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The Morning Star.

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NO. 35.

THE MORNING STAR.

A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1878.

OUTWARDS OR HOMEWARDS.

Still are the ships that in haven ride,
Waiting fair winds or turn of the tide;
Nothing they fear, though they do not get
Out on the glorious ocean wide.

O wild hearts, that yearn to be free,
Look, and learn from the ships of the sea!

Bravely the ships, in the tempest tossed,
Buffet the waves till the sea be crossed;
Not in despair of the haven fair,
Though winds blow backward and leagues be far.

O weary hearts, that yearn for sleep,
Look, and learn from the ships on the deep!

—F. W. Bourdillon.

"REJOICE EVERMORE."

BY REV. C. A. RICKFORD.

To a moral being like man, virtue and vice, happiness and misery, are alike possible. There can be no virtue and happiness, as we understand them, without the possibility of vice and misery. But let no one say that, therefore, vice or sin is a necessity. Let no one dare think that God has made us to be miserable. Misery is not a necessity; it is only a possibility. Happiness is also, of course, only a possibility; yet it is the normal and divinely intended condition of the soul. God delights in the true happiness of his creatures, and never wills that they be sad and sorrowful. Doubtless, all misery is due to sin. The dark possibility of woe has been converted into an awful reality by the conflict of the human with the divine will. But we need not abide in sin and misery. God opens wide the way for our return to the primal estate of man and affords us all needed help. Every right-seeing mind understands this. "The good are never fatalists." We are free to choose our main courses in this life—free to sin and be miserable, or to walk with God and be happy. He himself desires our happiness; that we may be delivered from the sad and miserable state into which our sins have brought us, prophets have been inspired to instruct and to warn, and the divine sacrifice has been offered upon Calvary.

So true is it that our proper state is one of deep felicity that only such service unto God as is rendered from a heart filled with the clear light of hope and gladness can be a perfect service. All other service is more or less burdensome to the soul and incomplete before God. That which is rendered from a heaviness of heart that finds its natural expression in a melancholy visage and a joyless austerity of manner, must be, to say the least, an imperfect service. Such works as are hard, burdensome, disagreeable, irksome, which are done only from compulsion, or a crushing sense of duty, are seldom or never faultlessly done, since they are not done heartily. As a rule, we do anything well, only so far as we enjoy doing it. This is true of the student amid his books, of the farmer among the hills, of the merchant in his office, of the clerk behind the counter, of the engineer at his post, of all the members of all the professions, of the mother in the household, and it is also true of men who are the professed servants of God and followers of the Lord Jesus. We follow Christ well—in his purity, his peacefulness, his humility, his unselfishness, his charity, only so far as we do so with joy. The true servants of God do not feel fettered by his law; they feel, rather, that they move in a large place, having been freed from bondage. There is little need for the apostle to exhort them to "rejoice evermore." They weep not, in view of what is required of them, nor sigh; they laugh, and clap their hands, and sing, and are altogether the most joyful spirits on earth.

Again, so true is it that our appropriate state is one of abiding happiness, that, even in tribulations, we are to be joyful. "In the world," said Christ, "ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." This is the glad, jubilant, triumphant thought—Christ has overcome the world, and in him we shall overcome it too. "Peace I leave with you," said he, "the night before his crucifixion, 'my peace I give unto you.' Thy peace, thou homeless, persecuted one? Thou poor wanderer, thou penniless prophet, thou despised Nazarene, thou man of sorrows and acquainted with grief—what can thy peace be? Thy enemies are even now plotting thy captivity and death; only a few hours more, and thou wilt be betrayed by one of thine own twelve chosen ones; with bleeding brows, thou wilt be beaten and

spit upon; a common highwayman and assassin will be preferred before thee by thine own people who will drive thee from a mock trial to Golgotha and nail thee, hands and feet, to a malefactor's cross between two thieves. "Penury, scorn, contumely, thankless toil, desert sojourns, midnight vigils, have been thy lot; now the cross, the lacerated flesh, the slowly trickling life-blood, the burning thirst, the jeering multitude, the long death-agony, the tomb." Thy peace, poor sufferer, what can it be? Behold our blessed Lord, with all the outward ills of life poured in vast accumulation upon his innocent head, but behold him calm, fearless, trustful, forgiving, a divine peace forth-flowing from those inner and exhaustless fountains through every avenue of communication, with the outward world. "What sublime composure," says another, "through that night and morning, before Caiaphas, and Pilate, and Herod, when, forsaken by all, he stands a mark for taunts and jeers and foul reproaches, and bears his cross on the way to Calvary! What self-forgetting love, what heroic charity, in his last filial offices, in his sympathy with his fellow-sufferer, in his prayer for his murderers! What heavenly serenity in those final words that commend his spirit to his Father's hands! O Jesus, was ever peace like thine?"—"My peace I give unto you." Comes it not to pass, O Christian, that even in tribulations thou canst rejoice—as Stephen rejoiced when borne to his death, as Peter rejoiced defending his Master on the day of Pentecost, as Paul rejoiced when in bonds before King Agrippa? To those who want faith and hope in God, calamities must often come like a baptism of raging, devouring flames; to those who walk with God there is protection and peace in the midst of fiery troubles; they are as the three faithful ones who were cast bound into the burning furnace of Nebuchadnezzar, and the king started up in amazement, exclaiming, "Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire unhurt, and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God." Again, and yet again, let it be said that God means us to be cheerful and happy in this world of marvelous beauty and grandeur, where every breeze whispers of his love, and every tempest shouts hallelujahs to his majesty, as it marches over the mountains or sweeps down the tossing seas, to the prayerful and devout spirit "sorrow shows truth as the night shows stars." Then let the shadows lengthen, and the sun go down below the hills, and afar be heard the melancholy notes of the night birds, on high as we look is spread the splendid revelation of our Father's power who loves and leads and keeps his humblest trusting child. Wordsworth sang of one whose voice "seemed the very sound of happy thoughts." So should all our voices seem, as indeed they would if we walked continually with God, for then sin would not make us miserable, and afflictions would not be able to prostrate us. "As waves phosphoresce, joys would flash from the swing of the sorrows of our souls."

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

New York Aug. 23, 1878.

New York, and indeed the Atlantic coast generally from this latitude down, has reason for profound gratitude in this delightfully temperate August. There has been no weather here for two or three weeks past, quite cool enough to make the seaside or surf-bath particularly attractive. But if this August, with its extraordinary rainfall, and its almost tropical perturbations among the great mysterious physical forces, had been at the same time as warm as the month usually is, the sickness of the season must have been as pestilential as on the Mississippi. The unprecedented malignity of the yellow fever in the Southwest is in a manner matched by a peculiar abundance of its whole malarial kindred at the East. From A. I. can hear, the season for chills and fever this year, surpasses all experience within memory—certainly within twenty years, about which time ago that trouble was very prevalent. I remember. This year, places have been visited where ague was never known before. The unrivaled sanitarium, of the Ramapo Valley, thirty or forty miles out of New York, on the Erie railroad, has astonished itself and all its acquaintance, by entertaining that stranger and bad angel unawares, this year. But more malignant and fatal forms of malarial fever have prevailed increasingly from last winter until now. The English proverb of a green yule and a fat churchyard has been fearfully confirmed since the Indian summer winter, that seemed so pleasant six and eight months ago. Bad spots in the city have revealed themselves anew, or for the first time, like one I was personally observant of, on and near Fifty-second street where public excitement had been formerly caused by a number of sudden deaths in one house, and something had to be done under the summary authority of the Board of Health, about the defective drainage. This season, in another house close by, I knew of three cases of malarial sickness, one of which

was fatal, and one was dissipated almost magically by an early removal to another locality. At present, every day's newspaper contains instances of sudden and severe seizure by something which the authorities report under the conventional generalization of malarial fever; which may mean typhus, or something much milder, or again something much more malignant. This portentous suddenness and ambiguity combined, occasion editorials combating, and ridiculing the apprehension that we can be visited with yellow fever. Altogether the developments of this physically most delightful season justify the remark with which I set out that we can not be too sensible of the special mercy in this cool weather.

Our Congressman Hewitt did a rather opportune thing, though much ridiculed at first, when he got up his special committee to examine into the causes and remedies of the depression of industry. He has taken "testimony" with a liberality that could not be exceeded. Everybody, from university professors of political economy, and railroad, and manufacturing millionaires, down to the most ignorant and foolish ranter, from the workmen's clubs, has the privilege of spreading his views before this patient and perfunctory committee. What it will do with its infinite aggregate of rubbish would puzzle any one, in or out of the committee, to guess.

But it does not matter; the whole mass of it has been given to the public to digest in committee of the whole, through the universal carrying capacity of the daily press. And this is a great good accomplished. Did you ever notice the answering power of a silent audience of known character—how a speaker and his sympathizers feel themselves seconded, confirmed and even flattered, independently of any audible applause by the very consciousness of addressing those whom they know to be of about their own type and level—and how, on the other hand, the very silence and attention of auditors whom they feel to be stronger minded and better informed, touches their weak spots for them with more sensitive effect than the most forcible reply? All these untaught dreamers about artificial money, employment, plenty and equality, with their open-mouthed followers by millions, as ignorant as if mankind had never before tried to increase and even to create values by the ridiculous expedient of fiat, have been suddenly caught up out of their own sympathetic communings to hear their speech spoken in the presence of the educated classes who manage present affairs and know the past. It sounds wonderfully different. Their own voices do not seem the same. In short, I am confident that four times the bulk of counter-argument would not have made the nonsensicality of these economic reformers so patent to their followers, as the simple reproduction of an intelligent presence. Even Butler himself, illustrated the part an audience contributes to a speech the other day, by what he said to the employees of the *Advocate*, in this city, on his recent visit to the office of that organ of unadulterated ignorance. Not even Butler has brass enough to utter such monstrous humbug as he then and there indulged in, in presence of any promiscuous audience. Speaking into the *Advocate*, and throwing himself into the *Advocate* vein, his abilities went to exaggerate the *Advocate's* vulgar absurdity to munchausenist extravaganzas. And it, too, went before the intelligent public through the respectable press.

I wish the same luck had befallen more fully the important points made by William E. Dodge, yesterday, before the committee. Citing the statistics of the liquor traffic, he showed that the laboring people waste enough of their wages, on this accursed poison to have made them better off throughout this period of stagnation, than they have ever actually been at any period. And their tobacco unused would have done the same thing over again. On the other hand by the experience of four large manufacturing villages, built and controlled by the influence of Phelps, Dodge & Co. Mr. Dodge showed that the simple exclusion of the liquor traffic is enough in spite of depression, low wages, and short work, to keep any laboring community comfortable and contented in times like these, and another important fact ascertained by him in extensive recent travels throughout the country, is that the labor distress is greatly exaggerated, consisting mainly, rather, in a morbid congestion of labor to the great centers, and along the great arteries of business.

WHO ARE THE WORKING MEN?

The following letter is eminently to the point. It recently appeared in the Boston *Herald*, and is thought to have been written by President E. H. Fairchild, of Berea, Ky. "Every statement, so far as we know, is true of his father's family," says the *Congregationalist*:

Sixty years ago my father went from Massachusetts to Ohio with a young wife and three boys. In a few years four girls were added and another boy. My father,

eighty-six years old, has always been a farmer. His oldest son has always been a hard worker on the same farm, and the oldest daughter is a farmer's wife. The other six children, by hard work, at farming, splitting rails, cutting wood, building houses, making furniture, washing dishes, making clothes, teaching school and lecturing, with the aid of their hard-working, self-denying parents, all graduated from college. The sons are all preachers; two are presidents of college and one a professor. The daughters married preachers and professors. All are working according to their capacity, physically and mentally, for the good of man. Of the grandchildren, two are farmers, and one a farmer's wife. Four are business men, and one a business man's wife. Seven are professors, and two professors' wives. None of us are able to live without work, and all are decided friends of the laboring class. We all sought, with great earnestness, the emancipation of the most oppressed laborers of our country. We have no use for men or women who are beyond, above, or below labor.

Now are we all entitled to a place in the Workingmen's party? We all think so. We have no other place to go. None of us are bondholders, for we are not able to own bonds. We wished we were when our country needed to sell bonds. We belong to the laboring class. We have no other place. We are their firm friends, and oppose everything that opposes them. Yet we all, without exception, abominate the principles, the spirit, the measures and the men that control the so-called "Greenback-Labor Party." We believe they are at present the greatest enemies of the laboring man; and for that reason, more than any other, we oppose them. The true interests of capital and labor are so blended that they can never be separated. The true friends of either are the friends of both; and those who stir up bitter and violent strife between them are the enemies of both. A WORKINGMAN.

EXCHANGE NOTES AND QUOTES.

There is a great difference between a man of nerves and a nervous man.—*S. S. Times*.

If the common sense of some people were as good as their intentions, they would do a good deal less harm.—*Congregationalist*.

It is impossible to get it into the head of an ignorant, whiskey-drinking foreigner, that in a land of liberty, law is to govern all classes alike.—*N. Y. Observer*.

Wait a little longer, and the demagogues employed in trying to array class against class, labor against capital, idleness against industry, drunkenness against sobriety, will find their occupation gone.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

No doubt, before the two extremes of society learn to work together, there will be trouble and disaster which will sometimes help and sometimes hinder the consummation so much to be desired. But we see only two ways which lead to a prosperous issue. The one is to make the people so independent that they will not care to co-operate for their own advantage; the other to make them then willing to co-operate for the advantage of others.—*Christian Register*.

The lascivious dances, so common in years past, and too common yet, are now condemned in many public places as coarse and vulgar. Men regard them with more disfavor than women, and the hope may be indulged that the reaction now setting in against them will banish them altogether from genteel circles. At the watering places, where the company is very promiscuous, such dances are specially disgusting.—*N. Y. Observer*.

MISSION WORK.

CONDUCTED BY REV. G. C. WATERMAN.

LOCAL SUPPORT OF MISSIONARIES.

We recall the Ohio River Y. M. at its recent session voted to assume the salary of Miss Nellie Phillips when she became a missionary in the field, and it is hoped that at the next meeting of the State Association, soon to be held at Cheshire, arrangements will be made for supplying her outfit and passage by the other Yearly Meetings in the State, so that she may enter the field at an early day. This speaks well for the interest of these friends in the cause and for their confidence in and affection for Miss Phillips who is well-known among them. She has been for some time past a most successful and popular teacher in the college at Rio Grande and the trustees of that institution will part with her reluctantly, even for so good and important a work as that of the foreign field.

And now a word more general. If we remember correctly several Yearly Meetings, and among them some of our largest and strongest in New England, voted last year to become responsible for the support of one or more missionaries. Have they acted upon the resolutions passed? Have they made good the pledges then given? If not let us hope that steps will be taken at once to do so. There is, probably, no objection to the Yearly Meetings assuming such responsibilities if they quickly and steadily meet them,

but unless they do, such votes are useless and mischievous.

THE WEAK CHURCHES.

We hear every year more or less about the small churches, many of which are too weak to support a pastor alone, and, perhaps, too far from other churches to unite with them in maintaining a minister. In almost every Quarterly Meeting one or more of this class may be found. May not something worth the while be done by the Q. M., by the stronger churches, to help these small and lonely bands of brethren? Let the matter be carefully considered at the fall sessions, and if possible let at least a three-days meeting be held with each one of the feeble churches early in the season. Without doubt, God will bless this wisely directed, practical missionary work.

THE SCHOOLS.

About this time our academies, seminaries and colleges are opening their fall terms and we bespeak for them a generous patronage. Especially would we urge upon all our young people who are going from home to attend school, that they go to our own schools. As a rule they will be found fully equal in all essential respects to any others worthy of patronage and deserving support. As a rule, too, they need the support of the denomination in their various localities. Few, if any of them are so endowed as to be at all independent of patronage. Only by rallying around them and standing by them steadily can we hope to build up and maintain such schools as we desire to have. Let us all, parents, pupils and friends, be ready to make some sacrifices, if need be, in behalf of our own schools. Let us not turn into other channels the stream that ought to drive our own machinery.

FROM HARPER'S FERRY.

Since our last issue we have received the following note from Bro. Brackett, which we gladly insert:

Our friends, who, early in the summer, responded so generously to the call for aid to put our girls' boarding hall under roof, are I am sure wishing to know how we are getting along. Though somewhat delayed by the intense hot weather in July the work is progressing. The brick wall is nearly half way up and only want of means will prevent us from dedicating it at Christmas.

From an occasional remark in the *Star*, I fear that some may have got the impression that the work, so far as raising money is concerned, is accomplished. Do not forget, dear friends, that we only have money enough to enclose the building. Where are we to get the \$2,000 still necessary to make it inhabitable?

There is still abundant room for Sunday-schools, for churches, for individuals to take stock in this enterprise. Our appeal is to the many who have not yet contributed to this good work.

N. C. BRACKETT.

MEN OF ISRAEL, HELP!

Immediate help is urgently needed to save our Indian Mission from being broken up. For the first two quarters of the present year, no funds have been sent for the support of schools and native preachers, and judging from the statement of our Treasurer, in the *Star* of May 23d, the prospect is getting no better fast. Without schools and preachers, what is the Mission to do? What can it do? Thus far we have managed, by hook and crook, scrimping and borrowing, to keep all, or nearly all departments of our work in motion. But our crisis has been reached. If our schools are to be broken up and scattered, teachers and preachers discharged, who can calculate the ruin that will thus be caused? This Mission is the child of the Free Baptists of America, and there is no shirking the responsibility involved in this relationship, but with shame and disgrace. "But times are hard," grant it. But what parent worthy the name, ever cast off a helpless, dependent child in time of famine?

"Difficulties," says John Clifford, a noble-hearted English General Baptist, "are only so many calls to fresh effort; and the chief use of being men is to master difficulties." Why should work for Christ and the souls for whom he died, be the first to be given up, when hard times come? Can any one tell us why? For the want of a little extra self-denial on the part of the friends and supporters of the Mission, are we to lose all the fruits of more than forty years' labor and toil, suffering and sacrifice, and then begin anew when times are better? Apply this rule to any other enterprise, to war, a sea-voyage or the opening of a farm on the prairie, and what would be the result? Manifestly, such as no man with a spark of manliness in him, would be willing to hold up his head and face.

