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The Morning Star.

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THE MORNING STAR

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this paper.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1879.

CHILDHOOD'S JOYS.

The children's world is full of sweet

surprises;

Our common things are precious in their

sight;

For them the stars shine, and the morning

glows

To show new treasures of untold delight;

A dance of bluebells in the shady places;

A crimson flush of sunset in the west;

The cobwebs, delicate as fairy lace;

The daisies, delicate as a wood-bird's nest.

Their hearts and lips are full of simple praises

To Him who made the earth divinely sweet,

They dwell among the buttercups and daisies,

And find His blessings strewn about their

feet.

But we, worn out by days of toil and sorrow,

And sick of pleasures that are false and

vain,

Would freely give our golden hoards to borrow

One little hour of childhood's bliss again.

Yet He who sees their joy beholds our sad-

ness;

And in the wisdom of a Father's love

He keeps the secret of the heavenly gladness;

Our sweet surprises wait for us above.

—Sunday Magazine.

"Science," says Mr. Gladstone, "is

made for few men; but duty is the mis-

trede of all men; they can not be men

without it."

"That is a home thrust which Rev. Dr.

Cuyler gives: 'What we need in our

day is not more Christians, but more

Christianity."

Is life hard? We make it so. Is it full

of perplexing cares? It is because we are

not satisfied with the duties and enjoy-

ments right before us. We make plans

out of our own ignorance and willfulness,

and then complain because Providence

does not make the way to their realiza-

tion. There is no such blindness as the

blindness of pre-occupation.

There is a sterling truth in this from

the Golden Rule: "A man may be right

in feeling the world can do without him,

but every man ought to feel that the

world needs the best efforts of his life."

Not the best effort of somebody else's life,

not the great things somebody else can

do, but the best efforts of his own indi-

vidual life; and this each can give.

To be tender and true is something

very different from being "soft." Yet

shallow natures confound them. To be

tender and true unto the past, to be ten-

der and true unto the future, is only made

real by being tender and true unto the

present. The great moral laws must be

obeyed, but of the nature of the case

that obedience is only possible in the

present. The great facts in life must also

be obeyed, but these facts, again, are alone

binding in the present. They may be

facts of the past, but their obligatory na-

ture comes solely from the present life in

them.

It is a common proverb that man pro-

poses but God disposes. To lose faith in

an overruling Power is to be troubled

with many unexplained questionings.

Justice outlasts injustice; plain honesty

overcomes cunning. It is truly a glori-

ous victory when right wins and its ene-

mies are discomfited. Many dark days

and years preceded the overthrow of sla-

very in this country; a multitude of tra-

gedies are to-day preparing the way for

the downfall of the rum fiend. In the ne-

cessities of the world sufferings are required

to further the way of every good work.

Suffering and persecution are strangely

the soil in which love expresses itself in

devotion and heroism. Truth crushed to

earth rises again in its fullest glory.

Worn out lives become radiant with un-

wonted peace and beneficence. Sickness,

poverty, worldly want and misery can not

prevent the streaming of heavenly light

into the human soul. There is an over-

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BALE, SWITZERLAND,

Sept. 1, 1879.

Before speaking of the meetings of the

Evangelical Alliance, let me introduce

something of the city where they are

held, with as much brevity as possible.

Bale, or Basel, the capital of a Swiss

Canton of that name, first appears in his-

tory in A. D. 374, when the Roman army,

falling back from its holds in France and

Germany, founded it under the name of

Basilia. It owes the great commercial

prosperity which it enjoys to its fortunate

facilities for trade with France and Ger-

many and to the spirit of enterprise in its

people. Its population is 46,000; 12,000

of which are Catholics. It has a public

library of 95,000 volumes; a university

founded in 1459; a Bible society organ-ized

in 1804—the first on the continent. It

is noted for its manufactures of silk rib-

bons, in which 3,000 persons are employed.

It has a celebrated theological semina-

ry, the largest and most influential in Eu-

rope, for the education of missionaries,

established in 1816, from which have

gone some of the most valuable workers

in Africa, China, Palestine and India.

The late remarkable Bishop Gobat, who

died last April, at the age of 80 years, the

Episcopal Bishop of Jerusalem, was edu-

cated here. There are at present 85 stu-

dents in three classes, in a course of study

embracing about five years. Each recita-

tion room and the rooms for study have

upon their doors the name of some one of

the missionary stations of special interest

because of past members of the seminary

laboring there, and these rooms are called

after the name of the station. A large

and very complete ethnological collection,

with various relics, occupies a spacious

room in the seminary. Of their mode of

living and study, I can not stop to speak.

But around no other place in Bale does

memory linger as around the old Gothic

Cathedral, built in 1010, destroyed by fire,

restored in 1185, almost demolished by a

great earthquake in 1356, but rebuilt in

fine Gothic style; "bereft of its most

beautiful ornaments in the great icono-

clasm of 1529," but re-decorated with

great skill in 1852–6, it is one of the finest

Protestant churches in the world. It

contains the tombs of Erasmus and Ecol-

ampsius. Within its walls was held

1431–43, the last of the three great re-

forming councils of the 15th century. In

this council, as in the two preceding, at

Pisa, 1409, and Constance, 1414, the ma-

jority aimed to reform the Catholic church

by destroying the absolute supremacy of

the Pope, in asserting the supremacy of

ecumenical councils. Had its aim been a

reform in doctrine, rather than a reform in

discipline, the coming of the Reformation

would doubtless have been greatly hast-

ened. It was a hundred years before

Martin Luther, and no theses embodying

religious freedom were promulgated.

Earnest and thoughtful men saw that

no efficient reform could take place with-

out destroying the Papacy, and, naturally

enough, without the inspiration of life

from on high through some doctrine of

justification by faith, they shrank from the

stupendous task. Some progress toward

reform in discipline and ecclesiastical

freedom had been made at Pisa and at

Constance, but it was all undone at Bale.

The controversy was ended by a compro-

mise that resulted in the abdication of

Pope Felix, and the council of Bale rat-

ified his abdication and directed the church

to obey the new Pope Nicholas, and Nich-

olas confirmed the acts and decrees of the

council; and a long period of freedom

from internal discord ensued.

We need not stop long to mention the

giving of the New Testament to the world,

from an old Greek manuscript still to be

seen here, by Erasmus, who so greatly

aided the reformation intellectually; and

how this Testament fell into the hands and

its truths into the heart of Martin Luther;

nor how greatly the new world is indebt-

ed to Luther and Calvin and Zwingli for

its political and religious freedom; nor

how Tyndale gave to Englishmen the Bi-

bles, "the first English classic," under the

inspiration of Erasmus' labors, for all

these things are matters of thrilling inter-

est to the Christian scholar. We can not

forget that Switzerland, the oldest repub-

lic, has laid the newest under tribute of

gratitude for such valued citizens as the

statesman Albert Gallatin; as the zo-ol-

setting forth of the grounds and princi-

ples of Christian Union, by which a

real unity, not uniformity, can be attain-

ed. Whatever the diversities of opinion,

at the foundation we are one.

The Alliance was formally opened in

the evening in the great Union Hall, or

Vereinshaus, with an audience of 2,500

people; many others came, but could not

gain even standing room and went away

disappointed. Fraternal addresses were

made by Prof. Eeklin of this city in Ger-

man, by Dr. Schaff of New York, in Eng-

lish, and by Prof. Biguet of Lausanne, in

French. Germans, Englishmen, Italians

and Frenchmen were one, though speak-

ing different tongues, when we bowed in

prayer to our Father in heaven. It is as-

tonishing how much better one under-

stands a prayer uttered in a language with

which he is only partially familiar, than a

speech in that language. There is an in-

terpreting power in the Spirit of God, and

besides a man uses simpler more direct

terms in addressing God than when

speaking to men.

It is fitting that in this city, where so

many refugees from political and relig-

ious persecution have found peace and

protection, where the great names of re-

form and learning seem to be present in

spirit, such a convocation should be held.

The choir of fifty well-trained voices sang

the German hymn, "Wie lieblich ist

das haus des Herrn." "How lovely is

the house of the Lord," and later in the

evening came the Luther hymn: "A

strong fortress is our God," a hymn that

never fails to inspire and strengthen.

Prof. Oosterzee, of Utrecht, a man of

massive features, full of strength and

beauty, whom no one could fail to recog-

nize as a man of note, sat near me, and

when the words, "That Word shall for-

ever stand," were sang, it was touching

to observe the unconscious but significant

bowing of his head in sympathy of ap-

proval. When, to-day, I saw him, and

told him of the welcome his name re-

ceived in America, he was very much

pleased and very self-deprecating. His

form and those of Dr. Hall, of N. Y., and

Dr. Donald Fraser, of London, are the

most striking I have seen in the meetings

of the Alliance; I must include, too, the

huge figure of one member of the cele-

brated house of Neckar, of Geneva.

It is a rare privilege to see such men

as are announced to speak this week, Dr.

Von Scheele, of Upsala; Drs. Fisch and

Preussner, of Paris; Fiedner, of Madrid;

Wach, of Leipzig; Christlieb, of Bonn,

and Stockmeyer, of Bale; besides such

English and American celebrities as Drs.

Dykes, Anderson, Pope, Battersby,

Stoughton and Fraser; and Washburne,

Hall, Anderson, of N. Y., S. G. Brown,

Cheney, and many others.

While sitting in this great hall on the

banks of the wonderful Rhine, how could

one help thinking of the progress of our

common Christianity as something like

the course of that river, cradled amid

storm and in feebleness, but kept by the

mountains and supplied by them, it has

had its tumultuous flow, its lake Con-

S. S. Department.

Sabbath-School Lesson.—Oct. 5.

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

OUR GREAT HIGH PRIEST.

DAILY READINGS.

- M. A priest forever. Heb. 7:17-28.
T. O'at sacrifice for sins. Heb. 10:1-22.
W. Melchisedec. Gen. 14:18-24.
Th. Aaron made high priest. Lev. 8:1-30.
F. The high priest's sacrifice. Lev. 9:1-24.
S. Nadab and Abihu. Lev. 10:1-20.
S. Our great High Priest. Heb. 4:14-16; 5:1-6.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for us."—Heb. 7:25.

Heb. 4:14-16; 5:1-6.

Notes and Hints.

The authorship of this book, though ascribed to Paul, is unknown. The language and style are unlike that of Paul's epistles. On the other hand, the sentiment, the mention of Timothy, the salutation in chapter 13:24, and other things in the form and style of the letter are evidences of Paul's authorship of the book. Anciently, the Eastern church assigned it to him; the Western to another author, to Barnabas, Luke, Apollos or Silas. But the date of the book is evidently prior to the destruction of the temple, in A. D. 70, and is later than, or near, the beginning of the persecution by Nero, in 64 A. D. The aim of the book is to show that Christ performs, in a superior way, the offices of the Jewish priesthood and service.

"A great high priest." The high priest was the chief of the priests of the Lord. He alone entered the Holy of Holies, once a year, on the day of atonement, and made expiation for the sins of the people. He was distinguished from other priests by his robes, but had few duties, besides the one just named, which were not common to all the priests. Jesus is our high priest because he does for us what the high priest did for the Jews.

"Passed into the heavens." "Passed through the heavens" is the literal rendering. The throne of God is above the heavens. Jesus, at his ascension, went up through the heavens, that is, the visible sky, to that throne.

"Jesus the Son of God." Not Jesus the Son of Aaron, from whom the high priest came, but Jesus the Son of God. This title is frequently given to Jesus in this book.

"Hold fast our profession." Our profession of faith in Christianity. The reason for so doing is that, having such a high priest, we are sure that his intercession will prevail.

"Which can not be touched." Who can not sympathize with us, or know and share our feelings. "Our infirmities." Our weaknesses, trials, sorrows, sins. "In all points." This is not to be pressed beyond its general import. Christ had all the common experiences of a man.

"Tempted like as we are." Since his temptations were like ours, it follows that he knows how we feel and what we need. "Id without sin." This may be added for the sake of encouraging us to overcome sin as he did; or to help us to faith in the efficacy of his services as high priest.

"Come boldly unto the throne of grace." Since our high priest will surely prevail with God for us. The throne of grace is the throne of God, before which we come by prayer. It is now a throne of grace or favor because God is disposed to give blessings to those who, in the name of Christ, come to it.

"Obtain mercy and find grace." Obtain that help from God which he mercifully and graciously will give to us according to our need, if we come to him.

"Ordained." Appointed. "For men in things pertaining to God." That is, they are appointed in behalf of men who have business with God. They, then, are the attorneys of men before God. "Gifts and sacrifices for sins." The Jews brought offerings of their own free will, and sacrifices prescribed by the law to be offered for sins. The priest took them and presented them to God.

"Can have compassion." That is, is a man who can be gentle and considerate with the erring. "On the ignorant and on them that are out of the way." The ignorant and the erring. "Compassed with infirmity." He is just like other sinners. Hence, he can not but treat them with gentleness and kindness as they come to the altar with sacrifices and prayers.

"By reason hereof." On account of his own infirmities. "So also for himself, to offer." The Jewish law recognized him as a sinner, and required of him, as of other sinners, sacrifices to God. Then, too, before sacrificing for sinners, he was, on the day of atonement, first to sacrifice for himself.

"Take this honor." That is, decides for himself whether to be high priest or not. "As was Aaron." God gave the office of high priest to Aaron, and to the eldest son in the successive families of this descendants.

"Christ glorified not himself." Did not ambitiously aspire to the honor. The Father gave him this honor. "To-day have I begotten thee." Quoted from Ps. 2:7. Christ, the Son of God, was made high priest not when it was said of him as above, but after the incarnation.

"After the order of Melchisedec." This order is explained in Heb. 7:11-17. It

is first noticed in Ps. 110:4. "After the order" means, "According to the rank of Melchisedec." For an account of Melchisedec read Gen. 14:18-20. Christ was a priest like Melchisedec, not by descent from Aaron, but by divine appointment and forever, not after a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life. The endlessness of his priesthood is the thought here to be made prominent. See Heb. 7:16.

Practical Lessons. (1) Christ is in full sympathy with men. (2) He knows their wants and intercedes for them. (3) Relying on him we can come boldly to the throne of grace. (4) Ours is a sinless high priest, hence, of more influence than others. (5) God has given us this high priest that we might be saved.

THE BLACKBOARD IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

The other day, an old Sunday-school superintendent, and one of the men who keep pace with the times, said to the writer of this article:—

"I am afraid of the blackboard; and the more I think about it, the more I believe that it should only be used as a last resort, and then only to illustrate lessons that are purely objective."

We are not prepared to go quite so far as our friend, but we do believe that an extraordinary amount of common sense must be brought to bear on blackboard exercises to make them of any use. A short time since, in looking over a Sunday-school magazine that has a special department for the blackboard, our eye rested on a picture that was intended to illustrate the constant out-pouring of God's Spirit into the souls of his children. It was to our eye a gray-boat, held by an amputated hand, pouring gray into a cuspilore. We think if the picture by itself had been given to any child of ten years old, that is about the impression it would have made. A tortuous explanation twisted some meaning into it, but a picture that requires more explanation than would have been necessary to make the idea plain without the picture, is surely valueless. And this is the case with most of the blackboard exercises indicated in the magazines. A man might guess at their meaning without the explanation, but he would probably have to try a good many times.

We believe there should be a blackboard in every Sunday-school, but that it should be used cautiously. Where a lesson touches the circle of mathematics, the blackboard may be used advantageously. Sums in Scripture arithmetic may be worked out on it before the school. It may be used in geographical exercises. The travels of the Apostles may be indicated on it, and the relative position of cities. And if a good draughtsman is at hand, implements and weapons and fruits, and a hundred other objects may be drawn out on it. Such references as that of the sword and spears beaten into pruning-hooks and plow-shares may be made plain by simple pictures of the articles named. The Scriptural figure of the shield and buckler will be forever better understood by the children if they know how a shield was worn, and what a buckler was, and these things can be well shown on the blackboard.

Where the lessons are of an objective character, bring out your blackboard; but don't try to draw out in pictures those things which are so subtle that words can only half express them, and before which even the soul stands appalled in contemplation. The figure of a big-mouthed lion shaking a long-linked chain will be far more likely to arouse in the pupil's mind an idea of feeding-time in a menagerie, than it will to impress the grand truth of the breaking of the chains of sin by the Lion of Judah.

Remember this in using the blackboard: it is but an adjunct to other teaching; when a superintendent gets to be the slave of his blackboard, and bends everything toward giving it prominence, his teachers had better advise him to split it into kindling-wood, and go back to the old-fashioned stupid method of the questions and answers, which is certainly a tolerably safe method of teaching, if it is rather a dull one.—Golden Rule.

IN REPLY to the question, "What would you do with a class of unruly boys?" the Rev. Abbot E. Kittredge, D. D., says in the Evangelist:

1. There ought never to be such a class, but such boys should be separated and distributed through a school, and this, of itself, usually is a barrier to all further trouble.

2. If the teacher fails to interest the class, then it is not strange that boys who are brimful of fun should let off some of it in the school. You must either engage the boy's attention, or he will engage your attention.

3. Love is a wonderful weapon with which to disarm a boy's mischievousness, and make him eager to listen to your words. Shake hands with each one of your class, say a kind word to each one, ask affectionately for those whom he loves at home, and then, as a rule, your scholars will love you, they will watch eagerly for your coming, your slightest word will be obeyed gladly, and the most thoughtless will become thoughtful of your wishes and unwilling to grieve you.

4. But if the fails to win, and a scholar is positively wilful, disturbing his own and other classes, then there is but one course to pursue, for the good of the largest number is paramount to that of a single scholar. He must be forbidden to come to the school. While there are some who argue that this step ought never to be taken, I have known the most blessed results from such a course, even the conversion of the unruly scholar, who, only by such a severe measure, was brought to reflection and repentance.

Communications.

ROUND THE WORLD.

BY E. W. PAGE.

NOTES BY THE WAY.—NO. 7.

OGDEN, UTAH, June 4, 1879.

By the present line of road the cars enter Echo Canyon at the little station of Castle Rock, eight miles from Wasatch, the place of the date of my last letter.

This place derives its name from a long line of sandstone bluffs on the right side of the canyon, which are so worn by the action of the elements, as to present the form of old castles of the feudal times, so often spoken of, but seldom seen by modern travelers. For a long distance these rocks line the right hand bank of the canyon, and rise from 500 to 1,500 feet above the valley, presenting to the wondering tourist pictures of grace and beauty, and scenes of the sublimest grandeur imaginable. The cars wind around these vast rocks amid some of the wildest and grandest views, constantly surprising the traveler, at each turn, with some scene, if possible, more wonderful than the last. Not slow and cautiously, as one might imagine, but the iron horse, conscious of his power, with a snort and roar, plunges down the defile, which momentarily increases to a gorge, only to become shortly a grand and awful chasm. The left-hand side of the canyon presents but few attractions, and the nerves of few ladies will endure the strain of an outside seat. Many chose an inside seat, but Joe and myself, despite the dust, sat on the platform of the car for about fifty miles, "wrapped in wonder and surprise." Joe crying out, at every turn, "Look! do look!" while each of us with one hand held fast to the iron guard, and with the other arm clasped more and more closely each other. I felt like constantly exclaiming, "Great God! how wonderful are thy works!"

Seven miles below Castle Rock is the Natural Bridge, spanning a cleft in the wall on the right—a conglomerate formation of wonderful beauty, on the top of which is Hanging Rock, which has more than a local reputation, as it gave name to one of the overland stage stations when the railroad was but a dream of the sanguine. As we rush swiftly along, waking the echoes in these castellated monuments of red rock, whose towering domes and frowning buttresses gave name to this remarkable opening in the Wasatch Mountains, we became almost wild looking up to the dizzy heights. Rain, wind and storm, with sun-bine and frost, during the ages, have combined in vain to destroy them—these mighty walls of Echo remain. There still hang the delicate fret-work and frost-work from the walls; still the pillar, column, dome and turret spire stand boldly forth in all their grand, wild and weird beauty to entrance the traveler, and fill his mind with awe and wonder! On the topmost height, nearly a thousand feet above the bottom of the canyon, can be seen the fortifications erected by the Mormons to defend the pass against Johnson's army, sent out in 1857 by Uncle Sam. The fortifications consist of massive rocks, placed on the very verge of the precipice, and were to be thrown down on the heads of the soldiers below; but the experiment was never made, and the rocks remain as a monument of the heartless cruelty of these deluded people.

