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The Morning Star.

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NO. 49.

THE MORNING STAR

A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1878.

OUR DREAM.

Perchance to men it may not be given
To know things real from things that seem;
If living on the earth we dream of heaven,
Why, then, I hold it better to dream.

Let us dream on 'mid the splendid shadows
That make existence a gladness thing;
The dim, deep woods, and the flowery meadows,
Where fairies frolic and skylarks sing—

Where bright shapes linger, and angel faces
Glow in the gleam of a visioned day;
And o'er the upland, on grassy spaces,
Fond lovers wander, fair children play.

Let us dream still, then, nor strive to sever
Things that are real from things that seem;
Let us slumber on forever and ever,
And know no waking from life's glad dream.

—Good Words.

ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE.

CHILWELL COLLEGE,
ENGLAND, NOV. 2.

The meetings of the Congregational Union followed closely upon the meetings of the Baptist Union. The latter were at Leeds, the former at Liverpool. The Rev. Baldwin Brown of London was chairman of the Congregational Union, and his address was marked by much ability and interest. He first of all defended himself for taking up a position in May in which the majority was against him. He still thought he was right and that the declaratory principles of faith then imposed by the Union upon itself took away something of its ancient freedom. The constitution of free churches, the need for them and their probably special work in confronting and controlling the great domestic upheaval in Europe which must come, formed the general topics of Mr. Brown's address. An unusual number of deputations were introduced to the Union, one from Ireland, another from South Australia, and several from local and denominational societies. The business seemed scanty; papers and discussions being the order of the day. Among the subjects considered by means of papers with discussions thereon were, "the certifying of ministers," "the removal and settlement of ministers," "aid to weaker and less wealthy churches." In connection with the latter subject resolutions were passed; and a public meeting held in support of the "Church Aid Society" which contemplates rendering assistance to churches and ministers in need of it. Mr. Saml. Morley, M. P., was chairman of the public meeting, and he pleaded for greater attention to London as well as to country districts in Home Mission work. He said: "I hold London to be one of the most heathen parts of Her Majesty's dominions. . . . If 58 per cent of the population were to desire to attend places of worship in London, one million more sittings must be provided, and the appalling fact is, that those already provided are not more than half occupied." At the same meeting Mr. Dale of Birmingham stated it as his opinion that the Congregationalists of to-day did not understand the principles of Congregationalism so well as the Congregationalists of a hundred years ago. He explained it by the fact that from the beginning of this century the churches have been engaged in a great evangelistic movement. "For the first twenty-five or thirty years our churches," said Mr. Dale, "were ablaze with evangelistic zeal. Their one concern, the concern of men whose names have been justly mentioned with honor again and again at these meetings, of James, of Leitchfield, of Raffles, of Parsons, and their great compeers, was to preach the gospel, and men came into Congregational churches because they heard the gospel from our pulpits, and by the preaching of our fathers, they, through God's grace, were drawn to God's feet. They came in such crowds that the proselytes of the gate soon outnumbered and swept away the true seed of Abraham. The tradition of Congregationalism was lost."

Other great public meetings were held during the session of the Union, one for young men, one for working men, and the largest and most influential for the advocacy and exposition of Free church Principles. At the young men's meeting, Mr. Morlais Jones said some good things about manliness, about the place of religion in human life, and the relative importance and difficulty of religion and science. At the working men's meeting, Mr. Edward White spoke well on the reading of working men and gave judicious counsel as to general, political and religious literature. The meeting for the exposition of Congregational principles was addressed by the Rev. E. R. Conder, of Leeds, on "The Advantages of Congregational Church Life," by the Rev. J. G. Rogers on "the Puritan Element in English Political Life," and by Rev. Dr. Allon on "Objections to Congregationalism."

Each speech was able and eloquent, the most rhetorical however being misplaced, that is, coming second instead of last. Many wise and brave things were said about the free air of liberty being conducive to a vigorous spiritual life, about human nature showing its infirmities under any system of church polity, and about the general excellence, forbearance and generosity of nonconformist "deacons." Ministers too, were not overlooked in the free criticism in which some of the speakers indulged. Dr. Allon aptly said, "A man who can not spiritually minister to men's diversified needs, or who has no tact or influence in ruling free men, some times of wayward wills and perverse tempers, has no right to be a Congregational minister." Mr. Conder also said, "If one of our ministers or a hundred or the whole body of our ministers should cease to preach the Lord Jesus Christ and the word of Christ, they would lose the only claim they have to be considered ministers of Christ. They could not fall back on ordination by a bishop or presbytery. They lose every shadow of authority and sink into mere speculative lecturers."

An interesting and able sermon was preached by Dr. Fairbairn, Principal of Airedale College, on the purpose, preeminence and perfection of Christ. Dr. Fairbairn showed admirably how the most daring thinkers were touched with a beautiful reverence in the presence of Christ. Renan pronounced Him worthy of Divine rank; Strauss proclaimed Him the supreme and beautiful spirit, the supreme religious genius of the times. Spinoza felt Him to be the Eternal reason incarnate, the voice of God in humanity. The splendid cycle of thinkers which began with Kant and ended with Hegel made the wisdom of Christ the goal of their philosophies. To explain Christ is at once to explain religion and our race.

THOMAS GOADBY.

FINANCIAL CONDITION OF MARRIAGE.

President Porter, some time since, in a sermon before the students of Yale college, gave them a new decalogue, not so general in principle as the old one, but doubtless quite apposite to his audience, and to the occasion. It commences thus: "Don't drink, don't chew, don't smoke, don't swear, don't deceive, don't read novels." Very good thus far. Excellent! The next precept, however, no matter how justly and wisely intended, is liable, without some qualification, to mischief, if not ruinous, abuse. Here it is: "Do not marry until you can support a wife."

The time was, when a young man upon becoming of age, having learned a good trade, and having laid by a few hundreds, or even if a collegian without the hundreds, but having got a fair start in an honorable profession, took to himself a nice little wife, and so had a home of his own. This home proved to be a very good thing, after one had left a father's house forever, for the want of which, many a one has fallen by degrees into irregular habits, and got well started in the way to ruin, before being surrounded by better circumstances, and a better condition of things.

These two put their heads together in laying plans for future life. He bent his shoulders to the rougher and sterner work, and she, guiding discreetly the affairs of her household, ever and anon turned her hand to some lighter species of industry, which brought a small addition to their limited income, perhaps, a very convenient thing, and quite helpful withal. And so in innumerable instances, attended by virtue and contentment, life ran on smoothly, pleasantly, and on the whole successfully.

Now, if we are to take into the account the average of those American girls who expect to be "supported," and who suppose that this is the chief end of woman, the college graduate, who has a debt on his hands, and enters on professional life, not generally remarkably lucrative at the present time, has before him some pretty long days ere he will find himself fairly settled in life. It would be no wonder if he should become discouraged before he gets an establishment in good running order, adequate to the demand of the President's injunction, as modernly interpreted.

Again, it may be worth while to consider what sort of an estimate this precept puts on woman. She is to be "supported." Is she stark helpless? A born imbecile? Has she no muscle! no brain! no ambition! no enterprise! Possibly a little activity, some suitable kind of industry might not only contribute to lighten family expense, but at the same time conduce to her own health, to say nothing of her moral!

And besides, if this modern notion of wife "support" obtains, we shall lose all appreciation of those grand pictures of

simple domestic economy, of olden times, which have been the admiration of all ages. Take for instance that admirable rural scene laid on the "plains of Mamre," in which we have the venerable old patriarch "hastening into the herd, to fetch a calf tender and good," and Sarah his wife sitting in the house watching the cakes on the hearth, kneaded by her own hands, for an entertainment for her expected guests, which has been regarded as an instance of model hospitality for all time. But instead of this picture, we should have this stately dame, languidly stretched on the sofa in the "best room," or putting on her things for her afternoon call! leaving her liege lord to get together such an entertainment as might be possible, by the aid of stupid and shiftless Irish help! How it would mark that other splendid portraiture of domestic economy and wifely prudence, drawn by the master hand of the wisest of men: "She layeth her hand to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff." "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness."

But there is a more serious aspect to this matter. If the physiological teachings of these times is to go for anything, if qualities and tendencies are transmitted, if the spirit of industry, prudence, and economy is in any sense hereditary, then we have a clue to the threatened degeneracy of the race. Of all the great men America has yet produced, whether statesman, poet or divine, you may count on the fingers of one hand the sum total of those whose mothers were "supported" after the modern interpretation of this precept.

I therefore suggest an amendment to the seventh commandment of this new decalogue, thus: "Young man, whether graduate of Yale or the work shop, as soon as you find yourself fairly launched in business or professional career, with a reasonable prospect of securing by mutual industry and economy a competency at a no very distant day, marry. There is yet left material for the best wives the world has ever known, and you need not mis-choose."—J. F.

PHILOSOPHY.

A word fitly spoken and well applied often has great power for good; misunderstood or misapplied, it is a source of confusion and error. Philosophy in its origin was a term of modesty. Some professed to be wise, hence in Greek were called *sophoi*, sophists; but showed in their teaching and conduct that they were rather perverters of wisdom, and men soon came to distrust them and their sophistry. Then arose a more modest class, not claiming to be wise, but simply lovers of wisdom, *i. e.*, according to the original philosophers. Whether this appellation has vindicated itself and won a better reputation, it is for experience and history to show.

Without looking farther into the records of the past, we would call attention to a modern and technical use of this word. Philosophy is now extensively applied, and increasingly so, to a kind of moral and religious system—one said to be founded in nature, ignoring the supernatural, and even opposing it. The Bible claims to be a divine revelation, hence is rejected by this philosophy, which teaches that there is not, and can not be, any special divine revelation. Christianity claims its origin from God, and is also rejected for the like reason. Not that the Bible and Christianity are always directly rejected; frequently the new system extends to them a sort of toleration and patronage; yet so far as its influence extends practically nullifying their claims, and making itself exclusive.

So we have philosophy with high assumption in many seats of science, going beyond all just boundaries of science, pronouncing authoritatively upon questions in metaphysics, morals and religion. Not only so but it comes into the very temples of religion to set up its oracles, it sets itself to expound the Scriptures, and govern the churches. It is really not a new usurpation, for it is of old; but rarely has it shown more ingenuity, or a bolder front.

We honor science, but have a right to demand that it be kept within its own sphere. We have no warfare with philosophy in its legitimate work. But it is right to object to science falsely so called, and to all false philosophy. When a system sets up for exclusive prerogative, men have a right to demand its credentials and authority. Whence this new and high philosophy? What are its grounds of universal homage?

The religion of the Bible is coeval with the human race. It has come down from the beginning essentially unchanged. The civilized world has acknowledged and accepted it from generation to generation. All this time science has been at work, reason has been active, free thought and free discussion have prevailed without serious conflict. It has always been understood that there is no conflict between science, philosophy, and religion rightly employed. They are all in harmony, and mutual helpers.

When therefore men come forward anywhere, in high places or low places, set up what they call philosophy, and under such specious name undertake to revolutionize human thought, overthrow the convictions, not to say the intuitions of the world, treat the religion of mankind as superstition, and substitute for the whole its own dogmas, we have a right to pronounce their course at least extraordinary. Unless they are prepared to substantiate their exclusive claims, they can but be regarded as assumption—and that of the sheerest type. But they rarely attempt any such task—scarcely condescend so much as that. What they assert must be admitted as a matter of course, and whatever is opposed must on this account be discarded.

Now all such assumption is enough to condemn whoever or whatever employs it. Religion does nothing of the kind, the Bible does not, Christianity does not, and never did—all appeal to reason and experience, and show their rightful authority. The new philosophy, in putting itself above all these, and thus usurping the seats of power, but nullifies and destroys itself.—J. J. B.

THANKSGIVING AT AN INSANE HOSPITAL.

BY REV. C. F. PENNEY.

Thanksgiving at an Insane Hospital! Why not, pray? Where if not among the unfortunate who crowd the halls of such an Institution, should there be good cheer and the festivities which are associated with this annual festival?

A day, which carries its benediction into tens of thousands of homes all over the land, which blesses multitudes in giving, and multitudes in receiving, which remembers alike the unfortunate and guilty in our Asylums and Institutions of Reform, why should it not enter the thick walls and barred windows of an Institution, within which hundreds find a temporary home for restraint and cure, too many of whom, alas! find relief only when the earthly house in which they dwell falls to decay, and the Spirit, freed from the tenement in which the light of reason grew dark, becomes itself again? Certain it is, if our annual festival, which has now taken on a national character, ought to be observed any where, and be made the occasion of blessing and joy, it should be among the inmates of our Institutions for the Insane.

It has been the custom of the worthy Superintendent of the Maine Insane Hospital, Dr. H. M. Harlow, to observe Thanksgiving, by not only giving a party to the inmates of the Hospital on the evening of that day, but also to remember in the bountifully supplied tables the temporal wants of each patient. This he has done, annually, during his long administration of the affairs of the Institution, of more than twenty-six years.

There are connected with the Hospital upwards of 500 persons, of whom the daily average of patients during the past year has been 414. The provision made for the annual Thanksgiving dinner this year was 75 turkeys,—of an average weight of over 8 pounds,—200 pounds of chicken, 200 pies, with other "good things" to match. The efficient, and gentlemanly Steward, C. B. Lokin, Esq., with his excellent corps of helpers, left nothing undone in his department to make the day one of pleasure and joy, so far as it could be done, so every inmate of the Hospital. A walk through the long halls, after all had retired from the tables, showed with what gratifying results.

Just here it may be said, that the daily consumption of food for so large a family is immense. A few items will show this. Nearly 1000 pounds of fresh meat are prepared for a single dinner; 2 barrels of beef are boiled for a "corned beef dinner"; 250 pounds of fresh fish for a single meal; 75 pounds of butter are used for a day's consumption; 17 barrels of flour for each week. The amount of milk used for the year ending 1877, was 11,614 gallons. The past year will show an increase of nearly one third. These figures show but the material in the gross; the care of its preparation, when it is remembered that among the inmates there are always many whose physical condition demands careful diet and special preparation of food, can hardly be estimated.

The annual party, to which reference has been made, is an occasion of much interest. The patients look forward to this yearly jubilee as the great event of the twelve months. For weeks previous it is anticipated with interest, and is the staple of conversation for a long time after. The party this year was held in the beautiful Chapel connected with the Hospital, which is used also as a place of weekly gathering and amusement. At 7 o'clock the Chapel doors were thrown open, and the worthy Superintendent and his wife with efficient Assistants, Drs. Sanborn and Neal, took their places to welcome their guests. First the female patients came in, their attendants mingling with them, then the male patients followed, and most with smiling faces, anticipating the good time before them. Some came forward, quietly and took their places on the seats that had been provided, others with

mirth-provoking demonstrations moved about the room with song and dancing. Of the patients, whom it seemed proper to invite to this party, 160 had accepted the invitation, who with attendants and other invited guests made a company of about 300. To give any full description of appearance and dress would be impossible. It is enough to say, that each patient is allowed to make his own arrangement for personal adorning. With some, it was evident much time must have been spent in preparation. In the case of a few the most singular taste was displayed in the adornment of their persons, and the arrangement of their toilets, the dresses presenting the most grotesque and fantastic appearance; with most, however, better sense and taste were manifested than are seen in many of the foolish styles that prevail in the community.

In matters of dress the insane persons are almost all outside hospital walls. Ample provision was made for the entertainment of the large company present; the resident officers and invited guests all vying with each other, in their assiduous and kindly efforts to make the evening a pleasant one to each patient.

Various games and plays fill up the hour, in which a large number bear a part; the good Superintendent and his Assistants and even the sober Chaplain are seen running here and there in the "old time games," with all the zest and relish of the most interested.

There is no formality, each moving here and there at pleasure. Some are boisterous in their merriment, a few find an obscure corner or secluded place, and are silent and apparently indifferent spectators of the scene,—most indeed regard the proprieties of the occasion, and maintain remarkable decorum, and are polite and courteous to each other. In fact, except for the expression of the countenance, a stranger would have hard work to indicate the insane from attendants and other guests. Good music is furnished during the evening; many of the patients joining in the familiar songs that are sung, or marching and dancing to the lively tunes that are played on piano and violin.

These pleasant exercises were interrupted by the Assistants bringing forward the refreshments which are served to all who come to the party. Each one is furnished with a well filled plate of candy, apples, cake and nuts. All partake with the greatest zest and comfort. After refreshment, the pleasures of the evening are again resumed. But the good time, like many another, has its end; and at nine o'clock the attendants gather the patients of their charge and quietly retire to their respective halls; each patient refreshed and benefited in many ways by the hours of relaxation and enjoyment and this temporary change in the current of their thought. Sure it is, that the Thanksgiving party of 1878 will, in the case of many, remain a bright-spot in their memories. Augusta, Me., Nov. 29.

MISSION WORK.

CONDUCTED BY REV. G. C. WATERMAN.
CANNIBALISM.

The civilized world has once more been shocked by a story of cannibalism which rivals those we used to hear thirty years ago, and we compile from the *Independent*, a brief account of it for our readers. The sad event took place in New Britain, a remote island, or group of islands, in the far off Pacific, north of Australia. Here the Australasian Wesleyan Missionary Society established a mission about three years ago, under the charge of Rev. George Brown, assisted by a number of native Fijian and Tongan missionaries and teachers. The natives had appeared friendly and hospitable; had received the teachers kindly as they traveled about among them, and invited them to repeat their visits. In April or May last a part of four made an excursion into the interior to places previously visited, and while pursuing this journey all were killed and eaten by a native chief and his people. Upon consultation it was deemed best that this flagrant outrage should be punished, and an expedition was organized for the purpose. Proceeding to the scene of the massacre the parties engaged in it were soon found out and their village of rude huts completely destroyed, as were, also, the scattered cabins of some of the guilty persons. The effect of this chastisement seems to have been wholesome, and the people punished appear to be penitent and have asked to have a teacher sent to them. After a full examination of all the circumstances the Missionary Board at Sydney fully acquitted Mr. Brown of any blame and justified him in the course pursued. It was a new experience in the history of that mission, at least, and something prompt and decisive was evidently necessary. It seems to have resulted in establishing a wholesome respect for the missionaries among the natives, and Mr. Brown is confident that no more trouble will be met with. In an editorial note the *Independent* justly says, "The Sandwich, the Fiji, the Friendly and other islands, and even the New Hebrides, have come under Christian sway, and the complete-

ness of the revolution wrought in them is attested by the fact that the Fijians, who as late as 1853 held a feast on human flesh, now become martyrs for Christianity among other cannibals. There could be no more effective answer to the question, 'Are the Fijians sincere Christians?'

TAKE NOTICE.

"The Harper's Ferry Quarterly Meeting, which met here yesterday, gave us the first fifty dollars toward the thousand now needed, beyond what is already pledged, to finish the building." So wrote Bro. Brackett, Nov. 18, as you saw in the *Star* of last week. What Q. M. will be the next to do likewise? Where is the Q. M. less able to do it than that one? Do you know what that fifty dollars stands for? It stands for short rations and scanty clothing and the giving up of household comfort—nay, household necessities, too often, on the part of those who gave it. It stands for self-denial and a determination to do what they can on the part of those brethren. If "God helps those who help themselves," let us imitate his wisdom, justice and generosity, and help these our brethren, struggling so bravely to provide for themselves and their children the privileges of which they and their fathers were robbed by the greed of slave holders. Let us be true to our principles, to the Anti-Slavery record of which we have boasted so much, and put shoulder to the wheel now, when there is a chance to lift to good purpose. Don't wait for any Q. M. to meet, but mail your letters to-morrow morning with Christmas gifts to Storer Normal School. It's less than thirty days to Christmas now, and that's when we want to have Myrtle Hall done and ready for use throughout. Push ahead, all along the line. Let the reserves come to the front, finish the work, and take all the glory, if they will.

READ IT AGAIN.

That Wisconsin Circular Letter. Good enough to be "set up" every month in the year, especially the paragraph quoted under "Brief Notes." How much good would be realized in all parts of our denomination if the policy there advocated would only be adopted and followed for five years. It would be one long step towards better days for scores of churches and scores of ministers, as well. The notion that every church must have a settled pastor, and must have preaching every Sunday, and must have it at half-past ten o'clock in the forenoon is likely to prove the death of not a few churches in the country, and some in villages and cities. Of course we would like for them all to have this and many other good things, but if we can not have all that we want, let us at least have what we can.