Storms, how long can we sing "We'll stand the storm, it won't be long," if we are to strike sail and succumb to every rising squall? Storms, reverses and hard times have ever been the lot of man, and are to be met and mastered. These help to make men, develop manliness of character, and bring out true courage.

Many of our friends have done nobly, and bravely stood by the Mission. They have their reward. But alas, alas, that a majority of Free Baptists should have neither part nor lot in this whole matter! Do the members of our Board, and the pastors of the churches do their duty and put the people in mind of what they owe to the heathen? I fear not, otherwise the result would certainly be different.

Beloved in the Lord, just look at our state! Our little mission reduced by one half its numbers; absent members, whose hearts burn to re-engage in their chosen work, deprived of the privilege of doing so, re-enforcements held back, all for the lack of funds, and to crown the distress, our schools must be broken up, preachers, on whom under God, so much depends, dismissed and left to seek secular employment, while the work of the Mission comes to a stand still. The Lord save us from this dire calamity, and may our brethren say, No, this shall not be! And then the scores, yes, over a hundred Zealander houses to be deserted

and left in darkness after they had begun to see the light! O no, no, no! Our brave sisters have this matter in hand, and will allow of no failure here! The Lord bless and cheer their brave and generous hearts! Their *Helper* is indeed a helper.

Brother, how much owest thou my Lord? Be prepared to render an account of thy stewardship! Come over and help us.

J. PHILLIPS.

Danton, July 14, 1878.

DANTON (INDIA) CHOLERA.

Mrs. Jeremiah Phillips, in a letter to Mrs. M. M. H. Hills dated July 3rd, writes: . . . We have just been passing through one of the spret trials, that has for many years, fallen on our lot. On the 23d, ult., a Talinga man, calling himself a Christian, and having with him a wife, mother, sister and three children, all on their way to Calcutta, called on us for help. The sister had cholera, and having just rented a small house in the bazar to accommodate some coolies, we sent them there for shelter. During that night, the sister died, and our people assisted in burying her. This aroused the fears of the people, and two cases occurred in the bazar near us, both of which proved fatal. Thus, the 27th, one of our Santal coolies was seized about dawn, and in spite of every possible attention, and the best of remedies, he died about 10 o'clock, p. m. At evening, Tuls, a young mother with two little children, was smitten, and all our efforts during the night, proved unavailing. At four, A. M., her brother came to say she was well, but in half an hour, she was gone. These deaths sent a panic to every heart, and as soon as the dead were buried, every Santal carpenter and coolie fled, as if pursued by an enemy.

On Friday morning, two of our best orphan boys, members of the church, and also Durga, of whom you have heard, came, saying they had symptoms of cholera. We said all we could to cheer and give them courage, and at the same time, administered our best remedies. At the end of two days, Durga and Gada began to rally, and on Monday, the 1st inst., Durga went to Santipore with his mother, and this morning, Gada had become so strong, that we allowed him to follow, accompanied by a native brother. Phakira, the other orphan boy and the one we had occasion to love very much, lingered, most of the time in great suffering, till yesterday morning, when he quietly fell asleep in Jesus, we trust. Sometime during Monday, Phakira told those with him, that a great many beautiful people dressed in very nice clothes, had come for him, and he was going, and added, "I don't wish to stay." He was asked, "Where are you going to-day?" He answered, "No, not to-day, but when my time comes, and that will be soon?" This was the first expression of the kind, I ever heard from a native, and you can imagine it gave us much joy and comfort. Phakira had always been a very good boy, about sixteen years old. He was baptized and united with our little church a year ago.

On Friday morning, the 28th ult., Satrumahanti, a good, faithful man, still retaining caste, who has worked for us in one way and another ever since Sept., 1866, came to work as usual, but looking very solemn and I thought quite anxious. Durgama said to him, "Are you going to run home?" "No, sister. What is the use of running? God and the devil are here and everywhere else. Don't be afraid, sister, trust in the Lord, keep quiet, and all will come out well," and then went about whitewashing as he had done the day before. Next morning, he came early to work, as usual, but soon was missing. It half an hour, he returned, his eyes already sunken, and face pinched, saying, "I have the cholera, and must start for home, though I may not live to reach it." This was like an arrow to my heart, but I tried to look cheerful and to say some encouraging words to him as I gave him a dose of cholera mixture and a small vial of "Pain-killer." I went with him to the boys' house, secured young man to take his bundle and accompany him on his way home. I can never forget the look of thankfulness and calmness on his face as he left, saying, "If it is for me to live, I shall surely come back and see you, surely." We prayed earnestly for his recovery, and anxiously waited for tidings, hoping and fearing. The next morning, one of our people from Santipore came, saying that Satrumahanti, or Mall, as he was called, did not live to reach the river. The disease increased, and he fell or lay down by a tank. He gave his bundle and money to Sankar, telling him to hasten to his home and inform his friends and family. Several relatives arrived just in time to hear his last words, but the poor stricken wife and eldest son were too late to receive one word of recognition, for the husband and father had gone. The friends buried the remains in the river, and left for home. I can but hope that Mall was a secret believer in Christ. He was a very regular attendant at our Sabbath-school while we were at Santipore. The faithfulness, uniform kindness, and gentlemanly bearing of our humble friend had won our confidence and love, and he seemed like one of our own family, and he will be greatly missed. Will you pray for his lonely widow and five fatherless children?

Tuls, one of our Christian women, came over here from Santipore, to see her son-in-law, returned, was stricken, and in two days died. This sister and dear Phakira are the only church-members who have died of this dreadful scourge since our return to India, and for several years previous. God has very mercifully protected our people during all these years, and I would that they all would show their gratitude by more devotion to his service. I must not fail to add that, during these trying days, the native doctor of this place has been very kind and attentive, and deserves our gratitude.

Many Europeans have fallen or been stricken down by the heat, during the past few weeks, but God, in his mercy, has tenderly watched over us as a mission circle, and we have dwelt safely under the shadow of his wing, blessed be his name.

The great Pooree festival came off yesterday, and in a few days the pilgrims will be hurrying past us. I hope they may not bring the cholera with them.

I have just been to the door, and had the pleasure of giving a portion of the blessed Bible to a heathen woman who is able to read. . . .

* Pooree, as many of our readers know, is the seat of the famous temple of Jaggonnath. The decaying corpses of its pilgrims, strewn the road from Pooree, first bred this pestilence.

S. S. Department.

Sabbath-School Lesson.—Sept. 8.

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

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."—Gal. 5:14.

Luke 10: 30-37.

Notes and Hints.

For the circumstances under which the incident to be studied arose, read verses 25-30. See also Mark 12:28-34; Matt. 22:34-39.

"And Jesus answering." To the question of the lawyer, "Who, then, is my neighbor?" "Went down from Jerusalem to Jericho." Jericho was in the valley of the Jordan; Jerusalem was on an elevation; hence, the road from the latter to the former place was a continual descent. "Fell among thieves." All travelers represent the route between these cities as the haunts of robbers. The road runs along a ravine, the sides of which are high, jagged and full of caves. The Arabs, no less to-day than in the time of our Lord, make this road unsafe.

"A certain priest." The priests did not dwell all the time in Jerusalem. Zacharias, the father of John, the Baptist, dwelt in a certain city of Judah in the hill country of Judea. Other priests had their homes elsewhere, and many in Jericho. They went to the Holy City when it was their turn to minister at the altar. "When he saw him." The priest saw the man lying half dead by the road-side, but passed by on the other side. The inhumanity of this priest was nothing singular. The age was cruel. Judaism did not nourish a tender and sympathetic regard for men. The constant sacrifice of animals, in worship, by the priests, had a hardening influence on the feelings, which only a positive devotion to suffering humanity could counteract. The religion of Jesus was a surprise, by reason of its love for the poor, sick, feeble and wretched classes. "Likewise a Levite." The Levites were the assistants of the priests. Barnes says that no less than twelve thousand priests and Levites dwelt at Jericho. This Levite was of the same unfeeling temper as the priest. Notice that these men were representatives of the religion of those Christ addressed. Both belonged to a sacred order, set apart to God.

"A certain Samaritan." The Samaritans were hated by the Jews. The Jew cursed the Samaritan, and even prayed that the Samaritan might have no portion in the resurrection of life. The Samaritan was as lusty and vehement in his imprecations upon the Jews. Notice, then, how wide the contrast, to the minds of Christ's hearers, when he teaches them that a Samaritan took pity on this wounded Jew, whom a Jewish priest and Levite had treated as a dog. This contrast gives force to the parable.

"And went to him." Unlike the priest and Levite. How much light, comfort and peace, going to the unfortunate in their homes—can carry there. There is more genuine compassion shown in going to the sufferer, than in abiding at home, or going our way, and merely wishing him well. "Bound up his wounds." To stop the loss of blood, and to bring together the torn flesh. His bandages were perhaps torn from his own garments. "Oil and wine." Ancient sanative remedies of the East. Greek and Roman physicians recommend them as such. "To an inn." A place kept for the entertainment of travelers. The ancient building for travelers was called a paravansary or khan. These buildings were walled enclosures, having an open court, and covered cells, or rooms on one or more sides. In the center of the court was often a raised platform where goods were deposited, and where the travelers prayed and slept. "Took care of him." The good Samaritan stayed and nursed the sufferer all that day. "Two denarii." Two denarii, Roman money. A denary was equal to fifteen cents of our money. The amount given was equal to the wages of a working man for a week. The generosity of the Samaritan is therefore to be noticed, as one of his good qualities. "To the host." The innkeeper.

"Which... was neighbor?" A question that the lawyer could not answer wrong, nor yet without a wry face, aright. The Samaritan, not the priest or Levite, was neighbor, according to the second commandment.

"Go, and do thou likewise." Be a neighbor not only to the Jews, to your own tribe, and sect and class, but to every man in need, is the sentiment of this incident. Show pity wherever pity is needed, to the poor, the black, the Asiatic, the sufferer, everywhere, is the law that Christ enjoins.

Consider that piety consists also in keeping the second commandment; that not religious station, but religious acts give value to piety; that Christ makes much of the piety that blesses others by ministering to their wants; that we are to be neighbors to him who is in need.

It is reported that the good effects of the Atlanta Convention are already to be seen in many Sunday-schools in Georgia. At Augusta a series of monthly meetings of the teachers of all the schools has been started.

HOW SHE MANAGED HER MISSION SCHOOL CLASS.

Thekla's Sunday class took proportions which surprised her, and led to some results which she had not anticipated.

Acting on an old formula of Mr. Ing-ham's that a little of the Bible well tasted is worth more than a great deal swallowed in bulk without tasting, she limited severely the Bible reading of the "hobble-de-hoys," boy-men or man-boys, who had strayed into the school, and had been assigned to her. They read in sequence a psalm or other such passage as she assigned, and then she and they together, on the spot, committed one verse to memory. This was the whole ecclesiastical lesson of their second meeting. Rather to her surprise, all the youths of the first Sunday were present, and three or four more, some of a higher social class and some of a lower than those of the first assembling.

These exercises did not last ten minutes. Then, to the surprise of all concerned, Thekla turned to the boy who had, perhaps, rather the best address and bearing of the party, and asked if he had the "New York Ledger" she had lent to him. Brinsmade produced it, and at her request, read one of the shorter scraps, describing, in a bright way, the "hoodlums" of San Francisco.

How many of the class had ever been at San Francisco?

One tall, shy, lonely-looking boy had been,—found himself to his surprise a hero—and much more to his surprise, was engaged in telling of a trade he had made with some Chinamen, before he really knew he was "speaking in meeting." Thekla produced a San Francisco newspaper and set two or three boys looking for Chinamen's advertisements. Then she brought out "Two Years Before the Mast," and another boy, who read sufficiently well, though in a certain oratorical tone, read the passages she had marked, describing the shipping of hides, on the heads of men, on that very coast. She produced also Forbes's California with its quaint lithographs of the "missions," a picture of San Francisco among the rest, in days when nobody supposed a great city was to grow up there. Question followed question, some of which she could, and some of which she could not, answer. Of ships and sailors she knew more than most of these canal and river-bred boys, always with the exception of the pale traveler. She answered such questions as she could; she confessed ignorance when there was need; and, by the time the hour was over, and the closing bell rang, her whole class was in eager talk. Thekla told the pale sailor boy and one or two others of the most intelligent, that if they cared to know more about the hoodlums or the Chinamen, they might come out to her father's house, Monday evening.

She fell in with Mr. Antice, the frightened little assistant, on her way out of the vertry, and he ventured to ask what was the magic by which she had controlled these youngsters, and Thekla told him. He started a little when he found what had been the subjects of conversation, and, in rather a peevish vein, cautioned Thekla not to let the exercise become too "secular."

Thekla did not mean to be snubbed. "I suppose our first object in the schools," said she, "is to show these boys and girls that somebody cares for them. If they learn that, the rest will follow."—E. F. Hale in Sunday Afternoon.

NO DEARTH OF CHILDREN FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS. It is sometimes said that American families are gradually dying out from paucity of children, by reason of luxurious living, infirmity, or hellish arts that hinder their production, especially at the North and East. But it is not so in the South and West, two letters from missionaries of the American Sunday-school Union having illustrative facts. One, written from Alabama, says:

If you should go out with me through these woods and hardly see a human habitation, you might wonder where and how I organize my Sunday-schools. But here they are, quite a number, and few of them have less than twenty-five scholars, and one has seventy. For how many children are among these hills! One family has twenty-four, another twenty, and several from fourteen to seventeen. "One in Texas writes: 'Families here are very large. I know of one of twenty-five children, and several of thirteen, fourteen, &c. Indeed, I am tired of hearing of families in their teens.'" No fear that the work of the Union in gathering children into Sunday-schools will ever cease for want of children to be gathered. The material is abundant.—Observer.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL NEWS.

Kansas Sunday-schools report 100,000 children.

New Jersey is one of the States in which the growth of Sunday-school membership keeps pace with the growth of the population.

The Sunday-school in Dr. Paxton's church, Harrisburg, Pa., numbers over 1,400. One of the elders has a Bible class of several hundred young men gathered from the offices and work-shops. The contribution of the school to Foreign Missions last year was \$368.

A Sunday-school was recently started at Chicago, for the Chinese. There are between three and four hundred in the city who may, perhaps, not only learn the way of life themselves, but carry the gospel to their countrymen on their return home.

The beneficial results of the Atlanta Convention are plainly seen in several of the Southern States. A missionary of the American Sunday-school Union in Tennessee, writes: "The good done at Atlanta will be felt for generations; especially in the South, where its influences are already manifest in a new impulse and activity, better methods of teaching and conducting schools, and a larger adoption of the International Lessons. Since my return from Atlanta, I have attended five county conventions."

Communications.

SETTLED PASTORS.

BY "A STATED SUPPLY."

Have we such a class? To say the least the number of our settled pastors, in comparison with the number of our ministers and churches, is reproachfully small. Our ministers are itinerants rather than settled pastors. There are occasional exceptions, like the case of the Rhode Island pastor recently cited in the *Star*. But from five years down to one is too commonly the term of a minister's stay (not settlement, for he can not be said to be settled) with our churches. Let us look at this fact, and inquire whether "p" in the *Register* often tells a truth or an untruth. What is a pastor? The New Testament meaning of pastor and shepherd is the same. Jesus, then, in announcing himself as "the good shepherd" assumed, in its highest sense, the pastoral office. This involved care, protection, and feeding of the flock. The good shepherd lays down his life for the sheep. But before he does this he knows his sheep, and is known of them. A stranger will not do this; nor will the flock follow him, "for they know not the voice of strangers." How strikingly this illustrates the pastoral relation. A pastor can not lead his people successfully into the rugged path of toil, self-denying service and sacrifice, unless they first know him and trust him. And they can not trust him fully unless he is willing to do the same thing he asks them to do. In the early period of his public ministry Jesus sent out his disciples two and two as evangelists. They were pioneers. Preaching and healing was their appointed work. Their work was preparatory, not complete. It was after his resurrection, when laying out broader plans and more permanent work for his disciples, that he said to Peter, "Feed my lambs," "Feed my sheep"—commands carrying the deepest significance and clearly suggesting the office and work of a pastor. The evangelistic work was and is to find the pastoral work, to "feed" the sheep. If our churches are to be fed, nourished, cultured to maturity it must be the work, not of an evangelistic or an itinerant ministry, but of settled pastors.

Let us now take a common case, and it is no caricature, to show what a so-called "settled pastor" is with our churches. (Would it were a caricature, that it is the exact truth is our regret). Case: A minister is churchless; a church is pastorless. Both being advertised they hear of each other. The minister, being invited to visit them, goes and preaches a Sabbath or two and "takes." Perhaps several have preceded him on the same errand, equally as able, but were not "called" of the church. He sets his price. They canvass the parish, raise the funds and hire him—for one year. If, in good fortune, neither party is dissatisfied at the end of one year the same process of "hiring" by dickering and canvassing must be gone all over again for another year, and so on year by year. The minister doesn't unbox all of his goods except as he needs them for present use—perhaps doesn't even move them all—his stay is so limited, or at least so uncertain. Yet his name goes into the *Register* with a "p," which says he is pastor of that church, if he stays but one year or six months. Is he, in any proper sense of the term, pastor of the church? His plans of work are necessarily restricted to the present. He can not, with any assurance lay out work for an extended course as regards the systematic feeding of the flock from the word of truth; which is eminently essential to the training of the youth, the culture and growth of manhood and the perfecting of Christian character in the aged. Thus, if he is capable of broad and comprehensive work, his efforts are narrowed and dwarfed because forsooth he is "unsettled," and what he begins he may be unable to complete. Hence his work is fragmentary, and lacks the important feature of consecutiveness. No public teacher can do better than second-rate work in this way, and the results of defective teaching will be sure to appear in the people thus taught. And there is no lack of illustrations of this fact. Now this whole process is abnormal and demoralizing to minister and people. It genders the spirit of discontent in both, gives license to narrowness in the ministry, and offers quite too frequent occasion for restless souls to stir up the community with their complaints. Ministers thus employed a year at a time should not be denominated as settled pastors, which they are not, but as stated supplies, which they are. What an immense army of stated supplies we should have for a small people! Then let us reform the *Register*, putting "s's" against the names of those who supply from year to year and "p" against only those who are properly settled pastors.

