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The Morning Star.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1878.

MISTS.

BY ROGER WOODWORTH.

An intense face, with longing eyes
Upturned to the dark, grey mist,
As cold in its way as the ocean spray
A wandering berg has kissed.
O baffled eyes, like questioning souls,
The mists that around you rise
Would ever lie deep, in unbroken sleep,
If ever were not fair skies.
Fair skies and a golden sun beyond,
To draw all the vapors that sway,
Though shrouding your sight, in a gloomy night,
They'll soon be farther away.
You raise your face to the clearing skies,
And clouds that are tipped with gold,
Whose purple beams, and rosy gleams,
Were mists that gathered cold.
A soul that was wrapped in freezing doubts
Has found that they rise and away,
The sun was above, and a pitying love
Has ushered the perfect day.

A REMEDY FOR FREE THINKING.

BY REV. C. D. DUDLEY.

Among the many important questions that demand speedy solution is this one: How can our people, and especially the students of our schools, be saved from skeptical free thinking? Three months' study of Butler's Analogy, Evidences of Christianity, and Moral Philosophy, accomplishes almost nothing in this desired direction, while the pulpit and religious press do not save even those they reach. It is useless to ignore the fact that free thinking is common, and it is equally useless to think it can be suppressed by clubbing. Its nature and origin must be determined, its faults exposed and its causes removed. It is sufficient for present purposes, to define according to the claim of free thinkers themselves, that their desire is for unrestricted, untrammelled thought. They are especially opposed to the burden of a belief in Revelation, and many are fast laying aside the weights of civil and social laws. Infidelity, communism and socialism, free believers, free actors and free lovers are all marshaled under free thinking, though some object to the society in which they are thus compelled to appear. Passion and prejudice are prolific causes, but the most respectable source of free thinking is found in the struggle for independence in thought.

Every one who would learn to think for himself must, at some time, be found in the state of transition from the faith of childhood and ignorance to the reasoning of manhood and culture. While in this unsettled condition, we must begin to question what we have before received on authority, so far as to institute an independent investigation, conducted by our own minds. We become conscious of personal privilege and responsibility in thought. We may judge for ourselves and are accountable to no one else for our mental results. We are free and we know it, but that is all we know. We have not yet learned how to reach the truth. Thinking is an art in which we have yet acquired little, or no experience. We are as awkward and unsuccessful in our new work as when we were learning to walk.

If just at this point we throw away all that we have previously held through faith in authority, we become free thinkers; if, on the other hand, we keep our early faith until, by our own efforts, we arrive at conclusions well substantiated by skillful application of proper tests, we must, for some time, admit that we are not yet thinkers, but only learners.

The only way for us to get above our weakness is to progress by experience. And we stand in great need of guidance until we are not only free but also strong. It is the professed aim of education to awaken and drill the mental faculties. Our schools surely accomplish, in many cases, the former work. Early teachers exhort to independent thought, and the young student is even told that an erroneous conclusion of his own is preferable to the best results secured by the help of others.

But it is questionable whether there are many schools that accomplish the latter work of carefully culturing the awakened mind so it can act to advantage. We would hardly question the statement that the majority of graduates from American colleges of fair standard are ready to doubt almost anything, and able to clearly and persistently think on almost

nothing. And this when it is all but certain that such independent but unskillful thinkers will become free thinkers, for they have had every inducement to become independent, but have not acquired sufficient strength to help themselves, or even to realize that their independence is attended by great danger.

This would give us an appalling prospect indeed, if it were not true that graduates of this class who are naturally strong or who enjoy considerable further advantages of instruction, that is, those who become more influential in thought, will sooner or later outgrow their free thinking and become respectable, independent thinkers. But here is a large number amounting to hundreds annually, who have become active and influential, but painfully unreliable, because they were shut off from help and guidance just when they most needed them. They fail, first, because they do not recognize the difference between free thinking and independent thinking. While the one is liberty, the other is license.

While the independent thinker acknowledges no authority to others in so far as he claims independence, the free thinker often fails to acknowledge authority even to himself, and so becomes inconsistent. He claims the right to think as he pleases, which is more than his due, as no one has any right to think regardless of the fundamental principles of thought that are found in every healthy mind. The free thinker doubts what he cannot understand, the independent thinker believes what he is not able to prove, because he sees satisfactory evidence of the existence of other minds superior to his own, that are able to accomplish for him what he cannot do for himself.

In this we also see a second reason for the failure of the free thinker, namely, the over-estimating his own importance. And a third reason is that he generally fails to grasp a comprehensive view of a subject, being narrowed so closely to self. In general, free thinking is either loose thinking or narrow thinking or both together.

How can such failure be avoided or remedied? By a higher education, and by that only.

It is impossible to stay the advancing tide of intelligence, it is possible to push it onward. Our whole population is learning enough to doubt, we can save them only by teaching them enough more for rational belief. The very best of our schools are yet inefficient for this. Something must be done that we do not secure only sufficient education to insure weakness.

We have reached that point of general intelligence where education inevitably leads to a questioning of formulated truths, which is sure to ripen into skepticism, if not lead on to independent conviction. The mind will not fully appreciate such formulated doctrines, as religious creeds, civil constitutions, and social laws, till it has itself sufficiently tried the work of defining and formulating, to understand its difficulties and value.

Such a state of appreciation is the important turning point in the development of the mind, beyond which the thinker may begin safely to do without a personal instructor.

After this any proposition is not rejected because it is thought imperfect in form or relation. Has it truth in it? If it has, can the statement be improved? If it can, well; if not, it is accepted as the nearest present approach to the truth. The tares can not be hastily separated from the wheat. They will both come up together. Each must get as near the truth as possible. We will not be able to exactly agree at present. We are climbing towards heaven along various sides of the same mountain, and the nearer we approach the summit the nearer we get together.

And since, on the heights, we are sure to be one, we are not really apart now. So we should not stop and try to get together by chasing each other around the base, but rather direct all forces towards that common point in the skies on which we shall stand united, seeing face to face and knowing as we are known. The highest culture fully sanctified is our only hope.

THE INDIAN QUESTION.

BY A. D. WILLIAMS, D. D.

The contest between Gens. Sheridan and Sherman, on the one side, and Sec. Schurz and the denominational Boards on the other, is one of much importance to the fate of a race, on the one hand, and to the honor of a nation, on the other. It is safe to say, at the outset, that all of the truth is not on either side, nor all the reproach. If either were tried by its deserts, both the agents of the Interior Department and of the army, among the Indians, would be consigned to everlasting infamy. It is to be hoped, and is probable, that the agents selected by the denominations will average a little better than the others. But their superiority is not great enough to brag much about, where the facts are known. All seem to regard the Indian bureau as a goose to be plucked—at all events, it gets plucked most thoroughly.

Moreover, the pleas of both parties will

not bear the closest scrutiny. The army is far from immaculate. So-called soldiers smirk, and swear, and treat Indian females as mistresses, and often hinder Christian propaganda. But, under the Interior Department, the drinking, and swearing, and prostitution are scarcely perceptibly abated. In the line of cheating and defrauding the Indians, there will probably be much less of it under military than civil rule.

We notice that our old friend, Hon. A. C. Barstow, of Providence, R. I., is reported as saying that, if given over to the denominational boards, the Indians will be civilized in five years. If correctly reported, he needs to be better posted. Let him come out here, into actual contact with the Indian, let him study him at short range, as he really is, and he will no more dream of civilizing or Christianizing the race in five years—or in fifty. With any possible agency, the Indian is as impregnable to civilization and Christianity, as is Boston's North St. to the batteries of Bro. Murray, or Water St., Providence, to Bro. Barstow's High St. church—only considerably more so. Good can be done. Many can be saved. One way may be better than others. But any such dream of civilizing or Christianizing the Indian in five years is as Utopian as to expect to demolish intemperance or the social evil in the same time.

This Indian question is not a simple one—is not of easy solution. The best minds of the nation, and of the world, have tried their hands at it, as yet, with indifferent success. The experiments that have been tried are not far removed from manifest failures. The plans that have not been tried may appear better, only because they have not been tried.

As to the transfer to the Army, the people living in the vicinity, who have most acquaintance with the practical workings of our Indian policy, are almost to a man in favor of the transfer. Its opponents are almost entirely people at a distance, who receive their impressions from books and reports, or transient visits. These people in the vicinity are perhaps more likely to be influenced by personal prejudices. Those at a distance seldom, or never, fully comprehend the actual facts.

It would seem as if army control will be less favorable to Christianizing and civilizing influences. But the amount of these that have actually been exerted, under the civil regime, is not enough, thus far, to cause much change for the worse under any regime whatever. Whatever our eastern friends may think, there can not be much less progress in these directions—except at a few of the more eastern agencies.

It is an open question whether chaplains and missionaries, acting under or in concert with the army, would not accomplish quite as much as while occupying a position of quasi antagonism to the army, as now. For, as a matter of fact, the army is, and has to be, at all the more western posts; so that there are now divided and antagonizing influences not at all favorable to good results from either side.

As the army can not be dispensed with, among these wilder tribes, and the civil agency can, and as the experiment of the civil agencies, by common consent, has not been a success, it can hardly be worse to make the change, and may be much better. If, as many think, both parties are rogues, and as we can not get rid of both, let us away with the one that can be dispensed with.

Those conversant with the army will generally concede that it will be likely to exercise much more honesty in the financial management of Indian affairs. The officers have much less temptation to plunder, and more probability of detection if they do, as well as what is to them a much severer and more dreadful penalty. Both the Indians and Uncle Samuel will undoubtedly save money, by the transfer.

Army control, also, by cheating the Indians less and feeding them better, and by exercising a more direct and powerful control over their movements, will prevent a large part of the massacres and Indian wars, that have heretofore been so great an evil. It will give protection and confidence to the frontier country as nothing else can.

Without arrogating any superior wisdom, our conviction is that the control of all the wild, roving tribes, at all the frontier posts and agencies, should be military. When the Indian has been so far subdued as to be removed from his old, roving associations, and settled down where he can be surrounded by civilizing influences, then let the Interior Department and the denominational boards try what they can do with him. They will find the task hard enough, even then; and we will still allow them more than five years, in which to make even a tolerable citizen of him.

Hastings, Neb.

Scribner's Magazine—The Monthly and St. Nicholas for January arrive in advance of all others. They are handsomely illustrated, special attention being paid to the holidays. The literary features of each were never better, and those who are to read them have much entertainment and profit in prospect. New York: Scribner & Co.

MISSION WORK.

CONDUCTED BY REV. G. C. WATERMAN.

THE ANNUAL REPORTS.

These valuable documents are now nearly ready for distribution, and will furnish our pastors with matter of great value for presentation at their missionary meetings and also contain the latest official statements of the condition of our Benevolent Societies. From the Report of the Corresponding Secretary of the Foreign Mission Society we make liberal extracts.

After a brief and pertinent introduction, the Secretary says:

"The home department calls for its share of attention in this report, and perhaps this is after all the more important department, so far as our home churches are concerned. We can not expect the faith or the zeal of those churches in India to exceed that of these American churches, which have planted them and thus far sustained them. The stream can not rise above the fountain head. So the surest and most effective way of making the foreign mission strong and successful, is to become strong and successful at home. But God has so ordered it that the very effort to give the gospel to the heathen produces a powerful reflex influence for good upon the home church. So that we may justly and emphatically say that the home church needs the foreign mission no less than the foreign mission needs the home church. Each can not thrive without the other. And the sooner this truth is apprehended and acted upon the better for both parties."

Concerning the local support of missionaries, the Report speaks as follows:

"The progress towards the local support of missionaries has been most cheering. The women of Rhode Island have taken a noble step in advance, and are now sending out their own missionary to their benighted sisters across the sea. The women of New Brunswick are not one whit behind those of Rhode Island in this aggressive movement. Their missionary sails with us for India this very week. May the day soon come when every section of our Zion will be represented on the foreign field by its own missionary or native teachers. This taking on personal responsibility is a most cheering feature of the year's work. Any plan that brings the far off land, its work and its workers, its woes and its wants, often to the thought and closer to the heart of our people, must commend itself to every friend of missions."

The Report then gives a statement of the amount contributed in each of the States for the founding of the Bible Training school in India, of which something more than \$25,000 is now secured in cash and interest-bearing notes, and over \$1300 in pledges, which, it is hoped, will all be paid at an early day.