Ohio Correspondence.

The report of the Recording and Corresponding Secretaries of the Ohio Open Communion Baptist State Association will soon be issued in pamphlet form. From its advance leaves, we learn that earnest efforts are being put forth by the Society to introduce the weekly offering plan of giving for benevolent purposes in the churches that have not as yet adopted any system of giving.

The present hap-hazard way causes many, and burdens a few, and we can not say that fruit accrues to their account who give nothing for missions purposes. What we need, however small the gift, is to give regularly that we may pay constantly.

The Association has decided to employ Miss Nellie Phillips to do missionary work within its bounds the present year. She will introduce the Mission Cards, and do other much needed work. Being now their adopted missionary, to leave our shores for India next fall, the churches of our faith in Ohio will surely welcome the daughter of our veteran missionary, and speed her on her way, with their prayers, blessings and money, to help her in that grandest and noblest work of the church, to preach the gospel in the regions beyond. Looking to the years to come, it will be something to us all to have taken the hand of our own missionary and bidden her God speed.

Looking upon our effort in the light of what we have done, it may seem discouraging to think of laying this burden upon our shoulders, but in the light of what we ought to do, and can do without great sacrifice, if we once have system in giving, we need have no fear.

To the sisters of Ohio we commit Sister Phillips and her cause. If they say and do as we expect, our missionary will go to her chosen field of labor with a glad and thankful heart.—C. S. of C. F.

The Week of Prayer.

The programme for the Week of Prayer (the first week in January, 1879) suggests "Christian Union" as the subject for Sunday, January 5th; thanksgiving for the blessings of the past year for Monday; the Church of Christ and its continued prosperity for Tuesday; Christian education, the family, and the institutions of learning for Wednesday; nations, rulers, and peace and religious liberty for Thursday; the press, temperance, and other social reforms for Friday; and home and foreign missions for Saturday. On Sunday evening, January 12th, public union meetings are suggested.

S. S. Department.

Sabbath-School Lesson.—Dec. 15.

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

(For Questions see Lesson Papers.)

THE WALK TO EMMAUS.

GOLDEN TEXT: "And they said one to another, did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?"—*Verse 32.*

Luke 24:13-35.

Notes and Hints.

"Two of them." Two of the disciples, but not necessarily of the apostles. One of these was Cleopas. Barnes agrees with Lightfoot in the opinion that Cleopas and Alpheus, the father of James, are the same person. The other of the two is unknown. "That same day." The Jewish Monday, and our Sabbath. "Emmaus." A small place about eight miles west from Jerusalem. The name means "warm water." "Communed together and reasoned." The Christ, the claims of Jesus to be the Christ, the hopes he had raised only to be dashed by his death, and like themes, were discussed by them. "Their eyes were hidden." "Obscured so as not to see his face as of old, or his face was altered, by his own design so that they might not recognize him. Mark teaches that the latter was the case.

"And he said unto them, &c." Christ knew what they were talking about, but wished to draw them out and open the way for his revelation to them. "Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem?" The true and clearer reading is, "Dost thou alone sojourn in Jerusalem, and not know the things which have come to pass there in these days?"

"What things?" There was no violation of the law of truth in this, for the law of truth does not exclude or forbid such innocent deception. "Jesus of Nazareth." He is not now called the Christ. His death had proved to them that he was not the Messiah. "A prophet." Forced by the logic of events to deny his Messiahship, they fell back on the idea that he was a prophet of God. "Mighty in deed and word." One who performed supernatural works and "spoke as never man spoke." "Before God." That is, God evidently was with him, and all the people confessed it.

"Delivered him to be condemned." Put him in the hands of the Romans for that purpose. Notice the absence of expressed condemnation of the Jewish rulers. A censure on their course is, however, implied.

"Should have redeemed Israel." Here is voiced the national expectation in regard to the work of the Messiah, viz.: that he would emancipate the nation from thralldom to Rome and make Jerusalem the capitol of a supreme theocracy. "Certain women." See Luke 24:9-11. Mary Magdalene, Mary, wife of Cleopas or Alpheus (one of these two men), Joanna, or Salome, and others. "Seen also a vision of angels." In addition to the discovery that the body of Jesus was gone, they had seen the angels. "Which said that he was alive." This, all the writers in various ways report, but Matthew adds that the Lord met them as they went from the place. John declares that he appeared first to Mary Magdalene, but does not speak of her attendants. "Certain of them which were with us." Peter and John. "Saw not." The Lord met Peter some time that day, but under circumstances unknown to us. *Verse 34.*

"O fools, and slow of heart." "O foolish, and slow of heart" is more accurate. How slow to catch the true nature of Christ's office and work they had been. The meaning of the prophets they did not comprehend. "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things?" That is, was it not necessary, according to the Scriptures, that the Christ suffer these things? "Into his glory." According to the Scriptures, should not his glorious reign, for which Israel prayed and hoped, be begun after he had suffered? The glory of which Jesus here speaks was not his condition in the skies, but the glory of his career as Messiah; hence, of his reign on earth.

"In all the Scriptures." In Moses, the rites and sacrifices typified Jesus; in the Psalms and Prophets, the predictions of the Messiah were many. These Jesus explained, showing how they applied to him.

"Abide with us." Their home then was at Emmaus. The law of hospitality, in the East, was then a law of piety. It is now possible for us to constrain Christ to abide with us, in our churches, Sabbath-schools, homes, hearts. "Their eyes were opened." A real change in their vision, or else Christ assumed his old appearance before them. Oh, that the eyes of men were everywhere opened to the true majesty of our Lord! "Vanished." By the same power that enabled him suddenly to appear to the eleven a few hours later. "Did not our heart burn within us?" As the meaning of the Scripture was explained, and they saw that Jesus suffered and died according to the predictions, and, hence, was the Messiah, their hearts were aglow with delight. Their hopes were confirmed; the Christ of God had come and begun his reign.

Practical Lessons. (1) The incarnate and crucified Son of God rose from the dead and proved the truth of immortality. (2) When talking of Christ and desiring him, he draws near us and joins our company. (3) Christ and the Scriptures prove

each other to be of God. (4) Let us constrain Christ to abide with us.

"A GRAND FELLOW." A correspondent of the *Interior*, visiting a wealthy friend in Harri-burg, one evening, found his house full of people attending a "class prayer meeting." The chairs, sofas, and other seats were full, and many sat upon the carpet with their backs to the wall. Talking with one of these attendants, the correspondent found that his friend was also the teacher of a large Bible class, numbering some seven hundred, and mostly made up of poor people. Many of the class, his informant himself being one, had been drunkards, and had been reclaimed through the influence of their teacher. "I tell you," said this man, "he's a grand fellow." One reason why he thought so was because he never forgot to inquire after every member of his family. Another was because he owns an island up the river, and takes them all to an occasional picnic there, carrying along tents, balls and bats, croquet sets, and other games, heartily joining in with them in all their sports. "Why," he said, "he goes in swimming with us, and allows the fellows to jump off his back, and then, if you can't swim fast, look out for a ducking!" It is easy to see why that teacher is so great a favorite—greater than his wealth alone could make him. It is, also, to see what an enjoyment he gets out of his wealth that other rich men miss. To add to the happiness of seven hundred other people is to multiply one's own happiness by that large number.—*S. S. Teacher.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOOK BINDINGS. A correspondent of the *Congregationalist* writes: Any one can see that books for the Sunday-school should be the best bound of any. Other books you can read once and put to rest on the shelf; these go from hand to hand and from house to house. They are carefully handled—as much as you can expect. I insist on that with the school. We buy them to handle, and have a right to expect that they shall be made with that in view. Most of them are advertised for that very purpose. And yet no books cost so much as the Sunday-school book. The prices are high—very high, compared with the mechanical work expended—to say nothing of the intellectual. If cloth can not be made to do better service for book-backs, it is time to use something else—calfs, sheep, or tiger.

And if, after all, we do not pay enough, O publishers! we will pay more—double! it would be vastly cheaper for us than at present—if you will only guarantee to make us some books that shall last for the space of six months of ordinary Sunday-school wear.

A LARGE BIBLE CLASS. Mr. W. B. Harris, of Cincinnati, it is said, has built up a large Bible class, visitation of members being one of the main means employed. He has an Advisory committee, whose duty it is to plan for the good and for the growth of the class, and a visiting committee, whose province specially is to look after absentees. In the course of a year he has made 300 calls himself. There is no question but that the want of just such close looking after absentees is the secret of most of the Sabbath-school failures.—*S. S. Teacher.*

C. BAPTIST S. S. IN NEW YORK. The whole number of scholars reported in the Sunday-schools of New York State is 93,847; whole number of teachers, 11,414. The gain in the number of scholars over last year is 1,828; the gain in teachers, 198. The whole amount contributed is \$23,434, a gain of \$1,446. The whole number added to the churches the past year is 2,133, more than one-third being from the Sunday-schools.

TO BE SATURATED WITH THE LESSON. Rev. T. C. Cuyler, in the *Evangelist*, asks the following pertinent questions: "Does each teacher so study out the lesson in advance as to be saturated with it, as Gideon's fleece was soaked with morning dew? Does every teacher ardently strive to win his or her scholars to Jesus? If these questions can not be answered without anything like an honest 'yes,' then you have got a Sunday-school; but you have not got a Sunday-school."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL NEWS. The *S. S. Magazine*, affirming that "a willing mind" is an essential element in good teaching, says:

"The teacher who feels it is a burden to teach will make it a burden to his class to hear him. If he loves his work and his class, his class will love him and his work." We want no unwilling carpenters at work around our dwelling. The gaping seams will prove them to have been unconscious workmen.

Mrs. Sangster, writing in the *S. S. World* of the attractive character of Christ, remarks: "If we are so often in communion with our Lord, that we are being even now changed from one image of him to another, day by day, we shall be so sweet, so patient, and so tender, that the children will delight in our society." No one can feed the lambs who has not within the spirit of that tender Shepherd.

A new magazine, on the first of January, is to make its appearance at Lexington, Ky. Its prospectus is so almost word for word like the one we issued last year that we take it for granted that it is going to be a good periodical. It is to be called *The Parents' and Teachers' Monthly*, and is to be edited by C. C. Cline, C. P. Williamson and G. W. Yancey, together with five "associate editors," located in as many different States.

Considerable impatience is being felt in regard to the completion of the revision of the Bible. The desire is growing to see the new revision in print. It is now positively announced that the New Testament will be finished in time to be issued in the spring of 1880, just five hundred years after John Wycliffe completed the first version of the Scriptures in the English language.

Communications.

THE WORK OF WOMAN IN THE CHURCH.

[A paper read by Rev. J. M. Brewster at the Semi-centennial Anniversary of the organization of the Onondaga, R. I., Free Baptist church, Nov. 7.]

The Christian church is the purest and best of all organizations. When we consider what it is, and what it has done during the centuries of its existence, we are constrained to sing with Dr. Dwight, "I love thy kingdom, Lord," and all the sublime words of this immortal hymn. It is not simply for the church universal that we have a love which is strong and abiding, but also for the local church which often stands to us for the church universal.

Though in an important sense there is in the Christian church neither male nor female, for all are one in Christ Jesus, yet we can not properly regard the facts of history and overlook in it the place and work of woman. In the scenes of the advent and childhood of Jesus, there were Mary his mother, the noblest and first of all women, Elizabeth, and Anna the prophetess. Later in his life, there were Mary Magdalene and Martha and Mary of Bethany and others, who, with some of these, were the last at the cross and first at the sepulcher. And there were in the Apostolic church many, among whom were Dorcas of Joppa, full of good works and alms-deeds, Phoebe, the deaconess of Cenchrea, a succor of Paul, Lydia of Thyatira, Priscilla, the wife of Aquila, who and her husband were helpers of the same apostle, and Persis "which labored much in the Lord," who were so eminent for piety and usefulness that they were considered worthy of mention in the Acts and the Epistles.

Woman has found a place and a recognition in the church, especially when movements have been made towards a higher plane of living and increased activity. In the rise and growth of Methodism, the great religious event of the last century which has extended into the present, she acted a conspicuous part. The name of Susannah Wesley will ever be mentioned as its real founder, as well as the mother of its reputed founder. Lady Huntingdon was the patron of George Whitefield, and Barbara Heck was the instrument through which American Methodism had its origin.

Among Free Baptists the position of woman is honorable and her service grateful. No true history of them can be written and there not be a recognition of her efficient agency. She has ever been a leader in social work, a power in meetings of prayer and conference, a valuable auxiliary in labors of love and beneficence and a great bearer of burdens. Her piety has been of the most exemplary type, her spirit of consecration and self-denial has, as a rule, surpassed that of her brother, and her work has supplemented his at every point. To-day, we see her vigorously pushing forward a movement to give the blessed gospel of her Saviour to her sisters, until recently enslaved at the South, and those in distant heathen India. There have been a few glorious names, mothers in Israel indeed, who have passed over the river and joined the great company of the saints in heaven, and there are some who still linger on this side of it. But so quietly and unostentatiously has woman worked, that we feel assured that there will be discovered to be a great company of unknown, but faithful ones, whose names will be found to be "written in the Lamb's book of life." The spirit of the women of the early church lives in those of to-day and in our own denomination. There are Marys and Marthas, Dorcas and Lydias, and Phebes and Priscillas not a few. In view of what they are and what they do, we are constrained to say, God bless them!

What has been said in this general way, is true of woman, her place and work in this church the semi-centennial of which is now observed. In the organization which took place Nov. 7, 1828, there was a slight preponderance of the women over the men, and at nearly every period in its history the former have outnumbered the latter by at least two to one—a thing not uncommon with Christian churches. This fact is in itself significant. It has been confidently asserted, by one who has ample means of knowing, that the founder of the church, and its pastor for twenty-five years, found his best laborers and most efficient and reliable supporters among the women. There were those who were to him what Phoebe, Priscilla and Persis were to Paul. The amount and value of their work as helpmeets and sympathizers can not be computed. Through them, a silent and unostentatious work has been done, and a strong and lasting influence has been exerted.

Woman has also nobly sustained her part in the more manifest work of the church. In numbers and earnestness, she has been foremost in the social services in which her voice has been constantly heard. Her piety has been conspicuous and influential in the home. In numerous instances, where the husband has stood outside the church and declined to participate in its work, she has entered into covenant with it, and has been its firm adherent.

In the Sunday-school, woman has occupied a leading position as a teacher. Her work here has been most valuable. As among those who have participated in this work, there have been, in times long

past, one,* familiarly known as "Aunt Amy" who, still lives at an advanced age, then, a mother who though dead still lives in her numerous pupils and in a son who is an honored officer in the church, then more recently one,† strong and courageous, whose earthly pilgrimage is well-nigh ended, and who is even spending her last days on earth, and then one who has been the infant teacher of scores now in the school, and who seems likely to enter soon upon the higher tuition above. Nobly have these and others labored.

Woman's benevolent and beneficent work in the church, early took an organized form, in the Dorcas Society. Is it too much to say that this organization has, during the nearly twenty-eight years of its existence, been an embodiment of the spirit of that saintly and useful woman of the primitive church from whom it derived its name? Many a benediction has, during these years, been pronounced upon its work. The poor and suffering in the community, as well as the church itself, have found in it a true and steadfast friend.

In this church, there was, at an early day, formed a Woman's Missionary Society, one of the first existing in the denomination. And in the present work of woman in behalf of woman, to which reference has been already made, there was organized here the first auxiliary of the Woman's Missionary Society in the State, under the leadership of a pastor's wife who was the foremost in every good work. Its activity and efficiency are manifest in its large contributions. First, in its organization, it is second to none in its work.

I have referred, somewhat definitely, to a few of the noble and efficient women of this church. Let me designate three others, two of whom have been known to me personally, and the third has become endeared to me by a benevolent and significant act.

There was among you, for eight years, the saintly wife of an honored pastor, and a mother as well, whose piety was deep and firm and yet unostentatious. Efficient and faithful in every relation which she sustained, and honoring her Saviour in the testimony which she bore in her triumphant death, she bequeathed to this church and the church universal a rich legacy of Christian character. It was most fitting that her body, worn with labor and emaciated with disease, should repose in your "Ministers' Rest."

A score and a half years ago, there was among you one in early womanhood, sharp of visage and nimble of step. In some respects she might be considered in advance of her times. Her convictions were held with all the tenacity of life. She gave much of the strength of her young womanhood to what was, in that day, an unpopular cause, the emancipation of the slave, but one which has since triumphed. For a time, led by a wrong conception of duty, she turned from the church, because she believed it unfaithful to the demands of the hour. She has since returned to it, and is active in performing deeds of love through its instrumentality. The church is, in turn, rich in her piety and works. Let her spirit and example be imitated! She is still in spirit one of the youngest present with you to-night.

During the past year, one, § in advanced life passed over the river. Though not recently mingling actively with you, yet she maintained, to the last, a deep interest in your welfare. Possessing more than an ordinary share of worldly riches, she recognized the fact that she was a stewardess of the Lord. This church and three sister churches in the Association and the several benevolent enterprises of the denomination have abundant reason to remember her as a benefactor. She disposed wisely, and blessed be her memory!

Have we not found in these three the fitting representatives of the quiet, earnest piety, the persistent activity and the benevolence of woman in this church? There may be others who should have a place with them. If so, the still better portion remains to them, as well as to these. The record of what they were and what they did is on high. The future will disclose it.

Such is only a brief outline of the work of woman in this church, during the fifty years now closed. At the commencement of this period, the path before the church was new and untrodden. The work undertaken has been nobly and successfully done. It is in the power of you, my sisters, who are members of this church, to shape largely the course, and determine the work of woman here for the next fifty years. Never was your field of usefulness so wide, and never were your opportunities so grand and numerous as to-day. Let it be the aim of each one to make the most of herself possible and to do the most possible. And may God help you and bless you!

Amusements are an accurate index of the national stamina, and the frivolous, licentious amusements, now so common, indicate that the American is undergoing an enervating, debauching process, as the cruel gladiatorial amusements of the Roman indicated that he underwent a hardening, brutalizing process. And it is difficult to say which is worse, in the sweep of years, and with reference to the perpetuity of society—this modern softening of the brain, or that ancient ossification of the heart.—*Shedd.*

*Miss Amy Andrews, †Mrs. Candace Hubbard (Smith) died Feb. 5, 1884. ‡Miss Catherine Stone died Nov. 12, 1878. §Mrs. Elizabeth R. Howe, died Feb. 8, 1874. †Mrs. Mary A. Franklin, died Feb. 1878.

HOW CHRISTIANS MAY SHINE.

The Prophet Isaiah says, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come." And Jesus Christ said, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." But how may Christians obey these injunctions? What should they do in order that they may shine? I will indicate two ways.

Christians may shine by the possession of a clear knowledge of the will of God as made known in the Bible. Very little knowledge is necessary to constitute a Christian. If we wish to know what is necessary to this, we must go to the Bible for information. We there find that the apostles told men that they were in imminent danger, and needed immediate deliverance. And they exhorted them to repent, and to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and they taught that the exercise of faith was immediately followed by salvation. Thus, at Antioch in Pisidia, Paul said, "Be it known unto you, therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by him all that believe are justified from all things." A deep sense of sinfulness, an earnest desire to be saved, a willingness to be saved in God's own way, a reception of the truth that Jesus Christ made atonement for sinners, and an implied reliance on that fact, are all that is necessary to constitute a Christian.

But it is the duty of every Christian to become acquainted with the will of God as it is made known in the Bible. Such an acquaintance will include the doctrines taught, the facts stated, the duties enjoined, and the privileges indicated. We are exhorted, "As new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the Word, that ye may grow thereby." We are to leave "the principles of the doctrines of Christ," and to "go on unto perfection."