As to the causes which contribute to this condition of itinerancy in our ministry: Unquestionably the fault is traceable in part to the ministry and in part to the churches. It is of little importance who is blameworthy, if we can only discover what the trouble is, and get rid of it. Two causes at least lie on the surface, as to this matter, and demand our attention. And first, the hasty, unwisdom, or even illegitimate settlement of a pastor. A minister thus hastily settled on the hearing of two or three sermons (which may be his average, or may be far above it), without due care, trial, acquaintance,

and advice of others; knowing little if any of his moral character, doctrinal soundness, methods of work, and average ability, for various reasons which need not be mentioned here, but which will suggest themselves to every thoughtful reader, is liable to a short pastorate.

This also has its counterpart abundantly in the hasty resignation or dismissal of a pastor for insufficient cause. This is a factor in the equation which greatly needs to be eliminated; one which affords immense trouble in the solution of this problem. It is unpleasant, to be sure, for a pastor to know that there is in his parish a disaffected or a restive element, though it may be small. But ought he at once to resign because his church or parish are not entirely a unit? Few ministers escape this trial to some extent; and a change is not sure to better the matter.

On the other hand shall the church dismiss their pastor because some few prefer a change—because their first choice is some other man whom they can or can not have—when in fact there is no good reason for any change? Yet these are both common occurrences, and the latter sometimes by methods which the pastor however much he may suffer, would be pained that the world should know. Various other causes there are which have their importance, but these only claim attention here. And the point of chief concern in this article is, Is there a remedy for this ecclesiastical anarchy and confusion? Can our ministers and churches be relieved (for it would be a relief alike to both) of such frequent, harassing, and expensive shiftings? "To say that something can not be done for the remedy of these evils, would be to declare that the wisdom of God is powerless for the help of his children. To say that it is hopeless to expect our churches to come into any prudent arrangement for such remedy, would be to deny their common-sense as well as piety." Which pungent aphorism applies to us as well as to our neighbors. Either conclusion is inadmissible. Let us have unbounded confidence in both the wisdom of God and the common-sense piety of our churches.

No immediate nor absolute cure is to be expected. All reforms are gradual. But if we could set our faces in the right direction and even make progress slowly, it would be a matter of encouragement. We advance no new theories. We need none. Let us use the material which we have in hand. To illustrate, take the same case as before, with a different method of procedure. A church of some importance needs a pastor. They don't know who they want; or, still worse, there are diverse opinions upon the question. What shall they do? Instead of "candidating" indiscriminately for months with the vain hope of suiting every freak of fancy or idiosyncrasy, let them seek advice of some minister or theological professor in whom they have confidence, whose knowledge of ministers and their needs will enable him to do them a service. He will recommend them to hear one or more whom he considers suited to the place. Let the trial be sufficient for a reasonable acquaintance. When finally the church calls a man to become their pastor let the sacredness and importance of the office be recognized by calling a council to advise as to the settlement and, if deemed advisable, to initiate the pastor into this relation with appropriate services. And this with the distinct understanding that the relation thus formed may not be legitimately severed except by advice of a similar council who shall carefully inquire into the case and advise as the interest of the cause may require.

It is objected by some that this process infringes upon the independence of the churches. The trouble is some churches are liable to be too independent. They need restraint. And when they become so independent or stiff-necked that they can receive neither instruction nor advice in matters of such moment as the settlement or dismissal of a pastor, lest their freewill or "freewill" shall be restrained, then, like wayward or conceited school-boys they need to be under some moral restraints. And who doesn't know that this false notion of church independence has been the weakness and ruin of many churches?

With this safeguard thrown around both parties the pastor, on the one hand, will not be likely to resign for a trifle; the church, on the other hand, will not be likely to dismiss their pastor without cause, when they know that these things will all be looked into and reported on by a competent council who know the respective duties of pastor and people.

This idea is not new. It stands like an effete statue upon the page of our Usages. It has been adopted by the General Conference, also by some of the Yearly and Quarterly Meetings. But where are the churches which practice this important principle? Some install a pastor with imposing ceremonies, but dismiss him, or he takes leave, with supreme contempt of all ceremonies or advice, and with seeming indifference to sacredness of the relation which is thus violently dissolved. This great evil among us has a strong and striking parallel in the brief courtships, hasty marriages and multiplied divorces of the present age. The church owes society a better example, and thanks to society, it is demanding it of the church.

Pleasure can be supported by illusion, but happiness rests upon truth.—Chamfort.

DO THE SIMPLE DUTIES.

BY GEO. E. PLACE.

Reading in the *Star* the notice of the Golden Wedding of Rev. E. Fisk, of Bristol, N. H., mention being made of the presence of his son, Daniel M. Fisk, recalled a pleasing reminiscence of that gentleman in connection with an extemporaneous speaking on his part, which I will relate, trusting to the brother's pardon should this notice come under his eye. He possesses the gift of a ready extemporaneous speaking in as happy a degree as I ever witnessed. Several years ago I was conducting the services of a lecture and prayer-meeting in a little chapel not far from the outskirts of Bristol village, Bro. Fisk and his son being present, both strangers to me at the time. After I had ceased speaking, and a few exhortations had been given, the young man who was seated near the back end of the chapel, arose and quietly began speaking. Little notice was taken of him at first, he apparently being a stranger to the most of those present. But as he went on speaking, the heads began to turn one after another to look at him.

For an hour, he held the entranced attention of the audience; the richly fitting words flowing like golden rain from his cultured brain. He commented on the points embraced in the lecture in such strong, convincing, clear-cut light, that I began to feel like crawling out of the window, so weak and mean did my efforts appear by the side of his powerful exposition.

So pleased were the people with his speaking, that an appointment was secured for another prayer-meeting on the following evening, that the people might have another opportunity of listening to him. The meeting took place. After the preliminary exercises, and a few exhortations, he took the floor. For an hour and a half he held the close attention of his hearers. Evidently he had no definite theme fixed in his mind before he began speaking, from the manner in which he began his remarks. Some one had made a remark about its being crossing to speak in meeting; he said he did not know as it was crossing for him to speak in meeting; in fact, it was no cross. While no doubt, the matter of a cross on this point was much modified by temperament, yet the magnitude of the cross was subject to the degree of consecration brought into our Christian life and work. The greater the consecration, the greater the glow of love toward God and man, and the greater the glow, the greater the boldness. He spoke of the world of deep, rich joy in which the devoted Christian moved.—Some say, "there are so many sects, so many different expositions of truth, how shall one know what is the real truth?" Always follow the clearest rift of light before us; as fast as we can see where to put one foot, place it there, and then the next, and so on; and God's spirit will lead all into the paths of essential, saving truth. Some say, "God brings us into existence without the expression of any will or volition on our part, and for him to exact an inexorable service of us in the face of our inevitable existence, leaves us to be nothing but slaves." If the peculiar favors which God bestows on his servants is slavery, then I say welcome such slavery.—He expatiated on the Biblical records of such favors; and especially, in delineating that scene in Elisha's history of the mountain being full of horsemen and chariots of fire, he rose to a most brilliant height of eloquence. The notice alluded to in the *Star* is the first thing I have heard of him since that occasion; and it did not surprise me to learn of the high position he has fitted into, and the service he has rendered the scientific world by the publication of his books. His connection would do honor to any institution in the land.

Perham, Me.

REV. L. O. PRESTON.

Our honored friend and father, Rev. L. O. Preston, died in Carolina Center, N. Y., Aug. 9, 1878. The deceased was born Nov. 10, 1829, and was married early in 1853 to Mary Gorsline of Columbia Center, N. Y., with whom he completed more than a quarter of a century of happy days. In 1858 he was ordained to preach the gospel but after four years of active pastoral work, was compelled, through failing health, to change both his residence and his mode of life. At the expiration of that time, he removed to Centralia, Kansas, where hundreds have enjoyed the hospitality of an almost ideal home, which during his long residence there, was never closed to either friend, or stranger. In the spring of the present year, feeling that his old malady, consumption, was gaining rapidly upon him, he was drawn by an almost strange desire to breathe once more the air of his boyhood. He returned to Ithaca, and here, on the shores of this lake whose beauty had penetrated him when a mere school-boy, and grown dearer with advancing years, he seemed for a time to recover strength. Was it the Father's hand that led him out five days before his death, to the village where he was born, and settled him as a guest upon the old homestead? We can not tell. He had been absent, and far away for many years; and now, when his soul had filled itself with the memories of his childhood he laid himself down to die. His wife and children came, they were all with him. He spoke with them as one who sees the invisible. There was scarcely a moment of unconsciousness. As the words of

tender love and counsel died from his lips, the watchers almost caught the quick glad recognition of friends upon the other side.

We who knew him best, feel that a great and holy spirit has departed. Our father was modest and gentle as a child; making no claims, willing to be rather than to seem. But through all the years, our admiration of him, both heart and mind, grew steadily. He was a true man, hating only one thing—wrong. When he was compelled to abstain from preaching, his zeal for all holy things, for temperance and honesty, for love and charity, manifested itself in a thousand ways no less unmistakable. When we think of him we would gladly be like him. In the presence of a large concourse of mourners they laid the dust to rest by the side of his mother. A wife, a son, and two daughters look up through tears into God's blessed heaven, whither he has withdrawn, and think of the reunion by and by. A. C. H.

"A BRUISED REED WILL HE NOT BREAK."

By bruising here is not meant those that are brought low only by crosses, but such as by them are brought to see their sin, which bruise them of all. When conscience is under the guilt of sin, then every judgement brings a report of God's anger to the soul, and all less troubles run into this great trouble of conscience for sin. As all corrupt humors run to the diseased and bruised part of the body, and as every creditor falls upon the debtor when he is once arrested, so when conscience is once awakened, all former sins and present crosses join together to make the bruise more painful. Now, he that is thus bruised will be content with nothing but with mercy from him that hath bruised him. "He hath wounded, and he must heal." (Isa. lxi. 1.) Lord, thou hast bruised me deservedly for my sins, bind up my heart again.—Sibbes.

WE MAY KNOW IN PART.

To say that nothing can be known in the realm of religion is very different from saying that there are fixed limits beyond which our knowledge can not go, beyond which there may be hypothesis but can not be knowledge. We may know that there is sin in the world without being able to trace it back historically to its origin; we may know the peace of God, and yet be convinced that both its cause and its nature "pass understanding." The heart may know its God while the head is unable to give a comprehensive philosophy of his nature. The soul may rest assured of the eternal justice of the judgments of God, though it modestly abandons the attempt to peer into the future and prophetically read the record of their operation. "We know in part, and we prophesy in part;" and it is of the utmost importance that we comprehend just what part we do know, what part, therefore, we may prophesy—that is, proclaim as a divine truth,—and what is either absolutely hidden from us or so far hidden that it belongs to the realm of hypothesis rather than to that of knowledge.—Christian Union.

CHRISTIAN HOPE.

Faith, hope, charity, by which the gospel designates the triple manifestation of spiritual life, are new names for new things; for it is needless to say that in classical Greek the words have nothing like their gospel signification. It would be difficult, we believe, to find in any Greek or Roman writer an expression of hope for the future of humanity. The nearest approach to such a sentiment, perhaps, is in the political Utopianism of Plato. The social ideal placed in a Golden Age has irretrievably passed away. Virgil's Fourth Eclogue, even if it were a more serious production than it is, seems to refer to nothing more than the pacification of the Roman Empire and the restoration of its material prosperity by Augustus. But Christianity in the Apocalypse at once breaks forth into a confident prediction of the ultimate triumph of good over evil, and of the realization of the ideal.—Macmillan's Magazine.

"SITTING UNDER HIS SHADOW."

Many years ago, one stormy winter day, a minister was visiting one of his people, an old man, who lived in poverty in a lonely cottage a few miles from Jedburgh. He found him sitting with the Bible open upon his knees, but in outward circumstances of great discomfort, the snow drifting through the roof and under the door, and scarcely an ember of fire upon the hearth.

"What are you about to-day, John?" was Mr. Young's question, on entering. "Ah, sir," said the happy saint, "I am sitting under his shadow w' great delight."

"Oh, wondrous 'consolation in Christ,' the river which, from the beginning of time to the end, 'maketh glad the city of our God!'"

Prayer is, in the highest conception of it, a state rather than an act. A full fruition of its benefits depends on a continuity of its influences. Reduce it to two isolated experiments daily, and separate these by long blank hours in which the soul has no glimpse of God for its refreshment, and how can prayer be other than a toil and often a drudgery?—PHELPS.

If you hold the stirrup, no wonder that Satan gets into the saddle.—Secker.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1878.

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The sages of the world are not those who studied the most, but those who listened the most. We do not want for our teachers those who have gone through with their calculations pronounce what is good and what evil, but those who separate the good from the evil with the flashes of instinct. A corrupt heart can not discriminate clearly between the right and the wrong, even by hours of thought; and a clean heart has no need of such hours of thought, it even discerns that God is not found out by searching.

Instead of praying for more light, would it not be more to the purpose to pray for better eyes? The Lord is never afar off, but it is we who are blind to his presence. The trouble is with the cisterns and not with the supply of the river of the water of life. "Who hath ears to hear, let him hear," is the announcement of a fundamental law. Looking at the matter from this standpoint, we at once see that we have something to do. If we would see we must not only open our eyes, but turn them towards the light of truth. Then, again, there is work for one to do in educating the eye and the ear. The spire of grass, the bit of sunset, the tone of a voice and the light of a countenance are secrets until the eye and the ear have been schooled to note them. Work on our part, with experience which results from the working of a power higher than self, are the schoolmasters in the walks of life. It will well repay us to watch and listen with a willing and patient heart, for then shall we have intimations of the power of development latent in the human soul.

Coming to the office this morning we passed a little fellow of some seven or eight years of age, who was intently watching two other boys on horse-back. He was completely absorbed in the spectacle, and no doubt the vision of being on horse-back himself, sometime in the future, filled to the brim his soul's ambition. As he grows, one thing and another will successively take the place of the horse-back vision; no sooner will one be dropped than something else will arise to take its place, as the heart's desire. But that little boy's father and mother will not cease to love him as these successive ideals fill his mind and heart. Their love for him, and his for them, is an abiding principle. So genuine helpers cease not to be helpers as growth and development come to their lives. This sympathy has no essential regard to years or the various objects of the heart's desire, but has to do with the soul itself which is a constant factor.

There are many kinds of waiting in this world. Most of us are waiting for something or other. But there is one kind of waiting which shows how little the world is able to satisfy the soul. It is in the case of old persons who are waiting for the time of their departure to come. We met a lady the other day, over whose head more than four score of years have passed, and who in a great measure seems to have done with the things of earth. For sixty years she and her husband lived and labored together, and now he is gone, and she is homeless without him, waiting to meet him. Sixty years of work and suffering and happiness bound those hearts together, and there was something inexpressibly tender in her few words about her lifelong companion. There is something sweet in her about the old home, about the mountains among which the old farm is nestled, and about that yonder elm upon which she has looked for forty years, and which seems no larger now than it did the first time she saw it, she told us; but yet the soul of that dear old lady is waiting for the time of her departure to come, not morbidly impatient, but looking through and beyond the world; all ready to go. Mellowed and hallowed by age her returning childlikeness rests like a benediction over the tumults and toils and joys of the world of youth and vigor around about her.

The article by Rev. Dr. McVaine of Newark N. J., on "Christ and Paul," which appeared in the July number of the *Bibliotheca Sacra* has called out considerable comment. The *Interior* devotes a leading editorial to the subject and seems quite alarmed at the dangerous tendency of the Doctor's views, which it barely refrains from calling heretical. From the standpoint of the Westminster Catechism we presume the views advanced do lean that way a little, but as a great many people, including a liberal number of the church which the *Interior* represents, do not take the Westminster Catechism for their exclusive and infallible guide in faith and practice, perhaps that is not a very serious matter after all. If we understand Dr. McVaine's position, it is that Christ's teachings are to be exalted above Paul's inasmuch as the great Teacher spoke to all men for all time, while Paul's mission was more specifically to the men and the times in which he lived. In a word, Paul is to be interpreted in the light of Christ's teachings. The greater always includes the less, and the fountain is always more than the

stream. We call that pretty good orthodoxy, and of a kind which would make the world better and untangle a good many theological snarls if cultivated a little more. Paul was inspired, but all inspiration though "profitable to direct" is not equally important or universal in its application. We take it that it will be perfectly safe to exalt Christ's teachings above even those of the great apostle.

RIGHTBOUSNESS.

Christ applied the word righteousness to himself when overcoming the hesitation of John the Baptist. "Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." It was Christ also who used the word in the following passages: "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." "For I say unto you, that except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." "For John came to you in the way of righteousness and ye believed him not." There are two passages, however, which in a special manner show the comprehensive significance of this word: "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for their's is the kingdom of heaven." And this in speaking of the Comforter: "And when he is come he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment."

It is a thought worth repeating that for the expression of the religious life, no words, phrases, or parables have ever equalled those of Christ. The centuries, as they pass, re-affirm that never man spoke like this man. And yet there seems to be a tendency in human nature to regard the words of Christ as rudimentary. If this is not the case, how else can we account for the introduction of words into religious teaching, words which are used on the conscious or unconscious supposition that there needs to be a refinement on the words of Jesus, that there needs to be a discrimination which he did not make, and of a science which he did not elaborate. But we are conservative enough to inquire if there can be any improvement on the phraseology which the Master employed, when the object is to bring sinners to repentance? We think not. And has any one advanced so far in the spiritual life as to have out-grown the words of Christ in the expression of his soul's welfare?

It appears as though men have tried very hard to find a substitute for the word righteousness, some word or phrase that they liked better as expressive of the ideal of the Christian life. Now-a-days we hear a great deal about the "higher life," "holiness," "consecration," "sanctification," "rest of faith," "rest in God," etc. But do we find Christ using these terms? Substitute any one of them in the passages above quoted, and see if they can supply the place of righteousness.

