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## **The Morning Star - volume 54 number 42 - October 15, 1879**

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# The Morning Star.

VOL. LIV.

THE MORNING STAR, DOVER, N. H., OCTOBER 15, 1879.

NO. 42

## THE MORNING STAR

A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER.

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this paper.

## The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1879.

### TWO THINGS.

We have two things to do, to live and die:  
To win another and a longer life  
Out of this earthly change and weary strife:  
To catch the hours that one by one go by,  
And write the Cross upon them as they fly.  
So shall they lay their burden gently down,  
Sinking, perchance hard by, beneath the throne,  
Withdrawn anew into eternity.  
'Tis hard to live by youth's fast bubbling  
springs,  
And treat our loves, joys, hopes as flowery  
things,  
That for awhile may climb the boughs, and  
twine  
Among the prickly leaves of discipline.  
Yet wouldst thou rise in Christ's self-mastering  
school,  
The very heart itself must beat by rule.

—R. W. Faber.

### EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

We have been seven days at sea, from Glasgow, days of squalls alternating with gales, with wind and fog and rain in between the gales and the squalls, but the memory of that last run through Scotland, from Edinburgh by Stirling and the lakes to Glasgow, is still fresh—the rain has not effaced it, nor the wind blown it away. Scottish scenery is pretty. It is not grand like our White Mountain region, nor majestic like the Alps. The one is a picture, the other a magnificent panorama; or the one is a ballad and the other a mighty epic.

The rain was pouring when we left Edinburgh, and it poured all the way to Stirling; but as we approached this old town we saw a patch of sunlight resting on one of the gray turrets of the castle, and by the time we had reached the castle itself the clouds had passed away and the whole broad plain around it was open to view. The lovely vale of Mensteth, the scene of Rob Roy's freebooting adventures, extended away to the East, with the river Forth winding through it, hiding itself here and re-appearing there, until you were ready to believe that there were a dozen rivers instead of one, while Allan water branched off towards the remote hills, and disappeared like a silver thread among the trees. In the background were Scotland's famous mountains, Ben Lomond, Ben Venue, the braes of Doune, Ben Ledi, or the Mountain of God, Craigmore, the Three Cobblers and the other peaks of Perth, nearly all of which are connected with some stirring scene in Scottish history or legend, while near at hand were the Wallace tower on Abbey Craig, overlooking the scene of the famous fight between the Scots under William Wallace and the English under the Earl of Surrey in 1297, the field of Bannockburn, where the valiant Bruce with only 40,000 Scots defeated an army of 100,000 Englishmen in 1314, and other scenes peaceful and warlike, stirring and serene. It was the day before this battle of Bannockburn that the famous feat of chivalry occurred between the hero Bruce and the English knight De Boune, which Scott describes in his ballad "The Lord of the Isles."

"High in his stirrups stood the king,  
And gave his battle-axe the swing;  
Right on De Boune, the while he passed,  
Fell that stern dist—the first he passed,  
Such strength upon the blow was put,  
The helmet crashed like hail—out;  
The axe-shaft, with its broken clasp,  
Was shivered to the gauntlet's grasp.  
Springs from the blow the startled horse;  
Drops to the plain the lifeless corse;  
First of that fatal field, how soon,  
How sudden, fell the fierce De Boune.  
The castle itself is not a fine pile, architecturally speaking, but it is made doubly interesting by its history. It has been the residence of Scottish kings and heroes from time out of mind. Alexander I. and William of the Lion heart both died within its walls. It was here that James I. resided after his return from captivity in England, and that his son, James II., was born. This last was the James who, having heard that the Earl of Douglas was conspiring against him, invited him to a party in the castle, and when he was unable to argue him out of his design summarily stabbed him to death, and hurled his lifeless body out of the window into the garden below. The room and the window are both shown to the visitor, but when one remembers that this portion of the castle was actually burned about twenty years ago, and that it is only the restored room and window that one is looking on, the enthusiasm cools. But the custodian does not mention the occurrence of the fire.