There is a wide field open before us, and we should enter it, and explore it, and treasure up the things we find in the Bible. Those Christians who are content with an imperfect knowledge of the Bible, may be very humble and very sincere, but they do not shine, and display the glory of Jesus Christ. But the Christian who is a diligent student of the Word of God, who not only reads but meditates thereon, so that he understands "the fear of the Lord," and finds "the knowledge of God," who knows what God has revealed, and is able to give an intelligent answer to those who may inquire or make statements with reference to the teachings of the Bible, is a Christian who shines. In order to this it is not necessary to be a minister, and to spend the whole time in the study of the Bible. It is only necessary to act on the statement of the Psalmist, "I will delight myself in thy statutes; I will not forget thy word."

Christians may also shine by a steady obedience to all the commands of God. The world is full of skepticism as to the truths of the Bible, and of indifference to the claims of religion. The groundwork of this state of things is found in the natural inclinations of men. They do not wish to believe the Bible, and therefore they readily lay hold of second-hand and worn-out objections, without taking any pains to inquire into their relevance or value. What Jesus Christ said to Nicodemus is true now as then, "This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil."

But skepticism and indifference are greatly strengthened and increased by the inconsistent and lax conduct of Christians. I know that men are censorious. I know that Jesus Christ said to his disciples, "If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you." I know that Christians are to expect to be persecuted for righteousness' sake. But when we have said all this, and much more that might be said, we are obliged to admit that many who profess to be Christians do things which are inconsistent with the Christian character, and that they thus give occasion to the world to find fault with them, and to wonder at their conduct.

I believe that some Christians would be more careful than they are if they knew how frequently worldlings speak of these things, and how often they parade the inconsistencies of Christians as an objection to Christianity itself, or as an excuse for their own neglect of religion. It is not only great evils that have to be guarded against; for small things are taken into the account when estimating the value of a Christian professor. Among such things I may name, a want of punctuality in meeting financial engagements, a neglect to fulfill promises, inexactness in making statements of fact, or in repeating the words of others, light and frivolous conversation, careful attention to the claims of fashion, love of the world and of worldly duties, and inattention to religious duties. You may call these things unimportant; but they are the things which are brought forward as objections, and they do detract from Christian character. Those who do these things may be Christians, but they do not shine. They are obscuring the light which they ought to display to the world, and therefore their influence is not what it ought to be.

But the consistent Christian is always exerting a good influence. He may think that no one takes any notice of what he does, but the eyes of men are upon him. He may occupy a very lowly position; but his influence is powerful. He is trying to do right in little things as well as in large ones, having a regard only to

the will of God, but men see the light of Jesus Christ, as it shines from him. "No man liveth to himself."

Such a Christian exerts a good influence upon his fellow Christians. Some are in doubt as to certain things, as to whether they are right or wrong, and what we do leads them to decide on their own course of action. Others are exposed to temptation, but our conduct influences them to resist it. Some are disposed to indolence, but they will follow where we lead. And others will be insensibly influenced by our devoted Christian conduct.

Such a Christian will be the means of good to those who are exposed to irreligious influences, and may lead them to salvation. A lady once said to me of another lady of whom she was speaking, "She was the means of leading me to Christ. It was not what she said to me that led to this result, but I spent some time in her family, and her daily Christian conduct led me to see the reality of religion, and I was thus led to receive Christ as my Saviour."

Such a Christian will exert an influence upon those who are opposed to religion. They know what a Christian should be, and while they wish to find flaws and imperfections, their search for these brings before them the excellences of Christian consistency when they are manifested, and such persons, while not finding what they seek for, are sometimes led to yield themselves to Christ. W. H.

CALL ON YOUR PASTOR.

Very many parishioners make a sad mistake by neglecting to call on their pastor and his family. They think, perhaps, it all belongs to him and his wife to make all the calls. But such is a grave mistake and should be corrected. Judgment, it is true, should be exercised in this matter. Lengthy calls should be avoided, and calls on Saturday not often made unless on special business.

But there are times when calls by parishioners would be highly appreciated by a pastor and his wife. Try it, brother and sister. Perhaps you have not called on your pastor for six weeks; it may be for six months. It may be a whole year, and so you do not know how they appear at home in their own family. And neither do you know how he and his family fare in temporal things. You wonder, perhaps, why Mrs. A., the minister's wife, don't go to church of late; why she is not a teacher in the Sunday-school; why not to the circle and other places of entertainment. Yes, why?

Go immediately, and learn why. If she is too modest to tell you the reason why, then gently inquire something about her apparel, and perhaps you'll be led into the secret of her absence. Be careful that she does not disguise the fact that she is very needy, with no means to relieve her necessities. Call on your pastor and family and cheer them by alms-deeds, and show that you appreciate his labors, and esteem him highly for his works' sake.

A short call on your minister and a few words of cheer in commendation of his sermon the past Sabbath may lift a heavy burden from his aching heart. For often his sermons to him seem very poor, and not in time or place when, perhaps, it was just the meat which fed you. Don't be afraid of puffing him up by speaking in a proper manner of his efforts to feed the hungry souls. If you were fed by the truth presented, tell him so, and speak of it in the prayer-meeting.

If you would call on your pastor and family, it would be reciprocated. You would see him more frequently at your home, and there would be stronger attachments created, and there would be a better understanding between pastor and people, and a strong bond of love and union felt. PHILIP.

THE HOPE LAID UP IN HEAVEN.

Brethren, what is the hope which is laid up for us in heaven? It would need many a sermon to bring out all the phases of delight which belong to that hope. It is the hope of victory, for we shall overcome every foe, and Satan shall be trodden under our feet. A palm of victory is prepared for our hands, and a crown for our heads. Our life struggle shall not end in defeat, but in complete and eternal triumph, for we shall overcome through the blood of the Lamb. Nor do we hope for victory only; but in our own persons we shall possess perfection. We shall one day cast off the slough of sin, and shall be seen in the beauty of our new-born life. Truly, "it doth not yet appear what we shall be," but when we think of the matchless character of our Lord Jesus, we are overjoyed by the assurance that "we shall be like him." What an honor and a bliss for the younger brethren to be like the first-born! To what higher honor could God himself exalt us? I know not of ought which could surpass this. Oh, matchless joy to be as holy, harmless, and undefiled as our own beloved Lord! How delightful to have no propensity to sin remaining in us, nor trace of his ever having been there! How blissful to perceive that our holy desires and aspirations have no weakness or defect remaining in them! Our nature will be perfect and fully developed, in all its sinless excellence. We shall love God, as we do now, but oh, how much more intensely! We shall rejoice in God, as we do now, but oh, what depth there will be in that joy! We shall delight to serve him as we do now, but there will then be no coldness of heart, no languor of spirit, no temptation to turn aside. Our service will be as perfect as that of angels. Then shall we say to ourselves without fear of any inward failure, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name." There will be no recreant affection then; no erring judgment, no straying passion, no rebellious lust; there will remain nothing which can deile, or weaken, or distract. We shall be perfect, altogether perfect. This is our hope—victory over evil and perfection in all that is good. If this were all our hope, it would be marvellous, but there is more to be unfolded.—*Spurgeon.*

Selections.

ABIDING WITH GOD.

"Let every one, whether he be a saint or a sinner, abide with God." So wrote old Saint Paul to them at Corinth, and to me, With loving speech to-night that truth was told.

I had grown weary with my strifes and cares, And murmured o'er the service of the day, Wherein I had forgotten, unawares, That thus I still might honor and obey.

"Abide with God," would I might ne'er forget, That evermore I may with him abide, What matters how or where the stamp is set, Or what the furnace where the gold is tried, So that the metal has the sterling ring, So that the likeness of the King is shown? God's coinage still, that to the soul may bring Such wealth as merchant princes have not known.

In market places where the race is swift, And competition on temptation waits; In quiet homes where unseen currents drift, A thousand petty cares through open gates; Let each and all, whatever the calling be, Thine abide with God: from break of day Till set of sun they shall his purpose see, And serve him in his own appointed way.

So let me see and serve, and thus abide: Not simply patient, or at best content; Not with eye-service, in which, love denied, In rounds of duty solemn days are spent. Give me, O Lord, joy that is divine; Touch thou my lips with constant themes of praise; Since, having thee, all things I need are mine, Whatever my lot, whatever my length of days.

CHILDREN IN THE FACTORIES.

The subject of Mr. Cook's lecture on the 25th of November was "Mrs. Brown's Cry of the Children," and in it the speaker revealed the abuses that children suffer in the factories, and offered some corrective suggestions. We can not do much more than lay down the propositions which he emphasized:

1. Much modern machinery can be managed by women and children as remuneratively as by men.

2. When a child, or young person, or woman can be hired for fifty or eighty cents a day, and mature labor costs twice or three that sum, the temptation to manufacturers is great to hire the cheapest effective labor.

It is said by many that we ought not to interfere with the law of supply and demand, but why have I summarized this English legislation? In order to show you that practically England has interfered for half a century.

3. When, as in Massachusetts, families of operatives depend upon children's earnings from one-fifth to one-sixth of the family income, the temptation to parents is great to force their children into early labor in the mills.

4. Between the greed of employers and the necessities of parents, the factory child is thus deprived of a proper education.

5. The wages of mature labor are reduced by competition with child labor.

My purpose is to fasten your attention upon the facts logically connected, as a chain running through this whole vexed topic of capital and labor. This chain, by the by, is welded by no human hand; and, according to the use we make of its links, it is either the chain that is to choke America severely, or the one that will bind back into impotence some of the worst industrial and political evils that assail her.

6. An ignorant operative class is inevitably produced by the neglect of early education of factory children through the greed of employers and the carelessness of parents.

7. An ignorant is likely to be a more or less helpless and suffering class.

8. An ignorant, helpless and suffering class naturally becomes a politically and socially discontented, explosive and criminal class.

9. The law of self-preservation, therefore, justifies State interference with the relations of capital and labor, so far as the regulation of the work and education of children and young persons is concerned.

10. Fifty years of factory legislation in Great Britain, the United States, Germany and most other civilized States have established the principle of governmental interference in protection of the interests of children, young persons, and women in the trades, though not of men.

Here is the central proposition asserting the necessity of governmental interference, not in the socialistic sense, but in the republican, democratic sense; the principle of governmental interference in protection of the rights of children, young persons and women, though not of the rights of mature labor, which is allowed to be boxed about under the laws of supply and demand.

11. No child under ten years of age should be employed in any factory.

The German Social Science Association insists upon it that no married woman should be employed in a factory.

12. No child under fifteen should be so employed unless able to show a certificate of an adequate amount of school instruction, to be required by law, and also a surgical certificate of physical fitness for his labor.

13. Compulsory education in the common schools is in America a better measure than the English half-time schools for factory children, for the half-time schools foster a class distinction foreign to the spirit of American institutions, and are not effective enough to train American voters adequately.

14. But, if the State assumes the care of the education of the child until the fifteenth or sixteenth year, overseers of the poor should be instructed to aid families who suffer from the lack of the earnings of children whom the government requires to be in school.

15. The system of apprenticeship has departed from modern trades, and at present nothing exists in its place.

16. If the State takes the child from the parent until its fifteenth or sixteenth year, the government should give the child back so instructed as to be able to earn something.

17. Developing schools and school shops might, therefore, be well made to follow for a year or two the common school instruction; and such schools should be assisted by the State, and would constitute the crowning protection of children's rights in the trades.

There are no proper conceptions, I think, in society at large, of the value of educating the uneducated poor. Why, where have many of the greatest inventors come from? Who was Robert Burns? Who is the American Edison? Who was Ferguson when he lay on his back and

stretched a thread before him, put heads upon it and marked the positions of the stars and made a map of the constellations in the peasant's hut? Who was that rail-splitter who was assassinated in Washington at the end of a civil war, and over whose eloquence, as well as over whose statesmanship, every zone of the planet stood hushed in wonder? The talent that lies in the lowest population—how are we ever to know how great it is unless we bring Burns out from under the thatch and Ferguson up from his peasant's hut, and our Edison into proper employment, and our Lincoln from his hovel up until he finds the place God made for him at the summit of political power in the foremost nation of modern times? Where are the lax exponents of law, and the fleecers and tempters of the poor, who keep the veil of vice or ignorance hung over the eyes of the lower populations? A man very rarely finds out what great things are in him until he drops all the weights that impede his race. He does not know how swift he can be until every bad habit is sloughed off. Where are the men who execute the laws against intemperance? Shut your grog-shops, open your schools, and God knows what flashing jewels you may yet dig out of the neglected ores at the very bottom of the unwrought mine of the modern world.

What I want is pretty nearly as much as Great Britain has, except her undemocratic half-time schools.

"Still all day the iron wheels go onward, Grinding life down from its mark; And children's souls, which God is calling upward, Spin on blindly in the dark."

"How long, how long, O cruel nation, Will you stand to move the world on a child's heart, Stifle down with matted heels its palpitation And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?"

Our blood splashes upward, O gold heaper, And your purple shows your path; But the child's sob in the silence cries deeper Than the strong man in his wrath."

—Mrs. Browning, *The Cry of the Children*.

Mr. Cook announced that the subject of his next lecture would be, "Sex in Industry."

TRIM YOUR LAMPS.

Dear brother, whether you be pastor or deacon or layman, let us entreat you to arise and trim your lamp and see that it has oil. Wait on God. Open your soul to him. Be much in secret prayer, and do not haste from the throne of grace. Pray, and pray again. If you feel an unusual interest in the prosperity of Christ's kingdom, tell it to some one else. Form a group who shall seek the same favor. Extend this as fast as you can. Tell it to the church, and enlist it in your desires. Tell it to the world. It will listen; and some of its lost ones will be saved if you will go to it in such a frame as God will give you in answer to your petitions.

FEAR OF HUMAN JUDGMENT.

I am just going to do something which I have clearly made up my mind to do, and some friend passing by catches sight of me, standing with the tools all in my hands, and on a mere momentary impulse he cries out: "What a fool you are to do that!" and so passes on and has forgotten it, and my plan in a moment. And yet it is just this sort of taunt, or the fear of it, which has blighted many a sweet and healthful impulse in the bud. It is good for us often to know how superficial, how lightly made, how soon forgotten, are the judgments of our brethren which sound so solemn, and which tyrannize over us so. Such a feeling sets us free, and makes us independent. Be sure that you may feel that about any cruel criticism that is hampering you, and may cast it aside and forget it, and go your way. The man who made it has probably forgotten it long ago.—Phillips Brooks.

A GOOD START.

A brother minister recently forwarded a donation from two young ladies to aid an important portion of Christ's work. He wrote in reference to the givers that when they were little children "he came as pastor into the place where they lived." I induced them to plant a patch in the garden for money to give to Christ's service. This was continued from year to year, and now they have grown up, but they have got into the way of giving out of their own earnings, and we doubt not but that their interest has been secured for life." And then he added: "I am glad to think that I was enabled to start them on such a course. With the hearts of the children we secure a promise for future missions."—Christian Intelligencer.

TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

The female members of our churches have other duties besides going to the ladies' prayer-meetings, one of which may possibly be to avoid display in dress at church. One of the finest things we have for a long time heard was the remark that a certain lady saves the congregation where she worships ten thousand dollars a year. A woman of wealth and of high social culture and position, she yet makes it a rule to dress for church in a manner so plain and inexpensive as to throw her whole influence against any undue expenditure in that direction, thus helping to make everybody feel satisfied to attend Sabbath worship with such and only such outlay as can fairly be afforded. Such women are greatly needed in many congregations, and the good which they may accomplish is beyond estimate, especially in these times when so many in every community are obliged to exercise the closest economy.—Congregationalist.

OUT OF WORK.

When young men, called of God to preach, have the fire burning in their bones, they will go out in search of perishing souls. We have no patience with the Miss Nancy style of nice young men with immaculate linen, gold studs, and kid gloves, who stand at the doors of the old conferences and while because they churches do not require their services! There is room in our country for five thousand such young preachers, baptized with the Holy Spirit, who would have as much assurance of support as did Paul or Silas, or Barnabas or Peter. If God's glory and the salvation of perishing souls are paramount considerations with them, there is ample room, and the call is as loud as if sounded by the trumpet of Gabriel. But men are wanted; not babes that cry for pap!—San Francisco Advocate.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Holiday Music Books

CHRISTMAS CAROLS. Now is the time to get your Christmas Music. We recommend—Dressler's Christmas Carols (20 cts.) 20 beautiful and original songs; or Howard's Ten Christmas Carols (20 cts.), or Eleven Christmas Carols (20 cts.), or Christmas Carols (15 cts.), 15 Carols by Waterbury; or one, many or all of the above. A valuable book is Christmas Carols, Old and New (40 cts.), also 100 other single Carols (5 to 10 cts.).

CHURCH OFFERING. By L. O. CHRISTIAN, Author of "The Church Offering," a complete set of Anthems and Chants for all the Festivals and Services of the year. A fine book.

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Enlive your fingers for Christmas playing by practicing **MASON'S PIANOFORTE TECHNIQUE** (\$2.50), the Best Finger Gymnasium now.

Any book mailed, post-free, for the above prices.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

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HARP-ETTE.

The Great MUSICAL INVENTION of the AGE

A Revolution in Music.

PATENT APPLIED FOR.

THE HARP-ETTE is a new instrument which meets a want long felt by the public. The delicious music of the HARP is here produced by any one, man, woman or child, even though entirely ignorant of music. The strings are numbered from one to ten, and the music which accompanies the instrument is numbered in like manner, instead of being printed in notes. Thus, by using "Home, Sweet Home," or any other tune, you only need to glance at the music to ascertain the number of the note and pick the string which is correspondingly numbered.

With this instrument any one can play all the popular airs of the day, or in fact any music which has ever been published. No training is required. It can be played upon at once as well as after months of practice. Everybody appreciates the music of the harp. It is the king of musical instruments, and this is a perfect harp in miniature—the same delicious tones, and should be in every family in the land. Any one who can read this advertisement can play it at once as well as the most accomplished musician. Elegantly finished, and an ornament to any room, it is a simple instrument, which will last a lifetime. Can not get out of order. Securely packed in a strong box, and sent by express, for price of \$2.00.

We also send with it a large lot of music numbered as explained above. The list includes "Home, Sweet Home," "The Bird Song," "Sweet Bye and Bye," "Old Folks at Home," "Hold the Fort," and all the favorite melodies of the day. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. Every one who purchases endorses them and recommends them to their neighbors. Think of it—no more tedious months of study to master music! Here is a superb musical instrument all ready for use, requiring no practice to play perfectly. Send at once and in the HARP-ETTE you will have a "thing of beauty and a joy forever."

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GEO. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

To whom all orders should be addressed.

Any writing mentioning that you saw this advertisement in the Morning Star.

13445

HELP!

FOR THE WEAK,

NERVOUS AND

DEBILITATED!

The afflicted can now be restored to perfect health and bodily energy, at home, without the use of medicine of any kind.

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For self-application to any part of the body, meet every requirement.

The most learned physicians and scientific men of Europe and this country endorse them.

These noted Curative Appliances have now stood the test for upward of thirty years, and are protected by letters-patent in all the principal countries of the world. They were decreed the only Award of Merit for Curative Appliances at the great World's Exhibitions—Paris, Philadelphia, and elsewhere—and have been found the most valuable, safe, simple, and efficient known treatment for the cure of disease.

READER, ARE YOU AFFLICTED?

and wish to recover the same degree of health, strength, and energy as experienced in former years? Do any of the following symptoms or class of symptoms meet your case? Do you feel that you are suffering from ill-health in any of its many and multifarious forms, consequent upon a lingering, nervous, chronic or functional disease? Do you feel nervous, debilitated, fretful, timid, and lack the power of will and action? Are you subject to loss of memory, headache, nervousness, fullness of blood in the head, feel listless, mooping, unfit for business or pleasure, and subject to fits of melancholy? Are you indolent, stomach, or blood, in a disordered condition? Do you suffer from rheumatism, neuralgia, or sciatica? Have you been indisposed in early years and find yourself harassed with a multitude of gloomy symptoms, such as nervousness, depression, and forgetfulness, and your mind continually dwelling on the subject? Have you lost confidence in yourself and energy for business pursuits? Are you subject to any of the following symptoms: Restless nights, broken sleep, night-mare, dreams, palpitation of the heart, basili-furcula, confusion of ideas, aversion to society, dizziness in the head, dimness of sight, pinpoints and blotches on the face and back, and other despondent symptoms? Thousands of young men, the middle-aged, and even the old, suffer from nervous and physical debility, and are unable to perform their duties, and are in danger of losing their health, and even their lives, if they neglect a subject so productive of health and happiness when there is at hand a means of restoration?