Take a miscellaneous crowd of people, such as gather on some celebration where the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, where all sects and parties are congregated, and there suppose that some one arises in their midst, preaching Christ and him crucified. They can easily understand what righteousness means, but let the preacher introduce these other phrases we have quoted, and imagine what a babel of misunderstanding and confusion will at once be introduced. Everybody will have his own opinion as to what these terms mean, and the audience would at once divide up into cliques and parties each contending for the shades of meaning they variously put upon it. But righteousness is a wholesome word, and gives forth no uncertain sound. It resembles a grand cathedral where all men enter to worship according to their varied gifts and capabilities.

Righteousness is a term that builds up a grand bulwark against the inroads of religious sentimentalism and spiritual drunkenness. If ye love me, keep my commandments, said Christ. What else is righteousness but the keeping of the commandments, and Jesus himself has summed up the commandments into two. There is nothing in this which the way-faring man though a fool could err in.

We have been lead to inquire when we have seen the way that the word righteousness has been neglected by good people, is there not something higher in the Christian life than mere righteousness? The very asking of this question reveals the delusion of seeking to enter into the kingdom of heaven by some other way. Can there be anything higher than to try to do right? However necessary good thoughts and feelings may be to right action, yet the highest and best thing is right action. And is it not the sentiment of Christ that the way to think right and feel right is first to do right? By their fruits ye shall judge them, not by their thoughts and feelings. "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine."

A FEW FIRST PRINCIPLES.

The Christianization of heathen lands, through missionary effort, is unquestionably the greatest and most praiseworthy enterprise of this generation. Notwithstanding this, there are those who are disposed to call in question the wisdom and practicability of the work undertaken. For the benefit of such, as well as to strengthen the faith of those friendly to the cause, it will not be out of place to state a few of the first and familiar principles upon which the foreign missionary enterprise rests.

There is first of all the command of the

Saviour, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." This injunction derives additional force from the consideration that it was the Saviour's last one given previous to his ascension, and that it was fittingly emphasized by his coming into the world and by his life and work. Of itself, it affords a foundation firm enough and broad enough upon which the whole missionary enterprise may rest.

In close relation to the command of the Saviour is the example of the primitive church. While the desired work was apparently just begun at Jerusalem, persecution arose and drove the apostles and the preachers into other parts where they planted the gospel. The hand of God was manifestly in the persecution. A good work had begun in Antioch, but before this place was completely Christianized, "The Holy Ghost said, Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them." So they turned aside from what some would have regarded a loud call at home to attend to a louder one from abroad. Thus they pursued their work from city to city and from country to country. Let the example of the early Christians be studied by those who persist in saying, when invited to aid foreign missions, "We have heathen enough at home."

Again, gratitude should impel us in the undertaking and the prosecution of this work. Our ancestors to whom the blessed gospel of Jesus Christ was given through the effort commenced by Barnabas and Paul, belonged to the gentle world, and were in all the darkness and degradation of heathenism. Through this instrumentality we have been lifted from what they were to what we are. Saved, elevated and blessed, should we not gladly do for others what has been done for us? And shall there not be the highest joy in the service?

Moreover, we should not be unmindful of the great success which has attended modern missionary effort. Is it too much to say that for the greatest triumphs of the cross, such as those achieved in the Sandwich Islands, in Madagascar and in Burmah, gained in this century have been through this enterprise? Seed has been sown which will at no distant day yield a golden and gladdening fruitage. Surely, the success of the work affords the strongest evidence that God has set his seal of approbation upon it.

Much has been said, and well said, respecting the influence of missions upon the churches at home. The effort made has begotten in them a new life and aroused them to an increased activity. The following seed-thought which we found the other day, while preparing our article for these columns, "Christ and Paul," will, no doubt, be as suggestive to the reader as it was to us. The author reviewed, lamenting the prominence of doctrinal controversy in the church since the reformation and its results, says:

Hence, also, that which is otherwise the most inexplicable fact in the history of the church, namely, that while she was thus occupied in rending the body of her Lord, and scattering the bleeding members as far apart as possible from each other, she lost, together with the sentiment of catholic unity, all consciousness of her character as Christ's missionary society, of her relation to the conversion to the world, the very object of her existence. For two hundred years the Protestant church never sent a missionary to the heathen. When it was proposed to do so, her leading minds scouted the idea. And now it is quite evident that the re-awakening of this sentiment, and the nascent striving after the restoration of catholic unity of which she is becoming conscious, are chiefly due to the influence of the missionary spirit and work.

This writer may have had in mind the fact that the alleged necessity of doctrinal controversy is neither understood nor appreciated by converts from heathenism, as well as that all Christian sects have found in the inspiring thought of the world's conversion a common rallying cry. Whether one or both, the fact and value of the reflex influence of missions are unmistakable.

MEN OF NERVE.

No one great living issue, like that against secession, or like that for national independence, concentrates the heroism of our countrymen to-day; but men of nerve are just as much wanted in a dozen, nay, a hundred different fields, men who are possessed of pluck and manhood and hardihood. Bank cashiers, railroad-conductors and express agents, who will sell their lives dearly for the sake of upholding the honor of the blood which courses their veins, that their parents and children, their town and country, may be so much the richer by their heroism. It is the honor of the race that is committed to the hands of these men, and to sustain which is of far more consequence than the saving of a few dollars. If it was dollars merely that were at stake, well might they hesitate to be shot down for it.

In our politics we see a good deal of cowardly hesitancy and indifference on the part of the intelligent, and a good deal of dash and pluck by those politicians who hope by their daring to ride in on the coming wave of popularity. In this field, also, we need men of nerve, who seeing what is right, will stand by it. Let us not deceive ourselves with the fact that the day is past when it demands valor to sustain and fight for political rights. It requires soldierly fortitude to meet the unreasoning bitterness of a deluded multitude. In the whole history of the world there has been nothing so formidable to meet as this. We have no need to go back hundreds of years to note

what the ungovernable fury of a mob will do. The spirit of it is in this country to-day. Its manifestations may be in accord with the spirit of the age, but it will not require one whit the less of bravery to be sacrificed in stemming its current.

And right here seems to be one of our chief dangers. There is a very prevalent feeling that things will somehow work themselves out straight in the end; that we have attained unto such a degree of civilization and refinement that there is not that need of manhood which was required in more barbarous ages, when society and government did not provide the multifarious ways of protecting life and property that they do now. But every day we are forced to ask, Do society and government effectually provide for the protection of life and property? Can the social machine be so perfected as to dispense with individual integrity and valor? Can safes be made so burglar-proof that it is a matter of indifference to those who deposit treasures in them, whether the world is made up of honest folks or rogues? Can we have detective agencies so trustworthy and acute that the honesty or dishonesty of clerks and cashiers will be of little account?

Men of metal, who have the true ring in them, will solve the vexed questions of the day more than the success of any particular party or the adoption of any particular theory. We are too apt to forget that parties and theories are the means in the hands of living and upright men to accomplish the good of the world. No matter how good plans may be, plans are not automata; nor would they be sufficient were they automata. Men are not made for parties. Parties should always be servants. We need men of nerve, men who are willing to be misunderstood and to be sacrificed for the good of their country.

CURRENT TOPICS.

In his usually graceful style the Editor of *Harper's* for September discusses the direct subject of "newspaper lies." He considers them under the two heads of "the lie direct," told with all circumstantial detail and precision; and "the lie indirect," which appears in the form of an insinuation, like the following: "If the rumor be true that Bishop Simpson picked the pocket of Vice-President Wheeler on Saturday, the 10th instant, then it is evident where the money came from with which he bought the huge piece of taffy that he is said to have been sucking as he went to church on Sunday, the 11th." Readers of the papers know how common are both of these forms of lying. The Editor in question is justly indignant with each, but he evidently doesn't mean that his craft shall bear all the responsibility, if we may judge from this sentence: "The character of the press does not depend upon the editor and the reporter only, but quite as much upon the gentle reader, who makes every kind of public life more difficult by believing whatever an irresponsible and anonymous writer may choose to say." Let "the gentle reader" take the hint. The topic is a manifold one and we have not the space to pursue it in detail. But we will urge upon all our readers to see that in their own tastes they are not demanding anything of the press but what is true and wholesome. For it is a fact that "whenever any considerable portion of the community will stop buying and reading the papers which thrive upon slander, those papers will find something better to publish. However much we may claim for the press as a leader of public opinion, it is none the less true that, in certain ways and to a certain extent, it is itself shaped by public opinion."

—The *Interior*, we see, is having a bout with the two-sermons-a-day question. It thinks that, on the whole, one is enough and says:

About so much cream rises on the clerical pan in six days. Spread over two slices, and you spread it thin. Put it all on one slice, the congregation loses nothing. As Robert Hall said, "a very common sort of a man can write two sermons a week, and a regular fool can write six."

We admit the force of the above and agree that in many places the omission of the second sermon may be well; provided a service be substituted which shall enlist the interest and employ the activities of the church and congregation. But in many places and under certain circumstances two sermons are almost indispensable. After all, quite as timely and important a point is that of the sermon's length. The man who compresses the results of his week's labor into two sermons of fifty minutes, in the aggregate, need have no fear of a lack of cream for the second slice. The concise statement and development of a single line of thought, and its earnest enforcement as a present, living truth, can be compassed in the short half hour with more effectiveness than either the rambling talk or ponderous argument of the long hour. Thought that waries in the presentation is like the salt which has lost its savor.

—The policy of the Papal church is well shown in the fact that it withholds its sanction from the marriage of a Roman Catholic to a Protestant, unless the Protestant consents to the education of all the children in the Roman Catholic faith. At least, this is the case in England, and we have no doubt but it is the same with us. Perhaps, the rule may be modified somewhat to suit the genius of our country, but we may depend on it that the spirit is

the same. And in this fact of adaptation of form without a change of spirit, the Catholics possess an immense power over the average mind. The great variety of effective methods they put in practice to appeal to the senses in their public worship, and their reverence for the past, give them a hold on the popular heart which nothing at present seems destined to take away.

—LONDON evidently has not yet "progressed" as far in some things as we have on this side the water. In that city not only is the Bible permitted a place in the public schools but its study is actually encouraged. Mr. Francis Peck, a member of the School Board has donated five thousand pounds with the condition that the money be used by the Religious Tract Society for annual prizes to those pupils who pass the best examination in the Scriptures. The award for this year took place in the Crystal Palace in the presence of 3,500 people, at which time several thousand Bibles and Testaments were given away. It is said that other school boards throughout Great Britain are about to follow the London example. There are some differences between England and America with the balance in favor of the former.

—HERE is the way in which the submissive spirit of the Orangemen who waived their right to parade on the public streets at Montreal for the sake of peace, is met by the *Courier de St. Hyacinthe*, the Roman Catholic organ of Bishop Morcan:

Take care; our patience is exhausted. You have abused it for a long time. We are your equals in everything, and in faith are your superiors. Your fanaticism has caused you to lose sight of our generosity towards you. Towards us you have been mean and narrow-minded. We are weary of your injuries. If you restrict us we shall restrict you. Your scattered minority in the Province of Quebec has been treated like spoiled children by the Catholics, but we have not been saved from insolence. What right have you to be insolent? Is it because we are benevolent? Benevolence is exhausted, and if you continue, we shall put you in your place."

For shameless effrontery we have never seen the above equalled. The majority of the people of the Province of Quebec are Catholics, God's favored people. All others are heretics and ought to be burned at the stake in the good, old-fashioned way. We have been indulgent, however, and treated you like "spoiled children," only plying you with paving stones occasionally to make you know your place as "a scattered minority." This is in effect what this high dignity of the Roman Church says to Protestants in the "free" Province of Quebec, over which is supposed to float the protecting flag of England.

—PRINCE BISMARCK, not getting the support of the Liberals in Germany at the late election, is said to be turning his attention to the Ultramontanes. This is all the more surprising as it has been generally understood by the tone and the stringent measures executed against the assumptions of the Papal church, that the Ultramontanes were the very last persons whom the German Chancellor would take into favor. But the correspondent of the *London Times* well points out:

Prince Bismarck's domestic policy is so essentially governed by the wish to secure the object he happens to have in view, no matter with what allies, that the disposition of constituted powers to adhere to a steady course of policy does not always seem to be sufficiently taken into account by the leading statesman. As to the people, and the Liberals more especially, the feelings produced by the news of the Prince taking up with the Ultramontanes are more easily imagined than described. Though the Prince did not begin the war with the Pope, but only retorted when he found himself attacked, yet in the course of the long and exasperating struggle his Cabinet have so often identified their cause with the interests of humanity and culture that if any notable indulgence should now be shown to the Vatican the tone of the press and Parliament is likely to become more energetic than polite.

—HERE in the East, we should say that the editor of the *Pacific Evangel* was getting desperate. Witness this paragraph taken from that paper:

Again we are sorry for our friends of the *Pacific*. We can't print a paper to suit them. We can't pray to suit them. We don't preach to suit them. We don't do anything to suit them. All this is certainly a very melancholy state of affairs. But it has at least one compensation, and that is, that we don't care whether we suit them or not. We are not publishing a paper for them. We are not praying for them only as we include them with sinners generally.

BRIEF NOTES.

The Catholics are feeling the need of a great university, a peer of Harvard or Yale.

Good writers are beginning to call it the "terrible Congress," the one that meets at Washington.

"Greenbackism," according to *Zion's Herald*, "is a brief and euphonious expression for repudiation and robbery."

The success of the Wesleyan mission to the Friendly Islands, in the South Pacific, is certainly cheering. Instead of being an expense, it now contributes from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year to the home society's treasury.

That is a pretty good newspaper squib which tells of a Highland Sunday-school boy, who being asked by the superintendent if his father was a Christian, replied: "Yes, Sir, but he is not working at it much."

We are informed that Dr. J. L. Phillips will address the ministers of the Maine Central Y. M. at their gathering in Brunswick, next week, on Wednesday, at 3-1-2, p. m., on "Missionary Work."

It is a very pertinent question which the *Congregationalist* asks: "Will it not be hard indeed for those who have here all their lives prided themselves on their spotless morality, to find the gate of heaven shut against them, and to see even the woman that was a sinner entering in?"

The value of the beer manufactured during 1877 in the city and county of Milwaukee, as sold by retailers, was over ten millions of dollars! Half of that amount was contributed by the working classes without doubt—by the men who spend for beer what ought to have gone for bread. Is it any wonder that times are hard?

The following from the *Quebec Chronicle*, sounds a bit curious as American news: "On the 11th inst. the picturesque Church of St. Petronilla, at the western end of the Island of Orleans, was the scene of a very imposing ceremony, the inauguration of the relic of St. Philomena, a small portion of one of her bones, brought from Mugnano, near Naples."

Freeman's Journal, a Catholic periodical, chanced recently to say: "Calvinism is winning all along the line," whereupon the *Harold & Presbyter* is much pleased, and says: "those brethren who so frequently tell us that Calvinism is dead must be mistaken." Indeed! How long since our contemporary regarded evidence from such a quarter as conclusive?

The outcry in certain quarters against machinery as adverse to the interests of the laboring man will bear a little examination doubtless by all classes. If, however, the assertion that machinery cheapens labor be true, how is it that twenty-five years ago the best farm hands could get but twelve dollars a month by the year, and domestics for household work rarely received a dollar and a half a week, while factory hands were paid in like proportion?

A writer in Louisiana says that since the war three-fourths of the colored people have learned to read and write. "They are anxious to learn," he says, "while the white boys love a pistol and a plug of tobacco." This same love for pistols and tobacco prepares the way for the greater love of whiskey in the full-grown man, who, steeped in ignorance and depraved by drink, constitutes the one great barrier to the advancing wave of progress setting steadily toward the South.

Denominational News.

Ohio River Yearly Meeting.

The Ohio River Yearly Meeting held its annual session with the 1st Kyger church, Aug. 9-11. Rev. B. V. Tewksbury was chosen moderator, and Bro. J. Haning, assistant.

All the Q. Ms., except the West Va., were reported by letter and delegates. Revivals have been enjoyed by some of the churches of each Q. M. within the past year, and union and steadfastness seems to prevail. Voted to raise four hundred dollars per year to support a missionary in India. Appointed Revs. W. J. Fulton, of the Meigs Q. M., H. J. Carr, of the Athens, T. E. Peden of the Jackson, A. Crabtree, of the Little Scioto, T. J. Ferguson of the Shiloh, and P. T. Flythe of the West Va., as a Foreign Mission Board to supervise the raising of the above amount. Elected H. J. Carr, J. W. Martin, B. V. Tewksbury, I. Hooper, T. J. Ferguson, I. Z. Haning, S. Weed, J. Masters, J. Sherritt, T. E. Peden, W. J. Fulton, C. J. Chase, S. H. Barrett, I. Fullerton, A. Crabtree, Jerry Woodyard, Jacob Coughenour, Jesse Walker, J. B. Smith, Daniel Mauck, and M. D. J. Hickerson, delegates to State Association, with power to fill all vacancies that may occur in the delegation. Preaching by Revs. C. J. Chase, A. Crabtree, T. J. Ferguson, H. J. Carr, E. B. Evans and T. E. Peden. Collection for Foreign Mission twenty-three dollars. Passed the following resolutions:

FOREIGN MISSION.

Resolved, 1. That we, delegates of the Ohio River Y. M. assembled with the 1st Kyger Church, following the instructions of a majority of the Q. Ms., represented, and responding to a growing interest in Missions throughout the Y. M., pledge ourselves to raise four hundred dollars annually for the support of a missionary in India.

2. That the execution of this undertaking be vested in a Missionary Board, consisting of one representative from each Q. M. to be elected annually at the Y. M. Conference.

3. That for fuller information on the subject, we request the pastors in the Y. M. to preach one or more discourses to each church on the subject of Missions, and further that we will urge increased attention to the *Missionary Helper*, and Mission columns of the *Morning Star*.

4. That the note of \$100.00 given by our delegates to the last General Conference for the Bible School in India be and is hereby assumed by the Yearly Meeting.

EDUCATIONAL.

Resolved, 1. That this Y. M. recommend the educational institutions within its limits, which are under E. Baptist control, for the patronage of its members.

2. That this Y. M. express its satisfaction with the work in Christian Education now being done by Rio Grande College, and that we urge our members to sustain the Institution by their patronage and influence.

3. That we request each Q. M. in this Y. M. to take such steps, either by the purchase of a scholarship or payment of tuition, in Rio Grande College, as will enable at least one young man to there pursue his studies with reference to qualifying himself for the ministry.