After alluding to the strong re-enforcement, then about to sail for India, and which we hope has, before this time, reached its destination in safety, the Report concludes with these stirring words:

"Continual conquest is the only successful method of Christian warfare. Except ours is a growing mission, it must be a dying one. God help us to make it a growing one in the best sense. If the pastors will inform their people about our work in India, if they will teach them to pray for its prosperity, if they will educate them to cheerful, systematic and liberal giving for its increasing needs, and if they will be ever on the watch for the right persons for missionary service—if all the pastors will do these things, a brighter day will dawn on our foreign missions; but without these things, the toils of a handful of men and women, poorly provided with working allowances, can avail little. Could we reach the ear of every member of our Zion, we should say, Don't play at missions, but let us all in hearty earnest take hold of this work, and push it on for Jesus Christ's sake and the sake of perishing millions."

The Society has also printed, as in former years, the entire Report of the missionaries in India for the year ending with March, 1878. From this we made liberal extracts when it was first received in this country, but all who are interested in the progress of our work there, will be glad to see the Report in full. Of the Treasurer's Report, we shall have something to say at a future time.

THE HOME MISSION SOCIETY.

From the Report of the Corresponding Secretary of the Home Mission Society, we make extracts and gather items as follows:

"We are unable to make a fair statement of the work accomplished by the society during the past year, for the reason that many of the agencies employed by it in various parts of the denomination have produced results the report of which has not reached us. While cards have been sent to nearly every church by our Financial Agent, and he has labored in all parts of the denomination to establish our plan of systematic benevolence, much that has been gathered through these efforts has gone into the treasury of local societies, and has been expended under their direction, without credit to the parent society. We have been busy shaking the bushes while other nets have caught the birds. This statement is not intended as a reflection upon local societies, but as an explanation, due to the friends of the parent society, why the receipts by its treasurer have been so small and the number of its appropriations so few. The actual influence of the society is much greater, and its work more extended, than the report of the treasurer would seem to indicate."

The Society has adopted and acted upon two principles, during the year: first, to pay all its debts; this it has so far succeeded in doing, that, at the date of the Report, its assets were sufficient to cancel all its liabilities; second, "to make no more appropriations than, in the exercise of reason, the funds at the control of the treasurer would be sufficient to meet."

The Shenandoah Mission among the Freedmen has enjoyed a good degree of prosperity, as much, certainly, as the money expended and the labor performed justify us in expecting. Indeed, it is a constant matter of astonishment that so much has been done with so little to do with. Only the rare skill and extraordinary ability of the missionary in charge, Rev. A. H. Morrell, known and loved throughout New England and the Middle States, has enabled the Society to do so successfully what it has done. The long needed Girls' Boarding Hall, at Storers College, has been begun and is already well-known to our readers under the name of "Myrtle Hall." It is hoped that it will be available for use at the opening of the next term. The school has been well patronized during the past year, the number in attendance being larger than in any previous year. Forty-seven have graduated from it since its opening. It has furnished more than one hundred and fifty teachers, most of whom have been Christians. It has also sent out over twenty preachers. The work grows more hopeful and encouraging every year.

In the Cairo Mission, Rev. J. S. Manning has resumed labor with the best of results, and in the entire Western Department the work of the Society wears a better aspect than for some time past.

Other matters are included in and suggested by the Report, of which we hope to speak at another time.

Midnapore Life.

The Santal Teachers' Convention has just closed. We had an interesting and lively week. Hard, constant work from Monday morning till Saturday night. The lesson papers printed were sent out to each teacher six months ago. The branches were examined in, were reading, spelling, writing, dictation, geography, mental and written arithmetic, geometry, the history of Bengal, land measuring, the whole of Mark's Gospel, the ten commandments and the Lord's prayer in Santal. There were ten examiners. The teachers as a general thing showed that they had taken pains to prepare their lessons. They all wound up with a grand prize spelling match on Saturday afternoon. The lesson was the forty-five first pages of the Bengali Dictionary. John Sinclair got the first prize, and a fine young man, Jadant, the second. After that, just before sunset, I took them to see a game of polo played. They, the teachers, were a fine sight, and a little uncommon, for the Santals are not like Bengalis. The Civil Surgeon, who is nominally a Roman Catholic but who seems like a skeptic, was much interested in them. He told me, the other day, he didn't believe that missions ever did any good. But after he had seen these men and spoken to a number of them, he said, "If you will send me your subscription book, I will put my name in it."

One thing I forgot. During the week the teachers prepared a New Testament story to tell on Saturday afternoon. John Sinclair and Ben Batchelder were the two chosen from among the many who competed for the prizes. John got the first. The story was Ananias and Sapphira and the filling in was done admirably. Samuel Dudley, with his tall, robust form, large, honest face, and voice to match, seemed to enter into the spirit of everything. He sings splendidly. John Sinclair, as good and as genuine as ever, Jamey Howe, improved, Billy Burr, good and whole-hearted, Joseph Odell, bright and pleasant, Joe Chadwick, a "good investment," William Alger, getting good from a long backsliding—all these were. When the teachers went home, two of the first class boys went to take schools in the jungles. One of them is Taft Brown. I shall miss him very much. He is a first class boy. But my sheet is full. S. P. B.

THE STAR AS A PRESENT.

BY REV. C. F. PENNEY.

A lady called at my door just now with the money for a year's subscription for the Star as a Christmas present for a friend. I enclose it with this note, and also send the name of another subscriber to be placed in the same list.

I think the announcement of last week very opportune, which places the Star at \$1.70, as a present for 1879. I hope a large number may be blessed in giving, and in receiving as well. What gift of so much value could possibly be found for the money—an important matter in these hard times,—as the Star, whose weekly visits would carry a benediction through all the year? Who can estimate the influence of a religious paper in the home for a single twelve-month? In the large class of those who do not take the Star among the members of our churches, may be found those in almost every church, whose straightened circumstances deprive them, or seem to, of the blessing of its weekly visitation, and who greatly need the spiritual help and intelligent quickening which such a paper as the Star can give. Let us think of these homes where the weekly visit of our paper would make many a discouraging hour brighter through all the year. A church fund in many places, put to such a use, could not serve a better purpose or be followed with a larger blessing. I can but hope that the Christmas and New Year of many may be brighter and happier by the gift which the Publisher of the Star places at so low a price.

Augusta, Me., Dec. 14.

THE HIGH PURPOSE.

The high purpose consecrates and transfigures all. I have stood in Switzerland upon the Gorner Grät, looking upon the grandest scene in Europe. On every side a circle of towering heights looks down; against the sky rise dazzling summits, celestially pure, celestially tender; the Matterhorn frowns in awful majesty; vast ice-rivers sweep down to

wards the valley, in solemn, silent march. If there be upon earth a spot that of itself has power to hush the soul with noblest emotion, it should be that. Yet there I have seen a company of travelers spend their half-hour in senseless gabble and banter, and the laughter of fools. Amid the squalid surroundings of a New York tenement-house, I have seen a poor Irish woman living with such fortitude and faith and generosity that it was a comfort and an inspiration to meet her. That brave soul ennobled its mean surroundings with a glory which not the Alps and the sky could flash in upon a heart made blind and dull by ignoble thoughts.—George S. Merriam.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 12, 1878.

In the fall of 1861, when the country was fairly launched into its great struggle for existence, we listened entranced in the well remembered halls of New Hampton, to a recital by the present publisher of the Star, of his experience during a brief visit to Washington and the scenes he witnessed amid camps and the glittering pageantry of war.

Then sprang up the fire of adventurous youth, and scarce a year sped by, ere a number of eager hearts, that had listened to that story, were beating under martial blue amid those very scenes.

To portray the magic transition, from the tremendous excitement of those historic times,—the squalid city of mud and war's turmoil, to these blessed days of peace and this beautiful city on the Potomac, would be a great, may be a needless, task.

The most favorable time for visiting the Capitol is upon us. No city in the Union experiences such an impetus in all branches of its life as now appears on every side. Congress assembles, with all its multifarious train of legislation. The Departments, in addition to the regular routine, are strained to the utmost in meeting the demands for information arising from the varied interests of so great a nation. The foreign representatives and legations are now assembled in unbroken circle, their gay equipages and liveried retinue lend an air of royalty to the scene. This great Pennsylvania Avenue, leading straight to the Mecca of American political ambition, is again thronged with all that makes up Washington's winter population. Statesmen whose names are household words, jostle along with the rushing crowd; the diplomats and fortune-tolders in grand estate, roll down this broad, smooth avenue; society's queens and mendicants; authors and artists; soldiers and sailors; politicians and pickpockets (pardon the association!) are pressing toward the Goddess figure that pierces the eastern sky. Standing upon the portico of the Treasury, one looks directly down this splendid thoroughfare a mile, until the line of vision vanishes against the noble colonnades and marble front of this the grandest building of a Continent.

On Wednesday last, we joined this surging mass, and wended our way to the Senate chamber, it being known that the southern question would come up for consideration and "Blaine of Maine" was to have the floor. It was peculiarly a Washington occasion. An audience assembled like that of Wednesday, was such as is called out only by a great effort of master minds, and upon subjects of absorbing interest. By half past ten in the morning crowds of ladies and gentlemen were pouring down the various avenues to the Capitol, and the Senate galleries were crowded to suffocation by twelve noon. No seat or even standing room could be had, save in the Diplomatic gallery, which remained conspicuously empty, no doubt very chafing to the wondering visitors and strangers who had made their way to the scene supremely confident that as representatives of a great people they were entitled to the fullest prerogatives, and many amusing episodes occurred between the stern guardians of the doors and these persistent, waiting people.

As the appointed hour draws near the sea of faces is centered upon the one desk at which sits the central figure, with manuscript before him and head reclining upon his hand. A peculiar magnetism seemed to hover about the man, a glance or raising of the head at once claimed every eye, and when the hour of one having struck, Vice-President Wheeler, in the quiet tone and method of this dignified body announced the question, and recognized the Senator from Maine, the chattering, moving, fanning mass became as still as a deep calm upon the sea.

A little ripple of disappointment came when it was seen that the speaker was to read from manuscript, but his clear and peculiar tones penetrated to every portion of the chamber.

Every Senator was in his seat; half the members of the House were grouped behind the outer row of desks, and all gave close attention, with the particular exception of the eccentric and lordly son of New York, who sat writing at his desk during the whole of the speaker's delivery. There were demonstrations of approval at times, which were promptly checked by the President.

After Mr. Blaine had finished, there was a faint sense that great expectations had not been realized, for there seems to have been a sentiment that we were to have one of those passionate, invective efforts for which this eminent son of Maine is so distinguished; but the effort will go to the country as a strong presentation of the unjust preponderance of the white man's vote in the South, over untrammelled suffrage in the North.

Then came the reply of Thurman and Lamar with a weighty stroke at both by the long-headed, incisive Edmunds of Vermont, and the occasion was over. The dense mass through out and soon are scattered through the marble aisles and corridors leading to the Rotunda and the House of Representatives.

This Rotunda is a wonderful stretch of space and mass of marble. Ascending the circling stairway some 275 or 300 steps, we rise to the very apex of the Dome and glancing down 200 feet, through the dizzy interior below, the moving beings on the solid floor appear tiny in proportion, and wind in and out among themselves in seeming inextricable confusion. But all this has been written of before by fertile pen, and prolific brain, so we forbear. Suffice to say, no soul that loves the grand, nor eye formed for the beautiful, could leave the scene unsatisfied and uninstructed.

ELLIOTT.

S. S. Department.

HOW SHALL WE TEACH?

BY W. E. MC NEIL.

This subject, so full of interest to every Christian, is worthy of a great deal of thought. And well it might be, for the grandest, most glorious work of mankind is to save mankind. The highest privilege God has conferred upon mortals is that of bringing benighted souls home to Jesus, leading them out of the mazes of sin into the liberty of Christ.

Engaged in the very work in which Christ was engaged, following in the footsteps of the patriarchs and the apostles, working hand in hand with the holiest men of all ages, how can it be taught but a noble work? The very thought inspires the soul with new energies, and thrills the heart with love to God and his creatures.

How to bring souls to Christ has puzzled good men for eighteen centuries past, yet Martin Luther solved the problem; John Wesley has solved it; and today such men as Moody and Sankey, and a thousand others, are living witnesses of its practicability. Jesus himself has answered the question in a single sentence: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." It is by lifting up the Redeemer, holding up before a lost world the precious Lamb of God that men are to be saved.

But how this is to be done, how people are to be persuaded that holiness to the Lord is preferable to a life of sin, is the all-absorbing question.

The Sabbath-school offers a broad field of labor and a rich harvest to those who are willing to serve the Master faithfully; and the success of the Sabbath-school should be measured, we think, by the number of conversions there, rather than by the number of scholars in attendance, amount of money raised, extent of library, &c.

We can not agree with those who would exclude the children from the church. Christ has publicly proclaimed them the companions of angels. We all know them to be the dearest treasures of the household, and where they have been saved to the church, they have proved to be its very life and hope. Knowing, then, that every day of procrastination only removes farther from God, and hardens them in sin, how much better it is to win them to Christ while their hearts are susceptible to truth.