James IV., who used to undergo such severe penalties during lent in the Grey-

friars' church near by for being instrumental in the tragical death of his father at Sauchie Burn, and who afterwards fell with the flower of Scottish chivalry on Flodden field, was born here, and so was James the V., who was also crowned here in 1513. Thirty years later, the unfortunate Queen Mary, who was born a little way off at the castle of Linlithgow, was also crowned in the same castle, and so was her son James the VI., who was the only son she bore the treacherous and revengeful Darnley. John Knox preached the coronation sermon, and pounded the pulpit till it cracked. The castle was a Scottish stronghold in the old days. A hundred battles have smoked and blazed around its walls, and it is still garrisoned for the next occasion. It last surrendered to Cromwell's forces in 1651.

Many objects of interest are in view from the Castle. Mar's Work, a curious, half-finished, weather-worn pile, half house and half castle, with its rude stuary and quaint inscriptions, will catch the eye. Here is a specimen of the latter:

I pray, al. i. vikaris, on this ivyng,  
With gentle e. e. to gif. thair. ivyng,  
(I pray all lookers on this ivyng,  
With gentle eye to give thair judging.)

There are others of like import, both philosophical and practical. As

The moir. I stand on, oppin. hith.  
My favitis moir. subject. ar. to. slith.  
(The moir I stand on open right  
My favitis moir subject ar. to. slith.)

The cemetery near by contains some interesting monuments. One is a granite pyramid, in commemoration of the Scottish Covenanters who died a martyr death when the Catholic persecution raged so fiercely. On its side are marble figures of the open Bible, the Cross and the Crown of life. Here is also a statue of John Knox the reformer, and of his co-workers Melville and Henderson; and also of James Guthrie, who suffered martyrdom at Edinburgh in 1661, during the cruel religious persecution of Charles II. We were particularly interested in a marble group commemorating the triumphant faith and cruel death of the sisters Margaret and Agnes Wilson, who, in 1785, during the persecuting reign of James II., were tied to a stake at low water in the neighboring bay of Wigton, and drowned by the rising of the tide, for holding to a belief in eternal life through Christ the Saviour. The pure white marble figures of the young girls—one of them was only eighteen years of age—with the open Bible before them and the Angel of life ready to place the crown upon their brows, are fitting symbols of the great deed which they embody.

From Stirling it was only a couple of hours' ride, by rail and coach, to Callender and the Trossachs, passing on the way Coilntogle Ford, "Clan-Alpine's outward guard," where Roderick Dhu challenged Fitz James to mortal combat after he had conducted him through the desired mountain pass, and also the lovely Loch Venchar, with a fine view of Ben Ledi on the right of the road. Suddenly "Duncan's" bus appeared at last, and, like most good roads, half seen, half hidden in the coops so green.

Further on is the hill-girt Loch Achray, and then the old "Brigg of Turk," which Scott has immortalized in his song. The whole country is replete of Scott. The very hills and moors seem to sing his lays. Here was the scene of some of Rob Roy's most romantic adventures, and of sharp conflicts between the Highland clans and their enemies in the Lowlands. Our driver, in his rich Scottish brogue, repeated many of the legends of those times, reciting apt stanzas from Scott, the while to give a poetic flavor to the narrative. We reached the Trossachs (or Bristles, a groups of hills and a gorge so named because they are supposed to resemble the bristling back of a porcupine) just after sunset, and halted for the night at the Trossachs hotel, a stone mansion of the old baronial style, romantically located. Next morning, while waiting for the coach to Loch Katrine, we ascended a spur of the mountain at the back of the hotel. It was like climbing a richly carpeted slope. The whole hillside was cushioned with heather and fairly purple with its bloom. This is the month to see the Scotch hills in their characteristic beauty. The heather is everywhere in bloom, covering the hill-tops and the lower slopes with its warm rich color, and giving that deep brown hue to the remoter portions that one sees nowhere else. The temptation to linger here, and miss Thursday's steamer, and be a week later home, and take our fill of the charming prospect, was suddenly removed by the approach of one of those cold showers that has not failed to make its appearance, they say, a single day this season. It is not strange, in the midst of such cold and wet, that the inhabitants should be questioning if they are to starve.