TEMPERANCE.

Resolved, 1. That no man have our suffrage knowingly, who uses alcoholic drinks as a beverage.

2. That temperance is the greatest evil in the world, and it is in our power as Christians, under God, to put it down.

3. That whereas the use of tobacco is an expensive and filthy habit, and the church is often crippled for want of funds to successfully carry forward the work of Christ, therefore, resolved, that we will discourage in all proper ways, its filthy use.

SABBATH-SCHOOLS.

Resolved, 1. That this Y. M. heartily

Poetry.

COMPANIONS ON THE ROAD.

Life's milestones, marking year on year,
Pass over swifter as we near
The final goal, the silent end
To which our fated footsteps tend.
A year once seemed a century,
Now like a day it hurries by,
And doubts and fears our hearts oppress,
And all the way is weariness.

Ah me! how glad and gay we were,
Youth's sap in all our veins astir,
When long ago, with spirits high,
A happy, careless company,
We started forth, when everything
Wore the green glory of the Spring,
And all the fair, wide world was ours,
To gather as we would its flowers!

Then, life almost eternal seemed,
And death a dream so vaguely dreamed,
That in the distance scarce it threw
A cloud shadow on the mountains blue,
That rose before us soft and fair,
Clothed in ideal hues of air,
To which we meant in after time,
Strong in our manhood's strength, to climb.

How all has changed! Years have gone by,
And of that joyous company
With whom our youth first journeyed on,
Who—who are left? Alas, not one!
Love earliest loitered on the way;
Then turned his face and slipped away;
And after him, with footsteps light,
The fickle Graces took their flight,
And all the careless joys that lent
Their revelry and merriment
Grew silent, and, ere we knew,
Had smiled their last and said "adieu."

Hope faltering then with doubtful mind,
Began to turn and look behind,
And we, half questioning, were fain
To follow with her back again;
But fate still urged us on our way,
And would not let us pause or stay;
Then to our side with plaintive eye,
In place of Hope came Memory,
And murmured of the past, and told
Dear stories of the days of old,
Until its very dress seemed gold,
And Friendship took the place of Love;
And strove in vain to us to prove
That love was light and insincere—
Not worth a man's regretful tear.

Ah! all in vain—'twas a cheat,
Yet no voice ever was so sweet—
No presence like to Love's who threw
Enchantment over all we knew;
And still we listen with a sigh,
And back, with fond tears in the eye,
We gaze to catch a glimpse again
Of that dear place—but all in vain.

Preach not, O stern Philosophy!
Nought we can have, and nought we see,
Will ever be so pure, so glad,
So beautiful, as what we had.

Our steps are sad—our steps are slow—
Nothing is like the long ago.
Gone is the keen, intense delight,
The perfume faint and exquisite,
The glory and the effluence
That hallowed the enraptured sense,
When Faith and Love were at our side,
And common life was deified.

Our shadows that we used to throw
Behind us, now before us grow;
For once we walked towards the sun,
But now, Life's full meridian done,
They change, and in their chill we move,
Further away from Faith and Love.
A chill is in the air—no more
Our thoughts with joyous impulse soar,
But creep along the level way,
Waiting the closing of the day.
The future holds no wondrous prize
This side Death's awful mysteries;
Beyond, what waits for us, who knows?
New Life, or infinite repose?

—Blackwood's Magazine.

THE EVER-VARYING CLOUDS.

BY ESTELLA.

I love to watch the shadows as they pass,
O'er the forest-trees and the meadow grass,
Like somber, but still transient, shrouds
Made by the ever-varying clouds.

But even more in the heavens above
Do I love to see those vapors move;
The clouds themselves, so bright to view,
Ever changing and ever new.

Lightly, quickly they come and go
Before the wind, like wreaths of snow;
Their beauties changing as they fly,
And giving brightness to the sky.

But sometimes darker clouds appear,
And seem to make the whole earth drear;
But "when cheerless raindrops thickest fall,
The sun is shining over all."

Thus in our lives will come some clouds,
Which wrap us closely in their shrouds;
Not now bright but changed to gray,
When trials and sorrows darken our way.

But let us remember they can not stay;
Through the darkness will come some ray;
For "behind the cloud is the sun still shining,
And every cloud has a silvery lining."

Family Circle.

HOW JOHNNY SAVED THE TRAIN.

"I don't suppose, mother, little folks like me can do very much in this world. It don't seem as if I could do much good," said Mrs. Tomkins' eight-year-old Johnny, planting his chin on the palm of his chubby little hand and looking up into her face.

She smiled, and gave Johnny a pleasant look as she suspended the play of her bright knitting-needles. "I shouldn't agree with you there," she said, "Johnny. Little folks can't do so much in themselves, but add God's strength to a little boy's weakness, and I think one can do a great deal."

Johnny sat in silence a little while, looking into the crackling, open wood-fire, and then said his prayers and went to bed.

The next day, on the edge of evening, Johnny was down at the railroad station.

Boom, boom—rattle, rattle—ding, ding—choo, choo—Oh! they had a noisy time, the cars and the locomotives dashing about, whistling and ringing.

Trains were coming and going at a great rate. In a little while it was quiet, and then came the train of which Johnny's father was conductor. Johnny called out, "Here I am, father!" and glad enough was a man wearing a blue cap, decked with gilt stars, to get hold of Johnny's hand. Mr. Tomkins, when the passengers had left, stepped back into the cars, and Johnny went with him.

"Stay here, Johnny, in this seat, and I will come after you," said Mr. Tomkins, placing Johnny in a warm seat near the stove in a rear car. The train stopped over night at that station, and Mr. Tomkins thought he could safely leave his little boy in the car a minute or two.

From that station down to the next, at Rowe's Factory, it was a down-grade all the way. Start a car at the station above, and it would jog along itself, going more and more rapidly, till it reached Rowe's Factory, where the grade changed. And what should Johnny's car conclude to do but start off for a little trip on its own account to the factory? The brakeman had carelessly unshackled it, not understanding an order given him, and when the locomotive ahead happened to back the train a little it went bump against the rear car, and started it on an undesirable journey.

Johnny was startled when he looked up and saw that the car was in motion, and a good deal frightened when, seeing nothing before or behind the car, he knew it was loose, and cruelly running away with him in the dark!

Just then he caught the flash of a sharp red light away down the track!

His heart gave such a jump! He knew enough about the trains to understand what it all meant. "A train! a train!" he thought, "and we shall surely go!" Johnny hardly dared finish the thought. If he had, it would have been "go crash into one another!"

What could he do? There came into his mind the words of his mother about a little boy's weakness and God's strength. He dropped on his knees there in the aisle of the car, and asked God to help a little boy in a runaway car.

He opened his eyes, and saw away down the track the sharp, fiery light. One light made him think of another. There was his father's red lantern alighted near the stove. Why couldn't he wave it at the car-end toward the approaching train? Wouldn't the engineer see it?

He snatched the light, ran to the end of the car, and there he stood on the platform, waving the lantern.

"What is that?" said Will Marston, looking from the cab window of the locomotive that was thundering along, bringing on the evening express. "A warning ahead!" said he to Jones, the fireman. At the same time he shut off the steam, reversed the engine, put on the air-brakes, and whistled the danger-signal. What a sharp, shrill cry?

"What is the matter?" said the passengers, and a lot of black heads went bobbing out of the car windows, like turtles coming to the top of the water.

"Danger!" called one to another, as they saw the light ahead waving.

The express came to a stop, then commenced to back, back, going faster, faster, trying to get out of the way of Johnny's car, that was now rapidly dashing forward, the red light swinging steadily.

Away went the express train in safety beyond the station at Rowe's Factory, and Johnny's car was switched on a side track by a station hand, and came at last to a stop, as the grade changed at the Factory and slanted up again.

When the passengers of the express, stepping out, saw a little fellow with a red light on the platform of the runaway and heard his story, cheer after cheer for him went up in the stillness of the night.

A purse of money for him was quickly made up, but that was little to Johnny compared with the comfort he took in thinking he had saved perhaps a hundred lives, that might have been lost had the express train dashed into the runaway car, and everything pitched down the steep bank.

So much for adding God's strength to a little fellow's weakness.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE LITTLE BOOKKEEPER.

"O dear! every one has a better time than I do!" was the petulant exclamation of little Kate Williams, as she watched from the windows the passers-by in the street below. "There goes Jessie Brown and Jennie Hull to spend the afternoon with Grace Lee," said Kate, as she saw two handsomely-dressed girls about to enter a gate opposite. "They don't have to stay at home to take care of a cross baby."

This last remark was called forth by the screams of poor little Willie, who had rolled over on the floor and could not get up without help. Kate picked him up with a jerk, tossed him some of his playthings, and then turned her attention to the window again.

"Yes; and there are Fannie and Dora out on the street," she muttered; "their mamma lets them out if it is cold. O dear! and there's Carrie Stone going to ride, all dressed up; and Mamie Bowen skating on the pond. O dear! O dear! every one but me!—every one but me! There, you little cross thing! here are your blocks and toys; why don't you stop crying, and play with them?"

"Kate! Kate!" said a gentle, quiet

voice; and Mrs. Williams entered the room, looking reproachfully at her little daughter. "I do not wish to hear any more complaints. Call Sarah to get Willie to sleep, and then take a pencil and paper and sit by me."

Kate hung her head guiltily as she heard the grave tones of her mother.

"Do you know, my daughter, how papa earns the money to give us this pleasant home, our food and clothes, and all the comforts which we enjoy?"

"Yes, mamma; he is a bookkeeper for Mr. Thompson."

"As you seem to be discontented this afternoon, suppose you try to be a little bookkeeper."

"That will be nice," said Kate, brightening, "if you will show me how."

"Well, your papa has to set down on one side of a great book what his employers owe, and on the other what they receive; the difference between the two is what he calls the balance. Now I have heard all your complaints this afternoon."

Here Kate blushed.

"You can set the things you have to complain about down on one side of your paper, and call it the trouble side; on the opposite page you can put down your blessings—all the good and pleasant things; then we will strike a balance and see which side has it. Now begin."

Kate got paper and pencil and wrote as her mother dictated:

TROUBLES.

Taking care of the baby.
Could not go to ride.
Could not play ball.
Could not give my doll a ride.

BLESSINGS.

A dear little brother.
Strong feet, which lame Carrie Stone has not.
A kind father, which Fannie and Dora have not.

A pleasant home.
A mother that loves me.
Nice things to eat.
Good clothes to wear.
A nice Sunday School.

"O mamma, there isn't room for any more blessings; we shall have to balance it now," cried Kate, her eyes sparkling with a new sense of riches.

"Well, in whose favor is the balance, dear?"

"Why, the blessings, of course; and we didn't put them all down, either. The next afternoon I have to stay at home. I will think of my blessings, and not my troubles."

"That is right, my Kitty," said her mother, kissing her. "Now you are my blessing. Whenever you feel that your troubles are too hard for you to bear, do a little book-keeping, and you will find the balance to be on the blessing side. If that does not answer, then ask God to please to help you to be patient and contented. Now run and tell Sarah to make your favorite cakes for tea."

"Thank you, mamma; that is another blessing," and Kate ran off as gay as a lark.—*The Little Sower.*

MAMMA AND ROBBIE.

Mamma was very busy. Now I don't know what was the reason, but when she was very, very busy, Robbie was always sure to be full of talk. So this morning she sent for his cousin Carry to play with him. She gave each of them a bowl of nice soap-suds and a clean new pipe, to blow bubbles out in the yard. They blew them till they were tired of that, and then they played Rocky Mountains awhile.

It was a splendid place to play Rocky Mountains, for Robbie's papa was building a new barn, and there were beautiful rough piles of bricks, and boards that would rattle when you stepped on them. Carry was the leader, and she would take a bundle of something on her shoulder, and climb over the hardest places in the bricks and boards, and Robbie, who never played that before, took a bundle on his shoulder, and climbed around after her. They were travelers climbing the mountains,—like the pictures in Carry's geography.

When they were tired of being travelers they came into the house, where mamma was busy. Now, Carry was fond of telling very large stories, and of having people open their eyes, and say, "Why, Carry!" and she began to tell about their soap-bubbles.

"O auntie!" said she, "I blew such lovely bubbles, prettier than Robbie's. I blew one big as your head!"

"Um," said mamma, without looking up.

Carry thought she was not enough impressed, so she went on:—

"I blew such a w-f-n-l big ones! Why, auntie, I blew one so big you might have sat on it and not broke it!"

"What!" exclaimed mamma, turning suddenly, and looking square at her, in amazement at such a story.

Carry was frightened, and burst into violent tears. Mamma tried to quiet her, but she knew she had been naughty, and she snatched up her hat and ran home crying all the way at the top of her voice.

"Mamma, a'n't Carry pretty naughty?" asked Robbie, who had looked on all this time in wonder.

"I think she is," said mamma, turning to her work; "and now, Robbie, if you play in here, I want you to be quiet."

"Yes," said he, "I guess I'll play with my dirt-car."

His dirt-car was a square piece of board, with castors screwed in at the corners, and a string at one end to draw it by. He soon found it, and then saying softly to himself, "Now I need kitty, to give her a ride," he went into the kitchen and found her curled up behind the stove.

Kitty was not very large, but she was extremely accommodating; she would sit

on the car, and let Robbie draw her all over the house. After drawing her about for some time, he commenced with,—

"Mamma, when my kitty gets so old she can't ride, I'll send her right up to heaven."

"Um," said mamma.

"I'm going to climb a high mountain with my hatchet, and bust a hole through into heaven and get in," he went on earnestly. "The mountains go clear up to the roots of heaven; do you know that?"

"I guess so," answered mamma, absently, for she didn't hear half he said.

"Mamma, do you know what I'm going to do?" he began, in a minute.

"No," said mamma.

"I'm going to buy an engine 'bout any smoke-stack; do you want to know where?"

"Um," said mamma.

"Out in the chicken-coop. Do you want to know how I can go in the coop?"

"Um," answered mamma.

"Why, I'll go through the door. How do you s'pose I can get out?"

"I don't know," said mamma.

"Why, I'll go out through the door, just where I went in!" he answered, as though amazed that mamma should want to know such silly questions.

"Now, Robbie," said she, looking up from her work, "if you don't keep still I feel as though I should fly right out the window."

"But you can't, mamma," said he, earnestly, "cause you haven't got any wings."

Mamma laughed.

"I know it, dear, but I have nerves."

"Can you fly with nerves?" he asked eagerly, "and where did you get them?"

"Oh, do go and make something with your blocks," said mamma laughing. "I can't stop to talk with you."

"Well, what shall I make?"

"I don't know; whatever you please."

"Shall I make a depot?"

"Yes," said mamma.

"Well, I don't know how to make a depot. Shall I make a scam-doodle?"

"Yes, yes," said mamma hastily.

"Well, how do you make a scam-doodle?" he asked, with interest.

"Dear me, Robbie!" said mamma, "go and look out the window, and see what is in the street, and don't talk."

The little fellow left his blocks and his dirt-car, where kitty was fast asleep, and went to the window. He was still a little while, but suddenly broke out,

"O mamma! here's a pretty little calf with whiskers!"

"What?" said mamma.

"Oh, such a pretty one!" he shouted, "just as white! and a stubby tail."

Mamma looked up.

"Why, that's a goat, Robbie, and if you keep still till I get through my work, I'll tell you about the goat carriages in Central Park."

For some time after this promise Robbie kept very still, watching the passers-by, but at last he began again.

"O mamma! there's three men, and I think they're Shadrack, Meshack, and Abednego!"

Mamma had to laugh at this, and asked him why.

"Cause I heard you say 'shadwack' and 'rameria'; do you know what that means?"

"No, I don't know."

For a few minutes he was still again, and mamma went on with her work, but pretty soon a peddler came down the street shouting "Green corn! green corn!"

"O mamma!" cried Robbie, "Carry says 'if you eat corn off the cobs you get skulls in your teeth!'"

"Robbie! Robbie!" said mamma laughing, "what does make you talk so much to-day?"

"Cause I'm so full of words I shall burst," said Robbie.

"Well, I believe you are, and I guess I'll have to wait till you are a-bed before I can work."

"I shan't ever be a bed, I'm a boy!" said Robbie earnestly.—*Olive Thorne.*

ASHAMED TO TELL MOTHER.

"I would be ashamed to tell mother," was a little boy's reply to his comrades who were trying to tempt him to do wrong.

"But you need not tell her; no one will know anything about it."

"I would know all about it myself, and I'd feel mighty mean if I couldn't tell mother."

"It's a pity you wasn't a girl. The idea of a boy running and telling his mother every little thing!"

"You may laugh if you want to," said the noble boy, "but I've made up my mind never as long as I live, to do anything I would be ashamed to tell my mother."

Noble resolve, and which will make almost any life true and useful. Let it be the rule of every boy and girl to do nothing of which they would be ashamed to tell their mother.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

The son of a poor man, soon after his confirmation, said, "Father, I want to subscribe towards our pastor's salary."

"Very well. How much can you pay?"

"If you will give me a small patch of ground to work, I will pay \$5."

The ground was given, and the boy worked it with his own hands. The crop raised brought him \$15.

This boy helped the congregation as every member should try to do, and bought him a suit of clothes besides. His was the right spirit. Such catechumens make useful members, and are a great comfort to the pastor.—*Lutheran Standard.*

Concerning Birds.

The intellect of most men is barren. It is the marriage of the soul with Nature that makes the intellect fruitful, that gives birth to imagination. When we are dead and dry as the highway, some sense which has been healthily fed with put us in relation with nature, in sympathy with her, some grain of fertilizing pollen floating in the air fall on us, and suddenly the sky is all one rainbow, is full of music and fragrance and flavor.—*THOREAU.*

THE MUSIC OF BIRDS.

The music of birds, though delightful to all, conveys active and durable pleasure only to those who have learned to associate with their notes, in connection with the scenes of nature, a crowd of interesting and romantic images. To many persons of this character it affords more delight than the most brilliant music of the concert or the opera. In vain will it be said as an objection, that the notes of birds have no charm save that of association, and do not equal the melody of a simple reed or flageolet. It is sufficient to reply that the most delightful influences of nature proceed from sights and sounds that appeal to a poetic sentiment through the medium of slight and almost insensible impressions made upon the eye and the ear. At the moment when these physical impressions exceed a certain mean, the spell is broken, and the enjoyment, if it continues, becomes sensual, not intellectual. How soon, indeed, would the songs of birds fall upon the ear if they were loud and brilliant like a band of instruments. It is simply that which gives them their charm.—*From "Birds and Seasons of New England."*

THE CUCKOO.

