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The Morning Star - volume 54 number 37 - September 10, 1879

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The Morning Star.

VOL. LIV.

THE MORNING STAR, DOVER, N. H., SEPTEMBER 10, 1879.

NO. 37

THE MORNING STAR

A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER,

ISSUED BY THE

Freeville Baptist Printing Establishment,

Rev. I. D. STEWART, Publisher,

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

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Terms—\$2.50 per year; if paid strictly in advance, \$2.30. See the 8th page of this paper.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1879.

SATISFIED.

I would not care to live the span
Of slender years my life contains,
The narrow limit hedged to man
The sovereign will of God ordains
Could I not feel the soothing breath;
That lulls me to my final sleep,
And softly whispers "after death,
No sorrows come—no eye shall weep."

I would not wish to live the years
Of mortals, though they may be sweet
As roses kissed with dewy tears,
The fairest summer morn could greet;
Could I not feel within this heart
A fond hope lingers, calm and still,
Too soft to whisper, "Friends ne'er part
Who loved to do the Master's will."

I would not care to walk the earth,
Round which a starry anthem drew—
So honored by her Maker's birth—
And mingle with the cherished few;
Could I not know a radiant peace,
A dream of bliss that knows no end,
Where fear and dread their power release,
And friend forever lives with friend.

I would not care to hope of heaven,
With every joy that hope foretells;
Where from the eye all tears are driven,
And through the heart sweet rapture thrills;
Could I not feel that heavenly bliss,
And breathe the fragrance of its air,
In changing to that world from this,
That I would be no stranger there.

I would not wish the hope were mine,
That when I lay life's burden down,
The tear drops shed at sorrow's shrine
Would crystallize to pearls, my crown;
Could I not know, awaiting me,
Some cherished soul our Lord had called,
Stood rapt in joyous ecstasy,
To open the gates of emerald.

Then bid my fondest hope decay,
And let my dearest idol die,
Hid! hid, O grave, the form away,
That once was precious to mine eye;
Sweet, sweet life's heaviest burdens seem,
Since at the portals now can be,
My love, my joy, my heart's best theme,
With outstretched arms to welcome me.

—Friend's Journal.

We are not promised riddance of tares
until the gathering of the ripened harvest.

"Christians must never forget that they are not self-luminous," remarks Dr. Cuyler. Neither are we to borrow the light of a neighbor or friend to see into religious truths. If we can not of ourselves see the supposed truth, we had better be content with what we can see, and live in the quiet trust that every needed insight will come in its own good time.

Thoreau noticed a trait of human nature that is worth noticing after him: "What is peculiar in the life of a man consists not in his obedience, but his opposition to his instincts; in one direction or another he strives to live a supernatural life." But who can number the dangers connected with the striving to live a supernatural life?

We delight in definitions, but life is ever giving the lie to definitions. We define pleasure, but the actual pleasures of life are different from any previous definition of them. We walk slowly all around the idea of courage and think the mind has in fitting words made the idea plain to itself, but to experience a bit of courage throws the definition to the winds. It is just so with love and hate, with worldly cunning and holiness, we think ourselves completely assured what they are, and strive for the realization or the avoidance of these sentiments, but when the real sentiments in life meet us, it often takes some time to recognize them, so different are they from our preconceived notions.

Is it the highest condition of human living to do right just because it is right, the abstract right? If this is so, why did Christ offer other inducements to those who lived righteously? Of course, he commands us to seek first the kingdom of God, but is it not outraging the simplicity of the sentence to say that Christ himself did not hold out the reward of having all these things added unto those who should first seek the kingdom of God? The harvest of thirty and sixty and hundred fold in this life is not meaningless. To make a promise real to us, a personality of some sort must be connected with it. Nature was never supposed to have abhorred a vacuum more than we

know the human heart to abhor an abstract gift.

More than a stereotyped application can be made of the text: "But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it." This is not common sense. The common sense statement would be that if we hope for that which we see to be within the bounds of reason and experience, then will we with patience wait for it. But the hope referred to is of another kind. It is hoping for that which can not be realized with the mind's eye, and which, therefore, it can not hope to bring about with its own resources; but hoping for which the soul has large patience in letting the eternal laws bring about their own results, knowing that the impossibilities of to-day may be the possibilities of to-morrow. There are also sublime maxims which aid us, such as the darkest day is just before the dawn, and again, the common experience that the very blocks of stone which to-day make the way before us impassable may be the very ones which are to bridge the quagmire for us to easily and safely pass over to-morrow.

AMONG THE BOYS.

BY HAY THOMPSON.

In "putting away childish things," we generally contrive to put away the memory of them also; so that when we have reached the advanced age of one and twenty years, children's thoughts, words, and actions seem to us as marvelous and inconceivable as if we had never been children ourselves.

For this reason, writers of juvenile literature, as a rule, fail miserably in their attempts to describe the sayings and doings of boys. Neither the amiable "Rollo," who follows his father about with the docility of a trained spaniel, nor the heroic "Boy Captain," who navigates and handles his bark with the skill and seamanship of a veteran ship-master, resemble the youngsters one meets in actual life, any more than "Sir Charles Grandison," or "Peregrine Pickle" represent real flesh and blood.

The riddle of boyhood is worthy of study, although it may never be read by mortals out of their teens. Mep can discover the source of the Nile, easier than they can trace to their origin the superstitions and traditions of childhood.

Why is it that so many urchins imagine the pond, lake, or river where they fish or swim, to be bottomless in certain places? Whence comes the childish reluctance to set foot across a crack, or to step from a straight row of bricks or stones in the pavement while on the way to school? It is not so difficult to account for children's holding buttercups under each other's chins, to see if they are fond of butter, but why a young wanderer, who has strayed beyond the reach of maternal intelligence, should breathe three times on a dandelion blow, to see if his mother wants him, is a mystery not so easily solved. What youthful genius, while searching for a lost ball, conceived the original idea of turning round three times with his eyes shut, and then, after repeating, solemnly,

"Spit, spat, spawn,
Tell me which way that ball has gone!"

of spitting at random, in hopes that the saliva would fly in the direction of the missing article? How happens it that boys living in different localities, like the youths of whom we read in the early history of Boston and Charlestown, are constantly at war with one another? And why is it that these feuds, like those of the ancient Scottish chiefs, frequently endure through generations? These, and a thousand other questions concerning the mysteries, illusions and prejudices of childhood, will doubtless never be satisfactorily answered by any one whom age has banished from its wondrous domain.

To read of the precocity of Pope, De Quincey, the Bronte children, and other memorable examples of infant literati, is scarcely more astonishing, and, for an ordinary observer, much less interesting than it is to view the marvelous intelligence which is displayed daily by scores of children in our streets.

Take, for instance, the surprising proficiency shown by diminutive urchins in all sorts of boyish sports. How well they understand the intricate rules and abstruse terms connected with their favorite pastimes. Long before these little ones are able to read, every point of "Mibs," "alleys," "boulders," "agates," "knuckling down," "fen dubs," &c., is as familiar to them as the "longs and shorts," "corners and cliques," "subsidy loans," and "watered stocks" are to older boys, who indulge in more hazardous games.

Many amusements indulged in by the young are not so simple as some of the old fogies who have forgotten all about them may imagine. We do not allude to base ball, which has come to be recognized as a profession; nor to kite-flying, which, the reader remembers once played an important part in a valuable experiment; nor to top-spinning, which has been spoiled by the invention of a top that not only spins three times as long as

a top ought to, but is guilty of the absurdity of recording its number of revolutions. The pastimes which we refer to are boisterous, roystering games. Games with laws and penalties. Games which necessitate a prodigious amount of loud shouting, fierce scrambling, and hot racing and running. Games in which some luckless youngster, whose fate has been decided by "Onery, twoery, ickery, ann," is obliged to be "It," and to chase everybody else over half the town.

To become expert in some of these games, requires a good memory, an even temper, and no small share of courage. "Running the Gauntlet," "Hammering the Post," "Ball in a Hole," "Prisoner's Base," "High Spy," "Red Lion," and scores of other sports, with their old historic play-laws and punishments, are hard to learn, and hard to endure, as many a youngster can testify.

Let us not lightly condemn these boyish diversions. Not only are they valuable as a means of physical development, but they also tend directly to the young player's mental improvement. It is pleasant to think that many distinguished scholars in embryo, are, at this moment engaged in sharpening their wits for deeper studies, by mastering the occult science of "Alley-law," or by memorizing the unintelligible jargon of "Hi-pound-cookery-cook."

To those pestiferous reformers who are forever trying to show children a better way of playing, we would say, "Let them alone!" They are governed by laws as unchangeable as those of the Medes and Persians. Besides, the best games are the oldest ones, and they are good enough already. For our own part, we would set about "Painting the lily" or gilding refined gold, with much less hesitation than we would attempt to correct the errors in "Break and brew," or improve the pattern of a "Hop-sotch" diagram.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CHAUTAUQUA, August 23, 1879.

Three weeks at this delightful retreat has passed all too soon—many would gladly have detained them. But transition is a law of life, and the assemblies dissolve, the multitudes return to their homes refreshed, strengthened, furnished for better work and higher usefulness.

Formerly we Americans had few holidays or seasons for recreation. Our hard climate and harder soil demanded incessant labor, puritan principles seemed congenial to physical hardships, and to most there was the inevitable routine year in and year out.

As the country was subdued and industry was crowned with prosperity, luxuries began to be added to necessities, amusements were allowed, time was taken for rest, health, pleasure. Then came the rush of tourists to summer resorts—to the springs, the mountains, the ocean. It was a change, but not always for the better. An incentive was furnished to curiosity, yet rarely was the eye satisfied with seeing. To the votaries of fashion and pleasure, the giddy round of dissipation afforded nothing substantial, but returning weary and jaded they were ready to exclaim, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

There is a more rational way. People will have change and recreation, and this demand of our nature should be wisely provided for, especially for the masses. Individuals, having the means, will follow their own inclinations. The greater number, feeling a like need and with slender resources, must do the best they can. Hence, Chautauqua and similar resorts, multiplying extensively, alike essentially though differing in many respects. The enterprise is new, improvements will be made so, as we trust, to make it adapted to the need—a great, healthful, and beneficent institution.

Several things commend Chautauqua in itself, and as a kind of model.

1. As a provision for rest and health. To this the locality is suited, being elevated, pleasant, and easy of access, with moderate expense. Here persons, families, neighborhoods, churches, and societies may combine to spend a few days or weeks under very favorable circumstances.

2. For recreation. Not inaction but change is what the worn and weary need. Change that shall be agreeable, inspiring, cheering. Released from the round of toil, the mind and the heart want food and nurture. This is furnished largely by all the appliances.

3. Instruction and improvement. This is a prominent feature of the arrangements, for aid in the Sabbath school, the normal classes, missionary work, models of Palestine, Jerusalem, the Temple, the Tabernacle, the oriental Museum, scientific illustrations, musical concerts, prayer and conference meetings, lectures and sermons. To all this is super-added class instruction—lectures and drills, examinations on courses of study, suited to those who, having little spare time, desire to turn it to the best account. For this the ten thousand students already enrolled are doing a really effective and noble work.

4. A means of Christian fellowship and union. All denominations mingle freely and in harmony. Their ablest ministers and teachers are here, and the masses of the people. Great practical questions are discussed, and much valuable thought elicited. The devotional meetings are of vast importance for spiritual culture. The design of all is to help those who are or who would become efficient Christian workers, wherever their lot may be cast. As such it is of incalculable service.

We return to our work refreshed and invigorated with numerous pleasing associations clustering around the mind and heart. The words of wisdom, of prayer, of song, the great assemblies, social greetings, the groves, cottages, tents, the placid lake, all will have a grateful, enduring impression.—J. B.

REV. MR. DE LA MATYR.

Zion's Herald explains the situation in which the Greenback Congressman finds himself:

"A minister takes on a worldly and political character, his godly profession can not cover, as a golden robe, the deformities of a political theory. The minister must suffer all the consequences that legitimately fall upon the advocate of a party policy. The two do not mingle well together, and people find it difficult on Sunday to separate the stump orator from the gospel herald. Rev. Mr. De La Matyr, now haranguing his particular partisans in Maine, finds himself, to his surprise, crowded out of his denominational pulpits. He is an eloquent preacher. He was a useful pastor in Brooklyn and in the West. His ministerial brethren respected and esteemed him. He filled, graciously, important charges. It seemed, however, to him to be his duty to enter the arena of political life. His Conference offered no objections, but, as he was entering secular life, demanded that he should yield his purely ministerial office and take a local relation. We do not wonder that when the Sabbath comes, his heart sighs for the pulpit and the most blessed work in which man can engage. But he has now to carry with him into the pulpit a caucus orator who makes, during the week, honest, doubtless, but very extraordinary and wild, speeches. His 'double always confronts him, and Methodist people don't like to hear 'modern statesmen' in the pulpit. That is the reason why our excellent old friend finds the way to the pulpit in Maine so 'hard a road to travel.'"

EXCHANGE NOTES AND QUOTES.

Less talk and better talk—more work and better work—are what is needed in the temperance movement just now.—Golden Rule.

How long is it since you have given your people an entire sermon on honesty and integrity in every-day life?—Congregationalist.

We are free to confess that we do not expect the temporal blessings of the Sabbath to be long retained by any community who miss its higher spiritual ends.—Christian Weekly.

Men do not want sermons which are a continual reiteration of platitudes no one questions, but the sermons which show a knowledge of the world in which they live and which will help them to meet its perplexities and be victorious over its temptations.—Baptist Weekly.

The Mormons are not the courageous, daring set of men that they represent themselves to be. The leaders are perfectly conscious of their own villainy, and all villains, however much they may be given to bluster, are cowards.—N. Y. Observer.

The sex that suffers most from intemperance might be expected to favor any feasible means of checking the ravages of this home-destroyer. But whether the ballot is a proper and feasible means is a question on which those who feel equally the importance of the end are not agreed.—Watchman.

Now, as the Oneida Community has received new light, and has conformed itself to the code of Christian ethics, we turn with some hope to the Mormon community, and repeat the hope that it may receive a new revelation. Revelations come in critical times. We trust that our Government will make the times very critical to the Utah polygamists.—Independent.

For years no September has opened in this country promising so much to the industrious citizen as does the present. On every side there is the busy hum of preparation for work. The countenances of those who have their all embarked in business are brighter; the prospect for the laborer is encouraging; the land is full of food; the fear of the tramp is no longer felt; the schools are opened, and taught with prudence and a contented mind are required for happiness.—Providence Journal.

We are emphatic, then, in maintaining that the law "rather" than the gospel should be preached to (some) men "in times of the failure of public integrity." Fraud can not be cast out by a teaching that has too large an infusion of the doctrine of forgiveness. Those who swindle their fellowmen under any cover whatsoever, of a blood-bought and complete salvation, must needs be taught that this salvation is not for them. Repentance comes before pardon, and they need, instead, the preaching of repentance.—Advance.

MISSION WORK.

CONDUCTED BY REV. G. C. WATERMAN.

THE INDIAN REPORT.

We continue our review of the Report published by our Missionaries in India, giving a full account of their work during the year ending with the month of March last.

JELLASORE SCHOOLS AND CHURCH.

The principal school here is the "Girls' Orphanage and Boarding School," of which Miss Crawford has had charge for so many years. In this institution more than usual prosperity has been enjoyed, though the number of pupils has not been so large as in some previous years, owing to the marriage of several who had attained a suitable age and were otherwise qualified, the removal of some to serve as teachers in other places, and the death of others. Eleven primary schools are connected with the Boarding School, and taught by its pupils. In these the little Hindoo children are taught verses of Scripture before they learn to read, and what they learn in school they carry home to their parents, thus becoming sowers of good seed and helpers in the work. Two girls in the Orphanage won prizes from the Government School Inspector, who, in presenting them, spoke highly of their scholarship.

The Sunday-school has been well sustained and has accomplished good results. Six of its pupils have been converted, and we most heartily wish that as much could be said of every school in America. The number of members in the church at Jellasure has been reduced somewhat by removals and the smaller attendance at the Boarding school. A protracted meeting was held last September by two of the native preachers, which continued two weeks, during which time five were converted and added to the church, and several backsliders were reclaimed. The church takes up regular monthly collections and needs the care and labor of a settled pastor.

BHIMPORE.

This station is among the Santals, and was formerly under the care of Dr. J. L. Phillips. During his absence it was visited from time to time by Dr. Bachelor and wife, but owing to a lack of proper supervision and to the mischievous influence of one bad man, the church has become weak and distracted. Dr. P. spent the last "Week of Prayer" at the place, holding a series of meetings which resulted in a manifest improvement in the condition of things, and it is hoped that as soon as Bro. Burkholder shall get fairly at work among this people, they will regain the lost ground and go on to higher attainments. More than sixty schools have been in operation among the Santals, under the care of Dr. Bachelor, and these have been very successfully carried on. The Santals are fickle and fond of moving about from place to place. The work in the schools is sometimes interrupted by this disposition. The schools are visited monthly by a native inspector who is also a lay-preacher. As yet, but little progress has been made in educating the girls. Especial efforts are now being made in this direction and it is hoped that the condition of the Santal women will soon be improved. Teachers' Conventions have been held, at which the men were together for eight days and were carefully examined in literary branches and in the Scriptures. The Santal people are greatly addicted to intemperance, and much care is necessary to keep even the school-teachers from breaking the temperance pledge which all are required to take. Only a small proportion of the Santal teachers are professed Christians, but many, who are not, carefully instruct their pupils in the truths of the Bible. If these men would only come out and openly declare their faith in Christ, for many of them are already intellectual believers in him, they could exert a great influence for good. Let us all pray earnestly that they may soon do so.

MIDNAPORE.

"We rejoice," says Dr. Bachelor, "over a few additions during the past year. Several of these are the children of our native Christians, Christians of the second and third generations." How much of history these words suggest! Years of toil and trial lie behind, and have led up to these few conversions. The seed sown long ago is gradually bearing fruit in various forms. The work of the church has been carried steadily along, and the Sunday-school has not been neglected. Much attention has been given to Zenana work. The native preachers have been diligent in business and have done excellent service. The Secular Training School has been kept up as in former years, and several young men have gone from it to engage in teaching and two have entered the Bible School. The Dispensary has also been maintained and has been found of great value.

OTHER MATTERS.

It has been the custom of the missionaries to spend a portion of each cold season in making preaching tours to places at some distance from the stations, preaching by the way as opportunity might offer. This branch of the work has been attended to, as usual, and has afforded much encouragement, as our readers will remember. In addition to the work of Bro. Marshall, alluded to last week, Dr. J. L. Phillips made an extended tour amongst the Santals, immediately after his arrival in India, examining the schools, and preaching. He found many things to encourage him, and opening fields on every hand, many of them fast whitening for the harvest. Several of the native brethren assisted acceptably in this work. The Zenana work seems to grow in extent and importance every year. Evidently it is limited only by the resources of those having charge of it. Opportunities are abundant. The Report is full of interest, and we bespeak for it a careful reading

when it is reprinted by the Society in its Annual Report. There are other things in it, of which we shall have occasion to speak in the future.

THE RELIGIOUS OUTLOOK.

A Mission among the Santals.

In the September number of the *Missionary Helper*, Mrs. M. M. H. Hills gives an interesting account of the Santals, and of the first acquaintance of F. Baptist missionaries in India with them. It appears that they live in villages, located in dense jungles. Their color is blacker than that of the Oriyas, their features are different, and their language is more soft and musical. They "are believed to be one of the aboriginal races of India, and in some respects they present a happy contrast to the Hindoos, who look down upon them as greatly their inferiors. They never embraced the religion of the Hindoos, neither are they so fettered by the system of caste. They worship the sun, which they believe to be God or his brightest image, or some idol formed for the time to represent the sun. They are proverbial for honesty and truthfulness, and punish the crime of adultery in a fearful manner; while the Hindoos are given to thieving and lying and shameful licentiousness. Their women, unlike the Hindoo women, do not veil their faces when they meet with men, but are companions of their husbands in their pastimes as well as their labors, and when widows, they are permitted to marry if they choose. Both sexes are passionately fond of music, and spend whole nights singing songs, composed impromptu by the singer, dancing, and indulging in a fermented drink prepared from rice." At an early day our missionaries commenced to labor for their welfare, and they have continued their efforts as they have been able.

