement, complain, feel sad and rather disheartened, that they have not the co-operation of portions of the churches. And many who were workers in former temperance movements, have gone to the rear and do nothing now.

It is very gratifying to say, that as a whole the Christian ministry does not fail in this matter; almost if not quite, to a man, they identify themselves with Reform Clubs, attend the meetings, speak, sometimes lecture, and in all possible ways labor to help on the good work. Let Heaven be praised for this.

It is about as equally gratifying, that gentle, lively, influential and potentially powerful woman is true to the fine instincts of her nature, the principles of humanity and eternal right. Christian females and others well disposed give support to the good work. How could it be otherwise? On woman the terribly crushing woes of intemperance fall with the greatest power. She feels because of the fall of some of her own sex, but chiefly in the misery of drunkenness in the domestic economy. What might have been a home of bliss, is changed by the drunkenness of husband, sons and others, to a hell on earth. She comes then as an angel of mercy, as a seraph of light, to help save the sober from the paths of death, and to raise up the fallen. Like Deborah of old when no man was found for that emergency, and who blew a war bugle in Israel for a force to go against certain Canaanites, woman in some cases takes the field and lectures with persuasive entreaties and effectual force. Thank God, too, for the help of woman. The credit here given to moral and religious females as being interested in temperance, applies to them, it is trusted, largely. If there are exceptions, that is, if there are those not right, they are terribly painful exceptions.

Why, then are any churches or portions of a church, or those who have had a standing as temperance persons, who stand aloof from the present grand reform movements? Let the reasons, objections and seeming difficulties be brought forth. "Come now and let us reason together." Perhaps what seems in the way, may be removed. Is it because there is some indulgence in the smaller intoxicants, or in the higher ones, themselves? If so, let them be at once abandoned for their own good and the good of others. "He that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things." Is it because the present reform enterprise was not started by the church? The late opposition to human bondage in our land did not start, strictly speaking, in the church, but it had not progressed far before the church saw its just demands and was made to feel it must engage in it or God would withdraw his presence and wonder-working power from it. Is it not so in this case? Is it because some of the Clubs and some of the leaders and workers are not liked? The Saviour and John and others did not like Judas, but they clung to the sacred principles of Christianity and labored on with unflinching zeal in spite of the disaster of base treachery. But it is hardly requisite to dwell on this part longer. God calls for action in the right direction, and calls for it at once. His claims are imperative. Great interests are involved.

Not a word of harshness or censure is to be used in reference to any who may be negligent in the sense indicated, but of kind entreaty for them to help. In the language used in one case in the Scriptures, the call is, "Men of Israel, help." The dark waves of intemperance can be rolled back. Truth is mighty and must prevail. Christ is stronger than the strong man armed. There is not only triteness but truthfulness in the maxim, "What has been done may be done." And of another, which was original with Patch, who jumped off the Genesee N. Y. Falls, "Some things can be done as well as others." In the early ages, Christianity was proclaimed in idolatrous Athens, and it produced humility there; in Corinth, and its awful unobscured was much done away; in Armenia, and the bow and quiver were exchanged for weapons of the holy war; in Hungary, and the most corrupt conversation gave place to songs of praise to God; in Germany, and rude barbarians were raised up to the dignity of the sons of God; in Rome, and humanity triumphed over vice and crime. It reached the throne of the Cæsars and made converts of some, who were the Imperial purple. These are but specimens.

In the present gospel temperance movement, thousands of the intemperate have abandoned the cup of devil, and very many of them have been enabled to receive the grace of God and become Christians. Hosts of others may be thus blessed. Come up then to the help of the Lord. Remember, that in one case a curse was pronounced on some because they came not up. To be indifferent in such a time as this is terrible. To countenance or in any way, by slackness, let intemperance go on, will not only bring reproach to the professed friends of goodness, but it may punishment, if not on themselves, on their families. And to be spiritually asleep when tipplers are hastening to ruin, is alarming. Help, oh help! Work, work! Labor and pray. The Lord is on his way. If there is faithfulness, Satan will be seen falling like lightning from heaven; Apollyon quit the field and Jesus reign all over the round earth.

The Morning Star.

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Perhaps there is nothing that does one good, that awakens serious thought, that brings a calm moment, that brightens a lonely hour with a smile, or that puts new life into a tired out spirit, more than something remembered. A word which you carelessly heard from a friend and which you imagined you had as carelessly forgotten comes to you in after years and becomes a part of your future life. So there are treasures already laid up in the lives of each one of us, which will yet bring their special blessings as we need them. We can not get them by thinking, nor by searching find them out. It is for us to live a simple life of work and trust, waiting for these insights and inspirations and gladly and gratefully accepting them as they come.

It is sad, sometimes inexpressibly sad, to see the way that people will neglect children and young people of moderate talents. Let a little boy or a little girl be quick to learn in the public schools and how unavoidable it is for even the most judicious of parents not to give encouragement to a feeling of superiority, and not to allow words of flattery and poisonous pride to get rooted in the young mind; while those who seem to be "naturally dull are neglected and sometimes scolded or harassed in some other way. It is such an unsympathetic tone in which these latter are told to make the most of themselves that it is no wonder that they so often remain dwarfs or worse than dwarfs in their life struggle. Although the primary fault lay with the man of one talent himself, yet it is a matter of conjecture how much he was influenced by those whom he met and those with whom he lived.

Taking into account the latent power that is in some cases marvelously hid away in men and which needs but a supreme act of the will to call it out, yet it is just as true that no arbitrary decree can make a weak man strong, an ignorant man learned, a cringing spirit manly. The seeds of strength, learning, and independence must be sown in hope and with due care they shall in time bring forth their fruit, perhaps not in one generation, or two, but sometime surely. The farmer is not sure of seed time and harvest, than he who goes about sowing the seeds of righteousness. A great deal is said about parental responsibility, and a great deal remains to be said before justice is done to the subject. But are parents and teachers and ministers alone responsible? If you feel the need of some strength, a hungering after some virtue, is it not possible for you by word and deed to put a kindred desire into the soul of another, no matter what his relation may be to you? Thus will the seed of eternal life planted in honesty sometime bring forth fruit. We all hunger and thirst after some special phase of righteousness most needed by ourselves, but the spirit back of that hungering is the same in all of us, and may be communicated.

It is at least fairly questionable whether the claims set up by certain good people with regard to prayer do not hinder the cultivation of an intelligent faith. A certain book, by a well-known divine, cites numerous instances of remarkable answers to prayer, among which is one which tells of a pious young lady who became absorbingly anxious for the possession of a piano. Lacking the means to buy one, she made the desire a matter of persistent, fervent prayer for several days, when, suddenly, and miraculously almost, the piano came. Of course, the question will at once be asked by the skeptic, and very reasonably, too, whether the boy who wants a kite or the girl who wants a new doll, or indeed, anybody who wants anything for supposed comfort or gratification, may not expect to receive it by simply praying for it. Asking God for favors presupposes the existence of a want which we ourselves, unaided, can not supply and which ought to be supplied. We are nowhere encouraged to slacken individual effort and, monk like, tease the Almighty to supply our fancied wants while we lazily wait. The claim which Mr. Muller sets up for the wonderful success of his orphanage at Bristol, England, purely and solely in answer to prayer, we believe to be untenable and to a certain degree mischievous. The facts in the history of that institution show that, while the fervent prayer of faith was constantly offered, the endeavor which belongs to faith was not for a moment relaxed. It is doubtless true that no direct requests were made for funds to build or conduct the institution, but it is equally true that the wide advertisement of that fact by the press, and the numerous circular letters, not asking funds but giving information of pressing need, constituted, indirectly, the loudest and most effectual appeal that could possibly have been made. It is quite as harmful to claim too much as it is to claim too little for prayer, and prudent people will look further than the assertions of zealots for exemplification of the divine promises.

ENDURANCE.

Sometimes there is great virtue in simple endurance. One has fought the same battle over and over again, has tried methods to subdue self, to put down a besetting sin, to overcome moral obstacles and spiritual stumbling-blocks and live nobly; and then some little event, some chance word or look, brings the old struggle all up again. One has been discouraged before, but now something is added to discouragement. There is, however, one thing left which the Lord will help every one of us do, and that is to endure, to endure unto the end.

We have just heard of a young man with whom we were once acquainted at school; who gave promise of scholarship, who has passed through courses of study, but who now is at home nearly blind, with probably little hope of recovery. Now it is a very easy thing for us to say that his character may ripen all the faster for this affliction, that a Milton was blind, that to lose one's sight is not the worst thing in life by any means, all of which is doubtless true and valuable in its way. But just put yourself in his place for the time being, and look at life through his eyes. Don't you think it would look rather dim and dismal to you? Do you believe it would do you any good for one to prate to you about any compensations?

There are many sentiments all well enough and true enough, and they seem just the appropriate thing to say to others in their sorrow, in their disappointments; when they meet fatal obstacles in the matter of poor health, poor opportunities, poor friends, none to give hospitality to their better thoughts and aspirations—but he who has to receive this talk, is it not an additional load for him to carry? But when some one comes up and says in an almost unfeeling tone, "Here, you have got to take things as they come, grin and bear it, my friend. I know it is hard, but other people have borne it, and other people will have to bear it, and it is merely that your turn has come now." When we get to looking at things in this way, and make up our minds that there is nothing to do but endure, half the battle has been fought, and likely enough brighter days are ahead, which, being unexpected, will be all the better appreciated at their coming.

To endure unto the end,—is not that one of the lessons of life? Friends, property, health, opportunities and sympathy may not come, but, with God's help, there is not a single soul in all this wide world but may have the strength to endure unto the end. This is a fact solid because it stands on the eternal rock of simple revelation. There is no sentimentality about it. Can we not rest ourselves on it? If not, then we have not yet been rooted and grounded in the simplest facts of gospel truth. Believe it, pray for it, take hold of it and trust it. It will bring peace to the soul and lead it to a better, a higher and nobler life.

THE PLACE AND POWER OF TRUTH.

While an extensive revival was in progress in a New England city, during the past winter, the revivalist in charge called the workers together and gave them instructions respecting the manner of dealing with inquirers. Among his injunctions was this: "Do not engage in controversy with the skeptical, but give them simply the Word of God." It was inquired, "In case you are told, 'I do not believe the Bible,' what would you do?" It was responded, "I would quote another passage, and if the same objection was made, I would quote still another. In this way victory will be finally achieved. The Word of God is the sword of the Spirit and it will slay."

Now the method and words of the evangelist are suggestive of the place and power of Scriptural truth. It is God's great, and we almost said only effectual, weapon for the accomplishment of his purposes in the salvation of men. It is so strong that it can not be vanquished; it is built upon a foundation so firm that it can not be overthrown; it is so impartial that it is the touchstone by which the nature of all questions is tested; it is so transparent that it is adapted to convince; and it is so mighty that it prevails. Its power is manifest by the work which it accomplishes. It prepares the way for the Holy Spirit to do his work in the heart of the individual, confirms its votaries in the right, and drives the false and deceitful from their refuge of lies. The weak and the strong are alike unable to resist its influence. It is a weapon of such a character that no other instrumentality can be substituted for it.

The power of truth is especially manifest when placed in contrast with that of error. Now error can neither overthrow truth nor even effectually an opposing error. Sabellianism and Arianism have existed side by side for fifteen centuries, and neither has conquered the other. Antinomianism and Socinianism have stood opposite to each other for a lesser period, and whatever victories have been gained over the one have not been owing to the superior character of the other. Quakerism and Ritualism are extreme opposites, yet no one would think of arraying the former against the latter, and suppose that the true and tenable ground would, in this way, be reached. Spiritualism and materialism are conflicting errors, yet neither of them makes any headway in suppressing the other. Well did the gifted and now lamented Bryant say:

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers."

In this view of the case, the duty of the

Christian is obvious. It is neither to abandon the field to errorists holding opposite views, nor to sit down at ease and preserve a quiet indifference. The battles of the Lord of Hosts will never be fought in this way. So long as error in any form stalks abroad in the land the standard of truth should be elevated, and its votaries should flock to it. While it may not always be necessary or expedient to engage in a formal controversy with errorists, truth should be presented so clearly and forcibly, and its excellences should be made to appear so manifest, that there shall be no place for error to gain a foothold.