A mile from the Trossachs hotel one comes to Loch Katrine, the scene of "The Lady of the Lake,"—a pretty sheet of water, with Ellen's Isle and "The Silver Strand" at its easterly end, and at the opposite extremity the little wooded mound of earth, hardly large enough to merit its name of an island, called Rob Roy's Pinnacle, because that summary dispenser of justice once held the doughty

John Graham, of Kilearn, a prisoner there during several chill November nights, while Rob adjusted that gentleman's land-rents, then due from his tenants, to his own liking. It is only ten miles by boat across Katrine, and then five miles by coach, along by heather-covered hills and thatched huts and black peat bogs before one approaches Loch Lomond at Inversnaid, the largest of the Scottish lakes, and not unlike lake George in Vermont, except that the latter is encircled by green hills instead of brown, while it lacks the poetic associations that make this lake region famous. Its islands were once the retreats of the highland clans when too closely pursued, as its billowy hills, stretching away in all directions, were their homes and roving places. Inversnaid, with its ruined fort and its falls, is both the scene of the stronghold that was built to check the free-booters of the north but which these rovers themselves finally captured, and of Wordsworth's rustic poem of "The Highland Girl." Helen Mac Gregor's home is pointed out on the road to Stronachlachar, where one takes the coach from Loch Katrine to Lomond. The nomenclature of the country keeps those old days alive and ever present. For instance, the little steamers that ply on the lakes are named "The Rob Roy," "The Lord of the Isles," and "The Lady of the Lake," while the coaches that run between them have such names as "Fitz James," "Roderick Dhu," and "The chief of the Clan."

We have hinted at the gloomy harvest prospect in Scotland. It is quite as gloomy in England, and no brighter in Ireland. The wet, cold, backward season has blighted all the crops, and there is almost nothing to gather. The grain rots without ripening, so that even the straw is not worth the harvesting, while the meager yield of hay has been gathered only in the poorest condition. Men, women and children roam the roads vainly seeking work,—the old root, doubtless, which in former days has nourished the tramps that have over-run Great Britain and migrated to America. But still there is the old merriment amid the Scottish rustics. The bagpipe is not laid aside, and more than once we have seen groups of young men and maidens, clad in the picturesque plaids of the country, dancing the Highland reel before the open door, or singing the familiar ballads with its wheezy notes for an accompaniment.

Meanwhile Saturday evening has come, and we have left the cold and storms of mid-ocean, and the fog banks of New Foundland, and are in the region of clear skies, and of the warmer breezes that we fancy come off from the shores of the dear home land. We shall doubtless not get our first glimpse of land before Monday morning, but we already feel the cheering influence that its nearness spreads about us. The sea is smooth. Everybody is merrier. The way looking company who have been sick below since leaving the coast of Ireland, come up from their prison house. It must have been terrible down there, in the close bad air, during the days and nights that we were pitching about in the storm, but it seems to be forgotten, for they are joyful with the rest. May it be a good omen for all of us: after the storm and the peril, then peaceful seas, and a joyful coming home. Happy the life that has such an issue.—G. F. M.

### THE ANNIVERSARIES.

OLNEYVILLE, R. I., Oct. 8, 1879.

Your correspondent hardly knows where to begin a letter or what to write about. He has found a good home, enough to eat and first rate company. It is so much easier to grumble about unpleasant things, so much more to the liking of human nature to pass largely unnoticed the good things of providence, that there is fear that this letter will be shorter than it otherwise would have been.

The good weather, the noted hospitality of Rhode Island Freewill Baptists, and the easy access to Providence have brought together a large company to attend these Anniversaries.

The decorations in the meeting-house show excellent good taste. A gilt arch over the pulpit, from one edge of the platform to the other, bears the inscription in evergreen letters, "WE WELCOME YOU." Autumn leaves and evergreen are enwreathed in and about the pulpit and the chandeliers.

Without any looking for such things, I couldn't help seeing some little boxes lying around loose in the church. Having once seen them, the lettering was so plain on them that no one could fail to understand that "The Foreign Mission Box" was on the platform right in front of the pulpit, and that "The Weekly Offering" box was very conveniently situated to one's hand in entering the church. I do not know how many other such boxes could be revealed if one should look around this place.