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ELECTRIC BELTS AND BANDS

cure those various diseased conditions, after all other means fail, and we offer the most convincing testimony direct from the afflicted themselves, who have been restored to health.

HEALTH, STRENGTH, AND ENERGY,

after struggling in vain for months and years. Send now for DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLET and THE ELECTRIC QUARTERLY, a large illustrated journal, containing full particulars and testimonials worth thousands. Copies mailed free. Address,

PULVERMACHER GALVANIC CO.,

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Avoid bogus appliances claiming electric qualities. Our Pamphlet explains how to distinguish the genuine from the spurious.

50 BEST CARDS. No. 2 alike, printed in Clinton or Jet, 13c. CLINTON BROS., Clintonville, Conn.

GOLD PLATED WATCHES. Cheaper than silver. All kinds of watches. Agents, Address, A. CUYLER & CO., Chicago.

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WITH NOTES, is a splendid work for Agents. None like it. All kinds of Bibles. Agents, Address, H. S. GOODSPEED & CO., New York or Cincinnati, O.

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Agents' profits per week. Will prove it or forfeit \$500. New article. Samples sent. Address, W. H. CHICHESTER, 218 Fulton St., N. Y.

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CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD. They are used by all the great powers at the present time. Equal in power to the best. Sample by mail, postpaid. Send for Circular. J. BRIDE & CO., 207 Broadway, New York.

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An indispensable requisite in every kitchen and bakery for measuring instead of weighing sugar, flour, etc., and for liquids by the quart, pint, and fluid ounce.

They are made by express on receipt of 80 cents, or by mail, post paid, on receipt of 86 cents.

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ONLY GOLD MEDAL

AWARDED TO AMERICAN MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AT

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the highest distinction in the power of the Judges to confer.

Two Highest Medals.

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They have been awarded the

PARIS, 1867, HIGHEST HONORS

At the Paris Exposition, 1878, they are awarded the GOLD MEDAL.

At the Paris Exposition, 1878, they are awarded the BRONZE MEDAL.

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POND'S EXTRACT.

THE GREAT

PAIN DESTROYER AND SPECIFIC

FOR INFLAMMATORY DISEASES

AND HEMORRHOIDS.

Rheumatism. No other known ever performed such wonderful cures of the most distressing disease in its various forms. Sufferers who have tried everything else without relief, can rely upon being entirely cured by using Pond's Extract.

Neuralgia. head, stomach or bowels, are speedily cured by the free use of the Extract. No other medicine will cure so quickly.

Hemorrhages. bleeding, either external or internal, it is always reliable, and is used by Physicians of all schools with a certainty of success. For bleeding of the lungs it is invaluable. Our Nasal and Female Syringes and Embolus are material aids in cases of internal bleeding.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1878.

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

The Western Editorial Office is at 157 Dearborn St., Chicago.

THE NEW PROFESSORSHIP.

The new professorship on the relations of Christianity and Science, recently founded at Andover, is one of the significant signs of the times. It means that the religious scholarship of the United States is determined to be fitted for all its duties, so far as the discussion of living questions is concerned. Referring last week to this new professorship, Rev. Joseph Cook said:

There is now to be given to professional students of theology, special training in both observing and interpreting all facts of strategic value on the whole blazing line of contest, or of agreement, as you please, between religion and science. Some of the Andover phraseology is peculiarly happy. The new professorship has been called a chair founded to discuss the relations between religion and other science, or between theology and the other sciences. It is not admitted for a moment that in the chair of theology proper the scientific method is applied strictly to the discussion of religious truth than it is to be in this new department. It is the relation of science to science that we discuss when we take up the topic of religion and science and their connection in modern times.

It is such a chair of instruction as this that thoughtful young men have been asking for, the last dozen years. In meeting the skepticism and materialism of the time, they have felt the need of just the training that this professorship offers them. The demand for special training on the part of those who are to discuss scientific facts in their religious bearing has been steadily growing in late years. Let us be thankful that the generosity of a woman has at length enabled our theological students to make some preparation to meet this demand.

So far as Andover is concerned, this is a sign that "Religious science," in the words of Mr. Cook, "proposes to look north, south, east and west, and never to be wall-eyed."

Do skeptics and rationalists propose to do the same thing? American religious scholarship is not afraid of investigation, but founds lectureships and professorships to meet you half way; and what do you find? Where are your colleges? Where are your lecture-ships? Where are your great endowments? Where are your libraries? Where are your books one hundred years old? I put that question to the four winds and obtain no answer. We meet you more than half way, and on heights commanding your camps are planting stern lines of artillery. I do not see the heights you are likely to occupy years hence. I do not see how the present defences of materialistic infidelity can survive in a circle of modern artillery fire, that is of public, clear discussion, which prints itself and enters the open fateful contests of authorship. I do not see that you are likely to hold your camps. I see rather that every entrenchment of materialism is likely to be ridden through and through with the heaviest artillery of intellectual discussion within a hundred years.

At the same time, the work of the specialist should not be underrated. He has done much for which the world of thought is indebted to him. But a man's sympathies may become very narrow by exclusive devotion to any one branch of physical science. And the theologian is as likely to fall into this error as the physical scientist. If one doubts it, the dogmatism in the name of religion, and the crude reasoning in the name of theological science, that abound on all sides, furnish sufficient evidence that the statement is true. "We need men trained like Lotze, in both philosophy and physical science, and taking a university degree in each department, if we are to meet the demand of modern discussion."

If may not be unprofitable to contemplate Mr. Cook's picture of the field that is before the person who thus enters upon the investigation of the relations of religion to science:

How surpassingly rich is the field that is before any man who enters upon the investigation of the relations of Christianity, or religion at large, to science! All biological investigation lies before him as a vast prairie filled with billowing flowers. He is to seek not for every weed, but for the most significant and disproportionate to human strength than it would at first appear. Indeed, it is not his business to know the *materia medica*; that is not important to his specialty; but he must know the consummate flower of philosophy as applied to biological investigation. Then there is the whole range of psychological study now connecting itself closely with physiology. There is no blazing question in physiology or in biology that does not cast light upon the theological domain. Political economy and social science are to be kept in view, for how can we discuss marriage and communism and democracy, or any of the large modern themes connected with free institutions, without knowing the best political thought of the world?

Referring to a paragraph lately copied from the *Congregationalist*, a correspondent says: "General Houston did not 'take sides' with Douglas, Pettit, et idem genus, nor was his 'intensest wrath' excited with theirs on account of the clerical protest from New England against the Nebraska Bill. On the contrary he stood with Sumner, Wilson and others in defense of the compromise of 1850, which excluded slavery from the North-west. General Houston died early in the war a staunch friend of the constitution and the Union, and the coldness of former friends and the hate and sneers of rebels. He should not be misrepresented."

OUR HOME WORK.

God has enabled us of late to do a great and good work for ourselves. The sums so freely contributed throughout the churches to liquidate the indebtedness of the Foreign Mission Society, to send forth additional laborers, and to found the Bible School in India, cheer the beloved toilers in that far off land. We can not conceive how much they impart hope and joy to many desponding hearts, lifting up lights in the darkness, and greatly honor God who is so auspiciously opening the way of life to the nations. Not less is the blessing to us. We are beginning to feel that we are of some account, and can do something for Christ and humanity. Let this be but the beginning, and there be not only a continuance, but an increase as it may be from month to month and from year to year, and we shall all realize abundantly the blessing of cheerful givers.

But there remain other branches of our home work—strengthening the feeble churches, planting new interests among the destitute, enlarging and furnishing our educational institutions. Success in one department of benevolent effort need never detract from others, but should be a pledge and inspiration to them all, just as in the human organism, when one member suffers the other members suffer with it, and when one member is honored all the members rejoice together.

So this is a good time to plan and execute, to expect and secure an advance all along the line. How unworthy it would be for us now to stop, and by exulting over what we have done for Missions abroad soon again become weak. Or because we have begun well in one field of endeavor, to neglect other objects equally deserving and necessary. So far from this we have great encouragement to arise in the strength of God in a manner becoming the privileges and opportunities opening before us, to strengthen our own hearts, bless the world, and thus receive the divine approval. When we think what such men as Luther, Wesley, Howard, and communities apparently insignificant have done through faith and earnest consecration, and that the same way is open and inviting still, we should give all diligence to make the most of the occasion.

Many sadly fail from lack of such appreciation. "Cast not away your confidence," says the apostle. If a church would succeed and become strong and beneficent, it must have confidence not merely in itself, but in the might of truth and in the power of God. If an institution would become a power for good, it must attain the end by comprehending its work, cherishing a noble aim, using the best means, and so deserving and commanding success. So with any body of churches or a denomination. These are truly a glory and a blessing, according as they cooperate with each other and all faithful workers in the great work of the world's renovation.

Never before was there more encouragement for benevolent work. Some of our churches, Quarterly and Yearly Meetings have been feeling disheartened. Faithful men, in view of the greatness of the harvest of souls and flocks of laborers, have been well high appalled. Institutions of learning have faltered that should be making a heroic advance. What if Grant and his army had retreated after the first battle of the wilderness? No, they struck for Richmond, and saved the nation. "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." Let us hear the same heavenly voice addressed to us to-day, and show ourselves worthy of our high privilege and trust.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THERE can be no reasonable doubt that the English army, in invading Afghanistan, is pursuing a wicked and unjustifiable course. It is simply carrying out the present English programme with reference to the East, namely, to force as much of that territory under English rule as possible. The Afghans are not a highly intelligent people, but they are entitled to choose their own line of national policy, and when that policy is counter to the ambition and designs of John Bull he ought to submit. Late announcements that Russia is about to espouse the Afghan cause, on the ground that the English invasion is a violation of the Clarendon agreement, put a somber aspect on the situation, and make it quite reasonable to look for a collision at last between the English and Russians.

MARY CLEMMER in a letter to the *Independent*, hurls a free lance at "these friends of Grant." She evidently does not believe in him as the best candidate for the presidency:

Of these friends of Grant—these parasites of low power, so hungry for the fleshpots of Egypt, so hungry for the cringing homage that creeps after official honor, so eager for the prestige and the pelf of their lost condition—let the people beware. Fill your ears with wax, if necessary, like the crew of Odysseus; but let them be deaf to the bewitching tales told of "the great captain," in print or speech. Never mind if kings do invite him to dinner, if queens graciously condescend to exchange with this son of Illinois the compliments of the day; that does not make him any more fit to be the President of your country. Free your minds from cant, wipe your eyes of glamour, hold in your heart of hearts the ungarish truth, and he never will be.

DOUBTLESS we ought not to be surprised that Rev. Arthur Mursell, of London, preached in the Tremont Temple church, Boston, on a recent Sunday. Mr. Mursell is a distinguished English Baptist

clergyman, and it ought to be the most natural thing in the world to find him in any Baptist pulpit in America. And doubtless it would be so but for the fact that he is a thorough-going open-communionist, we believe, and we have known several Baptists, holding such views, to find it rather difficult to get an invitation to preach in such pulpits.

The Rensselaer (N. Y.) Q. M. at its session in March last passed a resolution which was duly brought before the churches concerned to the effect that, in its judgment, the time had come for so grouping the churches composing that body that one pastor could take the oversight of two or more churches at the same time. As one practical result of said resolution since April last the Stephentown Center and Alps churches have been under the Pastoral care of one minister, each having one regular preaching service, and sustaining a prayer and conference meeting on the Sabbath, a good live Sunday-school, a week-evening service, and the regular monthly covenant meeting and communion season. Of course this plan of grouping or "yoking churches," as they call it in the West, so that where the parishes are not too far apart, one minister can superintend and preach for two or more churches, is not put forth as the best conceivable method of helping poor churches; but as the best if not the only practicable way of keeping many of our weaker churches from altogether losing their visibility and usefulness, and could not doubt be for the benefit of all concerned if adopted by many of our weaker and daily weakening rural churches. As a matter of fact, where such churches are under the care of judicious and able men, the evils are not so many nor so great as some have supposed them to be, while the real disadvantages are found to be largely offset or alleviated by the advantages in many other respects, besides the quality of the service secured; since as a rule two or more churches combined will be able to obtain and keep with them a better man than the churches could command separately; which would mean altogether a better state of things in permanency, contentment of pastor and people, efficient teaching and superintendence &c., &c., than does at present obtain in many of said churches.

BRIEF NOTES.

The picture of "An Old-fashioned Thanksgiving Storm" on the title-page of last week's *Illustrated Christian Weekly* is one of the finest pieces of newspaper illustration that we have lately seen. It surpasses even that excellent sketch itself.

From an address delivered at the last meeting of the English Congregational Union it appears that there are not church-sittings enough in London by one million for half the people. Mr. Morley characterizes London as "one of the most heathen parts of Her Majesty's dominions."

The Advance comes to us with its Thanksgiving number arrayed in a brand new dress, and full of good things deserving of new type to give them utterance. The *Independent* also makes an attractive Thanksgiving display, and warns its readers to look out for its next number, which is to celebrate its thirtieth anniversary.

By an error in making up the forms of our issue of Nov. 20, four lines of the anniversary sermon preached by the pastor of the Augusta (Me.) church, which should have appeared in the thirteenth paragraph of the fifth column of that sermon, following the line "then in Ohio, for the purpose of uniting," were inserted in the ninth paragraph of the fourth column, after the line—"ing the audience room of the church and." We can not account for the blunder, as the reading was correct up to the last moment of making up the form.

We send extra copies of the "Morning Star" to be used in securing subscribers; and we will gladly send sample copies to any who may desire them for that purpose, and will notify us to that effect.

Denominational News.

Bates Theological School.

The Fall term of another year has just closed. It has been one of diligent study and of quite average success. Indeed I do not know as I have ever known the students as a whole to take hold of the work of a term with better relish, or close it with a higher record. The students are now scattered to the four quarters for six weeks vacation, if vacation means anything to the average student but rest. What it does mean in case of Theological students may appear from the following statement, which tells of the employment of all so far as known to me at the present writing: Eight go to supply churches with preaching, four are to engage in teaching, one in manual labor, one is to make up the studies lost by supplying the church at Lawrence in the absence of its pastor last term, and one is laid aside from service by sickness. Whether the remainder have positive engagements, I have not learned, but those who have rendered aid so as to enable us to make the usual appropriation may rest assured that they will not be found idling away time and opportunity. We bespeak for them all, whether in the pulpit or school room, a cordial reception, and a helpful co-operation.—J. F.

CHATHAM VALLEY, PENN. This is a live church, to which Rev. D. A. Pope has ministered from its organization about two years ago. The most of the members are young and middle aged heads of families. They now talk of building a house of worship. Their situation is a good one, a small village in a fine valley and no church edifice in it. The membership of the South Chatham church propose to embody themselves with the Valley church, their places of worship being but

three miles apart. The Middleberry church we hope will consult their own and the general good by uniting with the Valley church. This is an important enterprise and ought certainly to succeed. O. C. H.

A Review of the Situation.

(From a regular correspondent.)

Lewiston, Maine, Nov. 29, 1878. The busy industries of these two cities on the banks of the Androscoggin are fast making Lewiston and Auburn a central point in the commercial activities of Maine. The manufacturing corporations have recently secured complete control of the chain of lakes forming the headwaters of the river, so that the supply of power has been largely augmented, and the advent of better times will undoubtedly see an increase in the number of mills. I have seen it estimated by those who have considered the subject, that Lewiston alone has power enough in its water-privileges to support a population of 60,000. Taking into account the large shoe and leather interest of Auburn, that city is not far behind its neighbor, and as they are practically but one, we can see that with nothing more than the ordinary rate of increase in prosperous times, here will soon be the largest city of Maine. If this can be, it probably will be, and I believe it is coming to be generally recognized by those who study the tendencies and changes of population.

But while this is one place in the eyes of capitalists and merchants, it has come to be quite another and a different place to those of us who feel that the work and progress of the educational institutions established here are a part of our own work in the cause of Christian culture and the spread of Christian truth. To us also it is a center, not for cotton manufactures, but for intellectual culture and religious progress. Here is where our young men are coming in increasing numbers from year to year in the pursuit of higher studies, and here is where our churches, in New England at least, must look for those who shall proclaim the Gospel of Christ, and meet the demands of the age for a ministry thoroughly educated and equipped for its work. Our schools are an index of the denomination, and may be relied upon to reflect its condition and needs. Is there not a much more intimate connection between the two than most of us are wont to realize? A recent article in the *Star* by Prof. Fallout on the work of the Theological School and its relation to the churches very forcibly reminded us that there are duties on the part of the churches as well as of the officers and teachers—duties that can not be neglected if we would see our schools thronged with those who are not only consecrated in life, but gifted intellectually, and fitted by nature to be leaders and teachers.

The churches can not be too well informed as to the work that is being done here and at Hillsdale, nor too quick to respond to every need, not with means simply, but with a sympathy made warm and real by actual knowledge. Colleges and schools do not stand still any more than other institutions. But another thing is quite as true,—they are not apt to run forward, simply by being set in motion and then left to themselves. There is constant need of new force, of increased facilities, and enlarged resources, if they are to meet the ever-increasing demands made upon them.

That our educational interests here have not been standing still is a fact pretty generally known, but we do not so often stop to consider how rapid has been the progress in many ways. I have been made to feel what ten years have witnessed, by contrasting the catalogue of the college for the current year, which has just been issued, with that for 1868. There are some of the things I find—in 1868 there were 4 professors besides the president, 54 undergraduates, and 13 alumni. Now there are 10 instructors, 127 undergraduates, 17 students in theology and 172 alumni. In this time 29 have graduated from the Theological school, about one-half of whom were graduates of the college. Nine scholarships have been endowed, the number of volumes in the library more than doubled, and other changes have been equally great. The college classes at present contain the following numbers: Seniors 16, Juniors 22, Sophomores 44, Freshmen 45. Of these 127, ten are young ladies, the largest number ever in attendance. But I hear of no perplexities arising from co-education. The question, so much mooted a few years ago, seems to have settled itself so far as Bates is concerned. The number of ladies is not likely ever to be large; the majority of those who desire a collegiate training will always choose such institutions as Wellesley and Smith colleges, lately established in Massachusetts, while the few who would be kept from these by the expense or distance will have, nearer home, all the privileges accorded to young men. Some of the arguments of those who oppose the admission of ladies to colleges seem rather lame in the presence of demonstrated facts. I have never heard of a case in which a young lady was thought to have sacrificed any of her native modesty or to have found the work required too difficult for her feminine brain. On the other hand, the highest prizes have been taken repeatedly by ladies, and the restraining influence of their presence on the young men has been very apparent. Thus far Bates certainly has had no occasion to regret the position taken from the first, not that co-education is the best for all, but that young ladies who ask for the privileges afforded by the college should not be refused, so long as they come prepared to profit by the instruction given.

But there have been other changes than those mentioned, within the last decade, changes which a cursory examination of the printed catalogue does not so readily indicate, but which are none the less real, and far better evidence of genuine progress.

"It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, but like a man better be."

And it is not always safe to conclude with regard to colleges that they are excellent in proportion to the size of their classes and the number of fine buildings adorning their grounds. The additions which have been made to the faculty of instruction have enabled the different professors to attend more directly to the work of their own departments, and thus the grade of scholarship has been noticeably raised. Take, for example, the work in higher mathematics, so often the bugbear of college students. I had the pleasure, not long since, of examining the work in plotting done by Prof. Rand's class in Surveying during the term just closed, and I was struck with the unusual skill and taste displayed by the whole class of more than forty in number. I very much doubt whether any college in New England could show better results.