On goes our train, whirling us past castle, column, tower, rugged battlements, and ravines which cut the walls from crest to base in awful chasm, on past Steamboat Rock, whose graceful lines (seems in the rocks) easily suggest a load of passengers worthy of the mighty vessel. But she stands in stone, and the carpenters—the elements—are slowly taking her timbers apart. On still, crossing Echo Creek thirty-one times in twenty-six miles, we rush past the Witches' Cave as if in mortal fear; and on Past Pulpit Rock, standing out bold and clear from the face of the wall, as if inviting the mighty echoes to lift up their voices in proclamation of loud hallelujahs of praise to the great Creator for his "wonderful works."

Our engine gives a loud scream of warning to the brakeman, who, "throwing on the brakes," brings the train to a stop at Weber River and Echo City station. We take a long breath, brush the dust from our eyes, and get off the train to look back, as far as we can, over the fearful passes that kept our nerves at such high tension, glad to have a few moments, change before entering Weber Canyon. The city, as it is called, is not a very inviting place, unless one wishes to fish or hunt, in which case, a few days can be spent delightfully, as fish and game are abundant. Elk, deer and bears abound in the mountains, and antelope are taken near the city. Weber river is a stream of respectable dimensions, worthy of the name of river. It rises in the Wasatch Mountains, seventy miles to the south, its waters being supplied with thousands of springs and many large tributaries and the everlasting snows of this rugged mountain-range, and empties into the Great Salt Lake, fifty miles from Echo City.

We again resume our seats on the platform for the ride through Weber Canyon. Four miles below Echo City we enter the Narrows of Weber Canyon, through which the road is cut for two miles, most of the way in the mountain side far above the bed of the river.

The traveler should now look sharp, for fresh objects of wonder are on every side. Soon after leaving Echo City, on the right is seen Witches' Back—a collection of red, yellow and gray conglomerate rocks, standing out from the side of the cliff, high above the river, and themselves twenty to sixty feet in height, and so formed as not to require a great stretch of the imagination to see a company of witches in consultation. Rushing past these, we shortly come to the One Thousand Mile Tree, a thrifty, branching pine, bearing on its trunk a sign-board that tells the western-bound traveler that he has passed over 1000 miles of railway from Omaha. This living mile-stone of Nature's planting, has long marked this place. Long before the hardy Mormon passed down this wild gorge, or the transcontinental railroad was ever thought of, this lone tree stood solitary and green where all was barren and desolation. When the lurking savage and wild beast claimed supremacy here, and each in turn reposed under its branches, it was, itself, a monarch. But now, how changed the scene! The ceaseless bustle of this progressive age, the hum of industry and the roar and rush of the passing locomotive, has taken the place of the old quiet, and henceforth the lone tree will not be an index of the gloomy past, but a witness of the coming greatness of a free and enlightened people.

Just below this tree, the cars cross a trestle-bridge to the left bank of the Weber, then a short distance and re-cross to the right-hand side, and then just almost opposite the bridge, on the side of the mountain to the left, can be seen the "Devil's Slide," or serrated rocks, composed of two ridges of granite rock reaching from the river almost to the summit of the sloping mountain, grass-clad otherwise from the river to its summit. They are from 50 to 300 feet high—narrow slabs, standing on edge, as though by a convulsion of nature thrown out of the mountain side. The two ridges run parallel with each other, and from ten to fifteen feet apart, the space between being covered with grass and wild flowers, and at the distance seen from the cars, present a very curious and weird appearance; but what gave it the name of Devil's Slide, I can not imagine, unless fancy might have conjectured that his Infernal Majesty's imps might have supplied themselves with wood from these vast mountain ranges to keep the fires of the bottomless pit, and made this slide the means of conveyance, in fact, to the regions below.

Rushing on swiftly, we pass Weber Quarry. The mountains seem to have been dove-tailed together and then torn rudely asunder, leaving the rough promontories and ragged chasms as obstacles to bar our progress, while one face of the rocks seem to be a counterpart of that on the other side of the river. But engineering skill has triumphed over all this, and where the road could not be built over or around these obstacles, it is tunneled under. Now we rush across the river and through a tunnel 550 feet long, cut in the solid rock, with heavy cuts and fills at either end. Again the frowning cliffs bar our further progress, and we cross again the river, rushing and roaring over the rocks below, and burrow our way under the edge of another promontory and cross a pretty little valley, called "Round Valley." Dashing along, with but a moment to get a glimpse of its beauties, we enter the narrow gorge again. On between these lofty walls, with bare room for the track between them, and the foaming torrent at our feet—on we rush, with apparently increased speed, holding our breath as we round a jutting point and emerge into a lengthened widening of the canyon and pause at Weber station.

This station lies between two Mormon settlements which, taken together, are called Morgan City, and situated on either side of the river, with a population of about 1,000. There are some good buildings of brick and stone and adobe (sun-dried brick). At this station, opposite the depot, the first sign is seen, with the initials "Z. C. M. I.," which in Mormon rendering, means "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution," which has its headquarters at Salt Lake City, of which I shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

This valley shows the benefits of irrigation in Utah. Where the land is below the irrigating canals, and is cultivated, it yields immense crops. The sides and tops of these mountains are covered with grass, and afford excellent pasturage for cattle and sheep all the year round, as the snows of winter are so light, and what does come blows off, to a great extent, while the valleys below without irrigation, are parched and dry, especially in summer.

The engine whistles all on board for the "last boat" in Weber Canyon, and on we go nine miles to Peterson, a small station amid and between the towering mountains, the valley now lost in the narrow, gloomy gorge, when suddenly a sharp whistle gives the warning, and we approach the Devil's Gate—the wildest scenery of the road in all the canyons. Onward toils the long train, through a deep cut and across a bridge fifty feet above the seething cauldron of waters, where massive rocks tower high above into the clouds and cast their shadows far down into the Witches' Cauldron below. As the train slows speed on coming to this point—whether in fear of disturbing him over whose domains we are passing or to give us a better view, I did not learn, but involuntarily we hold our breath while we gaze in rapt astonishment on this wild scene, vainly trying to analyze our feelings, in which awe, wonder and

admiration are blended. But we have no time for thought, for, with quickened speed, on we rush, down the right-hand bank of the river, on between these massive walls worn and seamed in their ceaseless resistance of the elements in the ages past; and, though so vast in proportion and rugged and impassable in appearance, yet their very forms, chiseled by these mighty forces, giving evidence that the high, the great, the mighty, in these giant forms of nature, are as man-alike subject to the Divine law, and change must pass upon all alike, while the great Creator is himself alone unchangeable! Still on, as anxious to escape these frowning battlements of rock, we haste toward the opening light before us, leaving behind the toppling rock, and from the last and blackest buttresses which guard the entrance to Weber Canyon we emerge to light and beauty and catch our first view of the Great Salt Lake, and behold broad plains and well-cultivated fields which stretch their lines of waving green and golden shades beyond in the valley, where, save the curse of Mormonism, all is beautiful and fair.

We stop at Uintah station, near which, in 1862, was the Morrisite massacre, where 1,000 Mormons with five pieces of artillery attacked the Morrisites, and, after three days' skirmishing and a score or more had been killed, the Morrisites surrendered. Burton, the Mormon leader, took possession of all he could find; and although a prisoner and entitled to at least the show of a trial, shot Joseph Morris, an apostate Mormon, and two defenseless women who dared to remonstrate with him in behalf of their leader and prophet. The only offense of Morris was that he claimed to be the true prophet of God instead of Brigham Young. The followers of Morris, 400 in number, three-fourths women and children, were condemned at Salt Lake City to wear the ball-and-chain, and those able to work, to picking—hewing stone for the Mormon temple. They were all liberated in the spring of 1863, on arrival of Hon. S. S. Harding as Governor of the Territory.

On emerging from Weber Canyon, "Well," says Joe, "I think the Devil has altogether too much of this territory. We have passed the Witches' Cauldron, the Devil's Slide and the Devil's Gate! I wonder if he owns all here and that is the reason the Mormons are allowed to remain here so quietly?"

A few miles further on, the road winds around to the right, following the base of the mountains, with the river on our left. The country is fertile and dotted with well-cultivated farms, and gives evidence of prosperity and wealth.

Seven miles from Uintah we reach Ogden, and tarry for the night before going to Great Salt Lake City.

REV. JEREMIAH CLOUGH.

Rev. Jeremiah Clough died in London, N. H., July 30, 1879, aged 87 years and 6 months. He had failed during the summer, but was confined to the house but a short time in his last sickness; had suffered from partial paralysis, for several years, but endured his severe sufferings with Christian patience and cheerfulness, often speaking of his departure, and even longing for the home above.

In early life his literary opportunities were limited, but well improved; in a good sense, he was a self-made man. Familiar with the Scriptures, and a careful student of nature, he had stored up a large amount of useful knowledge, which made his society very pleasant and instructive.

Prominent among the characteristics of this minister of Jesus Christ, was (1) His profound reverence for God, the fruitage of which was a solemn regard for the house of God, spiritual devotion in worship, whether public or private, and cast a mantle of sacredness over all the ordinances and services of the house of God. (2) Charity or benevolence, out of which was developed that untiring zeal and unabating Christian love manifested in him to the last, for the church of his choice, and also his abounding ministerial labors in Canterbury and vicinity, so many years, the untold benefactions to Christian ministers and brethren, his constant aid to the poor—donations to destitute churches—for meeting-houses—educational purposes—missions, Home and Foreign, etc., etc. (3) His love of justice and truth gave him a public character for truth and veracity. We do not know as his word was ever questioned. He fulfilled to the letter and spirit his word or promise, in temporal as well as spiritual things. He believed in rendering to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's. (4) His social nature was strong, which gave him affability of manners, made home pleasant, and the multitudes who have enjoyed the hospitalities of that home will remember with great satisfaction, the wise counsel and words of good cheer which fell from his venerable lips, now silent, only—like Abel—he, being dead, yet speaketh. This, too, made him welcome in the house of affliction.

But he is gone—and oh, how we miss him, in the house of God, in the old home, and most of all in his late residence, where the dear widowed mother and only daughter survive, to mourn the loss of so kind a husband and loving and indulgent father and the whole neighborhood, of a worthy fellow citizen, an eminent Christian and a devoted minister of the Lord Jesus Christ.

As a preacher, he was pleasant in his address, clear in his doctrine, natural in

his illustrations, practical in application, and often very impressive. Having this armor of gifts and graces, it is no wonder he succeeded so well, and accomplished so much for good.

An extract of his experience as given by himself:

"I was born at Loudon Center, Feb. 3, 1792, and lived with my parents till my marriage in 1813.

"Early in life I was called of God to attend to the salvation of my soul, prayed much in secret, believed in heart, but was unwilling to confess with my mouth the Lord Jesus Christ, so lived in a state of condemnation. I flattered myself it would be a more convenient season after I was settled in the world, but I found it a sad mistake, for my heart was more and more inclined to grieve the Holy Spirit, and set at naught the righteous requirements of God, hence the greater condemnation. Moved to Canterbury in 1816, and still neglected the one thing needful. May 1, 1819, I met with an accident and narrowly escaped with my life; death seemed inevitable; my sins appeared like mountains before me; in this sad condition I prayed to the Lord to spare my life one year in which to prepare to meet him. I was spared, and my vows were heavily upon me; in my distress I cried unto the Lord, and he took me up out of the horrible pit, and put a new song in my mouth; blessed be his name! my joy was great; for a long time my soul was like an overflowing spring.

"I was soon moved to carry the glad tidings to my native town. But my heart rebelled, and I plead as an excuse sickness in my family. Soon the angel of death entered our home and called for one, then another, until five, of our eight children, were taken from us; last and most heart-rending, the wife and mother was called away, leaving the husband and three children to mourn their loss. Soon after this, the Lord began to reason with me again, saying, 'You remember the excuses you made that your wife and children needed your care, and you could not carry the message as I required. I have removed those excuses; what further excuse have you to make?' I answered, done, Lord, I will go if thou wilt go with me. I went, and the angel of his presence led the way; all was plain; my message was received; among others my own mother and youngest brother found the Saviour, and the work of the Lord prospered in my hands. May 7, 1835, received approbation of the church to improve my gift in public. Apr. 11, 1838, was ordained at Canterbury, in company with Dr. J. M. Harper and Joseph Clough, all members of the church in C. During the ten years after my ordination, I labored as an evangelist, in which time, I buried my only daughter, and married my second wife, Miss Deliverance Hodgdon, who has proved a worthy wife and Christian helper. To us was born an only daughter, who has been a solace to us in our declining years, and still lives to bless our home with her patient, faithful care. In 1842, a glorious ingathering of souls was enjoyed in Canterbury, in connection with the labors of Rev. M. Cole and others, and a large accession was made to the church. I was chosen pastor of the 1st F. B. church in C. in 1848, and continued my labors, visiting the sick, attending funerals, holding meetings, and preaching what I could, until 1872, when, by an attack of paralysis, I was brought near the river of death, but by good nursing and the grace of God, I was partially restored. The year I was 82, I administered the ordinance of baptism in the pond near the old home; there is not now living one male member of the church in C. that belonged to it when I united with it in 1820. I am now waiting for my blessed Lord and Saviour to call his unworthy servant to his glorious inheritance in heaven."

Funeral services were attended by the writer, Aug. 1, by special request of deceased—also his text chosen: "I know whom I have believed." A. D. SMITH.

CHEAP TO MINISTERS.

Whenever a man tells us that he is selling goods at "less than cost," we expect he means to cheat somebody. Honest men do not sell goods "below cost" except under peculiar circumstances, and then they seldom tell of it. We generally suspect a man who twice a year is selling off at "less than cost." Nor do we think much of those men who make a parade of selling "cheap" to ministers. Ministers ought to have fair salaries, paid promptly, and then ask no favors that are not granted to other men. Ministers are not paupers. They ought to be paid for preaching, and then pay for what they buy. We take no stock in a man who always wants a reduction of twenty-five per cent, because he is a minister; or who wants to ride in the cars as "a dead-head" because he prefixes "Rev." to his name.—Wachman.

Good Richard Baxter once said: "My conscience telleth me that I should follow sinners with all possible earnestness, night and day, and take no denial till they turn to God." It is more of this "all possible earnestness," and this determination to "take no denial" that are demanded to insure the largest success in our Christian labors whether private or public.—Baptist Weekly.

Works of love are more acceptable than lofty contemplation; art thou engaged in devoutest prayer, and God wills that thou go out and carry broth to a sick brother, thou shouldst do it with joy.—Trotter.

Selections.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

Abide with me; the day is spent,
The evening shadows quickly fall;
The gracious hours Thy mercy lent,
Are passed away beyond recall.

Hours that I should have been my guest,
And I had humbly looked to Thee,
Wouldst thou have passed in idle quest,
That wrought but weariness to me.

And Thou hast waited long, until
The dew and shadows fall without;
And I, O faithless heart, that still
Could try Thy patience with a doubt.

But Thy great love hath opened the door;
Thy presence hath illumined my heart;
Thy matchless grace I would adore,
And in Thy service bear a part.

Take now the remnant of my life,
And all I have, and all I am;
No more of bitter, useless strife,
For naught; but rest, and peace, and calm.

—Exchange.

WHEN IT RAINS, LET IT RAIN.

My father was one of the rural clergy; a country pastor. It was his habit, when he went from home to exchange pulpits with a distant brother, or to attend Synod, to take with him a few sermons. For them he had a pasteboard case, into which they would slide, and travel without being folded. On one side of this case he had written in a bold hand a Latin motto, of which I may write to you hereafter, and on the other side these words: "When it rains, let it rain."

Long before I knew what they were intended to teach, I spelled them out, and wondered what difference it made whether he let it rain or not; it was not likely that it would rain more or less because he had a will about it. But as I grew older, and perhaps a little wiser, I began to see the meaning and the value of the motto, and to lay it up in my heart and practice it in my life. I soon found, also, that ministers have special need of the virtue it teaches in the matter of rainy Sundays. They make preparation for the pulpit, with much care, labor and hope. They have a special object before them in view, and are very anxious to see all their people in their places when they come with this message from the mouth of God. They rise on the Sabbath morning, and lo! the rain is descending, the floods are coming, and it is certain there will be more pews than people in the church. What shall he do? The sermon is not for those who will turn out in the rain, so much as it is for those who will certainly stay at home. He is tempted to fret at the weather. The discontented missionary to Nineveh, when there was too much sun, exclaimed, "I do well to be angry," and the country pastor is ready to be angry because it rains.

Then comes up the much-argued question, "Shall I preach my sermon prepared for to-day, rain or shine, people or no people, or shall I take an old one, or preach an off-hand discourse, on the principle that anything will do for a rainy day?" The wise pastor has no invariable rule on the subject. Sometimes he does the one thing, and again he does the other, according to circumstances. And those of his people who go to church in all weathers, say: "Our minister preaches his best sermons on rainy Sundays." They do not know the secret of it, which is, that they who have the heart to brave a storm, and go to the house of God, are sure to find its word and ordinances sweet to their taste, yea, sweeter than the honeycomb. Like wine on the lees well refined, it rejoices the heart.

When Deat Swift's congregation was so small as to include only the sexton and himself, he began the service, instead of "Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture saith," &c., by saying, "Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture," &c. The Deacon was not a very serious preacher, and with him this was a pleasantry. But many a preacher, whose audience was nearly as few as his, has preached with power and great effect, to the glory of God. The jailer was the only hearer when the gospel made him cry out, "What shall I do?" The Great Teacher himself was willing to teach one at a time. And the minister who dismisses all thought about numbers, and just goes onward preaching the Word to many or to few, trusting in God to make it effectual to accomplish that whereunto it is sent, will, in the end, do the best work for the Master.

My father faithfully acted upon this principle, and always let it rain without worrying himself about it. He never stopped for a storm. He said it was no part of his business to bring the people out when it rained, but he would do his whole duty in the pulpit, and they who heard and they who did not, would have their respective accounts to render. This was the quiet conviction of a strong, brave man, who did not undertake to regulate the weather, or to manage the affairs of the universe. He was content to do his duty, and he just did it.

The rule is as good for the people as it is for the pastor, and quite as good in all the affairs of this life of ours as it is on Sunday. How often even good people say: "I'm so sorry it rains to-day: I would rather have it rain all the week than on Sunday." But that rain which shuts them in the house on the Sabbath, and deprives them of the means of grace in the sanctuary, would not hinder them from going to their daily business, or to a kettledrum.

Nor is it the weather only that worries the souls of discontented people. They are never pleased with things as they are, and would like to have the ordering of events in their own hands. But if they had, they would then complain of having so much to do, they have no time for rest. And it is altogether likely if they had the management of the weather, and everything else, they would not have it any more to their minds than it is now. Infinite wisdom directs it for the greatest good of the greatest number. It is a fact that they who fret the most about the little troubles and vexations of every-day life, are they who have the least faculty for making things better. Real executive ability and force belong to persons of a calm, equable and steady mind. Such people take things as they come; if it rains, they let it, and, with umbrella and rubbers, go about the work that is to be done; if company comes unexpectedly to dinner, they give them the best they have, and with the sauce of cheerfulness make a dinner of herbs more enjoyable than a stalled ox; if the china falls, they smile at the last remark as if they did not hear the awful crash; or when the market falls, and real estate

and fancy stocks, and the price of corn, go rushing amain down, they possess their souls in patience, saying it will all come around right, by and by: when it rains, let it rain.