Our attention has been called to what is called "The Twelfth Annual Report of the Indian Home Mission" to this interesting people. It is for the year 1878-79, the year commencing with the first of April of the former year. It is an 8mo pamphlet of some seventy pages, and contains a map of the field occupied, which lies at the north of the one occupied by the Free Baptist missionaries, and not far remote from it. Ebenezer Rampho Hant, is the principal station, and at it from its operations are carried forward. Why it is called the Indian Home Mission, is to us a matter of perplexity, since it receives the larger portion of its funds from Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Scotland, and seems to be under the patronage of the National church of Denmark. It is under the direction of Rev. H. P. Boerresen, who is assisted by two missionaries and two European teachers, together with Mrs. Boerresen, who has charge of the women's and girls' department. There are also two ordained native pastors, thirty-six catechists in charge of one hundred and seventy villages, and twenty-four elders. The mission sustains a training-school and thirty-six village schools during the year, and has a medical dispensary. The number of communicants are 2,544, of whom 290 have been received by baptism during the year covered by the report. The treasury receipts have been 38,380 Rs. The body of the report contains a detailed, but interesting, account of the labors of the missionaries during the year, and of the trials and successes, which very much resembles the accounts given by Free Baptist missionaries of their labors. It closes with expressions of thanksgiving to God for blessings bestowed, and of gratitude to European friends for favors received.

From this report the following paragraph is especially interesting and suggestive:—"Our Elders' Meeting is held regularly every fortnight at Ebenezer's, when we are here. They come from all the Christian congregations, and everything concerning the church and its discipline is brought before us. It is an honor to the Santal elders that they keep nothing secret; whoever it may be that has done anything amiss, and has not accepted their warning, is brought before the Conference. We look upon this as one of the greatest helps in our supervision, as the Christians are scattered so much apart. These meetings have always been earnest ones, but at the same time full of life."

This report is especially gratifying as affording additional evidence that the Lord is doing a great work among the heathen. Let us rejoice in it and help it forward.

Free Communion Baptists in Missouri.

Rev. J. M. Gardner writes to the Baptist Review from Missouri:—"Respecting the Free Communion Baptist cause in this State, it would be impossible to give their strength and numbers, as they have no denominational paper nor regular organized system of correspondence. The best information that I have been able to gather respecting them is about as follows: In the Southeast and Western parts of the State there are five Associations. Four of them known as Free-will and one General Baptist. They number from two to four hundred each. Besides, there are churches and members scattered in different parts of the State that have not become united with any Association. There are hundreds of others fluctuating between Pedo-baptist and close communion, who are waiting for an opportunity to embrace these more consistent and evangelical doctrines of Christian union and free communion."

"Indeed, it appears that almost without human agency, these pure doctrines of the Bible have found a sure and permanent lodgment in the minds of many who have heard no more than the mere statement of them. Surely, as the earth produces fruits of herself while men sleep, so, where there is love to God and men reigning in the soul, will these pure doctrines which are taught by us, spring up and grow. First the blade, then the ear, after that the ripe corn in the ear. The fields South, East and West are now white to the harvest. When will Free Communion Baptists wake up to the duties enjoined upon them? I tremble to think how soon the prophet's cry may be heard: 'The harvest is passed, the summer ended, and we yet sleep and slumber.'"

"Brethren, pray for us. From what I have said, you will see that we stand identified with the Free Communion Baptists of this country. We are known as Freewill Baptists. Our next annual meeting embraces the first Sabbath in September, 1879. It will meet in Wright county, Mo. Steps will then be taken to effect a union and correspondence among the various churches and associations holding uniform doctrinal principles."

S. S. Department.

Sabbath-School Lesson.—Sept. 21.

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

THE CHRISTIAN CITIZEN.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Paying tribute to Caesar. Matt. 22:15-22.
T. Submission to rulers. Rom. 13:1-14.
W. Prayer for rulers. 1 Tim. 2:1-4.
T. Respect authority. 1 Pet. 2:11-25.
F. Hearkening to God. Acts 4:1-20.
S. Various duties. Titus 2:1-15.
S. The Christian citizen. Titus 3:1-9.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's.—Matt. 22:21."

Titus 3:1-9.

Notes and Hints.

Titus was a convert and assistant of Paul. His field of labor, when this letter was sent him, was the island of Crete, now called Candia, but he was not permanently located there.

"Principalities and powers." "Governments and authorities" is a clearer rendering. The Cretons, among whom were many Jews, were a turbulent people. "To obey magistrates." A duty that is especially worthy of attention in our land. "Ready to every good work." Ready to yield to every just demand of the State, to unite in every good endeavor of the community, to co-operate with men in every condition of life, for the good of others. The Christian should be in sympathy with every benevolent enterprise.

"Speak evil of no man." Rulers may be specially meant, though the injunction is of wider application. In our land to slander rulers has become a wicked custom. Paul forbids us to speak wickedly of any one. "No brawlers." "Not to be contentious" is meant. "Gentle." "Forbearing" better conveys the idea. On the one hand, Christians are not to provoke strife; on the other, they are to withstand patiently all provocation to strife.

"For we ourselves also were sometime foolish." "We, who are Christians," are meant. They, before conversion, were as foolish as other men in sin. All sin, judged by any fit standard, is foolish. It is an attempt to find a wiser and happier rule than God has given us. "Disobedient." To conscience, reason, God. "Deceived." The better rendering is "going astray." Sin is wandering from home, from our Father and from peace.

"Serving divers lusts." Notice the freedom of sinners: they are the slaves of their desires and passions. To serve lust instead of God is slavery indeed.

"But after that." "When" is better. "God our Saviour." God the Father is meant. See verse 6. "Appeared." Wonderfully appeared in the incarnation of Jesus. "God so loved the world that he sent his only begotten Son."

"Not by works of righteousness." This verse would be clearer if it read, "He saved us, not by works of righteousness," &c. "Works of righteousness" are those good deeds which one might think would secure for him the favor of God. We are not saved thus.

"According to his mercy." Our righteousness is imperfect. Therefore, the best men are sinners, and as such must be saved by grace. God shows mercy to every man whom he saves. That mercy was not the result, but the cause, of the incarnation and atonement.

"He saved us." At the time of their faith in Christ their salvation was secured if only they continued in the faith. A forgiven sinner is a saved sinner. The completion of the work of salvation does not take place here.

"By the washing of regeneration." Washing here may refer to baptism as a sign of regeneration. God saves men, then, by two things: by baptism as a symbol of regeneration, and by regeneration, or renewal, itself. The latter must precede the former, since faith precedes baptism, and since by faith, exercised under the influence of the Holy Spirit, men become the children of God.

"Renewal of the Holy Ghost." This renewal is of the heart, or of the spirit of the mind. "Shed on us abundantly." "Poured out richly on us" is another way of translating this sentence. The time of this gift was at the conversion of the believer. Some think reference to the day of Pentecost is made. There were "Cretons" present at that time. Acts 2:11.

"Through Jesus Christ." The Father sends the Spirit in the name of Christ. The work of the Spirit supplements that of Christ and completes it.

"Being justified." Accepted as righteous. "Through his grace." By reason of his goodness to us. "Be made heirs." "Heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ." The sons of God are his heirs. "According to the hope." That is, "agreeably to the hope," or "heirs of eternal life, but as yet in hope only."

"A faithful saying." A true saying worthy of trust. "That they." "In order that they," &c. is the meaning. "Careful to maintain good works." "To take the lead in good works" is the literal translation. This forbids shutting up piety in one's own home or heart.

"These things." All the things here enjoined are meant. "Foolish questions." Talk on any subject that can yield no good. "Genealogies." Not the genealogies of families, but of spirits and of what were called aëons, supposed beings or powers that emanated from God. Meta-

physical speculations of this character culminated finally into gnosticism, one of the most troublesome heresies of the early church.

"Strivings about the law." About the authority of the Jewish law, or about mystical meanings attached to its precepts. Over these questions unprofitable discussions grew up. Unprofitable and vain have been many of the contentions in the church.

Hence, we see (1) that Christians are to be law-abiding citizens; (2) that they are to govern their tongues; (3) that they are to remember what they have been saved from, and that they were saved by grace; (4) that they are to be active in every good cause.

CONSTANT SUPERVISION. Some writers claim that machines have an average duration of usefulness, or, in other words, a term of serviceable life, in the same sense that a living being has. For instance, a scientific authority declares that a locomotive engine does not last much longer than a flesh-and-blood horse. He says: "The ordinary life of a locomotive is thirty years. Some of the smaller parts require renewal every six months; the boiler tubes last five years and the crank axles six years; tires, boilers, and fire-boxes from six to seven years; the side frames, axles, and other parts thirty years. An important advantage is that a broken part can be repaired and does not condemn the whole locomotive to the junk-shop, while, when a horse breaks a leg, the whole animal is only worth the flesh, fat and bones."

Such a parallel as this may also be made between the life of an organization and the life of an animal. A human society may have the most perfect constitution in the world, and its machinery may run, at the first, with wonderful smoothness; but it is not, therefore, to be neglected, or to be warranted for all time. A Sunday-school may be officered and arranged with all the skill of the most experienced superintendent or the most watchful teachers; but it needs constant supervision because of its very efficiency, just as does a neatly constructed engine. Some of its parts need renewal every six months, some last five years, and others, like locomotive axles, may even endure thirty years. But a system of education, whether it be secular or religious, is a machine that will not run smoothly for an indefinite period. The aid to be got from the adoption of foreign methods in American Sunday-schools is doubtless smaller than that to be found in the field of secular education; but to say that no such aid may be found is to declare our system of religious instruction faultless. Doubtless, the observance of the Sunday-school Centenary will help the schools of more than one country to study new plans to advantage. But wherever suggestive hints are to be found, at home or abroad, the wise superintendent of a machine, or of an organization, will remember that in minor details it stands in need of constant attention and of occasional renewal.—S. S. Times.

UNIVERSAL PRAYER FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS. The committee of the Sunday-school Union with confidence renew their appeal for the setting apart of two days for united intercessory prayer. The Christian church in all lands, with one assent, agree that this season of united prayer should be annual, and the poet's thought thus realized in a glorious sense—

"The whole round world is every way Bound with gold chains about the feet of God."

The dawn of the Centenary of Sunday-schools will lead to the review of the past, and add greatly to the importance of this occasion, as it must be the earnest desire of all teachers that the Centenary year may be one of rich spiritual blessings, leading to the consecration of a multitude of youthful hearts to Christ. (Malachi 3:10.) The spiritual interests of children, who at present are outside the Sunday-school, also call for earnest pleadings with God, that the youth of all lands may be speedily brought under the benign influence of the gospel of Christ.

It is suggested that the following arrangements should, as far as practicable, be observed:—

That on Lord's day morning, October 19th, from 7 to 8 o'clock, private intercessory prayer be offered on behalf of Sunday-schools. (Matthew 6:6.) That the opening engagements of the morning school be preceded by a meeting of the teachers for prayer. That ministers be asked to preach special sermons on the claims of the Sunday-school upon the Christian church. That in the afternoon the ordinary engagements of each school be shortened, and scholars be gathered for a devotional service, interspersed with singing and appropriate addresses. To this service the parents of the scholars might be invited. That at the close of the afternoon or evening service, the teachers, in union with other Christians, meet for thanksgiving and prayer. That on Monday morning, October 20th, teachers again bring their scholars, one by one, in private prayer before God. That in the course of the day the female teachers of each school hold a meeting for united prayer and thanksgiving. That in the evening each church or congregation be invited to hold a meeting, at which the interests of the Sunday-school should form the theme of the prayers and addresses.

The promises of God's Word are "Yes and Amen in Christ Jesus." "Let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith," knowing that, "Whatsoever we ask we receive of him, because we keep his commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in his sight."

The New Hampshire Sunday-school Association will hold its 6th annual convention at Haverhill, N. H., Nov. 4-6. Programmes with topics and names of those who are to participate in the exercises will be seasonably issued and may be had of the Secretary, John G. Lane, Manchester, N. H.

Communications.

A CERTAIN "JUNE MEETING."

BY REV. W. H. WALDRON.

There is something remarkable about memory. Mental philosophers tell us that we absolutely forget nothing,—only for the present,—that the past will be recalled, some time, some where. Many things, I am sure, we would be glad to forget, but others we hope to remember forevermore. And will not memory be our identity in eternity?

Early in the history of Freewill Baptists, Randall and others held Quarterly Meetings in New Durham, N. H. And later, they held Yearly Meetings there. And these meetings were always held in the month of June. So they were called, very naturally, June Meetings. They were popular, and always largely attended, in consequence of the manifest displays of the Divine presence and power. It was always expected that souls would be converted at the June Meeting. And men and women, old men and matrons, young men and maidens, on foot, and on horse, and in carriage, if any chanced to have that luxury, would early wend their way to the place of meeting. Ladies and gentlemen would go, barefoot, with their shoes and stockings in their hands, till, coming near the meeting-house, they would, for a better appearance, put them on.

Those early ministers and people passed away to the reward of the faithful, but the June Meeting continued.

When a boy, the writer attended one of them, in New Durham. It was but a few miles from the home of my youth; and although I was only a boy, yet, from the faithful instruction and the holy influence of a Christian mother, I had learned to have great faith in meetings and ministers, and in all good things.

That now sainted mother, and a very dear sister, also no longer living, went with me to the meeting. The congregation was immense, and the ministers not a few. Enoch Place, Nathaniel Thurston, David Marks, Hiram Stevens and Daniel P. Cilley were there. And they were giants to those days. Eld. Marks preached the first sermon. He was wonderfully popular, and all were anxious to hear him. He was short, stout-built, round-faced, and pure-looking. He began the services by reading the one thousandth hymn in the Christian Melody:—

"Why sleep we, my brethren? Come, let us arise:
Oh, why should we slumber in sight of the prize?" &c.

The hymn was appropriate, and was read in a peculiar style. His text was:—

"Awake to righteousness and sin not."

This was also announced in a peculiar manner, and from that text a wonderful sermon was preached.

He was followed by Eld. Thurston, the honored pastor of the F. B. church in Dover. And Hiram Stevens preached the third sermon. He was a young man, fine-looking, faultlessly dressed, much admired, and a gifted speaker. In the course of his sermon he said, "I have an agreeable companion at home, who says to me, 'You must not travel and preach so much, you will wear out and die.' But how can I forbear, when I see my fellow men going down to despair?" Eld. Cilley sat with the singers, and with his splendid voice assisted the singing. He also gave an exhortation which was eloquent and effective. He had few equals in exhortation, and no superior, in personal appearance, in the Yearly Meeting.

I recall this much of his exhortation. After relating some interesting occurrence, he said: "Young men and young ladies, no longer decorate your bodies, while you neglect the more important interests of the soul."

At five o'clock, Eld. Marks preached at the grave of Randall, from the text, "He being dead, yet speaketh." Eld. Place made the prayer, and a wonderful prayer it was, in many respects—in thought, and word, and voice, and effect. The sermon was not equal to the prayer. The preacher, it was said, did not have his usual freedom in speaking, and his preaching was not so effective. But it was a great day in New Durham.

Hiram Stevens and Daniel P. Cilley are yet with us, old men, laid aside from work, waiting for the call. "Come up higher." The others have followed Randall and the early fathers to the home above. How strange is life! But 'tis real, 'tis earnest; and a blessing to all who use it to bless others.

THE USE OF THE BIBLE.

In the epistle to the Romans we are told, "Whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning;" that is, for our instruction, and there are many things concerning which we find instruction in the Bible, and can obtain it from no other source, and there are other things concerning which we obtain more definite instruction in the Bible than can be obtained elsewhere.

The Bible gives us instruction respecting the character and works of God. His perfections are set forth before us, and we learn that he is eternal, almighty, omniscient, omnipresent, and infinitely wise, holy, just, true, merciful, good, and loving. We learn of his works, that in the beginning, he "created the heaven and the earth;" that "all things are formed after the counsel of his own will;" that "he spake and it was done." We learn, also, that he controls all things;

that he provides for all creatures; and that, while whatever he ordains must come to pass, nothing can occur without his permission. We receive instruction respecting his claims, and are shown that he has a right to the service and implicit obedience of all his creatures, and that those who neglect to attend to these claims are guilty before him. We learn of his salvation, provided in pity and mercy, at a great cost and sacrifice, even by the offering of the Lord Jesus Christ as a sacrifice for us, who "died for our sins," and by whose "stripes we are healed," and which salvation is provided for all who will accept it, and is freely and fully offered to every one.

We receive instruction in the Scriptures as to the real condition of man. Many speak of sin as if it were only a misfortune, entailed upon us through our connection with Adam and Eve; or forced upon us by the circumstances in which we are placed. But the Bible speaks of man as an actual sinner against God, who does evil because he chooses to do so, and who is, therefore, guilty because he has sinned. Some persons speak as though those who continue in sin will in the end come out all right, as God is too merciful to punish his erring creatures. But the Bible speaks of men as in danger because of sin, and as exposed to condemnation because they have not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God. Some speak and act as if any man could at any time set himself right before God, and, therefore, delay attending to it until some time in the future.

But the Bible represents man as in such a position in consequence of sin that he can not extricate himself, and that it is only in consequence of the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, that he can be saved from the consequences of his transgressions.

The Bible gives us instruction concerning the duty of men. It teaches that they should repent immediately, and believe the gospel, thus receiving the salvation which God has so graciously provided for them, and obtaining deliverance from the power of Satan and being brought into the liberty of the children of God. It teaches that it is the duty of men to seek to know all the will of God and for this purpose to search the Scriptures and seek to understand them, and to watch the providence of God, that they may perceive what it is their duty to do. It teaches them that they are to obey all the commands of God. Not merely what they find it convenient to attend to; that is in accordance with the practices of others, or that they think right, reasonable, and easy to be attended to, but whatever God has commanded, and that, when it is necessary, they must deny themselves and take up their cross in order to obedience. And while the Bible teaches that it is the duty of men to love the Lord God with all the heart and soul and mind and strength, it also teaches that men should love their neighbors as themselves, and that "all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them."

These are some of the things concerning which the Bible gives us instruction. The Bible is not merely an interesting book, though it is interesting to those who give it proper attention, but it is much more. It is our guide, our directory, the Word of God, which shows us how we may make the best of both worlds, and be happy here and hereafter. W. H.

ROUND THE WORLD.

BY E. W. PAGE.

NOTES BY THE WAY.—NO. 6.

WASATCH, UTAH, June 2, 1879.

We awoke in the midst of a snow-storm on the alkaline plains at Red Desert. Day before yesterday, we were sweltering with heat in the Platte valley. Yesterday, it was cool and cloudy, now overcasts and extra wraps are in full requisition; but we gain much by this change, as we avoid, for the time, the blinding dust and bitter experience from the alkaline plains. As we climb the Rocky Mountains, now six inches of snow, and still snowing, the cold increases. During the night we have been climbing the mountains and are now near the summit or "Continental Divide," so called, and 7,100 feet above the level of the sea; not as high as at Sherman or Laramie, but where the waters divide and flow east and west, 737 miles from San Francisco. On this wild spot a large sign-board has been erected, marking the center of the grandest range of mountains on the continent.

Amid what seems to have been the wreck of mountains, we stand and gaze away in the vast distance at the receding lines of hill, valley and mountain peaks which we have passed in our journey. We feel the cool mountain breeze on our cheeks, but it brings no aroma of life and vegetation with its cooling current. We know that the same sky which hangs so warm and blue over the smiling valleys bears down upon us now—but how changed the aspect! Thin, gray and cold it appears, and so close that we almost expect to see the stars looking down through the glistening sunbeams. We do not seem to be on the mountain height, for the expanse seems but a once level plain, now arched and broken hollows and desolate knolls. Here, as the discharge from the artesian wells provided for the supply of the railroad, it separates on this sage-bush knoll and the different portions eventually mingle with the two oceans which wash the opposite sides of the continent.

To the north, mountains rear their rugged heights, and further on, and more to

the westward, can be seen the long lines and gray peaks of the Sweetwater range. Still further to the west and north, the Wind River mountains close the scene in the distance, their summits robed in snow. Away to the south, can be seen the hills which form the southern boundary of the pass near by where the Bridger Pass Station is situated, on the old overland stage road. With a last look at this "rugged, barren, desolate region, we speed away over the crust, and shall have down-grade for the next 108 miles, descending, in that distance, 1,110 feet.

Bitter Creek, 25 miles west of Red Desert,—we have passed the snow and the storm, and now follow Bitter Creek for 60 miles. This creek was the terror of the emigrant in former years, its treacherous quicksands miring in its fetid waters many an unwary traveler to his peril. Its waters are so strongly alkaline as to be unfit for the use of man or beast. There are extensive coal mines near this station.