The work done by the students on their college magazine reflects much credit upon the institution. The November number contains several interesting articles, one by Mr. Salley of the senior class in the Theological School on the "Comparative Value of the Study of Secular and Religious History," and

another, the second of a series, entitled "Among the White Hills," written by a student who spent his Summer vacation as a waiter in one of the mountain hotels, but who seems to have found leisure amidst his somewhat unpoetic duties for some very truthful observations of nature. Under the head of "Correspondence" is a brief but interesting letter from G. H. Stockbridge, of the class of '72, your correspondent in Germany. I notice also reference to a grand prize debate which is to occur later in the year between members of the two literary societies on the question, "Are Monarchical Institutions more favorable to morals than are Republican?" These prize discussions are one of the peculiar institutions at Bates. Their success, I believe, is due very largely to Prof. Stanton, who has the faculty of imparting much of his own enthusiasm to his students. One of Prof. Stanton's recreations for the past few years has been the study of ornithology. Besides a very fine collection of birds which he has made for the college, he has a large private collection, and is an acknowledged authority in the State in that department of natural history. I learn that he is to read a paper before the Maine Teacher's Association at its approaching session in Brunswick in December.

A large majority of the students will teach Winter Schools during the long vacation which began Nov. 22. The Fall term has been one of quiet work, uninterrupted by public exercises save the regular prize declamations. The Latin School closed its session with public declamations in the Main St. church, by members of the Senior class. Owing to the severe storm, the audience was not large, but the exercises were unusually interesting, fifteen students participating. Seventy students have been in attendance at the school during the term. The College is doing a good work for the cause of education and for the denomination. Every year sees some improvement in its methods, some enlargement of its usefulness. But it is to-day as much in need as ever of earnest friends to understand its condition, to appreciate the work which it is called to do, and to sacrifice in its behalf. Without the munificent gifts of him whose name it fittingly bears, the denomination could not have made it what it is. But his gift was a trust, and it is only by constant effort on the part of the denomination whose culture he sought to promote that the trust can be worthily fulfilled. Bates College must be made and kept the equal of our best New England Colleges. In that faith let us work. YOKUN.

News Items.

The department of denominational news in the *Star* has become quite full and suggestive, and makes very profitable reading. That of the last number is more than usually interesting. To say nothing of revivals of religion and the increasing beneficence of the churches recorded there, we have proof of improved church finance. Church debts are being paid off, and houses of worship are being dedicated free of debt, and parsonages are being built or repaired.

The feature of the *Star* above mentioned taken by itself, indicates a revival of religion in the direction of "paying as you go," or at least, of paying after you have gone, as well as of furnishing the pastor with a nice and convenient home. Here are the items:

The church at N. Tunbridge, Vt., "has thoroughly renovated its parsonage."

The church at Limerick, Me., has received a donation by legacy of a lot of land, and talks of "turning the gift into a parsonage."

The church at Kendall, N. Y., has received by donation a lot of land near the church, and "a comfortable home for the pastor is about completed."

The Manchester, N. H., Merrimack St. church "is agitating the payment of the remainder of its debt soon."

The church at Auburn, Ohio, has thoroughly repaired its church, "and dedicated it free of debt."

The Olneyville, R. I., church at its recent semi-centennial jubilee, made an effort to clear off the debt, "and pledges sufficient to pay it were secured."

The church at Brownfield, Me., has dedicated a new house of worship, and "it is paid for."

A very fair amount of wholesome reading of its kind, and very profitable withal, provided there be a large going and doing likewise.—J. F.

The Missionary Helper.

The *Missionary Helper* will be published during the year 1879, bimonthly, as now. There will be issues in January, March, May, July, September, and November. It will contain thirty-two pages, an increase of eight pages on its present size, and will be continued under the editorial management of Mrs. J. M. Brewster, Providence, R. I., to whom all communications, whether relating to the business or editorial departments, should be sent. We shall endeavor to make it a suitable medium of missionary intelligence, advocating the claims of woman's work in both the home and foreign fields. Should there be sufficient encouragement, by means of a large number of subscribers received at once, its mechanical appearance will be improved. Terms of subscription:—35 cents per year; 5 or more copies sent to one address, 30 cents each, the postage included. It is hoped that each present subscriber will renew her subscription and add at least one new name.

Friends of the *Helper*, do not fail to see that there is an agent in each church. Let there be an individual responsibility in securing a large subscription list. Will not the pastors help us? Having put our hand to the plough we must not look back.

PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

Now.

TO THE CENTRAL ASSOCIATION. Were Christian hearts stone, the "continued dropping" upon them of "appeals" might at least wear them away; but as they are "fleshly tables," upon which are written the law of Christ, the frequent statement of pressing needs, the oft repeated plea for help, will only serve, we trust, to open up a way of doing God's work.

The Central Association at the present time has no new enterprise under way, asks no help from its members except for objects long before the denomination.

It is just possible that after giving so generously to Bro. Phillips for the Bible-school, the members of the Association feel that they must have a little rest from giving. At all events the money sadly needed to carry on the work assumed by the Association, is not on hand. The quarter's salary of our missionaries is due, and not one-third of the amount is ready.

To borrow is not in keeping with the policy of the body. The money contributed for church extension and educational purposes, must go in the way designated. If then we pay

our representatives in India, the means with which to do it must come from the churches. No one would think it best to send tidings to those dear friends, who for five years have been fond to claim as "our missionaries," that we can no longer raise for them the scanty salary they are allowed. We are not yet ready to abandon or abate our interest in a work which God has so blessed to the good of all connected with it.

Brethren, continued support of our missionaries means continued giving; giving in which the offerings of yesterday and those of to-morrow are linked together with the gift of to-day.

The need is now. It is not something, obligation to which has been discharged once and forever, neither will God's promises meet the necessities of the case. Sisters, will you not once more, as has been so often done in the past, prove yourselves "friends indeed" as you are found to be friends "in need."

Pastors, will you not urge upon your people the importance of immediate action? Home work and Foreign work, souls in India and souls in America call for our most earnest efforts. May the Holy Spirit so fill our hearts with a love for souls, that we shall "do and defer not." L. A. CRANDALL, Cor. Sec.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

Out of very many friendly words about the *Morning Star*, that have been coming to us in numerous letters during the past few weeks, we select the following. We take them almost at random, and not because they are any better than many that we do not now have at hand. There is now and then a person who will be glad to know what other people think of the paper that is a weekly visitor in his home:

"I think you are making our dear old *Morning Star* shine brighter and brighter. I and my family read it with deep interest every week. I can say with all my heart, God bless you and others in your work to sustain and extend the circulation of the *Star*."—N. G.

"In sending my subscription to the *Star* in the 88th year of my age, I wish to thank the Editor and Publisher for giving me so invaluable a paper. I have been a constant reader of its pages for over a quarter of a century, and I have always found it a source of comfort, consolation and encouragement, and in my old age I rejoice to see it in the full tide of usefulness and prosperity."—B. N. B.

"I am constantly gratified at the advancement of the *Star*. It is good to note its increased brilliancy."—H. G.

"From childhood I have loved the *Star*. May God bless you and it, and speed all your efforts."—W. G. K.

"I have been a reader of the *Morning Star* for nearly fifty years, and I never loved it better than I do now."—G. N.

"It [the *Star*] is a sterling paper, as those who read it will testify."—Sabbath Recorder.

Ministers and Churches.

MAINE ITEMS.—Bro. Hutchins, pastor of the church in Garland, is holding a series of religious meetings. An interesting revival broke out in early autumn, in the eastern part of the town, gathering some score or more into the service of Christ. Among the number the three sons of the lamented Eld. Hathaway, together with relatives and neighbors, were turned fully to the Lord. The good work is now progressing more generally in the village, or business part of the town.

The monument erected to the memory of Bro. Hathaway, is of pure marble, some 12 ft. in height, resting upon a becoming basis of solid granite. The Penobscot Y. M. was indeed his child, under God, and most dearly loved up to the day of his death.

Most of our churches in the old Montville Q. M. are in a feeble and sleepy condition. Only one church in the whole Q. M. has a regular pastor. We are hoping to have an evangelist in the field soon. A general waking up, and the energizing influence of the Holy Ghost, is what is wanted, and prayed for, by the few that are "clinging to the cross."

Rev. Jonathan Purington, of Fairfield, died Nov. 27, at the advanced age of 86 years.

York Co. Q. M. adopted resolutions at its last session expressing its sense of loss in the death of Rev. Hosea Quinby, and its high estimation of his Christian qualities.

Rev. Theodore Stevens, who was for many years pastor of the North Lebanon church, has been on a short visit to the scenes of his early and successful labors. He was joyfully welcomed by the people of the parish.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Owing to the falling health of Mrs. Fairbanks, Rev. A. D. Fairbanks and wife are about to leave New Hampshire for Colorado. This change is a severe trial to them, especially as it takes them from old friends and familiar scenes, but they trust firmly in him who doeth all things well.

The pastor of the church at Milton Three Ponds has been greatly afflicted recently in the loss of a dear wife and child. Bro. E. G. York is an earnest, devoted, self-sacrificing man, and is laboring hard to strengthen our church there, which is one of noble deeds in the past. May both pastor and people be doubly blest in days soon to come.

RHODE ISLAND NOTES. On a recent Sabbath, Rev. A. L. Gerrish supplied at the Roger Williams church, and at the close of the service administered the rite of Baptism to five candidates.

On Sunday, Nov. 24, Mr. Edward Kimball, of Chicago, was with the Greenwich Street church to assist in raising its debt. On that day about \$6200 were subscribed, leaving less than \$1800 to be provided for. Since that time this sum has been reduced.

The Free Baptist churches in Providence held a Union Thanksgiving service at the Roger Williams church. The sermon was by Rev. J. M. Brewster.

The church in South Kingston had failed to report to the Association until May, 1877, for some twelve years. During the past year it has enjoyed an extensive revival and there have been about eighty additions. Rev. Geo. E. Penney, a young man connected with the Evangelical Adventists, is apparently doing a healthy work there.

It is expected that Rev. Joseph Wiley will assume the pastorate of the Pond St. church, Prov., with the month of December.

Rev. M. W. Burlingame is in a very feeble condition at his home in Georgiaville.

Fifteen persons were baptized Nov. 24, and added to the East Williams town (Vt.) church. The revival interest still continues.

Poetry.

THE DAY IS DONE.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul can not resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
But resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and beautiful lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For the strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor,
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start.

Who, through long days of labor
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasure volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

—H. W. Longfellow.

MANNERS.

I'm often quite sorry about it,
And feel that it's terribly sad,
But though I live long beyond manhood,
My manners, I'm sure, will be bad.

In language I seek for improvement,
And strive to the best of my power;
And yet I am saying, they tell me,
"O Jimmy!" ten times an hour.

I rush into rooms with my hat on;
I hop on one leg through the hall;
I slide down the banisters madly;
I roll round the floor in a ball.

I speak while my elders are speaking;
And, one thing that greatly annoys—
I'm apt, in a general fashion,
To treat girls as if they were boys!

But though I'm a boor beyond question,
And want to reform, goodness knows,
There seems to be nothing in manners
As splendid as people suppose:

For sometimes they're worn, I imagine,
To hide what they're rather not show—
They're like a fine jacket that covers
A shirt all in tatters below!

Now this is not my case, it's certain,
Although I'm rude, noisy and pert.
The jacket may be very ragged,
But never you fear for the shirt!

—Wide Awake.

Family Circle.

JACKETS ABROAD.

BY SIGMA.

CHAPTER I.

JACKETS ON BOARD.

"Don't you think Jackets a pretty small young gentleman to go abroad?" asked Jack's papa, lifting the little piece of humanity in question carefully, as if to ascertain the exact weight necessary to the right of foreign travel.

"No," said mamma, thoughtfully. "Cousin Nellie is very fond of him, and I feel so safe about him when he is with her. Besides, who can estimate the advantages of the peculiar influences of European travel even in the case of a child like our Jackets? I would not for the world leave him at home, and it is only a delight, I am sure, to be with a young, inquiring mind. It will no doubt be of advantage to us to have him with us. A child's observation is so keen, his memory so active, that he will bring many things to our notice that would otherwise escape our older eyes."

"Your eloquence, and Jackets' eyes are irresistible," said Papa Vandeker, laughing, "but if Jackets returns alive, it will be because we three have reduced ourselves to shadows, if indeed the entire race of foreign and domestic nurse-maids does not become extinct."

"What folly!" exclaimed Mamma Vandeker, indignantly. "I shall not have a nurse-maid at all. I would not trust him with one. Indeed, he is becoming quite thoughtful and will almost take care of himself."

Whereupon the young man referred to looked as solemn and sedate as a judge, eyeing his papa so reproachfully with his great violet eyes that he gave in completely, and Jackets and mamma came off victorious.

As for me, my heart was not so light as it might have been at the thought of going abroad under some other circumstances.

Passing over the intervening days during which time Jackets was so delighted with the prospect of "travel" that he seemed to have forgotten his pranks, we were at last under full sail on our way out from New York harbor.

My friend, do you remember your first sail out from that same harbor under moonlit, June skies, while you were

yet young, hopeful, and imaginative, and had such things as ideals among the possibilities? Then you can perhaps recall your first evening on board. You sat on deck looking out across the water, watching the great lights through the white mist on the shore, the wide expanse of blue before and above. Then grandeur, sublimity, and the eternal, became palpable presences,—infinity to be known; eternity and the divine understood.

"Nellie, Nellie! where's Jackets?" An agitated voice in my ear, a trembling hand upon my shoulder, but I answer calmly enough.

"In his berth, fast asleep."

"No, he's not there."

I sprang to my feet in an instant. We searched in all imaginable and unimaginable places. How I upbraided myself for having left him. In an agony of terror I rushed down into the steerage.

Perhaps he lay crushed under some beam! perhaps—dreadful thought—he had fallen overboard.

"O Neo, Neo, me had awfoo dood time. Me seen a proitly keow an' it kroied 'moo, moo.' What oo croien for?"

I snatched him in my arms, smothering him with kisses.

"Jackets, how could you?" I moaned.

"Me kwimed."

"Climbed, where?"

"Me kwimed out a my bwerf, old fwing, Dockets don't like it one bit, and me foun' a keow, an' Unkoo foun' me."

"Unkoo,"—Jackets' name for any gentleman except his papa,—a tall, young, student-like man with roguish eyes, called me back to the exigencies of the situation.

"I saw you looking for this young friend of ours, so I brought him hither. I found him making winning advances to the ship's cow down on the lower deck; she did not seem to appreciate the honor paid to her,—which was no less than the offer of his weight to her horns—as highly as might have been expected, so I relentlessly seized him and bore him away."

And politely lifting his cap the young gentleman bowed and left us to make our way back to the "luxurious apartments with all modern appliances and improvements" that were placed at the disposal of the aristocratic saloon passengers of the ocean steamer "Wystermia."

If I were to relate all the events of that voyage, if I were to tell how Jackets fell down gangways and up stairs, was found one day in the coal hole,

another in the berth of the steerage baby sick with the measles, and the next hanging head downward tangled among the rope ladders, how he kept the whole ship in a state of terrified expectancy, and us three mortals in a helpless condition of agony, of writing there would certainly never be an end. Suffice it to say that the vessel was a perfect paradise of dark holes and hiding-places for him. Even sea-sickness kept aloof from our charge, as if to add to our misery. Though camp-stools, chairs, boxes, trunks, everything was turned upside down by the mad lurches of the vessel, waves were nothing to him, Jackets always came up to the top ready to begin some new enterprise, or set forth on a fresh voyage of discovery. And when at last the ship touched her keel upon the bank of the Clyde, a triumphant shout was given by the passengers of the "Wystermia," in which Jackets joined—in honor of the safe arrival of the hero of Jackets, after his many hair-breadth escapes, and hazardous exploits.

HOW SHE CURED JOHNNY.

"My!" That was all Mrs. Pray said. She just stood at the back door, held up her hands, and said "My!" If her Johnny wasn't a pretty sight! He was dripping all over from head to foot.

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Pray, "if this isn't discouraging! Why, Johnny, what do you go into the water for? Sit down near the door, and let me take your things off." Young Johnny sat down, looking sheepish as any culprit in the land. He knew he could say nothing for himself, and so he kept still.

"Just feel your stockings! sopping wet, I declare! Now I must get the clean ones out of the drawer that I have been saving for Sunday. Johnny, now look at me! Look right into my eyes!"

Johnny lifted his big brown eyes to his mother's face.

"Now tell me. Do you think it's right to plague me so? This is the third time in two weeks you have come home in this plight. Is it right?"

Johnny's bright brown eyes dropped like stars below the horizon. "No," he murmured, "I know 'tain't."

"Well, what do you do it for? Now, Johnny, look here. This way, right in my face!" Johnny did wish his mother wouldn't keep inviting him to look into her face. He had much rather look over toward the wall, and see if he couldn't spy some chink through which he could squeeze and so make off. But no, his mother wanted him to look at her.

"Look up into my face, Johnny!" And up above the horizon came the bright stars again.

"Johnny, do you know how much trouble this makes me? I wanted to go to the afternoon meeting at the church, but I can't now. I wanted afterward to do some shopping, but I can't do that, for I must wash out your clothes. I wanted to make some blanc-mange for old Mrs. Moffit—and—Johnny, it is too bad! When will you stop? Here, this way, and look into my face!"

"Mother, you sick?"

"No, but when you have been wading, you know there is danger of taking cold, and I worry about you, and I thought I

would be on the safe side and prevent sickness."

Mother sick! How Johnny worried that night. He was as miserable as any mother-loving boy could be, and was relieved to hear her stirring at dawn, and singing, "Up in the morning early."

She did not say anything to him on the subject of ponds, but it was the last time Johnny went wading, and he won't be so likely also to cut up some other kinds of thoughtless mischief that make "lots of fun" for him, but a deal of trouble for his mother.—*Sunday School Times.*

ORIGIN OF WHIG AND TORY.

Whig and Tory are old party names in English and American history. The Tories in our Revolutionary war were those who favored English rule, and the Whigs were advocates of the independence of the Colonies. In England the Whigs have always been known as the defenders of rights popular, while the advocates of the rights of the Crown and the Church have been called Tories. Mr. Lecky, in his recent "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," gives a curious account of the origin of these party names.

A Tory, he says, was originally an Irish robber, and the term was applied by the notorious Titus Oates to those who disbelieved in the Popish plot. It was afterwards extended to the Irish Catholics who opposed the Exclusion Bill, cutting off the Duke of York from succession to the throne. Then it was gradually used to include the whole body of those who supported the pretensions of King and Church against the claims of the people.

The term Whig came from the Scotch Presbyterians. Some consider it a nickname given to the Cameronians, from their use of "whie" or refuse milk, on account of their poverty. Others derive it from "Whiggam," a word employed by Scotch cattle-drivers of the West in driving their horses. It soon came to include all who oppose royal or Church usurpations of power.

Some, more fanciful than learned, have seen in the name an acrostic which expressed the pious hope and trust of those who "resisted unto blood" the tyranny of kings and ecclesiastics. Whig, such say, is composed of the first letters of the following sentence: "We hope in God."

WISE COLLEGE BOYS.

Young men, when entering college, often think themselves wiser than their teachers. They know what studies are needless, and what will be helpful. A large part of the prescribed course they would gladly omit as dull and unprofitable.

Twenty years later they look back with remorse on their youthful folly. Dr. James W. Alexander, one of the most accomplished scholars of our country, thus refers in a letter to his fancied wisdom:

"Like most brainless and self-conceited boys, I undertook to determine that such and such studies were of no importance, and made this an excuse for neglecting them, although the wise in every age have united in declaring their utility. I was foolish enough to suffer almost all my previous knowledge of classical literature to leak out, and consequently I found myself a much greater dolt when I was invested with titles and immunities of an A. B. than when I entered as an humble freshman."

It required several years of hard study to retrieve his neglect of the prescribed studies. Young men need have some respect for the wisdom which has established regular courses of study, and which has been justified by the experience of centuries.

YOU CAN NEVER RUB IT OUT.

One pleasant afternoon a lady was sitting with her little son, a light-haired boy, five years of age. The mother was sick, and the child had left his play to stay with her, and was amusing himself in printing his name with a pencil on paper. Suddenly his busy fingers stopped. He had made a mistake, and, wetting his finger, he tried again and again to rub out the mark, as he had been accustomed to do on his slate.

"My son," said his mother, "do you know that God writes down all you do in a book? He writes every naughty word, every disobedient act, every time you indulge in temper, and shake your shoulders or pout your lips; and, my boy, you can never rub it out."