This spirit of acquiescence in the divine will is in harmony with the use of all right means to produce such results as our judgment approves. But it also forbids impatience, grumbling, fretfulness, the sulks, despondency; and it requires us in all things, even in the smallest, to say with reverence and childlike submission, "Not my will, but thine be done."—*Trenous in N. Y. Observer.*

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

The sum of \$30,175 toward the \$25,000 necessary to be raised in order to rebuild the Baptist church at North Adams, Mass., has been secured.

Miss Fannie Chester, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Chester, pastor of the Metropolitan church, Washington, has been elected to the chair of English Literature in Binghamton Ladies' College.

The First Congregational church of Hyde Park, Mass., has raised \$13,000, through the efforts of Mr. Kimball, to pay off the debt on the church edifice.

A Methodist missionary in China has prepared a Chinese Sunday-school hymn and tune book. It is printed in Fuchow.

The Rev. Geo. T. Ladd, of Milwaukee, Wis., has been appointed by the Trustees of the Andover Theological Seminary, Southworth, lecturer on Congregationalism for the next three years.

A vigorous effort is now being made by the Baptists of West Virginia to pay off the debt on Shelton College, of about \$6,000. Over \$3,000 have been arranged for within a few weeks, and the outlook is very hopeful for paying the whole amount.

The Presbyterian churches of British Columbia, with the exception of the First Presbyterian church of Victoria, are in connection with the Established church of Scotland. There are five ministers in the Presbytery toward whose support the old Kirk pays \$5,000 annually. It also grants \$500 to the building fund of each new church erected. The wealthiest and largest church of the Presbytery, is St. Andrew's Victoria.

Some months ago some young men of the working-class at Walkden, England, becoming dissatisfied with the ritualistic practices in the English church, formed themselves into a committee, hired a room and engaged a missionary. Out of this beginning a congregation has grown which fills the room, a Congregational church has been formed, and a minister regularly called.

A new Unitarian Society has been organized at Franklin, N. H.

The Unitarian churches of Hungary are about to celebrate their ter-centennial.

The July reports of the California Congregational Chinese mission show a membership of 554. Nineteen teachers are in service, five of whom are Chinese missionary helpers. A large number of teachers are volunteers.

The widow of Rev. W. Schofield, a Methodist missionary in Austria, has given \$35,000 for Methodist church extension in that colony, this sum being in addition to \$215,000 bequeathed for that purpose by her husband at his death.

It is proposed to organize a Young Women's Christian Association at Swansea, England, as a memorial to the late Frances Ridley Havergal whose last address was given at this place.

The brutal treatment to which Mr. Chiquiqu was subjected at Ballarat, Australia, has resulted in the formation of a United Protestant Association.

Among the colored refugees in Kansas is an entire Baptist church of 300 persons, from Delta, La., led by the pastor and deacons.

Ohio has 22,775 Congregationalists.

The late Gen. Jackson, a wealthy Episcopalian of Vermont, left his property "to be turned into money, to be used at the discretion of the bishop, for the benefit of the poor of God's heritage." The General intimated a preference that the money should go to the widows and orphans of deceased clergymen.

A movement is on foot to raise \$18,000 to purchase the Exposition building at Des Moines, Iowa, and convert it into a Methodist University for Iowa. The cost of the building is \$30,000, but the stockholders offer \$12,000 as their own donation to the enterprise, and the citizens of the town propose to raise the remainder and present the building to the Iowa conference.

Bishop Beck is now making a tour through Northern Minnesota and Dakota, to look after the new Methodist churches forming and about to be formed in that growing region. A very large immigration into that country is taking place, and the bishop proposes to see that Methodism is strongly planted contemporaneously with the founding of villages and staking out of farms.

The Fifth Baptist church of Washington, D. C., obtained a judgment against the Pennsylvania Central railroad for \$4,500, for putting an engine house a yard or two from its house of worship.

The Presbyterian says: "Our naval officers have sometimes been accused of circulating stories, or giving opinions, unfavorable to foreign missions. Commodore Shufeldt, who has been cruising in the Ticonderoga along the west coast of Africa, gives a very different testimony. He writes specially of the work of the missionaries of the Presbyterian board: 'Rev. S. H. Murphy has charge of the mission, with headquarters at the Gaboon river, assisted by several ladies and several native preachers. The mission embraces the schools at Batonga, Benita, Corsica Island and intermediate points, partly under the Spanish and partly under the French government. All the several branches are described as being in a flourishing condition, the total number of native children under tuition being four hundred, of whom forty are females.'

Mr. Thomas Brassey, M. P., has offered a prize of £25 for the best handbook of suggestions to merchant officers willing to help their crews in spiritual matters, and to conduct divine worship on board ships at sea.

Flowers are but earth vivified.—*Lamartine.*

"IN THE FOLD."

"I am in the fold!" So said an interesting little girl of thirteen, in a Christian congregation recently, when asked whether she had given her heart to Jesus. The reply, "I am in the fold," was given with such meekness, and such a smiling countenance, that it touched all hearts that heard her. The good Shepherd has a fold for the lambs, and green meadows where they may gambol and be nourished until they are ready to be sacrificed. Some Christian parents (alas, that it should be so!) are strangely skeptical about this folding of the lambs. And yet the tender voice of the loving Shepherd has been heard all along the ages, speaking to the ear of the church, saying, "Feed my lambs!" Apostles heard the injunction at the first, and acting immediately under his high commission, in the putting forth of their apostolic energy swept whole households into the kingdom. Joy and gladness, and triumph attended their work in many a sacred home enclosure. Beloved, "the promise is unto you and to your children." Make haste to have the lambs folded. Leave them not to wander on barren wastes until summer suns have scorched them, and twenty winter blasts have pierced their vitals. Every day they remain unfolded is a positive loss to Jesus, and a positive gain to the adversary.—*Zion's Herald.*

TAKING ROOT.

In explaining the parable of the sower, Jesus speaks of some "who, when they hear the word, immediately receive it with gladness, but have no root in themselves, and are only for a time." How truly these words describe the condition of many who have attempted to follow the Lord in these days! The Christian life appears to such in the falsest possible light; they think that Christianity is something to play with—a toy for an idle hour—and this delusion is oftentimes so lasting that they allow their names to remain on the church-book till they die, without the faintest suspicion, apparently, that they ought not to have done so.

The pursuers of this delusion have never "embraced Christ"—an expression which has far more meaning than many understand; they have never rested their all on him, with a full sense of the truth that, having done this, they must watch and fight and pray incessantly, or go back to the enemy. Some of them have had root in other men rather than "in themselves" in friends and associates whom they have learned, perchance, to love so well that they can see no fault in them; trusting them, and trusting God but weakly, in a manner to be easily overthrown, they fail to gain that firm foundation which is necessary to spiritual growth. They are, as Christ said, "only for a time." Every many weeks after "conversion," they are seen at the public dance, or at the gambling fair, or in other ways in sympathetic intercourse with old comrades of the world. Everybody can see that they have "no root."

The first business of him who professes to have turned from the old ways to the new, should be that which it is the business of the tree or slip that is started in new soil; he should strive to take root; take root in himself, not in another; then he will grow; otherwise he will be "only for a time," and that "time" will reflect great dishonor, not upon the garden he professed to be growing in, but upon himself.—*Chicago Standard.*

The Farm.

PRESERVING VEGETABLES.

Now that the root harvest (including potatoes among the roots) is near, it will be useful to consider the means of preserving them. Potatoes should not be left in the ground long after they are ripe, lest a second growth should occur, by which they would be injured. After having been dug, they require to be dried by a few hours' exposure on the field, but not more than that, after which they should be covered from the light in as cool a place as possible. No other place is better for keeping potatoes than a root-cave; a pit in the field comes next in usefulness to the cave. A cave may be easily made in a hillside which is dry and slopes to the south. An excavation may be made large enough to contain the crop, but rather than make very large ones, it will be cheaper to make several of moderate size. The maximum size would be 16 feet wide and 25 or 30 feet long. This would give about 400 square feet of floor, holding 400 bushels for each 1-2 feet in depth, or 800 bushels in all. The room required for a crop may, therefore, be calculated on this basis. The cave is dug out two or three feet below the lowest level of the ground, in a place where the slope is greatest, or even where the ground is level, having the floor level with the doorway. This has the advantage of perfect and secure drainage, and freedom from flooding by backing up of water from snow, or any other accidental obstruction. A number of split logs, planks, or slabs, are set in the excavation, in the form of a letter A. They may be pinned or spiked to a ridge-piece at the top, but this is scarcely needed if the top joints are well made. The timber is covered with bark or marsh hay, and the earth which has been dug out is then thrown back upon the building, covering it with a mound, which should be sloped considerably and sodded. A double door is fitted in the front, and a ventilator which can be closed should be made in the apex of the roof. This gives frost-proof storage in the winter, and is heat-proof in the summer. It will thus, if thoroughly cleaned and sweetened, make an excellent milk-house in the hot weather. Such root-caves may be made in different parts of the farm, wherever they may be needed, and as no floor but the bare earth is used, they are not likely to harbor vermin.

The field pit is a still cheaper, but wholly temporary, protection for roots. It is made in the field where the roots are gathered. The basis is a long trench hollowed out with the plow or scraper upon a high and dry location. The roots, dry and clean, are heaped in the trench about six feet wide and four and a half feet high. They are covered with straw, or coarse hay, pine or hemlock brush will answer in place of these, where it can be more readily procured. The covering is made at least six inches thick. Earth is thrown on to this several inches thick, to within a foot of the top which is left open until the heap has undergone the usual fermentation and heating. During which considerable moisture escapes. If closed before this, the whole mass would heat, rot, and putrify. After a sufficient time, the top is covered, leaving a space of one foot uncovered at each six

feet in length of the pit and on the extreme ridge, for the purpose of necessary ventilation. The final covering may not be needed until December, or, at least, not until severe frosts take place. More substantial root-houses are made of masonry, with coarse, rough stone, arched and covered with earth, but as these structures are not always required in the same place, unless a permanent central location is chosen, the more rudely constructed ones, or the pits, are to be preferred. The chief points to be observed are dryness of the site, perfect drainage, and absence of danger from flooding, walls and roof impervious to the severest and longest continued frosts, and good ventilation. The last is necessary to carry off the moisture which is always rising from the heat engendered by the collection of large quantities of vegetables in masses. The addition of dry lime scattered over the heap absorbs a considerable quantity of this, and its antiseptic qualities add to its useful effect. In storing potatoes, a good dusting of lime over each layer of a foot in depth is always advisable.

The roots should be ripe, sound, and dry when stored, otherwise decomposition begins in places, and quickly spreads through the mass. It is safe to put a few flour barrels, having holes knocked in the side, or some pieces of rails tied in bundles, here and there through the mass of roots. This provides easy escape for the moisture and heat from the roots, and keeps them dry and sound. In pitting, the bundles of rails will be found of the greatest use, and they should each connect with the ventilator, or project from the top and form the ventilator. The projecting ends may be capped with a bundle of straw, to exclude rain or snow.

In opening a pit for use the rain is taken down and a sufficient quantity, 100 bushels perhaps, is taken out at one time. This work should be done on a dry, windy day, and when the temperature is not low enough to injure the roots. The open end may be closed with straw, well packed, and a few boards may be propped up against the straw, doubled over the joints, and with some bags or newspapers between them to exclude the wind. This is more readily done than returning the frozen, lumpy soil, and will make a safer covering.—*N. Y. Times.*

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 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.

THE NETHERLANDS, Aug. 20-25, 1879.

Holland is odd. It is also even. That is, it is level. It is flat besides. From the tower of an old church in Utrecht one may look over the entire Kingdom. A similar view may be had from the cupola of the King's palace in Amsterdam. We went up there the other morning and looked abroad. The old city of nearly three hundred thousand inhabitants, with its sharp gables and red tiled roofs; the numerous canals winding in and through the town, with the masts of old Dutch crafts rising up strangely on all sides as though from the very streets; the Zuyder-see half-enclosing the place on one side, and on the other the great canal winding away to the Northern ocean; the spires of Utrecht and Haarlem and of numerous smaller towns standing clear against the sky; the low, level, green fields, extending further than one could see, dotted by hundreds of cattle cropping the verdure; green groves, white lines of smoke from passing railway trains, fields of golden grain—but we need not enumerate. The scene was not striking, but it was delightful, and after Switzerland and the Rhine it was really interesting. There was not even a fence to break the monotony. Ditches not only divide one man's land from his neighbor's, but they also divide up the farms into sections, crossing each other at all kinds of angles, and conveying the muddiest of water in all directions. It is only by this system of ditching that the inhabitants get dry land enough to live upon. For Holland is in a certain sense under water. It is actually lower than the level of the sea, so that if it were not for the huge dikes built along the coast and in the interior, the whole country would be engulfed by the first high tide. One shudders to think what would happen if the dikes should burst, and recalls with an almost realistic sense the stories of the consternation that has followed the discovery of a leak in one of them, and repeats again the tragic poems that relate how some tidal wave has actually overtaken the hapless people. But this has once or twice been the salvation of Holland, for in case of foreign invasion the land could be speedily put under water and the invaders left to meet a Red Sea fate. The country has actually been flooded twice in case of invasion, and preparations were made, it is said, to repeat the process in 1831. That was at the time the Dutch made their plucky fight against Belgium, when the doughty Van Speyk blew up his flag ship, with himself and all on board, rather than yield to the enemy. There is a stirring picture of the scene in the old palace at Amsterdam, and there is also a fine monument and fountain in one of the squares to commemorate the same war.

But we said Holland is odd. Its oddity is more a thing to see and feel than to describe. We have already spoken of its low flat surface. Add to this the multitudes of windmills that lift their great arms against the sky wherever one may look, and revolve with a slow, lazy motion as though there was but very little to be done in this world and an infinity of time to do it in, and one may readily understand that it is hardly like any other country in the world. Even the mills on the Rhine must yield the palm to these Dutch machines. Those mills on the Rhine—it was like this: One would be sailing down the river, with his eye fixed on the picturesque ruin of some medieval castle, and trying to picture to his mind the stirring and romantic scenes that had been enacted in it, when suddenly, in the most unlooked-for place, his attention would be called to an old boat, a weather-beaten, sober, prosaic-looking craft, anchored in the stream, and appearing as though it had been gathering debris at its prow for ages. On inquiry he learns that it is a "grist mill." He furthermore sees large paddle wheels, like the propellers of the old-fashioned river steamers, rigged to the sides of the boat. The boat being at anchor, these wheels are turned by the strong current of the river as it flows past, and these in turn work the machinery within the boat that grinds the wheat and corn. But that has some character, some romantic association connected with it, whereas a Dutch windmill is nothing but an ungainly hulk. At the same time it pumps the water from the ditches into the canals that flow to the ocean, and so saves the people from being drowned.

Holland culminates in Amsterdam. The city is remotely like Venice. It is traversed by numerous canals, but there the resemblance ends. Its streets, some of which are wide and roomy, are generally rambling, crooked, narrow lanes, paved with the sharpest of cobble stones, and often ending plump against a brick wall or tapering off to a point like a wedge. It has hardly twenty feet of sidewalk on a level, for this twenty feet is sure to be a step higher or lower than the preceding twenty, and almost every other section has a railing of some kind clean across the sidewalk to turn the pedestrian into the street. It is the paradise of smokers. Englishmen tell you with gusto that they get better cigars

here for a half penny than they can buy for a six pence (12 cents) in London. As a rule, everybody smokes. At the same time, the hotel where we tarried,—a favorite one with Englishmen and Americans,—is named "The Bible Hotel," and we found a street one day in rambling about named "Moses and Aaron street." We can not give the reason for the name of the street, but the hotel gets its name from the fact that on the premises was printed the first Dutch Bible—some time about 1542 we believe. So that smoking and wine drinking, Moses and Aaron and the Bible are strangely confused in Amsterdam. The Dutch portion of New York city is not unlike it, although it is a great improvement on this.

The language of the people is droll. Here is a specimen, taken from a notice posted in our room at the hotel: "De Eigenaar kau zich nie verantwoordelijk steleu voor geld of zaken van waarde tenzij die heur persoonlijk zijn toetertoe-eend." It is to the effect that the proprietor can not hold himself responsible for valuables unless they are deposited in the safe at the office. "Nient rooken," means that smoking is forbidden. One rarely finds that notice in a Dutch railway carriage. In all the others the men and boys nearly all puff pipes and cigars, and the women and girls snuff up the smoke. The concise French Café, for coffee-house, becomes "Kaffij huis" in this language, and "Spoorweg" means a Railway. The common people wear great wooden shoes as large as Saratoga trunks, but shaped differently. They are like a boat—perhaps the wearer could sail away in safety if overtaken by a sudden tide—a misfortune always likely to overtake them. On extra occasions they white-wash their shoes, and then think they are dressed up. That is slightly different from the case of the American young men of whom Dr. Holmes sings:

"And always on Commencement day
The Tutor blacked his shoes."

If they seem to be lazy they are also an inquisitive people. They combine the two propensities in one striking custom: Outside of the windows of the houses in nearly all the cities they have small mirrors suspended, one reflecting up street and the other down, and both enabling the occupant to see all that is going on without going to the window. They are an exceedingly neat and cleanly people.

Rotterdam is like Amsterdam, but the Hague, between the two, is like neither. It is a kind of Dutch Newport. Its broad clean streets, its shady avenues, its fine though not imposing buildings, its deer parks, its gardens, its swan pond, its fountains and monuments are all in pleasing contrast with the other Holland cities. It derives its name from "S Hage," that is, "the hedge"—the grove—where the Dutch nobles in the olden time came to hunt. The grove, or woods, still remains, and in it is the beautiful palace called "The House in the woods," which Queen Amelia built in memory of her beloved husband, Frederick Henry, the renowned Stadtholder of Holland in the seventeenth century. The principal hall in the palace is covered from floor to ceiling with emblematical paintings of Frederick Henry's life. It was done by the pupils of Rubens, who put into the pictures the gorgeous coloring for which this master was famous. The Chinese and Japanese rooms, each furnished with the choicest products of Oriental art, are exquisitely beautiful. The walls of the Chinese room are covered with pictured rice paper, and those of the Japanese room with satin in which, along with the rich satin upholstery of the furniture in both rooms, are wrought designs in needle work of the finest quality. Each room was furnished by the nation whose name it bears. In one of the rooms hangs a portrait of Motley, who resided here while writing his History of the Netherlands. A saddened interest is attached to the palace by the summer residence here, for the last twenty years, of the estranged Queen Sophia, who died only two years ago, when her husband, the present King, hastened to wed a young bride of twenty-one, himself being sixty-three.

Three miles from the Hague is Scheveningen, the beach that gives the city its reputation as a watering place. It is reached by a horse railway—the line being laid through the primeval woods, and making one of the most lovely and interesting lines of public communication that we have ever seen. The beach itself—we visited it in the evening—was a scene of great gaiety. The brilliantly lighted hotels, a band making fine music, two or three thousand people, sitting at little tables between the hotels and the surf, sipping coffee, or wine, or beer, and chatting merrily; multitudes of small white tents a little further off that the bathers use, displays of artificial fireworks, and a most magnificent spectacle presented by a thunderstorm out on the German ocean, and that finally broke up and scattered the company of coffee-drinkers,—it was quite romantic—excepting the rush for the hotels and horse cars when the shower came. The Dutch bathe from huge canvass-covered wagons, like American emigrant wagons, which are drawn into the water by horses, and then drawn out again at the pleasure of the occupant. The people take life thus easily, whatever may be the business in hand.—G. F. M.

Good Company expresses the opinion that "so far as college preparation goes one will fit himself best for his future profession, whatever it may be, by fitting himself without any regard to it."

THE FAMILY.