If, then, the object of the Sabbath-school is to save the lost, how much need there is that every teacher should be a thorough Christian, imbued with fraternal love, and deeply interested in the welfare of Zion.

There are many helps to the Sabbath-school, but three of which are indispensable, viz.: Prayer, personal example, and Bible instruction.

Prayer, because with the blessings of God, and the co-operation of the Spirit we are sure of success; while without divine approval the Sabbath-school, like all purely human institutions, must prove a failure. The teacher should not only pray for his scholars but with them, and to this end we would recommend young people's prayer meetings. A church that can not meet once a week and pray for its Sabbath-school must be very weak indeed, and those who fail to support either Sabbath-school or prayer meeting will become like the soul of the sluggard which desireth but hath nothing.

As to personal example, we believe that in nine cases out of ten there will be as much in the teacher's life to influence the scholar as in the lesson. Hence, his manner should be such as to win the entire confidence of those who are to be reached. Teachers must first win the scholars to themselves before they will consent to be led to Christ. No amount of Bible instruction will, of itself, bring a sinner to Christ. The scholar must first see that the Christian walks upon a higher plane, and lives in a purer atmosphere, before he will consent to be led out of his old familiar haunts to seek the gift of God in the church. It is worse than useless for a smoking father to forbid his son the use of tobacco, or for a swearing parent to punish his child for profanity, and Christ says of unconverted teachers, "If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch." We must comply with the divine command, "First cast out the beam out of thine own eye; then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye." On the other hand, if we wait until we are perfect, we shall do nothing. Christ is our model, to him, and him alone, can we look for perfection.

In regard to Bible instruction, Christ should be the theme of every lesson; God's infinite love should be kept before the class, and the subject so well understood that it will be a pleasure to answer all questions that may arise. However, we can not confine our teachings exclusively to the Sabbath-school room. A teacher who is really in earnest will find opportunity to engage in private conversation with young people. Scholars knowing this look for it, and no doubt often think the teacher has little concern if he can find time to speak of God's love in the Sunday-school only. A few words thus spoken convince the hearer of the teacher's sincerity, and frequently do more real good than one hour of public entreaty. A word of sympathy, a bit of advice, or a kind appeal dropped in the post-office, will often reach the heart when nothing else will.

Is it not a sin to ask for more light

while we refuse to walk by the little we already have? Is it not wrong to implore strength and wisdom while we are resting in idleness and counting the very weakness we would seem to escape? Will God hold us guiltless if we refuse to improve the vast opportunities for doing good which are open to every Christian in the Sabbath school?

It heaven is ever visited by grief, as must weep to hear a father pray for an erring child, and then refuse, when urged by the Spirit, to speak the encouraging word which might bring it to the Lord.

Alas, for human presumption. We pray, oh, so earnestly, for our unconverted friends, and then shut our eyes to every duty, vainly presuming that our self-imposed ignorance will shield us from the wrath of God. Brethren, let us double our diligence in Sabbath-school, putting on the whole armor of God, let us be found battling for the Lord; for, surely, our lives will become purer, our joys sweeter and our hopes brighter for the nearness to God into which the exalted work of the Sabbath-school will bring us.

AN EAST WIND. Have you ever thought what I meant in the Bible by an east wind? Had you been here last week, you would have learned all about it by bitter experience. No wonder that Jonah's head was scorched by it. In the Arabic version we read (Jon. 4:8), "And it happened at the rising of the sun that God prepared a hot east wind, and the sun smote on Jonah's head, and he was dried and he asked death for himself, and he said, my death is better than my life."

An east wind began to rage here on Wednesday, Aug. 22. A deadening and oppressive heat settled over the land. The next two days it grew more intense; the air was dry and hot as the breath of a furnace. The birds sat motionless in the thick trees; the green leaves of the fig trees grew crisp and dropped to the ground; book covers curled up as though they were being held by a coal grate; doors, bureaus, and tables cracked with loud noise and warped with the heat, even the wooden ceilings cracked as if the boards were in agony. Wind and heat-potent as if gasping for breath and parched for want of water. Our children awoke almost every hour of the night calling for cold water.

I have rarely enjoyed anything more than I did the sight of a great flock of sparrows driven by thirst to our yard, where there is a long trough of water. They plunged in, drank, and drank again, in flow and round, and fairly exulted with delight at finding in this arid mountain and on such a day an abundance of water. A huge centipede plunged into our wash-bowl to slake his thirst; and although obliged to despatch him for fear of his injuring some of the family, I could not help allowing him to live long enough to enjoy the luxury of a draught of cool water. Writing was almost impossible, and the ink dried on the pen between the inkstand and the paper.

I had to ride four miles on horseback during the heat. Returning after sunset, I met Mr. Bliss just coming up from Beirut. His first question was, "Is anybody left alive on the mountain?" No wonder Jonah "wilted." Thousands of Syrians "wilted" on Friday, and I doubt not many said in thought, if not in words, "My death is better than my life" if this wind continues.—*Dr. Jessup, in Chris. Weekly.*

THE TEACHERS' MEETING. Unless a Sunday-school has a weekly meeting of its teachers for an examination of the next Sunday's lesson, there is no possibility of unity in the teachings in that school; no prospect of bringing up the poorer teachers to the standard of those best qualified. If the teachers are not brought together to compare the results of their separate study, and to help each other by mutual suggestions and corrections, they are not likely to be in agreement in their understanding or teaching of the lesson; nor can any one of them do as well as if possessed of the best thoughts and most careful preparation of all. In fact, without a weekly teachers' meeting a Sunday-school can hardly be a real Sunday-school. It is inevitably lacking in unity of plan and spirit. It is not so much one school, as it is a conglomeration of schools; each class being a school by itself, without benefit from the labors and attainments of its immediate neighbors.—*S. S. Times.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOL NEWS.

A Union Sunday-school Normal Congress will be held at Orion, Mich., during the summer of 1879.

The first State Sunday-school Convention for Arkansas met at Arkadelphia, Nov. 20—22.

North Carolina's First State Sunday-school Convention, was held Nov. 1-3, at Raleigh, composed of representatives from all the evangelical churches in the State.

The Wisconsin Sunday-school Association have employed Mr. W. E. Lewis to give an impetus to the work of organization in that State. District and county Convention work is moving forward under his efficient labors.

There are ten counties in Illinois which give an aggregate attendance in the Sunday-schools twenty per cent. greater than in the public schools, viz.: Adams, Cook, Bureau, Edwards, Jersey, Livingston, Mc Donough, McLean, Morgan and Tazewell.

The Chicago Congregational pastors discussed the general Sabbath-school work in a recent Monday morning's meeting. The general opinion was that the Sabbath-school is a powerful institution; that the tendency to separate it from the church is evil; that parents should be more careful to urge their children to attend public worship; that training schools were needed to prepare proper teachers; and that specialists in Sabbath-school work, working up the general interests of the institutions—like the ordinary agent—may or may not prove a bore.

Communications.

TEMPERANCE AND THE CHURCH.

BY IDA HAZELTON.

I have attended a Temperance meeting to-day. It seems that the ancient order of Good Templars in the State of Maine, established in 1851, as I understood, is stirring itself to new life and labor. In their last Grand Council they decided to hold a series of meetings all through the State, for the purpose of recruiting their members and enlarging their sphere of usefulness. The central plank of their platform, as read at this meeting, is the "Prohibition of the manufacture, importation and sale of liquor," and with that war cry upon their banner they propose to "fight the rum-seller to the death."

No one of fair intelligence can fail to see that temperance is one of the "live issues" of the day. It is to enter at no distant time upon the social, political and religious life of our nation with overwhelming power. New political parties are to spring from it, and new standards of social life are to be organized. New religious sentiments have already been inaugurated by its progress, and it has been established by all successful temperance workers, that in the recent developments of the movement, temperance and religion are "one and inseparable."

The meeting was convened in a Methodist church this afternoon, but if I had dropped in unwittingly, because the door was ajar, I should have had no other thought but that I was in an enthusiastic Methodist praise meeting. There was a Methodist minister in the chair; almost every sentence uttered by the many speakers began or closed with the sacred name of God, and every song was full of the praise of Jesus. The speakers, and notably the best ones, were clergymen, and the audience was largely made up of church members.

But there is a note, a discordant note, as all these gatherings, which rises above all the harmonies. It is dwelt upon, or at least touched, by a large majority of the speakers. It has been the one unhappy sound upon the "reform" platform, and is now to be adopted by this society in their re-formation. I refer to the reflections cast upon the church of God. You can not spend many moments at a temperance gathering but you will be reminded that "the church" is all wrong and criminally indifferent to the cause of temperance. Now these enthusiasts, with their brains and souls all on fire with the one, to them, all important subject, should be reminded that the church has no specialities. Her work is to convert the world from sin. When she prays that the Lord's kingdom may come upon earth she prays that men may be converted from intemperance equally with other vices; she prays that mankind may be delivered from every hindrance to purity. And her prayers are answered just the same when some zealous reformer goes down into the gutter and lifts up a brother and brings him to the church door, as when some thoughtless member of her own Sabbath-school is brought to Jesus' feet in tears of repentance. Her work is a general one, and so wide spread, that in reaching her helping hand from sea to sea, and to the "utmost parts of the earth," as she is now doing, it is not surprising that in the weakness of her members, and proportionate lack of strength, she should need the strong aid of just such bands of workers to help her push on the march of moral reform, as are gathered in these temperance organizations.

The principal addresses at these meetings are given by the cultured and faithful clergymen of our churches. The "reformers," in their initial efforts, found nowhere such strong and hearty support as from the churches. And yet, right in the very faces of these ministers sitting on the platform side by side with the reformed drunkard, taken but yesterday from haunts of vice and shame, they hesitated not to call the church "to an account for its misdeeds, not omitting, oftentimes, the ministers themselves. Why did not the ministers rise in a body and vindicate the purity of the church? Why, because it is the old, old story to these dear patient souls. The church has lived under persecution for over eighteen hundred years. Calmly working on, praying on, suffering on, it has seen ages of discouragements and trials. It has passed through total eclipses, through fires and crucifixions, and to-day it steadily confirms the truth as old as the foundations of the world, that "heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away."

If I might be allowed to use so irreverent expression, I should say that these same ministers, sitting so unmoved under the criticisms of their temperance friends, were laughing (in a spiritual manner) in their sleeves as they looked about them, and were picking out, one here and another there among these earnest witnesses for Jesus, those whom they think will help them most in their toils for the Master. These glorious disciples of the Master are too wary to obtrude their churchly dignities upon these young followers, because they are "fishers of men," and they will not frighten or drive away those who are slowly but surely drifting toward the gospel net.

It is interesting also to notice how many of these temperance speakers flatly contradict their own statements in regard to the influence of the church in the temperance cause. Many examples might be

cited. There was a very striking one shown forth to-day. A young but really eloquent speaker had given a thrilling account of a man, who for forty years had been worked upon by every influential body of men in the city, with regard to his reformation. But all to no purpose. At last a woman takes him into her own hands and with the Bible and prayer converts him. This woman, a devoted church member, coming out of the church sees him staggering by, and, fresh from the worship of her God, lifts this man to his feet once more. "Now," says the youthful lecturer, "not all the churches nor the temperance organizations in the city could convert that man, but it was the spirit of Jesus!"

Now the church means temperance as much as anything else, and its Founder, looking down through all time, and foreseeing all its work, established its foundation stone so broad, that every "platform" organized for benefiting the human race can build upon its solid and enduring base, and their structure may so rise and blend in a harmonious and peaceful union that all may safely tower beneath the shadow of the universal church, whose spire point all men to homes of purity and temperance in heaven.

Lewiston, Me., Dec. 3.

REMINISCENCE NO. 3.

BY REV. J. D. STEWART.

MY FIRST YEARLY MEETING.

I had heard much about the New Hampshire Yearly Meeting from those who had attended it, and had read with delight the thrilling notices of its sessions in the *Morning Star*. My desire to attend grew more and more intense, and the opportunity came in 1842, now more than thirty-six years ago. It was held in New Hampton, that noted Free Will Baptist town, where Dr. Dana, Thomas Perkins, J. S. Magoon, David Fisk and his son, Ebenezer, had all lived and preached, and there have they all died, save the last named brother, who may yet be found at his old home, nearing the close of a long and useful life.

At that time I was in the Baptist Theological School then located there, our own Biblical School at Parsonsfield having been suspended for the summer term. I had tried to preach, perhaps a dozen times, and was intensely interested in extending my acquaintance with the ministers who resided to be leaders.

With almost childish joy I went up to the Dr. Dana meeting house on Friday morning to see and enjoy all that was to be done in the conference. It was in the lovely month of June, and I was early at the house, inquiring the name of every coming stranger, and watching for whatever might be seen or heard. Everything impressed me, and the actual work of that meeting I never can tell.