One has a particular respect for the industrious nest-builders that have houses of their own and establish themselves respectably in life; but it is difficult to feel any such sentiment towards the cuckoo when we hear the two notes of his monotonous ditty, and see him pass from grove to grove with his silently gliding flight. But if the cuckoo is not a respectable personage, since he will neither build his own house nor bring up his own offspring, he has an advantage in common with certain celebrities in literature and art; which is, that everybody knows his voice. It requires considerable sylvan experience to distinguish some birds by their voices, and it is only the most observant naturalists who can recognize each of them with certainty; but the citizen, who rarely visits the country, knows the cuckoo when he hears him. The reader at once perceives the moral which is impending. The cuckoo is like a poet who says but little, and always repeats that little without variety, yet who enjoys a great reputation because his one song is at the same time agreeable, perfectly original, and perfectly imitable. There have been such poet-cuckoos.—*From "The Sylvan Year."*

BIRDS IN THE AIR, AND THE AIR IN BIRDS.

The chief peculiarity of birds is their power of flight, and, although there are a few birds which do not fly, most of them do, and the various organs of their bodies are all constructed in such a way as to fit them for a life in the air. Their bodies are very solid and compact, in order that most of their weight shall be near the place where the wings are attached. The feet, legs, head and neck are light, and so arranged that they may be drawn up close to the body while the bird is flying. As the neck is long and very flexible, the body does not need to be pliant, as with most creatures having backbones; but it is important that the wings should have a firm support, so the bones of the back are united. The body of a bird must also be well protected from the cold; for, as it ascends and descends through the air, it passes through regions of very different temperatures, and it must be provided with a thick and warm covering in order to be able to endure these sudden changes, and one also which shall be very light and able to shed the water; for, otherwise, a bird would be unable to fly. The feathers of a bird answer to all these needs, and are so placed upon the body that they form a smooth surface which does not catch against the air when the bird is passing through it. In its rapid ascents and descents, the bird is exposed to another danger even greater than the sudden changes of temperature. You all know that air presses in every direction with great force, and that we do not feel it because there is air in all parts of our bodies as well as outside them, and the pressure of the air inside exactly balances that of the outside air. If we should suddenly take away the outside air in any way, such as covering a person up with an air-pump receiver, and quickly and completely exhausting the air, the consequences of the inside pressure would be very terrible, and if the experiment could be tried quickly enough the body would burst like an exploding gun, with a loud noise.

When people go up rapidly in a balloon or climb very high mountains, they are troubled by a ringing noise and a feeling of great pressure in the ears and head, and by palpitation of the heart, bleeding at the nose, and fainting. These unpleasant and often dangerous symptoms are caused by the expansion of the air inside their bodies. In ascending very high mountains it is necessary to go very slowly and to stop very often, to give time for some of the expanded air to escape, and equalize the pressure again. Now, many birds, the condor, for example, fly over the tops of the highest mountains, and nearly all birds, either occasionally or habitually, ascend to very great altitudes, and unless there were some plan for regulating the pressure of the air inside their bodies, they would suffer great inconvenience and danger. But they are provided with an arrangement by which the air within them can escape easily as it expands and thus keep the pressure within just equal to that outside, so that they can ascend and descend as rapidly as they wish, without feeling the least inconvenience. In the body of the bird there are several large bags, like the lungs, called air-chambers; many of their bones are hollow, and others are pierced with long winding tubes called air-tubes. All these air-chambers and air-tubes are connected with the lungs so that air can pass into and out of them at each breath. The connection between these chambers and the lungs is so complete that a wounded hawk can breathe through a broken wing almost as well as through its mouth. When a bird mounts upward, the air inside its body gradually expands, but the bird does not feel any inconvenience; for, at each breath, part of the air passes from the air-chambers into the lungs, so that the pressure on the inside does not become greater than that on the outside.—*St. Nicholas for September.*

Dr. Elliott Cones says that many thousand birds are killed annually by flying against the telegraph wires on the Western plains. In a day's journey he saw over a hundred bodies, mostly of larks, lying under the wires.

BIRDS' FEELINGS.

It is beyond question that there are feelings and emotions in birds and beasts akin to certain similar manifestations in man. Take pride of appearance, for example. The human creature in all its stages is subject to this feeling; indeed, it is our power of self-respect in its proper place and degree. But other creatures than man share it with him. I have seen it in the house sparrow and in several other birds, or something very like it. I once called at a friend's house who had a fine peacock. I asked to see it, and was told it was moulted at the time; its fine tail was gone, and therefore it was in hiding, and disliked to be seen—it felt ashamed of its poor dress. I once lodged at a gentleman's house who had a pair of canary birds in a large cage; they had had that year two batches of four young ones each time. They were all full-grown, but one of the young ones had the misfortune to have a black feather in its wings. The whole family persecuted it because of that one black feather, each one taking hold of the offensive feather to pull it out whenever the poor bird came near. It had to sit by itself in consequence, lost heart, and had to be given away.

When I was enjoying myself one fine May evening, on the sunny side of a dry-built stone wall near my father's house. A great many sparrows were busy in the wall nest-making. Seeing a cock-sparrow go into a hole within my reach, I made a rush and put my hand over the hole. The bird finding it suddenly dark, rushed out into my hand. I had him. I had no intention to harm him, but with a boy's curiosity felt a wish to know him in future among the others, and to this end cut a small bit off his tail and let him go. I did not see him again. A week or so after, I caught another cock-sparrow at the same place, and marked him in the same way. The sparrows went on with their nest-making and family life, but neither of my cock-sparrows put in an appearance. In the month of July, while wandering among the hills, a long way from home, I saw an old ruin and went to it to search for birds' nests. While thus occupied, what starts out from the hole but my two forgotten cock-sparrows! Not another bird was there, and they ran from hole to hole as silent as if they had lost their voices, nor would they quit their solitary abode. Evidently,

Literary Miscellany.

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

Idea is pitiless.—Lamartine.
Originality challenges originality.—Goethe.
Insults are like counterfeit money; they may be offered, but you need not take them.
First, last, midst, and without end, honor every truth with use.—Emerson.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame.—Longfellow.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.
—Dean Alford.

Energy will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged animal a man without it.—Goethe.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one, have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
—Coveper.

I do not like punishments. You will never torture a child into duty; but a sensible child will dread the frown of a judicious mother more than all the rods, dark rooms and scolding school-mistresses in the universe.—H. K. White.

Hope is the last thing that dies in man, and though it be exceedingly difficult, yet it is of this good use to us, that while we are being through life it conducts us in an easier and more pleasant way to our journey's end.—Roume-foucauld.

Criminals find great difficulty in getting a habit for itself in decent homes; and, in all nations, the test to be given for real civilization is in the comparative goodness or badness of the dwellings of the lowest class.—Sir Arthur Helps.

An arrow, if it be drawn up but a little way, goes not far, but if it be pulled up to the head, it will pierce deep. Thus prayer, if it be only dribbled forth from careless lips, falls at our feet. It is the strength of ejaculation and strong desire which sends it to heaven and makes it pierce the clouds.—Bishop Hall.

THEIR WRATHFUL DEITY.

The Denver (Cal.) Tribune contains the following account of how the Pueblo Indians were frightened at the late eclipse of the sun:

A gentleman who has recently arrived from New Mexico brings with him an interesting account of the manner in which the Pueblo Indians deported themselves during the eclipse. These peculiar and interesting people are said, by those who know them best and understand how to interpret them, to be sun-worshippers, as were their ancestors, the old Aztecs, and the report which this gentleman brings would seem to go to show that they look upon the great luminary of the day with peculiar awe. The Tribune's informant chanced to be at Taos, where is located the most complete Pueblo village now extant, on the 29th, and determined to see for himself how the most advanced of the noble red men would regard the event.

He therefore went to the village in the afternoon, a short while before the eclipse began. He found the people engaged in their usual avocation, and concerned about nothing so much as getting into the shade, where they might be protected from the sun's rays, which, in that country, come straight down. They were evidently expecting nothing to happen. Their science had not told them that the sun was to be hidden, neither had they been informed by any of their more intelligent neighbors. They were not, therefore, looking for the first contact with smoked glass or through lenses, and did not observe it in the least. For half an hour they took no heed. Then, as the light began to grow dimmer and dimmer, they became confused and frightened, and began to run hither and thither, and to gather in groups, speaking to each other entirely in their own language. The darker it grew the more excited they became. Dozens ran to tell the Governor of the village what was occurring, and soon he was seen to emerge from a hole in the top of the roof—their place of entrance and egress from their buildings—and to look anxiously toward the sun, and then to observe the light it cast on objects around him. What had evidently been doubtful to him before was now a certainty, and his face became proportionately as dark as the half-hidden sun. He advanced to the edge of the roof, his somewhat venerable and slightly dirty face showing the most evident signs of deep anxiety, and called out with a strong voice, commanding the attention of all his subjects. Chaos was reduced to order, and silence, except on his own part, reigned over the village. Not a common Indian uttered a whisper. None of them seemed to feel at liberty to breathe. He spoke with tremulous voice, telling his people that the dread hour had come upon them. They had great cause, he said, for apprehending the worst, and the chances were that the village would soon be annihilated, and the "people of the sun" destroyed, "teeth and toe-nails." Some one had committed a grievous sin. Who that person was could not be known, and not even inquired at that time; but their great god had been offended and was so ashamed that he was hiding his face from them. Their conduct had been such that he had refused to show his face until the crime had been atoned for, whatever it might be. Extraordinary steps were necessary. By acting as they should they might avert calamity. Otherwise it was more than likely that they would never again bask in the sunshine of the affection of their god and preserver. Then the crops would wither, their stock would not survive, the earth would be covered with eternal frosts, and slow but certain death would be the result—a terrible fate awaited the people of the descendants of the canonized Montezuma.

After this brief harangue he selected three of his most trusted men and told them to proceed at once to the estufa, and tell the Montezimas in charge of the eternal flame, keep burning in honor of Montezuma, to see to it that the fire was at its best. They started off, and then, in a voice more powerful than ever, he told the women of the village, old and young, to proceed to the track used for the foot-races on fete days and strip themselves and run in pairs until they fell or the darkness was discontinued.

The women started almost instantly to obey the order. The old man descended from the housetop, and he with others proceeded to the grounds to see that the order was obeyed. The women stripped

themselves until not a shred of clothing was left upon them. Both they and the men were as solemn as the grave, and seemed to regard the proceeding as one upon which their lives depended. There were about 200 of the women, and they soon began to do the penance of the tribe for the crime which it was supposed they were being punished. They ran in pairs and with considerable lack of order, but continued to go, with a few exceptions, for half an hour.

By this time the light had begun to grow stronger, and it was evident to the Indian mind that all danger was past. The announcement to this effect by the Governor of the village was received with loud cheers that resounded throughout the neighborhood, and which was full of thanks to the king of kings for delivery from his wrath. The women were again dressed, and were each and every one the heroine of the hour. Taos was not in belt of totality, and the darkness was never so great there as it was in places more favored, and the Indians were sincere in the belief that they had averted the calamity of total and eternal darkness by causing Montezuma to desist in his punishment by means of their penance and peculiar sacrifice.

The Tribune informant afterward learned that this custom of having the women make these races in a nude state was universal with the Pueblos on occasions of this kind. Why the women and not the men are required to do so he could not ascertain. They merely said, in reply to questions, that Montezuma, whom they honored and feared, required it, and that was sufficient for him. They have a tradition that their great King was betrayed into the hands of the Spaniards by his daughter, and it is probable that the requiring of the females to humiliate themselves as penance for the great and original crime committed by one of their sex against this dignitary grows out of the tradition. At any rate, it is a curious custom, and the observance of it deserves to be noted in the record of the eclipse in 1878.

STUPID BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

Let us look first at the plots: There is this sweeping objection to almost all of them—the good boy is liberally rewarded by praise, presents, and prosperity, generally before sunset; while the bad boy is punished by death, mutilation, or some awful visitation from above in as short a period. Surely such teaching as this must be condemned, if on no other grounds than its extreme untruthfulness. But there is another curious phenomenon with regard to the plots, which is this—the same story appears over and over again, with hardly more than a change of names, till to one versed in this literature the title and a page or two at the beginning gives a clue to the rest of the story, which could then be finished by heart. Has any one ever had a packet from London without finding in it several versions of that most obnoxious tale concerning the pious child of a drunken father, who claims his parent, either by praying aloud for him, or by making unwittingly some remark which pierces him to the heart? Just at the moment when he is standing unobserved behind the door? This appears to us to inculcate the worst possible moral; can anything be so undesirable as to accustom children to regard their elders as subjects for their spiritual ministrations, and must not a child's single-mindedness be utterly destroyed by leading it to expect that the answer to his prayer will come through the impression produced by its own superior sanctity? Take for example, a leaflet called "Will Father be a Goat Mother?" In it James Stirling's son, a boy of four, listens to his mother reading Matthew 25, after which just as James has arrived, half drunk, at the usual place of concealment behind the door, "the dear attentive child" raises his head, and gazing in his mother's face with irrepressible "interest," (what a word!) asks, "Will father be a goat, then, mother?" James Stirling was apparently gratified at being looked on as an interesting case by his son; a few days after he took the pledge, and became a "Christian philanthropist in humble life."—Macmillan's Magazine.

TWO CLASSES OF WOMEN.

The streets of New York—and of almost any large city as well—at night present a spectacle more saddening, more pitiful, more fearful than any picture to be found in Dante's Inferno. Beneath the gas lamp, from dark until long after midnight, wander unceasingly, thousands of young girls. Their eyes are fixed. They stalk like shadows. There is no merriment in their gait; no joy, no peace, no happiness in their look. However well-dressed, it is the same whited sepulchre. For mile after mile these sad spectres saunter along. At each side street they carry off their victims.

We are these desolate ones that fill the city with their ceaseless tramp? Do they come forth at night because they care not for the society of their mothers and fathers and sisters? Alas! no. These lost ones have no homes. They are alone in a great world too busy to notice them or their misfortunes. Without a knowledge of the world, they are driven into the midst of its vices, and forced to earn a living by the only means that is within their power. They knew not the horrible abyss of shame, the amplitude of suffering, the depth of the distress to which that first step leads. And so having begun, they are carried on by the swift current of crime about them. Do they ever seek to escape? They turn blindly for the means, but on every hand they seem to be shut in by a high wall separating them from the respectable world.

There is no recourse, and so, year after year, they fall lower and lower, and their despair grows deeper, until death takes them for his own, and their poor bones are laid away in the potter's field.

There is another class of women in our cities. They are not as numerous as their miserable sisters. They have wealth. They live in comfortable homes. They have husbands and happy children. Their time is almost a burden on their hands. With the arrival of each day, it is a question how shall the hours be passed. They look out into the night and behold the closely-wrapped female figures hurrying by in the darkness. The sight means nothing to them. It does not even excite a shudder. They themselves are comfortable. Many of them are highly intelligent ladies, who long for a vocation. They do not know what to do with their time. They think of devoting themselves to art or literature. O women, who seek a higher sphere of life, who long for something to do, for some field of usefulness, for something higher and better than a life of idleness, entertainment and

novel reading! O women, you have before you the opportunity. There are your poor erring sisters passing your doors at every hour. They need your assistance. If you have compassion, pity them. Do not condemn, but weep for them. You have the power to save. Your wealth and position give it to you. Go out among them. Gently, patiently labor to bring them to a better life. If you succeed in a whole lifetime of labor in raising up but one such, you will have performed a grand charity. Do not complain that you have nothing to do; that you are dying of ennui. Here is your opportunity. Embrace it. Go. Save.—True Citizen.

MAN.

This little lifeboat of an Earth, with its noisy crew of a Mankind, and all their troubled History, will one day have vanished; faded like a cloud-speak from the azure of the All! What, then, is man? He endures but for an hour, and is crushed before the moth. Yet, in the being and in the working of a faithful man is there already (as all faith, from the beginning, gives assurance,) a something that pertains not to this wild death-element of Time; that triumphs over Time, and is, and will be when Time shall be no more.—Thomas Carlyle.

OTHER THINGS.

An Oculist and a Milkman.

A German oculist rented a cottage at Cape May, and soon found that he was paying an exorbitant price for it. His landlord was also his milkman. One morning when the milkman came along the oculist looked him in the face, and asked: "Vat is the matter with your right eye, my friend?" The milkman said he did not know that anything was the matter with it; but he was frightened. Next morning he asked the oculist to examine the eye. The latter pronounced it very bad, and said that in less than six weeks the eye would be blind. The oculist treated him, and easily cured him, for there was nothing the matter with the eye. Then it was a race between the rent and the oculist's bill; but the oculist won.—N. Y. Times.

A Postscript.

It has been said that the pith of a lady's letter is in the postscript, and as an illustration of this, a young lady having gone to India, and writing home to her friends, concluded with the following words: "P. S.—You will see by my signature that I am married." That the same may sometimes be said of a gentleman's letter is proved by the subjoined, said to have been sent to the late Bishop of Norwich, Dr. S., in answer to an invitation given by him: "Mr. O's private affairs turn out so sadly that he can not have the pleasure of waiting upon his lordship at his agreeable house on Monday next. N. B.—His wife is dead."—Chamber's Journal.

A teacher in Bangor, Me., upbraided a little girl, because she did not hold up her hand with the rest of the delinquents when, at the close of the day, all those who had lost their places in their classes were called upon to do so. But she, with ready wit, responded: "Please, mum, I didn't lose my place. 'An' how could I, when I'm at the foot?"

The wife of Charles Dickens, and her sister, Miss Hogarth, seem to have forgotten all unpleasantness, and are together compiling a memoir of the novelist. According to George Cruikshank, the difference between Charles Dickens and his wife grew out of her frequent criticisms of his writings.