Now that the force of public sentiment has succeeded in removing, as we trust, the vile reproach from the bosom of the Empire State, at least forced the promise of a radical change and reform in the Oneida Community; and still more, the same public sentiment demanding, and evidently ere long securing the overthrow of Mormonism, we may have confidence in the civilization of this age to guard and preserve that elemental and vital institution of society, the family.

It seems strange that the intelligence, to say nothing of the moral and religious sentiment of the present age, should have been so indulgent to these shameful iniquities. It is a poor compliment to our democratic tendencies—a rebuke to the notions of State rights, community rights, individual rights, to the neglect even of the claims of decency. Nothing will satisfy this demand but a full abatement of the nuisances. Announcements and promises are not enough. There must be clear evidence of genuine, radical reform in the offensive particular. There has been a halting, disgraceful parrying, especially with the Mormon enormity, which it is high time to close. Let it never, on any pretence, be enabled to clothe itself with the shield of State-rights. Now, while that people are a territory, under the full national jurisdiction, is the time to make a thorough purification, and that speedily. Decision and energy at once will settle the question for all time, for a large and prosperous State, and for the credit and welfare of the nation.

We need not dwell on the importance of preserving the sanctity of the family institution. God established it when he created the first pair; sustained it in the equal number of the sexes ever since; made it a subject of instruction and law in all dispensations. The semi-barbarism of degenerate ages may, in a measure, have ignored it; but it is fully recognized, required, enforced under the gospel. Christendom has always honored this divine institution, and in so doing, furnished a high practical proof of its moral elevation above every form of paganism and Mohammedanism.

The family is essential as an institution of government. God, as the universal ruler, has a government over nations, and holds them to a strict accountability to him. He is equally the ruler in all governmental organizations, whether of church or state; by his laws they are bound, and derive all their prerogatives from him. So the family is its elemental government, lying at the foundation of all others, and largely giving them character.

As, therefore, the institution of the family is protected and cherished, may we look for a high civilization, a pure and substantial national government, a genuine Christianity. Corrupt the family, and you destroy church and state. Vile men understand this, and shape their schemes accordingly. Women, too, are found to their reproach, perhaps unconsciously, aiding the mad crusade, not considering that their own greatest source of protection and elevation is in the family. As a portion of the family, they are justly represented, and all their rights never otherwise.

Most of all should religion reign in the family, presiding in all its counsels, inspiring the united head, regulating the conduct of all the members, so that each human family may be a real member of the great family of heaven. National government is essential; state government, local government in society, church government, but family government is first and last. No other institution or means can supply its place.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

"Life is real." To no kind of life could this expression of the poet be better applied than to what is designated as the Christian life. It is not merely a name. It is no myth. It is something which has an actual and definable existence, not to a less extent even than the natural or physical life. The Scripture writers so represent it. With them it has its birth, or beginning, and conditions of growth. Their testimony is corroborated by the experiences of Christians in all ages.

The Christian life is one in kind. In all men its source is Christ, and it is begotten in them through the agency of the Holy Spirit. It is also one in its antagonisms and in its affinities. The essential features of the life lived by Paul, "by the faith of the Son of God," were manifested in a Bernard, a Judson, or the weakest and most obscure saint. The expression, "the higher life," as it is often applied is essentially a misnomer. The Christian life is in its very nature, though one life, a higher life. While this is so, its manner and degree of manifestation are affected by such things as the period in the world's history and the country in which one lives, extent of intellectual culture, individual temperament and the circumstances under which it had its origin, and by the different influences which have administered to its growth. "Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit."

This life has fruitage. By this the fact of its existence is determined. Nay, the abundance and quality of the fruitage indicate the strength and activity of the life. The mouth speaketh from the abundance of the heart, and the fruit is good because the tree is good. The Word of God is full and explicit. "But the fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Wherever these are seen there can be no doubt of the existence of that from which they spring. On the other hand, we are nowhere told that the fruitage of the Christian life is spiritual pride, obtrusive self-consciousness or a satisfied complacency. These things in their very nature opposed to a religion distinguished for love, humility and holy aspiration.

As this life commenced in Christ, so must it continue in him. Christ is the vine and the disciple is the branch. The connection between them must never be severed. Divine truth as taught in the word of God will ever administer to it. "Sanctify them through thy truth. Thy word is truth." There is needed in it the element of benevolent activity. An open ear, a discerning eye, a ready hand and a warm heart will be the avenues for incoming as well as outgoing. The things received are even more valuable than those imparted. It is best that there be an absence of undue spiritual self-consciousness. There are periods when rigid self-examination is beneficial and even essential, but this should not be interrupted. No natural life can be in the highest sense healthy, when the attention of the individual is continually fixed upon his own physical moods. The faith, the hope and the love of an individual scarcely admit of an analysis by himself. Humility is like a plant which vanishes when viewed. The most perfect mirror is the one which reflects the perfect image, but is itself unseen. So is it not the best type of the Christian life, and is it not the one most completely cleansed of dross, which is itself lost in love and trust? The life of the individual is so merged in that of Christ that there is a complete oneness with him.

The Christian life is susceptible of grand possibilities. From our small and weak beginnings in this life, it is ours to advance. "Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." An assurance that we are living this life and are on the way to the realization of such attainments is the most valuable of all riches. Indeed, without it all besides is the most abject poverty. With it, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." But to what degree of expansion in the Christian life the soul given to God may attain in its earthly sojourn may be safely left in God's keeping. Let all strive for the mark of the prize.

CURRENT TOPICS.

—In Massachusetts, last week was prominently one of political conventions. On Tuesday the Republicans, to the number of nearly twelve hundred, assembled in Worcester and terminated an earnest contest carried on for weeks within its own ranks. The Convention was earnest and enthusiastic, and after grand and eloquent addresses by Ex-Governor Bullock, who presided, and Senator Hoar, Hon. John D. Long, of Hingham, was nominated for Governor and Hon. Byron Weston, of Dalton, for Lieutenant-Governor. The present incumbents in the other State offices were nominated for re-election. The candidate for Governor received 669 votes to 505 for Hon. Henry L. Pierce, his competitor. The nomination was promptly made unanimous, and the party is united in its efforts to secure victory. Mr. Long is the present Lieutenant-Governor, and has held other prominent positions. He is comparatively young in years, and possesses ready ability and engaging manners. He is said to be a Prohibitionist in his proclivities, and is the favorite of the younger members of the party and of the towns rather than in the cities. There are those who think that Mr. Pierce, who is a man able and of larger public experience, would have been a stronger candidate. Wednesday, the Butler Democrats and on Thursday the Independents (Republicans) met in Conventions in the same city and went through the routine of nominating Gen. B. F. Butler for Governor, with the remainder of the ticket at the same in each case. These conventions are said to have been wanting in interest and enthusiasm. General Butler will be the candidate of three parties, the Greenbackers and the two already mentioned. There will also be a straight Democratic and Prohibitionist candidate in the field. The contest between Mr. Long and General Butler will be a lively one, and no stone will be left unturned to secure victory. There is, however, no good reason to believe that Gen. Butler will find himself at better advantage than on the day after the last election, when he found him self distanced by Gov. Talbot by twenty-five thousand votes.

—Russia is passing through the same experiences in its financial affairs as the United States has passed through recently. The paper money doctrine is receiving much consideration and quite an extensive support. The expenses of the late war were met by an enormous issue of paper money, which has depreciated about one-third in value. After the example furnished by our own country and after the wisdom of resumption has been shown, it seems strange that Russia should hesitate as to what course to pursue, and that so many of her able men should be advocating a still larger issue of paper money. Already inflation has there produced the same effects which men felt in the United States. The cost of every article of daily consumption has advanced, and many of the people are much distressed. The large farmers and speculators who export grain are the gainers while the rest of the nation must suffer. Immediate resumption would be

impossible. Improved credit only can bring about a gradual resumption, but at present Russia has so great a burden that a period of great distress to the nation seems almost inevitable.

—The sentiment in favor of making silver money the legal tender of the world is rapidly increasing in European countries, important accessions of leading men being made to the ranks of the bi-metalists. The attention of English commercial circles has been called to the matter by the present monetary condition of the nation. Poor harvests and decreased demands for manufactured goods have produced an unusual drain upon England's gold. Within a few weeks past, \$20,000,000 in gold have come to this country alone from England. Englishmen see that if this situation of affairs continues, their gold must go wherever they have debts, and soon will be exhausted, for there is no adequate supply, as the greater part of the gold supply of Europe formerly came from America, but now the resumption of specie payments and the balance of trade in our favor keep this at home, in a large measure. Such being the position, the expediency of giving silver an equal power with gold is not a matter of theory but of necessity. In Germany this same sentiment in favor of bi-metalism is gaining ground. Bismarck has said that in his opinion Germany made a grave mistake when it demoted silver, and he intends to remedy the mistake by announcing that no more silver will be retired from circulation. Thus two great powers which have given their influence against the remonetization of silver may now be expected to take an active part in negotiations with the United States in regard to the matter.

—A RECENT letter of Gov. St. John of Kansas gives a very encouraging report of the condition of the colored refugees who have in such numbers recently gone to that State. He says that with very few exceptions they readily obtained work, are now self-supporting and happy. Of the seven thousand who have come to Kansas, not over seventy-five are now receiving aid from charitable sources. He represents them as sober and industrious, not able to support themselves, but to do more to secure homes for themselves. Not a drunken refugee has he seen or heard of. The State of Kansas has had nothing to do with bringing about the movement, which is but the legitimate result of the tyranny which in the South was yearly grinding them down. There they were charged three or four times their value for all the necessities of life, their children were shut out from the schools, they had not protection of life, liberty or property. The movement has been contemplated for years, but has been deferred in the hope that they could remain in the South, but their prospects there growing no better, they were forced to this step in the hope of bettering their condition.

—THE result of the trial of the Chisholm murderers, acquitting the guilty parties, is a declaration that there is no protection in Mississippi under the present condition of things for those who may differ from the Democratic majority on political questions, and that it is not a crime to murder Republicans or their families. There was evidence enough of the guilt, the proof being of the most positive and direct nature. No attempt was made to prove the accused innocent. The verdict shows one or two things; either the jury were afraid to condemn the man, or they were in league with him. In either case it shows there is no justice there for Republicans. This state of affairs is the result of a State government which forced itself into power by fraud and violence. Terrorism, the shot-gun policy has been so long encouraged that political murder is no longer considered criminal. Is there no remedy for this condition in the South?

—We feel assured that our readers will appreciate the letter on the first page from Rev. Dr. Bowen, a delegate to the recent meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, just held in Bale, Switzerland. In a private note, our correspondent writes: "I could not find after some diligent enquiry, that any American religious paper had a correspondent here, unless it be a Presbyterian paper. So I have worked hard to get all I could possibly for the Star, and have worked up details carefully." The papers containing Dr. Bowen's letters will amply pay filing away for future reference, as the meetings of the General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance are world-wide factors in the great movements of Protestantism.

From Vermont.

Home from Yearly Meeting through the gentle, but fast falling rain, but the mind was so absorbed with its interests that it knew "no evening showers." Sabbath evening a public meeting of the Woman's Mission Society was held, which was most hopeful in attendance and interest, being made doubly so by the presence and aid of Mrs. D. F. Smith, who has spent many years in India. This was also a privileged opportunity, as it brought the sisters together from the different portions of Vermont, to give expressions of thought and feeling to this noble work, the woman's mission. The exercises consisted in singing, prayer, reports of auxiliaries, remarks by the District Secretary, giving some facts of the mission work, and making suggestions, particularly for the benefit of workers in Vermont; also urging the necessity of more auxiliaries and children's bands, and speaking of the appropriation of the funds by the Woman's Board. A

letter from Miss Hooper, in India, was read, also, an extract of a letter from Mrs. J. L. Phillips. The audience was then addressed by Mrs. Smith, relating to her work in India, which was listened to with great interest. Then followed remarks from many of the sisters, with resolves of more engagement in the work, and with cheering words from pastors, when, too soon, came the time to close, and the audience, was dismissed after singing the doxology.

Denominational News.

Meeting of the Corporators.

The Corporators of the Printing Establishment met in annual meeting on the 17th inst. The members of the Board were all present except Bro. E. W. Page, who is making a tour around the world. Rev. T. Stevens, who has been in feeble health for some months, was able to attend all the sessions with a single exception. The genial presence of the Editor of the Star, who is now just returning from Europe, was missed.

The reports made respecting the management of the business during the year, were decidedly encouraging. During the past few years, the Establishment has felt the depression of the times, and, owing to some unfortunate business complications, has sustained losses. But through skillful measures, carried into effect during the past year, the tide has turned, and a brighter day has dawned. The inventory, carefully taken, shows that the assets of the Establishment are \$63,300. This is an increase of \$3,300 from last year. Much praise is due the Agent and the Executive Committee for their efforts.

The Corporators, whose terms of office had expired, were re-chosen. These were Revs. J. L. Sinclair, C. F. Penney and T. Stevens. The old officers of the Board, together with the Agent and Editor, were re-elected. E. A. Smith was continued as Assistant Editor, and a resolution was adopted complimentary of the efficient manner in which he had conducted the editorial department during the absence of the Editor.

Efficient measures were inaugurated to increase the circulation of the Star and other publications, and these things, with other changes, will be formally stated by the Agent in due time. Steps were also taken pointing towards retrenchment in the expenditures of the office. For the first time for several years, the Board saw its way clear to return to a practice of former days, and appropriated \$500 for the Foreign Mission Society, \$500 for the Home Mission Society and \$250 for the Education Society. A plan was devised for the publication of "The Freewill Baptist Register and Year Book," to include the "Register" and "the Reports of the Benevolent Societies," subject to the approval of these Societies.

The subject of a second volume of denominational history received attention. It was decided to delay the publication of what shall be known as the second volume, so as to allow time for collecting material and securing accuracy which may require several years, and to publish immediately after the Centennial Anniversary of the denomination, a Centenary volume, historical and biographical, of some three hundred pages, covering the whole period of F. Baptist history. A committee was appointed to collect facts for the former volume, and another committee to prepare, or secure the preparation of the latter. The first committee is composed of Bros. Curtis, Cheney, Stewart, Higbee and Baker. The second, of Bros. Fullerton, Mosher, Bowen and Brewster.

The meeting continued from Wednesday morning until late Friday afternoon. A large amount of business was transacted with the utmost diligence and caution. The feeling was evidently manifest that the work was the Lord's, and that faithful stewardship was required.—J. M. B.

Beneficiary Aid.

In a previous article, I called attention in brief to the fact that the number of applicants for aid from the education funds promises to be a considerable increase over that of a few years past. I wish to add in the same connection, that it remains for the churches to say, whether this advance shall be encouraged and continued, or dampened by indifference and neglect, and so there be a forced reversion to the former state. The amount to be disbursed depends largely on the monthly contributions of the churches and of the benevolent individuals. And what seems especially desirable just now is, that the system inaugurated, by which an equitable division of the funds raised is to be made between the two missions and the one educational interest, should be carried more generally into effect. I have watched the progress of this plan for a few years past, and though the result has been, on the whole, encouraging, yet, without a marked advance, the immediate wants of our educational interests can not be adequately met.

It is possible, after all, that the subject in all its bearings is not fully understood, and in consequence the demand for additional aid is not appreciated as it should be. Let us, then, note a few items. By reference to the catalogue from year to year, it will appear that nearly one-half of the students of our theological school are college graduates. The average collegian upon graduation, if he be dependent for support on his own exertions, which is the case with a large majority of the whole number, finds himself, even after strict economy and exemplary exertions, encumbered with a debt of from three or four to perhaps five or six hundred dollars. It becomes a question to such of grave, if not of vital importance, whether to go on with the theological course at the risk of increasing the debt, or to defer it for a time, or to give it up entirely. It is most gratifying to know that the larger number, since the connection of the school with the college, have entered it at once, and so made sure of the completion of the course at the earliest day possible. Still, there are several who have gone to teaching or preaching, with a view to bettering their finances, and a part of those

have been absent so long, that we well nigh despair of ever seeing them again.

Possibly some may think, that, having gone so far in study, they can forego the theological course without serious detriment. Never under the sun was there a wider or sadder mistake. There are kinds and degrees of necessity for an additional course of study, in their case, which do not hold in that of others. The college, by a sort of necessity, has nothing in the shape of systematic theology. The study of the sciences, and even of ethics, does but little more, can do but little more, than to awaken religious thought, and perhaps start speculative inquiry, and so it becomes in true theology only those "shallow draughts which intoxicate the brain." The college lays the foundation, broad and deep, if you please, for the professional course. This latter is the specialty, which gives in theology breadth of thought, clearness of conception, and power of demonstration, so much needed to-day in the pulpit. But there is another consideration which ought to stimulate the churches to activity in this direction. Nearly every graduate of Bates College, who contemplates a theological course at all, connects himself with our own school, though receiving less aid than he is promised in the schools of other denominations. The exceptions to this remark would average, for the last ten years, but little more than one-fourth of a student per annum. Indeed, I can not call to mind, at this moment, a single pastor in the denomination, having graduated at Bates College within the time above specified, who completed the theological course elsewhere. Compare this with what I know to be true of some other denominations, like circumstances with ours, and it demonstrates a fidelity to the denomination, and a high sense of Christian obligation, quite unusual. There were but three objections elicited by the discussion that preceded the removal of the school to Lewiston, that at the time seemed to me to have weight. And one was, that students, after completing the college course here, and perhaps the preparatory also, would choose to change location and associations, and so would go elsewhere for the theological course. This apprehension of disadvantage to the school has proved to be wholly groundless. The general current of feeling in the college, in this respect, sets in the right direction, largely helped, as it is, by the most cordial and constant influence of the entire faculty. I have been moved to treat the subject at this time, as above, because, during the last three or four years, several graduates of the college have felt compelled by financial embarrassment to defer their theological studies, though with a full determination to return and complete them. No less than three of them set this year for the time of return, but do not yet appear, doubtless owing to the fact, that the average salary of pastors is not adequate to a very rapid extinction of debt. What I claim is, that promising young men, who assay a full preparation for the ministry, should be assisted in accomplishing that object in due time, without serious embarrassment. Otherwise, they will be compelled to cut short the course, and thus pave the way for life-long regrets, and for the unnecessary curtailment of the power and efficiency of our pulpit. I may revert to the general subject again.—J. F.

Kittery Point, Me.

This is the most western end of the State of Maine, and about the first settled. It is favorably situated for fishing and shipping. A moral, intelligent and industrious population finds pleasant homes among undulating, rough and rocky lands. Some of the earliest and most wealthy citizens of the town held African slaves, under British law; subsequently abolished under Massachusetts law. It is quite a resort for summer residents, who desire fresh sea breezes, pure sun-light, and water, with an interesting and varied outlook many miles at sea. A population of several thousand, including many absent ones during the fishing season, and others employed in the Navy Yard and Government buildings, are dependent on four churches for their religious instruction—Congregationalist, Methodist, Free Will Baptist, and Christian, all of which seem to be doing good work for the Master.