In some cases it may be necessary to enlarge upon the method presented by the evangelist to whom reference has been made, though its spirit must be preserved. Is there a point where truth is attacked; there Christians should rally to its support. Is the genuineness of the Scriptures assailed and their authenticity called in question; their claim to be an inspired record must be vindicated. Are miracles declared to be impossible; it must be shown that with God all things are possible. Is the divinity of Christ disputed; his claim to it must be demonstrated. Is the immortality of the soul denied, and a belief in the future punishment of the wicked sneered at; the grounds upon which these doctrines rest must be clearly and conclusively stated; or is the regenerating and saving power of Christianity called in question; the gospel must be made to appear as the only "power of God unto salvation."

In the simple naked truth, there will always and everywhere be found to be a vital and positive force. With the weapon of truth properly wielded, victory can not be doubtful. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" "Thy word is truth." Nay more, Christ is the truth, as well as the way and the life.

CURRENT TOPICS.

—LAST week we had something to say about the publicity and extravagance so often, rather so generally, attending the funerals of private individuals. We say private individuals, for there seems to be a reason in holding public services at which the public generally are invited, at the funerals of persons who have acted more or less conspicuously in public affairs; and yet even in these cases it seems much more appropriate that the funeral should be private, and the public invited to a memorial service, as has been the case sometimes. Consider for a moment the extraordinary preparations which are made to feed a multitude of the relatives and friends of the deceased in our country districts, how some of these same country people think it a great deprivation not to go to every funeral that happens for miles around, and who evince something of the curiosity which was evidently a part of one woman's nature who declared up and down that her daughter Mary Jane never went anywhere, but now she was bound to have her go to a public execution which was to take place at the county jail. It is not a pleasant or easy task to speak of these things, but how else can the eyes of the people be opened to see the way all fine feelings are outraged by certain funeral customs? We have been led to refer to this subject again by noticing that a pastor at Patchogue, L. I., recently made some remarks at the funeral of a member of his congregation who was washed overboard in mid-ocean. He went on to say that he should henceforth be no participant in the heartless and senseless custom of exposing the corpse to public view. That is a low curiosity which would make us wish to disturb the remembrance of our friends as they appeared in life by gazing on their bodies after death. We are glad to see that the need of reform in these matters is being recognized. We would be the last to intimate that the wishes of the bereaved should not be solely regarded in these matters. All we contend for is not to have customs which will ruthlessly override their private wishes, as we have reason to believe is done, in some cases at least.

—THE scourge of consumption is so generally spoken of that even the statement that one-fifth of the deaths in Maine, New Hampshire, most of Vermont, Massachusetts and Connecticut, and all of Northern New York, are caused by that dire disease fails to produce any adequate impression. But Dr. Holland states the fact in the July Scribner in a way that should set us to thinking: "If Asiatic cholera were to claim in these unfortunate regions, in a single year, as many victims as consumption does, it would be regarded as a terrible epidemic,—perhaps, as an awful visitation from heaven. The writer is of the opinion that a change in diet and regimen would drive consumption from New England in three generations; that buckwheat cake and molasses for breakfast with boiled salt pork and potatoes for the rest of the day does not furnish suitable or sufficient food to repair the waste in such a vigorous and changeable climate, that when Graham's notions on diet prevail in our schools they become hot beds of consumption, in short, the people have not eaten enough of nourishing food; have not dressed warmly enough; they have slept in temperatures altogether too low, and lived too much in their unventilated kitchens."

—THE "Baptist-Union" of Chicago is an organization composed of the ministers and leading laymen of the city and vicinity. At a recent meeting the propriety of allowing church edifices to be used for other than religious purposes was fully discussed and a decision strongly rendered against such use. Altogether we believe this to be a wise decision. The house of God, no less than the Temple at Jerusalem, should be kept rid of the money changers. That there are secular uses to which a church may be put which are by no means antagonistic to true piety does not really alter the case. The propriety of the secular use having been once conceded, where shall the restrictive line be drawn and who shall draw it? A wide difference of opinion will be found to exist among the members of the church as to what is and what is not allowable, ranging all the way from a scientific lecture to a miniature circus. Let God's house be kept sacred to his use.

—THERE is a good deal of truth in this sentence from the Editor's Table of the *Sunday Afternoon*: "A newspaper that has nothing in particular to fight for is apt to find any number of things to fight against." It is no wonder, therefore, that many of our largest circulating daily papers style themselves independent in politics, which generally means that they hold themselves at liberty to pick flaws, expose weakness and knavery wherever they find it; in much of which they may be doing good work, and for which they would get greater credit, did they show any positive principles for which they have been consistently and continuously fighting as well as the extraordinary number of things they are in the habit of fighting against.

—In a New York letter to the *Pacific Evangelist*, Matthew Hale Smith gives this itemized sketch of the Rev. Dr. Duryea, of Brooklyn, a sketch which is not wanting in suggestiveness: Duryea has been an indomitable worker. Besides the labor in his own parish he has done outside work for ten men. Summer and winter were all alike to him; he took no vacation—needed none. Pastors climbed mountains, rowed, bowled, swam, rode, fished. Duryea stayed at home; visited the sick; attended funerals and studied. His time has come. He has broken down. Instead of going away for recreation he goes away for health.

If it were only a certain matter that one could regain health by a vacation, after being once broken down by overwork, it would not seem so advisable and necessary to take vacations before the breaking down point was reached. Two things have been fully demonstrated by the failure of the much-heralded "Woman's Hotel" of New York built by the Stewart estate. The first thing is that men moving in the business and social circles occupied by such people as Judge Hilton know next to nothing of the real condition of the working women of the metropolis. If the manager of the great Stewart estate had known, and cared, he never would have committed the stupendous folly of building a magnificent hotel, with "elegant furnishings," including luxurious appointments such as only wealthy people are accustomed to, and making it necessary to charge for the accommodations a price which nine-tenths of the working women in Stewart's own establishment were unable to pay. Comfort, not "elegance," is what the poor working girls are waiting for. The other thing demonstrated is that women will not voluntarily banish themselves from all society which excludes men. Of course there are plenty of women in New York occupying first class positions in various ways, and receiving salaries of from \$12 to \$20 per week, who could have afforded to live in Judge Hilton's hotel if they had so desired. But as they could live in first class boarding houses or families where society holds the even balance of the masculine and feminine elements, and canaries, and pianos and sewing machines are not tabooed, they chose the latter. The hotel failed because it deserved to, and the field is now open for some man or woman with a good heart guided by common sense to do for the poor girls of the metropolis just what the successor of Mr. Stewart failed to do.

—WE shall next week report the exercises of Commencement week at Bates College, which began last Sunday with a memorial service, in connection with baccalaureate exercises, in the Lewiston City Hall, in honor of the late Benj. E. Bates, Esq., of Boston. The memorial exercises consisted of an invocation by Rev. J. S. Burgess, reading of select Scriptures by Rev. W. T. Chase, hymn ("My faith looks up to thee") read by Rev. G. W. Haskell and sung by the congregation, prayer by Rev. G. S. Dickerman, a memorial ode, written by Mrs. J. A. Lowell, read by Rev. A. P. Tinker and sung by a quartette, a memorial discourse by President Cheney, a class ode written by Ernest W. Scribner, read by Rev. W. H. Washburn and sung by the graduating class, closing prayer by Rev. J. C. Snow, doxology, read by Rev. R. L. Green and sung by the congregation, and benediction by Rev. J. Mariner.

—THE memoir of the late REV. JOHN STEVENS, just issued from our press, is a neat little volume of 120 pages, with a life-like engraving. It was written by himself, and is characteristic of the man, full of interesting incidents told in his own inimitable style, and is highly commended by those who have read it. Price, 50 cents, with four cents additional when ordered by mail.

—Now where is the Y. M. that will take up this subject next—and next—and next, and so on until the debt is paid and the re-inforcement is ready to sail? Besides our returning missionaries, there are others ready and anxious to sail for India this fall to enter that whitened field, and join the tired reapers there. Shall they go, or shall those toilers be suffered to fall at their work alone, with nobody left to gather the waiting harvest? The Central Ohio Y. M. has given its answer, in its pledge to do its part in removing the great obstacle to the re-inforcement of the mission—the debt,—and the women of that Y. M. have said, We will do our part toward sending the re-inforcement when that obstacle is removed. Let every heart that is burdened for our Foreign Mission pray that their example may prove to be contagious.

E. N. FERNALD.
Venango Co., Pa., June 14.

A New Yearly Meeting.

Delegates from the Union and Eddyville Quarterly Meetings met with the Morganfield (Ky.) church, May 31, for the purpose of organizing a Yearly Meeting. A council from the Southern Illinois Yearly Meeting was present to assist in the organization.

The meeting was called to order, and Bro. J. S. Manning chosen chairman of the

BRIEF NOTES.

"The memory of a soul saved or helped will be a delightful vacation souvenir," says the *Congregationalist*.

The Moravian church, numbering 16,000, gave about \$5.50 for each of its members for missions last year. How much poorer are its individual members for this, or how much richer are the individual members of denominations that do not average one-tenth of this amount for missions?

The name of Miss Louisa Alcott is added to the list of those suffering from overwork. Without the least inclination to discredit this newspaper item, yet it would be a refreshing blessing if somebody would coin a word which should act as a substitute for "overwork," just to tide over the season of vacations. Give us a circumlocution at least.

The *II. Christian Weekly* hits the nail squarely on the head when it claims that the hatred and contempt of the Social Democrats for Christianity arises from the moderation counseled by the gospel; or in its own words: "Christianity teaches self-control, humility, and forbearance, and these are not the inspirations of the Social Democracy."

In the small hours of Thursday morning, while Congress was in the midst of the discreditable hurry and bustle and drunkenness of a final all-night session, Congressman Cox is reported to have, with due dignity, delivered himself after this manner: "He served throughout the war and was thoroughly wounded in every respect." He was speaking to the pension bill.

Denominational News.

Central Ohio Y. M.

The State of Ohio produces some of the finest wheat and some of the best Yearly Meetings this country affords! If any body doubts this, let him ride a few hours through these magnificent wheat fields—the pride of Ohio farmers—in June, and then sit a few days with those same farmers and their pastors in one of their wide-awake Yearly Meetings. This season seems to be unusually favorable for wheat, and from the recent session of the "Central" at Rockaway, I judge it to be rather a remarkable year for Yearly Meetings. Several things combined to make this gathering an occasion of special interest and profit. In the first place, a good programme was prepared and printed beforehand, as is met for both Y. and C. Ms. Not a few of these meetings in the denomination are suffering the general debility of pure extemporaneity! One of the best prescriptions for that fatal disease is a good programme.

In the second place, there was a good attendance of delegates prepared for the service to which they had been appointed. The essays were carefully written, and the discussions of the various topics were timely as well as spicy.

In the third place, those who came remained till the close of the session, and so the meeting was spared that ridiculous process of tapering out after the first half day, and continued to grow in interest to the end.

But the thing that cheered the heart of at least one of the "visiting brethren" more than anything else, was the way the conference and the people took hold of our Foreign Mission cause. The interest of the session culminated on this subject, which was introduced by a very unique and effective lay sermon! The key note was struck when Bro. LaRue, (God bless him) proposed that the Y. M. should pay its proportion of the Foreign Mission debt by the first of September next. All the brethren fell in harmoniously at once, the proposition was discussed earnestly, and voted unanimously. Pledges were then called for, and more than half the amount was pledged on the spot. This was done Saturday p. m. On Sunday the Women's Mission Society of the Y. M. held a very profitable service, consisting of essays by the ladies, singing and a little speaking. The church was crowded and the interest was intense. The most significant action taken by the Woman's Society was the assumption of the Yearly Meeting proportion of the sum needed for sending out re-inforcements to India in September. Collections of over half the amount were taken and paid in, and the balance will be forthcoming. God bless those women.

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The meeting was called to order, and Bro. J. S. Manning chosen chairman of the

council and also corresponding secretary. Letters were read from the Q. Ms. requesting the organization, and containing the names of the delegates. They were examined on their fellowship, union and ability to sustain a Q. M. The examination proving satisfactory, a constitution and by-laws were read and adopted; the charge and hand of fellowship were given by the chairman of the council, and the consecrating prayer made by Bro. C. Carr, thus completing the organization.

They then proceeded to organize the Yearly Meeting session by electing J. S. Manning moderator; J. McCallister and D. Pahel, assistant moderators; R. Reddick, clerk, and Wm. McNary, treasurer. Committees were appointed by the chair, on location and supplying the pulpit. The conference then adjourned until 2 p. m.

At two o'clock, conference met. Some miscellaneous business was attended to. The committee on location reported the next session of the Yearly Meeting to be held in the Eddyville Q. M. The report was adopted. The chair announced the standing committees and conference adjourned until Saturday, 8 a. m.

Conference met agreeable to adjournment. Committees reported, reports discussed and adopted.