The New York Times recently found an old poem of Dr. Holmes's, and in the ignorance of its heart called it "verses by one of those indescribable people who write verses for the Western papers."

The following order was recently left on the slate of a Dover doctor: "Doc, cum up to the house: the old man has got snail in his butes agin, and raisin' kain."

EDUCATIONAL.

Boston spent \$1,582,116 on public schools last year.

Wilmington, Del., has cut down its teachers' wages ten per cent.

There are seventy public libraries and twenty-eight colleges in Iowa.

Only 1,100,000 of Russia's 80,000,000 inhabitants receive public instruction.

Dom Pedro has given \$2,000 from his private purse to aid Brazilian music students in Europe.

Carleton College, Minn., has the rare good fortune to receive a gift of \$75,000 left as a bequest by Wm. Garrett of New England.

The foundation for a Jesuit College, to cost \$500,000, has been begun in San Francisco.

The only medical college for negroes is at Nashville, Tenn. It has an ample endowment.

Mrs. Barton, of Philadelphia, has given \$50,000 to endow the Rhea Barton Professorship of Surgery at the University of Pennsylvania.

Samuel Miller, a Richmond miser, left \$850,000 as an endowment for a school for the education of one hundred poor children of Albemarle County, Virginia.

The Board of Education at San Jose, Cal., has abolished the colored school, and the former pupils have been permitted to enter the other schools.

President Rankle of the Institute of Technology, Boston, has resigned his post, and Prof. W. B. Rogers succeeds him.

The mysterious gift of \$25,000 to Andover Theological Seminary came, it has been discovered, from Henry Winkley, a wealthy retired business man of Philadelphia.

For forty-seven years there has been a British school in Paris. At the close of the Franco-German war there were only six pupils in attendance, and now there are nearly 600.

The Rev. Dr. Alex. Burns, of Simpson Centenary College, Iowa, has accepted the Principalship of the Wesleyan Female College, Hamilton, Can.

In the State of New York there are 35 colleges and 234 academies, with an attendance of 36,208 students, 5,037 of that number being in the colleges.

The educational institutions of New Zealand are magnificently endowed with land which ultimately may make them very wealthy. Fully six hundred thousand acres are altogether set apart for this purpose.

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.

MISS MARY A. PAIGE died in Parsonsfield, April 16, aged 70 years and 6 months. Sister P. was a true Christian, and her relatives and friends feel assured that her freed spirit rests with the redeemed.

SARAH L. MOULTON, daughter of the late Elias and Patsy B. Moulton, died at South Parsonsfield, Me., April 28, aged 18 years and 10 months. Sarah gave her heart to Christ during her protracted sickness. Her last months forcibly illustrated the power of religion, and she talked freely of her trust in the Saviour; although so young, and life seemed so attractive, she calmly resigned all to God, and peacefully waited his summons. She and her friends were in the land of the living, and she was buried in the family grave.

JOSEPH ROBERTS died at his residence in South Parsonsfield, May 26, aged 63 years and 7 months. Mr. Roberts was a prominent man in town affairs for several years he was town collector, giving entire satisfaction. Having been a member of the Free Baptist church in S. P. for many years, and being a kind and obliging neighbor, he is greatly missed from our community. He was a loving husband and indulgent father. He left a wife, children, and a large circle of friends to mourn his loss.

JAMES B. MCCLURE died at his residence at Cape May, N. J., May 27, aged 88 years and 11 months. Mr. McClure was a successful school-teacher for about twenty years in his early manhood. He was one of the officers of the town of Newfield for several years, in which capacity he served seven consecutive years. He represented his town in the legislature of 1848. Mr. M. was widely known for his strict integrity and honesty. He was an excellent counselor in business matters, and an honorable citizen. He left a wife and four children.

MARY FOGG died at Meredith, Dec. 20, 1877, aged 89 years. A native of Vermont, in early life she gave her heart to Christ, was baptized by E. Knowlton, and united with the church at Pittsfield, N. H. She lived a Christian and died in the faith. She was a devoted mother and a faithful wife. She left a husband and a large circle of friends to mourn her loss.

LYDIA L. RANDELL died at Meredith, Jan. 23, aged 73 years and 7 months. In her youth she espoused the cause of Christ, was baptized by Rev. Benj. M. Randall, and united with the church at Canaan. Lived and died in hope of a sure reward.

BETSEY SHAW ROBINSON died March 18, aged 85 years. She was converted in youth under the preaching of Elder J. Shaw, and while at Pittsfield, she lived a life of usefulness, especially in the home circle, and died with hope in Jesus.

ESTHER SMITH died March 22, aged 68 years. She was converted under the preaching of Rev. J. Shaw, and baptized by Rev. O. Butler, at Meredith Center. She has gone to her reward.

CAPT. JOSEPH TILTON died April 11, aged 82 years. Bro. T. was an active business man, converted in the great revival of 1833, baptized by Elder Pitman, and united with the church at M. C., where he lived and died, in hope of a resurrection with the redeemed.

DAUGHTER OF MOSES G. AND BETSEY PLUMMER, and wife of C. Elwyn Swain, died at Meredith, July 17, aged 26 years. From a child Ellen loved the Saviour, was baptized by Rev. J. Chamberlain, and united with the church at M. C. Always at her post and cheerful in Christian obedience; an active worker in the Sabbath school; beloved by all who knew her. She has gone to join the great choir above.

C. JENNIE, wife of Deacon Warren B. Leavitt, died at Meredith, Aug. 3, aged 33 years. Another has gone to join the great choir above. In the 13th year of her age, Jennie publicly professed faith in Christ, was baptized by Rev. O. Butler, and united with the church at M. C. She was a consistent, earnest Christian worker, and has gone to her reward.

Mrs. JENNIE M. CROSS wife of Rev. H. E. Cross, and daughter of P. Allen, Esq., died at Burnett, Dodge Co., Wis., Aug. 2, aged 28 years. Sister Cross was born in the town of Union, Rock Co., Wis., but subsequently with her parents moved to Evansville which became the scene of her early and efficient service for Christ, till Dec. 24, 1872, when united in marriage with Bro. Cross, who went forth to assume those higher and more important responsibilities for which she was eminently fitted. At the age of thirteen years she became a child of God, and was subsequently baptized by Rev. E. J. Davis, and united with the Free Baptist church, which relation she worthily and faithfully sustained till called to the church of the glorified above. Her early religious experience, and subsequent Christian life, were highly satisfactory to those who knew her best. The current of her mind and thought was deeply spiritual, as a friend remarked to the writer on the day of the funeral. He could not recollect the time in all her life when she did not seem a Christian. Her work for Christ in the church and Sunday-school, as well as Christian influence in the social circle at Evansville, will remain through the coming years, bearing, we can not doubt, its appropriate fruit in due season. Through all her suffering she displayed a spirit of patience and sweet trustful submission which is born alone of the saintly, self-sacrificing, grace. She requested those who were taking care of her to read frequently from the precious Book of her Bible, and on its being given to her, she pressed it to her breast, saying, "This is my only hope. I rest upon its promises." She then kissed it, and requested her husband to sing "Jesus lover of my soul," &c., after which she said, "It is well, I am ready." By this death a Christian's wife and mother, and a large circle of friends are left to sorrow, but not without hope.

MISS EMMA A. WALTERS died at Clay Mills, Jones Co., Iowa, at the residence of her father, Aug. 4, in the 28th year of her age. She was a native of Ia., while attending school at the Williston College Institute; was baptized by Rev. O. E. Baker and became connected with the F. B. church at that place. From her early childhood, she evinced an ardent religious spirit, and a determined determination to acquire an education. With this object before her, all the energies of her nature seemed to be brought into requisition. Her parents spared no pains or money to aid her ambition. She spent nearly three years at Hillsdale College, Mich., at which place she won the confidence and esteem of all who knew her. Possessing naturally a slender constitution, her vigorous energies gradually became exhausted, until she was advised by friends to desist for a while from study. She accordingly left her school in the month of June, 1877, and returned to her home and friends in Iowa. In Sept. following, she commenced teaching in a public school in Onslow, Iowa. She had not completed her term of school when her fast falling health made it necessary for her to leave her school and return to her father's house. During this time, her health continued to improve, and she was patient and composed. She was not afraid to die. She was more than conqueror, through him that loved her and gave himself for her. A large circle of relatives and friends mourn their loss.

SISTER NANCY NOICE died in Cowlesville, N. Y., July 11, aged 70 years. She obtained a Christian's faith over thirty years ago, was baptized by Rev. O. Johnson, and united with the Free Baptist church in Cowlesville. Some three years since she united with the F. B. church in Mila, N. Y. Our lamented sister was ever faithful in the service of her God. She died in Christian triumph. She leaves several children to mourn her absence. May God help her survivors to be prepared to follow.

JAMES D. WALKER died in Bradford, Me., June 21, aged 66 years. Bro. W. experienced religion about forty years ago, and united with the F. B. Baptists. Was a member of the Dexter church at the time of his death. His sufferings in his last sickness were severe, yet his hope in Christ sustained him to the last. Served by the writer at the church in Cowlesville where he was brought for interment. He leaves a wife and one son to mourn.

B. S. GERRY.

Educational.

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AUSTIN ACADEMY.—Center, Stratford, N. H. Rooms for self-boarding and board in private families at reasonable rates. Two full courses, Commercial and Classical. For further information address the Principal, or S. C. KIMBALL, A. M., Center Stratford, July 31, 1877.

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RIDGEVILLE COLLEGE.—The Spring Term will open March 12, 1878, and close May 30. Annual meeting of Trustees May 28. Commencement Thursday, May 30. For catalogue address the Secretary, Wm. REED, Ridgeville, Indiana.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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News Summary.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Exposition in Chicago.
The people of Chicago and the entire north-west, may congratulate themselves on the extensive and thorough preparations which have been made to make the Inter-State Industrial Exposition of this year a greater success than ever before. In addition to the features which in the past have been so attractive, the board have this year added several rare features of exceptional interest, not the least of which is a mammoth aquarium surrounding the central fountain. The most noted feature, however, will be the large collection of casts from the most celebrated pieces of sculpture in the British Museum, the Louvre, the great Gallery of Florence and the Vatican. Among American works of art, the statue of Cleopatra by Miss Edmonia Lewis, the colored sculptress, will be present. The Exposition opens on Sept. 4th, and will continue a little over four weeks.

An Encouraging View.

The Providence Journal doesn't believe that this country is going to rack and ruin just yet.

We have always confided in the intelligence and integrity of the American citizen. The noise and confusion is mostly produced by our foreign population; it is in no wise abetted by the numerous, influential Roman Catholic clergy. The State of Massachusetts, the Democrats largely included, has spewed Kearney out of its mouth. The farmers of the West will soon see that the excuses they are inclined to make for their dishonesty, their obligations will entirely serve the purpose of the communists, who burn their barns, their reapers and their grain stacks. At least, this American people is an earnest, honest, law-abiding and order-loving people; and it is wise enough to hold on to its independence, its right to live and make money, and to do what it pleases within the limits of justice. It put down rebellion; it will not succumb to communism, or subject itself to anarchy.

An Ascending Secretary.

We hope the secular press, which is so particular about making the professed piety of defaulters, and rogues generally, a prominent element of the sensation, will not forget to inform the world that Chas. W. Angell, the ascending Secretary of the Pullman Palace Car Co., of Chicago, was not a church member, but rather a fashionable rake whose good looks and position enabled him to move "in the best society." Another thing needs emphasis. It is the duty of employers to know the habits of the men to whom they entrust their affairs. A rascally Secretary and \$120,000 would not now be missing if the Pullman Co. had noted the fact that their employee was spending \$60,000 a year on a salary of half that amount.

Dynamite.

The ease with which dynamite explodes is a terrible fact. A Bucharest dispatch states that a number of Russian soldiers were loading a railway wagon near Giurgevo recently, with boxes of dynamite taken from a neighboring magazine, when one of the boxes fell to the earth and exploded, setting off at the same time the remaining boxes in the wagon. The effects of the explosion were terrific. Fifty soldiers were killed and thirty-five wounded, some of them dangerously. Six railway wagons were blown to atoms and the station was shattered.

A Democratic Opinion.

There is quite an effort being made to have the Democrats of Massachusetts accept Gen. Butler as their candidate for governor. The Boston Post says of this movement: "Were the desperate experiment to prove successful, it would manifestly end the career of the Democratic party in the State. In the much more probable result of its failure, it would bury the party under the ridicule and contempt of its associates in every State of the Union."

The Chinese in San Francisco.

Here are some statistics as to what the Chinese in San Francisco are doing: Merchants and professional men, 1,000; cigar makers, 5,000; laundrymen, 1,500; servants, 7,000; boot and shoe makers, 2,000; slipper makers, 800; gamblers, 1,400; makers of clothing, 3,000; peddlers, 2,500; fishermen, 1,000; laborers, 1,000; other occupations, 3,800; women, 2,000;—total, 32,000.

Explosion of a Powder Mill.

On Wednesday, the Miners' powder mills at Negaunee, Mich., exploded, doing terrible execution upon buildings, fences, glass and trees, and killing four unmarried men. A horse standing near by was beheaded. The men were engaged in making nitro-glycerine and other powerful powders. The cause of the explosion will never be known.

Queer stories continue to come from the far west mining regions. Here is one of them: A young man made his appearance at Deadwood last week in a pair of white trousers. He was promptly escorted to the cars, put on board of them, and an injunction placed upon him never to revisit the place. "We can stand a bluish shirt, you know," a miner exclaimed, "but when it comes to wearing light drawers we just make them git up and git."

The New York Tribune says that "the facts are steadily accumulating to justify the opinion hitherto expressed, that the injury to the wheat crop and the decline in production would be confined to a narrow area, and that the crop would be, on the whole, the largest ever grown in this country."

New York World: "Organ grinders make from \$14 to \$16 a day at Granada, Miss. Book agents are in great demand at New Orleans." A hundred able bodied lightning rods are needed at once in Memphis.

Here is another one of the effects of the use of tobacco. The fire which destroyed the town of Alta, Utah, the other night, was caused by a man who went to sleep with a cigar in his mouth, set him on fire, and burned up the town.

"If," advertised a philosophical victim, "the person who took my overcoat was influenced by the weather, then all is serene; but if he did so from commercial considerations I am ready to enter into financial negotiations for its return."

A report not long ago was circulated that Gilmore's Band had met with such ill fortune in Europe, as to be compelled to disband. The latest reports tell altogether another story, that it has been very prosperous in Germany, and has been invited to go to Russia.

We are glad to note that the advent of Dennis Kearney in Chicago, was altogether a tame affair and the enthusiasm among the "workmen" by no means irrepressible. The fact is, the decent and honest men in the movement are getting disgusted with Kearney's profanity and vulgarity.

The French have always been fond of a "paternal government." Perhaps this has something to do with the item that in Paris alone there are 43,662 families, comprising 113,317 persons who receive relief from public charity.

A young English lady wishing to encourage her sex in the art of swimming, recently accomplished the remarkable feat of swimming 20 miles on the Thames in 6 hours and 25 minutes.

The military organ of the French government says that within thirty days 1,180,000 men could be put in the field in first-class condition for a fight. The total effective strength of the army is 3,600,000 men, being about one-tenth of the entire population of France.

During the past year, the London Graphic, an illustrated paper, has earned a profit of 100 per cent., 90 per cent. of which is to be divided among the stockholders and 10 per cent. is to be carried to the reserve fund.

Boston Herald: "There was a slight error in the New York Tribune's account of that secret labor organization. It has 800,000,000 members, not 800,000 as the Tribune carelessly said."

The Indian Budget recently given to the House of Commons, places the official estimate of the number of deaths from famine in India, at 1,350,000.

The fact that there has been organized an Irish Republican club, is exciting some curiosity. The club is in Indianapolis and starts out with a membership of about 150.

The Chinese ambassador is credited with the statement that the Chinese will go to Ireland, and that is the only country that the Irish do not rule.

Important news correspondence is a costly article. The London Times's correspondent took \$3,400 to the Berlin Congress for expenses.

Senator Blaine is to make some speeches for the Iowa Republicans in the last week of their present campaign.

Arkansas boasts of having more newspapers in proportion to its population, than any other State.

Somebody asks: "If W-O-R-D-S-T-E-R spells Wooster, why does n't R-O-O-B-E-R-T spell Rooster?"

They have fifteen Jewish papers in Germany with an aggregate circulation of 25,000 copies.

There are less Chinamen now in this country than there were five years ago.

Latest News.

The news from the South this (Monday) morning shows no abatement in the terrible yellow fever scourge. The mortality at Memphis, Sunday, was the largest of any day since the appearance of the malarial, 26 interments having occurred. At New Orleans there were 163 new cases reported and 33 deaths—a slight decrease. In Vicksburg, Miss., since the 12th inst., upwards of four hundred and fifty cases have been reported, and at least 90 deaths have occurred. There were 22 interments Sunday. The situation at Granada is the place having become a veritable pit of death, the dead no longer being buried in graveyards, but in fields and even in front of the houses in which the deaths occur. Generous contributions for the sufferers continue to pour in from all sections of the country. The total number of cases in New Orleans up to the end of last week was 1,866; number of deaths 577.—Latest advices from the fighting revenue officers and illicit distillers in Cooper'sville, Tenn., are that three distillers were killed and five or six revenue officers wounded. Revenue Officer Davis and men will "hold the fort" until assistance reaches them.—Theodore Thomas has disbanded his orchestra to accept the directorship of the Cincinnati Musical College.

Miscellaneous.

Kentucky is out of debt.
Mayne Reid is raising sheep.
Astronomy is the oldest science.
Pope Leo writes six hours a day.
The melon cholic days have come.
The Cleveland viaduct is finished.
Ouida has taken to picture painting.
Boston has eighty-six pawnbrokers.
Dublin is going to have a new park.
Emigration to Texas is on the decline.
Senator Bayard is an expert swimmer.
The Mohammedan mosques are open all day.