The Free Will Baptist house of worship is, as you have been already informed by Bro. Fulton and others, under a heavy mortgage of \$3700, including interest. The mortgagee, Mr. Kennard, could have foreclosed a year ago, according to law, but has kindly waited upon the society in hopes that payment might be made, and the house saved to our people. While here a few days, by request of the church, including Q. M. encouragements given at its session here, we obtained nearly \$3000, in pledges, for the purpose of paying, in one year, the entire debt, and on such condition as rendered the undertaking feasible. The mortgagee leads in the sum of \$700, with some encouragement of \$1000, provided the whole debt could be canceled in a year. This good beginning, the society declared in a public meeting, should be prosecuted vigorously at home, and if needful elsewhere, till the entire sum should be raised and paid. This work is left in the hands of a "Committee," and Bro. Boynton, the earnest and devoted pastor of the church, with the expectation of adequate means, in time, to meet the demand. Now a few have foolishly said: "The meeting-house is not worth saving." Please permit me to answer the question, "Is the meeting-house worth saving?" It cost the church and society nearly \$3000, in all, when built, some four years ago. The house is well located, built and furnished. It has excellent basement arrangements, for entertainments, social circles, Sabbath-schools, and religious meetings. Its audience room is very pleasant, and all that is desirable for Christian song, sermon, and spiritual worship. Its Sabbath-school and Sunday services are quite well attended, as well as interesting, considering the depression ever following debt-burdened churches. There are not less than 800 persons dependent upon this place of worship for their moral Christian instruction; besides invaluable aid that many poor, ship-wrecked mariners and winter-returned fishermen receive at the hands of our brethren, who have a heart to help the needy in their distress, and have the perishing from deep waters or vines still deeper. In full view, is the Island of New Castle, the birthplace of Benjamin Randall, the father of the denomination. Here, between the divided waters of Maine and New Hampshire, this good and wonderful man of God became a Christian and was ordained, and for several years preached, free, full and complete salvation in Christ. From this small beginning, multitudes have tasted the good word of life eternal, and its inconceivable glory. If the brethren at Kittery Point fail to pay their church debt within a year, the house will be sold at auction, and forever lost to the cause of Jesus and the public, as well as the denomination. Our brethren here have for many years given of their means liberally, to build, or pay the debts of, a dozen other churches, besides materially aiding schools and missions. It has

maintained a good Christian character for 90 or more years. It has a history of much value and a record of which none need be ashamed. In a word, shall these brethren be left to utter helplessness and dissolution? Shall this gospel light along the shore of a century forever cease? Shall the hardy and most exposed sons of the deep, returning home in anticipation of joyful Christ-like meetings, find no more their place of worship? Shall the children of numerous families grow up without Christian restraints, or the love of God? Shall the present fathers and mothers of this church, who have prayed, and sacrificed, and struggled, —some of them for fifty years—see the great work of their hands pass forever away, leaving sad, very sad, recollections of the past? And all from want of about \$1500, outside of themselves, to save their church, interests and property! The Q. M., at its session here, in August last, wisely and most emphatically answered: "Nay, it must not be. The interest must be saved!" The ladies' social circle said, by pledging \$800, we can't lose our church building! The brethren have given, or will give generously. Let aldo something, or what they can, and the debt is paid. To the society is given a bright, eventful future. J. S. BURGESS.

Sutton, Vt.

Here I am, among the green hills of Vermont, which are covered with verdure to their summits. I came here the 1st of August, to labor an indefinite time, as supply, and, if judged best, to become permanent pastor. The congregation is large and intelligent, the Sabbath-school interesting. They have been without a pastor since March, and a large number of converts—fruits of a revival last winter—have not been gathered in, and are like lambs without a shepherd, and the church has suffered intensely. Discipline has been too much neglected, and the church is passing through a very severe trial on that account, but at the present time (Sept. 16) it is hoped the difficulty has been so disposed of as to give reasonable ground to hope that prosperity may again return to this people. It is a cause of gratitude to God that, in the midst of this protracted trial, the revival meetings were spiritual and interesting. But there is much rubbish in the way, and much faithful pastoral work needed, to secure prosperity. If my health and age would allow me to do the amount of work they need, with the hearty co-operation of the church, and blessing of God, great good might be secured. May the Lord send them a pastor after his own heart, and enable them by his spiritual grace, faithfully to work for him, and make their "labors in the Lord not in vain." D. WATERMAN.

Georgetown, Me.

Here, I spent two Sabbaths, meeting a cordial welcome from Rev. D. C. Burr, the well beloved pastor of this flock. The church at the "Harbor," on the East side of the Island, is without a pastor. It was with this people that Rev. John McFadden lived and preached, for more than a century. His memory is fragrant of goodness among all the people who knew him. His aged widow and daughters continue on the beautiful home farm, overlooking the bay, just across from Riggsville. Our visit at their residence (accompanied by Mrs. Morrill and others) was richly enjoyed. Sister McFadden enjoys good books and remembers with remarkable vividness what she reads. Their children cherish with fondest veneration the memory of their excellent Christian father, who passed to his reward between two and two years since.

Bro. Burr's parish is building a house for the minister, on the church lot. It will be a convenient parsonage, an abiding token of the interest of the people in the prosperity of the church and the cause of God, on this island. All such work for God strengthens the Christian character of any people. It stimulates to a noble and generous impulses of the soul. It gives standing to a church in the estimation of all well minded persons, and last of all, it is well pleasing in the sight of God. Bro. Burr has a full congregation, and is hoping ever lo to see the salvation of many of his parish. This church is interested in the moral and benevolent enterprises of our denomination. The pressure just now (financially), from the want of means to complete the parsonage, seemed to forbid any special effort for our mission, but a few individuals "shook hands" with the "financial grip"—a method I most heartily approve, and for which I return thanks. Our home, while on the island, was in the family of Dr. J. A. Steadman. His house is commodious and pleasantly situated. It may be opened next summer, for visitors, on most reasonable terms. Our experience in this family warrants me in commending the house as one where the most unfeigned kindness will be received by all who favor them with their patronage. Sept. 1879. A. H. MORRELL.

A Good Word for H. M. Society.

At the New Hampshire Yearly Meeting, held last June at Laconia, Rev. Mr. Parks, in his remarks on the above Society, referred to several non prominent churches, that in the early days of their existence were helped by the Home Mission Society, and but for that aid doubtless would never have reached their present standing. They who question the necessity of the H. M. Society, had better look a little more clearly into the history of our churches and be convinced of the important work which that Society has done, is doing and will continue to do, if the several churches of our denomination will do their part in contributing to its treasury. Our church at St. Johnsbury, Vt., might with truth be added to many others that the H. M. Society has so generously aided, and it were no exaggeration of the truth to declare that but for the very generous and recent donation of the Society to our church, we should have failed in raising our debt. Though the sum voted was not given on our debt properly, yet, by the Society's appropriating a certain amount on the minister's salary, the church was enabled to take that and pay the debt. From the time of its organization, the St. Johnsbury church has been helped every year, more or less, by the H. M. Society, and thereby it was enabled to go on from year to year, till it stands where it does to-day. God bless the H. M. Society and help our people to larger and more ready responses to its imperative needs. C. S. FROST.

Central Illinois Yearly Meeting.

The Central (Ill.) Y. M. has just closed its last session with Fairview church. Out of six Q. Ms. only four were represented, but they showed a good degree of prosperity. Makanda Q. M. has received four new churches, Looney Springs—three new churches, with considerable increase to old ones. Our meeting was very well attended. Bro. T. O. McMin was

appointed Home Missionary for the succeeding year. Our last missionary, Bro. J. C. Gilliland, made report of his year's work, which was very satisfactory. Initiatory steps were taken to learn the feasibility of establishing a denominational paper within the Yearly Meeting. Our brethren seem very earnest and hopeful for the progress of our cause. Elders W. H. Blankenship and Harper, since our last meeting, have passed on to the other shore. The church has lost one of its most zealous votaries, and the denomination one of its strong defenders in the death of Brother Blankenship. May the Lord raise up other and good men to fill their places. The meeting closed with many God bless you's.

G. A. GORDON, Clerk.

Penobscot Yearly Meeting.

A short report of the last session of the Penobscot Yearly Meeting has already been given through the *Star*. I add some other items that did not appear in that notice. The meeting convened under circumstances outwardly very unpropitious—rain fell in torrents; still a fair number of delegates were present at the opening, enough to take up and do effectively the work of the session. Others came, as the storm ceased, until, finally, all the Q. Ms. were reported and well represented. Along with many discouraging features of their work, most of the Q. Ms. reported additions. About 150 have been added to the churches of the Y. M., by baptism, the past year. One new house of worship has been built, paid for, and dedicated. There are many signs of increased prosperity. Many of the churches exist under great difficulties, being without ministerial labor or oversight most of the time. Our Y. M. limits include a large portion of the State of Maine that is sparsely peopled, and as a consequence our churches, in the majority of cases, are small and scattered, but they work and live. An example worthy of imitation by all churches in like circumstances, was exhibited in the action of the Thorndike and the Thorndike & Knox churches. In default of ministerial help, the lay brethren organized a board for special work. They held a series of meetings, and the result was twenty conversions; proving that a church can live and thrive without a pastor, if unable to have one. It would be different if they could have one and would not.

Under the judicious management of the president of the Y. M., Rev. R. L. Howard, the necessary business of the session was done rapidly, as well as thoroughly, leaving the more time for the discussion of the causes of Missions, Home and Foreign, Education and Sunday-schools. These were well set forth by the speakers, Howard, Boyd, Peckham, Fernald, Penay, Gerrish, Eastman, Kenney, Jordan, and others, and greater loyalty to these vital interests was begotten in those who spoke and in those who listened. Four collections were taken, in the course of the session, which the people endured with great good nature, and to which they liberally responded, considering the rather small number present. Home Missions, Foreign Missions, the new church at Lagrange, and a good minister who is in need of substantial aid, as well as of sympathy, were remembered in these contributions; \$77.50 being collected in all. Delegates to other Y. Ms. were, O. Pitts, Me. Cen. Y. M.; J. Boyd, Me. Western Y. M.; M. H. Tarbox, N. H. Y. M.

The change proposed by the last General Conference, as a basis of representation in that body, was adopted by this Y. M., viz.: That each Y. M. numbering twelve hundred shall be entitled to two delegates, and one additional delegate for each additional eight hundred members, and that at least one-third of the number of delegates shall be laymen.

Three ministers of this Y. M. have died during the year, T. H. Dore, A. Hamilton, S. M. Haggitt. Appropriate resolutions of respect to the departed, and of sympathy with their families, were passed.

Certain changes in the Constitution and By-Laws of the Y. M. were proposed, to be acted on at the next session, one of which was, "that the time of holding its annual session be changed from the third Tuesday of August to the last Tuesday of September, and the two following days."

After an excellent address by Prof. Jordan, of Pittsfield, on education in general and our educational interests in particular, resolutions were adopted, recognizing the good work and helpful influence of the Maine Central Institute, acknowledging our indebtedness to Profs. Bachelor and Jordan, and their associates, for their untiring labors, and for the high standard maintained by their efforts in the school; also pledging further help in removing financial embarrassment. A resolution, reasserting our confidence in the management and Christian usefulness of the *Morning Star*, was passed.

The Woman's Mission had a portion of the last afternoon. Two essays were read, also a letter from Miss Crawford. A short address was given by Rev. A. L. Gerrish, reports of finance and of labor were given, the exercises interspersed with singing. The meeting and the Secretary and Treasurer's report show that our sisters are doing no small part of the great work demanded in the Lord's vineyard.

Brethren C. F. Penny, E. N. Fernald and A. L. Gerrish, were with us from abroad, and helped us much, the former and latter preaching sermons that we shall not forget for many a day.

The session closed with a social and communion service, the evening of the third day.

An interesting incident occurred during the social meeting, especially interesting and affecting to the pastor of the Bangor church, Rev. H. L. Howard. His son arose and declared his intention of devoting his life to the gospel ministry. This addition to the ministerial force seemed particularly providential and gratifying, so soon after reports had come from all quarters, of the need of preachers of the Word.

The Y. M. adjourned, subject to the call of the chair—if a called meeting be needed—to meet at Bangor for the transaction of necessary business.

The next regular session will be held with the Dexter church, to convene the third Tuesday in August, 1880, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

S. C. WHITECOMB, Clerk.

Ministers and Churches.

Eastern.

Rev. J. P. Longley writes from Madison that "the Sabbath-school interest is still alive in this section. The town of Anson maintains eight schools. This season, not without labor and sacrifice, one brother, Luther F. Edwards, and his worthy wife, travel ten miles every Sabbath, to attend their school, superintending and teaching it."

The September session of the Anson Q. M. has just closed at Madison Center. All the preaching was earnest and tending to the point

of entire consecration of the ministry, and all the church being co-laborers in all work. The spirit of the entire meeting was surely hopeful. The outlook is ominous of precious things for the Anson Q. M., at no distant day.

Among the churches I have been permitted to visit, during my summer vacation, was the church at Parker's Head, Philadelphia. This church has had no pastor for the last two years. They have kept up their Sabbath meetings, conference and prayer-meetings, and an interesting Sabbath-school. They seem to be well united, and free from trials. But they have become discouraged. Many of the brethren are away on the sea much of the time, some are feeling the infirmities of age growing with their years. A very pleasant field of labor for some one who is willing to work for the Master. They feel the stagnation of business, and think they are not able to sustain a pastor. A little more faith and courage might remove these difficulties. My visit with them was very pleasant. May the Lord favor them with a faithful pastor, and send prosperously.—D. WATERMAN.

New Hampshire.

In the Weare Q. M. report, recently published, the name of Rev. Mr. Park should be read, in the place of Rev. Mr. York, as among the preachers of the occasion.

Vermont.

The F. Baptist church, Stratton, Vt., has lately engaged the services of Rev. A. J. Martin, of the Methodist connection, to preach for them once in two weeks.

Massachusetts.

Our church in Somerville is still prospering under the labors of Rev. Dr. Graham. Arrangements are now being made for a course of lectures, to be given for the benefit of the church.

New York.

Rev. W. Fuller, of Stephentown Center, has lately been doing a little local mission work, within the bounds of the Rensselaer Q. M., in preaching, and calling around the Lord's table, its pastorless churches, which had been without preaching and the observance of the Lord's supper, since last spring, which services have resulted in more than local benefit and interest, as Bro. F. has obtained some fifteen subscribers for the *Missionary Helper*, and gathered some ten dollars as contributions for missions. The Rensselaer Q. M. seems not only, at present, to have the larger number of its churches pastorless, but also for the past four or five years not only to have made no numerical progress, but to have made actual retrogression.

The August session of Genesee Q. M., held at Marilla, was interfered with somewhat by a heavy rain storm, but was, nevertheless, an inspiring meeting. Prof. Dunn, of Hillsdale, and Prof. Smith, of Pike, and Elders Plumb, Shannon, Jackson, of Varysburg, Bufum, Knapp, and Steele, were present, with a fair number of lay delegates. Bro. Crowell was absent at Fairport, Chautauque. The coming of Prof. Dunn was opportune, and helped keep in memory our obligations to Hillsdale and the David Marks professorship. Why can not Prof. Dunn's suggestion that the State Association meet this obligation, by its members paying a dollar each to this specific purpose, be carried out. There was a deep interest felt in revival work, and wise plans laid, which, if carried out, will help build up our Zion. Bro. Shannon, by his genial, unassuming manner and earnest Christian spirit, quite won our hearts. By giving back to us such men does Hillsdale bless us for gifts bestowed. Bro. Knapp reports some who professed religion last winter, yet remain unbaptized. It is well to await the summer, or baptize as men come to Christ, as was done in Apostolic times....

The church at Varysburg, under one of our aged veterans and Freewill Baptist fathers, who has preached for us more than fifty years, holds on its quiet way, a real blessing to the community. They, with others, need a revival to bring in many who are with them but not of them.... Pike church and school are in a prosperous condition, and by the spiritual force of some of the members are a blessing not only to Pike, but to other churches and places. Just now this of this energy is being expended in out-door meetings. Bethany church and pastor are doing well, but removals and deaths reduce the numbers, and revivals are needed to fill up the ranks of Zion.... Father Plumb, at Marilla, has recovered his health and spirits and has lately visited some of the churches in Cattaraugus Co. I expect to see him once more pastor of a church, and doing work with his old strength and zeal.... Bro. Bufum, whose zeal is untiring, is hard at work on his farm, and with the Freewill church.... The Colvilleville and Marilla churches are having good congregations, and an increasing interest in the preaching of Bro. Shannon.... Attica church has received one by baptism and two by letter, and hopes to receive others who are awakening to their first love.

Western.

Ohio.

Some revival of late in the students' prayer-meeting at Rio Grande. Several have arisen for prayer. Bro. Pedan, the new teacher, is assisting in the work, as well as some others. We trust that the benign influences of the Spirit will continue to be felt until many shall be brought to a knowledge of the truth.

The Ohio Free Communion Baptist Association met at Rochester, Sept. 9-11. A large attendance, able essays, a harmonious session, and considerable business transacted, characterized the meeting. Rev. C. A. Gleason, the Recording Clerk, will forward to the *Star*, soon, a detailed account of the meeting. Rev. R. J. Poston, now residing at Cheshire, is in quite feeble health. Rev. A. Jones, pastor of the Marion church, has returned from his visit in New York, and is seriously ill. The prayers of all Christians are requested for his recovery. Rev. Fisk, Prof. of chemistry in the Hillsdale (Mich.) college, is now visiting the churches in the Central Ohio Y. M. He is an earnest, humble laborer for God. The Mainville and Blanchester churches are still destitute of a pastor. Address, T. E. Wellman, Mainville; W. C. Dudley, Blanchester.

Kansas.

Aug. 9, the church at Cherryvale, Montgomery Co., laid the corner stone of a church building, with appropriate ceremonies. This church has taken a good stand in trying to build a house of worship. They are laboring under great difficulties, the most of the membership living some distance from the town, and it is with some difficulty that they can sustain meetings in the place. Their pastor, Rev. S. Keyes, is laboring zealously, and with the blessings of the Lord will succeed in the undertaking. May the Lord prosper and bless.

Michigan.

Rev. E. J. Doyle writes that in his report of the Oxford Q. M., published in the *Star* of Sept. 10, the meeting announced to be held at Lexington, Sept. 19, should be at Davisville, Sanilac Co., Sept. 26.

Iowa.
The Albany church, Fayette Co., has received five members, the past summer, three by baptism, and two by letter.—Rev. W. T. Buntin has labored with his accustomed zeal; but has now gone to Wisconsin for a while.

Wisconsin.

The Fond du Lac Q. M. is on the increase in spiritual vitality. It held its last session with the Boltonville church, Sept. 5-7. We had a good meeting and one that will not soon be forgotten. Every church in the Q. M. was represented by letter and delegates, and each reported a firmness, with an increased interest in the Master's cause. Bro. Geo. Towne, of the Fond du Lac church, was licensed to preach for one year. He has been laboring with said church, with a revival interest. Rev. J. J. Hull, from the Waupun Q. M., was present, as Cor. Mesa. Rev. C. B. Waller was also present. Their labors were highly appreciated. Rev. Phineas Jaquith is pastor of the Scott and Boltonville churches, and preaches to each every Sunday; in the North part of Scott Sunday evenings. Under his labors, in that place, there is a revival interest. Four have been hopefully converted. Others are seeking for the pearl of great price. Bro. Jaquith's whole soul is in the work, zealously aiming for the conversion of sinners. The last Sunday in August he baptized two. Since he has been with us he has baptized eight; all but one having been united with the Scott church.—RUFUS MUMFORD.

Quarterly Meetings.

MIDDLEBURY Q. M.—Held its August session with the Cherryvale church, Lobette Co., Aug. 8-10. Owing to the extremely busy season of the year, but a small attendance was had. The business was done in harmony. Some steps were taken towards dividing the Q. M., and making two of the same territory. Next session with the Science Valley Q. M., at Winfield, Cayuga Co., Nov. 7-9. A full attendance is desired.