The session was one of interest and encouragement, and all felt that it was good to be there. On the Sabbath there were more people together than was ever known to be in that county before.

J. S. MANNING.

Wilton Collegiate Institute.

The school year of Wilton Collegiate Institute has just closed, and we think that under all the circumstances its success has been encouraging. The students who pressed through the darkness to secure its advantages will long remember the hours of sunshine enjoyed in the classroom and boarding hall, and are intending to return the next year.

There was a very full attendance of the Board of Trustees at their meeting on the last day of school. They were highly pleased with the labors of our young Prof. Ozro G. Augur, as principal, his assistant, Prof. J. B. Harris, and his estimable lady assistant, Miss A. M. Augur, as teacher of music. They took steps to secure, if possible, the services of Prof. Augur for the next year, and all its friends resolved to make greater effort for its future good and usefulness.

J. CLARK, Pres. Board of Trustees.

At the regular annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of Wilton Institute, June 13, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

That having considered all the facts in the case, this Board do unanimously express our confidence in the safety and success of the Institution, and do most earnestly commend it to the confidence and support of all Freewill Baptists, and especially those of the State of Iowa.

By order of Board of Trustees,
A. O. MUDGE, Sec.

Michigan Yearly Meeting.

The last session of the Michigan Y. M. was held with the Gobleville church, commencing May 31. Rev. B. L. Prescott was elected moderator. There was a good attendance, and general prosperity reported. Rev. E. N. Fernald was present, representing the Missionary Societies, and Z. F. Griffin as Corresponding Messenger from the Ontario Y. M. The most noticeable feature of the session was the dedication of a beautiful church building, and the raising of \$1400 to complete payment for the same. Sermon by Prof. Dunn.

Next session with the Capac church.

J. H. MAYNARD, Clerk.

The Woman's Missionary Society.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE AUXILIARY.

The New Hampshire division of the Free-will Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, met according to appointment at the vestry of Washington St. church, Dover, N. H., June 12. Meeting was called to order by Mrs. G. F. Mosher, District Secretary. Mrs. Mary Latham Clark, of Derry, N. H., was appointed Secretary. The exercises were opened by singing, "All hail the power of Jesus' name." Prayer was offered by Mrs. M. M. H. Hills, of Dover. Mrs. Mosher made a brief report stating that the interests in Missions the past year had been equal to that of any previous year, and, including the recent work for Harper's Ferry, was rather in advance. She saw no cause for discouragement, but believed that the women of N. H. were ready, liberally and energetically, to lay hold of any mission cause, as its needs and interests could be made known to them.

Miss Julia Phillips has lately visited a few of our churches, and her efforts have resulted in several auxiliary and mission bands. Mrs. Waterman, of Dover, then read a letter from Miss Brackett, a teacher at Harper's Ferry, whose salary is paid by the Mission Society, showing the needs of the girls at school there, and the gratitude with which assistance is received.

The Treasurer of the Society, reported that the receipts from N. H. for the year ending May 31, 1878, amounted to \$648.92; of this sum \$227.00 was collected for the Girls' Boarding Hall, at Harper's Ferry, West Va. She stated that the entire receipts for the Hall to June 1, were \$865.74, and with the additions of pledges and money sent directly to Harper's Ferry, they would exceed \$1200. The report showed that the contributions to the Woman's treasury are steadily increasing, which is a favorable omen in the present depressed condition of business affairs.

Mrs. James L. Phillips made a most interesting address upon the subject of Foreign Missions. She said that our needs in prosecuting our work were,

1. Consecrated women to labor at home and

Poetry.

ST. JOHN, THE AGED.

The following anonymous poem was found, about eight years ago, in a magazine published in Philadelphia. Its beauty of language, fervor of feeling and exalted religious sentiment claim for it a wider circulation than it has yet attained; I'm growing very old. This weary head, That hath so often leaned on Jesus' breast In days long past that seem almost a dream, Is bent and hoary with its weight of years. These limbs that followed Him—my Master—

From Galilee to Judea; yes, that stood Beneath the cross, and trembled with His groans, Refuse to bear me even through the streets To preach unto my children. Even my lips Refuse to form the words my heart sends forth.

My ears are dull, they scarcely hear the sobs Of my dear children gathered round my couch; God lays his hand upon me; yea, his hand, And not his rod—the gentle hand that I Felt, those three years, so often pressed in mine,

In friendship such as a sister woman's love. I'm old; so old I can not recollect The faces of my friends; and I forget The words and deeds that make up daily life; But that dear face, and every word He spoke, Grow more distinct as others fade away, So that I live with Him and hold dear More than with living.

Some seventy years ago, I was a fisher by the sacred sea. It was at sunset. How the tranquil tide Bathed dreamily the pebbles! How the light Crept up the distant hills, and in its wake Soft purple shadows wrapped the dewy fields! And then He came and called me. Then I gazed For the first time on that sweet face. Those eyes,

From out of which, as from a window, shone Divinity, looked on my inmost soul, And lighted it forever. Then His words Broke on the silence of my heart and made The whole world musical. Incarnate Love Took hold of me and claimed me for its own. I followed in the twilight, holding fast His mantle.

Oh, what holy walks we had, Through harvest fields, and desolate, dreary wastes! And oftentimes He leaned upon my arm, Weary and wayward. I was young and strong, And so upbore him. Lord, now I am weak, And old and feeble! Let me rest on Thee! So, put Thine arm around me. Closer still! How strong Thou art! The twilight draws apace.

Come, let us leave these noisy streets and take The path to Bethany; for Mary's smile Awaits us at the gate, and Martha's hands Have long prepared the cheerful evening meal. Come, James, the Master waits; and Peter, see,

Has gone some steps before. What say you, friends? That this is Ephesus, and Christ has gone Back to His kingdom? Ay, 'tis so, 'tis so. I know it all; and yet, just now, I seemed To stand once more upon my native hills, And touch my Master. Oh, how oft I've seen The touching of His garments bring back strength

To palsied limbs! I feel it has to mine. Up! bear me once more to my church! Once more, There let me tell them of a Saviour's love; For, by the sweetness of my Master's voice Just now, I think He must be very near— Coming, I trust, to break the veil, which time Has worn so thin that I can see beyond, And watch His footsteps.

So, raise up my head, How dark it is! I can not seem to see The faces of my flock. Is that the sea That murmurs so, or is it weeping? Hush, My little children! God so loved the world He gave his Son. So love ye one another. Love God and man. Amen. Now bear me back.

My legacy unto an angry world is this. I feel my work is finished. Are the streets so full? What! call the folk my name? The Holy John? Nay, write me rather, Jesus Christ's beloved, And lover of my children.

Lay me down Once more upon my couch, and open wide The eastern window. See, there comes a light Like that which broke upon my soul at eve, When, in the dreary isle of Patmos, Gabriel came And touched me on the shoulder. See, it grows

As when we mounted toward the pearly gates. I know the way. I trod it once before. And hark! it is the song the ransomed sang Of glory to the Lamb! How loud it sounds! And that unwritten one! Methinks my soul Can join it now. But who are those who crowd

The shining way? Say!—joy! 'tis the eleven, With Peter first! How eagerly he looks! How bright the smiles are beaming on James' face! I am the last. Once more we are complete To gather round the Paschal feast. My place Is next my Master. O my Lord, my Lord; How bright Thou art! and yet the very same I loved in Galilee. 'Tis worth the hundred years

To feel this bliss! So lift me up, dear Lord, Unto Thy bosom. There shall I abide.

Family Circle.

THE VIOLET'S MISSION.

A little clump of pale blue, starry-eyed violets grew in the shadow of a stately old wood. Great blossoming ranges of sheeny meadowland crept up to the verge of the forest; wild flowers rioted among the waving grasses; ferns tossed their graceful fronds in the air; the bees hovered and frolicked and droned sleepy songs all the day long, and the birds sang the praises of the flowers, until all the air seemed full of perfume, song and love.

The violets were so happy. They seldom lifted their blue eyes from the earth, but when they did, heaven seemed right over them, and that was enough to make them glad. They had always been

happy. When the first snow wreaths began to melt away in the warm Spring sunlight, the violets seemed to hear a soft wooing voice whispering and calling to them to come forth and bloom, and deck the cold, dark earth. And they followed the whispering voice—followed, and followed—and the beautiful sun warmed them, and the rain softly fell in showers, and the dew wept over them great tears of joy, when they answered the call and came. First the tiny green shoots; then the budding, starry-eyed flowers. And when they saw how beautiful the earth was, they trembled with joy that they were a part of it, and could live and love, even though unseen.

But one day, after the other flowers came, they were unhappy for the first time. A great flaunting golden-rod tossed its yellow hair and swayed backward and forward in the soft mid-summer air, coquetting first with the honey-bees, the butterflies, and lastly the warm south wind itself.

"See how beautiful I am," it cried; "look at my yellow hair and the sunlight streaming over it. Look how I can sway backward and forward and bend to every passing whisper of the breeze. The dear soft wind, how it loves me! And everybody praises me because I am so graceful and strong and beautiful. I am taller than anything in the meadow. I can see the world where I stand! There is nothing taller than I in the field, excepting the dear, grand old trees, and the pine oaks that bend down and touch me with their branches. It is beautiful to live and be a golden-rod!"

Then the violets sighed. And the pine oak rustled its leaves and laughed such a low, pleasant laugh. It was like a little thrill of music to hear the soft leaves whispering and nodding and saying pretty things to the Summer wind, but this time it spoke to the golden-rod, and its laugh was sweeter than ever.

"Yes, you are beautiful," said the leaves all together; and the daisies, and the ferns, and the tall blue-eyed grasses nodded and said, "Yes, you are beautiful"; and the willow swung its long, soft, green arms down, and touched it caressingly, and whispered too, "Oh yes, you are beautiful as a dream!"

Then the violets sighed again, and this time they hung their heads. Nobody ever spoke to them or called them beautiful. And when the moon shone down upon them, and the stars twinkled and flashed like fire-flies above them, and the dew fell softly upon them, they thought it was tears of pity from the sky—tears of pity, because they were so humble and unsightly. Not even the willow tree had ever given them a word of love.

So, through all the long, blissful Summer days they hung their heads, and tried to cower down into the soft green grass. There was nothing to do but live their life out and then die. But it was hard never to have heard a single word of love!

One day they heard the sound of children's voices in the meadow. Not the loud mirthful laugh of happy childhood, but the soft earnest voices of little ones who had learned one of the saddest lessons of life—to have a sorrow, and to bear it.

"If we could only find some little, tiny, sweet-scented flower," one of the voices said. "These wild flowers are all so gay and flaunting, they will not do to carry to Jamie. Oh, how he loved the little wood anemones and the dear, beautiful violets—but there are none now. It is too late."

The golden-rod tossed her hair and swayed, but the children walked slowly past without noticing it. Their eyes were bent upon the grass—they were looking in vain, they thought—but still they were looking.

"O brother, see the sweet little things—the dear blue eyes looking up at us, just as little Jamie's eyes may be watching us now"—and the child gave a quick glance upward. Her own eyes were full of tears, and as she stooped and picked the violet blooms with gentle hand, one teardrop fell upon them.

"Isn't it sweet?" she asked. "Perhaps they bloomed for Jamie. We will think so, dear."

So they carried the violets home, safely shielded with dark, cool moss about their roots.

"Good-bye," murmured the flowers. "Good-bye," whispered the trees and the soft Summer wind. "Good-bye," nodded the golden-rod. "Who would ever have supposed you would be the one chosen to see the world."

And the violets said, softly, "We shall be loved now, we do not care for the world."

But that day, and the next, and all through the long dark night, they were held closely in the stiff white fingers of a little crippled boy. A wan sweet face, and a still cold figure, and clasped, rigid hands. This was not life, it was death; this was not love, it was forgetfulness. And the violets drooped again.

But the next morning a sweet, rosy, living face bent over the little boy. It laid its warm, soft lips upon the still pale mouth; it took the drooping flowers from the stiffened fingers; it held them to her heart, and then a shower of tears fell upon the faded petals.

"I will love them and keep them for little Jamie's sake," said the sweet voice. "I will love them and keep them always."

So the violets were content to die, aye,

even more, they were glad to have lived; to have been made perhaps for the very purpose. Humble, small, and of little consequence to the world, and yet to one bruised heart they spoke of hope and love and life and resurrection.

"Was it not well to have lived even such a life?" they asked themselves. Was it not well?—*Gospel Messenger.*

MASTER MONTEZUMA.

The Emperor Montezuma was a great man, and historians have recorded much about him, but of his earlier life, when he was plain Master Montezuma, comparatively little is known of this rising young gentleman.