Rev. D. P. Cilley, of Pittsfield, was then in the full strength of his dignified manhood, and, as the clerk of the Yearly Meeting, called the conference to order. Rev. Thomas Perkins, clear, strong and discreet, was chosen moderator, and Rev. Samuel Whitney, of Canby, was his assistant. Both of them had had legislative experience, and were superior presiding officers. Rev. Dr. Harper, of Canterbury, once acting Governor of New Hampshire, and for several years a member of Congress, led in prayer. Rev. Silas Curtis, of Great Falls, was then looking after the business with an interest that does not even yet tire, though thirty-six years have since intervened. Rev. John Chaney was there, decided in his opinions and convictions, and persistent in his efforts for their adoption. Rev. J. B. Davis, of Portsmouth, was bold, brilliant and eloquent. Rev. A. K. Moulton, of Dover, was then "ready to die for the faith," and Wm. Burr, was busy out of meeting hours with the interests of the *Morning Star* and the few books which had then been published. Rev. Enoch Place, of Strafford, the portly man of commanding presence, was conspicuous, and Rev. Peter Clark, of Gilmanton, now Belmont, clear-headed, critical and witty, with an experience of more than fifty years, was the terror of all empty-headed "highfalutin" young men. Rev. Elias Hutchins, of New Market, a loving and beloved man, was then, as ever, true to his convictions of right and duty. But I can not speak personally of the fifty other ministers, some of them like Dudley Pettengill, Elijah Watson, H. D. Buzzell, &c., were laboring under the infirmities of years; while others, like John Chick, John Pinkham, Jesse Meader, David Moody, &c., were in the full vigor of their manhood; and others still, like Nahum Brooks, G. P. Ramsey, D. S. Frost, David Cady, &c., were in the morning of their ministry.

On to question was there so much difference of opinion as on the adoption of a Constitution for the Yearly Meeting. The discussion was sharp but courteous, and the proposed draft was adopted by a large majority. Saturday was an uncomfortable day. The temperature was low, very low for the 11th of June, the wind was fierce, the rain was constant, and for hours it was mingled with sleet and snow. And yet, at 10 o'clock A. M., the house was filled with worshippers, so that conference adjourned to the school-house near by. My business interest exceeded my devotion, and so I went to the school house. The anti-slavery question came up somewhat incidentally, and for a time the fire flashed like summer lightning. Remarks expressive of their personal

views and convictions were made by several, and when Rev. S. P. Fernald acknowledged his former timidity in preaching on the subject, and then declared that the shackles had been broken, his mouth was now open, and, by the help of the Lord, the fear of man should never close it again, when he made this announcement, it was so hearty, touching and decisive, that the audience was melted into tears, and one simultaneous shout of amen endorsed his position. In the afternoon, Rev. J. B. Davis preached one of his thrilling sermons to a crowded house, notwithstanding the storm.

Sabbath morning was clear and beautiful. Arrangements had been made for a grove-meeting, and by nine o'clock the carriages began to arrive, and for two hours they continued to come from twenty towns around, till the road-side was lined with teams fastened to the fences on either side far as the eye could reach, and not less than two thousand people were gathered to hear the word. Rev. Silas Curtis preached in the morning, and it was a sermon of great power. His text was Jer. 9:1, "Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people." As he spoke of the slain witnesses of the Master, and how they had fallen here and there, and how the cause of Christ was suffering thereby, he drew the line straight, scored in up the right and on the left, and hewed to the line, till it seemed as if we, in our crookedness, were cut off again and again.

Revs. A. K. Moulton and J. W. Lewis (a colored brother) both preached in the afternoon. There was an evening service attended by those only who had found a cordial entertainment in the neighborhood, and with that service closed the Yearly Meeting.

I have attended every session of the New Hampshire Y. M. since that time, except when absent at Hillsdale Commencement, but not one of the thirty-three sessions that I have attended has so deeply impressed me as that of 1842. The novelty of the occasion will account for it in part, and the ability, principle and piety there manifested will explain the balance.

HOSEA QUINBY.

BY REV. O. B. CHENEY.

The first newspaper I received from America was the *Star* of Oct. 16, and the first words that struck my eye on opening it, were the two I have above written. For a moment I read not a line under them; and before reading, understanding the meaning, I said, "Hosea Quinby is dead!"

Hosea Quinby was my old teacher. He was my friend and adviser in my boyhood days. In the early years of his ministry, he made my father's house his home, or rather, "one of his homes," for he had many, as all the ministers in our denomination had, a half century ago. I was but a lad then, but I remember well his sermons, and on this evening, at this distance of time, and in this far-off land, I seem to hear the very sound of his voice. Without salary he preached in school-houses,—there were but few meeting-houses in those good old days—in private houses, in barns, in beautiful groves. Many young people were converted under his preaching. I saw many rise for prayers, I heard them pray, I heard them confess Christ, I saw them baptized, though not by him, but by those whom he called the "fathers." He could not be persuaded to be ordained, and let this be noted by young men who are in haste to leave their studies, for hands to be laid upon them!

In the fall of 1828—just fifty years ago—an accident took me out of the old paper mill, now standing in Ashland, N. H., and while my wound was healing, my father placed me under the care of Quinby, then an assistant teacher at New Hampton. The next year I returned to the paper mill, and Quinby went to college. He entered Colby University one year in advance, graduating in August, 1832. In September following he commenced his school at North Parsonfield, Maine, the first school in our denomination. My father made the paper on which the *Morning Star* was then printed, and as a "lay-boy" I handled it all, sheet by sheet. He took the *Star* from the first number, until the day of his death, and it goes to my mother now, so he and I always had a double interest in it. One day during the spring or summer of 1832, father came into the press-room where I was at work. He had a *Star* in his hand. His step was hasty. His countenance was lighted up. "Look here," said he, "Bro. Quinby is going to open a school at Parsonfield, the place where Eld. Buzzell preaches. They are putting up a building for him, and it is hoped it may be ready by the first of September. He wants me to send you. Would you like to go?" I replied I should, and he sent me.

The school was opened in September, but the building not being completed, accommodations were provided in an old school-house near by, and it was not until the last week of the term, that we boys and girls were admitted, the paint sticking to our fingers, to "the Academy."

This was the beginning of the educational work in the Free Baptist denomination. It was the day of small things,—as some speak of human affairs,—yet really it was the day of great things. That Hosea Quinby did not see the end in the beginning, no one can say. I think he did see it.

Well does the *Star* say: "His work as an educator in our denomination gave him the undoubted title of Father of our educational interests. He seems to have been raised up as no other man was to turn the denominational current in favor of education by his sweet yet decisive spirit."

How sick he was for two or three days of the last General Conference, and yet he was seldom out of his seat. In spite of physical debility and extreme pain he watched carefully every item of business. And this but illustrates what the man really was. Through life he was industrious. Not a lazy bone helped make up his frame. He was true to his brethren. He never betrayed any trust committed to him. He was always faithful, doing his work well, always good, always kind, always patient, taking his trial,—and he had severe ones—as but the light afflictions, sent to work out for him a far more and exceeding weight of glory.

It was in the old school-house. The exercises of the school had closed for the day. I stopped to ask my teacher questions about my studies, and by the time he had answered them, he and I were alone. As we left the house for the street he said, "Is it not about time for you to be a Christian?" This was all he said. This was all he ever said to me on the subject of religion, so far as I can recollect, during the time I was under his instruction. And this was enough. If he had said more, he would have done me more harm than good. I need not say, I made him no reply, but the words I never forgot. The last time I heard him preach was at my father's funeral.

How anxious Hosea Quinby was to live until the next General Conference, to be held, as he hoped, at New Durham. But it is better for him, though not for us, that he sit with Randal in the Great Assembly on high.

A few years since, led by Brooks of New Hampshire and Mrs. Brayton of Rhode Island a purse of some \$700 or \$800 was made for him by those who had been his pupils, and a suggestion this morn strikes me that the same persons act as a committee on the part of his pupil and friends to raise the means necessary to place an modest stone on the spot where his precious remains lie. Then, on a day appointed, in the presence of his pupils there assembled, let it be unveiled. Let Burbank pray, let Butler deliver a eulogy, and let all sing the sweet lines that Mrs. Ramsey shall write for us. What say you, sister and brother students of our old teacher, to something of this kind? Any plan will be satisfactory to me. All I desire is, that we should, in some suitable way, give expression of our love to a man who did so much for us and for the world.

Paris, Nov. 20.

MORE AND MORE CORRUPT.

The belief is becoming quite prevalent that the world, and especially the United States, is growing more and more corrupt. Why is this? I mention but one thing which ought to be a warning to editors and especially to the editors of our religious papers. I believe they are responsible, in a great measure, for this erroneous belief. For instance, I noticed in the *Star* of Oct. 23, this statement: "Among the convicts of Auburn, N. Y., prison are twenty-seven ex-clergymen." Such statements as these are read by hundreds of thousands of Christian people, and they believe them, while the facts are, as they have been published by the sworn officials of Auburn prison, that there is not one ex-clergyman there, neither has there been for many years. Comment is unnecessary, why the many believe the world is growing more and more corrupt.

A. P. H.

PAUL THE APOSTLE.

St. Paul was not one of those who heard Christ give his last command to his assembled disciples, yet what a model of all missionaries! From that day on which, blind and trembling, with the scars of God's own thunder on his soul, he had staggered into the streets of Damascus, what a tragedy encompassed him of ever-deepening gloom! Those flights from assassination, the hot disputes at Antioch, the expulsion from Iconium, the stoning at Lystra, the quarrel with his own heart's brother, the acute spasms of that impalement at Galatia, the agony in Macedonia of outward fightings and inward fears, the five Jewish scourings, the three Roman flagellations, the polished sword of Athens, the factious violence of Corinth, the gnashing fury of Jewish mobs, the illegal violence of provincial tribunals,—these were but a fragment of his trials and miseries. He seemed to have found no rest from all his labors, no reward for all his sacrifice. He seemed forgotten by the very churches he had founded. See the bent, gray, weak old man led by the soldiers along the Appian road; see the sword flash and the head fall; and which think you of that handful of weeping brethren could have dreamed that to that martyr's glorious memory shines more magnificent than the Capitoline Jupiter should tower over cities more glorious than Imperial Rome, long centuries after the insulting vestal of triumph had ceased, and silent vernal and chiefest pontiff had become forgotten names?—*Farrar's "Sainly Workers."*

O Lord! take my heart, for I can not give it; and when thou hast it, O keep it, for I can not keep it for Thee; and save me in spite of myself, for Jesus Christ sake.—*Fenelon.*

Cairo, Arkau's & Texas Express,	8.30 p. m.,	7.15
Cairo & New Orleans Express,	8.40 a. m.,	4.30
Springfield and Peoria Express,	8.40 a. m.,	4.30
Springfield Night Express,	8.30 p. m.,	7.15
Peoria and Keokuk Express,	8.30 p. m.,	7.15
Debuque & Sioux City Express,	10 a. m.,	3.40
Debuque & Sioux City Express,	9.30 a. m.,	6.25
Glennan Passenger,	4.30 p. m.,	9.25

*Daily-Sundays Except,

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 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.

This is the most favorable month of the year for procuring new subscribers. We have lately added a good number of new names to our list, but we wish to add many more before the new year. Will not our pastors and the friends generally of the "Morning Star" exert themselves to put it in every family that does not now receive it?

Next week will come Christmas, the day of all the year the fullest of grand suggestions, tokens of friendship, peace and merriment. How many thousands are now in the bustle of preparation, the young eager and expectant, the old subdued by the memories that crowd upon them. How many a new home the Christmas sun will greet, where the young husband and wife are just beginning the new and happy experience of domestic life. How many a vacant chair there will be by fireside or at the festal board, whence a form has departed no more to return. Upon all these the same God of love and mercy looks down, and would have each feel that all his providences are somehow the best that could be ordered. To every one we extend our most cordial greeting, wishing them a Merry Christmas out of a sincere heart, and praying that they may all at last enter the mansions whence came that first Christmas greeting—"On earth peace, good will toward men."

It seems that the stereopticon may also contribute to the success of a pastor. We know of a pastor who was finding it difficult to gain the attendance and the attention of the young people. What he said in the pulpit seemed to be lost upon them. Finally he rented a stereopticon and invited the young people into his parlor, a dozen or so each Saturday evening, to see some interesting pictures. The plan worked admirably. The attention of the young people was gained, by and by a revival began, and the pastorate became a success from that time. The true pastor must be a man of expedients and resources. If this means of grace does not answer, he must try others. The sermon, the prayer-meeting, pastoral calls—these are not all. The minister finds the vein and then follows it until he finds the gold. The successful pastor must also do that. Paul would do all right things to all men, that he might save some.