N. A. BREWSTER, Clerk.

WENTWORTH Q. M.—Held its Sept. session at West Canaan, commencing Friday evening, Sept. 5, and held over the Sabbath. The weather during the meeting was beautiful, and the attendance at the opening service, and by noon of Saturday fully two hundred people were present. A funeral service was held in the afternoon of Saturday. Sermon by Rev. N. Jones, of the Weare Q. M., which made a deep impression upon the large congregation present. Sabbath morning opened bright and beautiful, and at an early hour the people were coming by scores to the house of prayer. The meeting opened at nine o'clock, with a prayer and praise service, which an opportunity was given for speaking, and just 100 persons testified to their love for Jesus. It was a glorious season, and one never to be forgotten. At half-past ten, sermon by Rev. N. Jones. At noon the congregation moved to the river, near by, to witness the hanging of one young lady, by Rev. S. Cole. Public services at half-past one P. M., after which, probably more than one hundred united in the service of the Lord's supper, and then, with grateful hearts for the great blessing that had fallen upon us, and with shaking of hands and falling tears, we bade each other good-bye, and the most successful session of the Wentworth Q. M. was closed. We were cheered by the presence of Rev. T. Keniston, of the Sandwich Q. M., and Revs. N. Jones and Waldron from the Weare Q. M. Next session at South Wentworth.

C. W. NELSON, Clerk.

MIAMI Q. M.—Held its last session with the Blanchester, O. church. It was a very interesting meeting. Rev. J. Hisey, of the Warren & Clinton Q. M., was present, and preached the word to good acceptance.

A. M. SIMONTON, Clerk.

ST. FRANCIS (Mo.) Q. M.—Held its last session with the Mine La Motte church, commencing Friday night, before the second Sunday in Sept. Preaching by Rev. W. E. Clark and A. T. Ray. The churches were all represented by delegates. Conference was conducted pleasantly and well attended. The religious services were spiritual, and also well attended. Several manifested a desire for prayer.

JOSHUA WOOD, Clerk.

BELKNAP Q. M.—Held its last session with the church at Alton, Conn. Sept. 9-11. The attendance was not large but the spiritual interest was very good. We were favored with the presence of eleven ministering brethren from abroad who preached the word with good effect. A large number in our own Q. M. were present. The business of Conference was disposed of with the utmost harmony and good feeling. On the second Sunday the pastor of the church was summoned to the death-bed of his father, which detracted somewhat from the interest of the meeting. The following resolutions were adopted on the death of Rev. Jeremiah Clough, after suitable remarks by Rev. A. D. Smith and others:

Resolved, That in the first place, that "God doth all things well" we bow in humble submission to this dispensation of our heavenly Father, thankful for the long and useful life, the large benevolence and sweet companionship of our departed brother.

2. That we extend to the bereaved family in their action our warmest sympathies, and pray that the promise of the ever loving Jesus "My grace is sufficient for thee" may be realized by them.

3. That these resolutions be published in the *Morning Star* and county papers, and a copy transmitted to the bereaved wife and daughter.

The following resolutions were also passed in regard to the Sabbath:

Resolved, 1. That we deeply deplore the increasing tendency of the age to destroy the sanctity of the Sabbath.

2. That in the opinion of this Conference, holding large gatherings of people on a Lord's day has a very strong tendency in that direction, more especially when held under the garb of religion, and religious exercises, and when the object of such gatherings are doing more to destroy the Sabbath than all other influences combined.

3. That the action of the Methodist Conference in dissolving camp-meetings over the Sabbath can not be too highly commended.

J. T. WEEKS, Clerk.

CHENANGO Q. M.—Held its last session with the So. Fulton church, Aug. 22-24. Although at the southern extremity of the Q. M., yet it was well attended, delegates being present from each of nine churches with one exception. The business and social meetings were profitable and the preaching was encouraging and instructive. The S. S. address of Bro. Brockway was excellent. Bro. Wastan, pastor of the So. Fulton church, was ordained to the work of the gospel ministry, and Bro. H. Abbey preaching the sermon Sunday morning. Bro. S. A. Worden, agreeable to request of Columbus Church was examined by Council with view to ordination. He was slain of the church to arrange; Bro. C. E. Brockway given a license to preach for one year. Collection for Missions, \$157.

Next session to be held with the Sherburne church. Opening sermon by Bro. E. R. Worden, of Norwich; S. S. Address by S. A. Worden of Columbus.

G. R. ZOSTER, Clerk.

Business Notices.

have received the greatest number of unquestionable, reliable endorsements that any external remedy ever received from physicians, druggists, the press and the public. All praise them as a great improvement on the ordinary porous plasters and all other external remedies. For LAME AND WEAK BACKS, Sciatica, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, Neglected Coughs, and all local aches and Pains, they are the best known remedy. Ask any one who has used them, or any good physician and he will confirm the above statements. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25 cents. 4w37

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PRESCRIPTION FREE.

For the speedy cure of Seminal Weakness, Loss of Manhood, and all disorders brought on by indiscretion or excess. Any druggist has the ingredients. Address DAVIDSON & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York. 121

Notices and Appointments.

Yearly Meetings.

WHEN AND WHERE HELD.
NORTHERN INDIANA Y. M., Frankfort, Sept. 26-28.
IOWA STATE Y. M., Pleasant Hill, Jones Co., Oct. 3.

Quarterly Meeting Notices.

STAFFORD Q. M., East Randolph church, commencing Oct. 3, at 1 P. M. JOHN MOXEY, Clerk.

The Anniversary.

PROGRAMME.
THURSDAY, OCT. 7.
Evening—Ordinary Convention.

7 o'clock, Meeting for prayer, led by Rev. Mowry Phillips.
7:15 " Business.
8 " Anniversary sermon by Rev. G. C. Waterman.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 8.
Morning—Home Missions.

8 o'clock, Meeting of the Executive Committee of the H. M. Soc. in the vestry.
9 " Prayer and Song, led by Rev. J. D. Stewart.
9:34 " Recession. Also meeting of the Conference Board.

10 " Annual meeting of the H. M. Soc.
10:12 " Public services—Report of the Corresponding Sec. Rev. A. L. Gerrish, and addresses by Rev. C. D. Faich and Rev. J. D. Vener.

Afternoon—Mission Convention and Women's Mission.
11-12 o'clock, Annual Meeting of the Women's Mission Society in the vestry.
2 " Meeting for Prayer, led by Rev. L. Dexter.

2:12 " Convention of the Benevolent Societies. Report of the Financial Secretary, Rev. E. N. Fernald, followed by discussion.
3:14 " Public services of the Women's Mission Society—Reports of the Secretaries, Mrs. J. A. Lowell and Mrs. J. D. Vener.

Evening—Foreign Missions.
6:12 " Meeting of the Executive Committee of the F. M. Soc. in the vestry.
7 " Service of Prayer and Praise, led by Mr. A. T. Jones.

7:12 " Annual Meeting of the Foreign Mission Society.
8 " Public Services—Report of the Cor. Sec. C. S. Perkins, and addresses by Rev. C. F. Faich and Rev. S. S. Baker.

THURSDAY, OCT. 9.
Morning—Education.

8 " Meeting of the Ex. Com. of the Ed. Soc. in the vestry.
9 " Meeting for Prayer, led by Rev. J. Malvern.
9:14 " Annual Meeting of the Ed. Soc.

9:14 " Public Services of the Education Society. E. N. Fernald, and addresses by Pres. O. B. Cheney, and Rev. C. A. Bickford.
11:20 " The Morning Star, addressed by the editor, G. F. Mosher, Rev. B. F. Hayes and E. W. Ricker.

Poetry.

UNDER ORDERS.

We know not what is expedient,
But we may know what is right;
And we never need grope in darkness
If we look to heaven for light.

Down deep in the hold of the vessel
The ponderous engine lies,
And faithfully there the engineer
His labor steadily plies.

He knows not the course of the vessel,
He knows not the way he should go;
He minds his simple duty
And keeps the fire a glow.

He knows not whether the billows
The bark may overwhelm;
He knows and obeys the orders
Of the pilot at the helm.

And so in the wearisome journey
Over life's troubled sea,
I know not the way I am going,
But Jesus shall pilot me.

I see not the rocks and the quicksands,
For my sight is dull and dim;
But I know that Christ is my Captain,
And I take my orders from him.

Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth,
Speak peace to my anxious soul,
And help me to feel that all my ways
Are under thy wise control;

That He who cares for the lily
And feeds the sparrow's fall,
Shall tenderly lead his loving child;
For He made and loveth all.

And so, when wearied and baffled,
And I know not which way to go,
I know that He can guide me,
And 'tis all that I need to know.

—The Boston Traveller.

Family Circle.

MISS RUTH'S EXPERIMENT.

"I never thought to see Sam Sherburne going to the bad, but he's on the same road with the Brown boys, cutting round nights, and no talkin' will keep them at home. The Sherburnes are to be pitied, for Sam's the only one left."

"The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," returned the old storekeeper, in a tone of fullest conviction. "Satan has an easy field in the rising generation. It does seem as if the latter days were nigh at hand. Wickedness crops out in the last place you'd expect to find it. It does beat all to think how the Lowgate boys seem to be going."

Miss Ruth turned away with her package and walked swiftly down the village street; a trim, dainty figure in her dark cloth dress. The words rang in her ears, "It does beat all how the Lowgate boys seem to be going." Her path led over the Common to a square brick house, flanked by a low wing on either side and a broad piazza which held promise of summer cheer. Great elms and maples were set in lines up to the mass of out-buildings. At the back was an orchard, the gnarled and twisted apple-trees standing out dark against the evening sky. Ruth shivered a little as she looked, then ran up the steps, and, throwing off wrappings on the table in the broad hall, entered a room warmed, and just now lighted, by an old-fashioned Franklin stove, the shining brass fenders and andirons gleaming in the flashing firelight.

"So there has come, Ruth," said a placid voice; and Aunt Mercy Dysart looked up from her knitting and smiled at the girl, who drew a low chair to her side and sat down with only an answering smile. Now, with the full light upon her face, one could see that she must be considerably over twenty. There were grave lines about the mouth, and her firm chin and broad forehead needed all the sweetness in eye and smile to contradict the impression of sternness.

"Proud as Lucifer," the village people said, and Ruth, who wanted to be friends with all, found it hard to work against this impression. Her ways seemed strange and unfamiliar to them, and a flavor of the ancient feeling for her house and name still tinged present thought and made the old people say,

"She's a Dysart, an' what else do you look for but high notions and plenty of them?"

Ruth at length raised her head and turned to Aunt Mercy, who had been looking at her from time to time, knowing she should soon hear what the girl had to say. These two were closest friends, and exchanged experiences and opinions with as much freedom as if forty years did not lie between them. And Ruth spoke now as if all that had gone before were perfectly understood.

"I've thought it all out, Aunt Mercy, and you and I must do something. We can't let them go."

"Well, child?"

"I really believe I should go to the bad myself in the same place. Do you know that with all my resources—with a hundred things to think about that mean nothing to them—I get so oppressed with the monotony, with the intense and horrible dullness, that I want a team to run away, or anything to happen that will rouse us one moment. Aunt Mercy, those boys will begin to drink—or do anything that will give a new sensation and bring a sense of life—and by and by there will be one or two or three more reckless, swearing, lounging creatures like the Carsons in the other village. I have begun to believe villages like this are doomed to destruction, and that New England will turn into New Ireland unless something is done to make them places where real life can be found. Aunt Mercy!"

"Well, child?"

"Do you know, I took up an old country history to-day. Forty years ago there were five hundred more people here than now. Every man has gone West except these old ones who are almost ready for the next world, and just a few who hold on because they were born here, and whose sons will get away as fast as they can. Of course the mill brings a certain class, but their lives are as joyless as life in a treadmill. And yet here is this lovely country, and these farms that ought to be homes and not prisons. Now, don't you suppose it possible to stir up some sense of pride, some patriotism—if that is the word—something that will make these boys willing to stay, and will give them something to think about? Aunt Mercy, I have a plan. Now listen and see what you think."

"Tea first, child, and thee may talk afterward. Thee should be hungry."

"I believe I am," Ruth said, as Linda, the servant—who, with her husband, George, was a relic of the former Dysart prosperity—opened the door and showed the small round table laid for two and almost lost in the great room, which, however, with its open fire and the soft light of the student-lamp held its own cheer.

"Miss Ruth, she's at her old ways," Linda said, as she went presently into the kitchen. "I've been a wonderin' what she'd find to take up, but she's got her hands full now."

"No good won't come of it," answered George, discontentedly, as Linda ended her summary of what she had been able to glean from the conversation. "Long's it's beggars and riff-raff you don't so much care; but this is just a-lettin' herself down to low people that won't know but what she's always done it. I'd speak to Miss Dysart. Miss Ruth don't see."

"It's past any time for speakin'," Linda groaned, as she rubbed off the wafted iron. "It's all cut and dried. Laws! I was sure there wouldn't be no mussin' here, but its begun, an' Miss Dysart, she'll be spendin' all her money, sure's you're born."

George shook his head, and continued to shake it as he moved about, but the opposition from the kitchen did not reach the parlor. Ruth devoted the evening to looking over a vast collection of photographs and stereoscopic views, and to assorting them in carefully numbered and marked piles, while Aunt Mercy made various changes in the contents of an old-fashioned book-case in the corner of the dining room. The south parlor, where they always sat in winter, had two deep recesses, each filled with books, Ruth's special favorites being in her own room overhead. In fact, every room they inhabited became the library temporarily, for Ruth and Aunt Mercy had a fashion of looking up any question that interested them, and bringing to bear every encyclopedia or reference-book which could throw the slightest light upon it, and their library was not only well filled with standard and general literature, but had a range of authorities seldom found outside the walls of a professed student's armory. The temptation had been strong to lose herself in this society and forget human claims, and Aunt Mercy, who had mourned a little that this remote village must swallow up her child just when most eager and most ready for work, smiled as she saw her absorption, and chid herself for forgetting that something always waited the ready hand.

Sam Sherburne, walking moodily out of the tavern, smelling of very strong tobacco, and with heavy eyes and pale cheeks, was surprised and disconcerted as, the next afternoon, Ruth met him and held out her hand.

"We are going the same way," she said. "Let us walk together, Sam."

Sam colored to the roots of his hair; then straightened himself and furtively brushed off some lint sticking to his coat. He had often in the summer rowed Miss Ruth down the river; had taught her how to manage the oars; and had looked on with pride in his pupil when her own light boat she had sent to Boston for took its place in the "branch" back of the old house. He had even once or twice been asked to tea, but since fall this had not happened. He knew she must have heard of his wildness, and supposed she would not care to speak to him.

Sam was of the New England boys who had no overmastering longing for a college education, who had never taken very kindly to his books, and who was merely a healthy, fun-loving fellow, with some common sense, rather rudimentary as yet, and a great longing to "see the world," meaning by this either going out to a clerkship in some narrow store, or possibly getting on one of the lake boats. But he was the only boy left; the farm waited for him, and was one of the best in the county, and Beniah Sherburne could not understand why the steady round of work was not satisfying.

A deacon in the Congregational church and with a sheaf of doctrines handed down from his father and destined in turn for Sam, who would never listen three minutes to their expounding, the good man shook his head sorrowfully and added one or two more clauses to his daily prayers. The mother and he sat contentedly by the little stove in the sitting room. She darned and patched and turned, with the life-long habit of saving as strong now when its need was past as in the early days. They took the county paper, and had a few books bought from persistent book-agents, but there was no sense of brightness or cheer in the nar-

row quarters, and Sam shot out after tea, and could never be found until bed-time. Even the dingy kitchens of the Canadians were better than his own home, for there at least were jest and laughter, or a dance suddenly improvised if Baptiste appeared with his fiddle. This was bad enough, the father thought, but when Sam was discovered playing cards with the Brown boys in the barn, boundless indignation had its way. Sam was thrashed and ordered not to go near them, and the cards went into the kitchen fire.

The natural result followed. Outwardly submissive but inwardly rebellious the boys had their way, and now at eighteen Sam seemed suddenly to have gone to the bad altogether; refused to enter the church, and, it was reported, had been seen drunk in the streets of the county town. The Brown boys ran the saw-mill at the foot of the hill, but their father did most of the work and sighed dolorously if any one asked why he did not keep them there.

Ruth looked at the lad as she walked; a tall, sturdy fellow with honest blue eyes but a weak, uncertain mouth and chin. As she talked he gained confidence, and answered with something of his old freedom; a full, cheery voice with very little of the nasal quality at which Ruth still winced.

"I wanted to see you, Sam," she said, presently, "for I want to talk over something with you and I think you can help me. Will you come to our house to-night?"

Sam hesitated and colored.

"I don't know about to-night, Miss Ruth. I'd promised Harvey Brown to go up to the line with him."

"Is it special business?"

"No-o, not so very."

"Then bring Harvey and John, too," said Ruth. "I want all three of you. Will you?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Sam, confounded. The "Brown boys" were the neighborhood synonym for outrageousness, and Miss Ruth must be beside herself. However, there was no chance for remonstrance, for with his "Yes, ma'am" she had turned into the post-office, with a "Good-bye, then, till evening," and Sam walked on wondering what he had better do.

"You've got me in a fine mess," Harvey Brown said, when Sam told them of the promise made for them, but in spite of shamefacedness curiosity was strong.

Linda sniffed audibly as she answered the ponderous knocker, which Ruth would not allow to be changed for a bell, and ushered the boys into the dining-room. A great table, on each end of which a bright light burned, had been drawn near the fire. Ruth knew that a table was at once occupation and screen for awkward feet and hands, the former finding shelter in the shadows, the latter turning over the illustrated papers towards which the boys looked at once. Miss Dysart sat there quietly knitting, with a pleasant word for each in answer to their awkward greeting, and then Ruth, with a slightly heightened color, spoke her thought.

"Boys, I have been thinking how very stupid and dull a great many of these winter evenings are, and I am sure they can be pleasanter for every one of us. We never get any amusements from outside because we are so far away, and I think we grow restless and discontented when there is none. Now what I propose may not be very amusing but at least we can try it and see. Suppose we travel a little, in spite of the deep snow, and in this fashion: We all have places, we would specially like to see; sometimes in our own country, sometimes in others. Let us take turns in choosing a place and then finding out all about it. I have pictures, you see—a great many of them—and I think you will find there is some pleasure in this way of traveling. But as you are not at all sure whether you will like it or not, we must see. Sam, where would you like best to go?"

Taken by surprise, Sam answered after a moment's confused thinking:

"The Mammoth Cave."

"Why?"

Again Sam meditated.

"Because I used to look at the picture in my old geography."

"It's curious you should have said that," Ruth, "because the first package of views on that table is one of views in the Cave. I was there long ago with Aunt, but never forgot it."

"Tell us about it, please," said Sam, eagerly, and Ruth brought two or three light stereoscopes and laid them on the table, then talked on simply but in most vivid fashion, giving the story of the long expedition. Each view suggested many questions; Miss Dysart joined at times with some bit of reminiscence, and when the clock struck nine the boys looked up in astonishment as Linda entered with a tray on which were cups of steaming coffee and a plate of sandwiches.

"It is so cold to-night you need the coffee to fortify you for your walk in the wind," Miss Dysart said, talking on so pleasantly that they forgot awkwardness.

"Tom Anderson's been up in that cave, near Lake Dunmore, where Ethan Allen hid," said Sam, "but it isn't much more than a big hole. He'd like to see these pictures, Miss Ruth. Would you mind telling it over again?"

"Not a bit," said Ruth, "if you will not be tired of hearing it twice."

"There ain't any danger of that," said Harvey Brown. "I feel as if I'd been there."

"Then I shall expect you Saturday night," said Ruth. "You and the Andersons."

The Anderson boys came at the appointed time; the story seemed to lose none of its interest in repetition, and from the Mammoth Cave they passed to others.

"Suppose we look up all the wonderful caves in the world," Ruth had said, after an evening with that of Elephantia, illustrated by some photographs sent by a friend in Calcutta. "The Giant's Causeway isn't exactly a cave, but there are some beautiful views of it. We'll have that for next time."

"But I don't know how," said Sam, who usually acted as spokesman. "I don't know anybody but you that knows."

"You shall find out," said Ruth; and on their next evening she had the great atlas, the encyclopedia, and a volume of Bayard Taylor's travels in which a full account was given. The boys looked askance at the books, but soon found they were not enemies but friends. Ruth had one or two of the wild legends connected with the spot, and told them with so much dramatic effect that Harvey Brown declared he should not dare to go through the long bridge alone.