Master M. commenced his earthly career as a crying baby, in the year "one cane," which, when properly figured down according to the Gregorian calendar, would be about the year of our Lord 1480.

No sooner had Master M. reached the fourth day of his existence, than the nurse, under instructions from his anxious mamma, took off what few clothes the poor boy had on, and repairing to the baptismal font in the yard, sprinkled cold water upon his naked breast and lips, presented his credentials in the shape of offerings to propitiate the gods of war, agriculture, and so on, repeated a prayer in which "the Lord was implored to wash away the sin that was given him before the foundation of the world, so that the child might be born anew," and told the three little boys who sat near by, what Master M.'s name was to be. The three little boys left off eating their parched corn and boiled beans, repeated the name, and the little baby was christened.

Now, if Master M. had been a girl—which he was not—the offerings would have been a mat, a spinning machine and a broom, all of which would have been buried under the *metate*, the stone where corn was ground. As it was, the offerings were implements of war, articles of metal, pottery, etc., and these were buried, as near as they could guess at the location, where they either hoped or feared there might some day be a battle with their enemies.

When Master M. had eaten and slept and kicked and cried for sixteen days longer, his parents took him to the priest, and to the teacher, and promised that he should be instructed by these worthy gentlemen in war, politics, religion, and other branches of general education. They promised that he should be an *Alfagui*, or priest, and should also serve in the army as a soldier. In that little, wiggling baby, that seemed all fists and mouth, it was impossible to foresee the future Emperor of Mexico, whose name has since become familiar to the civilized world.

Young Master M. worried along pretty well, and up to six years of age had done nothing remarkable. At this age he was granted one and one-half rolls at a meal, and commenced doing little errands and picking up scattered beans and corn in the *Tianquez*, which is what the Mexicans called the market-place.

The restless spirit of a military chieftain now began to show itself in the embryo warrior, and, by the time he had reached his eighth year, discipline became necessary to curb his growing inclination to despotism. He was fast becoming one of that class of boys who think "it's too bad to be good all the time"; and, no doubt, life sometimes seemed hard to him, for the hieroglyphic pictures often show him at this period of his life as shedding large tears. Whether Master M. was sorry that he had done wrong, or whether he only feared being pricked with the terrible thorns of the aloes with which children of that barbarous era were sometimes punished, or was crying because he was cold, who shall tell? It is hard, sometimes, to tell what eight-year-old boys are crying for, whether they live in the United States or in Mexico.

Master M. may have been better than most boys, and it may be that his father was a better driver than leader for his little ones. Some fathers are. In any event, when Master M. was ten years old there came another opportunity for weeping and wailing, and Master M. was submitted to the mortification of lying on the damp ground all day while he listened to a parental lecture; and this, too, after he was twelve years old!

Then Master M. reformed, and became an industrious, faithful boy. I have sometimes questioned whether he was not hungry, and if he had been better fed whether he would not have done better. At fourteen years of age they gave him two rolls at a meal, and he was instructed in the art of fishing with a net.

When his fifteenth year came, Master M. found he would have plenty to do. After this, old Mr. M. had no trouble with him. It is curious—the more we have to do, the less liable we are to do something we should not, and—let us all study on that half an hour, some day, and see what we can make of it.—*C. C. Haskins, St. Nicholas for June.*

TATTLERS.

Every community is cursed by the presence of a class of people who make it their business to attend to everybody's business but their own. Such people are the meanest specimens of depraved humanity which an All-wise Providence permits to exist on this earth. It is well known that almost every person is sometimes disposed to speak evil of others, and tattling is a sin from which very few can claim to be entirely exempt. Tattlers are confined to no particular class of so-

ciety. They belong to all classes and operate in all. We find them among the rich and the poor—"upper ten" and "lower million"—in the church and out of it. They are people who have no higher ambition than to be well informed in regard to other people's private business, to retail scandal to their neighbors, and exult in fiendish triumph over the wounded feelings and bruised hearts of their innocent victims. Beardless old maids and childless matrons make the most accomplished scandalmongers in the world. They seem to take to tattling from the prompting of a natural instinct, and they prosecute it with an energy that would do infernal honor to the great leader—the prince of darkness himself. Our contempt for such graceless creatures knows no bounds, and we can find no words in which to express their infamy.—*Selected.*

HANG ON LIKE A BEAVER.

When our Tom was six years old, he went into the forest one afternoon to meet the hired man who was coming home with a load of wood. The man placed Master Tommy on the top of the load, and drove homeward. Just before reaching the farm, the team went pretty briskly down a steep hill. When Tommy entered the house, his mother said—

"Tommy, my dear, were you not frightened when the horses went trotting so swiftly down Crow Hill?"

"Yes, mother, a little," replied Tom, honestly; "I asked the Lord to help me, and hung on like a beaver."

Sensible Tom! Why sensible? Because he joined working to praying. Let his words teach the life-lesson; in all troubles, pray and hang on like a beaver; by which I mean, that while you ask God to help you, you must help yourself with all your might.—*Young Pilgrim.*

THE OIL WHICH GIVETH LIGHT.

One of the Christian heroes is Moffat, the missionary of South Africa. One day, while journeying through an African wilderness, he came within sight of a native village. He with his companions had traveled a long distance. They were tired, hungry and thirsty. But on the borders of the village, which promised them rest and refreshment, they were met by savages who fiercely bade them, "Halt!"

The missionary asked for water. Not a drop would the heathen give. Cutting off the three or four brass buttons remaining on his jacket, which usually tempted the covetousness of savages, he offered them for a little milk. The savages sternly shook their heads.

Moffat was perplexed. They were in sight of a river, to which the savages would not let them go. It looked as if he and his party would have to remain all night, hungry and thirsty.

The savages departed. As the night came on, Moffat saw a woman approaching. She bore on her head a bundle of wood, and held in her hand a jar of milk.

Without a word, she handed the missionary the jar, and laying down the bundle, went her way. In the course of half an hour, she returned, with a cooking-pot on her head, a leg of mutton in one hand, and a jar of water in the other.

Laying them on the ground, she began kindling a fire. Not a word did she speak, though again and again spoken to by the missionary.

When the fire blazed, she put on the cooking-pot, containing the leg of mutton, and silently prepared a savory stew. Moffat, with earnestness, begged her to tell why she alone, of all the villagers, showed kindness to the white stranger.

With a smile, she said, "I love Him whose servant you are. It is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in His name. I speak not for my heart is full with joy at seeing you in this wilderness."

The missionary was astonished. He had received hospitality from a woman of the savages; this did not surprise him. But she was a Christian, and one, too, who obeyed literally the command of her Master. She was living in a heathen village, hundreds of miles from the nearest white settlement.

"When and where did you become a disciple of Christ?" he asked.

"When I was in Mr. Helm's school, years ago," she replied, mentioning the name of a devoted missionary.

"Are there other Christians in the village?"

"No, I am alone."

"But how is it that you have remained faithful to your religion, living so many years with not a person to aid you?"

The woman drew from the bosom of her dress a copy of the Dutch New Testament. "I can read," she said, holding up the book. "Mr. Helm gave me this years ago. It is the oil which makes my lamp burn."

When they had partaken of the meal prepared by the black disciple, they knelt together in the wilderness, while the missionary returned thanks.—*Youth's Companion.*

Three things to contend for: Honor, country and friends.

Three things to govern: Temper, tongue and conduct.

Three things to think of: Life, death and eternity.

When a gentleman lately presented a Bible to a prisoner under sentence of death, he exclaimed, "O sir, if I had had this book, and studied it, I should never have committed the crime of which I am convicted."

WHY WOMEN ARE EXTRAVAGANT.

Millions of dollars are spent in this country annually in the purchase of tawdry trash—perishable things that have no intrinsic value and that go to swell the contents of the refuse barrels at each Spring and Fall cleaning. Always there is some new craze. Either it is lace-making, or crocheting, house decorations, or some article of personal ornamentation that is entertaining the idle women of the land. They know no more about the real value of the time wasted or the real value of the trumpery manufactured than they do about the interest on money investments in Europe, or the causes of the famine in India. Are they to blame? What has been done to give just ideas of finances? How many have ever been intrusted with funds beyond the household requirements of the day or the season? The childish indifference of the average woman to the business affairs of men is beyond doubt mortifying to many sensible men who recognize how their own interests suffer in consequence. But no real good results from this state of affairs; for men generally do not encourage the study of financial matters in women, and dislike above all things a woman who has decided taste for such things.

If the women of to-day were well posted regarding the causes of panics, knew the errors that had been committed by those who have the making of laws, and appreciated the real causes governing disasters in finances, think you there would be as many shoppers as there are? It is a poor compliment to the sex to believe that there would. They would exhibit practical business qualifications if there were need for them. But too many have been reared in the wrong school to expect much of the whole body. Too many have had the training similar to that of the young wife who, when her husband protested against her expenses and mentioned the extreme hard times, replied: "No more of that if you please, John; father ding-donged it into my ears up to the day that I married, and he never failed to give me all and more than all I wanted." It is from just such injurious treatment that women suffer, and men too, to-day, and if anybody wants to help humanity and make times easier, the primary lesson is suggested in the above acknowledgment.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Literary Review.

Five Thousand in Gold is the title of a story lately published by Oliver Ellsworth & Co. (Boston) as agents for the Clapton Publishing Company. It is a story of the times. It represents a young couple living in luxury, but who at length are forced by business embarrassments to permit their elegant home to be sold at auction, and they themselves are about to go forth into the world when the wife goes into ecstasies over a letter from a publisher offering her "five thousand in gold" for a novel that she had employed herself, since her husband's failure, in writing, hoping, thereby, to save her family from utter poverty. This is the outline of the story. It is pleasantly "spiced out" by accounts of a visit from "Aunt Polly," who was shocked at the gaieties of city life, of the usual incidents of social life, of adventures with burglars, of hunting the stag on the western prairies, of a romantic experience on the Pacific coast, and so forth. It is a harmless story. It has but few positive qualities, and can be read much as one would swing in a hammock,—at ease, enjoying the hammock, and also enjoying whatever else is entertaining in nature or other surroundings.

The proceedings of the International Sunday-school Convention recently held in Atlanta, Ga., have been published, and the volume, in paper covers, may be had of L. H. Biglow, 76 East 9th St., New York, for 25 cts. It contains a full report of the principal addresses and papers presented at the Convention, and ought to be in the hands of at least every Sunday-school worker.

An Address to the Clergy and Christian Church is published in pamphlet form by E. Hazzard Swinney, New York. Its nature may be inferred from the following sentence which we quote almost at random: "When Swedenborg's writings come to be generally read by theological and scientific men, the conflict between science and revelation will disappear forever."

Corrigues Brothers (Philadelphia) issue in a handy volume, "vest-pocket" size, a collection of 385 choice paragraphs, of a spiritual nature, a few of them taken from the Bible, but the most of them the utterance of a deep and pure Christian experience. It is a most wholesome little volume, and the devout reader will find excellent soul-food in it. It is entitled *Choice Selections from the Young Christians Pocket-book*.

We have been a good deal interested in looking over a pamphlet entitled *Legends, Customs and Social Life of the Seneca Indians, of Western New York*. The Seneca tribe has held a worthy place in history, and the author of this pamphlet, who is one of the tribe, has presented many curious and interesting facts and legends connected with the rise and progress of his people. The early life, the social customs, the habits and deeds of the tribe are faithfully described, and we have no doubt that the pamphlet will find a ready sale. The proceeds are to benefit the Seneca Mission.—*Gowanda, N. Y.: Horton & Deming. (30 cts.).*

Col. T. W. Higginson proved his devotion to his country by serving in the army that so bravely saved her, and his interest in the colored people not only by leading them in battle but in numerous other ways. His article in the *July Atlantic*, entitled "Some War Scenes Revisited," ought to reassure those who distrust the good faith of Southern whites toward the government and the negroes, and to rebuke those who habitually deny the willingness or ability of the blacks to use their opportunities for self-support and progress in civilization. In the same number Mr. Moncure D. Conway gives an interesting "Romance of a Family," and there is an admirable article by Mr. H. E. Scudder, on "St. George's Company," the principles of which Mr. Ruskin has been setting forth during the last seven years in his *Fora Clavigera*. "New Books on Art" this month treats of "The Portfolio" and Lubke's "History of Art." A short article by Mr. Alvan B. Magruder, "The Will of Peter the Great, and the Eastern Question," will be found peculiarly interesting at the present time. Richard Grant White's third paper on "Aestheticism" is given, and Dr. H. C. Angell contributes an article, addressed to a large proportion of the reading public, on "Weak

Sight." The poetry of the month includes a "Song: The Wedding Day," by E. C. Steadman; "The Old Man of the Mountain," by J. T. Trowbridge; "Kearsarge," by S. Weir Mitchell; "The Dream Fays," by Rose Terry Cooke; "Our Neighbor," by Harriet Prescott Spofford; and "Midsummer Dawn," by Harriet W. Preston. The "Open Letter from New York" is devoted to a description of "society" in that city. The Contributors' Club is even better than usual, and amongst the topics discussed are the "Examination of Shakespeare's Tomb," "How to Introduce the Spelling Reform," and Farjeon's novels. Saxe Holm's botany and originality are defended, and a household art tragedy is amusingly narrated. Recent Literature contains critical notices of Longfellow's "Keramos," James' "French Poets and Novelists," Winter's "Thistle-Down," Adler's "Cred and Deed," and other late publications. A witty writer in the Contributors' Club thus cleverly parodies Browning's later style: "I wonder in what shape the author of *Pacchiaratto-and-How-he-Worked-in-Distemper* would have stated this:

"If Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her."
(Milton's *Comus*.)