At Rock Spring Station, the Sunday-school children gave us a greeting with banners, presenting flowers. These banners, bore the cordiality so warmly expressed every way, in "Welcome to our Eastern friends."

At Green River we stop for breakfast. This is a station of some importance. Much taste is displayed in and about this station in decorating the dining-room with mountain curiosities, mineral specimens, moss-agate and horns of game. The city has a court-house, costing \$35,000, and some other good buildings. A school of forty pupils, in session in a building near the depot, we visited, and found it under the charge of a male teacher, apparently doing a good work. The castellated rocks of the high bluffs of Green River, at this station, present a peculiar formation, called by Professor Hayden "Green River slate." The walls of these bluffs rise perpendicularly for hundreds of feet, are of grayish-buff color, and are composed of layers, apparently sedimentary deposits, of all thicknesses, from that of a knife-blade to two feet. Near the summit, under the shallow calcareous sandstone, there are over fifty feet of slates that contain more or less oily material. The hills all around are capped with a deep, rusty-yellow sandstone, and present the peculiar castellated forms which, with the banded appearance, have given much celebrity to the scenery about this station.

Passing on and over some points of interest, we reach Evanston, county seat of Uintah county, 957 miles from either Omaha or San Francisco, just half way between the Missouri river and the Pacific Ocean; and eleven miles further on, we reach Wasatch Station, 100 miles from the dividing line between Wyoming and Utah Territories. It is marked by a sign-board beside the road, on which is painted on one side, "Wyoming," on the other "Utah." Game is found in abundance in the Uintah and Wasatch ranges of mountains, which we enter here.

On leaving Wasatch, we enter the head of Echo Canyon. Here we find the largest tunnel on the road, 770 feet in length, cut through hard red clay and sandstone. The hills are abrupt and near the road, leaving scarcely more than room for the roadway. Along these bluffs, on the left hand of the stream, the road-bed has been made by cutting down the sides of the hills and filling bottoms in some places 50 to 75 feet. The great difficulty to overcome by the railroad company in building the road from this point to Salt Lake valley was the absence of spurs or sloping hills to carry the grade. Everything seems to give way at once and pitch headlong away to the level of the lake. The rim of the outer edge of the tableland breaks abruptly over, and the streams which make out from the tablelands, instead of keeping their usual grade, seem to cut through the rim and drop into the valley below, there being no uplands to carry them, making, in some instances, beautiful cascades, in others, falls of respectable dimensions.

Echo and Webber Canyons have been so often and fully written upon—though no pen can describe them—that it would be folly for me to write anything in regard to them more than something of my own impressions as I rode through them, which I will do in my next.

ONE OF THE WORST THINGS.

And let me warn you that the flesh may be doing us more mischief when it seems to be doing no mischief at all than at any other time. During war the sappers and miners will work underneath a city, and those inside say, "The enemy are very quiet; we hear no roaring of the cannon, we see no capturing of Malakoff. What can the enemy be at?" They know their business well enough, and are laying their mines for unexpected strokes. Hence, an old divine used to say that he was never so much afraid of any devil as he was of no devil. That is to say, when Satan does not tempt, it is often our worst temptation. To be let alone tends to breed a dry rot in the soul. "He has not been emptied from vessel to vessel," said the prophet of old, "he is settled up on his lees;" this spake he of one who was under the divine displeasure. Stagnation is one of the worst things that can happen to us, and so it happens that we are never secure.—Spurgeon.

It is only when men associate with the wicked with the desire and purpose of doing them good, that they can rely upon the protection of God to preserve them from contamination.—Hodge.

THE DO-NOTHING COURSE.

"Curse ye Meroz," said the angel of the Lord (Judges 5: 23).

What had Meroz done? Nothing. Why, then, was Meroz to be cursed? Because Meroz did nothing.

What ought Meroz to have done? Come to the help of the Lord.

Could not the Lord do without Meroz? The Lord did do without Meroz.

Did the Lord, then, sustain any loss? No; but Meroz did.

Was Meroz, then, to be cursed? Yes, and that bitterly.

Is it right that a man should be cursed for doing nothing? Yes, when he ought to be doing something.—Watchword.

GLEANINGS.

There can be no better help against our own sins, than to help our neighbor in the encounter with his.—George Macdonald.

Bishop Whipple recently remarked: "As the grave grows nearer, my theology is growing strangely simple, and it begins and ends with Christ as the only refuge for the lost."

Whoever would be sustained by the hand of God, let him constantly lean upon it; whoever would be defended by it, let him patiently repose himself under it.—Catein.

"I do wish the Lord would make us all gooder, and gooder, and gooder, till there is no bad left." So said a little Quaker lad once in a pause in meeting; and, in saying it did he not express the great longing of a truly Christian heart, as well as it could have been explained, in a volume?

You can never make a good prayer-meeting by dragging or coaxing people to come out to a Barnabaz feast. The hungry man may take the joke for a single night, but he will not keep it up for a year. Give them something to come for and they will come. The only way to make a good prayer-meeting is to make the prayer-meeting good.—Christian Union.

"He gave them their request, but sent leanness into their souls." So wrote the Psalmist of his Israelitish forefathers, referring to their murmuring in the desert and demanding flesh to eat. God yielded to their fretful importunity, but disaster followed; the penalty of their meager and diminishing spirituality. So it now, very often.—Congregationalist.

The soul as intimately and evidently perceives when it loves, delights and rejoices in God, as when it loves and delights in anything on earth. He that thus loves and delights in God, is a child of God. But I thus love and delight; therefore I am (I have been adopted) as a child of God.—Wesley.

The Scotch fir-tree is, to my mind, the best symbol of the Christian. The least of earth is required for its roots; it finds nourishment in dry soil and amid barren rocks, and yet, green in winter as in summer, it towers the highest of all the trees of the wood toward the sky, and with least of earth makes the greatest approach to heaven. So it is with the tree of God's planting; with the least of earth about its roots, it towers the nearest to heaven; deriving nourishment not from the earth below, but from the sunbeams that fall upon it, and the rain-drops that sprinkle it, supported by that hidden nourishment that comes from God.—John Cumming, D. D.

We venture the opinion that the conformity of Christian men and women to the views and practices of the world as to style of living and dress wastes more money every year than temperance wastes, and thus does more to hinder and delay the world's evangelization. We believe Christian men and women might save enough in the single article of dress, making themselves all the more comfortable in the process, to support ninety thousand missionaries continuously, and thus evangelize the world in a dozen years. This sentiment is as true now as when Benjamin Franklin first uttered it.—Missionary Review.

When time and space, the wants, the bitterness, of the duties of life, separate us from those we love so far that our help is useless to them, our voices silent, our eyes blind; when we know that suffering, illness, danger, death, may lie in wait for them every hour, and no strength or longing of ours can avail to help them, where do they fly, what hope or comfort do they have, who can not give their beloved into the safe-keeping of an omnipotent God; who can not pour out their tortured and anxious hearts to him who heareth and answereth prayer?—Hope Ledyard.

"At evening time it shall be light." When our period of probation and discipline is drawing to a close, doubts, fears, misgivings, are succeeded by more perfect peace and assured hope. The valley of the shadow of death is illuminated by the presence of the heavenly Shepherd. And when life's little "day" has wound up to its conclusion, and the earthly sun is setting, then a day shall break whose sun shall never go down, whose brightness shall be shaded by no intrusion of "dark" when there shall be no care, no sorrow, no hidings of God's face, no sin, no night but (in the beatific vision of the Lamb) "one unclouded blaze of living light."—Rev. W. Finlay.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

The Russian Synod has voted 50,000 roubles, about \$37,500, toward extending the Greek Church in Japan.

The Swedenborgians have recently held their General Union. From their statistical reports it appears that the entire membership does not exceed five thousand persons. The Boston society, which is the largest, numbers 640 members; the New York society numbers 168; Cincinnati, 272; Brooklyn, 117; Pittsburgh and Allegheny, 157. Most of the other societies in the denomination do not number more than about twenty-five members each.

The Spanish bishops, at the request of the Government, have agreed to temporarily relinquish a quarter of their stipends to relieve the public finances.

Seven thousand dollars have been raised for the monument to John Eliot the Indian apostle, at Newton, Mass., and one thousand dollars are wanted to finish the work.

The first Presbyterian Church of Kansas City, Mo., under the pastorate of Rev. Samuel B. Bell, D. D., is enjoying unusual prosperity. At the last regular communion twenty-four were received, and eighteen were examined and received, July 13th.

SOME OF THE GREAT MISSIONARIES OF MEDIEVAL EUROPE.

BY MRS. V. G. RAMSEY.

VIII.

THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO NORWAY.—HAACON, OLAF TRYGGVESON, AND OLAF THE SAINT.

We have noticed the introduction of Christianity into Sweden, in the ninth century, through the labors of the pious Anskar, but Norway lay wrapped in the darkness of heathenism till a century later. This country had been divided into petty states governed by independent chiefs, and was little known to the rest of Europe, except as the home of pirates that devastated her shores. About the year A. D. 860, Harold, one of the petty kings or chiefs of the country, sought the hand of Gyda, the fairest maiden in Norway, but she rejected his suit, declaring that he alone who had courage and power to make himself king of the whole country, should gain her hand. Harold heard her reply, and swore he would never comb his beautiful hair till he was absolute monarch of Norway. After a long and bloody struggle he accomplished his purpose, and made the fair and imperious Gyda queen of all the land.

Haakon, the youngest son of Harold and Gyda, was educated in England, and having embraced the Christian faith he returned to his native land, and assumed the reins of government, with the determination of uprooting paganism. He knew his design was fraught with peril, and he proceeded cautiously. His first step was to establish his authority over his turbulent and unsettled people. Having accomplished this, he persuaded them to keep the great festival of Yule at the same time that Christians celebrated the nativity of Christ. Yule was the greatest feast of the Scandinavians. Bonfires blazed on every hill to scare away the witches and evil spirits. Offerings were made to the gods, and, over the foaming mead, the warriors told of the glory of their fathers and vowed to perform great deeds. The wary king resolved to seize on this festival, and if possible make it advance his purpose. He next proceeded to build several churches in Drontheim, and to introduce a bishop and several priests from England, and by all his royal prerogative and personal influence, he drew his friends and courtiers to the Christian faith.

When he felt that he had secured sufficient influence, he ventured on a bolder step, he summoned a Thing—an assembly of the chiefs—and proposed to them "that they should abandon their heathen practices, believe in one God, and Christ the Son of Mary, keep holy the Sabbath day, and that all, both small and great, should be baptized."

This proposal was received with the greatest surprise and indignation, and notwithstanding the popularity of Haakon, he was promptly informed that they would not, at his bidding, abandon the faith of their fathers nor accept the new religion. Indeed, they turned on him, and demanded as the price of their allegiance, that he should acknowledge the national religion, and drink in honor of the gods. The king did not aspire to the honor of martyrdom, and he knew himself powerless before these stormy chiefs. The goblet was blessed in the name of Thor, and passed to his hand. He took it, and making the sign of the cross over it drank its contents. "What does the king mean?" demanded one of the chiefs. "He is making the sign of the hammer of Thor," replied a wily courtier. The heathen party were not satisfied. They destroyed the churches, and forced the reluctant king to taste the horse-flesh offered in sacrifice to Odin. In the year 968, the unhappy Haakon was mortally wounded in battle. His last hours were embittered by remorse for the concessions he had made to heathenism. The Saga adds, "He died penitent, and was buried under a great mound in Hordaland, in full armor and in his best clothes."

The struggle to introduce Christianity into Norway did not cease with the death of Haakon; but we must pass over the next forty years, in which little progress was made. In the year 995, Olaf, the son of Trygve, came to the throne. The Saga tells us, "He was one of the handsomest of men, excelling in all bodily exercise, and withal he had been a great traveler." In his journeys through Christian lands, he observed their progress in civilization and all the arts that make life pleasant. Though it was but a corrupt form of Christianity that he witnessed, he perceived its immeasurable advantage over the paganism of his own land. He received baptism, and was confirmed by Elphege, bishop of Winchester, in the presence of Ethelred, the Saxon king of England.

Returning to his own country, he was made king, and summoning his relatives and the chiefs on whom he could rely, he declared, "He would bring it to pass that all Norway should be Christian or he would die."

He made a proclamation to all the people of Norway, declaring that the old heathen worship should be abolished, and Christianity adopted as the national faith. So great was the force of his authority and the terror of his arms, that in many provinces he met with little opposition. The heathen temples were despoiled, and though there could have been no intelligent reception of Christianity, the people quietly submitted to baptism.

In the Drontheim district, however, he encountered a different spirit. He repaired to that province, and summoned a Thing. The chiefs changed the Thing-taken to a war-token, and collected a large army to oppose him. Remembering how they had forced Haakon into submission, they demanded that Olaf should sacrifice to the gods.

Finding himself outnumbered, he agreed to meet them at the great midsummer feast, that was at hand, when he would consider what to do. He repaired to the place where the sacrifices were to be offered, accompanied by his trusty followers, and summoned the chiefs into his presence. "You demand," he said, "that I shall make a sacrifice as Haakon did. Now if I sacrifice, I will make the greatest sacrifice. I will sacrifice men, not slaves, or malefactors, but the greatest of men." Thereupon he named eleven of the principal chiefs, and commanded that they should be seized and bound. This unexpected movement utterly confounded them, and they consented to be baptized.

Olaf then repaired to the temple where the people were offering sacrifices. Entering it with a large number of his followers, they demolished the images and altars, and commanded that all, both great and small, should be baptized.

"Thus," says the Saga, "did King Olaf bend his whole mind to the uprooting of paganism in Norway." Iceland did not escape his attention. Missionaries were sent to that island, who, after a short struggle, succeeded in establishing Christianity as the national religion.

Olaf Trygvesson died in the early part of the eleventh century, and, about the year 1015, the work which he had carried forward with so much zeal, was taken up by Olaf Haraldson better known as Olaf the Saint. His youth had been spent in piratical expeditions, and he had shared in the invasion of England. Christian influences had reached him, and in some measure softened and enlightened his fierce and haughty nature. His history illustrates the change that was coming over the Norseman. He was beginning to lay aside his old life of lawless piracy and pagan ignorance. The Viking, so long the terror of Europe, was gradually becoming a peaceful and enlightened man. His lawless roving had brought him in contact with the civilizing influences of Christianity and learning, and he returned to introduce these blessings among his own people. When we remember what he was, and the darkness of the age, we shall cease to wonder that his conceptions of Christianity were so erroneous, or that his methods of introducing it were so repugnant to our ideas.

Though Christianity had been accepted as the national religion of Norway, Olaf Haraldson soon discovered that the old heathen rites were still performed in secret in many places. Those who were discovered in these practices were punished with great severity. Gudbrand, a powerful chief, bolder than others, dared the king to test the power of Thor. "Thy God," he said, "we can not see. We have a god who will strike thee with terror, when we bring him forth from his temple, and all thy followers will melt away." The king consented to the trial, and a Thing was called. He spent the night in prayer, and in the morning, proceeded to the appointed place. A great crowd appeared, carrying a huge image, glittering all over with gold and silver. Gudbrand cried aloud to the king, "Where is now thy God?" Olaf was accompanied by Kolbein, a mighty man, who, besides his sword, carried a great club. The king whispered to him, saying, "While I am speaking, see that thou strike the idol as hard as thou canst with thy club." Then he spoke to the people, and, pointing to the sun, which shone with unclouded splendor, he said, "Behold the emblem of our God." At the same moment, Kolbein struck the idol, which was hollow, and it burst asunder, disclosing a number of mice that had lived there on the offerings made to the god.

"This is the god ye worship," cried the king. "He can not save himself. Now there are two conditions between us—either accept Christianity, or fight this day, and the victory be to whom the God we worship gives it." Gudbrand acknowledged that his god could not help him, and he and all his people were baptized.

This story illustrates the struggle that was going on throughout the land, between the expiring heathenism, and the advancing Christianity, a struggle that continued, with more or less violence, for nearly two centuries. Those Scandinavians were a strong and rugged race, not easily bent or molded, but an impression made was enduring. The old heathenism, which had taken such deep root in this northern soil, was uprooted and destroyed by the sword, and the same rude and heavy hand of power scattered the living seeds of divine truth. To us, who are accustomed to regard only the spiritual power of Christianity, this is a strange spectacle. Yet, however much we may object to the method, we can but acknowledge that a great work was done, a work whose beneficent results are still felt, not only in that land but over the whole civilized world.

It may be said that the Christianity introduced was little better than the old paganism, but this is not true; it was immeasurably better, as the results must prove. In that corrupt form—veiled and dimmed it might be—was still the vital truth that saves the world,—the truth that "Jesus Christ tasted death for every man."

This is the heaven "that leaveneth the whole lump," and Norway is to-day, through its effectual power, a civilized and Christian nation.

The princes, who introduced and established Christianity in Norway, were themselves examples of its elevating power. Though they were far from what we expect Christian men to be, they were much in advance of the old heathen Viking, the lawless sea-robber, who had been the terror of Europe. Olaf Haraldson was in advance of his predecessors. The Saga tells us, "he was a just man, and he sought earnestly to amend the laws, and to improve the conditions of his people. He was exemplary in observing the ordinances of religion. The shield of his soldiers was distinguished by a white cross, and his battle-cry was, 'Onward Christ's men! Cross-men! King's men!'"

Olaf was slain in battle about the year 1030. His people, who had been restless under his government, bewailed him greatly when he was gone, and they were left to the mercy of their Danish conqueror. It began to be said that he was a saint, and that miracles were wrought at his grave. After some years, his body was exhumed, and the Saga says, "when the coffin was opened there was a delightful smell and it was seen that the king's face had undergone no change. Then all knew he was truly holy."

The body was therefore enclosed in a shrine mounted with gold, and studded with jewels, and deposited in the church of St. Clement's at Nidaros. So Olaf became patron saint of Norway. Churches were dedicated to his name, not only in his own land, but in England and Ireland, and even in Constantinople.

The Farm.

OATS AS FARM STOCK.

The "harmless, necessary cat" is not so well treated as it deserves. One rarely considers that a well-kept cat may be more profitable than a cow. If one rat per day is destroyed, the services of the cat may be estimated at least equal to \$100 per year. Let us try to calculate the enormous damage done by 365 rats in one year, to say nothing of the ravages of the numerous progeny of the vermin. One rat per day is a moderate amount of business for an active cat. Recently the writer counted five rats captured in a stable by one cat in one day, and possibly others were not seen. The cat being well fed, hunted for amusement, and did not eat the prey. This is the principal point in the management of a cat. It should be well and regularly fed, for rats are unwholesome food. They are infested with larvae of tapeworms, and cats are frequently tormented with the mature parasites in consequence of diseased rats. When kept free from hunger a cat will watch more patiently, and will only occasionally devour a rat or mouse. The most healthful food for a cat is a mixed animal and vegetable diet. Milk and bread; a few potatoes with meat gravy, or a little fat and a sprinkling of salt, with an occasional scrap of meat, are excellent food, and will keep the animal in good health. A farm can usually support four or five cats profitably, and these should be chiefly males, and the majority of these should be castrated. A castrated cat will grow to an enormous size, and if of a good breed, as the Maltese, will make a superb hunter.

—American Agriculturist.

BLOAT IN CATTLE.

Clover, especially when wet, shaded, or of uncommonly rapid growth, has a great tendency to cause bloating, if eaten hastily, or in large quantities. When your cattle "go along" on the clover pasture "very well but about a week ago," the weather probably was dry, and the clover rather short; but, when they began to bloat, rains very likely had occurred, and had caused the clover to assume a rapid and luxuriant growth. Further, if your clover pasture is shaded by trees, the tendency of the clover to cause bloating did not develop as long as the trees presented bare limbs and did not produce much shade; but made its appearance as soon as the foliage of the trees became dense enough to deprive the clover of sunshine and light. All food plants that grow in the shade, either under trees with a dense foliage, or in any other comparatively dark and shaded place, especially if naturally very juicy and of rapid growth, seem to lack certain indispensable properties of wholesome food, which serve and are necessary to inaugurate digestion, or to excite the digestive organs to proper activity and a performance of those functions which prevent a mere decomposition of the food by exercising a controlling and modifying influence over those chemical processes effected by the action of such a degree of warmth and moisture as is existing in the stomach. If the food consumed is more or less destitute of those properties—in other words, if the same fails to excite and to inaugurate organic reaction—warmth and moisture will soon bring about more or less chemical decomposition in a larger or smaller portion of the contents of the stomach and intestines; and the products of such a decomposition—gases—will make its appearance, and expand the stomach to such an extent as to cause an increase and a continuation of the indigestion, and even a rupture of the stomach, or other consequences of a fatal character.