For every single pastor who is comfortably supported, there are scores we doubt not who have to practice the greatest economy in order to pay for the plainest living. A case came to our knowledge the other day, of a clergyman who has given all the time of his ministry to such churches as would pay only the smallest salary, and when he found himself at the beginning of winter obliged to go West for the benefit of his wife's health, who had also been a patient, self-denying and faithful worker, he was actually without the means to pay the passage. And they had always practiced the closest economy in living. Read the statement of an aged clergyman in another column. Seventy years of age—a half century of work for souls—by no means a prodigal or extravagant man, and after it all, obliged to accept as a gift even the home that shelters him. We should hesitate to print such a personal statement as that, but for the fact that we are convinced that the churches ought to do better than that by their pastors. And not only that they ought to do better, but that they easily can do better. The churches themselves will be the chief sufferers in the end if such a course be persisted in. There is no call to a ministry that is to leave its occupants in old age to starve.

There are multitudes of good men who, seeing the corrupting tendencies of politics, stand aside from all active participation in public affairs and join the army of critics who, justly enough, cry out against the corruptions and wholesale swindles by which the demagogues and tricksters get themselves into power, without seeming to realize that just such inactivity on the part of good citizens renders just such political trickery not only possible but certain. Experience has abundantly shown that, whenever all good citizens in any given community have been aroused to united and earnest action against the scoundrels who make politics a convenient mart for the unblushing sale of manhood and virtue, in all such cases the right wins and the wrong goes to the wall. The Chicago Inter Ocean most tersely states the case when it says:

Politics should be studied by every man, and every man should be a politician. A man who lives in America and thinks so little of his privileges, and cares so little for discharging his duty as to pay no attention to politics, should be at once banished to some country where his associations and opportunities will educate him. Such men, however good, socially, morally, and religiously, are barnacles and set a pernicious example. They are terribly afraid of being ruined by politics. We want the thinking, honest, moral element to be felt at the ballot-box, and the man who lives and enjoys

the influence of our benign institutions, and fails to make his influence felt, commits a grievous blunder if not a crime.

When we find bad men in the church, and seeking to use it for wicked and selfish ends, we do not hesitate to set to work vigorously to get them out. Suppose we apply the same commendable rule to politics for a while?

In this day of demoralizing literature, when the country is flooded with cheap story papers and "illustrated" periodicals detailing every phase of crime and scandal, it is important to find and employ the best means to counteract the deleterious influence. We are glad to know that this is being done to a much larger extent than is generally supposed by the various efficient and extensive religious publishing houses. While vile or sensational story papers, many of them expressly for the young and not unmixed with good, circulate by the hundred thousand, the publications of Christian societies also reach an even more extensive circulation. As a specimen of what is being done in this direction, we note the fact that the American Baptist Publication Society during its half century of existence has given to the world 77,000,000 copies of religious publications of various kinds, while twice that number (including other publications, of course) have been circulated. We refer to these figures because just now at hand, but they tell the story also of the other religious publishing houses as well. When we include the American Tract Society, the Religious Tract Society of London, the Methodist, and Presbyterian, and Congregational publishing houses and the lesser ones of the smaller religious bodies, we have a most formidable array of letter-press morality with a constantly increasing circle of influence which is incalculable in influence for good. Taking out of the calculation the books and tracts which are purely of a denominational cast, there yet remains a vast array of readable books and periodicals which find their way directly, through the Sunday-school and other ways, into the hands of the youth and become molding influences for life. Let us have still more of this antidote for the moral poison which permeates society, and let it be the study of the best minds to better adapt it to the use designed.

NEW ORDER OF CATHOLIC ADMINISTRATION.

Our readers are undoubtedly aware that until very recently the Roman Catholic church in America has been a "missionary" church; that is, that it has been under the immediate administration of the bishops, rather than under the government of canonical law. When, a few years ago, Father Stack of Williamsport was removed from his church by Bishop O'Hara, he declined to give up his church and appealed to the civil courts, which decided in his favor. Father Stack argued that the bishop acted with arbitrary power, that the bishop gave him no cause of suspension from the priesthood, and no trial, and that, indeed, the bishop did not proceed according to canon law. The bishop argued, upon the other side, that the Roman Catholic church in America was a missionary church, and, as such, was much more under the government of the bishops than the church in Europe, where the power of the bishop is restricted by canon law. It was our fortune to be personally acquainted with Father Stack, to correspond with him, to be fully informed concerning his case. He was practically removed from his church, but he was generously furnished with money by his fellow priests, both for his own support, and to bear the expense of carrying his case against the bishop from court to court. We learned from him that very many priests groaned under the despotism of their bishops, and longed to have the canon law of the church in Europe applied to this country.

During the pontificate of Pius IX there were rumors that this change was to be made, but it has been left for Leo XIII to really bring it about. It is one of the most important changes ever made in the history of the Roman Catholic church in this country. Singularly enough, it is in the direction of liberty. It is a step of departure from the idea of centralization, and from the teachings of the "high-church" party, the Ultramontanes. It takes from the bishops much power previously granted them, as, for instance, the power to remove priests from place to place without consulting them or their congregations. It orders that every bishop shall organize a Judicial Council, composed of not less than three or more than five, learned and pious priests, whose duty it shall be to hear and pass upon the causes, criminal and disciplinary, of priests and other clerics, and to aid the bishops in passing sentence. It gives checkmate to the power of the bishops, heretofore exercised without restraint, of removing priests here and there, and depositing them from the priesthood, according to their own absolute will; and provides that a priest can not be removed from his pastorate, or mission, unless by the vote of at least three members of the judicial council called to try the case. The bishop must call his council, must state the case in writing, shall give the priest an opportunity to be tried, witnesses may be summoned on both sides, and an appeal may be made from the council to the metropolitan.

This code of procedure drawn up by the Sacred Congregation, and approved by Leo XIII, marks an era in the history

of the Roman Catholic church in America. Thousands of priests will rejoice at it.

The Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith, at Rome, has heretofore had charge of the American church, under the supervision of the Vatican, and will now be relieved from a great deal of extremely perplexing work. Archbishop Gibbons, of Baltimore, has received instructions concerning this change, which he has communicated to every bishop of the country, and which will throughout the country take effect upon the first of January next.

AN INQUIRY ANSWERED.

A correspondent very properly inquires, "Can not a Ministers' Conference be made a real Biblical school?" The question is asked especially in the interests of pastors who have not enjoyed the advantages of theological training, and of such young men as are looking forward to the ministry, but whose circumstances will not allow their attendance at the schools. We should answer, yes and no. If a biblical school means an arrangement for the study and occasional discussion of doctrinal and ecclesiastical topics, we have such schools now. The conferences of a goodly number of Quarterly Meetings and associations have subjects or lessons in the Bible, or other text books, assigned, and teachers or lecturers appointed, and these subjects are discussed and the lessons recited in connection with the Quarterly Meeting sessions, or at meetings appointed expressly for this purpose. These exercises in many cases have proved very interesting and profitable—profitable to all who participate in them. As profitable perhaps to those who have enjoyed the advantages of education, as to those who have not. For as Vinet very happily and somewhat dryly observes, even at the University one "does not learn all he can learn, nor all he needs to know." But the profit largely depends on the punctuality of the members, their thoroughness of preparation, and the amount of intelligent interest and zeal put into the work.

If, however, a biblical school means an arrangement for a full, systematic and thorough study of the entire range of biblical and kindred topics, then the institution just described does not come up to the idea of a "real" biblical school. Moreover, should this "ministerial conference" arrangement result in encouraging young men, who might pursue the regular course of the schools, to content themselves with something short of it, they would in so far prove to be an evil, rather than a good.

When a vigorous, intelligent and self-helpful young man asks to be furnished with a course of Theological, or biblical study for private pursuit, we confess to a slowness in approving such a course. For we can not knowingly be party to the pursuit of any course of study as a substitute for the one of the schools, when the pursuit of the latter is possible. But it may be said this is inconvenient. It is not a question of convenience at all. Still you say, it will cost a struggle. Then struggle let it be. It is a pretty good thing "for a man to bear the yoke in his youth," provided always it does not permanently gall and cripple him, a thing for which some who withhold aid from these who are bearing a pretty heavy yoke of this kind just now, will have to answer.

But as our correspondent assumes that this is an impossibility with some, it need only be said further, that with certain possible improvements in its details, the method which already obtains among us, is probably as good as the case admits of. Indeed, it would be hardly practicable to establish one on a more general plan, or that would prove more efficient.

To any subscriber who wishes to make a present of "The Morning Star" to a friend, we will furnish a second copy at \$1.70. The season of gift-making is at hand. What more appropriate gift than a copy of a religious paper, that shall be a weekly visitor and a constant reminder of the giver's thoughtfulness and friendship? Parents can thus send the paper to absent children, or an absent son or daughter can send it to the old home.

THE REGISTER. We have a large supply of Registers for 1879 still on hand, and we solicit orders from all churches. Great additions have been made to this work within a few years with no extra charge. An alphabetical list of ministers with reference figures to the page giving their post office address is found to be a very great convenience. This year we have begun a department in chronology, which we hope to extend and improve. In the calendar of each month, is a list of historical and denominational events set against the day of the month in which they occurred, and it is of great value. The Watchman of Boston calls attention to this feature and suggests that the Baptists adopt it in their annual book of statistics.

Every Freewill Baptist ought to have a Register, and the low price, eleven cents including postage, puts it within reach of all. We will fill all orders, and if any can not sell the number taken, they may return them and we will refund the money.

We solicit additional facts to be put under the head of Chronology, and let it be enlarged and perfected.

BRIEF NOTES.

The Golden Rule issued its last weekly number last week, and will re-appear Jan. 1, as the Golden Rule Magazine (monthly).

We trust that the Independent will find hosts uniting with it on the platform that "We are not going to let any party rule this country that will not deal justly by the political rights of the Negro."

In the present number of the Star we begin the publication of a series of articles which will give an outline biographical and historical account of the principal modern English writers. It will supplement the series—"The Fathers of English Literature"—which we published in the early summer and which were so acceptable to our readers.

At Mr. Moody's suggestion, the Baltimore clergymen have issued a call to the evangelical ministers and churches of the United States to unite, in the month of January, following up the week of prayer, in a concentrated effort for the revival of God's work throughout the whole land. They urge upon the Christian people to "lay aside all conflicting engagements, social, ecclesiastical, literary, or otherwise, that with united hearts the church may call upon God to revive his work and stay the tide that threatens our institutions, political, social and religious."

A CANVASS FOR THE STAR.

It is our purpose to secure a general canvass for the Morning Star in all of our churches, or as general as we can make it. To this end we have agents in various localities already in the field, and we hope to have many more. We bespeak for them the co-operation of pastors, who can render very efficient service. In some places pastors can and will make a thorough canvass, as brother Penney, of Augusta, Me., has done and sent us a list of thirty new subscribers. Brother Ricker, of Dover, N. H., has done nearly as well. If pastors do not do this themselves, and there is an agent ready to do it, we hope they will allow and encourage it to be done.

We can not get canvassers at once for all places, and we are willing to pay pastors for doing what they can, and in churches where no canvassing agent is at work, will not the pastors, or some other one, take it in hand and see what can be done?

We expect Rev. John Ashley will soon begin the work of a general canvass in Michigan. Rev. A. Libby is at work in central Maine, and Rev. T. Stevens in western Maine. Mr. G. A. Simpson has secured one hundred names in Mass. and R. I., and quite a number of others are doing a local work, and the work of negotiation is still in progress. With the reduced price of the Star there must be a large increase to our subscription or we must suffer loss.

Denominational News.

"Hold that fast Which thou hast."

It is a significant fact, that in the city of Allegheny—once called Philadelphia—there are five Christian churches, and out of a population of fifteen thousand, three thousand profess faith in Christ.

So noticeable a fact is it, that Gibbon says: "Among the Greek colonies and churches of Asia, Philadelphia is still erect, a column in a scene of ruins."

The church in Philadelphia had little strength; but it kept God's word, and did not deny his name. The sister churches had brighter prospects, more favorable surroundings perhaps, but because of weakness, she was not to entirely abandon nor let go her hold upon that which she then possessed. The F. Baptists have many Philadelphia churches, especially if we consider only their lack of strength. We have scores of organizations whose condition imperatively demands that they listen to the command, "hold that fast which thou hast." As Philadelphia suffered from frequent earthquakes, which leveled her walls and shook the dwellings into ruins, so, many of our churches have been made weak by ecclesiastical earthquakes, which have made the very foundation stones tremble, and quenched the courage in the bravest hearts.