"Somewhat in the following fashion, possibly—

"If Virtue . . . Nay, often, since the word offends, Let us say Good Intention, though, indeed, That's somewhat turgid for R. B.—you take? For I bore deep, cut close, pack hard the sense. Hurtle the blue thread through the crimson web; If Good Intention make false step and plunge, Prone over the edge of the world, Heaven's self per-haps—

Though I'm by no means very sure of that. Seeing how no one needs a Browning now— Would stop 'till the charm and pluck goodness up. Setting her on her paws again '—who knows?"

The July number of *Sunday Afternoon* has the second installment of "Aunt Huldah's Scholars," by E. E. Hale; the conclusion of "Tom's Heathen," which will be followed in the August number by a serial entitled "Fishers of Men," by S. T. James, which we are assured will be good; and two complete stories, "The Tale of a Tornado," and "Little Pills," the latter particularly excellent. Edward Abbott's "From Platform to Prairie" is a bright and timely sketch of a horse-car driver's change of base to the West and farming. W. M. F. Round's "In Gradlon's Kingdom" has quite the flavor of Brittany, of which it tells entertainingly. "Chips from a North-western Log," by Campbell Wheaton, is the first of a series that will relate personal experiences among the Indians. "The Doctrine of Christian Song," by Rev. G. T. Ladd, and "Church Music," by Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, treat effectively a subject of general interest. "Have We a Christian State?" by Rev. C. H. Richards, of Madison, Wis., is an able paper. Other contributions are "The Protestants of Russia," by C. H. Woodworth, "The Stepping Stone of Bethpage," by J. A. Paine, "What is the Use of the Alphabet," by Arthur Gilman, and poems by Rose Terry Cooke, T. S. Collier, Mary E. Bradley, and S. W. Duffield. Mr. Gladden talks in the Editor's Table about "Sunday Reading," "The Religious Press," "Materialism in Literature," etc., with his usual force, and recent books are noticed under "Literature."—*Sunday Afternoon, Springfield, Mass.*

The July number begins the seventh volume of *Wide Awake*. An increase of vigor and beauty is evident on every page. The frontispiece, "In the Suller," has the depth and color of a painting, and illustrates the initial story by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, entitled "The Boys of Birmstone Court." The illustrations throughout the number are excellent; notably, Miss Humphrey's dainty rendering of "The Sleeping Beauty," which is one of Clara Doty Bates's "Classics of Babyland." The picture accompanying "The Daisies' Awakening" is very novel and beautiful; also the engravings for Mrs. M. E. Bradley's "Afterwards," "Thistle's Fourth of July" and "Why the Benedict Family Didn't Go to the Concert" are capital stories. The second part of "True Blue" and "A General Misunderstanding," under the captions of "Trying to be True," and "Doc and her Knights," are as interesting as ever. Miss Muslin's "Seventh Misfortune," in company with her cousin Mitiasdes Peterkin Paul occurs in a Melon Patch. While story, poetry, and fun commend the magazine to the children, the older readers will find their share in Mrs. Lillie's second Shakespearean paper, and in No. XVIII. of the "Poets' Home" series, in which Charles F. Richardson writes of Joaquin Miller, an excellent portrait accompanying the paper.—*Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.*

MUSIC.

No. 13 of Ditson & Co.'s *Musical Monthly* is at hand, with its usual selection of music, vocal and instrumental. Of the former we have "Cover Them Over with Beautiful Flowers," by Stewart, a quartet for decoration day; also a patriotic song for a tenor voice, "Our Country's Flag," the Melloy's Scotch ballad, "Jamie," and the Cuckoo song from "La Marjolaine." For the piano, there is a four page "Revival March" by Sousa, and a six page "Sounds from the Ringing Rocks." The same publishers send sheet music comprising Madame Roze's "Speak Again, Love." The words are in Italian, French and English. Another song is "Eyes so Blue," by Pinsuti, and a third, "The Bird and Maiden," is by Hecht. Then there are three instrumental pieces, of which one, "Babes in the Wood Waltzes," by Fernald, contains a number of popular melodies. The "Electric Polka" by Johnston and "Whims" by Schumann; complete the list.—*O. Ditson & Co., Boston.*

LITERARY NOTES.

The first volume is just ready in England of the Speaker's Commentary on the New Testament, which is to be completed in four volumes, and will, with the commentary on the Old Testament already issued, bring the work up to a total of ten volumes. The general introduction to the New Testament is from the pen of Archbishop Thomson; the Gospel of St. Matthew is the combined work of the late Dean Mansel (Dr. Church's predecessor at St. Paul's), and the editor, Canon Cook, who also undertakes the Commentary on St. Mark. The volume closes with St. Luke, whose gospel is dealt with by the Bishop of St. David's, Dr. Basil Jones, and the editor. Messrs. Scribner are the American publishers. The first volume of Messrs. Cassell's "New Testament Commentary for English Readers," edited by Bishop Elliott, has already reached a second edition, and E. P. Dutton & Co. have been obliged to order a second supply for the American market.

The annual report of the British Museum, just issued, states that it was visited last year by 690,511 people, of whom the readers were 113,941. Mr. Garnett, the superintendent of the reading-room, reports that of the books consulted, only 2 1/2 per cent. are fiction.

Literary Miscellany.

HOMEY TRUTHS.

Good manners are a part of good morals.
A single light answers as well for a hundred men as for one.
We live no more of our time than we spend well.—*Carlyle*.
Frowns blight young children as frosty nights blight young plants.
Pride doeth its own will; humility, the will of God.
The lips of the righteous feed many; but fools die for want of wisdom.
If any one speaks ill of thee, consider whether he has truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee.

There never did, and there never will, exist anything permanently noble and excellent in the character which is a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-control.

Be not afraid to work with your hands, and diligently, too. "A cat in gloves catches no mice." He who remains in the mill grinds; not he who goes and comes.

A Scotch girl converted under the preaching of Whitefield, being asked if her heart was changed, gave the following beautiful answer: "Something, I know, is changed; it may be the world, it may be my heart. There is a great change somewhere, I am sure, for everything is different from what it once was."

THE FATHERS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Samuel Johnson.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

XIII.

The name of Dr. Johnson is perhaps the greatest among those of literary men in the eighteenth century. He was poet, essayist and lexicographer; and, as each, has claims to pre-eminence not easily put aside. Indeed he is unequalled in his knowledge and command of the English language. In essay writing he can fairly contest the supremacy with Mr. Addison, who, if more vivacious and genial, was certainly exceeded in depth of reflection and nervous energy of style by the learned doctor. In poetry judicious critics allow that his productions in that department, though necessarily fewer, are of sufficient merit to rival anything of Pope's or Dryden's. In strong originality both of conception and composition he surpassed any man of his age.

Samuel Johnson was born at Litchfield, England, on the 18th of Sept., 1709. His father was a poor bookseller, an ardent devotee of books and a good man in his way, but whose poor calculation and lack of business energy kept him in limited circumstances.

Poor Samuel was no favorite of Nature. He was a large, clumsy, awkward child, and his face was seamed and disfigured with the scrofula, a disease he had contracted when an infant by being out to nurse. The superstitious idea that royal hands could cure the disease, had still its believers, and his mother carried him up to London for Queen Anne to touch him, which of course did no good. In after years he "had a sort of solemn recollection of a lady in diamonds and a black hood" who placed a soft, fair hand upon his head.

But the "great hulking boy" despite his unprepossessing exterior and a certain gloomy and intractable temper which he inherited from his father, possessed quick parts and an independent, reliant nature. Though naturally indolent, he acquired knowledge with such ease and rapidity that he was always at the head of his class. He was generally a favorite at school, rather noisy and fond of talking, perhaps, but always ready to help those who could not learn their lessons as quickly as he did.

During the two years after he left school he resided at home, employing the time in reading the books in his father's shop. Although he read without guidance and without plan he acquired a large amount of knowledge and was well fitted for the university when he entered Oxford in his nineteenth year. His ungainly figure and eccentric manners elicited as much comment as did his extensive and curious information. He was poor, too, even to raggedness, and his haughty spirit could tolerate neither the mirth nor the pity which his appearance excited. A melancholy settled upon him which showed itself in the extremes to which he went. His teachers considered him disorderly, but Johnson in after years said that his disregard of authority was the result of his moody temper embittered by poverty and pride.

Johnson left college without a degree, his resources having failed. But the three years he had spent there proved of eminent advantage to him. He had especially distinguished himself by turning Pope's "Messiah" into Latin verse, which Pope himself declared was better than the original. His father shortly after died, leaving him but a pittance, and Johnson now twenty-four years of age, resorted to teaching as a means of livelihood. He drifted from one place to another, earning scant wages, and while thus vagrant and lonely fell in love with a widow nearly twice his age, whom he married.

He now opened a private academy near his native village, but only three pupils responded to his advertisement, one of whom was David Garrick who was afterwards the celebrated actor. After eighteen months he abandoned the enterprise, and made up his mind to seek his fortune in London. Accompanied by Garrick, who remained a friend through life, the future lexicographer set his face toward the great city.

The brilliant days for literary adven-

ture were over. Literature was at its lowest ebb. Booksellers had such scanty sales that they could afford to pay only small sums for the best manuscripts. None of the rich noblemen cared to patronize the cause of letters. Johnson had a hard time of it at first. For several months he earned no more money than what was sufficient to pay for his daily bread. He often was forced to walk the streets all night for want of shelter. The effect of those privations and sufferings was discernible to the last in his temper and deportment. His manners, never very courtly, became now almost savage. But he was determined to succeed, and succeed he did.

He was fortunate enough at last to secure regular employment as a writer for the "Gentleman's Magazine," contributing papers on biography, general literature and politics; in the latter opposing the Whigs. A few weeks after he had entered upon these obscure labors he published a stately and vigorous poem, entitled "London," which was received with decided favor. It was a satire in imitation of Juvenal who wrote in the time of the Cæsars; but it was pervaded with the very life of Johnson. "Slow rises worth by poverty depressed," he wrote, a truth that he had keenly felt.

Several weeks followed, each one bearing new proofs of the author's genius. He was enabled by the compensation he now received to take cheap lodgings, and send for his wife. But he was still subjected to anxiety and drudgery. His tragedy of "Irene" and his life of Savage, though they elicited the praise of all the learned men of the kingdom, earned him scarcely more than a bare subsistence.

In 1747, Johnson gave to the world the "Plan" of his "Dictionary of the English Language." Several prominent men took hold of the enterprise, and he was enabled to prosecute the work with vigor, engaging six copyists to assist him. Johnson was promised the sum of £1,575 for his compensation. While this great work was progressing he delighted the public with his second and best poetical production, "The Vanity of Human Wishes." Meanwhile, his reputation had brought him in contact with some of the leading statesmen and writers of the age. To facilitate his intercourse with his literary associates he originated a club, called, from its place of meeting, the "Ivy Lane Club." It consisted of ten members, several of whom afterwards belonged to the yet more famous "Literary Club."

In March, 1750, Johnson began the issue in semi-weekly installments of the "Rambler," which was continued for two years. This was started and carried on by Johnson almost without help, for of its two hundred and eight members he was the sole author of all but eight. His wife died in 1752, which put an end to his writing for some time. Singular as his marriage was, it had been a happy one, and he mourned the loss of his wife sincerely.

Six years later his aged mother died, and to defray the expense of her funeral, he published "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia," which he wrote in the evenings of one week. This was one of the most successful of his works, and has been translated into almost every language. It presented a series of moral essays, full of beautiful thoughts on his old theme, "The Vanity of Human Wishes," the whole adorned by the picturesque gorgeousness of oriental life.