But who are here? Lots of people. Maine is largely represented, and, of course, Lewiston stands at the head of its list. Professors Hayes, Angell and Howe

are present. The latter it is rumored has brought one of his classes with him, to whom he lectures while here. A good and shrewd plan all will admit. The theological students present are Messrs. Burgess, Adams, George, Frost, Avery, Graves, M. Wiggins and Briggs. President Cheney, Financial Secretary Fernald, and Rev. A. C. Hoggins do not complete Lewiston's quota. It would be a serious loss to any of our general gatherings to miss the presence and help which Rev. C. F. Penney, of Augusta, gives out of his deep love for souls and loyalty to Christ. Maine also sends Revs. H. J. White, of Bath, G. W. Gould, of Bowdoinham, A. G. Hill, of Topsham, H. Atwood and W. H. Yeoman. We must not forget to mention Rev. Thomas Spooner, Jr., of North Berwick, who, somehow or other, manages to have a bright word for all sorts of occasions. Rev. C. B. Peckham and Rev. O. Pitts are also Maine ministers.

New Hampshire was also well represented. Both the Editor and Publisher of the Star, Revs. G. C. Waterman and E. W. Ricker, Dea. Littlefield and others, from Dover. Rev. Silas Curtis, H. F. Wood and Dea. Moses B. Smith, of Concord; Rev. J. A. Lowell, of Danville, Rev. E. P. Moulton, of Alton, Rev. G. M. Park, of Manchester, Rev. E. Owen, of Portsmouth, Rev. Ezra Tuttle, of Stratford, Rev. L. L. Harmon, of Hampton, and Rev. C. A. Bickford, of Farmington, were also present. Rev. J. S. Neal, of the New Durham church, informed me that it is hoped that in about a month the repairs on the parsonage of the Mother church of our denomination would be completed. Rev. C. E. Cate and Rev. J. W. Scribner, of Lake Village, Rev. J. Rad, who is at present supplying the South Berwick church, and other New Hampshire clergymen were present.

Among the Massachusetts delegates are Rev. Dr. Graham, of Somerville, Revs. E. W. Porter and G. S. Ricker, of Lowell, Rev. J. Malvern, of Haverhill, Rev. A. J. Eastman, of Farnumville, and Rev. A. P. Tracey, of Lynn; the latter having nearly a score of Lynn people with him.

Of course Rhode Island Freewill Baptists take advantage of the nearness of the Anniversaries and are present in large numbers. Of the ministry, there are Revs. Messrs. Phelon, Phillips, Peck, Brewster, Dexter, Lovejoy, Neally, Whittemore, Given, Bradbury and Venev. The genial face of L. W. Anthony, Esq., of the Roger Williams church, we are glad to say is not missing in the audience, nor in the counsels for the furtherance of our interests. Would that we had more business men to take an active part in the managing Boards of our different organizations.

Among others present are Rev. O. D. Patch, the Corresponding Secretary of the Ohio Open Communion Baptist Association, Rev. M. J. Coldren, of Michigan, and Rev. J. M. Lowden, late of Halifax, N. S. But taken all in all, no one seemed to receive a more hearty welcome, or is more worthy of it, than Rev. A. H. Morrell, of the Harper's Ferry mission. And this leads me to say that a talk of five minutes with Rev. N. C. Brackett, is to me an assurance that it is plain and unvarnished truth that is spoken in regard to the needs of the colored people under our care. Such common sense earnestness tells powerfully in the long run. Mrs. D. F. Smith and Miss Libbie Cilley, both returned missionaries from India, are in town during the meetings.

This is by no means a complete catalogue of the ministers present. Your correspondent had hoped to gain more information from the committee of entertainment, as it is natural to suppose that they would know better than any one else who were present and other interesting items of news; but falling in the midst of their manifold cares, to get any satisfactory attention from them, he has picked up the above miscellaneous matter from one and another.—E. A. S.

The Anniversaries of the Freewill Baptist Benevolent Societies were held with the church in Olneyville R. I., Rev. A. L. Gerrish pastor, last week, commencing Tuesday evening. The opening meeting was very largely attended, as were all the meetings from the commencement to the close. The church at Olneyville had made ample preparation for the entertainment of those attending the Anniversaries from abroad, while the house of worship itself bade the visitors welcome in letters of evergreen on an arch of gold mingled with the variegated colors of autumn leaves.

The first half hour was given to a prayer and conference meeting, led by Rev. Mr. Phillips, of Harmony. This was followed by the

### ANNIVERSARY CONVENTION.

which was called to order by Rev. E. W. Ricker, of New Hampshire, its Secretary. In the absence of the permanent President, Rev. C. F. Penney, of Maine, was called to the chair. Prayer was offered by Rev. J. M. Brewster. The Committee of Arrangements reported a programme for the series of meetings, which was

accepted. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

President—Rev. C. F. Penney, of Maine.