If you are obliged to use your clover pasture, a little caution will probably be sufficient to prevent danger. First, do not use the pasture while the clover is wet; secondly, give your cattle some good, dry food in the morning, and do not allow them to go into the clover while very hungry; thirdly, do not take them out every ten or fifteen minutes, because, if you do, the animals will during that time eat with such a greed and such a haste as will prevent a thorough mastication and mixing of the food with saliva; and, as the cattle will thus manage to get down a quantity of clover, bloating (decomposition of the food in the stomach) is almost sure to follow. The best way is, as I have said, to give your cattle every morning a good feed of dry food—good aromatic hay of last year would be the best—and to appease thereby their greedy appetite, before you allow them

to go to the clover. If that is done on several successive mornings, their ardor will soon diminish, and the dry and aromatic food already in the stomach will counteract the effect of the juicy clover. But in order to get the animals used to the clover, the same must be left in all day. If you continue to take them out every ten or fifteen minutes, this greed will increase, and the bloating will become worse; but if they find out there is no need of being in a hurry, they will soon learn to take time and to eat slowly.

—Chicago Tribune.

LIVE STOCK.

(From the Prairie Farmer.)

Pluro-pneumonia has broken out at Sturton-on-le-Steeper at Shrewsbury, among pigs at Somerset. Typhoid fever (so-called hog cholera) is raging in Cheshire, Northwich and Somerset, England.

Arrangements are making for a second International Dairy Fair in New York, the first two weeks in December next having been decided as the time for holding the same. It is said the dairy and agricultural societies of Europe will be invited to send exhibits.

There has been a decrease in the number of cases of pluro-pneumonia among cattle in New Jersey. There are now 796 cattle quarantined. The disease appeared in a malignant form in Burlington county, and strict quarantine has been established at the ferries from Pennsylvania.

The losses of cattle in Prussia during 1878 from pluro-pneumonia and other fatal diseases, according to the German Agricultural department statistics, were over 26,000, as follows: Died of pluro-pneumonia, 70 horses, 1,903 cattle, 1,327 sheep and 202 hogs; of mouth disease, 18,569 cattle, 2,425 sheep, and 2,047 hogs; died of lung disease, 1,980 cattle; died of epizooty, 2,848 horses; died of pox, 8,888 sheep.

It is claimed that the cost of keeping herds of cattle in Montana is only 60 cents a head. Including taxes, a 3-year-old beef steer, which will sell on the ground for \$30, only costs \$2 for feed and care. The losses in raising are estimated at 2 per cent, while the profits vary from 25 to 40 cents per annum. In 1878 there were 28,944 cattle in the territory; in 1879 there were 238,000 head, while 22,000, valued at \$440,000, were exported to eastern markets.

A Missouri farmer statistician has figured out the following relation to dogs and sheep. "In thirty-two counties, 10,692 sheep have been killed by dogs. The number of dogs in thirty-two counties is estimated at 462,000. A dog will thrive on the food necessary to support an eight-hundred dog, and at the end of the year weigh 200 pounds; thus, if the food for these 462,000 dogs went to the hogs it would make 92,400,000 pounds of pork, worth at six cents a pound \$5,544,000—nearly twice the value of all the school-houses in the State, and more than twice the amount used by the State for school purposes."

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"THE ISSUES."

THE above is the title of an Essay delivered before the Iowa Yearly Meeting upon the issues between Free Baptists and other Denominations. The Conference voted to request its publication. It has been done at the Morning Star Office, and is being read with interest among our people in Iowa, for whom chiefly the work was prepared. But it deserves to be more generally read, and I hereby call attention to it, and urge the purchase and reading by any and all interested in the subject discussed. The issues between Baptists and Presbyterians and between Liberal and Unliberal Baptists are clearly and forcibly put.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1879.

G. F. MOSHER, Editor.

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.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ZURICH, SWITZERLAND, Aug. 11, 1879.

This correspondence is likely to descend to a mere record of progress. But one's progress through Switzerland may be sufficiently varied to relieve it of monotony. For instance, we set out from Interlaken, last Monday morning, for the passage of Wengern Alp, taking the diligence to Lauterbrunnen, and proceeding thence by saddle over the mountain. The diligence ride of eight miles was soon over, and we stood before the Staubbach fall at Lauterbrunnen, a beautiful cascade, where the water makes a clear descent of 1000 feet, being blown into fine sprays as it descends, so that it has the appearance of wind-blown dust. Hence its name—Staubbach, the Dust-brook. Meanwhile, in admiring the effects of light and shade on this spray fall, in watching the young girls by the road-side deftly making thread-lace by what seemed to us to be a careless snarling of an already tangled mass of thread, in taking lunch and waiting for our saddle-horses to be brought around, two o'clock had also come around, and we had a ride before us of fifteen miles over the mountain to Grindewald. The ascent was steep and slow, but it was at length accomplished, and we halted for rest at the hotel Jungfrau near the summit, at the height of 6696 above the level of the sea. And not for rest alone, but for the magnificent view also of the beautiful mountain which gives the hotel its name. Her head was occasionally veiled in cloud, so that her garments of snow seemed to descend like white drapery about some otherwise unseen form. Suddenly, from the very cloud itself, there descended an immeasurable mass of snow, rolling down the mountain side, flying into feathery clouds as it caught upon the crags, and so passing out of sight behind an intervening lower cliff. Presently, a deafening sound came across the valley, echoing among the remotest peaks and dying away in the distance. It was an avalanche. We saw the fall before we heard the sound, as would be natural in such a case. The impression may be easily imagined.

Presently, we resumed our journey, and began the descent. So did the rain. Thick, black, heavy-looking clouds had been gathering about our path, blown up through the gorges, and whirling in eddies about the summit. Forked lightning of the most dramatic kind darted from crag to crag of the mountains. The thunder not only roared, but it crashed and rattled through the defiles. We were now a quarter of the way down the Grindewald side of the Wengern, and opposite the rocky face of the Eiger, whose white summit was hid in the cloud. Suddenly a crash more appalling than all the others seemed almost to rend the sky. The noise was deafening. It was not only deafening, but it was frightfully prolonged. So was our suspense. The guide stopped, looked across to the Eiger, and in the most tantalizingly deliberate manner said, "Avalanche," and pointed to the mountain. We saw it at a glance. Snow, rocks, earth and all the debris of a mountain top were rolling down the side opposite us. Even our dull, heavy horses became restive, which, perhaps, ought to be counted the most surprising thing of all. The intervening ravine gave us a feeling of security, and the water proofs that enveloped each of our party helped us to feel a bit defiant of the rain, so we watched the tumbling mass, quieted our first feeling of—well, not exactly alarm, but of supreme uncertainty, heard the awakened echoes die away among the cliffs, and then proceeded to pick our way down the remainder of the descent. Meanwhile the clouds rolled onward, the mountain streams rushed passed muddy and swollen, the tinkling of innumerable cow bells came from hill-side and valley, and we reined up at the door of the Black Eagle, in the village of Grindewald, at nine o'clock, hungry but not over wet, and in prime condition for supper and a bed. It ought to be added that the Wengern pass is among the most delightful in Switzerland. We would not have missed the tumult of the storm for a pocketfull of sovereigns.

The passage of the Grand Scheideck from Grindewald to Meiringen, which we made next day,—a journey of 18 miles on horseback—was varied by a visit to the Superior Glacier, which lay a little off our path, a frozen river of clear blue ice, into which we entered by a gallery many yards in length, which some enterprising party had excavated, for the sake of collecting a half franc—ten cents—from each person who was rash enough to enter it. Our party was all rash, but the chill did no harm. The path over the mountain was much traveled, parties on foot and mounted meeting or joining us at frequent intervals. We greatly enjoyed the company of a band of German students who, with nothing to care for but the knapsacks which they carried on their backs, attended us a long way down the mountain, singing their jovial songs, keeping up good cheer always, and never failing to regale themselves at each mountain spring or to take a moment's rest in the most inviting shade. It must be exceedingly pleasant to tramp through Switzerland in that way.

The echoes from the Alpine horns that one gets in these mountain passes are indescribably sweet and beautiful. One will never hear anything exactly like it elsewhere. The first notes of the horn are themselves delightful, but as they rebound from cliff to cliff, each note becoming mellower and more mellow until its last faint murmur is lost in the distant recesses, one feels that the perfection of rich, tender, melodious expression has been reached. We got the strangest effect at Lauterbrunnen. The notes from the horn were echoed back from one cliff, and this echo was itself repeated from an opposite cliff, the second being much finer as well as surprising—more distinct than the first.

At the same time, after one has traveled one or two hundred miles over these mountain passes, and has found a horn-blower opposite each cliff, and an old man with a little cannon between each two horn-blowers, each one blowing his horn, and discharging his cannon as soon as you come in sight, and then holding out his hat as you approach, expecting you to pay for the echo, it becomes just a bit monotonous, and one is tempted to wish that something might be substituted for perhaps every fiftieth horn and cannon—say the barking of a dog—that is, if the dog was in earnest and was barking at the old men with the hats.

Our destination that night was Giessbach—a cleared patch high up on the heavily wooded shore of lake Brienz, where there is a fine hotel among the trees, from which one may look down to the many-hued lake below and up to the white foaming course of Giessbach falls above, where a mountain torrent, the size of an ordinary river at home, makes a plunge of about twelve hundred feet to the lake. The fall is broken by the cliffs into seven cascades, so that one beholds the scene in sections, as it were. Although this was our destination, we succeeded in reaching it only by taking a private carriage from Meiringen to Brienz, and procuring a boatman there to row us across the lake (a half-hour's ride) to the Giessbach landing, and then getting a man with a lantern to pilot us up the winding woody way to the hotel, and also by disregarding both the frequent showers of rain that kept falling and the confidence of all the hotel-keepers on the way that it would be "impossible to reach Giessbach that night in the rain and darkness."

One of the attractions at Giessbach is the illumination of the falls each evening towards ten o'clock by differently colored light, and while we have but little to say about the taste displayed the effect is certainly brilliant and striking. At a given signal the whole fall, from the hotel up to the first cascade, is brightly illuminated, first with clear white light, and then with a mingling of red and purple and yellow, so that one imagines he is looking upon a foaming sheet of claret wine, or of liquid amethyst or topaz, while the effect is made still finer by the border of rich green foliage through which the fall descends. We were abundantly repaid for spending a day and a second night at Giessbach by the heavy showers which fell in the morning, increasing the volume of the water to double its usual capacity and sending it leaping clear over some of the foot bridges that cross its track.

From Giessbach over the Brunig pass by diligence to Alpnach, and by boat across an arm of lake Lucerne, we came to Lucerne itself, noted for its charming situation, and having among its objects worthy of attention the celebrated figure of the lion, after Thorwaldsen's design, carved in the face of a high cliff, and commemorating the bravery of the Swiss guard who so heroically fell in defense of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette against the Paris mob in the revolution of 1792; also the rude pictures of the "Dance of Death" in the roof of one of its covered bridges to which Longfellow refers in his "Golden Legend," and the organ in the Hofkirche, which many good judges prefer to that at Fribourg. From Lucerne, we made the excursion of the lake, whose shores were the birth-place of Swiss Republicanism, and where the legends of William Tell are still fondly repeated. The spot on its shore where the handful of patriots met in 1307 and swore to free their country from Austrian tyranny, and the little village of Gersau, which, with only a thousand inhabitants maintained itself as an independent Republican state for over four centuries, interested us much.

From Vitznau, on the shore of the lake, we made the ascent of the Rigi by a railway patterned after that of Mt. Washington, remained over night at the summit and were repaid by a comparatively clear sunrise, beholding the distant snowy peaks of the Alps bathed in purple and rosy light long before the sun himself appeared, and seeing that whole grand and unparalleled Alpine panorama that may be viewed from that point. Not less impressive and much more charming was the different scene at our feet,—the lake of Lucerne reflecting all the colors of the morning, the mist arising from the Zuger and the Rothen-zee, the silvery-looking Reuss, threading its way among the hills to the North, the villages among the deep green groves, the white lines of the diligences and post roads intersecting each other at numerous points, and the many Swiss chalets dotting the hill-sides—give us this as our picture to take home from Switzerland.

Zurich, where we spent Sunday, was easily reached in a two hours' ride from Lucerne on Saturday. It is the first place in which we have spent a Sabbath, since coming upon the Continent, where we

have found the shops and stores closed, or anything like Sabbath observance practiced. It still retains the impress of Zuinglius's life and character, who here effected the decrees of the Reformation, and made the town a strong center of Protestantism. Such strictness still prevails in the government of the place that not even a private ball can be given without first obtaining permission of the authorities. It has a charming location on the lake of Zurich, a population of about 45,000, and several important educational institutions and iron and linen manufactories. It is the old Turicum of the Romans, and is not without good claims to antiquity.—G. F. M.

A POTENT ELEMENT IN SOCIETY.

The leader of the Oneida Community has, by formal decree, extinguished its great revolting feature. The grossest form of polygamy, which was made the foundation principle of the Community, and which for so many years has been so openly and defiantly practiced is thus, by the voluntary act of its defender, stricken from existence.

How has this great result been reached? The history of it is instructive. This foulest vestige of the old world's barbarism for more than thirty years has had its seat in the very bosom of a great Christian State. Again and again has the law been invoked to cast it out. But it always succeeded in slipping through all legal meshes. For a long time it disarmed public feeling by the spectacle of its well ordered, industrious, prosperous condition. Good men, who saw beneath the surface the ugly ulcer, were at a loss as to how to deal with it. At last they resolved to create against it a public sentiment. A few clergymen, representatives of different denominations, only a year or two ago, began this work of uncovering the great iniquity to the public gaze. They published the avowed principles of the Community, reproduced to a certain extent their literature, exposed their customs, and showed in a hundred ways how the influences of this band of men and women were undermining society, demoralizing the young, and threatening to involve in impurity many surrounding families. The public conscience was reached, its moral indignation began to glow, these found utterances in the press and in pulpits, the demand for the extinction of this outrageous sin became at last universal, importunate, irresistible—the Community shook under it and now at last has altogether yielded to it. The infamous thing which it has so long cherished and defended against law and legislation is quietly put away by its own act.

It has always been so. There is no such potent element in society as public opinion. It slumbers. Men sometimes count it altogether dead. But it is like the electric force in the cloud. It is silent; it is unexpected. But it leaps forth; and it strikes with withering effect. We recall how it was in New York in those days of Tweed. The great city was almost swallowed up in its corruption. Every department of government was reeking with wickedness. Law was dead. Justice was but a name. Robbery and violence sat in the places of trust and judgment. The worst days of old Rome's infamy, when the empire itself was put up at auction, seemed to be breaking upon New York. Some wondered, some joked, some were appalled. It was the despair of good men that the public sentiment had itself become corrupted, or hopelessly overweighted by the superabundant rottenness. But there was thunder in the cloud. The public sentiment gathered, formed and broke as in an hour. It was marvelous. Bad men, who had laughed at law, and mocked at courts, and sneered even at public sentiment, never dreaming of its possible unity and strength, began now to retreat before its vengeful presence. The city, for a time at least, was free, and justice held its seat.

This is perhaps the most hopeful feature in our American civilization. Public sentiment exists among us, and it is possible to call it forth. Under all political corruptions, social disorders, and even seemingly criminal indifference to the hundred evils which afflict communities, there is a public conscience, which knows what is right, and honest, and pure, and though strangely tolerant of, yet silently hates what is unjust, and wicked, and dangerous, and in some grand and irresistible way, with a suddenness which betokens its awful power, it is sure sooner or later to make its presence known in judgment and penalty.

It is the grief of good men that this grand sentiment comes and goes too much like the lightning's shafts. It seems wrong that these civic virtues, which are latent in every Christian community, should display themselves only spasmodically. Their power is too much felt in way of the cure rather than the prevention of evils. This public sentiment, so majestic and irresistible in the great crises of wickedness into which we are ever now and then coming, ought to show itself at all times. It ought to be so deeply interested in good government, pure justice, the honesty of corporations, the security of our homes, the well being of individuals that it will bring its mighty power constantly to strengthen whatever promotes these, and to crush out the very beginnings of those evils which, if allowed to grow, will destroy these. Here is where the religious press joins hands with the pulpit to work for the regeneration of society. By these twin agencies,

the public sentiment is ever being formed and kept alert and marshaled into due array. As long as these are true and loyal, there is hope of social and spiritual progress. No evil under the sun may forever withstand the tide of public opinion which it is in the power of the Christian pulpit and the Christian press to create.

THE MORAL VS. THE PROFLIGATE.

The primary object of all Christian effort is to induce men to become reconciled to God through Jesus Christ. The true Christian laborer is never satisfied with anything short of this, and all his efforts have this one end in view. But in case he can not see his heart's desire fully accomplished, he should certainly do the next best thing possible. As the husbandman, who has a scrubby and noxious tree within his enclosure and finding it either impossible or impracticable to remove it, trims it, and seeks to render it or slightly and harmless as possible, so the Christian laborer seeks to induce the drunken to be temperate, the Sabbath breaking to be Sabbath observing, the dishonest to be honest and, in a word, the immoral to be moral. In doing this, we believe he is pleasing Christ, especially if he, at the same time, holds and proclaims the truth that the rejection of Christ is in itself the greatest of all sins, since it is the parent of all other sins. As a rule, there is greater reason to expect the moral man will become a Christian than the one who is openly and notoriously wicked.

Notwithstanding this, the moral are often placed at disadvantage with the profligate. It is done in the pulpit; and the doctrine which we are seeking to combat was quite strongly advocated in a recent ministerial council. As Paul approbated Agrippa, rather than condemned him, for the declaration that he was almost persuaded to be a Christian, so should the preacher approve the moralist for what he is, and encourage him to make a surrender of his all to Christ. The inducing of men to be moral is preparing the soil for the reception of the seeds of piety and true godliness.

But let us notice some of the causes of the existence of the error which we are seeking to combat. There are, doubtless, some men denominated moralists, and who are even esteemed, who are, at the same time, more wicked than many who are openly vicious. The influence of some men of the former class may be more injurious to the cause of religion than that of some of the latter. It is so on the principle that the influence of the moderate drinker is often more detrimental to the cause of temperance than that of the confirmed drunkard. But to say that the former class is more wicked, as a whole, than the latter is absurd and even libelous. Indeed, if the former class is worse than the latter, then all efforts at moral reform should be abandoned and Sunday-school work should cease.

Again, there is not always a proper discrimination between wickedness and accountability. These things are not always commensurate. That the men of Christ's day were more accountable, as a class, than those of Sodom and Gomorrah is an indisputable fact, but that they were really more vile and wicked is not so evident. Doubtless many who attend upon the means of grace and to whom the way of life and salvation is clearly pointed out, will have more for which to answer at the judgment than many who are exceedingly vile and wicked, but have been without the gospel. But if accountability pertains to the privileges which might be enjoyed, as well as to those which are actually enjoyed, and we believe it does, what may not be said of the accountability even of the openly wicked in every Christian community? While they are more wicked than are moral and upright, are they not equally accountable?

There is much misapprehension respecting the teachings of Christ as it pertains to this subject, while he condemned the proud and self-righteous Pharisees, he nowhere reproves them for their morality or tells them that, in consequence of it they will fare worse at the judgment. On the other hand, the spirit of his teaching is rather in accordance with the words: "These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone."

But we make no plea for the moralist as such. He is a great sinner, and will be lost unless he repents and believes on the Lord Jesus Christ. We are simply protesting against indiscriminate and erroneous teaching in regard to this subject. "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish."

PROFESSOR GEORGE E. FOSTER, late of the University of New Brunswick, Canada, well known to our readers for his thoroughly valuable as well as entertaining letters published in the Star, and who so recently made a trip through New England and the Western States, lecturing under the auspices of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, is again about to visit the United States. Professor Foster is a man of culture and eloquence, a true Christian in every day life, and brings to the work a clear brain and a warm heart, and he at once impresses his audience with the fact that he has given his subject deep thought and careful study. As a speaker, Professor Foster ranks with the very best. He is logical and brilliant, and understands well the philosophy of the Temperance Reform, speaking upon all phases of the subject. Among the numerous testimonials in reference to Professor Foster's

ability as a public speaker and temperance advocate is that of Hon. S. L. Tilley, C. B., Ex-Governor of New Brunswick, and at Present Finance Minister of the Dominion of Canada; that of Hon. Neal Dow; that of Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer; that of Hon. Sidney Perham, and that of Miss Frances E. Willard. All of Professor Foster's engagements are made by Miss C. B. Buell, East Hampton, Conn., from whom information as to subjects of lectures and the terms may be obtained.