Johnson's world now began to be noticed. King George the Second was so pleased with his dictionary that he conferred upon him a pension of three hundred pounds a year. The university of Oxford honored him with a doctor's degree, and the Royal Academy with a professorship. The "Idler," which he published weekly during the two years of 1758 and 1759, differed somewhat from the "Rambler," being more sprightly and varied.

Able critics have pronounced these periodicals equal if not superior to the "Spectator," but I hardly think you will find them as readable. The heavy, bombastic style of Johnson was very different from the simple, unornamented Addisonian prose. He despised monosyllables and delighted in high sounding words. Even in his dictionary this peculiarity is very noticeable. He defines "Network" as "anything reticulated or decussated, with interstices between the intersections." His friend Goldsmith said very truly that if he was to write a fable about little fishes, he would make them talk like whales.

In 1765, Johnson formed the acquaintance of Mr. Thrale, at whose delightful villa he became a frequent visitor and finally a constant guest. The following years were the happiest of his life. His pecuniary emoluments gave him liberty to indulge his constitutional idleness. But though he now wrote little his tongue was active enough. The "Literary Club," which was instituted about this time, acknowledged Johnson as its chief ornament. Reynolds the painter, Burke, the orator, Goldsmith and six other gentlemen of considerable fame were members.

James Boswell, who afterwards became Johnson's biographer, was the confidant of his latter years. Some of his pictures of the great man's life are not very flattering. His conversation was often violent, Boswell says, and discourteous in manner, and he delighted in contradiction. But beauty and elegance are not necessary to make a man felt in the world, and though an odd genius, Dr. Johnson led an invaluable life.

His last work was "The Lives of the English Poets," which he wrote when he was over seventy. Though full of his prejudices, it is remarkable for the vividness of its mental portraits, and for the clear, vigorous style of its composition.

Johnson's last days were full of sadness and suffering. Many of his old friends had passed away. Garrick and Goldsmith were no more, and at last death came to him. He died very calmly one December day, 1784, and was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey among the eminent men of whom he was the biographer.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE DURING CATHERINE'S REIGN.

The reign of Catherine formed a distinct epoch in the intellectual history of the empire. The patronage accorded by the empress to letters, the example of her personal brilliancy, stimulated the creative faculty of the court that surrounded her. She gathered the intellectual results of the century from all parts of Europe, domesticating them among the steps of her empire. Her broad philosophy of life and thought and government astonished even the schools from which it had sprung. The bold, half-savage audacity of her system went so far beyond the timid speculations of Western Europe that even Voltaire said, speaking of the superb Russian, "C'est du Nord maintenant que nous vient la lumière." The Russian court was the epitome of the whole lawless, corrupt magnificence of the last century, combining its own Eastern barbarity and sumptuousness with the *esprit* of life, the cynicism of action, the exquisite egoism of the Western nations. An age glorious for Russia, the culmination of the material philosophy of the old barbaric empire; an age when letters flourished as the ornament of a court, and poets were pensioned for their praises of their empress; when powdered, painted lovers and favorites went forth to conquer armies in caftans covered with jewels; when, in celebration of their victories, princes, the heroes of the poets' epics, ordered fetes in artificial gardens planted with exotics, where jeweled elephants stalked among the guests, and then, from excess of reaction, passed days in moody silence, yawning with ennui, the cup of pleasure drained to the dregs. The bacchanals of the French renege fall into insignificance by the side of the sumptuous orgies of the Russian court. Strange that at a time when the European States were thus corrupt, and the foundations of society were gradually being undermined, there should appear upon the horizon, piercing through the gathered shadows, intellects strong, white, and true as the sunlight of reason. The decay of Italy produced that fine antique marble, Alfieri, whose intuitions were as facile to other men; born not of the Crusca, but of the smoldering Greek spirit of its countrymen. In Russia, while the empress founded academies and fostered the classical tendencies of her poet nurslings, there was one among them, Derschawin, who, amidst much of flattery and fawning, much of the spirit lost in matter, many odes and poems degraded by the worship of the warrior favorites, uttered words that make him as dear to the hearts of the Russians as Alfieri to those of the Italians. He carried the motive power of his genius, the idea of naturalization, the spirit of ancient Russia, high and pure across all the foreign infiltrations of the century.

Every country tottering on the verge of destruction, covering the abyss with flowers, finds suddenly some grinning satirist lurking among them, as France in Beaumarchais, Italy in Goldoni. It requires a complexity of life and civilization to produce comedy. Purty and simplicity of soul do not generate satire. The many-sided brilliant baroque of the court and empire of Catherine called into life the genius of the poet Von Visin. He wrote two comedies, immortal in the minds of the people, the characters of which have passed into proverbs. Both satirize the customs and habits of the empire—military organization, education, social life. The reign of Catherine produced other poets—Kapist, Kostrow, Kheraskoff—more or less imitators of Derschawin, and like him formed on the models of French classicism.

There was a flavor of the *cinque-cento* in the intellectual activity of the Russian literature. A passion for books, archives, chronicles, extended throughout the country. Nicola Novikov occupies the same position in the intellectual history of Russia as Aldus Manuzio in that of Venice—an earnest lover of books and manuscripts, whose ardent desire was, through the medium of the academies, to disseminate knowledge throughout the empire. There were strange incongruities in that reign of Catherine—a mingling of the court of Leo X. with that of the French regent—intellectual activity and moral decay.—*Charlotte Adams, in Harper's Magazine for June.*

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THE DOCTRINE OF CHRISTIAN SONG.

The second of the two great doctrines, embodied in our hymns and to which I wish now to refer, is this: the unity amidst variety in the life of the church. The unity of the church shows itself in a certain community of Christian song. The church is one: the songs of the church are the common inheritance and product of the one church. Were there not real unity of life, there could not be such community of song. The Psalms of David are the world's inheritance. The dove and the raven which fly from this nest when we stir the leaves of the Psalter are the birds which every man recognizes as frequently brooding within his own breast.

Thus stands the case with all vitalized Christian song. That which is too special in its doctrine or in the experiences which it embodies, the universal church throws out. No Christian hymn can become a hymn of the ages which does not unfold thoughts and feelings common to the universal church. It is hard to put the special points of Calvinism, or Arminianism, or any other ism definitely into a hymn, and then get the hymn accepted by the church.

And further, all the greatest and best Christian songs are helpers to Christian unity. More has been done to bring Christians together by giving them hymns which they could sing together, than by all Conferences, Councils and Synods. A great evangelical alliance is this one of Christian song. It is not without pregnant meaning that George McDonald

closes the preface of his "England's Anthem" with these words: "Heartily do I throw this small pebble at the head of the great Sabbath-breaker,—*Schism*."—*Sunday Afternoon.*

DUTCH MUSICAL PLATES.

That the Hollanders had and have a passionate love of music is well known. For two centuries the popular songs of Holland figured conspicuously in the history of the country. Every peasant boy was in the habit of carrying about with him a collection of songs in a shape which he could tuck away in his pocket easily. When a group gathered they would fall to singing in chorus. A similar custom prevailed among the higher classes of the population. After dinner, when the jovial Dutchmen were in a rollicking mood, each man would pull out his song-book from his pocket, and the whole company would join in a rousing chorus. It is easy to see that here was a mine for the faience-makers to work. A dozen dessert plates displaying the couplets of various songs were a source of amusement which was never-failing in its after-dinner effect. The idea is, perhaps, one worth adopting in our day and country as a provoker of jollity among a people not unduly given to that sort of thing.

Several of these musical plates have come down to us. Most of them bear inscriptions and notices in Dutch, but very many—and the most objectionable—of them have verses in the French language, and were doubtless made for sale in that market. Certainly they are very much in the spirit of modern *opera bouffe* and would not be in demand at English or American dinner tables, nor even in France in the family circle. Others of these musical plates, instead of giving the verses at length and a mere suggestion of the tune, present the whole score, and give but the name of the song. Some have the music, not of a song, but of a minuet or gavot. Still others not only give the dancing tunes, but show us pictures of the dancers.—*Wirt Sikes.*

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.

WILLIAM RISINGER died at his father's residence in Ripley Co., Ind., May 17, aged 42 years and 11 months. He experienced a saving change when about 20 years of age and united with the P. B. church at Terre Haute, Ind. That church being moved to Pierceton, Bro. Risinger took a letter and united with the Franklin P. B. church, and remained a member until he was called from labor to reward. As a Christian he was constant in duty, trustful and hopeful; strongly attached to the denomination in all its work; a constant reader of the *Star*, and all the publications. He leaves an aged father and mother both of whom are in their 83d year, the mother being blind and therefore helpless. He also leaves one brother and one sister with many relatives to mourn. But their loss is his gain.

WILSON WHEELER died at Sparta, Ind., May 20, aged 21 years. He was converted about four years ago, and was baptized by the writer. Although a pious young man before his conversion, the change was very great. Naturally timid and bashful, he at once commenced praying and speaking in public and was one of the leaders in the cottage prayer meetings. Surely, it can be said his sun has set ere it is noon. He leaves a mother, one brother and a sister with many friends to mourn their loss. He was buried at Sparta cemetery.

D. A. TUCKER.

EMMA BARRY died in Dayton, Tuscola Co., Mich., April 22, aged 76 years and 6 months. Bro. Barry experienced religion in the year 1831, under the labors of the M. E. ministry. Changing his views on doctrine and church polity, he was baptized in 1852 by Rev. L. L. Andrews, and united with the P. B. church in Canada, where he was then living. Two years afterward with his family he moved to Tuscola county, Mich. The country was then new and scarcely any religious influence in the town, but, true to the cause he loved, he exerted his influence to build up a P. B. church, and sought and found the writer in an adjoining town, and, God blessing the effort, the Dayton church was raised up. Bro. B. became one of its first members, and remained faithful until his death. He leaves a wife and seven children, all of them members of the church. His wife, who has been a faithful helper for fifty-three years, was taken sick in the place. Her gentle and winning ways joined her companion on the other side. He was followed to his grave by his wife, seven children, sons and daughters-in-law, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, and all, and a large crowd of sympathizing friends.

E. J. DOYLE.

Mrs. FLORA BROWN PRESCOTT, wife of Sumner Prescott, and sister of Prof. J. S. Brown, departed this life in Lyndon, Vt., April 19, aged 20 years. While a student in her seminary three years ago she made a profession of religion and united with the church in this place. Her gentle and winning ways endeared her to a large circle of friends. She had a strong desire to live—strange indeed if she had not—but we trust was submissive to the will of the Master. She made arrangements in part for her burial and pledged her friends to meet her in heaven. "Her sun has gone down while it was yet day," was the very appropriate text selected by her friends for the funeral service. So wrote Hippocrates to a sympathetic audience assembled on any occasion in this place. She leaves a large circle of friends in deep mourning.

W. L. N.

FRANCIS W. HAMPTON died in Blanchester, O., May 25, aged 51 years, and 8 months. The deceased for many years resided in the village of Blanchester, and in various ways has been identified with the business interests of the town. He had held many positions of official trust, and was ever regarded as a strictly upright business man, scrupulously honest in all his dealings.

GEORGE LEROY, fourth child and infant son of John W. and Sarah J. Goodwin, died near Butlerville, Ohio, June 6, aged 3 months and 18 days. He was quite an interesting and intelligent child, being father's pride and mother's joy, but they sleep as those who have hope, remembering the words of Jesus: "Suffer little children and forbid them not to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." J. A. SUTTON.

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The term, however, is but a feeble expression of my high appreciation of its value, based upon my own personal observation. As a close observer, I have, while witnessing its positive results in the few special diseases incident to the separate organism of woman, singled it out as the climax or crowning gem of my medical career. On its merits, as a positive, safe, and effectual remedy for the class of diseases, and one that will, at all times and under all circumstances, not kindly and in harmony with the laws which govern the female system, I am willing to stake my reputation as a physician. Nay, even more, so confident am I that it will not disappoint the most sanguine expectations of a single invalid lady who tries it for any of the ailments for which I recommend it, that I offer and sell it under a POSITIVE GUARANTEE, that if a beneficial effect is not experienced by the time two-thirds of the contents of the bottle are used, I will, on return of the bottle, two-thirds of the medicine having been taken according to directions, and the case being one for which I recommend it, promptly refund the money paid for it. Had I not the most perfect confidence in its virtues, I could not offer it as I do under these conditions; but having witnessed its truly marvellous cures in thousands of cases, I feel warranted and perfectly safe in risking both my reputation and my money on its merits.