Few of our churches are entirely free from internal feuds, and many have been drained of their life-blood by them. But in the hour of weakness, when the storm being spent, the old ship is found to be without masts and leaking badly, it is not best to leave the pumps unmanned, and go to the bottom without attempting to repair the damage or reach a safe harbor. Many of our churches are being weakened by causes over which they have little or no control. Death and removal are the two great drain-pipes, through which, year by year, the strength of our churches is flowing. As long as the necessity for churches exists, so long will death take from us our loved and trusted co-workers; so long will our hearts be saddened and our churches weakened by the departure of those to whom we have looked for counsel and encouragement.

And it would seem that until we have planted our churches on the extreme Pacific coast, we shall never reach that city or town from which men do not "go West." But although the course of Empire is continually robbing us of the most active and enterprising, and others sadly needed in the church militant, because ripe for the church triumphant, go to their long homes, yet we are not to loosen our hold on the things that remain. Good material for Christians is lying in the rough in every community, and the grace of God through the zeal of his children will make these pillars in the church of Christ.

If it is true that a penny saved is as good as a penny earned, why is it not equally true that a church saved is of as much value as one planted? We have hundreds of churches to-day whose future existence depends upon the action of the next six months. If let alone, they die. If we hold fast to them, and encourage

by word, work, prayers, money, they may yet enjoy many years of usefulness. The cry comes to us from thriving towns and great cities, "help or we perish." Denominationally we need to heed the injunction laid upon the church at Philadelphia. We know, and were we likely to forget, sister bodies would press the fact upon our attention, that we have but little strength. Only about seventy thousand march in our ranks, but among them are no apologists for oppression, nor champions of a stunted salvation. We have no great Universities, but at Hillsdale and Bates men are arming for the conflict of right against wrong, in which their predecessors have done good battle. It is only a small band that labors in India, but a nobler world never saw.

But a handful at Harper's Ferry and a solitary man in the great valley of the Mississippi to do our work among the freedmen, but God has owned the labors of his servants, and their patience and self-sacrifice have not been in vain. We are weak in point of numbers, weak as the world counts strength, but as one in olden times could say, "when I am weak, then am I strong," so may we be strong to do God's work if, realizing our weakness, we come to him for strength.

There is an imperative demand that we strengthen the things which remain. In distant Texas, a faithful few are struggling to maintain an existence, and appeal to us for help. "Send us," they say in letter to the late General Conference,—which did not arrive until after adjournment,—a teacher and preacher. Their cry is as yet unanswered.

Bro. Manning—God bless him—should have help in the important field he has so faithfully tilled. Storer lies very near our hearts, and while we rejoice over the results secured, we see the imperative need of continued and increased effort. If we hold that fast which we now have, we must do some aggressive work. No one retains the knowledge already acquired, unless it be used in the acquisition of more. No church, no denomination can retain its present strength, except by unceasing warfare on the kingdom of Satan.

Let us care for our struggling churches in town and country, and show our desire for their permanency and usefulness by aiding them to "hold fast that which they have."

L. A. CRANDALL.

Special Correspondence.

NO. ANSON, ME., Dec. 9, 1878.

An exchange of pulpits with Bro. H. H. Acterian, who is now pastor of our church in this village, has introduced me to a wide awake, intelligent community, full of enterprise and thrift. This village is the terminus of the Somerset R. R., and has become in this way the depot of supply to many of the adjoining towns.

The Carrabasset, a fine stream, hurries over its rocky bed through the village, with a fall of 50 feet in a third of a mile.

It is a valuable water-power, only a small part of which, however, is improved. Some time, without doubt, capital will seek its advantages, and its now unused power will turn the wheels of various industries. There are here now some 20 stores of various sorts. The population of the town is about 2000, of whom a quarter, at least, are residents of this village. A course of popular lectures has been arranged for the winter by a committee of the citizens. Two of these have already been delivered, and the generous patronage which they have received is creditable to the taste and intelligence of the community.

The neat, tasteful church, dedicated a year since, was well filled by a large congregation yesterday, as indeed, it is on every pleasant Lord's day. This church was built by Saml. Bunker, Esq., an enterprising business man of the village, and afterwards bought by the Free Baptist Society. It is a gem of a room in its finish and furnishings, and reflects great credit both on the builder, and the ladies of the church and others, who provided the carpets, cushions for the pews, and furniture. There is a good Sabbath-school connected with the church, which is in a prosperous condition.

Bro. Acterian, a graduate of Bates College, and two years since of the Theological Sem., has been pastor of the church, five months. He is winning not only great favor among our own people, to whom he came a stranger, but in the community as well.

His faithful pastoral work and able pulpit ministrations have not only secured him warm supporters and friends, but are increasing constantly his Sabbath congregations. A very pleasant thing to note is the spirit of union which exists among the different religious denominations in the place, and the heartiness with which they all unite in common Christian work. It is a worthy testimony to their piety and the catholicity of their faith, and can not fail of a large blessing.

That Bro. A. has been active in promoting this spirit of union, and, while faithful to his own trust, has not been unkind of the rights of others or of the spiritual good of the whole community, there was abundant testimony on every hand. It does not seem an extravagance of faith to picture not far hence a revival of God's work, gladdening the heart of this faithful pastor, and encouraging and rejoicing his band of earnest workers in the church. That this may be a visitation, which shall refresh all our churches and gladden all our faithful pastors, may God grant.

The North Anson Academy, located in

this village, is now in the midst of a successful term. The principal, Mr. G. A. Stuart, a graduate of Bates College of the class of '76, is an active member of our church here and the leader of its excellent choir. I believe it is true that this Academy has, for several years, been furnished with teachers from Bates College.

C. F. PENNEY.

My Position.

Ten years ago, I determined when I reached my seventieth year, making fifty years in the active pastoral work of the church, to retire, while I had sense enough to know I was falling in faculties. That point I reach next spring; and now I retire to a little home that a kind brother has provided for me, at Brockport, Monroe Co., N. Y., the very town (Sweden) in which I grew up, was converted, baptized and began to preach. I now expect to get settled in this resting place by New Year's. And this will be the first home that I have ever had since our parental home broke up fifty years ago!

And now I do thank God, in this public manner, and my dear brother for this prospective resting place in declining years.

But there is still one cloud over my prospective skies. I have never been able to lay up anything. I have served poor churches for a bare living. And now, I do believe the world and the church owe me at least \$5000, as I ought to have had at least \$100 per year for fifty years' more than I have received. But I do not propose to sue to recover this due.

But this I will do. I ask every friend everywhere, to help me a little in furnishing my house and preparing my half acre for our comfort.

H. WHITCHER.

Brockport, N. Y.

At the close of this year a good many subscription to the "Star" will expire. Will each subscriber read over the prospectus for 1879, and see if he can afford to do without the paper next year?

Ministers and Churches.

REV. J. W. HILLS entered upon the pastorate of the Belvidere (Pa.) church, Nov. 24.

NEW HAMPSHIRE BITS. Quite a number of the churches of the Belknap Co. are or have been holding protracted meetings.

The S. S. at Alton Corner is said to be one of our best, a real live institution. Bro. Plummer's church at Lower Gilmanton continued the meetings after the Q. M. closed. The church was strengthened and a few converted. By the perseverance of their hard working pastor the society have done a noble work of repairing, both to the church and the parsonage.

The second Belmont church held its revival meetings the last week in Nov. There were no conversions, but the attendance was good and the meetings interesting and profitable. That church which for several years has been in a very low and discouraged state, has been greatly encouraged and blessed by the self-denying efforts of Bro. Emery, and we learn, is to have meetings through the winter. Let other young men, like Bro. Emery, make a place for themselves, instead of standing idly in the market place waiting to be hired.

The church at Meredith Center has just completed its vestry, a neat and convenient edifice closely connected with the church. The furniture was put in last week and it will be dedicated soon.

By a "local" from New Hampton we learn that the "Little Missionary Helpers" have secured funds enough to purchase a new furnace for the church, which they gave to the Society a few days since.

The revival in the two churches at Gifford Village resulted in the conversion of fifty or more. About seventy made a start, some being backsliders. The F. B. church is getting ready to build a vestry, so much needed. The timber for the frame is mostly saved and money enough earned by the Ladies' society to furnish it when completed.

Sunday, Dec. 8, was a happy day in Littleton. The ice was broken and the ordinance of baptism was administered. The church has been for a time past in a low, scattered state, but under the labors of Rev. B. Minard there are signs of better days ahead.

The Water Village church has secured the services of Rev. Charles W. Deatry, of Vt., formerly a Congregationalist, as successor of Rev. A. D. Fairbanks, who closes his labors with that church the last Sabbath in Dec.

MAINE ITEMS. Rev. R. D. Frost, who is supplying the 1st church in Brunswick, recently baptized and added two to that church. The North Street church, Bath, Gardiner City church, and the Bowdoinham church, are without settled pastors.

Rev. E. G. Page, of Richmond Corner, has accepted a call to preach with the Litchfield Plains church the coming year.

There is an interesting work of grace in progress in Brewer, as the result of meetings conducted by Brethren I. H. Lewis, Smith and McKenny from Y. M. C. A.

Rev. E. Manson is supplying Gardiner City church. Rev. Mr. Bartlett of the F. B. church, Lisbon, has been and is now holding extra meetings for the promotion of a revival.

The friends of Rev. J. P. Longley, of Salem, recently made a liberal donation to their pastor.

A musical entertainment, which the Kennebec Journal says merits a vote of thanks from the citizens, was given under the auspices of the Augusta church, on the evening of Dec. 5.

RHODE ISLAND NOTES. Rev. J. D. Veney, of Berryville, Va., commenced his labors with the Pond St. church, Providence, on Sunday, Dec. 8.

Mr. A. T. Salley, of Bates Theological school, has been engaged to supply the Roger Williams church in the absence of its pastor, Rev. A. J. Kirkland, who is spending the winter at Florida.

Rev. G. H. Child has resigned his pastorate of the church in Tiverton, to take effect the first of January. It has been of four years' duration.

NEW YORK GLEANINGS. Rev. Alexander Dick is at present supplying the Marilla church to good acceptance.

Poetry.

"NEVERMORE."

BY J. W. HARRIS.

Several years ago a pressman of one of our prominent daily newspapers was suddenly killed by the fall of a roll of paper. His wife had been accustomed to him; his touch every night to the press-room. On that fatal night he was not there to meet her, and when she went home she found his dead body. The shock made her insane, and she still harmlessly and hopelessly keeps up a search for her husband. A most any night a neatly dressed, white-haired woman may be seen lingering about the City Hall Park, even until after midnight, with an anxious look upon her face. It is the poor insane widow searching for her husband.—N. Y. Paper.

She standeth alone in the starlight,
But her heart is tempest-tossed,
Where the throng is moving homeward,
She is seeking for her lost;
She is listening for the footsteps
That left her peaceful door,
And she hears the taunting echo
In the distant "nevermore."

The solemn night wind whistles
Its music soft and low,
And o'er the moon, the shadows
Are sailing to and fro;
As upon the white lips trembles
A dear, familiar name,
But the echo through the shadows
Is floating still the same.

Still the patient watcher lingers
Till the moving crowd is gone,
And the night watch, slowly pacing,
Looketh for the stars of morn;
And the wind takes up the murmur,
Of repeated o'er and o'er,
But the echo still is floating
Through the distant "Nevermore."

Though a "dark and sullen river"
Seen and unseen worlds divide,
Who can tell if loving spirits
Are not walking side by side?
I can hear the swelling answer,
From the "dim and shadowy shore,"—
Friends on earth and friends in heaven
Shall be parted "Nevermore."

Family Circle.

JACKETS ABROAD.

BY SIGMA.

CHAPTER III.

JACKETS IN PARIS.

Whether Jackets had become tired of travel and sight-seeing, or the spirit of mischief had taken unlimited possession of him, I do not know, but certain it is, that he developed a sudden, and hitherto unsuspected taste for domesticity. He lost all interest in the brilliant boulevards, the fascinating toy-shops, or the glittering passages of the Palais Royal. Even the great brown and white bears in their subterranean dens in the Jardin des Plantes failed to entice him from home.

One afternoon he consented to go with us; but as the time approached for our departure, Jackets drooped. He didn't want his cap, he didn't feel well.

"Are you sick, Jackets, dear?" mamma asked, anxiously.

"Oh, yes, dreadfully," crossing his hands disconsolately, and drawing down his face with a woe-begone air.

"Do you feel so very badly, my pet?"

"Oh, Jackets feel awful, dess it muss be meesoos."

It was plain that he could not be prevailed upon to accompany us that day, so the only thing to be done was to stay with him. I was quite out of patience with the little rogue when I saw how quickly he regained his health and vigor, as soon as the carriage was out of sight.

"Neo, Neo, play wiv Jackets."

"Jackets is sick; sick boys must go to bed and not play."

"But Jackets all two now. Neo, Neo, come play-ay-ay."