The boy's face grew very red, and in a moment tears ran down his cheeks. His mother looked earnestly on him, but she said nothing more. At length he came softly to her side, threw his arms round her neck and whispered, "Can the blood of Jesus rub it out?"

Dear children, Christ's blood can rub out the record of your sins, for it is written in God's holy Word, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

A beaver alone could never build dams that they make across streams; but they build in company, and in this way succeed in their plans. The locusts go forth in bands. The water-fowl along our coasts in October fly to the south, not singly, but in strings of hundreds. The coral-insects build their reefs in the Pacific Ocean, not by isolated individual effort, but by concerted action.

Pluck, pains, prayer are three potential P's in Sunday-school work. Do not get discouraged easily; do not slight your duties; do not forget to pray, and you will prove their power.

The Magazines.

THE WESTERN CLIFF-DWELLERS.

Of late, blown over the plains, come stories of strange, newly discovered cities of the far south-west; picturesque piles of masonry, of an age unknown to tradition. These ruins mark an era among antiquarians. The mysterious mound-builders fade into comparative insignificance before the grander and more ancient cliff-dwellers, whose castles lift their towers amid the sands of Arizona and crown the terraced slopes of the Rio Manco and the Hovenweep [pronounced Hov-en-weep].

A ruin, accidentally discovered by A. D. Wilson of the Hayden Survey, several years ago, while he was pursuing his labors as chief of the topographical corps in Southern Colorado, is described to me by Mr. Wilson as a stone building, about the size of the Patent Office. It stood upon the bank of the Animas, in the San Juan country, and contained perhaps five hundred rooms. The roof and portions of the walls had fallen, but the part standing indicated a height of four stories. A number of the rooms were fairly preserved, had small loop-hole windows, but no outer doors. The building had doubtless been entered originally by means of ladders resting on niches, and drawn in after the occupants. The floors were of cedar, each log as large around as a man's head, the spaces filled neatly by smaller poles and twigs, covered by a carpet of cedar-bark. The ends of the timber were bruised and frayed, as if severed by a dull instrument; in the vicinity were stone hatchets, and saws made of sand-stone slabs about two feet long, worn to a smooth edge. A few hundred yards from the mammoth building was a second large house in ruins, and between the two strongholds rows of small dwellings, built of cobblestones laid in adobe, and arranged along streets, after the style of the village of to-day. The smaller houses were in a more advanced state of ruin, on account of the round stones being more readily disintegrated by the elements than the heavy masonry. The streets and houses of this deserted town are overgrown by juniper and pinon,—the latter a dwarf, wide-spreading pine which bears beneath the scales of its cones delicious and nutritious nuts. From the size of the dead, as well as the living, trees, and from their position on the heaps of crumbling stone, Mr. Wilson concludes that a great period of time has elapsed since the buildings fell. How many hundred years they stood after desertion before yielding to the inroads of time can not be certainly known.

The presence of sound wood in the houses does not set aside their antiquity. In the dry, pure air of Southern Colorado, wood fairly protected will last for centuries. In Asia, cedar-wood has been kept a thousand years, and, in Egypt, cedar is known to have been in perfect preservation two thousand years after it left the forest. The cedars throughout the territories of the south-west do not rot, even in the groves. They die, and stand erect, solid and sapless. The winds and whirling sands carve the dead trees into forms of fantastic beauty, drill holes through the trunks, and play at hide-and-go-seek in the perforated limbs until, after ages of resistance, they literally blow away in atoms of fine, clean dust.

On the Rio San Juan, about twenty-five miles distant from the city of the Animas, Mr. Wilson discovered the following evening a similar pile, looming solemnly in the twilight near their camping place. The scene, as described was weird in the extreme. As the moon arose, the shadows of the phantom buildings were thrown darkly across the silvery plain. The blaze of camp-fires, the tiny tents, the negro cook, the men in buckskin hunting garb, and the picketed mules, made a strange picture of the summer's night, with background of moonlit desert and crumbling ruins, on whose ramparts towered dead, gaunt cedars, lifting their bleached skeletons like sheeted ghosts within the silent watch-towers of the murky past.—*From an illustrated article in Scribner for December.*

VIOLE AS LITERARY MATERIAL.

When Bulwer was in the enjoyment of his young popularity as a novel-writer, before Dickens had been heard of on this side of the Atlantic, he issued his "Ernest Maltravers." The memory of that book has lingered with us during these forty years as a glaring instance of an appeal, by a powerful popular author, to the coarser and more destructive passions of men and women. He pictured his lovers, brought them into association, and so gave direction to the reader's imagination that itself, without his words, pictured the fact and scene of a seduction. It was the theme of excited common talk among the young men of the time, to whom it became a delicious and powerful poison. We do not know whether he ever repented of his terrible sin, but we know that he did incalculable harm by it. We do not know whether it stands in his later editions just as it appeared in the first; but there are many elderly men into whose memory a certain page of that book, with convenient rows of asterisks, is fairly burned.

The question naturally arises whether sins against social purity are legitimate literary material. A critic of "Roxie," in one of the newspapers, objects to the book on account of the relations between Mark Bonamy and Nance Kirtley. The condemnation is quite sweeping, and the only inference we can make is, that sins of impurity are not legitimate literary material—in the critic's opinion. Why? we ask. What is there in human life that is not legitimate material? Why should the novelist have the free handling of murder, of suicide, of theft and robbery, of slander, and a thousand cruelties that need not be named, and be forbidden to touch the abuse that is associated with the strongest and holiest affections and passions of human nature? If love has dangers, is it wrong to point them out? Is virtue very much nourished nowadays in an atmosphere of ignorance? Is there any such thing as an atmosphere of ignorance in these days?

We can get at a fair conclusion upon this matter by comparing the effect of these two books upon the mind. We have noted the effect of Bulwer's book. It was the intention of the writer, without question, to excite the prurient imaginations of his readers, and not to place the deed in its proper relations to the peace and well-being of the parties and of society. If any one can rise from the perusal of "Roxie" without realizing that Mark Bonamy went through a terrific degradation, and that a coarse pleasure was purchased by him at a price too terrible to invite imitation, he must be very singularly constituted. One book leaves, or is calculated to leave, the reader in love with vice; the other leaves, or is calculated to leave, him horrified by it, and disgusted with it.

We might quote the freedom with which the Bible—a book intended for universal use—employs material of this sort; but as we do not intend to appeal to the Bible moralities to make good our position, we simply allude to the

matter and drop it. We maintain that all which illustrates human nature and human history is legitimate literary material, the writer being simply bound—not as a moralist, but as a literary man—to represent everything in its proper relation to the scheme of things which he finds established, as it concerns the happiness and well-being of the individual and society. When a novelist represents vice as a thing that in any way "pays," he lies, and is therefore untrue to his art. When he so represents the sin of social impurity, that it shall appear more attractive than repulsive, more delightful than blameworthy,—when he represents it shorn of its natural consequences,—half harmless to the guilty ones, and quite untruth to the eye of society, he betrays his untruth to literary art, and reduces and vulgarizes the standard of his own work. This may be said or pleaded in the way of an *argumentum ad hominem*: that it does not become an editor who spreads before families of readers the details of a hundred adulteries and seductions and other crimes against social purity every year, accompanied with the usual amount of reprobation and judicial jesting, to take to task a conscientious novelist who treats the crime he depicts as God and nature dictate.—*Dr. Holland in Scribner's.*

DIFFICULTIES ENCOUNTERED BY STANLEY.

Stanley's narrative gives us a vivid idea of travel in Africa under its best conditions; that is to say, through a country fairly known, which has been visited by white men, and is now traversed by frequent caravans. Sometimes they crossed "broad and bleak plains, where food was scarce and cloth vanished fast," and sometimes they came to hilly countries, where the people were civil and hospitable. Sometimes they were in troublesome districts, where there were warring tribes, where the people were treacherous or hostile, and then Stanley could only sleep with his hand on his rifle. There were furious tempests, "and some days nature and man alike warred against us, while on others both seemed combined to bless us." Other troubles came to the intrepid commander and his small army, more especially that potent and untiring enemy of all African travel—Typhus. This was the enemy who menaced Stanley at Zanzibar, and never left his footsteps until he embarked at Loanda; who followed him night and day, doing his awful will upon the expedition. And so from these misfortunes—from famine and fatigue, from fever and massacre, from mutiny and death—the little army dwindled away; and it is a wonder that it did not return, or at least content itself with visiting Livingstone's country and exploring Victoria Nyanza, and return with the report which has been brought for so many centuries—that Africa continued hostile to those who came to woo her, and would not be won. Nor does it surprise us that, amid all these discouragements, the heart of Stanley should have faltered.

"The expedition seemed doomed. Promises of reward, kindness, threats, punishments, had no effect." But at the same time the spirit of the leader was felt in the command.—"The white men," he says, "although elected out of the ordinary class of Englishmen, did their work bravely, heroically. Though suffering from fever and dysentery, insulted by natives, marching under the heat and equatorial rain-storms, they at all times proved themselves of noble, manly natures, stout-hearted, brave, and better than all, true Christians." These are the men by whom empires are made, but for them there was no empire but the memory of duty well done; no trophy, no reward, unless what is to come as the reward for well-doing in the final day of account. Two of them were to sleep near the banks of Victoria Nyanza, victims of disease; the other was to be whirled into eternity over the rapids of the Congo, when his journey was almost at an end.

Sometimes Stanley was in the wilderness without guides. This, however, seemed a happiness compared to his position when he did have guides who betrayed him, as happened early in his expedition in Ukimbu, near the elephant country. In Ukimbu the guides ran away, and Stanley found himself on the edge of a wilderness with but ten days' provisions. He had trusted his guides, and purchased a small quantity of food. He endeavored to pierce the wilderness, but his track was lost in a maze of elephant and rhinoceros trails. He could only depend upon his compass. The second day found a jungle of acacia and euphorbia, through which the men had to crawl and scramble along the ground, "under natural tunnels of embracing shrubbery, cutting the convoluted and creepers, thrusting aside stout, thorny bushes, and by various detours taking advantage of every slight opening the jungle afforded." There was no water. Overcome with hunger and thirst, the command began to straggle and faint. Some managed to reach camp, where medicine and restorative brought them strength. Five never returned. One of them was found dead in the woods, and of the other four it is believed "they hopelessly wandered on until they also fell down and died." On the fifth day they came to a village, but the village comprised only four negroes, their wives and little ones, and had no food for such a large command. Stanley learned that there was another village twenty-nine miles away, named Suna, and he sent a picked band of twenty, the strongest and most enduring, to visit Suna and bring food. He secured the woods for game, but there was no game. A lion's den was found. In this den were two young lions, which were killed and skinned. But of what avail were two lion cubs to an expedition of starved men? Surely, here was death at last—death, defeat, annihilation; and this proud expedition which had set out so gloriously from Zanzibar, and had solved the mystery of a continent and fight its way to it was to perish in an African jungle of lions and elephants, to perish as so many had done before, leaving only the name of Stanley to be added to the sad, dismal roll of martyrs to African discovery.

Returning to camp," says Stanley, "from the fruitless hunt,"—nothing in all that wilderness but the two lion cubs—"I was so struck with the pinched faces of my poor people that I did have almost wept, if I might have done so without exciting fear of our fate in their minds. I resolved to do something toward relieving the pressing needs of fierce hunger." Stanley had medical stores, which in such an expedition are a sacred trust. He opened a shot-iron trunk and made it serve as a pot. Into this pot he doled out five pounds of Scotch oatmeal—perhaps the most precious of all his possessions—and three tins of "revalenta arabica," and made a gruel. "It was a rare sight," he says, "to see these poor famine-stricken people hasten to that Torquay dress trunk and assist me to cook the huge pot of gruel; to watch them fan the fire to a hercer heat, and, with their gourd full of water, stand by to cool the foaming liquid when it threatened to overflow." The porridge kept the expedition alive for forty-eight hours, when Stanley heard the musketry of his returning army coming in from Suna with the hungry people, and so the soldiers one and all clamored to be led away that afternoon. And when Stanley marched on.—*John Russell Young in Harper's Magazine.*

Literary Miscellany.

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

It is not well,
Here in this land of Christian liberty,
That honest worth or hopeless want should
Dwell
Unaided by our care and sympathy.

The laws of nature do not account for their
own origin.—John Stuart Mill.
Few persons have courage enough to seem
as good as they really are.—Hare.

All good thoughts, words and actions are
from the celestial world.—Zeno.

To be dumb for the remainder of life is bet-
ter than to speak falsely.—Hippodamia.

Falseness always endeavors to copy the
mien and attitude of truth.—Johnson.

As we must render an account of every idle
word, so must we likewise of our idle
silence.—Ambrose.

A friendship that makes the least noise is
very often the most useful; for which reason I
should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous
one.—Addison.

WHAT A RADICAL FOUND IN WATER STREET.

It began in the Club of the True Brother-
hood.

Now the Club of the True Brotherhood is
an organization to be named under one name;
for it is at once the synagogue and the
supreme flower of culture.

For years the question had come at in-
tervals: "What don't you belong to the
Club of the True Brotherhood? You must
lose. Such society! Such delightful
people! Such simplicity and such cul-
ture! Every one is so anxious to make
things pleasant, and every one has such
a real genius for drawing out undeveloped
talent. Oh, yes, you certainly must be
proposed."

"What do you do?" I asked my
enthusiastic friend.

"Do? Oh, everything charming. The
papers are such delightful papers, and the
comments and discussions are certainly
finer than anything that ever gets into
the magazines—they are so spontaneous,
you know; and then you see such fascinat-
ing people. Do give your name and let
me propose you. It is mental suicide
to remain outside such a circle."

That is the way I began. My bump of
veneration is a knob rather than a bump,
and had led me into difficulties, even be-
fore I could spell Phenology, or define
Veneration. Bitter experience had taught
me that my idols were mostly clay, and
only a head of gold at rarest intervals kept
me in any degree constant to my early
faith. But here did seem something
better than I had known. A place where
culture had not killed simplicity, and
where noble thoughts could feed and
grow; where petty comment and criticism
were never heard, and men and women
had rubbed down the angles of too ag-
gressive personalities, passed out from
the limitations of sets and cliques, and
stood ready to share all that life and
thought had brought them, with all who
sought the gift. Though I have passed
the age of "thrills," a sensation very
nearly akin to that of my youth went
through me, as I read the card of notifi-
cation.

"You are hereby informed that your
name having been proposed by ————
and seconded by ———— you are from
henceforth a member of 'The Club of the
True Brotherhood,' annual dues ————
The next meeting will be," etc.

A kind of solemn joy filled me as I
made ready for this momentous occasion.
"At last," I said to myself, "you are to
see and know the best there is. Heretofore
the best has come at intervals only,
and as a whole this great city has seemed
a social desert. Conversation is not after
all, a lost art. Here you will find it;
delicate, airy, graceful, as that of the
mythical French salons. You will know
how mind acts on mind when excited by
this subtle power of flying thoughts, and
the charm of presence will be added to the
words you would otherwise know only on
the printed page.

In such a mood, the sacred circle was
reached; was entered. In such a mood, I
even wrote my first paper, trembling at
the inadequacy of my thought, and eager
to add even the smallest contribution to
the general treasury of good will and
mutual development. In spite of deep
but stifled interior questionings, I held to
this faith, till suddenly, at the end of three
months, common sense asserted itself, and
prodded me the more sharply that I had
deliberately and long forced it to silence.
I shall not forget that evening. A poet
was there visibly choking in the fuming
incense burned before him by a knot of
worshippers; a historian, quarreling
fiercely with another historian on some
disputed point; a row of novelists and
essayists; another row of critics, the two
ranks eying each other with outward calm
and inward distrust, and without a circle of
discontented, ambitious, uncomfortable
men and women, too eager for individual
recognition to see the absurdity of their
position, or be aware that here the Liter-
ary Snob was king. The sense of humor
rouse for a moment, turned to bitterness.

Here were three men and women,
most of them past their first youth; many
of them with faces indicating kindness
and understanding, yet each one with this
wall of self-assertion shutting out all the
common offices of intercourse. Each
was bent upon saying some sharp, telling
thing that might be handed down as
a Club aphorism; each was ignoring
dear wants and desires, and rising
often on very feeble and fluttering wings
into the rarefied and breathless atmos-
phere of criticism and culture.

"Charming evening! Most delightful
paper, was it not?" said one of the critics,
pursuing before my chair.

"No," I said with calmness, determined
at last to tell the whole truth. "No; it is
not charming at all; and the paper struck
me as false and stilted, and not in the
least the writer's real thought. But then
no one here ever does give his real
thought—only the thought that is expected
of him."

Profoundly amused at this outburst, my
critic stood for a moment in silence.
"You hardly do us justice," he said at
last, as if the thing were dawning upon
him. "You would not have our hearts
upon our sleeves for daws to peck at?"

"Then the True Brotherhood is one of
daws, and not of singing birds," I said.
"That is what it has long seemed, and I
give you one more illustration. I wonder if
one is to be left me. Give me a country
society; give me anything but this
hypercritical, sarcastic, cold-blooded cul-
ture! I have yet to hear one word that
touches real human need; that indicates
the slightest knowledge of even real in-

tellectual needs. Spiritual ones I leave
out of the question. Is there a soul here
who trusts another soul in the room?
Under all this ineffable and high-toned
nonsense, is there something better, that
would find voice if it could, but dares not?
I wish I were a Quaker. Then this sud-
den moving of the Spirit would be par-
doned, and I would speak out here all
the disappointment to which these
months have given birth. I would show
you, and in such words that you could
never call it pique or envy, just what
you are doing; just what you fail to do.
We come for bread and you give us a
stone. Culture, as you exhibit it, is a
keen and merciless blade, cutting into all
genuine, hearty life, and you walk about,
unconscious that your life-blood is gone
and your place among the living vacant.
You are ghosts, and your squeaking and
gibbering you take for profound speech
on life and its work."

"This is a cold shower-bath," gasped
my hearer. "What have I done that it
alls solely upon me? In pity, my friend,
furnish your voice and dounce somebody
besides myself."

"No," I said. "This is my last word
for the Club of the True Brotherhood. I
am not strong enough, mentally or mor-
ally, to remain in this ice-house, unchilled.
If I stay, there would simply be one more
corpse. I must run while I can. Good-
bye."

So ended this chapter of experience,
and I laid away the record with many
another one—going on, a little more silent,
and with a dreary wonder if there were
any such things as real human intercourse,
and if loneliness must be the heart of all
life, as well as to beginning and ending.
From one point of view life had broadened
and deepened with each added year. Fresh
possibilities of work, of knowledge, of
happiness were discerned, yet through all,
mastering the strongest hope, came the
sense of limitation, the weariness of
struggle; the doubt and question and
sadness, underlying all the growth of
this strange and wonderful Nineteenth
Century. One by one, old landmarks had
vanished. Speculation came, with no
answer to its questions. One ism after
another presented itself, seeming at first
to meet the demand for truth; then find-
ing and fading away under the light of
investigation. Church people were stu-
pidly intolerant; radicals equally so.
Where I belonged had long been a mys-
tery. With the former, I was counted
radical and destructive; with the latter,
conservative and willfully blind to pro-
gress. Thus, in spite of most active efforts
to get down and stay somewhere, I was
constantly ordered back to the fence di-
viding these two parties, neither of which
allowed that I had any rights which ei-
ther was bound to respect.

There are many in precisely this posi-
tion—a few who admit it; a far larger
number who keep silence, but wonder
painfully why life must be one long ques-
tion, the asking of which brings down
only a storm of indignation from one side,
a half contemptuous reception on the other.
Radicalism takes in untold numbers,
whose strong devotional natures are never
satisfied with the amount and character
of the worship permitted them, and
who work with feverish energy in all
schemes for regenerating humanity. Yet
to bind themselves in old formulas, in
dead doctrines, is impossible. The Christ
shown them in the average church is not
what they want; and when "honest
doubt" is met with horror, they fling off
all old beliefs, cease to search for the soul
of truth in the ancient formula, and per-
suade themselves that content lies in utter
rejection.

To this army I belonged; but the species
of Brahminism I had tried to adopt
neither soothed nor satisfied me. The
sad condition of large classes in this
country, who are literally "conceived in
sin and shapen in iniquity," and whom
the gospel of development scarcely pro-
mises to reach, made my own personal
pleasure and progress seem almost a
wicked thing, if they could not somehow
share it.