The following are among those diseases in which my Favorite Prescription has worked cures, as if by magic, and with a certainty never before attained by any medicine: Leucorrhœa, Excessive Flowing, Painful Monthly Periods, Suppressions when from natural causes, Irregularities, Weak Back, Protrusion, or falling of the Uterus, Anteversion and Retroversion, Bearing Down Sensations, Internal Heat, Nervous Depression, Debility, Despondency, Threatened Miscarriage, Chronic Congestion, Inflammation and Ulceration of the Uterus, Impotency, Barrenness, or Sterility, Female Weakness, and very many other chronic diseases incident to woman not mentioned here. In all affections of this nature, my Favorite Prescription works cures—the marvel of the world. This medicine I do not consider a cure-all, but it admirably fulfills a single purpose, being a most perfect restorer of the system of woman. It will not disappoint, nor will it do harm, in any state or condition.

Those who desire further information on these subjects can obtain it in Dr. PIERCE'S COMMON SENSE MEDICAL ADVISER, a book of over 500 pages, sent, post-paid, on receipt of \$1.00. It treats minutely of those diseases peculiar to Females, and gives much valuable advice in regard to the management of those ailments.

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*Sunday excepted. †Saturday and Sunday excepted.

News Summary.

Congressional.

MONDAY. The Senate passed the bill to reorganize the life-saving service, and discussed at great length the sundry civil appropriation bill. At two o'clock in the morning it had not been disposed of. The House passed the internal revenue bill, and agreed to the conference report on the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill.

TUESDAY. The Senate passed a resolution postponing the time of final adjournment until six o'clock Wednesday evening. After a protracted discussion the sundry civil appropriation bill was passed. The House refused to concur in the Senate amendments to this bill and a conference committee was appointed. The Senate resolution extending the session until six o'clock Wednesday evening was concurred in. The bill extending the time in which to complete the Northern Pacific Railroad was rejected.

WEDNESDAY. In the Senate, a bill was passed making it unlawful for any person to demand or receive more than \$10 for services in securing a pension. The bill providing for the election of a United States Senator by the present legislature of New Hampshire was rejected. A resolution was adopted permitting the Matthews investigating committee to hold its sessions during the recess at such place or places as it may choose. The House bill authorizing the payment of customs duties in legal-tender notes was rejected. The House passed the bill making legal-tender notes receivable for customs duties at par on and after the 1st of October next. The bill proposing Treasury notes as a substitute for national bank notes was rejected by a vote of 109 to 114. The bill for the establishment of a board of Pacific Railroad Commissioners was rejected by a vote of 105 to 103. The bill regulating the pay of letter-carriers was passed, as also the post-route bill.

After an all night's session, Wednesday, Congress adjourned at seven o'clock Thursday morning, to meet on the first Monday of December next. The hour of adjournment was extended on Wednesday, first from six o'clock P. M., to ten o'clock, and then to one o'clock, three o'clock, five o'clock, and finally to seven o'clock, at which hour the sundry civil appropriation bill had been engrossed and received the President's signature.

The Business Prospect.

Speaking of the business outlook, the Boston Advertiser says: "The conditions are so far favorable for a revival of business. The uncertainty as to the immediate future has disappeared. The action of Congress, though it was, may be predicted to produce certain results, and business men may allow for their operation in trade without anxiety lest they may be deceived. And the material prospect is not less promising. The outlook for a fine crop was never better than it is to-day. The demand for our products abroad continues, unprecedentedly strong. The railroads are, in general, making an enormous increase in traffic, resulting in heavier receipts, notwithstanding the low rates that prevail. The enforced economy of the past five years has borne fruit. The habit of 'making things go far' has resulted in a clearing off of the stock laid aside when the era of extravagance came to an end, and the time is not distant when there must be a general restocking. Whether the indications of a return of the wave of prosperity can be seen or not, they must soon appear. There were some grounds for the belief that the tide was turning when Congress met last October, but if so the flow was speedily checked. Yet the delay may make the recovery more strong and persistent now that the barrier has been swept away."

Professor Hodge.

Dr. Charles Hodge, late professor of theology at Princeton Seminary, died at Princeton, Wednesday evening, in his eighty-first year. In the death of Dr. Hodge, the country loses one of its foremost theologians. He was of Scotch-Irish descent, and was born in Philadelphia, December 28, 1797. In addition to his great work, "Systematic Theology," which is regarded as one of the ablest expositions of Calvinism, Dr. Hodge published several scholarly books. But he was most widely known as the founder and for nearly forty years the editor-in-chief of the *Princeton Review*. For fifty-six years he was a professor at Princeton.

Mr. Ross Appointed Warden.

The name of Christian K. Ross is again in the newspapers, not in an offensive sense by any means, for there is a sympathy that goes out to that bereaved family who have so unavailingly sought for their lost son, little Charlie Ross. Mr. Ross has just been tendered the office of Master Warden of the Port of Philadelphia, at a salary of \$25,000, the receipt of which commission being the first intimation he had that the Governor had his name under consideration. Mr. Ross says that, having received \$20,000 given by the Citizens' Committee, nearly \$80,000 have been expended in efforts to restore the lost child to his parents, and he does not propose to give up the search so long as he can get the means to pursue it. The book containing the history of the boy's loss and the search for him has reached a sale of 12,000 copies.

Russian Activities.

Cable specials state that 15,000 Russians have arrived at San Stefano from Odessa, and Russians are also concentrating troops around the fortresses of Shumla and Varna. Much uneasiness is felt in Berlin over the probable result of the congress. Heavy English reinforcements are being sent to the Cape of Good Hope. The *London Times'* correspondent at Thessalonica says: "I hear the Russians are straining their energies in fortifying Rodosto. They are evidently contriving every means to gain a firm hold on Bulgaria, and preparing to hold it, if need be, against all adversaries. The meeting of the congress seems rather to have increased than abated their activity in that respect."

Strikes.

The day of strikes is by no means over. As an illustration of this fact Friday morning's paper states that the extra hour men along the docks and wharves of Buffalo, N. Y., have struck for twenty cents per hour. Their former compensation was fifteen cents. The grain shoveler's strike in the same city was over, the men having gained their terms. Two hundred and fifty weavers at Adams' mosquito netting factory in Patterson, N. J., struck against a ten per cent. reduction of wages. This throws out of employment about 2000 hands. Four hundred of the six hundred coopers in Chicago, went on a strike on Thursday for an advance in wages. The rate since February has been thirty cents per barrel. The Cooper's Union voted to assist them. The printers of the *Montreal Gazette* and *Herald* offices went on a strike Thursday against a twenty per cent. reduction. If there is ever a time when one is tempted to seek a grim and bare consolation out of the doctrine that what is to be will be, it is when one considers this matter of strikes. All experience and all reason seems to have no weight with the laborers in regard to this matter.

German papers continue to report arrests of Socialists and governmental interruption of Socialist meetings. A Berlin magistrate is reported as saying that there is no testimony yet connecting Nobling with Socialist Democrats.

Miscellaneous.

Abby Sage Richardson is going to Europe.

Pope's villa at Twickenham has just been sold for \$45,000.

Henry Ward Beecher is to spend his vacation in California.

One thousand cotton operatives have struck work at Bury, England.

The Cuban war has cost Spain more than \$100,000,000.

Gen. Grant arrived at Amsterdam on Thursday night.

It is said that Disraeli will be made a duke after the Congress.

Mr. Bryant was the original proposer of the New York Central Park.

The Socialistic Printing Company has been incorporated at Cincinnati.

The New Hampshire Medical Association has admitted a lady to its ranks.

Mr. Bryant was a lineal descendant of John Alden of the Mayflower.

Francis Murphy, the temperance orator, will speak at Silver Lake Grove, July Fourth.

A great temperance celebration will be held at Ellsworth, Me., Independence Day.

Ellen L. Pierce, of Boston, has been appointed chaplain of the Women's Prison.

The vines which grow over the Old Stone Mill at Newport, are pulling it to pieces.

President Bartlett is presenting before the N. H. Legislature the claims of Dartmouth College for an appropriation.

Newburyport, Mass., has been witnessing the feats of Frost, Hadden, the pedestrian. He has walked six miles in 55 minutes and 55 seconds.

A conductor on the Rochester road has received a bequest of \$15,000 from a passenger to whom he was kind on and after the 1st of October next.

Henry Ward Beecher's son Herbert is running an excursion steamer between Norwich and New London.

Byrant said, only a short time before his death, "Unlike Irving, I prefer the portraits made of me in old age."

Mr. William E. Dodge, of New York, has bought the Preston Mansion at Cohasset, S. C., for \$15,000, and will use it as a winter residence.

The stump of one of the big trees in the Yo Semite Valley is to be tunneled, that staves may pass through.

There is a Turkish superstition that when a Sultan is not building a mosque or a palace, the end of his reign or his life is near at hand.

Mrs. Anna Lynch Botta gives the interest of \$4,000, as the prize for the best essay, in French, on the condition of woman. The awards will be made once in five years.

President Hayes will attend the meeting of soldiers and sailors of the Civil War at Newark, N. J., July 22. It is the anniversary of the death of Gen. McClellan.

The First National Bank of St. Joseph, Missouri, was robbed of \$19,000 on Friday. How and by whom is a mystery. The bank has a capital of \$100,000 and a surplus of \$20,000, so the loss will not embarrass it.

A Paris despatch says Pres. MacMahon, upon recommendation of the ministers, has decided to pardon 800 Communists on the occasion of the national festival of the 30th inst., in honor of the Exhibition.

The examining committee of Plymouth church Friday night recommended that Mrs. Elizabeth Tilton be excommunicated from the church, and the report was adopted.

Two young men were out fishing the other day, and on returning were going past a farmhouse, and yelled to the farmer's daughters: "Girls, have you any buttermilk?" The reply was gently waited back to their ears: "Yes; but we keep it for our own calves."

John McCool, the New York builder, has been adjudicated a bankrupt, with total liabilities of \$2,157,391, of which \$2,446,961 is secured by mortgages on real estate. McCool's bankruptcy was the result of building houses, on which he lost a large fortune. Among the secured creditors having the heaviest claims is the receiver of the North American Life Insurance Company, whose claim is \$1,571,000.

The New York bankers say that the adjournment of Congress has removed the fear of changes in the financial laws, and subscriptions to government securities are stimulated. They express the opinion that the sale of 4 per cent bonds during the summer will be largely in excess of the sales for the last six months.

Latest News.

The plough works at Newark, N. J., were burned on Sunday, throwing out of employment 108 men. Loss, \$30,000.—Ex-Congressman Vance was arrested at the Insane Asylum at Athens, O.—Stewart's Women's Hotel has been licensed to sell rum.—An explosion, probably of gas, in the tax office in the new municipal building, Brooklyn, Monday, blew the vault to pieces and cracked the heavy wall from foundation to roof, killing one man and fatally injuring another.

Educational.

The Union Theological Seminary, New York city, has sent out 111 foreign missionaries who have labored among people speaking thirty languages.—The privilege of voluntary recitation will be given next year to the Junior Class at Harvard, with the same restrictions, imposed upon the Seniors. The privilege will be taken away from those who abuse it, unless the average mark for the preceding year was 75 per cent.—The class of '80, Brown University, has presented to the museum a neat case containing eight base balls, the trophies of as many well-earned victories. One space is filled with a touching picture of a youth in tears sitting on a coffin, and beneath it the inscription, "Yale; Brown, 2."—The beautiful new library building of Lehigh University, erected by Judge Packer as a memorial of his daughter, was formally opened yesterday morning. It has shelves for 70,000 books, and place can be made for 30,000 more. It contains at present about 6,000. Large purchases are to be made during the summer.—The N. Y. *Tribune* thus sums up the principal features of the change in the University of London: The University of London having obtained its charter for admitting women to degrees, University College at once takes the step for which it has been steadily preparing during the last ten years, and next October classes in all subjects of instruction within the Faculties of Arts and Laws of Science will be open to both male and female students, who will be taught in some classes together and in others separately. The change to be made has the assent and co-operation of every professor of the Faculties of Arts, Laws and Sciences. Every subject of study in these faculties will henceforth be open to women, who will be received as students of the colleges; but the manner of carrying out the change is carefully based upon acquired experience. There are no violent changes. For several years past, about four hundred students have, during each session, attended the ladies' classes held within University College; in October these will become a part of the college system, with several new classes for ladies only, and other new classes—chiefly, for advanced work—to which both male and female students will be admitted.—Saturday, the first examination for admission to the new Latin school for girls was held at the Girls' High School building. Thirty-nine candidates presented themselves. The rules required that each should be at least twelve years of age, bring a certificate of character from the principal of the school last attended, and a written statement from her parents or guardians of their intention to give her a collegiate education.