Secretary Evans is back at Windsor, Vt.
Great Britain has \$175,000,000 in gold.
Washington Territory contains 60,000 people.
Glacier scratches are found in Rochester, N. Y.
There are 2,243 shops open in Glasgow every Sunday.
Mr. John Bright is a very enthusiastic angler.
The English sparrow has arrived in Colorado.
The King and Queen of Italy will visit Paris next month.
The Irish skirmishing fund now amounts to \$70,400.
The District of Columbia has 102,000 inhabitants.
There are said to be 3,000 photographers in Germany.
Catherine de Medicis invented the side saddle.
Painting on glass had its origin in the third century.
George Macdonald has been granted a pension of \$1,500.
Secretary Thompson does not believe in White oak.
The new City Hall of Providence will be dedicated Oct. 10.
The United States is drinking less whiskey and more beer.
The present summer is the hottest in England for 11 years.
Emperor William is taking mud baths for rheumatism.
From a hotel register: "S. B. Jones and lady on a bridge tower."
There is a deficiency of \$1,100,000 in the Missouri State Treasury.
The deficit in the Prussian budget for 1877 is 20,000,000 marks.
Cincinnati banks refuse to pay over 95 cents for trade dollars.
In England, it rains on an average 152 to 155 days in the year.
Ireland has an area but little larger than that of the State of Maine.
John Randolph's famous estate at Roanoke is to be sold on the 2d prox.
Senator Blaine speaks at the Minneapolis (Minn.) fair, Sept. 3.
Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is making a tour among the quaint old towns of Normandy.
The Rev. Phillips Brooks is living in Gov. Andrew's house at Hingham.
The diameter of the dome of the capitol at Washington is 124 1/2 feet.
General Joe Hooker was given a public reception at Martha's Vineyard, Wednesday night.
The new English war-steamer, "Iris," has a maximum speed of twenty-one miles an hour.
Seventy sermons were recently stolen from a theological student in the Rochester Seminary.

Rural and Domestic.

LOW BEDSTEADS.

"The higher you get, the purer the air," so says an eminent scientist and physician.

Upon what principle, then, of hygiene or humanity are constructed the low modern bedsteads? Not that we would see in their place the unwieldy four-posters of our grandmothers' times—stepladders would then become indispensable; but a good sensible height, say two and a half feet from the floor, where one can breathe something beside the impurities just above the floor, especially if it be carpeted with a woolen one, which should never be found in sleeping rooms, matting or hemp being far preferable, with, in winter, a warm rug at the bedside.

If not for health's sake, for humanity's I would that all these low modern affairs were replaced with higher ones; that those long-suffering creatures, nurses, might not have their lives shortened, as their bodies have to be, with the bending down and lifting of their charges. For the sick themselves I feel stifled, as I see them "low-lying," boarded in all around, in a fashionable bedstead.

It would seem that all informed upon the benefits of pure air in sleeping rooms need not be told how these bedsteads hold in the embrace of high head, foot, and side boards, the impure emanations of the body.

A few years ago, a neighbor of mine died of consumption on one of these beds. She had for a nurse a younger sister, a tall, slender girl, and as I watched the painful efforts of that devoted sister, to give ease to the sick one, the bending of her poor aching back nearly to the floor, in giving medicines or adjusting "pillows," until at last she had to go down upon her knees a half hour at a time, to bathe and minister to the wasting one, I felt like anathematizing the bedstead and the maker thereof. Though the most patient of nurses, that poor girl admitted to me that her two months of nursing had seemed to take years out of her life.

While the sick are ever with us, and the hard duties of nurses indispensable, ought we not to see that those duties are made as easy as possible? Why sneer, O men, at the stupid fashion of "pull-back" dresses, when you manufacture such pull-down bedsteads?

Then there are the poor chambermaids of our large hotels and boarding-houses. Think of the weariness, after mounting flights of stairs, of bending to the making of dozens of beds just above the floor. These chambermaids are humble individuals; the great world in its search for large fields for its charitable operations may almost scorn such humble affairs, none the less are they God's suffering children that it is some one's duty to look after. Let it be mine to speak a word for "the least" of them.

How this generation declaims against the old-fashioned trundle-beds. And they were "black holes" of Calcutta in impurity. But what have we gained but trundle-beds for adults as well as children?

Delicately-painted chestnut and maple, massive black walnut ones, with head-boards like Monadsnock towering aloft. Oh, the gloomy things down under the windows; why, I would not exchange my simple cottage bedstead with low open-railed head and foot boards, from which on waking I can look out over hill and valley, and in which sleeping is made healthful and waking glorious, for any price. Why, that outside view is worth all the painted landscapes on the foot-boards of all the modern bedsteads in use.

Now, dear friends, manufacturers of these things, who may have your stores packed, with them, don't scowl! Can't you raise their bottoms, and so send out upon the community something less injurious, something less trimmed, if it must be, but more healthful? Think of your poorer brethren and their burdens, and seek to lift their bedsteads and burdens a little.—Cousin Constance in *Phrenological Journal*.

CABBAGE INSECTS.

The cabbage louse is an insect enemy that appears to be hard to fight. His forces in reserve are tremendous, and increase in number and power as the season advances; but the damage he is capable of inflicting is very much greater when the plants are young and tender than after attaining size and firmness of texture. A young plantation of cabbages can be ruined in a short time if neglected. My plan in the family garden is to look over the young plants in about ten days or a fortnight after setting, and hold the leaf in one hand and to rub it over with the fingers of the other with just sufficient force to destroy the lice and not injure the leaf. Some of the insects will fall to the ground, but by passing the hand roughly over the surface they will be destroyed. This operation is very effectual, but in the course of two weeks the reserve will be up, and with them, perhaps, not a few of the green worms (*Pieris Rapae*). As the leaves are now larger and more of them, a more systematic attack has been planned, and I have found the use of an old tooth-brush of invaluable service. I take each leaf in hand and examine it carefully, passing the brush over it, which dislodges insects, eggs, and larvae, and destroys most of them. In this careful examination the green-worm will usually be seen, if he has attained much size, but many of the smaller ones will escape the observation of the keenest and most practical eye; but the brush brings them out, they can not escape it, and having them once on the ground, they are easily destroyed. This mode of fighting these insects may appear laborious, but it is not so much really as it may seem, for an active person can easily at-

tend to a thousand plants in a day. For the ordinary family garden an hour's work every ten days will you keep master of the situation. Perhaps others may suggest something better, but my best weapon is a well-used tooth brush.—*Vick's Fl. Monthly*

WHITE CLOVER IN PASUTRES.

Every pasture should contain some white clover. It will afford more feed at certain times of the year than any kind of grass or clover. It will not flourish on damp soils, or those that are very poor. It will do very well in a partial shade, as a grove or orchard, but to make the highest excellence it should be sown where it will have the advantage of sunlight. It is easy to secure patches of white clover in a pasture, by scattering seed in early spring, on bare places, and brushing it in. One pound of seed is sufficient to start white clover in a hundred places in a pasture. The disposition of this clover is to spread by means of the branches that run along the surface of the ground and take root. Having secured a sod a foot square, it will soon extend so as to cover first a yard, and then a rod.—*Exchange*.

HOW TO USE BONES.

Don't let the old bones lie around in the barnyard and fence corners. They should be preserved as they contain phosphoric acid, one of the most valuable ingredients in manure. Put a layer of wood ashes in the bottom of a cask and then add a layer of bones, then add another layer of ashes and so on until the cask is filled. Keep the mixture wet, and in a few months the potash in the ashes will have so combined with the phosphoric acid in the bones as to give you a most valuable fertilizer.—*Mass. Ploughman*.

FRUIT TREES.

The *Gardener's Monthly*, well remarks: "Some people say that land which will raise good corn will grow good fruit trees, which is all right; but they should add that like corn, they require regular and continuous manuring." To which we would add, that like corn, they require thorough cultivation of the soil, especially during their younger years, and many farmers would even regard a clean, mellow soil instead of a grass sod in their corn-fields, as more important than manure.—*Country Gentleman*.

ITEMS.

A poor cotton crop is expected in Egypt. Texas has 9,000,000 acres of cotton land.

Meat was highest when the cow jumped over the moon.

In France parsnips are a very common horse food.

Salmon are a cent apiece on the Fraser River.

The alfalfa, a variety of grass, is yielding wonderful crops in California.

The salmon catch this year in Oregon is reported at 380,000 cases.

There are nearly 500,000 acres under cultivation in tea in India.

A bee can draw twenty times the weight of its body; a species of beetle can draw forty-two times its own weight.

Prof. Tyndall in a lecture said: "A cobweb spread over a blossom is sufficient to protect it from night chills."

The annual show of the Massachusetts Poetry Association will open in Music Hall, January 14.

Twelve bushels of dorbugs were killed on a Brooklyn farm of about two acres, the other day.

There are nearly 1,000,000 Angora goats in Cape Colony, where they were introduced only about twelve years ago.

One hundred and thirty-eight bushels charcoal and 432 pounds limestone, with 2,612 pounds of ore, will produce one ton pig iron.

The number of Protestant converts in Japan last year was 1,004, and this year that number has been trebled.

The Minnesota farmers have discovered that two acres of sunflowers will supply a family with fuel through the winter.

A Massachusetts horticulturist is training the huckleberry and expects to raise a fruit as large as a cherry, and much more pulpy and juicy than it is in its wild state.

The quicksilver yield of California, for the current year, is estimated at 8000 flasks, probably of the aggregate value of \$2,500,000.

The German and Spanish monastic archives for 873 gives accounts of a visitation of grasshoppers as severe as the plague that fell upon the Western United States.

White pine shingles on the Shaker Meeting-house in Canterbury, put on with wooden pins 86 years ago, are still in a good state of preservation, and if left alone will last half a century longer.

The grain and grass crops of eastern Connecticut has been almost entirely gathered, and old farmers say that it has not been equalled in fifty years or more.

A Townsend man sent seven barrels of apples to Boston the other day, and received \$1.62 for the lot. Apples sell in the shops at about four cents a quart.

Kansas leads every State in the Union in the yield of corn per acre, being forty-three and one-half bushels. Little mountain New Hampshire comes next, strange to say, with forty-two bushels.

General Kilpatrick has raised on his farm near Deckertown, New Jersey, some stalks of Shouad oats six feet ten inches high, and some Clauson white wheat five feet eleven inches high.

The Mexicans have a method of subduing fractious horses and such as are inclined to run away. A hood or blinker is so arranged that the driver or rider can in an instant draw it directly over the eyes of the animal, effectually blinding him. Whenever this is done the horse instantly becomes quiet.

The United States import annually over \$200,000,000 worth of articles which could as well be produced by ourselves. Some of these articles are paper, material, rice, barley, wool, hemp, jute, flaxseed, silk, wines, fruit, nuts, sugar and molasses. Nearly \$100,000,000 is paid in gold to other countries annually for sugar and molasses alone.

San Francisco tax levy is \$1.69 on the \$100 this year, and is the heaviest ever made in the city.

"Clambling and fishing parties," says the *Ithaca (N. Y.) Journal*, "can obtain a good light by soaking a common brick in kerosene oil for ten minutes. The brick absorbs the oil, and on being suspended with wire and ignited, a brilliant light, lasting half an hour, is obtained. This is said by those who have experimented with it, to be greatly superior to the torch in general use."

The artist, the author and the modiste have combined to make "Andrews' Bazar" one of the most useful and entertaining magazine published. Competent critics, as well as the voice of the ladies, pronounce it a success. Its price, within the reach of all, makes it necessary to those who have once used it. Send 10 cents to W. R. Andrews, Cincinnati, for specimen copy.

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.

FLOUR.
The receipts of Flour for the week have been 35,000 bbls of all kinds against 44,707 bbls for the corresponding week of 1877, and 30,964 bbls in 1876. The exports for the same week have been 8,002 bbls, of which 2,001 bbls were to Liverpool, 271 to Havre, 25 to Africa, 50 to St. Vincent, 100 to Port au Prince, 1,000 to St. Pierre, Martinique, 330 to Halifax, and 511 bbls to the British Provinces. The market has become rather dull for Flour since our last report, and appears to have lost the buoyancy noticed for some weeks past. The trade have been new purchasers of all the leading brands of new winter wheats to arrive, are now well stocked, and the stock in the hands of receivers has not accumulated to any extent. If sales were forced some concessions would have to be made, but good reliable brands of winter wheats are held firm, and the stock of straight Minnesota and Patents has become so much reduced, holders are able to obtain previous prices for them in small lots as wanted. Included in the receipts of the week were 5,900 bbls of the Grand Rapids Flour, a road for export and distribution in neighboring markets. The sales of Patent Wisconsin and Minnesota brands have been at \$7.50 per bbl, and some well known and fancy brands go up \$9.00 to \$9.50 per bbl.

CORN MEAL.—There is a good demand for Corn Meal, and sale at \$2.40 to \$2.50 per bbl.

RYE FLOUR.—There is no change in Rye Flour and the sales have been in small lots at \$5.50 to \$6.00 per bbl.

OAT MEAL.—There is a good demand for Oat Meal, with sales at \$4.75 to \$5 for common Western, and \$5.25 to \$6 per bbl for favorite and fancy brands.

BUTTER.
The receipts of Butter for the week have been 11,388 packages, including 505 boxes and 14,338 lbs, against 13,777 packages for the corresponding week last year, and 13,258 in 1876. Total receipts since the first of January, 388,512 packages, against 340,914 packages for the same time last year. Exports for the week have been 1,804 packages. The market has been rather quiet the past week, and on all but the very finest stock, a shade weaker. No material change can be made in quotations, but if sales were forced, a lower range would have to be accepted. Receipts for the week have been larger than last week and the indications are that liberal supplies of good Butter will come along during the next few weeks. Fresh made lots of Franklin Co., Vt., still command \$19.00, but they must be very fine to bring the outside price. New York and Vermont choice dairies continue to move off at 17 to 18 c. lb., but after passing these buyers are inclined to hold off and "bear down on prices." Fair to good dairies range from 14 to 16 c. lb., but it is hard to get over 15c for straight lots that are not very good. Choice creameries are steady at 22 to 23 c. lb., but there are some creameries coming in that will not bring over these prices. Most of the Western accounts run poor and range from 9 to 12 c. lb., but strictly choice dairy packed would command 14 to 15c. A considerable quantity of sound Butter has been taken for export at about 12c to 13 c. lb. Low grades are very dull. We quote:

Creameries.....20 to 23
Choice dairy lots.....17 to 18
Fair to good.....14 to 16
Common to fair.....9 to 13
Bakers.....

CHEESE.
The receipts for the week have been 7,830 boxes against 4,571 boxes for the same week last year. Exports for the week have been 3,010 boxes. Prices have been an upward turn, in sympathy with the rise in other markets, and the sales have been at 1/4 to 1/2 c. lb. advance on rates a week ago. The demand, however, is light, and it is difficult to get buyers to pay the advance. Sales of Northern factory have been made at 8 to 9 c. lb., and 1/4 c. is named for late made mild stock at the close, though no sales have been made at over 1/4 c. Choice Western has been selling at 15 to 16 c. lb., and for the best lots coming in this week 18 c. is asked but it will be difficult to get over 17 c. unless the quality is much better than has been previously received. Fair to good ranges from 6 to 7 c. lb. We quote:

Northern factory choice.....8 to 8 1/2
Fair to good.....7 to 7 1/2
Common.....5 to 5 1/2
Choice New.....15 to 16
Western factory choice.....7 1/2 to 7 3/4
Do do fair to good.....6 to 6 1/2
Do do common.....4 to 5

EGGS.
The market has been very firm for Eggs, with a good demand for fresh stock. Eastern eggs are selling at 15 to 16c, and best marks readily command the outside price. Northern have advanced to 14 to 15c, and are selling freely, as the season is in better order. P. E. Island are selling readily at 14 to 15c per dozen. No Western of any consequence here. The market closes bare of stock, and with a further upward tendency. We quote:

Eastern.....15 to 16
Northern.....14 to 15
Western.....14 to 15
P. E. Island.....14 to 15
Lined.....

BEANS.
There has been very little doing in Beans, and prices are without material change. Mediums are steady at \$1.55 to \$1.60 per bu. for choice. Peas are selling moderately at \$1.70 to \$1.80 per bu., outside for extra hand picked. Yellow Eyes are in small supply, and are firm at \$2.35 to \$2.40 per bu. Kidney readily command \$3 to \$3.25 per bu. in small lots. We quote:

Pea, Northern H P per bu.....\$1.75 to 1.80
Do Western H P.....1.70 to 1.75
Do common.....1.55 to 1.60
Medium, choice.....1.55 to 1.60
Do common to good.....1.45 to 1.50
Yellow Eyes.....2.35 to 2.40
Red Kidney.....3.00 to 3.25

PEAS.
There has been a steady demand from the trade and prices are unchanged. We quote:

Choice Canada, per bu.....1.15 to 1.20
Common do.....1.00 to 1.05
Green Peas.....1.15 to 1.25

POTATOES.
Supplies have been coming in less fairly the past few days and prices have advanced. Sales have ranged from \$3 to \$2.50 per bu., and at the close best Early Rose readily command \$2.25 to \$2.50 per bu. These prices will not be maintained unless further supplies come in. Recent stormy weather kept farmers from digging, and there is moderate demand at \$1.50 to \$1.60 for yellow and \$2.75 to \$3 for red. We quote:

New Potatoes.....
Native, per bu.....2.25 to 2.50
Norfolk.....4.50 to 4.50
Long Island.....2.00 to 2.25

ONIONS.
There is an ample supply of Onions, with sales of good to choice natives at \$1.50 to \$1.75 per bbl.

WOOL.
New York, August 18.—Domestic product has been in moderately active demand for manufacturing purposes at essentially unchanged prices. Holders have been quite firm in their views, and have been reported during the week of 200,000 lbs. of spring California at 21 to 22c; 125,000 lbs. of fall do at 14c; 37 bags scored do at 30c; 60,000 lbs. of X and XX Oils at 37 to 38c; 50,000 lbs. of common do at 20c; 40,000 lbs. do on private terms; 65,000

lbs combing and delaine at 42 to 45c; 2000 lbs Indiana at 30c; 20,000 lbs X and above Michigan fleece on private terms; 5000 lbs tub at 35c; 122 bags black pulled, 443 bags super and lambs pulled, 60 bags combing do, 30 bags short frosts, 115,000 lbs Texas on private terms; 400 bags West ern Texas at 15 to 21c; 150 bags Colorado at 15 to 17c; 15,000 lbs domestic wools at 20c to 25c lb.

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