Pertinacity was our hero's especial virtue, so when papa and mamma Vandecker returned, the uproarious scene which greeted them was not one to give them grave disquiet concerning their son and heir's state of health.

"My dear," said papa to mamma Vandecker, "this will not do. This boy has kept one of us at home every day for a week; he frustrates all our plans and disarranges our entire programme. To-morrow I shall procure a nurse-maid for him."

Protest was in vain; the fiat had gone forth, and the matter was settled. The next day brought a sparkling-eyed rosy girl of eighteen or twenty, who could talk a very little English, and a very great deal of French. She appeared to take a decided liking to the "Enfant Americain," a liking which was not reciprocal. Jackets viewed her presence as a personal affront, and looked upon her with open-eyed disapproval and contempt. But papa Vandecker's determination prevailed, in spite of Jackets' fastidious taste, so for once our little American submitted, though not without secret rebellion, and even open defiance.

A few days after the new arrival, Jackets came to us with glowing cheeks and flashing eyes, followed by Bettine, on whose face was depicted the deepest anxiety and wonder.

"Mamma," cried the little fellow, his voice trembling with anger, "mamma, is Jackets a puppy? Hateful old Bea says me is a puppy. Jackets wont be said bad things to, vare now."

"O Madame! oh, mees, I only call ze lofely leetle one a poupee, one leetle belle poupee. I say true zat is all I say to 'im."

A general laugh followed, both to Jackets' chagrin and Bettine's surprise. She had called her "leetle Americain" a pretty doll (une belle poupee) and had quite innocently fallen upon a conjunction of vowel and consonant forming an obnoxious English epithet.

But Jackets could not be made to understand, and henceforth eyed Bettine with even increased disfavor. I found him the next morning seated in a low chair, snipping industriously away at a mass of cambric and lace.

"Jackets, what are you doing?" I demanded.

"Cuttin' up Bett's old cap. Dackets don't like it."

Scissors were watched, and cambric kept under lock and key after that, for Bettine's snowy, French caps, were Jackets' particular detestation; and he hid them, pulled them off her head, or destroyed them before her eyes, as opportunity presented itself.

Jackets must always be sung to sleep, that he insisted upon. No matter how luxurious the bed, or how heavy his eyelids, he could not, or would not, close an eye without music.

Bettine came into our room in despair on the first evening after her entrance upon her duties of nurse-maid. "Oh, eef Madame could come and see what the leetle one wanted; it was peaceful to hear 'im weep so—eef Madame or mademoiselle only woud come." I went, and found him sobbing for "Neo" and mamma, as if his heart were breaking.

I took the little form convulsed with sobs in my arms, and sung, "Little Bo-peep." When I finished the sort of doggerel chant, he was fast asleep.

"Matemoiselle seengs," said Bettine, in a relieved tone, nodding to herself. "Zat is vat he want. I weel also seeng to-morrow."

She "also sang" the next evening, but Jackets' piercing cry reached our ears. I stole softly to his room, and looked through the half-open door. Bettine was singing a French air very prettily; but the little rebel wailed for Neo and Bo-peep. All at once his cries ceased; he sat up in bed, looked at her a moment, then deliberately threw his gutta-percha dog—his invariable sleeping companion—straight at Bettine's head.

"Dackets tell oo keep still," said he, fiercely. "Me don't want oo, old fwing; go way, old Bett wir caps."

The girl tried to soothe him with a low lullaby, but he screamed in utter terror. There seemed to be something dreadful to him in songs in an unknown tongue.

"Oh, stop! stop! don't sing 'at awful dweefu' song any more. Dackets don't yike such bad, wicked songs!" he cried in actual distress. It was useless to try and persuade him that Bettine's songs were anything other than unearthly incantations, and so Bo-peep and "Neo" must always come to the rescue.

As a matter of course every one goes to see the "Morgue" while at Paris. Thinking it inadvisable to take Jackets with us there, it naturally followed that the Morgue was precisely the place to which he set his heart upon going, and it was with great dissatisfaction that he remained at home with Bettine.

I shall never forget our visit to the Morgue. Filled with the horror of Dickens's description, I went tremblingly enough toward the low white building on the bridge, over which the dark shadow of Notre Dame keeps guard. We entered the vestibule, and I fully expected to see the great, grim form that haunted the dreams of the "Uncommercial Traveler." Here in this vestibule—unclosed from morning till night—hangs a list with description of the unrecognized dead, and from it open two doors into the room where the bodies are exposed.

What stories of injustice, crime, or misery sealed at last in the eternal silence of death lie beyond those doors? I am not timid or nervous but I shook perceptibly as I crossed one of those thresholds and stood within the dreaded room. Before me were gratings reaching from floor to ceiling, beyond these, three or four rough, wooden stretchers resembling elongated wheelbarrows, on which rested—nothing. Suspended from hooks in the ceiling hung some old clothes, wet and dripping. Altogether, it was such a desolate, wretched, miserable place that I was thankful, even for the sake of the dead, that no form lay there.

But the next day Jackets returned from his walk, his face filled with deep concern and impatience to tell us something very important.

"Mamma, papa, Neo, Dackets went to ve Mord an' we seed a itto dir! all dounded."

It came to light that Jackets had prevailed upon the too willing Bettine to take him to the "Mord," and they had seen the body of a little girl found during the night, and it was a long time before Jackets forgot the "Mord" and the "itto dir!" of whom he always spoke with awe as of being "all dounded dead," a fate with which he solemnly threatened his favorite gutta-percha dog, and plaster-of-Paris elephants and lions.

Bettine was a Roman Catholic, very much given to ayes and her rosary, to Jackets great annoyance, who could make nothing of her signs and genuflections, and to whom the ayes were even more unintelligible than to herself. Once he became very impatient, waiting for his protectress, as she knelt, making the sign of the cross, before her crucifix. At last a bright idea struck him, he had solved the problem, and rubbing his fat little fingers in her face, he exclaimed:

"Bett, Dackets help streak oo." He had concluded that it was part of her toilet to be "streaked," and had generously proffered his help.

But one day Paris must be left and with it Bettine. Jackets' heart softened towards her at the last, and once even allowed her to sing him to sleep.

"Dackets yike oo proitly well" "cept caps," he said, eyeing her mediatively; and when, on the following day, we bade Paris, our American friend and Bettine farewell, he brought the latter his "biful book," the pride and joy of his heart, a gorgeously illustrated copy of "Mother Goose," and insisted that Bettine should accept it, which she did with tears of real sorrow in her eyes at parting from her "one lofely leetle Americain."

(To be continued.)

GRANDPA'S STORY.

"Bampa! tell me about Old Zack!"

At my knee stood my little grandson—a bright three-year-old, dark-haired and brown-eyed. The great brown eyes were misty now, as I looked down on him and laid my hand on his curly locks. He had just had a "little difficulty" with "Danna" (he called her so, and called me "Bampa"), and the remains of the tears somewhat dimmed the lustre of his eyes.

Willie was a remarkable boy! Possibly the same opinion has been before expressed by some other grandpa regarding an only grandchild. But he was a great observer.

A few days before, I had killed a snake in the grounds near the house, and had called Willie to see it. His innumerable questions concerning the reptile puzzled me, and I sent him to the house to ask Grandma. We had forgotten the snake, when, on this day, towards evening, Master Willie, who had been playing in the garden with a little girl of his own age, marched into the house, his piece clean dress dripping with muddy water, and with his great eyes extended to their utmost, had insisted that "Danna" should accompany him to the garden, where he had killed a snake. "A monsus snake, Danna," said he.

He solemnly led the way to the banks of a little stream which meandered through the grounds, and triumphantly pointed to an angle-worm some three or four inches long, which he and his companion had found, and tried to kill. He was much excited, and very proud of his courage and success.

After his Grandma had recovered from her laughter over the snake business, she took Master Willie to task for his condition. This, however, he treated as a matter of little consequence, and coolly explained that he had been trying to teach Minnie how to swim! He was marched off to the house in disgrace, washed, newly dressed, and now, as is his custom when in trouble, came to ask Grandpa to tell him a story. So I told him the following:

STORY OF OLD ZACK:

Many years ago, when your Mamma was a little fellow about your size, Old Zack came first to live with me. He was a pointer dog, white, with large brown spots, and great brown eyes, somewhat like yours, my son.

He was a large dog, about as high as you are, and he was very good, and we all loved him. He seemed to think your Mamma was under his particular protection, and followed her wherever she went. She slept in a small, low bed in my room, and Old Zack also had a rug to sleep on, at the door. But in the cold winter nights he would get up on her bed and coil himself at her feet. She liked that, and said he kept her feet warm. But often in the night I have been waked by your Mamma calling me: "Papa, I wish you'd speak to Old Zack! He's crowding me out of bed." I would get up and find that he had stretched himself out alongside of the little girl, with his head on the pillow, his back to her, and his feet braced against the side of the bed, and was really occupying more than a fair share of the room. At a word from me, however, he would at once go and curl himself at her feet, when I would throw something over him to keep him warm, and all would be quiet until morning.

Old Zack first came home to us on a Saturday evening. He was not acquainted, and did not seem very well contented. But we fed him well, and petted him, and we got along pretty well through Saturday night. Sunday we all wanted to go to church. Our only servant had gone early, and when it was time for us to go, the trouble commenced. Old Zack did not wish to be left alone, and I was not well enough acquainted with his breeding to feel confident of his good behavior. So I concluded to chain him up in the "sitting-room."

There was a large, heavy lounge in the room, and I took my long, new dog-chain, fastened it to his collar, and the other end to the lounge; closed the blinds, locked up the house, and went to church. When we returned, I noticed before I got to the house that the blinds were open, and feared some trouble. When I opened the front door, it looked as if a saw-mill and a planing-mill had been opened there and had been at work ever since we left. Great splinters were torn off the door, and in the "sitting-room" it was worse. The sofa was torn all to pieces; the stuffing scattered all over the carpet; the chain broken, and the dog gone. He had evidently endeavored to escape by tearing up the sofa; failing that, he broke the chain, and tried to eat his way out the door. Not succeeding, he made a flying leap through the window, carrying with him curtains, glass, sash, and blinds. He was gone!

"Gone, Bampa! And didn't you ever find poor Old Zack again?"

Oh, yes, my boy: I found him the next day at the house of his old master and took him back with me, and he very soon became so fond of us all that nobody could entice him away.

We lived then on the bank of one of the lakes, in a fair Western city; and my house was in the suburbs, surrounded by a large garden, and that by vacant ground, or "commons," covered with grass, extending to the lake, making a nice play-ground for children. There your mamma, with her little friends and Old Zack, passed many happy hours, he romping and entering into their amusements as heartily as any.

One morning, while we were sitting at breakfast, your mamma having finished and gone out with Old Zack for a play, the windows being open to let in the pleasant summer air, I heard somebody screaming: "Help! Help! Murder!" I rushed to the front door, and saw a tall, stalwart fellow stretched full length on the ground in front of the house, Old Zack standing over him with his fore feet on his shoulders, showing his "magnificent white teeth and growling savagely, but not biting him or attempting to injure him, but only to hold him down. Your mamma had hold of his tail, pulling with all her little strength, and trying to get him away from the man, who was evidently very badly frightened; and, I confess, I did not blame him much for being so. I ran out, and at a word from me, Old Zack let the man rise. He was very angry, and said he would go and get a gun and shoot the dog. I asked him what was the cause of his being attacked; told him the dog was perfectly gentle, and I had never known of his doing such a thing before. He said that in passing the house he had noticed the little girl playing with the dog, and stopped to enjoy the scene. Your mamma had long, golden curls, and he thought it was a pretty picture. As she ran near him, he caught her and began playing with her beautiful "curls." The dog immediately sprang upon him, threw him down, and he thought he was "murdered and kilt entirely."

I soon discovered that he was not hurt at all, and asked him to stop and think a moment before he made up his mind to kill the dog. He could see that Old Zack considered himself the protector of his little mistress in the absence of her parents, and when he saw a stranger take hold of her, he probably thought he was going to do her some harm. I told him the dog was her constant companion, and if he was killed, it would nearly break her heart. I asked him to suppose it was his dog, and his own child, and such a thing should happen, would he not think the dog had done what he thought to be his duty? The man reflected a few moments, and then said, if it was his dog, there was not money enough in the "world" to buy him, and he didn't blame him at all. I called Old Zack up and introduced him, and he put up his paw, and jumped round him, delighted to find that he had been mistaken, and that he was a good man, after all. The man was dressed in a laborer's garb, and Old Zack had never seen anybody but well-dressed gentlemen use any familiarity with his little mistress, and, according to his conception of duty, resented it.

When I had proceeded thus far with my story of my old and faithful follower and friend, I saw that Master Willie, who had long ago clambered upon my knee, was fast asleep.