"I give it up," I said one day to a
friend, who was always too actively at
work to have time for speculation.
"Ethical Culture" may reach the middle
class, in fact has reached many, but over
the masses I despair. There is no re-
generating power in them to draw upon.
Badly born, badly fed and clothed and
housed; violence is their beginning and
ending. There is no salvation for these
poor wretches. The world is out of joint."

"Don't go on!" was the half-laughing
answer. "There is no 'cursed spite'
about it; but it is a most blessed fact that
we can set our small share of it right.
You have refused, time and again, to go
and see for yourself. Now you shall not
say No. All I ask of you is to go with a
mind as open to truth as it would be if I
wanted you to examine some new
scientific fact. You complain of the
intolerance of radicals, but you are equal-
ly bad in your way. Come now, without
pretext, and if you do not believe, I shall
not ask you again."

I went. The place was the Water Street
Mission. The old Five Points region I
had known well, and the change wrought
here by means of the various missions;
but this was all unknown country.
Hardly a stone's throw from the Harpers
great establishment in Franklin square,
we turned down Dover street. On one side,
the towering pier of the East River
bridge; on the other, a row of tenement
houses, two or three with gabled roofs,
the last remnant of the old time when
quiet Dutch burghers made their homes
there, and all swarming with children—
dirty, unkempt, foul of speech. A turn to
the right, and still under the shadow of
the great pier; a long line of houses, some
low and leaning, with bulging roofs and
broken windows above; but below, on
either side, dens of infamy, opening at
the back into rat or cockpits. Women
crowded here, sitting in rows on benches,
or out on the sidewalk, waiting the return
of sailors, for these were the noted
"sailors' boarding-houses;" and for
blocks around, far up Cherry street to the
police station-house, and out into a region
of dark alleys festering with filth, and
narrow streets alive with masses of peo-
ple, spread the influence of these foul
lives. Painted and decked with tawdry
finery, the smell of liquor about every
one, with hard, brazen faces, and the
indecorable voice that, once heard, is
never forgotten, I saw for the first time
the extremity of abomination—the last
gleam of womanhood dead beyond resur-
rection. In men and women both, as we
passed on, only the wild animal seemed
left; brutal, lowering faces, stamped
with every sign of violence, and oaths
and horrible words the current speech. Pianos
and fiddles jingled and squeaked. Every

other house was a "bucket shop"—a
saloon where only the cheapest liquor is
sold, and the light from which showed
sanded floors and the roughest of bars,
waiting the evening custom. In the midst
of these surroundings rose a plain brick
building, the walk before it carefully kept,
and the outer door closing with a spring
lock, which, when opened, rang a bell,
as warning to the janitor that visitors
were below. A policeman stood on the
step to order off the children and boys,
who had often sought to break up the
meeting not only by singing and shout-
ing, but by throwing stones and breaking
windows. Within was the simplest and
plainest of chapels, holding some four
hundred men, very few women forming
part of the congregation either then or at
any time. A raised platform with small
reading-desk, and cabinet organ and a
half dozen benches for visitors, were at
the upper end; and here we seated our-
selves, facing the audience, and looked
about. Below the desk, and just in front
of an empty bench, stood an arm-chair,
unoccupied at present. The walls were
hung with various Scripture texts, and on
each side, in heavy, black letters, were
two framed cards. "Speakers strictly
limited to one minute."

"Where are your ruffians?" I whisper-
ed. "These are all respectable men."

"Wait and you will find out," was the
answer; and at this moment, through a
door leading from the platform, entered a
pair who smiled and nodded in every
direction, stopping as hands were stretch-
ed out for a greeting, but passing to their
places—he to the vacant arm-chair, she
to a seat at the organ. The favorite
Moody and Sankey hymns were on every
bench, and at once, "Number Four" be-
ing called, singing began with an intensi-
ty and heartiness I was not prepared to
expect. For a few minutes this went on;
then, as the hands of the clock indicated
half-past seven, a tall man, an Irishman,
as I soon discovered, came up to the desk
and said, quietly: "Let us pray." All
kneled, and the prayer went on; no rant,
no shouting, but an earnestness of appeal
that that night might see many wandering
souls brought in, and made to know that
the Father's house was waiting for them:

"O dear Jesus, you picked us up out
of the gutter and made us clane and
dacent. Come again and save more. I
was the manest of sinners down in the
mud, and if I could be saved, anybody
can. Let them all know it and believe it,
and come straight to you."

The man's rough voice broke, and for a
moment he was silent, unable to speak.
Then he rose, and after another hymn, read
the story of blind Bartimaeus, with a
depth of reverential feeling that destroyed
all pretension to smile or accent or new
methods of pronunciation, expounding
after a fashion of his own, and ending
with a climax, grotesque, yet full of
power:

"An' so ye see that the Lord was will-
in' to give his time and his mind to any
one that would be askin' anything. I tell
ye, my dear friends, there's nothin' like it.
Joshua commanded the sun an' moon to
stand still, an' sure 'twas for his own in-
terest he did it; but Jesus Christ himself
stood still an' spoke to a blind beggar!
You'll never get ahead o' that!"

As he spoke men crept in, one by one,
two of them hatless, one without shoes or
coat, and with matted hair and dirty face,
seemed to have come straight from the
gutter. All eyes were fixed on the speak-
er, while the occupant of the arm-chair
looked with eager interest at each new
arrival. In spite of carefully neat dress
the face and head of this chairman were
so repellent in form and outline that
after one look I whispered again:

"It is useless to say that Jerry McAuley
is an honest man. He can't be. He
was born to be bad. How can he help it
with that type of head?"

"Wait," answered my friend once
more. And as I waited I looked and affirm-
ed again that nature had not lied, and that
this retreating forehead, small and deep-
set eyes, heavy, projecting nose and wide
mouth, indicated nothing but the bully
and the ruffian. The tall, firmly-knit
frame, long arms and great hands showed
immense brute strength, and the keen and
quiet observation appeared that of some
powerful animal speculating on possible
danger and ready to annihilate an enemy.
The strongest face in the room was this;
a man, with a Fourth Ward rough,
must have been incredibly reckless, fierce,
brutal. This sweet, motherly-looking
woman at the organ could have no con-
nection with him. Her face and figure
were full of strength and helpfulness, and
her deep gray eyes were wide with feel-
ing. Another hymn, and then McAuley
rose and in a quiet voice said:

"The meetin' is open for experience.
Don't be forgettin' and lettin' yourselves
run over your minute. There's much
can be said in a minute, and all of you
have time to tell what Jesus has done for
your souls. Tell it out, too, and don't be
afraid. There's not a man here has a
worse tale of himself than me, an' to-night
I can say as I've said for eleven years,
that I'm saved from being a thief and a
drunkard and a gambler and everything
yet I've been down in the gutter deeper'n
any poor fellow in here to-night, with no
clothes but an old red shirt, stilled with
dirt, and a bat like you'd taken it out of
an old rat pot. I've hung round bucket
shops an' begged for drinks when I was
so far gone my own mother would hardly
'a come near me; an' I say to every one
of you, there ain't a man nor woman here
so far gone but what this blessed Jesus
can pick them up an' set them on their
feet. The meetin' is open."

"And I tell you the same thing," said a
voice from behind me, and I turned to see
the organist stepping forward. "I've
been through it all, and in my very worst
drunken fits—and I drank all the time—
there was a power that could save me
even then. I was so lost and degraded,
I don't want to think of it. I couldn't
speak of it, if I didn't want you to know
that this dear, tender Saviour goes seek-
ing that which is lost." He found me, and
to-day all I want in the world is to make
every one know his power, and have the
peace and comfort I have every hour of
my life."

If Lucretia Mott had suddenly arisen,
flung down her Quaker bonnet, and an-
nounced herself an inveterate drunkard,
I could not have been more profoundly
amazed. I studied the sweet, steady face,
and a line in it bearing any meaning but
of love and cheer and helpfulness, with a
merry expression about the lips, that smiled
involuntarily at the unexpected turns of
thought and speech from one and another.
Experiences followed fast; men and
women rose and waited their turn.
Thieves, drunkards, gamblers, prosti-

tutes, all with the same story; and in the
majority of cases, look closely at I might,
bearing little or no trace of their wretched
lives. Peace, absolute contentment,
fairly bubbled over. Men laughed as
they told of their happiness, and many
ended by saying: "And I bless God I
ever came into the Water Street Mis-
sion."

"Six months ago I was a drunkard."
"Four months ago I came here from a
step to three years' term in prison." "Sixteen
weeks ago to-night, I came here so drunk
I couldn't stand straight, and God saved
me that night." "Eight months ago I was
a wicked woman, and there's many here
that knows just how wicked; and Jesus
saved me."

So the hour went on; at any pause a
verse of some favorite hymn, and through
it all the sad faces near the door lighting
with interest, as something was said that
touched their own case. One man arose
and shuffled out, growling oaths against
the "McAuley hypocrites," and a pale
young man sprang up.

"Yes, that's what I said," he respon-
ded. "I came here a month, an' I swore
every night it was a pack o' lies, an' Jerry
McAuley the biggest fraud goin'." But I
found that I was the liar, and I got
strength here to stop my drinkin' an' I
got an 'smokin', and save my money
for my family, instead o' givin' it to gin
mills. An' now I've got a comfortable,
happy home, an' my children's got a bed
for the first time in their lives, an' I'm
clean inside an' out, bless His holy name.
Oh, why won't you all believe?"

"That was the way with me," said an-
other equally eager. "I said the fellows
here made a soft thing out of it, an' it
paid 'em well to lie; but I found plenty
of 'em givin' up theivins that brought 'em
plenty, an' goin' hungry rather than
steal. I wasn't a thief, but I was a rear-
in', tearin' bully, knockin' round the
ward here, cursin' an' swearin' an' ready
for any mischief, an' Jesus took hold o'
me, an' here I am saved."

"It is time now to change the meetin',"
said Jerry, who had stood some moments
waiting. "There's men here that work
hard all day an' I'm bound to let 'em out
at nine o'clock. We've no time for long
speeches but I'll tell you again, what
I'm never tired of tellin', and what it save
some soul here to-night, that this blessed
Jesus saves me. There's no sham about
it. I don't tell you I was a thief and a
drunkard and a fraud, to glory in it,
but I want you roughs to understand
what Jesus has done for me. Yes! when
I was such a mean, nasty wretch of a
sinner, that I hadn't a home or a friend,
this dear blessed Jesus picked me up
out of the mud, and saved me from
wantin' to do such things. Who wouldn't
love the name of Jesus?"

"There was a time once when I'd cut
a man's throat for a five dollar bill and
kiss him overboard. An' then there
was a time when I'd plenty of money
and rode behind my own fast horse, but
I'd come the same way. Do you sup-
pose I'd do it now? Eh? Why not?
Because I've got the grace of God in my
soul. Jesus saves me, and he can save
any man. He says: 'He that cometh
unto me, I will in no wise cast out.'
Jesus died for every poor fellow here
that hasn't got any home to-night. Won't
you come to him and let him save you?
Won't you come now? Oh, do!"

"We're going to have prayers now.
Who'll stand up for prayers? There's
one; there's two; three; there's another.
The devil tells some of you not to do it.
I tell you the devil ain't much of a friend.
He goes round puttin' up all sorts of jobs
on sinners, and he makes it pretty hot
sometimes. You can't get the best of
him, now. You've got to cry to God
for help, an' keep cryin' till he gives it.
He won't be long about it. Ask and
ye shall receive." That's what he says.

"Every soul of us has got to have his
help, great and small. Everybody needs
help. Put us all in a bag and shake us
up; s'pose there'd be much difference
when we came out? Eh?"

"You hear some people say the Bible
is a sham and religion a hoax. Well, it may
be to them, but it's God's own power to
me. Why I look at me, friends. Eleven
years ago I was a loafer and a rough.
Head on me like a mule; big ears across
my nose all the time. I wonder I've got
a nose when I remember all the kicks
it got. There ain't a drunken rowdy
rotted the corner worse lookin' than I
was, nor more deservin' punishment. I
cursed God! I held up my hands and
cursed him for givin' me life. Why had
he put me in a hell on earth? Why had
he made me a thief and a rascal, while
he gave other people money and fun?
And then it came across me that he
hadn't done one o' these things. It was
me that had brought myself to what I
was! I had made myself a drunkard
and a thief, and then blamed him for it!
Where was my common sense? If you
want some—and who don't?—ask him for
it."

"Some say: 'I'm too bad; God wouldn't
give me a show.' Oh, what a mistake!
God will take what the devil would almost
refuse. Didn't he save the thief on the
cross? I know a man that came into this
place to lick another for having said,
'Jesus saves me.' Well, Jesus saved
that very man himself. He came along,
looking for fight, but the starch was
knocked out o' him. He went away like a
cur in a sack, tremblin' all over, and now
he is a good man. Jesus is waitin' for
every one of you. Oh, won't you stand
up to be prayed for?"

The strong yearning, the deep ear-
nestness of his appeal found its answer.
One after another came forward to the
empty bench whose use I now under-
stood. The people rose and sung:

"This loving Saviour stands patiently,"
and as the refrain sounded full and clear:

"Calling now to thee, prodigal,
Calling now to thee;
Thou hast wandered far away,
But he's calling now to thee."

the most hardened-looking of the men
burst into tears and buried his face in
his arms. Mrs. McAuley left her place
and knelt by him, and as all knelt,
prayed a prayer of such utter faith, such
happy surety that then and there it would
be answered, as my ears had never
heard. I forgot to protest. Some strange,
invisible presence was at work; a sense
of expectation was upon me, and when
McAuley spoke low, "Now let these
poor souls pray for themselves." I knew
some answer must come.

"O Jesus," said the weeping man,
"you know all about it. I'm sick of
my sins. I want to be decent. You can
help me. Don't let me get into the mud
again."

"I can't pray," said the next one, "I'm
too bad. I'm afraid to."

"You can't be too bad," said McAuley's
earnest voice. "Just say, God be
merciful to me a sinner!" and once more
the publican's prayer went up from sin-
ful lips. I had seen the wild excitement
of camp-meetings in years gone by, but
here was a hush, a power deeper than
anything I had ever known. One by one
trembling voices made their first petition
—seven men, straight from the slums;
and then they took their places on the
bench, and for the first time I saw Mc-
Auley's full face, as he asked one and
then another, what they had resolved to
do. No tender soul ever looked upon
human pain than that which now shone
in his eyes and glorified the coarse fea-
tures—a look that, convincing of the
power at work there than years of argu-
ment could have been. A deep stillness
filled the room, broken only by a mur-
mur: "Thank God," as one after another
avowed his determination to lead a new
life.

"We'll pray for you. You shan't want
for all the help we've got to give," said
McAuley. "Keep coming, and we'll do
you good."

"It was nine o'clock. The men rose and
all sang, 'Praise God, from whom all
blessings flow.' Mrs. McAuley passed
down to the door, and stood there to
shake hands and give some word of help
or greeting to every one who went out,
and I stood watching the hearty way in
which all were talking together, and the
crowd which surrounded the new con-
verts. In all the faces, I saw but two
who seemed to me frauds, and as it after-
wards proved, only one of them was real-
ly so. My friend made no comment.
We talked of indifferent matters on the
way home, but a day or two later I went
again, this time an hour before the meet-
ing, in order to question McAuley and
his wife in person. I found the sec-
ond floor of the building to be their
home—a comfortable prettily-furnished
flat, exquisitely neat, and with a home-
like feeling not always had in stater
places, and was greeted with a warmth
and courtesy that absolved me at once
from the guilt of intrusion. We talked
for an hour on the origin of the work;
their personal share in it, and the effect
already produced in the street—the pres-
ent wilderness being peace and innocence
compared with its condition in 1872:

"Come again! Come often as you like!"
McAuley said heartily, as he was called
away. "I'll tell you anything you'd like
to know, though if I talked the rest o' my
life, I couldn't tell all the stories I know,
nor the sights I've seen."

I did "come again," and at last taking
my place among the "regulars," as the
few are called who have stated employ-
ment and come constantly. The congrega-
tion is a floating one, a large propor-
tion being sailors, but, go far as they may,
they all come back, reappearing some-
times after intervals of a year or more,
each in the meantime having become a
missionary on his own account. To save
some other soul from wretchedness and
sin, is the first demand made upon them,
and in the six years' history of the work,
thousands of names stand already as the
fruit of a labor, through day and night,
and against such obstacles as men and
women in quiet, sheltered homes can
hardly conceive. Long before I admit-
ted it as a fact of personal application, I
came to believe in a literal regeneration,
and to find that but one thing could be said
to the sad and hungry souls waiting for
some word of hope and comfort. Doubt
fled from this atmosphere of loving help-
fulness. Social problems remained prob-
lems no longer. Communism and drunk-
enness, and foul sin of every sort, died a
natural death. Old things passed away,
and all things became new.—Sunday
Afternoon.

THE BOY AND THE CHESTNUTS.
A rat of a boy, who had in vain se-
arched the Post-office corridors for the nickel
which a careless hand occasionally drops
at the clerk's window, took his position
before a chestnut stand, and eyed the fresh
nuts a long time before drawing a deep
sigh and groaning, "Oh, I wish I were
rich!" The chestnut roaster made no
reply, and the odor of the roasting nuts
finally induced the boy to inquire, "Are
chestnuts healthy?" "No, but they are
prolific of indigestion," was the reply.
After a while the boy thought it was time
to remark: "Did you ever hear the
story of the man who gave a poor boy a
handful of chestnuts, and when the boy
grew up and got rich he rewarded the
old man with a diamond pin and a four-
horse team?" "No, never did; but I
heard of the man who brought a poor
boy to the edge of the grave by giving
him a dozen chestnuts." The lad took a
turn up and down, secured another an-
swer of the pleasant odor, and then leaned
over and whispered: "If I'll take the
chances on the edge-of-the-grave busi-
ness will you take the chances on the
chestnuts?" The vendor finally thought
he would.—Detroit Free Press.

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News Summary.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Canada's Royal Governor.

The new Dominion has been in a state of joyfulness the past week, welcoming Lord Lorne and his estimable lady, who are to succeed the Earl of Dufferin in the governorship. Halifax where they landed from the steamer, and Montreal where they halted awhile on their way to Ottawa, as well as Ottawa itself, the provincial capital, have vied with each other in honoring the new comers. Both the recipients of these honors have borne themselves with great credit, a speech that Lord Lorne made at Montreal being particularly manly and able. His lady is a daughter of Queen Victoria, and is the first of her daughters, we believe, to cross the ocean. They will reside at Rideau Hall, in the village of New Edinburgh, a suburb of Ottawa.

An Ocean Disaster.

The steamship Pommerania, from New York for Hamburg, was sunk by collision with a Welsh barque in the English channel, off Folkestone, at midnight, Monday of last week, and, as near as can be ascertained, between thirty and forty lives were lost. Among these are a sister of Congress-man Clymer and two of her sons. The steamer foundered soon after the collision, which seems to have been due in part to carelessness on the part of the barque. The steamer's crew is reported to have behaved badly, but her Captain exerted himself heroically.

Is it a "Splendid Police Force"?

It is more than four weeks since the newspapers astounded New York with the announcement that a Broadway bank had been robbed of three million dollars in broad daylight, and so far not a trace of the robbers seems to have been discovered. It is nearly three weeks since Stewart's body was torn from its resting-place in the midst of one of the most densely populated portions of this city, and it could not have disappeared more completely if it had been swallowed up in the great deep. People are already asking themselves whether these extraordinary crimes are to remain among the police mysteries, like the Nathan and Rogers murders, and to inquire if the Metropolitan police is, after all, the "splendid" institution that it has been represented to be.

The Navy.

In his annual report Secretary Thompson says the past year has witnessed a great improvement in the Navy, and that thirty-three vessels not needing repairs are now in commission. In case of need, the fighting force of the Navy could be increased to sixty-eight vessels, or more. The estimates for the Navy proper have not been increased above the appropriation for the present year. The Secretary pays some attention to the relations of the Navy to commerce, and points out where he thinks increased appropriations would be good economy.

The Indians.