Rural and Domestic.

SUMMER BOARD.

The extravagant prices still charged at our seaside and other fashionable resorts—where the rates are quoted at from ten to forty dollars per week—are driving more and more people into the country. Good plain fare, and every condition of healthful and happy living for rational and reasonable beings, can be had in farm houses and summer boarding places for from \$4 to \$8. The tendency to choose the latter rather than the former style of summer living has increased noticeably within the past four years, even among people of ample means, until now the question is, in many sections, how to find places for those who want them, rather than how sensible people can be induced to spend their vacation in a sensible way.

We hope to see the tendency increase. There is nothing so good for town-people, especially for children, as the freedom, freshness, healthful activity and entire change of habits and surroundings that are to be found on a farm. They learn, also, a great many things that all children ought to know, and that they can get in no other way. If the parties are small, so that the inquisitive, irrepressible youngsters will not make "nuisances" or hindrances of themselves, they can go a-field with the men, and see something of the industry that is the basis of a country's prosperity. Then there are the barns to explore—the brooks to wade and angle in—the unfailing charm of the woods and the orchard—the berry patches, later on, and all the delights of a new life of out-of-door liberty. The tyranny of dress, and the despotism of deportment are both in abeyance, and the little folks that can't be happy on a farm hardly deserve a vacation.

As for the older people,—if, with "all out doors" to draw on, they can't be contented, we pity them. A strawberry patch in the meadow—a cherry tree by the roadside—a pine grove for a "best room" and a hammock for a couch—a maple grove to swing in—the acquaintance of the birds to renew—cloud-land to explore and sunsets to study, and all the fragrance, beauty and life of God's handiwork to enjoy,—what more does a man or woman need?

Well, a few things only,—and they touch the other side of the question. A farmer or housekeeper who keeps boarders is making money just as legitimately and creditably—if they get any profit out of it—as they do when raising wheat or making butter. It is business—and sometimes, if the summer guest be agreeable people,—pleasure also. And being business it should stand on a fair understanding and proceed in an honest and straightforward manner. Most of the misunderstandings and failures would be avoided if one party would state frankly what they want, and the other what they can or cannot supply. Let there be an agreement or no start.

Most town-people boarding in the country are satisfied—or would be—with plain fare and plenty of letting alone. If the business is to increase, and be a source of profit to the farmers situated so as to undertake it, they should prepare for it by arranging to have plenty of vegetables, fruit, milk, eggs and good bread. With these, the absence of fresh meat and ambitious knick-knacks will be unnoticed. The accessories of good housekeeping—such as soft beds, neatness everywhere, punctuality in meals, protection against mosquitoes and flies when necessary, adequate water supply, etc.—these things New England housekeepers generally know a good deal more about than any editor of our acquaintance! But while we are on the subject it is in order to say that they are of great importance in making summer board delightful.

There has probably been occasion for some of the satire on one side and complaining on the other which "a summer in the country" has evoked. But we believe as both parties come to understand each other and the business better, the occasion for such remarks is disappearing, and it is now a good thing for the farmers and a pleasant and profitable vacation for their guests.—*Golden Rule.*

SALT FOR STOCK.

The use of salt for dairy cows varies with the season and the flow of milk. The larger the flow and the more immature the feed, the greater the amount of salt required. In June, for example, when the flow is abundant and the grass tender, more salt is required than in November, when there is less milk and the grass is better supplied with mineral matter. In the former case, the cows want salt where they can have access to it every day or often; in the latter, twice a week will answer all demands. The best way I have tried for salting cows is to keep a little salt in the manger, where they can have access to it every time they come in to the stable to be milked. They will lick a little every time they come in, when the grass is very tender. Salting twice a week is then not enough, as tests made upon the quantity and quality of milk have proved. Later in the season they will take it less frequently. If salt can be had at 10 cents, cows will never eat any more than is required for their good, but if it is fed only at long intervals, they often eat to their injury. For salting young cattle, the best arrangement I know of is to place rock salt in a suitable box, or half barrel, where they can have easy access to it, and under a cover so as to protect it from wasting by rain. This avoids both excesses and deficiencies, and requires the least labor and attention.—*Prof. L. B. Arnold, in N. Y. Tribune.*

Among the contributors to the literary department of "Andrews' Bazar" is Martha J. Lamb, well-known among American literatures as the author of the "History of New York City." This department of the "Bazar" is in competent hands, and forms by no means an insignificant one. Send ten cents to W. R. Andrews, Cincinnati, for specimen copy.

KEEP ON THE FARM.

In these dull times, when scores of young men are out of employment, and others are crowded in from other places, seeking for so-called "genteel" situations, it is well to give wide publicity to such facts as are set forth in the following extract from the *New York Journal of Commerce*:

One of the great problems of our day, too little discussed by those who have the ear of the public through the press or at the forum, is to furnish the young men of this generation with remunerative employment. The professions are all over-crowded; the shop-keepers are far too numerous; agencies of all classes are so multiplied that occupants tread on each other's heels, and are a bore and a nuisance to the general public; clerks out of employment and willing to serve for a pittance are to be reckoned by the tens of thousands; book-keepers, with hungry eyes, are reading every advertising list in the vain hope of an opening for their application; collectors, messengers, doorkeepers, box-keepers, watchmen, conductors, and the great variety of others, already expert, seeking employment in kindred callings, are waiting anxiously for some one to engage them. Every possible form of service that can be reckoned in the list of genteel occupations is anxiously sought for by multitudes who have no other provision for their daily needs. The men who have been trying to live by their wits must go to work at the bench or in the field; of these the soil offers the most accessible, and finally, the most remunerative employment. The mass of the unemployed must seek sustenance from the bosom of mother Earth. Land is cheap, and there is a wide area that awaits the tiller. The back may ache and the skin blister in the sun, but the bread can be made without fear of failure if the laborer will be faithful to his calling. It needs less wisdom and forethought than patient industry, and the man with a common mind may eat his harvest in peace.

ITEMS.

Texas estimates an increase of 15 per cent in her wheat crop over last year. The acreage last year was about 400,000; this year it will be 450,000 which, at an average yield of 13 bushels to the acre, will produce a crop of 5,850,000 bushels.

A ewe, aged ten years, the property of Thomas Davies, in Pembrokeshire, England, has in that period given birth to thirty-four lambs, all of which were well reared. The ewe brought four lambs each year for four successive years, and three lambs each of the other six years.—*Am. Cultivator.*

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

CORN MUFFINS. Three eggs beaten, light, one pint of buttermilk (if very sour, use less), one tea-cup of cream or milk, one small tea-spoonful of soda, lard or butter size of an egg, meal enough to make the batter of the consistency of pound-cake batter.

CHOCOLATE MERINGUE.—One quart of milk and yolks of four eggs, made into custard; three table-spoonfuls powdered chocolate, put into a cup of warm water; one table-spoonful of corn-starch; sweeten to your taste and let all boil together. Then put it in a baking-dish, and when done, cover with meringue of the whites of eggs and white sugar. Put in the oven again, to brown, a few minutes.

ORANGE CAKE. Eight eggs, one and one-half pounds sugar, one and one-half pounds flour, three-fourths pounds of butter, one pint milk, two tea-spoonfuls cream of tartar, one tea-spoonful soda. Beat the eggs very light, and mix in the sugar and creamed butter. Pour in half the milk, and dissolve the cream of tartar and soda in the other half. Add the sifted flour as quickly as possible after the foaming milk is poured in. Bake in jelly-cake pans. Take six oranges, grate the peel, and squeeze the juice with two pounds pulverized sugar. If you use sweet oranges add the juice of two lemons. After stirring to a smooth paste, spread between the layers of the cake. Ice, or sprinkle sugar over the last layer on top of the cake.

THE MARKETS.

BUTTER, CHEESE, AND EGGS. Reported by HILTON BROS. & CO., Commission Merchants and dealers in butter, cheese and eggs, beans, dried apples, &c. Cellar No. 3 Quincy Market, Boston.

BUTTER. The market is quiet, and we note few changes in quotations. Receipts of the week 13,794 packages, and 191,575 lbs. There is not so much coming as in the 7th week, and strictly the grades are firm. We quote New York and Vermont butter at 16 1/2 to 18c per pound; fair to good Northern butter, sold in country butters, at 15 1/2 to 16c; choice Western dairy at 15 1/2 to 16c, and an occasional sale is made at 16 1/2 to 17c; ladies' packed Western butter ranges from 15 1/2 to 16c, and store-packed butter is unsalable. Jobbers' prices are two or three cents per pound above these quotations. Richmond, Va., June 17.—Butter was higher today, selling freely at 15 1/2 to 16c per pound, with a few fancy selections higher for good sold at 12 1/2 to 14c; ordinary at 10c per pound. Cheese sold at 6 1/2 to 8c per pound for the various grades of good to fine.

CHEESE. Receipts of the week 4023 boxes and — packages. There is a fair inquiry for choice and medium cheese, and prices are well sustained. We quote good factories at 7 1/2 to 7 3/4c, medium at 6c, and common at 5 1/2 to 6c per pound. Albany, N. Y., June 17.—The Little Falls cheese market was dull, and no sales were made until late in the day; 8000 boxes of factory were offered, which brought 7 1/2 to 8 1/4c; 1000 boxes farm cheese sold at 7 1/2 to 8 1/4c per pound. Butter at 10 to 12c per pound. At the market here today 15,000 boxes of cheese changed hands, of which 4500 boxes were on commission. The prices, 8 1/2 to 12c.

EGGS. Receipts of the week 2507 boxes and 82 bbls. Eggs are firm at a slight advance above last quotations. We quote at 14c per dozen for Eastern eggs; 13 1/2 to 14c for Northern and P. E. L., and 11 1/2 to 12c for choice marks of Western.

STRAWBERRIES. Strawberries are about at their height, this week, and dealers show some very handsome crates. The price is not very remunerative to growers, but the fact is that competition from Southern growers takes off the cream of this market.

POTATOES. The market is dull, and there is very little doing. We quote Rose at 25 to 30c; Profits at 25 to 30c; Jacksons at 30 to 35c; seedlings at 35 to 40c; Peerless at 30 to 35c per bush.

BEANS.

The market remains firm, and there is a fair demand for prime lots, with rather more doing in the middling grades. There is a fair inquiry for yellow eyes, but the stock is small. We quote at \$1.80 to \$1.90 per bush for mediums; pea beans at \$1.60 to \$1.70, and yellow eyes at \$2.25 to \$2.30 per bush. Jobbers' prices are 10c per bush, higher than the above quotations.

FRESH MEATS.

The market is quiet, and we find little change to note. We quote Brighton dressed beef at 13 1/2 to 14c for whole sides, 9 to 10c for hind quarters, and 8 to 9c for do. Mutton is quoted at 11 to 14c per pound, and veal at 8 to 10c. Spring lambs sell at 14 to 18c per pound.

POULTRY.

The supply is small and demand limited. We quote the range on good quality at from 12 to 18c.

HAY AND STRAW.

Prices are unaltered, and there is no demand to-day. We quote ordinary hay at \$12 to \$14 per ton; prime medium hay at \$10 to \$12; fine at \$10; and coarse at \$8 to \$10, with here and there a car-load at \$20 per ton. Straw at \$10 to \$12 per ton.

WOOL.

SATURDAY, June 22, 1878. The total receipts of wool at this port since January 1, comprised 63,241 bales domestic, and 14,415 bales of foreign, against 74,844 bales domestic, and 17,183 foreign for the same time in 1877. There is a very marked difference in the sales of wool this season, as compared with last. A year ago the sales were nearly double what they have been the past week, and there was a brisk demand for round lots of fleece and California. To-day there is no disposition to purchase ahead of present wants, and an attempt to sell a manufacturer three or four hundred bales of California or 50,000 lbs of fleece would be laughed at. Low prices are no temptation, but it is simply a question of present wants. Goods do not move, and the clothing trade are not going to stock up freely until they know more definitely the wants of their customers. The status of the primary markets is not materially changed, and although the wool is not moving so freely in the interior as in seasons when higher prices ruled, it is, however, coming forward quite fast enough to supply manufacturers, and the wool had much better remain in the country, and come forward gradually, than be rushed to the seaboard at once. If low prices are to rule, wool had better open low in the farmers' yards than to drop 15 or 20 per cent. after it arrives at the seaboard. In Ohio, farmers are asking now \$1.35 to \$1.40.

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