He will be after me again to tell him more about the good dog, I suppose, the next leisure he has from play.—N. Y. Observer.

INVENTION OF THE SUN DIAL.

To the Assyrians Sperobutus ascribes the invention of the hemispherical sun dial, which he had seen in use in Egypt. This was, in effect, a device which exhibited both the daily and the annual motion of the sun. The basin was formed of metal, from the middle of which a vertical pin was set, terminating in a knob, which represented exactly the center of the hemisphere. It is plain that the shadow cast by this knob on one side of the basin traced out, as it moved from sunrise to sunset, the projection of the sun's actual movement in the heavens day by day. In the treeless plains of Mesopotamia and the Nile delta, the sharp, definite shadows cast by obelisks and other stiff architectural forms could not fail to attract earlier attention to the sun than would be the case in the broken ground and wooded region of Europe.

DULL BOYS.

Don't be discouraged. Slow growth is often sure growth. Some minds are like Norwegian pines. They are slow in growth, but they are striking their roots deep. Some of the greatest men have been dull boys. Dryden and Swift were dull, as boys; so was Goldsmith, so was Gibbon, so was Sir Walter Scott. Napoleon, at school, had so much difficulty learning his Latin that the master said it would need a gimlet to get a word into his head. Douglas Jerrold was so backward in his boyhood that at nine he was scarcely able to read. Isaac Barrow, one of the greatest divines the Church of England has ever produced, was so impenetrably stupid in his early years that his father more than once said that, if God took away any of his children, he hoped it would be Isaac, as he feared he would never be fit for anything in this world. Yet that boy was the genius of the family.

"Watchman, what of the night?" "Oh! nothing in particular. They may have broken open a savings bank, or robbed a grave or two, but really so little has been doing that I was almost if not quite asleep."—N. Y. Graphic.

Literary Review.

CONSCIENCE. With preface on "Current Events." (Boston Monday Lectures.) By Joseph Cook. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 12mo. pp. 270. (\$1.50).

Joseph Cook has become a power in the land—we might say in the world. This added volume of his lectures is good proof of it. For it could be no weak opinions, no ideas simply for the day, no buffeting of men of straw by a pigmy that could thus find permanency in these succeeding volumes, to be sold not by the hundreds but by the six and sixteen thousands, and not in America only, but over Europe as well. What man, if he had not a blinding message such as the darkness of the age demanded, could thus be held aloft on the thought of the time while he uttered his burning words? If the lectures evince the lecturer's power, they also witness to the public intelligence, to its ability to grasp great subjects, and its desire to get at "the inwardness" of things. Materialism has no fatal hold of the public belief when these words that so steadily demolish it are so widely heralded.

The present volume is one of the most interesting of the four thus far issued. "Ethical Science" now treats not so much that man has conscience," says Dörner, "as that conscience has man." The authority of this power that "makes cowards of us all," and fidelity to which has more to do in determining both the individual and the national worth than fidelity to a better principle, lies at the bottom of all moral conduct. Hence its importance, which was so gratefully recognized by the overflowing audiences that greeted the delivery of the lectures last winter. No one can read these pages without better understanding the nature of right and wrong, and being stirred to a quicker loyalty to the admonitions that are ever voicing themselves in the soul. The volume will, without doubt, be called for with some of the eagerness that greeted the delivery of the lectures that make up its contents. The topics discussed are: "Unexplored Remains in Conscience," "Solar Self-Culture," "The Physical Truthfulness of the Moral Law," "Matthew Arnold's Views of Conscience," "Organic Instincts in Conscience," "The First Cause as Personal," "Is Conscience Infallible?" "Conscience as the Foundation of the Religion of Science," "The Laughter of the Soul at Its If," "Shakespeare on Conscience," "The Prelude to Insurrection of Hunger," "Bachelors and Family Wages," "English Precedents in Civil Service Reform," "The Duties of Opulence to Missions," "Enfranchised Ignorance in the South," "Indigent Indignity," "California as the Door to China," "Free Tabernacles in Great Towns," "Magdalen in Cities," and "Young Men in Politics." Volumes on "Heredity" and "Marriage" are soon to follow.

A FACE ILLUMINED. By E. P. Roe, author of "Barriers Burned Away," etc. New York: Dodd & Mead. 16mo. pp. 668.

The object of this story is to show that beauty exists in the mind and soul. However perfect the features and form, there can be no beauty unless animated by a noble Christian heart. The heroine of the story is a maiden, faultless in feature, and yet so timid and absorbed in self that one turns away from her in disgust, wondering that the face God has made so fair can be thus marred by the deformation of the mind within, yet through an experience of trouble and mortification she awakes to her own spiritual deficiencies, and taking the Saviour as her friend, developed a beauty of feature, that more than satisfied the artist, who at first coldly criticised her. Other characters of the book are well drawn. Miss Burton, whose plain face was so illumined by her desire to make others happy, that she attracted all who met her, is a character, the study of which will lead us to more self-forgetfulness, and thought for others.

Stanton with his indolent nature is a type of a class of young men, who, when aroused to the duties of life make noble leaders of society. The artist is like many another, recognizing true beauty, and yet slow to learn that its source is self-abnegation and holy consecration. The Christian character of the story is excellent and the interesting guise in which the moral is clad will instill its teachings into the minds of its readers. It is a religious novel, entertaining without being silly, instructive without being prosaic.

THE NORMANS IN EUROPE. [Epochs of Modern History.] By the Rev. A. H. Johnson, M. A., late fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, Historical Lecturer to Trinity, St. John's, Pembroke, and Wadham Colleges. With Maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 16mo. pp. 273. (\$1.00).

Another of these valuable volumes of history has appeared. It deals with the Normans in Europe, commencing with the Normans in their home and proceeding to detail their invasion, the last of which was the Norman conquest in England, including the time from 700 A. D. till 1154, closing with the reign of Matilda and Stephen. Many interesting topics in the history of France and England and their relations to each other are carefully treated. The closing chapter deals entirely with the Norman administration, explaining the duties and privileges of officers in the government, and some of the laws and customs of that period. The style of the book is free and interesting, so that the story is not buried beneath an accumulation of dry facts. It will be as valuable for continuous reading as for a text book in schools. Indeed, we should not be surprised if scholars often forgot to commit the pages assigned, in their eagerness to learn what became of some hero whose career they may be studying.

THE STORY OF A CAT. Translated from the French of Emile de la Bedolliere, by T. B. Aldrich. With numerous designs in silhouette by Hopkins. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 12mo. pp. 100. (\$1.00).

To properly estimate this story and the silhouettes which accompany it, we must admire them through the eyes of the children, so having first assured ourselves that there is nothing in it injurious to taste or morals, we placed it in the hands of a little girl, who has a special admiration for cats. That it is interesting to children we were soon satisfied, for play and dinner had no attractions till Mousmouth was safe from his perils; that it was funny we soon knew from the way the little girl laughed over it, and that the silhouettes illustrated the story was shown as she explained them to her little brother, and her final criticism was apparent when she begged and entreated that her papa would buy that book for her Christmas present. Yes, the children approve, though it is all nonsense to us; but we suspect many a staid middle-aged lady or pre-occupied father of the family will involuntarily smile when taking the book to read to some little grandchild, and finding the silhouettes of Mother Michel looking under the sofa for the lost cat or venturing into the cellar, where she encounters nothing but rats. The artist is especially fortunate when he pictures Faribole, from the time he meditated on a stone post till he took his abrupt

departure down the stairs. All will congratulate Mousmouth and his family as an interesting company. Mr. Aldrich did a good thing when he enlarged his audience from the appreciative children at his own fireside to those at many other firesides through the land.

WILLIE DUNCAN ("Chips"); or, The Old Bible. By Miss Kringle. Philadelphia: Garrigue Brothers. 16mo. pp. 140.

The plot of this story is superior to that of many a more pretentious book, but so carefully is it arranged and almost concealed under the moral lessons it wishes to teach that it seems only a simple story of life among those experiencing the vicissitudes of fortune. "Chips" is a noble character, who, poor though he is, of a great fortune, or simply an energetic young man working his way by industry and honesty to a deserved position. And then by what conjurer's art does Jessie Raymond become Jessie McDonald, and Jessie McDonald become Jessie Raymond, and the two little girls inherit equally the old gentleman's wealth, and still our good friends, Mike and Chips, obtain all they could desire in fortune, friends and position? All of these fortunate circumstances resulted from "Chips'" attachment to the old Bible and the determined exertions of the family to regain it from the pawnbroker. It is a good story well told. The same fortune may not come to every one who thus tries to keep his Bible, but certainly "in some way or other," each will be blessed for cherishing and reverencing that Holy Volume.

The *Living Age* is the only satisfactorily complete compendium of the best current literature,—a literature which is now richer than ever before in the work of the ablest writers upon all topics of interest. It gives to American readers, at small expense and in convenient form, what is of immediate interest or permanent value in this literature, and therefore invaluable to all who would keep abreast with the newest discoveries of science, the latest phases of thought, and the best literary work of the day. An extra offer, made by the publishers to all new subscribers for 1879, is worthy of note, viz., to send them gratis the six numbers of 1878, which contain, with other valuable matter, the first parts of "Sir Gibbie," a new serial story of much interest, by George MacDonald, now appearing in *The Living Age* from the author's advance sheets. Other choice new serials by distinguished authors are also announced for speedy publication. Published by Little & Gay, Boston.

Rev. S. H. Barrett, Rutland, Ohio, is the author and publisher of several religious tracts, three of which, *The Sabbath, Public Worship and Covetousness*, are before us. They are both historical and spiritual, and will be likely to do good. They are printed in large type—an advantage over many publications of that kind.

The *Juvenile Temperance Manual*, by Miss Julia Colman, is intended as a help for teachers and all others who would like to get up a temperance school. It answers the questions—How shall we start it? How manage it? What shall we teach? How make it interesting? etc., etc. It provides a series of lessons illustrated with experiments, objects, blackboard exercises, and problems; on alcohol, its origin, its nature, its effects, how to get rid of it; on tobacco and on profanity, with Scripture text lessons; notices of such books, tracts, leaflets and charts, as can be used for helps; plans for primary classes, advanced classes, and reformed men's Bible classes, all of which are provided for in the proposed Temperance School, with its superintendents and teachers. The plan of the proposed school is novel, simple and ingenious, and commends itself once to the good judgment of those who are in earnest to do real good work.—National Temperance Society, New York.

The Evangelical publishing house (Cleveland, Ohio) will commence Jan. 1, 1879, the weekly publication of a sheet designed to illustrate, in the exact form and style of a blackboard, the International Sunday-school lessons for 1879.

D. Lothrop & Co. (Boston) anticipate the holidays by issuing two illustrated volumes for the little folks, one entitled *Overhead*, and giving instruction in the first principles of astronomy, and the other entitled *Eyes Right*, and explaining many curious facts in natural science. Both are written in a fresh, easy, conversational style, the most of the information being conveyed in the form of talks between teacher and pupil. The books are the reverse of dryness or dullness, and whatever bright young person begins them will be sure to finish them, finding himself or herself at the end the possessor of much useful information that has been gathered without knowing it. We can heartily recommend the books to all who are looking about for useful presents to young people.

The matter contained in the International Temperance Society's *Almanac* for 1879 will be found to be of great interest to temperance workers and to all interested in temperance.

Wilkie Collins's *Shocking Story* is reprinted from the *International Review* and makes a small but worthy member of the Atlas Series which the publisher (A. S. Barnes & Co., New York) are now bringing out. The story partakes of the author's well known characteristics, and, considering its price (10 cents), is likely to find a ready sale.

The *Scholar's Quarterly* for 1879 will contain a closing hymn (words and music) for each lesson. This publication has reached a large circulation, which may fairly indicate its real worth.—Philadelphia: S. S. Times.

The revised edition of Chambers's *Cyclopaedia of English Literature*, containing brief biographies of all noted British or American authors, from earliest times to the present, with specimens from their writings, makes a work both entertaining and useful. It contains over 3,000 pages, and the entire work, in eight handy volumes, is furnished, free of express or mail charges, for \$2.00 in paper, \$3.00 in cloth, or \$4.50 in half-morocco. The publishers sell only to subscribers direct, instead of giving dealers and agents the usual 50 or 60 per cent. discount to sell for them, which accounts for the remarkably low prices. Special inducements are offered to those sending early orders. Specimen pages with full particulars, sent on request by postal card by the publishers, the American Book Exchange, 55 Beekman St., N. Y.

It was noticed at the late sale at Gadshill Place that none of the books were put up at auction. We now understand that the whole of the late Charles Dickens's library, as existing at the time of his decease, as well as his series of framed Hogarth's prints, which are referred to in *Forster's Life*, have been privately purchased by Messrs. Sotherton & Piccadilly.—Academy.