CURRENT TOPICS.

ALTHOUGH some experiments have been made in this country in co-operative store keeping they have not met with very much success. But in England, they are quite numerous and of marked prosperity, so that they have injured the regular tradesmen much by their rivalry. A committee of the House of Commons has lately been investigating them. The objects of these associations is to import and sell at prices covering cost and expenses simply, with a profit of five per cent. The result is to ruin many of the small traders, and a considerable feeling is prompted that they are doing much damage to trade generally. They have the peculiar advantages of being free from many restrictions of the ordinary trader, and have grown very strong, and it will not be surprising if they become such that the management of them will be a serious matter.

THE railroads are being criticised very sharply both by Western and New York farmers. If certain Western papers are to be taken as authority, the farmers of that region are in very bad temper, owing to the recent action of trunk lines doubling the cost of transportation of grain between Chicago and New York. It is certainly a serious business for the farmers of the West, and as they think has its foundation not in any right or reason, but simply in the power to enforce it. To remedy the evil, to break this power of the railroad king, it is urged by those interested that some political action should be taken toward improving the natural water-ways, which connect the West with the sea-coast. On the other hand, the farmers nearer New York city enter protests against the special low rates with combinations designed to control certain articles of necessity, favoring one locality with low, and oppressing another with high rates. There is some ground for both complaints; that of the Western farmers arises in an exaggerated manifestation of the upward tendency noticed in all departments of trade; that of the New Yorkers is a result of the dull times. In very many cases the through rates have been reduced below a living basis, and the loss made up by exorbitant local charges. But there ought not to be a perpetual irritation and antagonism between the people and the railroads. Such a change of tariff as this present seems too abrupt and arbitrary. A little evidence of moderation and consideration on one side would doubtless induce similar exhibitions by the other party in question, and so go far toward keeping something like harmony.

THE remembrance of one of the most tragic occurrences in Mississippi shot-gun politics is freshened by the journey of Mrs. Chisholm to Mississippi to give testimony against the murderers of her husband and children, this triple murder being committed in 1877. It will be remembered that Judge Chisholm was a genial, cultured gentleman, the Republican candidate for Congress. On a false and preposterous accusation of having instigated the murder of a man named Gully, he was arrested and imprisoned. A mob attacked the jail and shot down Judge Chisholm, and at the same time one of his sons and a daughter. The daughter pleading with the man Gully who headed the mob, to spare her father. No one of the villains who committed this awful crime has ever been punished, the trial having been deferred on one or another pretext, and it is hoping to secure justice that now Mrs. Chisholm, with her counsel, S. L. Woodford, Esq., has gone South. Some Northern Democratic papers make sport of the case and jeer at the widow who seeks for justice against such murderers. The Boston Journal well says that the spirit in the North which considers such assassinations subject for ridicule and laughter is, if possible, even more satanic than the Southern spirit which prompts to their commitment, while a few Northern papers manifest this bitter spirit, the leading Southern papers, since the late murder of Dixon, have been strong and fearless in their utterances against such a policy. They are the papers read by those of standing and influence and such utterances are hopefully significant of better days and better doings in the South.

As already seen in another column the Oneida Socialists have set a good example for the Mormons by their frankly avowed determination to abandon their system of "complex-marriage." In a recent message Mr. Noyes reminds this Community, which is under his administration, that they have claimed freedom of conscience to change their social practices. Lately they have pledged themselves to obey any legislation that might be instituted against them, and Mr. Noyes has frequently told them that he did not consider their present social arrangements essential parts of their profession as Christian Communists. The following articles modifying the platform of this association have been adopted:

1. That we give up the practice of "complex-marriage," not as renouncing belief in the principles and prospective finality of that institution, but in deference to the public sentiment which is evidently rising against it.

2. That we place ourselves, not on the platform of the Shakers, on the one hand, nor of the world on the other, but on Paul's platform, which allows marriage but prefers celibacy.

By this action the Oneida Communists have disarmed criticism and removed the great obstacle to their prosperity. Their conduct as citizens has long been praiseworthy, and their settlement known for its peaceable, industrious character, law-abiding every way except this one gross evil. By this voluntary submitting to public opinion they gain the good-will of the surrounding community, while had they resisted they would have made enemies and in the end would have been obliged to submit. Now they may hope confidently for an enlarged material prosperity, in the other case they would have been ruined. Well will it be for the Mormon leaders if they heed the lesson here afforded.

In the second Report of the "Executive Committee of the Freewill Baptist Foreign Mission Society, presented at its Anniversary in Buxton, Me., Sept. 22, 1875," we find that after a probation of three months spent at Parsonsfield Seminary, being under the advice and instruction of Brethren Quinby and Buzzell, Bro. Eli Noyes was finally accepted as the first Freewill Baptist missionary to Orissa, India; his ordination taking place at Lisbon, N. H., during the session of the Yearly Meeting held there in 1835. The Report reads: "Never before did the Freewill Baptists engage in a service so solemn, so interesting and so important." It was estimated that not less than 3000 spectators were present in the beautiful grove where the services took place.

We make a somewhat lengthy extract from the same year's Report in regard to another brother:

Several other brethren have offered themselves to the Society, but whose services it has been thought best to decline. But a late committee meeting, held at Dover, N. H., Jeremiah Phillips was presented to your Board, and accepted as a second missionary, to accompany Bro. Noyes to India. Bro. Phillips was a minister connected with the Free Communion Baptist church in Plainfield, N. Y., under the care of Elder Hunt. He had been for some time pursuing his academic studies at the Baptist Institution at Hartford, and received from the faculty of that valuable institution the most satisfactory testimonials as to piety, talents, and proficiency in his studies. Our young brother has had his mind deeply imbued with the spirit of Jesus, and for three or four years past, and had pledged his life to the service of God among the heathen. After a careful examination of his character, acquirements and missionary spirit, your committee unanimously voted for his acceptance. Nor could they avoid feeling that their acceptance of him was a call from God. While, however, Bro. P. goes out under the sanction and bearing the name of a missionary of your Board, our brethren of the Free Communion denomination have engaged to do all they can towards his support. This is the great Head of the church furnishing us with friends and funds and fellow laborers from a quarter, of which a few months ago, we were entirely ignorant.

The ordination of Bro. Phillips took place at Plainfield, Sept. 3. It was a season of deep solemnity, mingled with sacred pleasure. More than four hundred persons were present, and every countenance seemed to say, "This is the work of God, this is at once the sublimest duty and most sacred privilege of Christians." The charge was given by Elder Smith, then read the Scriptures, and Elder Smith followed in prayer. Elder Lake then delivered an animating introductory discourse, founded on Daniel 12:4. The council was then formed, after which Bro. Phillips was proposed as candidate by Elder Sutton. After the council had retired and passed an entirely unanimous vote in favor of the ordination, Elder Hunt, the pastor of the young missionary, offered the ordination prayer. The charge was given by Bro. Sutton, the right hand of fellowship by Eld. Gardner, prayer by Eld. Putnam, after which Bro. Phillips addressed his friends for the last time and pronounced the benediction. The scene was truly more affecting than it otherwise would have been from the fact of Bro. Phillips then bidding most of his friends a final farewell, in order to leave the same day with Elder Sutton. There were his friends and relations of many generations anxious to receive the parting salutation and pronounce the last benediction on his head. There, too, were the aged parents, and brothers and sisters looking on the beloved member of their family with tearful eyes—grieving most of all that they should see his face no more. But all or nearly all (would to God there were no exception) looking forward with a blessed hope of meeting again in heaven.

The partner of Bro. Noyes was an esteemed member of the Baptist church in Portsmouth, N. H., and is now united with her husband to the F. Baptist church at Lamprey River under the pastoral charge of Eld. Cliley. The companion of Bro. Phillips was our own lamented Bro. Sam'l Beede, and is a member of the F. B. church in Dover. Both these esteemed friends possess, we trust, considerable qualifications for the arduous work to which they have devoted their lives. The departure of our missionary friends was to have taken place some weeks since, and your committee intended to have accompanied them to the ship, but unavoidable delays have occurred, and according to the latest information, Brother and Sister Noyes, Brother and Sister Phillips with Brother and Sister Sutton, and about fourteen or fifteen other brethren and sisters connected with the Baptist Board, were yesterday, to embark by the ship Louvre for Calcutta. Let us follow this precious cargo with our warmest prayers to God that they may be kept in safety and in health, and that they may long be spared to labor for the advancement of the Messiah's kingdom.

Sailing on Sept. 22, 1835, reaching India on the 5th of February of the following year, Rev. Dr. Phillips has devoted a long and conscientious life to his chosen work. We do not propose to give a sketch of the veteran missionary who has just returned to our midst as a people, but to give a starting point from which our readers may take to heart many lessons of spiritual wisdom exemplified in the life of the missionary of the Cross, a life often of great self-denial, but also rich in the rewards of faithful service in the Master's harvest field.

There are many fine thoughts which may be picked out of the editorials in the Sunday-School Times. Here is one of them: "Every one who is trying to lead a good life, should also try to lead a winsome and courteous life."

Poetry.

MOUNTAINEER'S PRAYER.

Gird me with the strength of Thy steadfast hills!
The speed of Thy streams give me!
In the spirit that calms, with the life that thrills,
I would stand or run for Thee.
Let me be Thy voice, or Thy silent power,—
As the cataract or the peak,—
An eternal thought in my earthly hour,
Of the living God to speak.

Clothe me in the rose-tints of Thy skies
Upon morning summits laid;
Robe me in the purple and gold that flies
Through Thy shuttles of light and shade;
Let me rise and rejoice in Thy smile aright,
As mountains and forests do;
Let me welcome Thy twilight and Thy night,
And wait for Thy dawn anew!

Give me of the brook's faith, joyously sung
Under clank of its icy chain!
Give me of the patience that hides among
Thy hill-tops in mist and rain!
Lift me up from the clod; let me breathe Thy
breath;
Thy beauty and strength give me!
Let me lose both the name and the meaning of
death
In the life that I share with thee!

—Lucy Larcom.

EVENING OF LIFE.

The step is less elastic now
Than it was wont to be;
The bounding pulse, the fever'd brain,
Now comes no more to me.

The sun and moon are darkening,
The almond tree doth flourish;
While earth and every earthly thing
Do fade away and perish.

Though eventide be falling fast,
The vision seems more bright,
As faith intently watches for
A gleam of heavenly light.

And while the distant melody
Enchants the listening ear,
How beautiful the battlements
Of Paradise appear!

And if the battlements be bright,
What must it be within,
Where neither heart, nor ear, nor sight,
Can be assailed by sin?

Like some poor vagrant bird from home,
Finding no place of rest—
So would I plume the weary wing
Back to the parent nest.

—Christian Messenger.

Family Circle.

WHAT TROT DIDN'T GET.

The car was full of passengers when Trot and her mother got in, every one of whom stopped reading or talking and gazed at the small midget with surprise and disapprobation. Both were quite thrown away upon her, however; for her eyes were shut as tightly as possible, while her mouth was wide open, ditto; and from between her rosy lips, from somewhere behind two rows of pearly teeth, issued a series of determined yells, ear-splitting yells which did credit to Trot's lungs.

People whispered, "Did you ever?" and "No, I never!" to one another, varied by other remarks relating to Trot, all of them uttered in tones sufficiently loud for the midget's mother to hear, as she stood in the center of the car, swaying to and fro, clinging to a strap with one hand while with the other she steadied the yellor, who was devoted to her occupation so entirely that she might have pitched headforemost into the stomach of the fat old lady who sat opposite, had she not had somebody to care for her.

The wicked man who was the cause of all this trouble walked slowly up the hill, keeping pace with the car, and crying, "Balloons! Balloons!" in a melancholy tone, as if he commiserated the hapless Trot in having such a hard-hearted mamma.

For the midget wanted a balloon. She was a pretty good midget, and might not have asked for one had not the man, having a keen eye for business, thrust the whole bunch of rosy beauties into her face, saying, "Buy a balloon, missy? Oh, so pretty!"

Her mother pulled her along, and distracted her attention with something else, but the man had seen the wish in "missy's" eye, and kept up with them. Business was slack, and he felt that no chance was to be lost. It had not escaped his sharp eye that Miss Trot was a spoiled child, and generally had what she wanted by making a fuss about it.

According to his expectations, she teased a few times and then began to scream.

"Hush, this moment!" said her mother, severely. Trot screamed louder than ever.

"I shall take you right home, if you do not stop," said her mother, who had been recently reading an article on indulgence of children, and resolved to reform.

Trot did not believe it, and besides she was determined to have her own way now.

"Trot, stop screaming!"

"Will you buy me a balloon?"

"No, I will not!"

"Will you give me one?"—to the man.

"O missy! I'm a poor man!" he said, with a dreadful whine.

She opened her mouth, and began again with fresh zeal; her mother looked distressed, hailed a street-car, and got in, where she felt less determined and more distressed, by the remarks which the midget's behavior caused.

"Trot, are you going to stop screaming?" she said at length.

Trot opened one eye, looked straight at her mother, and said, viciously, "No, I ain't!" proving her sincerity by the vigor of the opening numbers of the new series.

Just at this point, a tall woman, who had been eyeing Trot with great disfavor, left the car, making a vacant seat next to the fat old lady. Mrs. Yale took it with a sigh, and lifted her naughty girl into her lap.

The old lady, who had an eye like a diamond, looked with great interest on her new neighbor. Trot was getting tired, but was determined to gain her point if she had to scream until midnight. After awhile, the old lady said, in a soft, sweet, grandmotherly voice, "What's the trouble, my dear?"

Trot had been trained to politeness, so she opened one eye, and gazed between two yells, "I want a balloon!"

"Oh," said the old lady, "and you mean to scream until you get one?"

The midget did not exactly approve of this way of putting it, but after a moment's pause, she nodded assent, and then, opening her mouth to its widest extent, she prepared to go on with her concert.

"If I was your mamma," continued the old lady, still in the same sweet voice, "I would give you something that you want a great deal more than a balloon."

"What?" said the midget, much interested, now opening her eyes to their widest extent.

"A good whipping!" said the old lady emphatically.

Trot sat up straight, the very picture of indignant astonishment.

"My mamma never whipped me in my life!" she said.

"So I thought!" said the old lady, dryly. A quiet grin went around the car; even Mrs. Yale, though she felt annoyed, could not suppress a smile, which threatened to turn to a tear when Trot added, patting her cheek, "She's too good, she is."

"Why you don't love your mamma, do you?" exclaimed the old lady, in a tone of surprise.

"Of course!" said Trot.

"I was quite sure you did not, from your actions," said the old lady.

"I was bad then, now I'm sorry," said the midget, soberly.

"Oh!" returned the old lady. "Well, my dear, I am going to buy a balloon, and give it to the best little girl in this car. Who ought to have it do you think?"

The midget looked carefully through the car; there was but one little girl there besides herself—a dirty, freckled, round-eyed, Irish woman's baby sat on her mother's knee in the corner, staring placidly before her; the midget looked at her for a moment, and then gazed long and attentively at her own pretty pink shoes. Meanwhile, the old lady signalled the balloon man, and when they arrived at the crossing where the car stopped a moment, she made the necessary purchase.

"Here, my dear," she said, handing it to Trot, "give it to the best little girl in the car. One who loves her mamma, remember."

Trot looked at it for a few moments, not admiringly, but with a face as grave as a deacon's; then she slid off her mother's lap, and tumbling up the car, somehow, till she reached the corner, she put the string into the Irish baby's little red fist, and turning about tumbled back to her mother again.

"You are a dear little girl!" said the old lady, warmly; several heads nodded assent, and an approving murmur went around the car; before it had ceased they had reached their destination and departed, the midget throwing kisses from her tiny fingers, and saying "Dood-bye!" over and over to the old lady, while the round-eyed Irish boy looked like a petrified image of joyful surprise.

—The Christian at Work.

BOB'S DIARY.

The other day, Mrs. Cumming brought out of the clothes-press, for a poor woman who had seven small children and stood at the back door, an old coat of Bob's. Before giving it away she sought the usual assurance that there was nothing in the pockets, and in the search she felt something between the coat and the lining just under the inside pocket. After some difficulty, she succeeded in recovering it through a hole in the afore-said pocket by which, doubtless, it had found its way to its hiding-place. It proved to be a little black-covered book fastened together by a tongue and loop, having on the back, in gilt letters, "Diary, 1879." Opening it, she saw, on the upper right-hand corner of the title page, the words: "Robert Cumming, Jr. From Uncle Joe," and then she remembered to have seen the book before about the first of January. Below is an exact copy of its contents:

January 1.—This is New Year's Day. Uncle Joe gave me this diary to-day. I am going to write in it every night just before going to bed. Every boy and girl ought to keep a diary so when he gets a man he can see what he did when he was a boy. This is New Year's Day and there ain't no school to-day, and I have played with Billy all day. Billy is my goat. I got up and ate breakfast, then I harnessed Billy and went round and saw Uncle Joe and he gave me this diary. He says it is the best thing a boy can do to keep a diary, but he says it is the hardest thing a boy can do. I don't

see where the hard comes in. I like to keep a diary. I let Jimmy Green drive my goat while Uncle Joe told me how to keep my diary, and he let all the boys drive him, and they broke my sled. I ain't going to lend Billy anymore. I ate dinner and then played with Billy some more. I showed all the boys my diary and they are going to ask their fathers for one, too. I ate supper and played dominoes with Uncle Joe till 8 o'clock. I am going to begin to write in my diary every night at 8 o'clock so I won't get sleepy. It is 9 o'clock and I am going to bed.

January 2.—Got up in the morning and ate breakfast. Come to the conclusion to leave off the "I" in my diary. Don't see any use of it. Went to school in the morning and didn't have my geography lesson, but the class is so big I only had one question to answer, and Jimmy Green he told me that. Showed my diary to Jimmy Green and he showed it to Johnnie Barlow, and he showed it to George Steiner, and the teacher came near seeing George reading it. Ate supper and played with Billy. Then wrote in my diary. I am going to bed.

January 3.—Concluded not to say I got up in the morning, because I get up every morning. Jimmie Green and George Steiner have got diaries. Johnnie Barlow had one, but the teacher took it from him and threw it into the stove. He was awful mad and says his father will make the teacher pay for it. Ate dinner and went to school in the afternoon. The teacher said we must all write compositions for to-morrow. Am going to write about diaries. Must stop now and write my composition. Forgot to say I ate my supper. Now for my composition.

January 4.—Concluded not to say I ate breakfast, and dinner and supper, because I do that every day. Went to school this morning. Johnnie Barlow has got another diary, but he don't let the teacher see it. Went to school in the afternoon. Read my composition on Diaries. The teacher said he hoped other little boys would keep their diaries at home like I do. I'm glad to-morrow is Saturday.

January 5.—Played so hard I'm too sleepy to write what I did to-day. Perhaps I will to-morrow.

January 6.—Went to church this morning. The minister's text was Matthew 28th chapter, first verse. Am going to put down the text every Sunday. Went to Sunday-school. In the afternoon read to my Sunday-school book, which is named, "The Boy who Saved the Life of an Angle Worm." Am going to try to be like him. Went to church in the evening. Can't remember the text. Neither can father and mother.

January 7.—After this when I say I went to school I mean all day. Went to school. Wrote in my diary last night till I was too sleepy to learn my lessons, and had to stay in after school. Too sleepy now to write any more.

January 8.—This is written in school on January 9th. Concluded to go to bed early and write in my diary next day. Went to school. Didn't do anything much.

January 9.—Guess I'll write every other day. This is January 11th. Didn't do anything much.

January 10.—Went to school. Didn't do much.

January 11.—* * *

January 12.—* * *

January 13.—Forgot what I did yesterday and day before. Will finish this to-night.

January 14.—* * *

January 15.—* * *

January 16.—* * *

January 17.—Going to wait till I'm sick and then catch up.

January 18.—* * *

January 19.—* * *

January 20.—* * *

January 21.—* * *

January 22.—Sick to-day. But what good's a diary anyhow.

Skipping three white pages in the little black-covered book from which we copy the above entries, we find two pencil sketches, which, after long and close examination, we conclude to have been intended for portraits of Bob's school-master and the goat, respectively; and that is all that we find in Bob's diary for 1879. Probably Bob will not resume the task until next year.—American Rural Home.

A BIRD THAT TURNS SOMERSAULTS.