Gen. Sheridan's reflections on the Indian department and its care of the Indians have called out some sharp letters from Secretary Schurz, in which he severely comments upon some of the General's charges, and tries to show that they are false. Whatever the Secretary or any one else may say it will doubtless be a long time before the people are made to believe that the rules of common honesty are observed in the care of the Indians. This discussion in official circles ought to produce wholesome results.

The Socialists.

Europe continues to be uneasy with fear of the Socialists, not knowing what king or friend of a king may be assassinated next. In Rome the latest arrest of Socialists has led to the seizure of documents that have given much information relative to the organization of the Internationalists of Italy, and their connection with similar bodies in foreign countries. In Prussia, under the order of the Prussian ministry declaring that persons considered dangerous to public order may be denied the right of residing in Berlin or its suburbs, about forty conspicuous Socialists Friday received orders of expulsion, among whom were Messrs. Hasselmann and Fritzsche, Socialist deputies. The organization is quite active, and its hatred of kings and all kingly prerogatives is unmistakable.

Concerning Resumption.

General Sherman's statements lately to Baltimore bankers regarding the Government's intentions as to the details of resumption show that unless the Secretary's hands are tied by some foolish restrictive legislation by Congress, which is not likely, he will certainly carry out redemption to all its logical conclusions. That is to say, he will exchange greenbacks for coin wherever they may be presented in sums of \$50 or any multiple of \$50, and he will receive them for Customs, duties and bonds wherever they may be offered.

"The only way to spike Old Ben" writes a Massachusetts Republican, "is to be able to show some tangible result of this election in the way of solid and valuable progress toward economy, and cutting off in all possible ways useless expenses. And it must be done this winter, and quickly done, and done as a party matter."

The Springfield Republican congratulates good Congressionalists on once more having the privilege of saying, "Brother Bowen," for that personage has become by invitation a member of the church at Woodstock, Ct., where he lives in summer and has such magnificent Fourth of July jamborees.

"The capital point," says the New York Times, "in the present situation can not be denied, namely, that the colored voters of the South are practically without representation in the National Government—not because they are a minority, but, as Mr. Evans said in this City on the eve of election, because they have been disfranchised. The fact is a great disgrace to the nation, and will remain so until the Republic finds some means of remedying an anomaly as monstrous in its way as the system of human slavery from which it sprang."

One of Lord Beaconsfield's most characteristic flashes in his last speech was, aimed at the newspapers and at Sir William Harcourt: "The government of the world is carried on by sovereigns and statesmen, and not by anonymous paragraph-writers, or the hare-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity."

Lyman Tinsman, who died at New York on Saturday, in his 80th year, has cut a prominent figure as lawyer and politician. Besides minor offices he has held the positions of state attorney-general, speaker of the Assembly and member of Congress, and as a lawyer he will be remembered for his great services in securing the conviction of Boss Tweed.

Miscellaneous.

William A. Potter, formerly chief supervising architect at Washington, was arrested in New York, Friday, charged with conspiracy, to defraud the government in connection with the construction of the post-office at Chicago. Bail was fixed at \$5000, which was furnished by his brother, Congressman Clarkson N. Potter.

At the inquest on the bodies of three victims of the Pommerania disaster at Hastings, England, Friday, it was disclosed that the sailors, instead of assisting the passengers, looked eagerly to their own safety, many of the crew even saving their baggage and bedding. The captain stated that his chief officer deserted him, and that the men in the last boat persisted in pushing off while there was yet room for several more persons.

An appeal has been made to Scotchmen abroad by the executive committee of the collapsed City of Glasgow Bank for contributions in aid of the stockholders of that institution. Five hundred thousand pounds sterling are needed, half of which has already been subscribed.

A bag containing \$25,000 has been recovered from one of the lost steamers Pommerania's boats. The money is said to belong to one of the rescued passengers.

The estate of Henry Taylor & Son, grain and flour merchant of Glasgow, has been sequestered, the liabilities amounting to \$6,500,000.

Dr. McCabe, the present auxiliary bishop of the Dublin diocese, is to be the successor of Archbishop Cullen.

The working thread mill at Fall River, Mass. was partially burned at an early hour Friday morning. The loss will reach about \$75,000.

Mrs. Anna D. H. Thompson has been appointed post-mistress at Memphis, Tenn.

Louis A. Gody, founder and publisher of Gody's Lady's Book, died, Friday.

Charles R. Codman is the Citizens' candidate for Mayor of Boston.

Twelve thousand cotton spinners at Oldham, England, are on the strike against a five-per-cent reduction of wages.

Robert Heller, the well-known magician, died in Philadelphia last Wednesday night.

It is reported from Pesth that an attempt was made to assassinate Count Andrássy and Prime Minister Tisza on Tuesday, by exploding a bomb, charged with dynamite, near the minister's palace, where both the parties were rejoicing.

The resignation of General Superintendent Vail of the railway mail service has been accepted by the Postmaster-General, and William B. Thompson, of Cleveland, Ohio, is appointed successor.

A military court of inquiry is to assemble at Chicago on the second Monday of January next to investigate the conduct of General Reno at the Battle of Little Big Horn in June, 1876.

The Secretary of the Treasury has issued a call for the redemption of five million 50-cent bonds of 1865, and of 1865, \$2,000,000 bonds and \$3,000,000 registered.

The grave of Thomas H. Powers, the Philistine millionaire, is to be guarded constantly for fear of another great body-stealing sensation.

Providence has just elected its first Irish alderman.

Congress assembled last Monday. In the President's message, the main features of which we shall give next week, the Southern question, including a reference to the late election frauds, is discussed at greater length than any other subject, and important suggestions are made looking to a more rigid enforcement of the laws for the protection of the elective franchise. The near approach to species resumption, the yellow fever scourge the Indian problem, the fishery award and the Mexican border questions are treated at considerable length, and other topics of less general importance receive proper consideration.

The invading Anglo-Indian army in Afghanistan continues to encounter serious opposition in its advance toward Kabul. A protracted engagement occurred in the Peiwar pass on Saturday, the British troops falling to turn the Afghan position. Another attack was to be made Monday, when a desperate struggle was expected to ensue. Severe fighting has taken place in the Khyber pass, Jellalabad is being strengthened and a strong defensive force is concentrating at Cabul. Discouraging news is also received from the Quetta column and it is now thought that the English advance of Candahar will be delayed until spring.—Senor Zamacona, Mexican minister to this country, addressed a meeting of merchants and business men at Baltimore, Md., on Saturday, relative to the commercial relations between Mexico and the United States. He advocated a commercial treaty between the two governments, and was satisfied that an active trade would result from such an alliance.—George A. Lewis, of London, the husband of "George Eliot" is dead.—The severest gale of the season prevailed in New England, Monday night. The telegraph line between Boston and New York was blown down, and much damage done.

Educational.

Green Mountain Seminary.

Soon after our urgent call for material help in early summer, Bro. S. B. Letson, was employed to solicit funds for the final discharge of a heavy mortgage that has burdened and crippled the energies of this school for years. This young man was induced to leave his studies in the Seminary, and through his untiring and determined efforts sustained by the prayers and pecuniary aid of only a few, pursued his onward course through difficulties, surmounting every obstacle until he succeeded in raising the desired amount, which is about two thousand dollars. And nearly all pledged and subscribed is paid. With but few exceptions this was all in small subscriptions. This agent possesses a rare talent for a solicitor. We would not pass unnoticed the heroic zeal of one of our heavy sufferers in this enterprise, Rev. E. B. Fuller, who laid his earthly fortunes and almost his life on the altar of this Seminary. Still he is ready with his limited means to help secure the safety and prosperity of the Seminary.

The fall term which closed Nov. 22, was quite a success. Fifty-three students attended, well reported and studious. It is commendable when in comparison with the many schools in the immediate and surrounding vicinity.

The Principal, Miss Lizzie Colley, together with a competent assistant comprised the teachers for the term. The closing exercise or review on Friday, was a matter of interest and gave evidence of progress and improvement. An exhibition was given in the evening, which called out quite a full house, when we consider the total darkness and fearful storm of the night. The good speaking and parts performed on the stage, showed a thorough discipline attributable to the persevering exertions of the teacher. Ever patient and unabating in her zeal, the head of this school has applied herself with a tenacious and undying purpose to its highest interests. The love she has for the Seminary resembles an inspiration far more than a romance, and its success seems to be interwoven with the sacrifice of heart and life. May God bless the Seminary.

S. W. COWELL.

Rural and Domestic.

COLOR OF FARM BUILDINGS.

In painting even a shed it is just as cheap and easy to give it a pleasing color, as to make it a blemish on the landscape. Barns and other farm buildings painted red—especially the dark Venetian red—offer a fine contrast to the green of the fields and trees, and we are pleased to note that the use of this color is increasing. The numerous red buildings of English farms are very attractive to the traveler's eye; and they are not only handsome in appearance, but also give an air of thrift and permanency to a place, which unpainted wood or white or straw color do not impart. We have one set of farm buildings in mind, in which the brackets and other trimmings are finished off in black, with a most satisfactory effect. The black thus used gives a distinctness and boldness to the details, and forms with the red wall a happy combination, and one most appropriate in its place. Red barns and out-buildings are not rare; these, when of a glaring, self-asserting red are not pleasing, and they are still less so when they are, as we often see, trimmed with white. It is a rule of good taste in painting buildings to have window caps, brackets and other details, darker than the ground work or main body of the material. Why not apply the same principle to farm buildings, especially as it costs no more and adds to the attractiveness and value of the structure?

For example, a brick house with a white marble doorway, window seats and caps, and a white cornice, will always look frivolous and cheap; where the same details are of the much cheaper brown stone, the house has an air of dignity and repose, quite lacking in the other. Other farm buildings are often quite as conspicuous as the dwelling, and in decorating them, quite as much thought should be given to having them pleasing to the eye, especially as it need not require an extra outlay.—Agriculturist.

BY THE ROADSIDES.

As one walks along the roads in the country, if he is observant, he may learn many lessons of value. The dwellers along the roadsides may not suspect that their characters may be read very plainly by the condition of the road in front of their homes, and the appearance of their surroundings. But it is so, and every man has a certificate of character exhibited at his door, or upon his fence, for the passer-by to read. For instance, just now we may see roadsides white with the wild carrot, or other pestiferous weeds. This shows that the owner is careless and thriftless, because he is suffering injurious weeds to multiply, and lay up future trouble for him; that he is selfish and regardless of what is due to his neighbor, because he is actually injuring the latter's property by stocking it with weeds, and laying up trouble for him as well as for himself; also, that he is not a law-abiding citizen, because he observes neither the written law, which in nearly every State, obliges every owner or occupier of property to destroy injurious weeds upon his premises; nor the unwritten law of justice and kindness to his neighbor, which would impel him to do as he "would be done by." So it is with everything about the house, the gardens, the yards, barns, stables and fields. A man's character is set forth by these plainly as if by the printed in the largest type, and hang up for public inspection upon his front fence. Actions speak louder than words, and by these we shall be judged.—Rural New Yorker.

HINTS FOR WASHING-DAY.

Aunt Hattie says in the *Agriculturist*: The evening previous to wash-day I boil in two gallons soft water, four ounces each of sal-soda and sliced bar soap until dissolved. Put the fine white clothes in one tub, the coarse ones in another. To the water in the boiler add enough cold water to make it lukewarm, pour over the clothes, cover the tubs with a blanket. In the morning add a pall of hot water from the fire, rub the clothes well from top to dry. Treat the coarse clothes the same way. My colored clothes are washed, rinsed, and starched before hanging out.

In starching muslins, shirt bosoms and wristbands, after the shirt bosoms have been dipped and wrung out as dry as possible, I use boiled starch run through a fine sieve, and then good laundresses, and it is almost impossible to keep the iron from sticking unless this precaution is observed. Always use cold starch for shirt collars. Mix thoroughly two teaspoonfuls of starch in half a cup of water, dip the collar; wring, pat, spread on a clean towel, and when all are done, roll up the towel, and iron in about an hour.

DOMESTIC HINTS.

The following hints are taken from the *Am. Cultivator*:

TO CLEAN PAINT. Whiting and clean warm water will clean white paint better than anything we know of. No soap need be used. Dip the wet cloth in dry whiting, and it will clean the paint without removing it, as soap is apt to do.

POP-CORN BALLS. These are easily made. To one gallon of pop-corn take half a pint of molasses, or sugar; put into a skillet and let it boil up once; pour it over the corn; grease your hands with sweet butter, and make the whole into balls of such size as you please.

CARPET MOTHS. A good way to kill them is to take a coarse crash towel and wring it out of clean water; spread it smoothly on the carpet, then iron it dry with a good hot iron, repeating the operation on all suspected places and those least used. It does not injure the pile or color of the carpet in the least; it is not necessary to press hard, heat and steam being the agents, and they do the work effectively on worms and eggs.

WOOLEN CLOTHES. When wooleens are worn threadbare, as is often the case in the elbows, cuffs, sleeves, etc., of men's coats, the coats must be soaked in cold water for half an hour; then taken out of the water and put on a board, and the threadbare parts of the cloth rubbed with flannel, or with a prickly thistle, until a sufficient nap is raised. When this is done, hang the coat up to dry, and with a hard brush lay the nap the right way.

CONDIMENTS. It is not enough that food should contain alimentary principles in proper quantity; to render it really nutritious there must also be a supply of condiments. These may be compared to oil in a machine, which neither makes good the waste of material nor supplies motive

power, yet causes it to work easier and better, rendering essential service in the process of nutrition, though they are not themselves able to prevent waste of any part of the body.

The raciest foreign letters written to America have been contributed by Mrs. Lucy Hamilton Hooper from Paris. This charming writer is a contributor to many magazines and papers, and her articles are in eager demand. Mrs. Hooper is one of the writers for "Andrews' Bazar," published at Cincinnati, and her comments on the theater, opera, politics, fashion and society scintillate diamond-like. This is only a sample of the care with which the conductor of "Andrews' Bazar" caters for the public taste. There is a department devoted to fashions well worth ten times the price in information and suggestion.

DOES THE WORLD MOVE.

The Rev. John Jasper, of Virginia, says, "De sun do move, for in 'de mornin' it shines on dis side ob de house, whil in 'de ebebin, on dat side ob de house. Now, if he don't move, how come he dar? Not withstandin' Mr. Jasper's logic, we yet believe the world moves. When Mr. Jasper's ideas constituted the popular belief, people thought that to die of small-pox or cholera was simply fulfilling one of nature's laws. Now, through vaccination, small-pox is averted, while cholera, cholera morbus, dysentery (dix), and diarrhoea are readily cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed. Does not such evidence tend to prove that "the world moves"? As an external remedy for cuts, bruises, sprains, swellings, bites and stings of insects, the Compound Extract of Smart-Weed has no equal. Veterinary surgeons have also employed it with marked success.

THE MARKETS.

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

FLOUR.
The receipts of Flour for the week have been 41,000 bushels of all kinds against 37,700 bushels for the corresponding week of 1877, and 50,300 bushels in 1876. The best spring wheat flour is at \$2.40 per bushel, of which 1,500 bushels were to London, 250 to Hayti, 116 to St. Thomas, 110 to St. John, and 182 bushels to the British Provinces. There is a very firm feeling for winter wheat flour with a good demand for this description, but round lots are difficult to find. Flour from the mills continue quite small, as the current rates for some time past have not been remunerative. Choice Patents are not much sought after, for them the tendency is to lower rates, with more liberal supplies arriving. There is a difference between the choice grades of St. Louis and the best spring wheat flour. The latter is at \$2.40 per bushel, while the former is at \$2.30 per bushel, and the difference was only \$1.15 per bushel, included in the receipts of the week are 10,000 bushels by the Great Northern Railroad for distribution in neighboring markets and for export. The sales of spring Patents, including Wisconsin and Minnesota brands, have been 10,000 bushels, and the latter is at \$2.40 per bushel, while the former is at \$2.30 per bushel, and the difference was only \$1.15 per bushel, included in the receipts of the week are 10,000 bushels by the Great Northern Railroad for distribution in neighboring markets and for export.

CORN MEAL.—There is no change in Corn Meal, with a fair demand for the provinces. The sales have been at \$2.35 per bushel for all.

RYE FLOUR.—There is a fair demand for Rye Flour and the sales have been small lots at \$3.25 per bushel.

OAT MEAL.—There is a fair demand for Oat Meal and sales at \$1.75 per bushel for common and choice Western.

BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.—The market is quiet for this article, with sales at \$2.25 per 100 pounds.

CORN.
The receipts of Corn for the week have been 12,000 bushels, and the exports for the same time have been 35,350 bushels. The market remains quiet steady and for some days past we notice a firm feeling in the market. The sales of the week are 10,000 bushels, and the latter is at \$2.40 per bushel, while the former is at \$2.30 per bushel, and the difference was only \$1.15 per bushel, included in the receipts of the week are 10,000 bushels by the Great Northern Railroad for distribution in neighboring markets and for export.

BUTTER.
The receipts of Butter for the week have been 12,000 packages, including 1,400 boxes, and 11,400 tons against 11,600 packages for the corresponding week last year, and 11,900 in 1876. The market is quiet steady and for some days past we notice a firm feeling in the market. The sales of the week are 10,000 packages, and the latter is at \$2.40 per package, while the former is at \$2.30 per package, and the difference was only \$1.15 per package, included in the receipts of the week are 10,000 packages by the Great Northern Railroad for distribution in neighboring markets and for export.

CHEESE.
The receipts for the week have been 5,514 boxes against 7,521 boxes for the same week last year. The market continues dull and unsatisfactory, and the sales are at \$1.15 per box, and the latter is at \$1.15 per box, and the difference was only \$1.15 per box, included in the receipts of the week are 10,000 boxes by the Great Northern Railroad for distribution in neighboring markets and for export.

EGGS.
The market has ruled steady during the week, with sales at \$2.15 per dozen, and 21c per dozen. The market is quiet steady and for some days past we notice a firm feeling in the market. The sales of the week are 10,000 dozen, and the latter is at \$2.15 per dozen, while the former is at \$2.15 per dozen, and the difference was only \$1.15 per dozen, included in the receipts of the week are 10,000 dozen by the Great Northern Railroad for distribution in neighboring markets and for export.

PEAS.
There has been a light demand for Peas, and prices are steady. Choice Canada, per bushel, at \$1.10 to \$1.15. Common do. at \$1.00 to \$1.05. Green Peas, do. at \$1.00 to \$1.05. Yellow Peas, do. at \$1.00 to \$1.05. Red Kidney's, do. at \$1.00 to \$1.05.

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DRINK APPLES.
There is nothing doing and prices are nominal. We quote: Quarters and sliced, 1 lb. 3 & 4 Evaporated, 50 cts. 8 & 10

The market is steady, with sales of choice at \$6.87 & 1/2. We quote: Caps, 1/2 lb. \$6.00 to 7.00 Country, 50 cts. 5.00 to 6.00

I CURE THIS
To the Editor: DEAR SIR— Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the cure of the above disease, and that by its use in any person I have cured thousands of cases of the worst kind of Rheumatism, and will give a full and complete cure.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS
For a case in which I will cure or bottle benefit. Indeed, so strong is my faith.

ONE BOTTLE FREE,
together with a valuable treatise, to any person who addresses me, giving the name, address and P. O. address. Please send this letter to me and you may know who is suffering with this terrible disease, and oblige, respectfully yours, DR. H. C. LLOYD, 107 West 10th St. N. Y.

"VITTO INFANS"
The Rev. John Jasper, of Virginia, says, "De sun do move, for in 'de mornin' it shines on dis side ob de house, whil in 'de ebebin, on dat side ob de house. Now, if he don't move, how come he dar? Not withstandin' Mr. Jasper's logic, we yet believe the world moves. When Mr. Jasper's ideas constituted the popular belief, people thought that to die of small-pox or cholera was simply fulfilling one of nature's laws. Now, through vaccination, small-pox is averted, while cholera, cholera morbus, dysentery (dix), and diarrhoea are readily cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed. Does not such evidence tend to prove that "the world moves"? As an external remedy for cuts, bruises, sprains, swellings, bites and stings of insects, the Compound Extract of Smart-Weed has no equal. Veterinary surgeons have also employed it with marked success.