"It's mighty like a geography lesson," said Tom Anderson, who had regarded the whole thing with grave suspicion, "but it's the jolliest geography lesson I ever heard. I sha'n't object to more."

Full of misgivings before each fresh attempt, success still seemed to wait upon each. Ruth smiled inwardly as her audience grew, and she came to have all the boys from fifteen to twenty that the neighborhood afforded. The wildest rumors were current. She played with them—she danced with them—she encouraged idleness; it was going to be as bad in the end as the bar-room. Gradually the effervescence subsided. It was seen that there was less desire to roam the country at large. The Brown boys came into Deacon Sherburne's one evening to talk over some knotty point with Sam, and the deacon found himself insensibly interested, as well as astonished that these boys showed so little of the cloven foot. When three months had passed that if anything interesting were provided no lack of interest or acceptance could be complained of, Ruth opened the long disused room in the north wing, furnished it with a long table and comfortable arm-chairs, had light shelves put up at one end, and herself covered the volumes which were the nucleus of what she hoped might be the village library.

Two backgammon boards, a set of chess-men and one or two pleasant games were there also, and one evening before their talk began she took her tribe into the cheery quarters.

"This is your own room, boys," she said. "But there are certain conditions you will all be willing to subscribe to. No noise—no smoking—no lounging. I have made it as pleasant a place as I can, and now it is yours till a better is found."

"Having this ain't going to break up our other evenings, is it?" asked Harvey Brown, anxiously. "We can't spare them now, Miss Ruth."

"No, you shall have them still," Ruth said, touched and gratified by the eagerness with which all had waited her answer. Already the little seed sown in weakness was showing green above the hard soil.

"Open Sundays!" the villagers cried, when the new departure came to be canvassed. "Breaking the Sabbath and making a nest of ungodliness in our midst!"

Ruth said nothing, and when it was found that the eleven lads were engaged in a Bible lesson each Sunday afternoon, not conducted on ordinary plans, perhaps, but made fascinating with maps and pictures and the most vivid description of a land that had been practically unknown, the tone of comment changed. No knowing what Quakers would not do, but certainly this was an unexpected turn, and one to be approved by deacons and ministers and people. Ruth shrunk from any discussion, but the time came when discussion was necessary, and she was forced to define both her work and her wishes for its future. Deacon Sherburne, as the representative of the most popular church, and who looked at Aunt Mercy's cap and kerchief as a symbol of mysterious heresy as full of threatening now as in old Puritan days, spent an evening in questions and returned home converted.

"You may say what you please," he said a week later to the knot of men in the store, "about her passin' by her own sex an' goin' for the boys. Her own sex can behave themselves better, an' ain't making for the streets the minute tea's done. Boys must have something to take up their minds, an' they've got it; an' it's a shame we hain't thought more about it. An' there's more to be done. Her hands ought to be strengthened. There's things a gal can't do an' selectmen can, an' it's time for us to talk them over. That north wing ain't big enough for them that would come. I've been turnin' it over in my mind, an' I'm ready to give the old shoe-shop if anybody'll help pay for the movin' to the Fork at the head of the Common, and fixin' it up some. You see summer's comin' on, an' the way she figures it is, it's time all of us should have some benefit out of what she's beginnin' to get together. She's got a friend that's sent some pictures, and another that's goin' to give a hundred dollars' worth of books; an' the long an' short of it is here's a chance for a town library to start, an' we to hold our heads up as high as other folks. I guess we can show we ain't quite run out yet."

So long a speech had never been heard from the deacon in all his life before, and a hot discussion followed. The shoe-shop was too old; it wasn't worth movin'. Who was going to paint it and put it generally in order? To every objection the deacon had his answer. It was evident that Ruth's enthusiasm had been deep and strong enough to thoroughly penetrate, and his Yankee thrift would never allow the proposed benefactions to go begging.

Ruth smiled as, one morning in June, the strenuous calls to oxen and the creaking and groaning of rollers were heard. The old shoe-shop was on its way to a new foundation and entire rejuvenation. Before July, painted and newly plastered, with long tables and Ruth's arm-chairs, with a set of engravings and one or two good chromes, the room looked not only habitable, but inviting. A recess at the back was devoted to curiosities—an old portrait or two of former village worthies, some Revolutionary relics, and anything Ruth or her boys had been able to find in the township in which a common interest could be felt.

The Fourth of July saw the village owners of "Lowgate Library Hall," and as Deacon Sherburne looked at his once useless property a sense of accomplishment filled him with something more like patriotism than anything he had known from his boyhood. Standing under the great elm which shadowed it, Dr. Brett, the minister, made the first Fourth of July address the village had had in years, and then led the way to the generous supply of ice cream and cake from the great house. Only the beginning of a better day for the village, and Ruth's eager wish traveled fast and fur; but she could wait, sure that here lay work enough for all, and that if one experiment had succeeded another might.

"God giveth the increase," Aunt Mercy said, "but never till it has first been written." Paul must plant and Apollus water."—Helen Campbell in *Christian Union*.

Literary Review.

There comes to us from the American Book Exchange, New York, the first number of a series of little books gotten up in cheapest form, and which, judging from the initial number, will prove of very great value to thoughtful American readers. This first number contains three papers of marked ability, by three first class writers. The first is Gladstone's article which appeared in a late number of the *British Quarterly Review*, entitled, *The Evangelical Movement, Its Parentage, Progress and Issue*. It was culled out by the passage which is found in Lecky's *History of England in the eighteenth century*, i. e., "They (the Evangelicals) infused into it (the English church) a new fire and passion of devotion, kindled a spirit of fervent philanthropy, raised the standard of clerical duty, and completely altered the whole tone and tendency of the preaching of its ministers. Before the close of the century, the evangelical movement had become dominant in England, and it continued the almost undisputed center of religious life till the Tractarian movement of 1830." To this statement Mr. Gladstone opposes two counter-statements. He denies that the Evangelical movement ever, at any time, became dominant in England, in any such sense as it became so in the Established Church of Scotland, and he affirms that it really came into the fullness of its power not before, but after the Tractarian movement. The response of Mr. Lecky as it appeared in the columns of the nineteenth century is reproduced in this little book, under its title, *The Evangelical Movement*. Mr. Lecky admits that the term "dominant" in his history was not happily chosen, but he re-affirms his statement in regard to the strength of the Evangelical movement. He shows conclusively that before the rise of Tractarianism, the Evangelical party had become the chief center of religious activity, both in non-conformity and in the church. "By the end of the eighteenth century it had attracted to itself nearly all the fervor, the activity, the spirit of religious propaganda and of religious enthusiasm that was circulating in the community. The strongest religious influence in general literature was the poetry of Cowper, who was wholly in its service. The leading religious influence both in society and politics was that of Wilberforce and the little group of which he was the center."

"My position is that the overwhelming preponderance of the devotional literature of the last part of the eighteenth century, which acquired a wide-spread and extraordinary popularity, was produced by the Evangelical party, and was intended to represent their principles. And by far the greater part of that literature was the work of members of the Established Church. Few things reflected more clearly the deeper devotional feelings of an age than its hymns, and in hymns the last part of the eighteenth century in England was peculiarly rich. The names of Toplady, Cowper, Madan, Newton and Charles Wesley will at once occur to the reader. All these were ardent Evangelicals; all of them were members of the Anglican Church."

The most curious part of Mr. Gladstone's essay is where he labors, we will not say to prove, but to suggest, that the Evangelical movement contributed only less than the Tractarian to swell the current of secession to Rome which the present generation is witnessing. Mr. Lecky, in sharp reasoning, shows the fallaciousness of any such supposition. There is one noble passage by Mr. Gladstone which is worth more than all the rest of his essay. It runs thus: "Upon the whole I surmise that sensible men, upon surveying the field of religious action during the last half century, will consider, each from his own point of view, that the cause of truth and right has had both its victories to record, and its defeats to mourn over. It is a blessed thing to think that behind the blurred aspect of that cause, which we see as in a glass darkly, there is the eye of One to whom all is light, and who subdues to his own high and comprehensive, and perhaps for that reason remote, purposes all the partial and transitory phenomena, with which we are so sorely perplexed. The systems, or forms, under which we conceive the truth, may each have its several colors, hereafter to be blended into a perfect ray. It will not then be the most boastful or the most aggressive among them that will be found to be the least refracted from the lines of the perfect truth, but the one which shall best have performed the work of love, and shall have effected the largest diminution in the mass of sin and sorrow that deface a world which came so far from the hand of its Maker. Here there is opened to us a noble competition, wherein, each adhering firmly to what he has embraced humbly, we may all co-operate for the glory of God with a common aim; and every one according what he asks, and according it as freely as he asks it, all may strive to cultivate the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace."

The last paper in the book is that of Friedrich von Schulte which appeared in the *Contemporary Review* on The Religious Condition of Germany. In our last week's number we gave our readers a digest of this valuable production. These little volumes are furnished for 30 cents and 3 cents postage.

Another inexpensive but most excellent series of books wears the name of *Acme Library of Standard Biography*, well printed, upon pure white paper, and very neatly bound. The number before us is the *Life of Martin Luther*, by Chevalier Bunson; with an estimate of Luther's Character and Genius by Thomas Carlyle; and an Appendix by Sir William Hamilton. It is impossible to find compressed into such space a more comprehensive and every way able judgment upon the character and career of the great reformer. 250 pp. 16mo cloth. Price 35 cents. By mail, postage 5 cents.

The *English Language: Its Grammatical and Logical Principles*, for the use of Grammar and High Schools and Academies by Har-

ris R. Greene, A. M., Principal of Grand Institute and late Principal of the High School, Worcester, Mass. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

The object of the author is to present a common basis of syntax of all languages by a study of universal generic forms of expression. These generic forms are substantially the same in all languages. He aims to unfold the science or philosophy of language so that it may be intelligently applied by the student to any particular language which is before him. The book is unique in its design. It is worthy of the close examination of teachers, and all others who are interested in this branch of education.

A Grammar of the English Language, by Samuel S. Greene, A. M. Phil., Cowperthwait & Co. This author is well known in this department of study. In this work he discusses in a very clear way the principles of the subject. He takes the common sense view that the grammar of a language is to be derived from the language itself, and that all theories and rules must be verified by direct appeals to the usage of standard writers. The book has long been in use in many schools, the best proof of its usefulness.

Easy Lessons in Popular Science, and Home Book to Pictorial Chart, with maps, illustrations, etc., by James Monteith. A. S. Barnes & Co. New York. We have been greatly interested in the examination of this book. The amount of information, the elucidation of those matters which from the first excite a child's observation and wonder make the book of great value. The pictures themselves will fasten any eye and the explanations are full of interest. It is the most entertaining study book which we have seen.

D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, have published a capital story for young people, *More Ways than One*, by Alice Perry. There is a dignity in the style of the author, a serious earnestness of spirit which are in refreshing contrast with the light, frivolous tone of too many of the story-tellers of the day. And the narrative itself is beautiful, natural, pure and strong.

Among the American Health Primers, edited by W. W. Keen, M. D., and published by Lindsay & Blackiston, Philadelphia, a little book by Dr. James Wilson takes a place. It is entitled *The Summer and its Diseases*, a needed book in any season of the year.

Good Company, No. 1, is a first and inviting issue of a new volume, with which subscriptions, which should be sent now, should commence. The cover is new in color and design, both in excellent taste, and the latter *sui generis* among magazines. It is the work of Mr. E. J. N. Stent, of New York. After a charming bit of poetry by Lucretia, come some pleasant pages from Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, entitled, *A Wilderness Romance*. It is one of his delightful Adirondack sketches. Next, there is an account of Hospital Work in New York, carefully done and readable, by Mr. William H. Rideing. It will surprise many to learn that there are several hospitals in New York finer in construction and equipment than any in the Old World. Following this are a sketch from life by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and some verses by Miss Lucy Larcom, characteristic and therefore good. Miss Larcom has a second poem of one verse near the end of the number. A gentleman who resided for several years in Japan gives a resume of the maxims of their social order, which have an interest as having been largely instrumental in producing the polished courtesy of manner and rare politeness that we so much admire in the Japanese. It is entitled, *The Politeness of Ogasawara*. Several contributions relate to foreign lands:—In the Fatherland, by a lady several years resident in Germany; A German School; and All Day Long in Paris, a pen picture of such a day as thousands of Americans have spent this summer. For stories, Mrs. Kirk, who writes over her maiden name, Ellen W. Olney, has Mr. Sargent's *First Parish*; Mr. Horace E. Scudder has, *Do not let the Publicans be the Same*; and Elizabeth A. S. Chester furnishes *Along the Line*; all good specimens of their respective authors' work. In *The Laborer* and his Hire, anonymous, a sketch from life, an intelligent factory operative gives his ideas as to the condition of his class. Something to Do, also anonymous, is by a well informed and competent person, who suggests a course at one of the training schools for nurses as well adapted to many young ladies who in these hard times want preparation for remunerative employment. Details are given as to conditions of entering training schools, the course pursued, wages, etc.

The other contributions include, A Committee of Five, a discussion of current fiction, in the form of a sketch, by Mr. E. C. Gardner; Is there not a Lie in our Right Hand? by Mrs. Edward Ashley Walker; Nature and Revelation; and verses by Mrs. Margaret A. Preston, Mrs. Julia C. B. Dorr, and Mrs. Mary Bradley. The number concludes with *The Editor's Table* and "Talks." It should be distinctly understood that this magazine presents original matter only. \$3.00 a year postage paid. Good canvassers wanted. Address *Good Company*, Springfield, Mass.

The October number of *Harper's Magazine* is unusually rich in illustrations and varied in its literary attractions. Among the latter are, of course, to be placed first the new serial novels by William Black and H. D. Blackmore. A very powerful short story—"The Revolution in the Life of Mr. Balinghul"—is contributed by Sherwood Bonner, the author of "Like unto Luke"; and there is also a very brief but unique story by Mary N. Prescott, entitled, "Belle's Diary." Miss Mulock's serial novel, "Young Mrs. Jardine," increases in interest every month. Those who have read Col. Waring's *Tyrol* sketches will welcome the new contribution from his pen with which this number opens, entitled, "On the Skirt of the Alps," with several very beautiful illustrations. This paper, after some very novel views of Venice, gives a delightful description of the Lakes of Northern Italy. Mr. Charles A. Cole's paper on "Painted Glass in Household Decoration," accompanied by some extremely interesting illustrations, is to the general reader—a remarkable revelation. The writer, besides a general review of the subject, shows what the glass painters are now doing in New York.

S. G. W. Benjamin concludes his series, "Fifty Years of American Art," with a third paper, illustrated with engravings from paintings by Bierstadt, Hill, Thomas Moran, M. E. W. Wyant, Martin, De Hart, Norton, Quattrone, T. W. Wood, Mayer, J. G. Brown, Guy, Thompson, Magrath, and Tait. This will be followed in the November Number by an article on "Early American Painters," with similar illustrations, etc., etc. The Editorial Department is well sustained, and the *Literary Record* is a very complete summary of current books.

Literary Miscellany.

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

It is right to be contented with what we have, never with what we are.—Mackintosh.

It is always safe to learn, even from our enemies; seldom safe to venture to instruct even our friends.—Colton.

Feelings come and go like light troops following the victory of the present; but principles, like troops of the line, are undisturbed and stand fast.—Richter.

An old mystic says somewhere, "God is an unutterable sigh in the innermost depth of the soul." With still greater justice, we may reverse the proposition and say the soul is a never-ending sigh after God.—Dr. Theodor Christlieb.

A cunning man is never a firm man; but an honest man is; a double-minded man is always unstable; a man of faith is firm as a rock. I tell you there is a sacred connection between honesty and faith; honesty is faith applied to worldly things; and faith is honesty quickened by the Spirit to the use of heavenly things.—Edward Irving.

Be and continue poor, young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud and dishonesty; be without place or power, while others beg their way upward; bear the pain of disappointed hopes, while others gain the accomplishment of theirs by flattery; forego the generous pressure of the hand for which others change and crawl; wrap yourself up in your own virtue, and seek a friend and your daily bread. If you have, in such a course, grown gray with unbleached honor, bless God and die.—Hinselmann.

THE SIX GERMAN COMPOSERS.

BY FLORA PRESTON ROBIN.

Mendelssohn.

For once genius found a path without thorns. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy was the second child of a wealthy banker.

When Felix was four years of age the family removed to Berlin where he was put under the tuition of Madame Begot. At eight, we find him a strong, active, merry boy, full of life and love for music. He could play Bach's most difficult composition at sight. He had a keen ear and at this time had composed some of his music that is played even at the present time.

At the age of twelve, one of his masters, Zelter, took him to see the great poet Goethe. The aged man was charmed with the boy and his music, and the friendship between the old poet and the young composer was life-long. At fourteen he is conducting orchestras to his own compositions, and conductor of his own operas. One year later, his father took him to Paris to see Chemini, who gave him great encouragement and good advice.

Mendelssohn was an indefatigable worker, not only in music but in the regular classical studies of the gymnasium and university. His father wished him to be symmetrically developed. He went through the university course with credit and honor, and in all his writings, musical or literary, we see that fine classical taste acquired by higher studies.

When twenty-two, Mendelssohn set out on his travels, not for fortune, like Mozart, but for culture and enlarged experience. After his return home, his favorite sister, Fanny, asked him for a description of "Fingal's Cave and the rocky Hebrides." "The description can not be told," he said. "It can only be played," and seating himself at the piano he began playing the symphony now known as "The Hebrides." Again he traveled through Switzerland and Italy. After this he returned home, turning his thoughts to work. In 1836, he met for the first time Cécile Jeanrenaud, who afterward became his wife. About this time he was appointed musical director of the conservatory at Leipzig. In the following year he was married. Cécile and Mendelssohn were perfectly congenial and lived most happily. Their mutual taste for literature and the arts gave them common ground for enjoyable companionship, and her talent for painting was only second to his for composing.

On looking over Mendelssohn's productions one is struck by the large proportion of religious music. Of operas he wrote but few, and of these, the most are founded upon the writings of Sophocles, Shakespeare, and Goethe. Of songs, no other has left so rich a legacy of both sacred and secular. If there was ever any one who had the power to bring the Scriptures to the heart of man, Mendelssohn had that power. His "St. Paul," "Elijah," "Hymn of Praise," and the splendid choral psalm, "When Israel out of Egypt came," seem to have been inspirations. Scarcely a home that has not been made brighter by his "Songs without Words" that have become familiar to so many families, while no book of hymns would be complete without some of his devotional music.

His sister's death deeply afflicted him, and he lived but a short time after that. Nervous and persistent overwork resulted in premature decay, and he died Nov. 4, 1847, followed six years later by his heart-broken Cécile, the "idol of his life" as he had called her.

"La genio c'est la fiam," is a wittyism without truth. Talent may be spurred on by difficulties, but difficulties do not make talent. Mendelssohn loses nothing from the fact that he was not forced to save himself from starvation. Rather, in this case, genius found freedom instead of bondage. Relieved from pressure of poverty, Mendelssohn had time to give every song that polish and perfection in detail, which is the ideal of every artist. Nothing crude came from his pen. Gifted with genius combined with rare culture, quickness of understanding with tenderness of heart,

playful facility with energy for the highest tasks, Mendelssohn stands alone. Noble gratitude filled his heart for every good thing that fell to his lot. A scholar, artist, genius and a noble-hearted Christian—what more shall be added in reviewing a life that will always be remembered and revered?

A PHILOSOPHER PEDDLER.