There's a pretty little bird that lives in China, and is called the Fork-Tailed Parus. He is about as big as a robin, and has a red back, orange-colored throat, green back, yellow legs, black tail, and red-and-yellow wings. Nearly all the colors are in his dress, you see, and he is a gay fellow. But this bird has a trick known by no other birds that ever I heard of. He turns somersaults! Not only does he do this in his free life on the tree, but also after he is caught and put into a cage. He just throws his head far back, and over he goes, touching the bars of the cage, and alighting upon his feet on the floor or on a perch. He will do it over and over a number of times without stopping, as though he thought it great fun. All his family have the same trick, and they are called tumblers. The people of China are fond of keeping them in cages and seeing them tumble. Travelers have often tried to bring them to our country, but a sea-voyage is not good for them, and they are almost sure to die on the way.—St. Nicholas.

There never did exist anything permanently noble in the character which is stranger to the exercise of resolute self-control.

THE THREE SIEVES.

"O mamma!" cried little Blanche Philpot, "I heard such a tale about Edith Howard! I did not think she could be so very naughty. One!"

"My dear," interrupted Mrs. Philpot, "before you continue, we will see if your story will pass three sieves."

"What does that mean, mamma?" inquired Blanche.

"I will explain it. In the first place, is it true?"

"I suppose so; I got it from Miss White, and she's a great friend of Edith's."

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her? In the next place, though you can prove it to be true, is it kind?"

"I did not mean to be unkind, but I am afraid it was. I would not like Edith to speak of me as I have of her."

"And, is it necessary?"

"No, of course, mamma, there was no need for me to mention it at all."

"Then put a bridle on your tongue. If you can't speak well, speak not at all."

—Good Words.

HOME TOPICS.

ABOUT ALBUMS. Extremely pretty and very amusing picture albums are made from out-of-date fashion plates. Select suitable figures, cut them out, arrange them singly or in groups, with photographic heads of friends or celebrated people where the head of the original was, and you have a most amusing page before you. If you possess some artistic skill, a bit of scenery may be sketched in with color, shadows added, and the picture is complete. Some of the French plates are the most effective. A friend's face may be fitted into a becoming hat or bonnet, and the face colored to make the whole complete. This is quickly done by mixing a little liquid gum with the color and putting it in, delicately tinting the cheeks brightly, while still wet. Sweet faces of old friends, frightful in old-fashioned and ugly garments, are cleverly rejuvenated in these French fûlets, and then rephotographed. The center of a screen was cleverly arranged from these plates with photographic faces. It consisted of a group of friends, both gentlemen and ladies, arranged as if sitting in an opera box, and was made with a gold background, which produced a very beautiful effect, as it throws up the bright colors of the dresses and resembles old paneling. Groups formed of children in the extravagant but picturesque costumes of these plates, but with the faces of the children of our love, are as if they had been touched with a magic wand, and turned into the queens and princes of fairy land. The diversion of arranging the groups and selecting the costumes from such an embarrassment of pretty things as the French fashion plates offer, is thoroughly appreciated by an invalid or sick child, to whom amusement and occupation are of more worth than all the physic that Macbeth thought fit only to throw to the dogs.—Cincinnati Gazette.

SMILAX FOR WINTER. Those who wish to cultivate smilax in their windows next winter should start it now. Separate the bulbs, allowing but two or three to 4 inch pot. Use loam, leaf mold and sand in equal quantities for potting with a little coarse manure mixed thoroughly among it. Place the pots where they may have a fair heat, and not much sun, and keep the soil just moist. When the plants appear above ground remove to a window where they may get the morning and evening sun and keep the pots moist, but not drenched with water. Smilax likes plenty of heat, but not a hot sun. Many persons make a mistake in attempting to train the vines on trellises. They should simply be given a small twine to cling to. Thus they will make a nice growth and besides being very pretty will furnish an abundance for cutting during winter. In cutting sever the plant at the point wanted and pull the whole vine from the string. The bottom will again grow and form a new vine. If wanted for permanent show, the strings may be carried around any object, and their peculiar growth will produce a very nice effect.—Prairie Farmer.

FACTS, FASHIONS AND FANCIES.—Red bonnets will be fashionable this winter as they were last.—Among the bonnet ribbons of the coming season, those in changeable silk will be the most attractive.—To look well, the short dress requires to be made and trimmed more carefully than the trained one.—Indian cashmere, beige, and llama tissues are employed for autumn dresses in combination with satinette, Indian brocade silks, and Pekins.—Millinery ribbons for next winter will be used in broader widths than they were during the summer, and will sometimes form the whole trimming of the bonnet, independent of any fabric cut bias from the piece.—Shot silks, know as changeable silks, are imported for dress goods, for parts of costumes, and for bonnet trimmings for the fall and winter; and it is believed, says Harper's Bazar, that they will meet with more favor than they did last season. All the fashionable shades are blended in these silks; thus garnet is made changeable with gendarme blue; old gold and blue are together; cardinal and green are contrasted; mahogany brown is shot with peacock blue; plum color and old gold are beautifully combined; olive green and blue are quaint shades together; rose and silver is an evening changeable silk; green glaze with gold is very dark and rich; black is combined with each of the stylish shades, and looks especially well with red, silver or gold.—American Cultivator.

Literary.

BIBLIOMANIA IN FRANCE.

The passion for books, like other forms of desire, has its changes of fashion. It is not always easy to justify the caprices of taste. The presence or absence of half an inch of paper in the "uncut" margin of a book makes a difference of value that ranges from five shillings to a hundred pounds. Some books are run after because they are beautifully bound, some are competed for with equal eagerness because they have never been bound at all. The uninitiated often make absurd mistakes about these distinctions. Some time ago the *Daily Telegraph* reproached a collector because his books were "uncut," whence, argued the journalist, it was clear that he had never read them. "Uncut," of course, only means that the margins have not been curtailed by the binders' tools. It is a point of sentiment to like books just as they left the hands of the old printers,—of Estienne, Aldus, or Louis Elzevir.

It is because the passion for books is a sentimental passion that people who have not felt it always fail to understand it. Sentiment is not an easy thing to explain. Englishmen, especially, find it impossible to understand tastes and emotions that are not their own,—the wrongs of Ireland, the aspirations of Eastern Roumelia, the infatuated passion for a white flag of the Comte de Chambord. If we are to understand the book-hunter, we must never forget that to him books are, in the first place, relics. He likes to think that the great writers whom he admires handled just such pages and saw such an arrangement of type as he now beholds. Moliere, for example, corrected the proofs for this edition of the "Precieuses Ridicules," when he first discovered "what a labor it is to publish a book, and how green (neuf) an author is the first time they print him." Or, it may be, that Campanella turned over, with hands unstrung, and still broken by the torture, these leaves that contain his passionate sonnets. Here, again, is the copy of Theocritus from which some page may have been read aloud to charm the pagan and pontifical leisure of Leo X. This Gargantua is the counterpart of that which the martyred Dolez printed for Maitre Francois Rabalais. This woful ballad, with the wood-cut of three thieves hanging from one gallows, came near being the "Last Dying Speech and Confession of Francois Villon." This shabby copy of "The Eve of St. Agnes" is precisely like that which Shelley doubled up and thrust into his pocket when the prow of the piratical felucca crushed into the timbers of the "Don Juan." Some rare books have these associations, and they bring you nearer to the authors than do the modern reprints. Bibliophiles will tell you that it is the early readings they care for,—the author's first fancies and those more hurried expressions which he afterwards corrected. These readings have their literary value, especially in the masterpieces of the great; but the sentiment, after all, is the main thing.

Henri III. scarcely deserves, perhaps, the name of a book-lover, for he probably never read the works which were bound for him in the most elaborate way. In spite of his carelessness of their contents, his books are among the most singular relics of a character which excites even morbid curiosity. No more debauched and worthless wretch ever filled a throne; but, like the bad man in Aristotle, Henri III. was "full of repentance." When he was not dancing in an unseemly revel, he was on his knees in his chapel. The board of one of his books, of which an engraving lies before me, bears his cipher and crown in the corner; but the center is occupied in front with a picture of the Annunciation, while on the back is the crucifixion and the bleeding heart through which the swords have pierced. His favorite device was the death's-head, with the motto *Memento Mori*, or *Spes mea Deus*. While he was still only Duc d'Angoulême, Henri loved Marie de Cleves, Princesse de Conde. On her sudden death he expressed his grief, as he had done his pity, by aid of the *petits fers* of the book-binder. Marie's initials were stamped on his book-covers in a chapter of laurels. In one corner a skull and cross-bones were figured, in the other the motto *Mori m'est vie*, while two large objects, which did duty for tears, filled up the lower corners. The books of Henri III., even when they are absolutely worthless as literature, sell for high prices; and an *inane* treatise on theology, decorated with his sacred emblems, lately brought about £120 in a London sale.

A still more interesting bibliophile of the eighteenth century is Madame du Barry. In 1771, this notorious beauty could scarcely read or write. She had rooms, however, in the Chateau de Versailles, thanks to the kindness of a monarch who admired those native qualities which education may polish, but which it can never conquer. At Versailles, Madame du Barry heard of the literary genius of Madame de Pompadour. The Pompadour was a person of taste. Her large library of some four thousand works of the lightest sort of light literature was bound by Bizanx. Madame herself had published etchings engraved by her own fair hands, and to hear of these things excited the emulation of Madame du Barry. She might not be clever, but she could have a library like another, if libraries were in fashion. One day Madame du Barry astonished the court by announcing that her collection of books would presently arrive at Versailles. Meantime she took counsel with a book-seller, who bought up examples of all the cheap "re-minders," as they are called in the trade, that he could lay his hands upon. The whole assortment, about one thousand volumes in all, was hastily bound in rose morocco, elegantly gilt, and stamped with the arms of the noble house of Du Barry. The bill which Madame du Barry owed her enterprising agent is still in existence. The thousand volumes cost about three francs each; the binding (extremely cheap) came to nearly as much. The amusing thing is that the book-seller, in the catalogue which he sent with the improvised library, marked the books which Madame du Barry possessed before her large order was so punctually executed. There were two "Memoires de du Barry," an old newspaper, two or three plays, and "L'Histoire Amoureuse de Pierre le Long." Louis XV. observed with joy that, though Madame Pompadour had possessed a large library, that of Madame du Barry was the better selected. Thanks to her new collection, the lady learned to read with fluency, but she never overcame the difficulties of spelling.

When Napoleon became Emperor, he strove in vain to make the troubled and feverish years of his power produce a literature. He himself was one of the most voracious readers of novels that ever lived. He was always asking for the newest of the new, and unfortunately even the new romances of his period were hopelessly bad. Barbier, his librarian, had orders to send parcels of fresh fiction to his Majesty wherever he might happen to be, and

great loads of novels followed Napoleon to Germany, Spain, Italy, Russia. The conqueror was very hard to please. He read in his traveling carriage, and after skimming a few pages would throw a volume that bored him out of the window into the highway. He might have been tracked by his trail of romances, as was Hop-o'-My-Thumb, in the fairy tale, by the white stones he dropped behind him. Poor Barbier, who ministered to a passion for novels that demanded twenty volumes a day, was at his wit's end. He tried to foist on the Emperor the romances of the year before last; but these Napoleon had generally read, and he refused, with imperial scorn, to look at them again. He ordered a traveling library of three thousand volumes to be made for him, but it was proved that the task could not be accomplished in less than six years. The expense, if only fifty copies of each example had been printed, would have amounted to more than six million francs. A Roman Emperor would not have allowed these considerations to stand in his way; but Napoleon, after all, was a modern. He contented himself with a selection of books conveniently small in shape, and packed in sumptuous cases. The classical writers of France could never content Napoleon, and even from Moscow, in 1812, he wrote to Barbier, clamorous for new books, and good ones. Long before they could have reached Moscow, Napoleon was flying homeward before Kotousoff and Benningsen.

One has more sympathy with the eccentricities of Nodder than with the mere extravagance of the new *haute école* of bibliomania, the school of millionaires, royal dukes, and Rothschilds. Amateurs are reckless of prices, and by their competition have made it almost impossible for a poor man to buy a precious book. The dukes, the Americans, the public libraries snap them all up in the auctions. A glance at M. Gustave Brunet's little volume, "La Bibliomanie en 1878," will prove the excesses which these people commit. The funeral oration of Bossuet over Henriette Marie of France (1669), and Henriette Anne of England (1670) quarto the original binding, are sold for £200. It is true that this copy had possibly belonged to Bossuet himself, and certainly to his nephew. There is an example of the 1682 edition of Moliere—of Moliere whom Bossuet detested,—which may also have belonged to the eagle of Meaux. The manuscript notes of the divine on the work of the poor player must be edifying, and in the interests of science it is to be hoped that this book may soon come into the market. While pamphlets of Bossuet are sold so dear, the first edition of Homer—the beautiful edition of 1488, which the three young Florentine gentlemen published,—may be had for £100. Yet even that seems dear, when we remember that the copy of the library of George III. cost only seven shillings. This exquisite Homer, sacred to the memory of learned friendships, the chief offering of early printing at the altar of ancient poetry, is really one of the most interesting books in the world. Yet this Homer is less valued than the tiny octavo which contains the *ballades* and *huitains* of the scamp Francois Villon (1433). "The History of the Holy Grail" (*L'Histoire du Saint Greal*; Paris, 1523), in a binding stamped with the four crowns of Louis XIV., is valued at about £500. A chivalric romance of the old days, which was treasured even in the time of the grand monarch, when old French literature was so much despised, is certainly a curiosity. The "Rabalais" of Madame de Pompadour seems comparatively cheap at £60. There is something piquant in the idea of inheriting from that famous beauty the work of the colossal genius of Rabalais.—Andrew Lang, in *International Review for Sept.*

THE SEASONS WHEN MEN WRITE.

Anything but unanimity prevails, I believe, among the people who make books as to the most propitious season of the year for composing. There are some men and women who work best in summer, whose ideas unfold with the leaves, and ripen with the strawberries. Their imaginations are nipped by the frost; whereas, when the thermometer is at 70 degrees in the shade, when the July breeze sighs softly through the half-closed Venetian blind, and the shimmer of the sea through the open window is as a glimpse of Paradise, they shake off the intellectual torpor of the dark months and grow busy as bees in the sunshine. But there are other writers to whom the long winter evenings are very precious. The keen nor'easter, which leaps the snow round the doorways and hushes the tumult of the streets, braces their minds as it braces their bodies, stimulating their industry and sharpening their wits. Such people, indeed, are good for nothing in the way of intellectual work after the middle of March. With the first balmy breath of spring they throw aside their pens. The spirit of the gypsy takes possession of them, and thenceforth, till the days draw in and the leaves begin to yellow, they expend a vast amount of energy in going to and fro upon the earth. Something, to be sure, can be urged on behalf of the literary vagabond. Is it not shameful to waste the priceless summer days among musty books? "Better than all treasures that in books are found" is the free morning air upon the hill-side or the pregnant silence of evening among the woods. The moods of nature are incalculable; age can not wither her nor custom stale her infinite variety, and we shall have to bid her a final adieu long before we have exhausted her resources. This, I suppose, is substantially what the poet meant when he declared that nature never did betray the heart that loved her.

But though the love of nature, when assiduously cultivated, is the most enduring of passions, yet, like other divinities, male and female, she presents a divided allegiance, and unless summer after summer we keep our hand in (as they say at golf), she is apt to discard us as we grow old. So that, for my part, I agree with those who maintain that for a steady spell of literary work the dead season of the year, when the leaves and the squirrels and the dormice are asleep, and the spirit of life has retreated to its innermost sanctuary, is unquestionably the best. Whatever is done in the dog-days is light, fugitive, ephemeral—*pieces volantes*, as they say in France. I once in this magazine preferred a plea for winter—winter in the country—on which a trenchant critic observed that winter in the country was all very well when you lived within hail of the town, and could see your friends daily to expiate upon the charms of solitude. Cowper, in a fly, humorous aside, had long ago made a similar reply:

"How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude—
But grant me still a friend in my retreat.
Whom I may whisper solitude is sweet."

And it must be allowed that there is a certain aptness in the retort. The same delightful poet, however, has elsewhere indicated the precise terms on which the deep seclusion of the country in winter may be truly and thoroughly enjoyed:

"Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world—to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd."

—Fraser's Magazine.

Literary Miscellany.

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

Passion gets less and less power after each defeat.—*Wm. Smith.*

Poverty wants more, luxury many, and avarice all things.—*Cowley.*

Every human feeling is greater and larger than the exciting cause.—*Coleridge.*

As too long retirement weakens the mind, so too much company dissipates it.—*St. Remond.*

All men are alike in their lower nature; it is in their higher characters that they differ.—*Bovee.*

The more a man knows about any subject the greater will be his charity for and sympathy with views differing from his own.—*Sunday Afternoon.*

Whenever any trait of justice, or generosity, or far-sighted wisdom, or wide tolerance, or compassion, or purity is seen in any man or woman throughout the whole human race, there, as in fragments of a broken mirror, we see the reflection of the divine image.—*Dean Stanley.*

My experience makes me an enemy alike to premature marriage and to distant engagements. The first adds to our individual cares the responsibility for the beloved and helpless pledges of our affections, and the last is liable to the most cruel disappointments.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

The awe of soul-consciousness breaking into occasional lurid heats through the chains of our conventionalities has struck me, in my own self-observation, as a mystery of nature, very grand in itself, and is quite a distinct mystery from conscience. Conscience has to do with action (every thought being spiritual action), and not with abstract existence. There are moments when we are startled at the footsteps of our own being more than at the thunders of God.—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

THE SIX GERMAN COMPOSERS.

BY FLORA PRESTON ROBINSON.

MOZART.

Mozart's father was sub-director in the royal chapel of Salzburg, Germany, and known only through his remarkable son, who was born Jan. 27, 1756, and whom he had the temerity to christen John Chrysostom Wolfgang Theophilus Amadeus Mozart.

Wolfgang Mozart belonged to the class of infant prodigies whose genius is marvelous, rather than unusual. At the age of four, he extemporized pieces almost faultless in composition, which his father wrote down, and which are played to-day by cultured musicians.

One evening there was a musical party at his father's house, and a violin quartet was to be played, but the second violinist did not come. Little Wolfgang, who was the proud possessor of a toy violin, wanted to take the vacant place in the quartet. His father laughed at him and bade him be quiet, but the disappointed child began to cry. He knew he could play; and cried more and more at his father's refusal. At last, the company, to humor him, begged that he might be allowed to try. The tear-stained boy was placed on a high stool and a violin was put in his chubby little hands, and the music set before him. With suppressed laughter, the others began to play, and so did he. His fingers were too short to reach all the strings well, and he held the bow awkwardly, but the music was performed without a mistake on his part. Of course astonishment followed, and all knew that the child was destined to create a sensation in the musical world.

He had a sister who possessed remarkable musical talent, and with these two prodigies, Mozart's father started out to visit cities, and king's palaces, and exhibit his children's genius. They met with success, but the gifts showered upon them were more flattering than useful to poor people. Swords, gold snuff-boxes, and all kind of useless things were given them sometimes when they were actually suffering from hunger. At one time, young Mozart had a half dozen gold watches, not one of which kept time.

At the age of ten, Mozart could not only read and write German, Latin, French and Italian with precision, but composed some of his most difficult and elaborate music, yet always remaining the simple, unaffected child. At twelve he returned to Salzburg, and commenced the study of music in earnest. Here he wrote almost continuously; masses, cantatas, sonatas, and songs, sometimes even taking the lead of the orchestra with all the dignity of a man four times his years.

Again the boy traveled; triumph succeeding triumph. Some declared that he was bewitched. Once in Italy there was a great uproar in the audience. The boy wore a gold ring; it was magic that made him play so. "Take the ring," "seize the boy and take the ring," was the cry all over the house. "Without the ring he can do nothing," they said. Mozart rose, with a graceful bow, drew the ring from his finger, laid it in the hand of an attendant and went on playing as before.

During his travels his letters written home are full of humor, wit and racy descriptions of scenes and places. While at Rome, Allegri's Miserere was performed at the Sistine chapel. No one was allowed to copy it, and it was performed only at the Sistine chapel. Mozart was, however, able upon hearing it the first time to make a sketch of the whole, and after hearing it again filled up the vacant parts so that he was able to play the whole without having ever seen a note of it.

Mozart was never idle. Had not the copy-right laws of that time been so unjust, he could have lived in ease with his beautiful and amiable wife by the work of his pen, but everything was stolen before he could derive any benefit from it. In playing a new piece before the public he dared use only the merest skeleton of the music, for fear the sheets would be stolen from off the piano. Once when he wrote a long work for a music-seller, it was agreed and a contract signed to the

effect that Mozart was to have the right of its sale in other cities. The work, came out and became prodigiously successful. Mozart at once sent copies to other cities, but only to find that the man had copied the original and sold it in advance of the composer, and that nothing could be done about it. This, too, when his wife and children were almost starving. When the news came to Mozart, he only said, "The wretch! well, I must work the harder," and went on with his writing.

His days were not always cloudy, but just as his prospects were brightening, and the days of poverty were at an end, his over-taxed brain gave way. Day after day, he faints at his desk, yet worked on night and day. At last he took to his bed while composing his last great work—The Requiem.

At thirty-five he died, praying for his wife and children.

As a musician, Mozart's name stands among those of the few bright geniuses of the world. His Twelfth Mass is too well known to need mention. Il Don Giovanni is his greatest dramatic composition. A large proportion of his music is religious; its chief characteristics being its smoothness and sweetness. Almost all his church music was written before he was twenty-one.

As a man he was chivalric, tender, cheerful, and seemed to retain a child-like fondness for the bright and sunny side of everything. Generous beyond his means, and unselfish to the last degree, had he never written a note, or touched a chord, his life would have been a lesson to all the discontented, indolent, fault-finding part of the world forever.

A PIECE OF ADVICE.

Young man, if you would succeed in life, never hesitate in boldly expressing yourself. If you say, "I think," "I guess," "as nearly as I can remember," or in any other words give room for doubt in another's mind, make sure he will make the most of it and give you credit for knowing next to nothing of the matter treated of. But though utterly ignorant, put on a bold front and talk loudly, and you will make those equally ignorant with yourself look upon you as a marvel of erudition; and as for people who know more than you, why, they will keep quiet, in your presence at least. What matters it if they do mentally write you down an ass, so long as they keep their opinion to themselves? Bluster away. If you don't deceive anybody else, you may in time convince yourself of the vastness of your attainments.—*Boston Transcript.*

BISMARCK.

Nine Americans out of ten, if asked what European celebrity they would most like to see and converse with, would answer without hesitation, Prince von Bismarck; and this preference would imply neither unqualified approbation nor the dazzled worship of success which is an ignoble idolatry. Men admire Bismarck because he is emphatically a man, and a man with a purpose. By his iron will and immutable tenacity, vitalized by transcendent genius, the nebulous theory of German unity has become a solid, concrete fact. True, the ship he has launched is tempest-tossed, but it is a line-of-battle ship, and will neither be conquered nor wrecked, so long as his hand is on the helm, and his voice controls the thunder of her batteries. Proud and self-sustained, the great chancellor has never laid himself open to that most dangerous of weapons—ridicule; while on the other hand, Lord Beaconsfield is constantly saying and doing things which make him a tangible target for the sharp pens and sharper pencils of Punch.—*Am. Cultivator.*

FRIENDSHIP.

The pre-eminence of the relation of friendship in its purity and disinterestedness, and in its unimpairable continuance through all varying changes of circumstances and associations, is gracefully suggested in this personal testimony from a recent volume of poems:

A year ago to-day, love, for the space
Of a brief, sudden moment, richly fraught
With deeper meaning than our light hearts
thought,
You held my hand and looked into the face
Which, poor in gifts, has since by God's good
grace
Grown dear to you; and the full year has
brought
Friendship—and love—and marriage; yet has
taught

Still by the earliest name—for you who are
My lover and my husband, and who bring
Heaven close around me, will not let me
dile
To that near heaven; but tempt my soul afar
By your ideals for me;—till life end,
My calm, dispassionate, sincerest friend,
—S. S. Times.

PARAGRAPHS.

The knave of clubs rules New York.

Have you helped anybody this week?—*Comp.*

Where the hedge is lowest, the devil leaps over.

Mr. Carlyle has an income of about \$4,000 from his books.

The political issue—The issue of scrip.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Miss Blanche Willis Howard is editing an English paper in Stuttgart.

Senator Conkling will remain at his home in Utica for some months.

The plague has appeared at Kermanshah, on the Persian frontier.

A cotton factory is soon to be built in Summit, Miss., which will be the tenth in that State.

There have been twelve executions in Russia during the past year, for political offenses.

What is an island? A body surrounded by water. Give an example. A boy in swimming.

It will take a whole store full of Louisiana lilies to offset the killing of one man for opinion's sake.

Although Alexander H. Stevens is poor in flesh, he has helped fifty-three young men to get educations.

Garibaldi's daughter Clelia, who is only twelve years of age, has just saved a young lady from drowning.

The *Whitehall Times* says there are a great many people who will never go to heaven unless they can go to excursion routes.

Zion's Herald thinks that Christian ministers ought not to be "sassy," though "sassiness" does not excuse murder.

We like a man with lots of temper. It's the man who gets out of temper that we do not like.—*Boston Post.*

A conspiracy for the assassination of high Japanese officials, has been detected and stamped out in one of the provinces.

"Ullio, Brown, how are you?" "Very well, thanks." "How are you at home?" "My wife says I'm very grumpy."—*Punch.*

Any man who can swap horses or ketch fish and not lie about it, is just about as good as men ever get to be in this world.—*Josh Billings.*

Three cents' worth of green apples has been known to arouse a boy's religious convictions peculiarly sudden, as it were.—*Andrews' Bazar.*

The national greenback party has shrunk so much that it looks like Aleck Stevens in a suit of David Davis's clothes.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

The infidel argues just as a bull duz chained to a post. He bellows and paws, but he don't get loose from the post, i notiss. Not much.—*Josh Billings.*

Runners are reported as "scouring Iowa, Missouri and Kansas," in pursuit of laxness—incited, it is said, by alleged success failure of the crop in India.

An individual who called his first daughter "Kiss," when a wife surprised him with another girl, promptly christened her Duplicite.

"That's capital ale," said a beer-drinker to a teetotaler, "see how long it keeps its head." "Ay," was the reply, "but consider how soon it takes away yours."

"You are my precious pearl," he said, as he drew her to his manly breast. "O John," she sighed, "and you are my oyster."—*Turner's Falls Reporter.*

Mrs. Hyton, who couldn't ride in the horse-car with a colored man, will allow him as her coachman, to sit beside her and drive when she rides in a single-seat buggy.—*Boston Post.*

A lad, in one of our schools, being asked, "What is Rhode Island celebrated for?" replied, "It is the only one of the New-England States which is the smallest."—*Boston Journal.*

A Georgia young man asked his sweetheart whether she had ever read "Romeo and Juliet." She replied that she had read Romeo, but she did not think she had ever read Juliet.

The bad weather in England is accounted for by a lately mooted theory—that the British Islands are so situated as to be the battle-ground for the polar and equatorial currents.

The onion is not without its uses. A clergyman at Table Grove, Ill., had planned to elope with another man's wife, but he ate onions, and the woman backed out at the last minute.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Says Col. R. G. Ingersoll: "I consider myself as good a Republican to-day as any member of the Administration ever was or ever will be." That ends all doubt as to his political anchorage.

"My brethren," said Swift, in a sermon, "there are three sorts of pride, of birth, of riches, and of talents. I shall not now speak of the latter, none of you being liable to that abominable vice."

The fool, says the *Detroit Free Press* goes out in a sail-boat, when he doesn't know a boom from a breaker, but the wise man picks up pebbles on the shore and flirts with the girl in the pink dress.

Prof. Huxley says: "No system of public education is worthy of the name unless it creates a great educational ladder, with one end in the gutter and the other in the University."

London Truth has pronounced itself a disbeliever in the early-to-bed system. It says that, for a healthy person, seven hours of sleep are enough, and that it matters very little when you take them.

A woman, raised to the third power of widowhood, has the photographs of her three departed lords in a group, with a vignette of herself in the center, and underneath is the inscription, "The Lord will provide."

A Paris dispatch says that Barthold's coat in the Liberator, for New York harbor, is making rapid progress toward completion, and that the public will shortly be permitted to visit its interior.

GENERAL NEWS.

The Minnesota Republicans have unanimously renominated John S. Pillsbury for governor.

A. L. Donaldson, of Baltimore, brother of the late Prof. Donaldson, the aeronaut, swam from Norfolk, Va., to Old Point, recently, 15 miles, in six hours. He has but one arm.

The government has decided to release the half-breed Indians made prisoners by General Miles for selling ammunition and liquor to the Indians on American soil, upon the assurance that the offense will not be repeated.

The New York Herald says that the friends of General Grant, at the suggestion of Southern men, are considering a proposition to lay before Congress of making him captain-general of the army during his life-time.

Judge Barnum has decided, at Chicago, that the militia law enacted by the last Legislature of Illinois, prohibiting the carrying of arms by organizations except under permit issued by the State authorities, is void.

The famous Whitehall gold mine, on the narrow-gauge railroad near Frederickburg, Va., formerly owned by Commodore Stockton, has been bought by Boston capitalists, and operations will be resumed, October 1. Some years ago this mine yielded \$146,000 in seven months.

A fully-equipped illicit distillery, located directly opposite the White House at Washington, was seized by the revenue officers, Tuesday, and the proprietor and several of his employees arrested.

Tennison's elder brother changed his name to Charles Turner, in order to inherit an estate in Lincolnshire known as Gravelly Hill, yielding some \$10,000 a year. He has died without issue, and the estate is at Alfred Tennison's disposal on the same terms, but he refuses to accept the property on condition of giving up his name, and it will go to some other member of the family.—*Springfield Republican.*

The Rev. W. H. Murray publishes a card in relation to his financial troubles and criticisms that have been made in various quarters on his conduct and the attacks on his character. He claims that his conduct has been open and frank throughout, and that his creditors and the public generally have not treated him fairly; and he announces his determination to retire permanently from public and professional life.

A Watertown (N. Y.) dispatch says that the water in the Black river was never known to be so low as now. The mills are running, but there is not enough water to work the pumps of the Watertown water-works, and the town is in a state of alarm. The towns up the river all report great scarcity. Moose river, an important tributary to the Black river, is very low, and many other large streams are completely dried up. Some

of the small lakes and streams in the Adirondacks are almost dry. A meeting of Watertown citizens has been called to consider means for procuring an additional supply of water for the city. Since January 1, the town is 1-4 inches behind the same period last year in the rain-fall.

Additional reports of the gale in Louisiana, Monday week, disclose that the destruction of property was very extensive. Forty-five coal boats anchored above New Orleans, were sunk in the gulf, and the property on them estimated at \$200,000. At Morgan City, many buildings were blown down, large warehouses swept away and a vast quantity of trees and fences ruined. Between Morgan City and New Iberia numerous sugar-houses were demolished, and the cane and fruit crops badly damaged. The storm was the severest known for years, and the aggregate damage to estates along its track must be very heavy.

Be Ye Like Fools.

"For ten years my wife was confined to her bed with such a complication of ailments that no doctor could tell what was the matter, or cure her, and I used up eight months in humbug stuff. Six months ago I saw a U. S. flag with Hop Bitters on it, and I thought I would be a fool once more. I tried it, but my folly proved to be wisdom. Two bottles cured her, she is now as well and strong as any man's wife, and it cost me only two dollars. Be ye likewise foolish."—H. W., Detroit, Mich.

The Cultivation of Roses.

"Roses are her cheeks, and a rose her lips."

The best way for ladies to cultivate this rare species of roses, is by studying and practicing the rules of hygiene, as taught in the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, only \$1.50. Address the author, R. V. Pierce, M. D., Grand Invalid's Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y. If suffering from those painful weaknesses incident to the female organism, use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—a never-failing remedy for these complaints.

Obituaries.

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

W. WASHINGTON LUNT, son of Deacon William and Mrs. Jane Lunt, died at Poland, Me., June 27, aged 28 years and 24 days. A moral thoughtfulness beautifully tempered his childhood, and he loved to talk on themes elevated and holy. In early manhood he publicly confessed Christ, and adorned his profession so well that to those with whom he was called to associate, he proved a help and blessing.

When the leaves of October were shaded in beauty, friends came with happy smiles and good wishes, bringing gifts to his bride; only eight short, happy months, when they came again, but with gentle tread and fearful eyes, bringing floral offerings to his burial. Few have brighter prospects of a long and useful life, and his death fills many hearts with sadness. Especially deep is the grief of the young wife who so soon changed wedding garments to those of mourning, the fond father and mother, sorrowing sister and brother, and the other parents who loved him as a son.

Yet reverently and without murmuring they give him back to God, but in the deep places of their hearts there will ever live the memory of his life, and longingly do they look forward to the glad meeting, where they shall meet him, and where he will lead them to earth, and join with him in singing praises amid the changeless glories of the sinless shore. Words of hope and consolation were spoken at the funeral, from Phil. 1:23, 24, by Rev. F. E. Erickson.

Mrs. ALICE SANBORN, wife of Rev. M. J. Coldren, of Howard City, Mich., and daughter of Rev. A. D. Sandborn, of E. Paw Paw, Ill., died in H. C., March 29, in the 25th year of her age. The subject of this sketch experienced religion when thirteen years of age, was baptized and united with the church at Wilton, Iowa, when about sixteen.

When in her eighteenth year, she gave herself to the Foreign Mission Society, but delicate health prevented her from entering upon the career which, from early childhood, all the earnest yearnings of her ardent nature had gone out. In the autumn of '78, she was married to Rev. M. J. Coldren, who was also contemplating entering the foreign field. Their four boys were born, and she and her husband took her to her home, and she was able to enter upon their chosen work. But God took her and he is left to go alone. She died not so much in the triumphs, as in the calm assurance of faith. To her clear, spiritual vision the two worlds were one, and the heaven or to India was alike going to do her Master's work. We do not hope, we know, she is in heaven.

HANNAH A., wife of John A. Stevens, died in Kennebunk, Aug. 1879, aged 28 years and 7 months. The subject of this notice professed faith in Christ some four years ago, and was united with the Cong'l church at Kennebunkport, but afterwards received a letter to become a member of the F. B. church at K. Meeting with a severe accident which rendered it impossible for her to attend meetings, the letter was not used and she still retained her standing in the above named church until called by the Master to the glorious church in heaven. Her last sickness, although lingering and painful, was borne without a word of complaint, thus showing to those who cared for her, that she was sustained by the grace of Him in whom she trusted. Many are the friends that mourn, but the good evidence left by the departed, will surely comfort them in the hour of bereavement. Services attended by the writer.

B. DANA NEWELL.

WARREN BEAN died in Jay, Me., Aug. 11, aged 74 years. Bro. B. was converted to God when twenty-seven years of age, was baptized by Eld. John Foster, joined the second F. B. church at Wilton, and maintained a consistent Christian character, by leading a quiet and peaceable life, in all godliness and honesty, enduring to the end. He was loved and respected by his friends and associates. A communion, church, and a large circle of relatives and the church mourn his departure, but all feel that their loss is gain.

D. A.

Mrs. ADELIA A. DAVIS died in Haverhill, Mass., July 30, aged 35 years. For many years she enjoyed the Christian's hope, and lived a faithful member of the Winter Street church. In her protracted illness, the sweetest and purest spirit made her pleasant home a foretaste of what she now enjoys. She leaves to mourn, a husband, four children, and a large circle of friends. The departure was unexpected, but thorough and ready. May God bless her bereaved household.

J. M.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED! REPORTS, &c.

THE undersigned desires to obtain all the annual reports of the Benevolent Societies as follows:

1. THE F. B. ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, from its organization to its dissolution, except 1848, '49 and '50.

2. HOME MISSION SOCIETY, for the years 1834 to 1845 inclusive, and for 1868, '74 and '75.

3. FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY, except 34, 35, 10th, 11th, 12th, 14th, 16th, 17th, from the 1st to the 17th inclusive. Also for the years 1869, '72 and '73.

4. EDUCATION SOCIETY, for the years 1869 and 1870.

5. MINUTES OF THE 16th GENERAL CONFERENCE.

Any person who possesses any of the above is earnestly desired to send the same to the undersigned, Lewiston, Me., marking upon them the address of the person to whom they are to be sent. And this price, including the postage, shall be returned to him, or else the book itself shall be returned postpaid. Any person desiring a complete set of the F. B. Register or the F. B. Magazine, edited by John Buzzell, or others, or of the magazine edited by Rev. Zalmon Stevens, or a complete set of the files of the *Morning Star*, is requested to communicate to the undersigned the price at which he will sell the same.

B. F. HAYES.

PROVERBS.

"For flinking spells, fits, dizziness, palpitation and low spirits, rely on Hop Bitters."

"Read of procure and use Hop Bitters, and you will be strong, healthy and happy."

"Ladies, do you want to be strong, healthy and beautiful? Then use Hop Bitters."

"The greatest appetizer, promoter of blood and liver regulator—Hop Bitters."

"Clergymen, Lawyers, Editors, Bankers and Ladies need Hop Bitters daily."

"Hop Bitters has restored to sobriety and health, perfect workmen from intemperance."

For sale by all druggists.

PROVERBS.

"\$500 will be paid for a case that Hop Bitters will not cure or help."

"Hop Bitters builds up, strengthens and cures continually from the first dose."

"Fair skin, rosy cheeks and the sweetest of breath in Hop Bitters."

"Kidney and urinary complaints of all kinds are permanently cured by Hop Bitters."

"Sore stomach, sick headache and dizziness, Hop Bitters cures with a few doses."

"Take Hop Bitters three times a day and you will have no doctor bills to pay."

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LINIMENT

For Man and Beast.

A sure cure for Wounds, Sprains, Burns, Cuts, Galls, Corns, Strain, and all Skin Diseases. Rub it in well with the hand.

Sold by all druggists. Price 25 and 50c per bottle.

Freewill Baptist Publications.

The Morning Star.

is a large religious paper of eight pages, in its third volume. It is able, literary and progressive. All communications, should be addressed to Dover, N. H.

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are Sabbath-school papers, printed alternate weeks, on superior paper, beautifully illustrated. Both papers are of the same size, but the LITTLE STAR is for an older class of readers than the MYRTLE.

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of the International Series, for both adults and children, are printed monthly, at the rate of 100 copies to one address for \$2.00. If the order is for less than four months at a time, the charge will be at the rate of \$7.00 per hundred. Payment in advance. Discontinued when time expires. Sample copies sent free.

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is the denominational Hymn Book, extensively used. Large book, in sheep, \$1.00; Morocco, \$1.10; Morocco gilt, 1.25; Turkey gilt, 2.00. Postage 6 cents each. Small, Morocco, 85 cents; postage 4 cents.

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only a few copies left. All gilt edge, \$1.00, postage, 10 cents.

The History of the Freewill Baptists

covers the first half century of our existence from 1780 to 1830. It describes with considerable detail, the early events of our denominational history. 40 cents; postage, 10 cents.

The Memorial of the Free Baptists

gives the rise and progress of this body of Christians in New York, till the time of their union with the Freewill Baptists. \$1.00.

The Minutes of the General Conference

are published in pamphlet form at the close of every session, and the bound volumes embrace the proceedings of the first sixteen sessions. 75 cents; postage, 5 cents.

The Treatise

contains a brief statement of the doctrines held by the denomination, and our general rules of church discipline. It is published by authority of the General Conference. 35 cents; postage, 1 cent.

Baptist's Theology

briefly, but clearly, all the questions of doctrinal theology, and the author's views are those generally accepted by the denomination. \$1.00 postage, 12 cents.

(Continued from fifth page.)

ence to Home Mission work were made by Rev. Edwards, Ricker, Fernald and Morrell. The Annual Sermon was by Rev. A. C. Hogbin, of Lewiston, and was listened to with great satisfaction. The social meetings indicated a yearning for an indwelling Christ, and were good enough to create a desire for more.

Rain this afternoon has lessened the attendance, but not the excellence, of the Woman's Missionary meeting, for it is pronounced, as heretofore, the most interesting part of the Yearly Meeting exercises. It is a part, and not an episode, though wholly arranged and conducted by the women. Their heartfelt utterances, as usual, formed a most effective portion of the services. Mrs. Babcock, of Nova Scotia, in the course of a thrilling address, mentioned the fact that every church of the eighteen in the Quarterly Meeting where she resides has its Woman's Missionary Society. Appropriate and excellent remarks were made by Rev. F. K. Chase, Rev. A. H. Morrell, of the Shenandoah Mission—in place of his wife, who had been invited to speak—Rev. C. F. Penney—not in place of his wife who well filled her own. Words from the Missionaries, also, were heard, and listened to tearfully, as letters were read from Miss Crawford, Mrs. Mary R. Phillips and Emeline, a native teacher, who is supported by the Woman's Auxiliary, of Augusta, and is working in their behalf in the Zenanas. H.

Central Association Notes.