It was on my way to Saratoga, by way of boat, in the latter part of the month of September, that I met the subject of this sketch. The "season" at the great watering-place was over, and there were very few travelers. After supper, toward nine o'clock in the evening, I took a fancy to wander round the lower deck to take a look at the machinery and listen to the playing of a not very tuneless harp. Going forward, amidst a maze of merchandise of every description, I found myself among the "steerage" or "deck" passengers, who, for a very small fare, can take the journey to Albany, and are allowed to sleep on the boxes and bags in the forward part of the boat. There were nearly a score of persons, about equally divided between German and Irish, and they were almost all asleep. Turning to come back, my attention was arrested by a man who was evidently one of the deck passengers, but removed at some distance from them. He was seated on a box near one of the lights and reading a book. He asked me the time, and that led to quite a lengthy conversation between us, which, leaving out my questions and much that is irrelevant, let me epitomize thus:

"Yes, sir, I'm a peddler—I might say, sir, a traveling peddler; I'm here today, and no one knows where to-morrow. You think me a Jew, perhaps, because you find most peddlers who come to your house to be Jews. Well, you are only partly right. I was born in England; my mother was a Jewess, my father was an Englishman; and, as you see, I am what a 'umerous friend of mine calls, 'an 'Ebraic cast of beauty,' and, as you have ears to 'ear, you may detect, once in a while, but not often, that my hair is a shade darker. Always been a peddler, I should say. Bless you, no. My father was a tradesman in the old country. He kept a kind of a notion store, where you could buy most anything and everything. We were not by any means well-to-do. It's a poor country to rise in, as you know, sir. You've got to be born rich. We all had to work, my mother and my brother (who got tired of the 'old thing and ran off to Australia, and I ran off to errands and carried bundles, and made myself, as the saying goes, 'generally useful.' My father was not a college-bred man, but he was a great reader. He read anything and everything all the time he could spare, and, between me and you, sir, he was much better fitted to keep a book-stall than a notion store, of which he did not have much notion, anyhow. He was a quiet man, wrapped up in 'is own thoughts, though very gentle and kind and good to all about 'im. He taught me to read, which I learned to do quite quick, and I would have been a great reader as he if I had had the chance, but I didn't."

"Well, my father died, and that brought about terrible changes. My mother took on awful, for you see she used to look up to him—he bein' a bookish man, and she having little learnin' herself—and she used to think of 'im as a soopier creature. But aside from that he was a very good, a very lovable man. She took to drinkin' too much to drown her sorrow, and in a year she died. So, there I was, at twenty years of age, left alone, for a strange to say, I had no handier relative in the world except my brother, and I didn't know where he was. I came to this country thinkin', and rightly, it was the best to make money for a man with small means. (I had about \$1,000.) I went West. I opened a notion store in a lively city, and I stayed there for fifteen years. I had no vices to speak of, I saved my money, and at the end of that time, I was worth a matter of \$8,000."

"Well, sir, I think you'll hear me hout in onehassation, and that is, that the Jews, as a class, are not a speculative race; they make their money by 'ard work and savin' what they make. But remember, I'm not a full-blooded Jew—people must take me as the Englishman does his hale—'alf and 'alf. So, you see, when I got so much money saved up, though I'd be thrifty and saving all the while, I found the American fever for speculation growing upon me. I saw people investin' in this, and investin' in that, and doubling, and trebling their money, and why shouldn't I? As I always kept my mouth pretty close, no one knew what I was worth, or, indeed, that I was worth anything, for my store was a very small affair. But so soon as I signified a desire to invest, I had offers from all quarters, and for all sorts of enterprises. To make a long story short, I put my \$8,000 into a mining affair which utterly failed, and I, with a lot more of poor fellows, lost all. Then was I discouraged? I followed my mother's hexample, and gave way to drink for a time, but I had some of my father's sense, and I soon saw that wasn't the thing; and I stopped—clean short off. I always liked to travel, so I sold out my store and took to peddling in the notion and cheap dress goods line."

"I went further out West, goin' as far as California, though I didn't walk, of course, over the plains. I have been in nearly every State in the West and South and all the Eastern States several times over."

"And now?" I interrupted.

"I am on my way to the north-western corner of the State."

"In the notion line yet?"

"Oh, no, sir. I've something that catches the people better." He displayed to me his basket. It was filled with that glittering kind of cheap jewelry sold by the many street vendors on Broadway, Eighth avenue and the Bowery.

"Yes, sir," he continued, looking with an admiring eye at the showy mass, "that's what takes 'em now-a-days, especially the wimmen. Is the profits large? Well, let me show you. These imitation diamond studs cost a cent and a half a piece; they retail for twenty-five cents. These jet crosses are a cent and a half a piece; they retail for twenty-five cents. Ladies' and gentlemen's sets, diamonds—imitation, of course—breakpins and finger-rings cost all the way from \$1 to \$4 a gross, and sell for from twenty-five to fifty cents each. In the South, among the negroes, I have often and often got a dollar for a set that didn't cost me over four cents. And factory girls down East will sooner 'ave jewels

than food, though some of 'em are pretty smart and you can't fool 'em very easy."

"My mode of life? Oh, sir, it's quite simple. You see ambition is the bane of mankind, especially in this country. As long as you're ambitious you can't be 'appy. That's my doctrine. When I was workin' and savin' and tryin' to make so much I wasn't 'appy, but now I am. I don't bother about the future. I makes a good livin' in a pleasant way, and it suits me. You're looking at the boxes here, and thinkin' it can't be very 'pleasant.' Well, it's all in custom. Lay an old blanket down 'ere, and I'll be as comfortable as you in your state-room to-night. My 'eth, thank Heaven, is good. Of course I walk a great deal; I eat good; I sleep good; I 'ave no desire for fine clothes. With a book and a pipe I can be content. I don't drink at all, for I only foolin' money away which I 'ave to work for. In the spring, summer and early fall I travel in the country. In the winter time I am in the city, generally standin' on Broadway or the Bowery. Married?"

He paused a moment at the suggestion, and I thought I detected the faintest suggestion of a cynical smile as he replied:

"No, sir, not married, nor don't intend to be. I don't think I can haccumplish that great object in life of makin' one woman 'appy,—no, sir. I honestly don't, for I'm different from many men. What book was I readin'?" "Ere it is."

It was Emerson's "Conduct of Life," and it is Emerson himself who somewhere says that if, traveling on some far Western train, we should chance to sit next a passenger who was reading Plato, we should feel like hugging him. That thought came to me when I discovered that this somewhat original character was reading a book like the "Conduct of Life," and, though my enthusiasm was not so great as to take the affectionate turn suggested, I could not help but have great respect for the man.

"I picked it up," he continued, "at a book-stall in Nassau street. Yes, I read all I can, mostly solid books. I take after my father in that respect. When traveling, I stop at cheap country hotels. In the city I get a small 'all bedroom. Winter evenings I stay at 'ome and read, or go to the theater when business is good. I'm a Church of England man, sir, in religion—a very broad one, for I believe, like the Universalists, in the final salvation of all."—Geo. Ellington, in Christian Union.

PARAGRAPHS.

Silk factories in England employ 120,428 women.

Christine Nilsson is in her native Sweden.

The outlook in Washington—The observatory.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A politician is measured by his boom.—New Orleans Picayune.

A balloon which ascended from Cincinnati, traveled sixty-five miles in an hour.

Are men who fit counters in boots, counterfeiters?—Whitehall Times.

Remark of the oyster, September 1: "Here we R again."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Seven steamships are to be put on the new line from Norfolk, Va., to Liverpool.

A Dublin newspaper says: "A number of deaths are unavoidably postponed."

A post in the ground becomes decade wood at the end of ten years.—N. O. Picayune.

The Russian Government has caused a Russo-Chinese dictionary to be published at its own expense.

Extensive arrangements are being made in San Francisco for the reception of Gen. Grant, on his arrival in that city from China.

Eight firms, \$500,000 of capital and about 3000 persons are employed in the one industry of corset manufacturing, at New Haven.

Sixteen million dollars have been paid out for pensions arrears by the government since the passage of the arrears of the pensions act.

The first knight created by Queen Victoria, was Sir George Stephen, and he has just died at the age of eighty-five years.

A young poetess pathetically inquires, "Can love die?" We don't think it can, but it is occasionally love sick.—New Haven Register.

St. George Mivart elaborately inquires: "What are living beings?" The author of "Is life worth living?" is the proper person to answer that conundrum.—N. Y. Mail.

About twenty years ago pearls were discovered in the Little Miami River, Warren County, O., and since then the search for them has been one of the recognized industries of the region.

An Indian, having heard from a white man some strictures on zeal, replied, "I don't know about having too much zeal; but I think it better the pot should boil over, than not boil at all."

"Who'll be the last man on earth?" is the sudden inquiry by a Boston paper. Well, if no one else will accept—if our country calls—if you probably see the drift?—Detroit Free Press.

The new post-office in New York cost \$7,000,000. It employs about 1000 persons in all the departments. In its erection 13,000,000 pounds of iron were used; 16,000,000 pounds of bricks, and 350,000 cubic yards of granite.

The American Philological Association, which met at Newport, recently, adopted a set of rules for simplifying our spelling. The rules recommended are these: 1. Omit a from the digraph a when pronounced as a short, as in bed, hold, etc. 2. Omit silent e after a short vowel, as in hav, give, etc. 3. Write f for ph in such words as alphabet, fantom, etc. 4. When a word ends with a double letter, omit the last, as in shal, cliff, etc. 5. Change ed final to t where it has the sound of t as in last, imprint, etc.

A recent patent by a Western jail-builder, consists in using steel bars with a wrought-iron core, and after cutting them to desired lengths and drilling them, heating them to a red heat and immersing them in water, while held in clamps of the exact size, so as to render the edges of the bars as hard as flint, perfectly resisting the file or chisel, and impossible to be broken on account of the iron core.

The number of cotton operatives on a strike at Ashton is 8000 to 11,000, and the streets are crowded with unemployed operatives. A serious strike is threatened at Preston. The operatives of Horrocks, Miller & Co. have submitted to a reduction. Fifty-furnaces have been blown out in various parts of Scotland, rendering 3000 men

idle, in consequence of the resolution of the iron-masters not to accede to the demands of the workmen for an increase of wages until the price of iron exceeds 50 shillings per ton.

Among the young gentlemen of London, none is more popular, or has a more enviable position than that of Mr. Montagu Corry, Secretary of Lord Beaconsfield. They are always together, Lord B. seldom dining out without him, and he always accompanies his chief on his visits to Osborne. Mr. Corry is the son of the late Right Hon. H. L. Corry, and first cousin of the Irish Earl of Belmore, who married Mr. Gladstone's niece. His mother was sister of the Whiz Earl of Shaftesbury. The Corry family are red-hot Irish Protestants. Mr. Corry has considerable private means, enabling him to refuse the good places his patron has offered him.—Harper's Weekly.

It is said of Fichte, who "completed" Kant's "complete" science of knowledge," that "in his searching analysis of consciousness, starting from the self-identity of Ego=Egos, or A=A, and proceeding to the self-distinction of the non-Ego not=Ego, or A not=A, he reaches the idea of limitation or division of the totality by mutual exclusion of the self and the not-self; which is fully as lucid as pitch-darkness, though in that respect remarkably well done—for a German philosopher.—Standard.

FACTS ABOUT WOMEN.

(From Progress.)

Four sisters have chosen September for a "tramping excursion" in the Adirondacks.

There has been incorporated in Baltimore, the Germania Lodge, No. 1. It is composed of women and is for beneficial purposes.

Among the tourists in Rome there are fifty young ladies from one of our boarding-schools, who are going about Europe in the charge of a professor.

Mrs. Catherine V. Waite, a graduate of Oberlin College, is operating as a financial and real estate agent in Chicago.

Mrs. Monroe, the widow of the Dean of the School of Boston University, who has probably occupied her late husband's parlour at the autumn term. It is said that she is perfectly capable of filling the position.

They talk of establishing a State Female College as a part of the University of Georgia. A bill has been introduced in the Legislature asking for such a college, to give free tuition to as many young ladies from each county as there are representatives from each county.

Since the fall of the Empire many high-born and noble ladies of France are turning their attention to literature. The absence of courtly life and obligations leaves them leisure in plenty, and besides, in some instances, necessity compels these aristocratic dames to do something for a livelihood, and as many have natural gifts which they have cultivated in the salons, the pen offers the easiest and pleasantest labor. Among the best known of these ladies, are Mme. Augustine Craven, whose "Recit d'une Seur" and "Fleur-de-lis" have large reputations, and the Countess Mirabeau has recently issued two amusing volumes under the titles of "Shocking by Caut," and "Clut by Schott."

There are few sports in which ladies can hope to equal or surpass gentlemen. Archery is an exception. Not that one would be ungallant enough to suggest the superiority of the fair sex in drawing the long bow, yet it is undoubtedly true that in archery, which requires little strength, but a steady hand and true eye, they are more successful than men. There are two organizations in Philadelphia of which the bow is the principal amusement,—the "Ladies Outdoor Club," at Belmont Cricket Ground and the "C. C. Archery Club," which meets at Professor Hastings's grounds, Thirty-fifth Street and Portico Avenue. The former has two hundred lady and fifty associate gentlemen members; the latter numbers about forty ladies and gentlemen.

"Practical Science."

Under the above heading the St. Croix Courier of St. Stephen, N. B., in referring to the analysis of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Sage's Catarrh Remedy recently made by Prof. Chandler, of New York, and others, says: "Nothing was discovered which we think objectionable, and the publishers should increase rather than retard their sale. To us, it seems a little unjust to call a man a quack simply because he seeks to reap as much pecuniary reward as other classes of inventors." The English Press is conservative, yet after a careful examination of all the evidence it not only endorses, but recommends the Family Medicines manufactured by Dr. Pierce. No remedies ever offered the afflicted give such perfect satisfaction as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Nervous Exhaustion.

"Compound Oxygen" is especially valuable where, from any cause, there exists great physical or nervous exhaustion. Our Treatise will tell you all about it. It is mailed free. Address Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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, is but just that CASH should accompany the copy at the rate of FOUR CENTS PER LINE OF eight words. VERSES are inadmissible.

MRS. CHARLOTTE AYER HEDGE, wife of Dr. J. H. Hedge, died at her residence in Waukegan, Aug. 16, 1879, aged 84 years. She was the only daughter of Elisha and Sarah G. Ayer, and was born in Limerick, Me., where she was united in marriage to Dr. Hedge, in 1840. They resided in Limerick until 1850, when they removed to Waukegan, where they have since lived. She became a Christian in early life and with her husband joined the Free Will Baptist church in Limerick. She has ever since been actively engaged in the religious, benevolent, and social enterprises of the town where she lived. Her kind attention to the sick and afflicted will be long and gratefully remembered. She has ever been a very affectionate, faithful, and constant companion of her husband, who is now left at an advanced age, in feeble health, and a comparatively lonely condition; and though he may long mourn the loss of an affectionate and tenderly beloved companion, he may be sure of the heartfelt sympathy of many Christian friends, and an interest in their prayers. The deceased left but one child, now the wife of Dr. W. C. Earle, of Waukegan. Her husband was a native of Waukegan, Me., and was a nephew of Rev. Barnabas Hedge, formerly a well known minister of our denomination.

MRS. LUCRETIA B., wife of Bradley C. Bean, died in Candia village, N. H., July 3rd, 1879, aged 50 years. Nearly forty years ago she sought the Saviour, uniting with the F. B. church in Vermont. She was for more than 20 years a member of Candia church. To her it was given to fill a responsible place in her family, in the Sabbath-school, and in the church, and she did it faithfully. Of her it may be said, "She hath done what she could;" "her works praise her." Her end was peace. She leaves a husband and five children. They sorrow not as others who have no hope.

MRS. MARCELLA COBB, daughter of Deacon McLean, now deceased, died at Oak Hill, Poland, Me., 7th inst., aged 71 years. Mrs. Cobb, for some 25 years, has been a faithful and consistent Christian, a member of the F. B. church of Oak Hill. Her Christian relations and labors have been highly esteemed by associates and neighbors. Sister Cobb,

since the death of her husband, some twenty years ago, has been an invalid, and confined nearly the whole time to her room. The last three years of her life were attended with the greatest sufferings, but borne with remarkable patience and resignation to the divine will. Her death was welcome, peaceful and exceedingly happy. She arranged for her funeral, which was attended by numerous sympathizing friends. Her aged and venerable mother and only surviving sister, have spent many years in ministering to her needs, and affection, most gratefully acknowledged, and prized, up to the time of her departure. She sleeps in peace, with loved, labors and sufferings, promotive of lasting good. J. S. B.

JOHN ELKINS, Esq., died in Danville, Aug. 3, aged 58 years. For some twenty years, Bro. E. had been a most worthy member of the F. B. church of Danville. Besides a sphere of Christian work and influence, in which he will be greatly missed, he occupied a large place in the estimation of the community for many excellent qualities as citizen, neighbor and friend. His death was a loss to the community, and especially to the F. B. church, in which he was a devoted member, and in which our lamented Bro. was wont to worship. But has not his Divine Master called him to a participation in praise—his nobler and sweeter than those in which he so much delighted in the earthly sanctuary?

DAVID DEARBORN died in Danville, Aug. 25, aged 78 years. For 54-years our beloved brother was an exemplary member of the Danville F. B. church. He took much delight in the sanctuary, both in the ministrations of the gospel and in the privileges of the Sabbath-school. His habit of contributing for the support of the gospel in all of our other benevolent objects, was a truly noble one, for not only according to his means, but beyond, did he cheerfully co-operate with his brethren in these essential manifestations of a deep, inward and scriptural piety. His wife and two daughters survive to mourn the loss of a kind and provident husband and father.

MRS. NELLIE F. COOK died at East Hampton, Sept. 4, of typhoid fever, aged 22 years, 11 months. The deceased had been a member of the Danville church some two and a half years, maintaining a course of Christian steadfastness unto the end. Therefore that end was peace, for God is faithful who hath promised, To part with husband, child, mother, and brother, as well as other friends, was a stern test of faith. But the wonderful grace of her faith triumphed. Her last words were, "Blessed Jesus!" "Blessed Jesus!" "The young thus die, as well as those who, when old-timer is the admonition to the living, to exhibit great faithfulness in the service of the Master, because the night hastens when no man can work."

STEPHEN R. GRIFFITH died at his residence in Gilberts Mills, Oswego Co., N. Y., July 2, 1879, passing from the couch of suffering to the rewards of heaven. He was born in Saratoga Co., N. Y., July 25, 1797. Nearly fifty years ago, during a powerful revival in Gilberts Mills and vicinity, he converted himself to Christ and Christian work; was soon after baptized by Rev. Benjamin McKoon, and united with the F. B. church. About a year later, he was elected as one of its deacons, and in this capacity, with the exception of two years, served the church till sickness came and death severed the relation. Outside the ministry, few men were better known in the F. B. denomination, and comparatively few have attended more of its general meetings than Dea. Griffith. The General Conference, the Yearly and Quarterly Meetings were to him a feast of good things, and such was his appreciation of them, that impossibilities alone prevented his attendance. He was a devoted church and denomination, took a deep interest in all her benevolent enterprises, and made liberal contributions to their support. Had all done as well, there would have been money and men sufficient to have carried our dear denomination work with glorious victories. But Dea. Griffith has finished his work on earth, and crossed the line of worlds. We miss him. In the church, in the social meetings, and at his home, where, both by himself and his devoted Christian wife, the ministers of Christ ever found a hearty welcome.

W. R. S.

"THE ISSUES."

THE above is the title of an Essay delivered before the Iowa Yearly Meeting on the issues between Free Baptists and other Denominations. The Conference voted to request its publication. It has been done at the Morning Star Office, being read with interest among our people in Iowa, for whom, chiefly, the work was prepared. It is addressed to the general reader, and hereby call attention to it and urge the purchase and reading by any and all interested in the subject. The issues between Baptists and other Denominations, and between Liberal and Galilean Baptists are clearly and forcibly put. Address REV. O. E. BAKER, WATERLOO, IOWA, or, for a short time, THE STAR OFFICE. PRICE 10 CENTS PER COPY.

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