As the time of holding the annual meeting of the Association approaches, the prospect for a large gathering brightens. Representatives of our denomination from beyond the limits of the Association are expected. Miss Libbie Cilley will be present to speak in behalf of India. With returning health and the removal of cares for loved ones, that has compelled a temporary suspension of the work, comes again the old intense longing for India, that will not be "put down." Miss Cilley will probably be able to spend the winter in the bounds of the Association.

The reduction of fare will apply to all who attend the meeting, whether delegates or not. The programme will probably be carried out substantially as published in this week's Star. Will the friends please read it carefully and govern themselves accordingly? Very much depends upon those to whom assignments have been made. The meeting will really commence on Monday evening, the 23d, when there will be a sermon by Rev. A. T. Worden. Bro. Worden is an earnest and eloquent speaker and a successful pastor. A mutual attachment between himself and his church has secured him a long pastorate in the face of "louder calls."

Aside from delegates, life members and those who have been assigned parts on the programme (for of course these can not escape the duty of attending), there will be ample accommodation provided for each and every friend of the Association who will come to the meeting. The trustees are especially requested to be on hand early for the meeting of the board.

The general outlook of the Association is cheering. Our churches are doing steady and systematic work, both for Home and Foreign Missions. The Lebanon and Smyrna churches in the Chenango (N. Y.) Q. M., is in a prosperous condition. Bro. Foster is now on his third year, and is much esteemed by his people. During his pastorate he has added 39 by baptism, besides several by letter. The additions—largely of the young—will in time be a source of great strength to the church. The church is doing what it can for missions. Of the nine churches in this Q. M., seven have pastors, mostly young men; they have six houses of worship and two parsonages. On the whole the Q. M. is in a prosperous condition. The church at Fairport has fortunately secured as pastor Bro. T. P. Stacy, recently of Bates College. He will enter upon his work at once, and will be ordained about the 17th inst. Prof. Howe, of Bates, will preach the ordination sermon. This is one of our strongest churches, and will no doubt do noble work in the future, as it has in the past. The trials of the past few months only furnish the armor and give the brethren determination to stand by the flag. The entire Association has great sympathy for the Fairport church.

The Oswego (N. Y.) Q. M. is doing a quiet and united work. Bro. Stone is fairly settled with the Gilbert's Mills church. Bro. Stone is a valuable accession to the force of this Q. M. Bro. Hallcock, of the Constantia church, is having wonderful success. He preaches three times each Sabbath, besides superintending a Sunday-school. He is just now engaged in a protracted effort in which souls are being won to Christ. The next session of the Q. M. is to be held with the North Scriba church. This is one of the strongest churches in the Central New York Yearly Meeting. It pays a "living salary," and as a consequence employs a "live man" for pastor. The relation between Bro. Wilson and his people is very cordial, such as can not be easily broken.

J. H. DURKEE, Cor. Sec.

Visiting Churches.—No. 3.

The village of Phillips, is a thriving village, surrounded by romantic, picturesque scenery, said by some visitors to be as fine as Switzerland. Here I spent nine years, in the strength and vigor of life, preaching one half of the time here, and the other in different churches, as opportunity presented. Here I taught school in several districts, and became acquainted and interested in the youth and children of that time, who are now men and women in the strength of life or in the decline of age. Here, too, I saw glorious revivals of God's work, and many souls converted to Christ. Here, more recently, I labored as pastor three years, renewing old acquaintances, and forming new ones, and saw a few souls added to the Lord. This church, like many country churches, has suffered greatly by removals and death. Men of wealth, intelligence, and piety, of the F. B. and M. E. churches, have either died, or gone to some other place to reside, and the religious strength was greatly diminished. Here lived and died Bro. William Toothaker and wife, and Bro. Samuel Wheeler, well known among our churches by their generous donations to our institutions of learning and missionary work. The church will greatly miss their aid in sustaining the public means of grace. The Christian denominations are well united, worshipping together alternately. The prospects of the village will be increased, by the completion of the railroad that is being built this season. Their pastor, Bro. Woodcock, is a genial, pleasant Christian worker, dividing his labors with this church, and the church in Madrid, where his labors have been blessed in the revival of the work of God. The church in Phillips has seen great prosperity in years past, and with intelligent, well-directed, and united effort, will exert a healthy and moulding influence on the future of this pleasant and thriving village. May

they be so guided by divine wisdom, that large accessions may be made to their numbers and strength. My visit was a very pleasant and enjoyable one. D. WATERMAN.

Jackson, Mich.

Thirty-five years ago, I came to Jackson, being one of a family of children, only seventeen in number. Father was then seeking a home in the far West. It was found, and some of us soon began to enjoy largely of Michigan's then most important personal product, the shaking ague. This now beautiful city was then only a good-sized village. The present magnificent steel-railroad, palace-car Michigan Central, was the "old snake-headed or strap-ironed R. R." Its passenger coaches only ran as far as J. R. Our people had then a struggling, gasping-for-breath church interest. That organization died, after a while another started, flourished for a season, got a meeting-house, had bad luck, lost its house and its visibility also. Years passed by; more F. B.'s drifted in from the East. Another organization started. It has had its struggles and trials, also the Master's blessing, until it has bloomed, and a good, strong church, having as pleasant, cheerful and convenient house of worship as any in the city. Rev. J. H. Walrath, their present pastor, is absent, enjoying a four weeks' vacation. As we went around among his sheep, we found that he was well liked by his flock, and glad to learn that he was doing a good work,—congregation steadily increasing in numbers, with a thriving Sabbath-school under the superintendence of Bro. Albert Allen. It is an omen good for our churches when we find young men, full of business during the week, earnestly taking hold of the Christian work on the Sabbath. In our rapidly growing cities of the West! our brethren must do away with much of the old folk element if they desire to keep pace with the demands, enterprises and spirit of the times. Men now ride by steam, and talk by lightning. Churches must be up and dusted, and ministers must preach like lightning. Our new country is being rapidly settled. It is a wonderfully large field to cultivate. Oh, how much we need more laborers in the great West! Our constant prayer is, Lord, send us more workmen. A. J. D. VIVIS.

Raymond Hill, Me.

By the politeness of W. P. Woodbury, Esq., we have been shown over this hill, and given an insight into the early history of the Free-will Baptists of Raymond. By the way, this hill is elevated high above the surrounding country, covered all over with very productive and highly cultivated farms, occupied by people of excellent morals, of very general intelligence, and in many instances of superior culture. Here is the birth place, and early home of Judge Symonds, now one of the Supreme judges of the State, his two sisters, long distinguished as teachers in the Maine State Seminary, and now of Portland, and of a school for young ladies of superior merit, children of Dea. Symonds, long a pillar in the Free Baptist church of Portland, since his removal there many years ago, now deceased and happily home.

Here, too, or just within sight, is the old home of the poet Hawthorne, with several other persons of mark, and State-wide reputation. From this hill-top we have an outlook which commands an area of many square miles, and scenery unsurpassed in its profusion, variety and beauty. We question whether any equal landscape in size, either in this country or the old world, can claim a better, a more delicate, beautiful and attractive arrangement and combination of natural objects, than can be seen here—of hills, mountains, trees, plants, shrubs, flowers, islands and waters, with pleasant villages, and many homes spread out from its feet many miles away. Here we have a full view of Lake Sebago, and Songo river, several ponds, splendidly bordered by evergreen trees, with the everlasting heads of the White Mountain range, looming up in the distance. Most enchanting are these scenes, and most elevating too, to every man who sees and reads the Divine Hand in them all—as is easily done.

The Free-will Baptist church of this Hill, has been in existence some ninety years. Organized by Elder Merrill, greatly strengthened and built up by Elds. Leach, Stinchfield, and Jordan. Mr. Leach was born, converted, baptized and was ordained here, and became the settled pastor of the church, and, under God, became a great blessing to the whole community. This was seventy-five years ago, and with other laborers the Raymond-hill church became one of the largest in numbers of our denomination in the State. Within the last forty years, Elds. Almon, Libby, Chase, Brackett and Potter, have rendered valuable services, and are very gratefully and affectionately remembered. Its present house of worship has been erected half a century, with a pleasant inside. It has a parsonage at a little distance, of a comfortable house and thirty acres of pretty good land. The church of late years, by removals and deaths, has become quite small. The house should be removed to the "corner," for the better accommodation of the citizens, and success of the cause. Rev. Mr. Stinchfield, Congregationalist, is now the acting pastor of the church. Mr. S. is a descendant of old Eld. Stinchfield, so long and well known as one of the denominational fathers. The pastor is an able minister of Jesus, and very highly esteemed. We looked on the monument erected to the memory of Eld. Isaac Libby, just in the rear of the church building, and thought of his very valuable labors, in gathering the Maine St. F. B. church, for forty or more years ago. Also of our subsequent acquaintance and intimate acquaintance of his peaceful end, and glorious immortality. His labors follow him. This church at Raymond Hill should be specially cared for, by our brethren in the ministry. It must not perish. Its history is too valuable. Its life too important and necessary for the Christian training and culture of a hundred families within its range of influence and moral power. This old church needs its help. Its present members are somewhat "cast-down," but not destroyed. They love the Zion of their fathers. God bless them. J. S. BURGESS.

Export of horses is becoming a profitable trade. Belgium affords a good market. The "Switzerland" recently carried forty saddle-horses to Antwerp, where horses are from 25 to 100 per cent. higher than here, which were sold at a good profit. Not one was lost, though the weather was rough. The cost of transportation is about \$50 per head, the duty, \$6. The Duke of Flanders is said to have paid 6,000 francs for an American horse of recent importation that pleased his fancy. The police of Eastern Roumelia believe they have discovered a wide-spread conspiracy in Tatar-bazardjik, Kezauil, Eskil-Sagra and Haskoi. There are six revolutionary committees, and pamphlets have been found summing the people to arms. A speedy uprising of Mohammedans is expected. A large Pasha proposes to place 12 battalions of militia on a war footing. It is thought, however, that these will be unable to meet the emergency.

News Summary.

CURRENT EVENTS.

President Hayes leaves for the West, Monday, Sept. 8.

Hon. Edwards Pierpont, late minister to England, is visiting friends in Paris.

The Earl of Dunraven is in New York preparing for another hunting excursion in Colorado.

Gen Butler will soon visit Illinois, and attend the fair at Rockford, Sept. 15. Chief Justice Waite is also expected to attend.

The remains of Sir Rowland Hill were consigned to their final resting-place in Westminster Abbey, Thursday.

Joseph W. Hunt, president of the Toledo, Delphos & Burlington railroad in Ohio, and quite prominent in railroad circles, was killed by a train west of Delphos, Tuesday.

Six weeks ago, the wife of ex-Sheriff William H. Kearn, of Philadelphia, was bitten by a pet dog. On Tuesday last symptoms of hydrophobia appeared, and Friday morning she died in great agony.

A Frankfort, Ky., special says the heavy rain Tuesday night did much damage. Total rainfall in Louisville for the past 36 hours, 4.4 inches.

Charles Demond was arraigned in the municipal court, Thursday, charged with embezzling funds of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society. In default of bail he was committed to jail. His arrest was surprise to him and will be to his friends, for the investigation by the District Attorney was understood to be still pending.

Judge Rice, of Keokuk, Iowa, who has just died, left \$10,000 to the Library Association of that city for the erection of a building; \$50,000 to Williams College, of Massachusetts, and \$10,000 to St. John's Episcopal Church, of Keokuk.

The New York Herald remarks that the residents of Sitka, Alaska, have at last formed a provisional government, and, being enough of them to fill all the offices without duplicating, there will probably be better order maintained than heretofore.

In Freeport, L. I., a willow that now measures 14 feet in circumference was thrust into the ground 45 years ago by Henry Smith, then a mere boy, after using it as a switch to drive cattle from the place.

About 4,000 head of cattle were lately sold in California for \$13 per head all around. When rebranded they are to be placed on a ranch at the head of the American river.

Wheat and corn can be raised in the West and shipped by rail to the Atlantic seaboard, and thence by steamer to Europe, cheaper than the Russian farmers can deliver it in Odessa.

The importation of horses from Canada to the United States has increased thirty fold in the last four years, from 214 horses, with a value of \$23,935, in 1874, to 6,632 in 1878, valued at \$491,233.

An asylum for aged domestic animals has just been opened at Genesee in France. There are already a cow thirty-six years old, a hog thirty-five, and a eighteen-year-old goat. The senior members of the family, however, is a mule forty years of age.

Latest News.

The latest returns from the California election indicate that the Republicans have elected all four of the Congressmen. The Legislature is still undecided, but if the Republicans have not a majority they will, in all probability, be able to control both houses. The result on the State ticket remains as heretofore reported. It is not quite certain how the Supreme Court will vote. There were seventeen cases and nine deaths reported at Memphis, Sunday.

The total number of new cases last week was 132—whites 78; colored 74. Total to date, 10,005; whites 5,332; colored 4,673. Total deaths to date, 270. The sales have been at \$1.50 and some very fine lots at a fraction above, but for most of the stock on the market \$6 is a fair price, and pretty good lots at \$5.50 to \$6. The low grades are in light request and rather weak.

Cheese—The receipts have been steady, with a little stronger feeling on the stock, which is well sold up. The sales have been at \$4.50 to \$5.00, and some very fine lots at a fraction above, but for most of the stock on the market \$6 is a fair price, and pretty good lots at \$5.50 to \$6. The low grades are in light request and rather weak.

Peas—Peas have been in good demand and prices are well sustained. Sales of choice have been at \$1.50 to \$1.75, and some very fine lots at a fraction above, but for most of the stock on the market \$6 is a fair price, and pretty good lots at \$5.50 to \$6. The low grades are in light request and rather weak.

Hay and straw—New Hay is beginning to arrive, and selling at \$14 to \$15 per ton, but to command the outside price it must be choice and light pressed. Old hay is selling at \$16 to \$17 per ton, but the outside for the best Northern and Eastern. Medium grades move slowly at \$10 to \$11 per ton. Sales of new Rye Straw at \$12 to \$13, and extra old at \$14 to \$15.

Port—The market is firmer, under the influence of the rise in the West, but quotations are unchanged. City cleared in 10 to 12 days, and Western and extra prime have ruled quiet. The sales of extra prime have been \$7.75 to \$8.00; city cleared at \$7.00 to \$7.25; and Western at \$6.50 to \$6.75.

Beef—The supply of Beef continues small with hardly enough doing to establish a market. The sales of Boston and Western at \$9 to \$9.50 per lb. Fancy in bags command 10¢ to 11¢ per lb.

Smoked Hams—The market is steady, with sales of Boston and Western at \$9 to \$9.50 per lb. Fancy in bags command 10¢ to 11¢ per lb.

Prof. Hayes has begun his lectures in Psychology to the Sophomore class. This term the Juniors have lectures in mechanics and on the English language. Two nines have been chosen from the college to practice three days during each week, in preparation for the base-ball season. Wilber, captain of the Bates nine, has been offered his tuition and board to catch for the Dartmouth team. He will probably remain in college. The Freshman class, it is hoped, will furnish men to fill the vacancies on the nine made by the last graduating class.

The officers of the Freshman class, Bates College, are as follows: President, A. E. Tinkham; Vice-President, F. A. Files; Secretary, E. S. Bickford; Treasurer, F. E. Foss; Historian, E. N. Digley; Orator, B. F. Wright; Prophet, J. L. Reade; Poetess, N. R. Little. The officers of the Sophomore class are as follows: President, A. E. Tinkham; Vice-President, F. A. Files; Secretary, E. S. Bickford; Treasurer, F. E. Foss; Historian, E. N. Digley; Orator, B. F. Wright; Prophet, J. L. Reade; Poetess, N. R. Little.

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Over-worked Business Men and Students.

To the feeble convalescent, and to the over-worked student or professional man or man of business who finds himself slowly losing vitality and the power to do his best; who knows that his health is gradually giving way, and that, if he does not get a break-down in the near future, a fatal, it may be—in evitable, "Compound Oxygen" offers an almost certain means of relief and restoration. Send for our Treatise on "Compound Oxygen" which gives the latest information and many remarkable testimonials from widely known and eminent public men. Sent free. Address: Drs. Starkey & Pallen, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia.

Visitors to the New Hampshire State Fair at Dover, next week should not fail to see the RIVINGTON MANGLER, which from doles with out heat. Those who do not attend the Fair should send for a circular to E. A. Whiston, Herald Building, Boston, Mass.

We learn that the Lake Shore Railroad has carried an unprecedented number of passengers this season to and from Lake Chautauque, and has increased its popularity by the superior accommodations afforded. To those who wish to travel from Chicago to New York or Boston, or the reverse, this road affords an unsurpassed, continuous line, with elegant coaches and all the necessities of comfort and safety combined with speed.

THE MARKETS.

Boston Produce Report.

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

Boston, Saturday, September 6. FLOUR—The receipts of Flour for the week have been 3,201 bbls. of all kinds against 34,208 bbls. for the corresponding week of 1878, and 44,374 bbls. in 1875. The exports for the same time were 12,882 bbls. of which 5,790 bbls. went to Liverpool, 5,202 to British Provinces, 140 to Africa, 130 to Hayti, and 60 bbls. to Halifax. There is no change in the Flour market, and the demand from the trade continues moderate. Spring wheat extra and low grades are scarce and continue to be taken for export. There is now a good supply of new winter wheat on the market, and the sales of Flour are giving good satisfaction, and selling at comparatively low prices. Patents with prospective receipts for some weeks, are expected to attract more attention, but sales have not been to any extent. There is a demand for leading and well known brands that range from \$7 to \$8 per bbl., but all brands not well known are very dull and difficult to sell. Included in the receipts of the week are 16,127 bbls. by the Grand Junction Railroad, principally for export to Europe and the West. Flour is selling at \$7 to \$8 per bbl., including choice and favorite brands at \$7 to \$8. Patents, 11,005 bbls. at \$1.45 to \$1.50 per bu. The latter for extra brands, Illinois and Indiana ranges from \$5 to \$5.75; and Ohio and Michigan at \$5 to \$5.50 per bu. The Michigan Flour gives very good satisfaction, but it is difficult to get over \$5.25 per bbl. for the best.

CORN MEAL—There continues to be a good demand for Corn Meal, with sales at \$2 to \$2.25 per bbl.

RYE FLOUR—The market is firm, with sales at \$3.50 to \$4 per bbl.

OAT MEAL—There is a fair demand for Oat Meal, with sales at \$3 to \$4 per bbl., as to quality.

BUTTER—The receipts for Butter for the week have been 10,408 tubs and 105 boxes against 11,005 tubs and 1,243 boxes for the same time last year. Total receipts since January 1 have been 48,576 packages against 45,474 for the same time last year. Exports for the week have been 2,430 packages against 2,427 packages for the same time last year.

The only change to note in the market is a firmer tendency on fine grades, which are growing scarcer every week, and for which holders are getting an advance of our cents a pound. But general trade continues light and buyers do not respond readily to the rise. Medium stock, or which the bulk of the receipts is composed, moves at the same price. Fine, well-established creameries readily command 16¢ per lb., and one or two fancy brands go a little higher, but several of the best creamery are selling at 15 to 17¢. Fine fresh made dairy lots, Franklin County, Vermont, command 17¢ per lb., and occasionally fancy lots go a shade higher, but the supply of this kind is very small, and most of the New York and Vermont dairies range from 13 to 15¢ per lb.

CHEESE—The receipts for the week have been 9,245 boxes against 15,403 boxes for the same week last year. Exports for the week have been 2,114 boxes against 6,140 boxes for the same time last year.

The Cheese market sustains a steady tone, with little stronger feeling on the stock, which is well sold up. The sales have been at \$4 to \$5 per lb., and some very fine lots at a fraction above, but for most of the stock on the market \$6 is a fair price, and pretty good lots at \$5.50 to \$6. The low grades are in light request and rather weak.

PEAS—Peas have been in good demand and prices are well sustained. Sales of choice have been at \$1.50 to \$1.75, and some very fine lots at a fraction above, but for most of the stock on the market \$6 is a fair price, and pretty good lots at \$5.50 to \$6. The low grades are in light request and rather weak.

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NATURE'S REMEDY. VEGETINE.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Completely Cured Me.

NEWPORT, KY., Feb. 26, 1877.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:—

Dear Sir, I write to say that seven bottles of your Vegetine have completely cured me from a very severe case of Scrofula, of many years' standing, after trying many medicines and doctoring a great deal. I am now free from all sores, and can work as well as ever, and think the Vegetine is a god-send, and no one ought to do without it. I remain, respectfully yours, J. A. PATRICK.

Vegetine is sold by all Druggists.

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