Vice President—Rev. L. Dexter, of Rhode Island.

Secretary and Treasurer—Rev. E. W. Ricker, of New Hampshire.

Executive Committee—The Corresponding Secretaries of the Benevolent Societies and the Secretary of the Convention.

Rev. Messrs. H. F. Wood, of New Hampshire, Geo. S. Ricker, of Massachusetts, and N. C. Brackett, of West Virginia, were chosen a Committee on Closing Resolutions.

### THE ANNIVERSARY SERMON.

was then preached by Rev. G. C. Waterman, of New Hampshire, the devotional exercises being conducted by the President of the Convention and Rev. B. D. Peck, of Rhode Island.

Rev. Mr. Waterman announced his text as Psalms, 145: 13: "Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations."

The subject of the discourse was the permanency of Christ's kingdom. The theme was well developed. The diction of the preacher was choice and his illustrations pertinent. As this sermon is soon to be published in a permanent form, we will not give an outline of it here. The following is its closing portion:

Christian Friends,—How does your work stand related to the everlasting kingdom of God? Is it in harmony with the forces at work to build up, to firmly establish, to widely extend that kingdom? Are you satisfied with a superficial success, or are you trying to lay broad and deep and solid foundations under all your work, that the superstructure may be a part of the things that shall abide forever? And what is the trend of our denominational work? Is it in any respect simply for the success of to-day, or is it upon a basis and of a character that shall endure for ages? Ought not all our plans to be of a broad character, commensurate with the grandeur and importance of the work we have undertaken, and not simply broad and far-reaching, but deep-laid as well; plans resting upon principles eternal as the throne of God itself, based upon the laws of the human mind and the laws of social progress? If our plans are thus founded and the work of carrying out these plans is pushed with the enthusiasm that ought to come to us from a consciousness of solid foundations under us, we may confidently expect the work to prosper and rise, course by course, as years go by, and to come at length to a condition of beauty and excellence that shall be acknowledged as not unworthy of the opportunities we have enjoyed, and such as God shall accept and crown with his blessing. For this let us work and pray, and that we may have wisdom to labor wisely, let us hold ourselves ever in the attitude of devout and humble worshippers, eager to catch the faintest breathings of the Holy Spirit, that by it we may be so led as to work always in harmony with the divine plans and laws; and may we all by-and-by, when we have finished the work given us to do, find ourselves already heirs to and citizens in the everlasting kingdom of God.

At the close of the sermon there were some routine matters to be attended to, when the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Charles S. Perkins, of Maine, and the convention adjourned to the call of the Chair.

At 9 o'clock, a prayer and conference meeting was held. It was led by Rev. I. D. Stewart, of New Hampshire, was well attended, and an excellent spirit prevailed.

### HOME MISSIONS.

At 10 o'clock, the Home Mission Society assembled in annual session. In the absence of the President, Rev. A. H. Morrell, of West Virginia, occupied the Chair. Prayer was offered by Rev. H. J. White, of Maine.

The records of the Executive Committee for the year were read and endorsed as the action of the Society.

The Committee on Nominations was announced by the Chair. The records of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The Treasurer presented his annual report. The balance on hand at the beginning of the year was \$259.66. There had been received from various sources \$6,994.49. The expenditures had been \$4,964.42. The balance in the treasury was \$1289.73. The permanent fund amounts to \$4745; the centennial fund to \$150, making a total of invested funds of \$4895. The assets of the Society were \$1524. The liabilities were \$620.21. The report was received and adopted.

The Committee on Nominations reported the following list of officers, who were elected:

President—L. W. Anthony.

Vice Presidents—J. W. Winsor, A. H. Morrell, J. S. Manning, C. A. Hilton, J. S. Burgess.

Recording Secretary—G. F. Mosher.

Corresponding Secretary—A. L. Gerrish.

Treasurer—Silas Curtis.

Financial Secretary—E. N. Fernald.

Auditor—Moses B. Smith.

Executive Committee—S. Curtis, B. F. Hayes, A. L. Gerrish, G. R. Holt, A. A. Smith, G. F. Mosher, E. W. Porter, L. W. Anthony, L. W. Page, O. D. Patch, C. F. Penney.

Rev. J. M. Brewster offered the following resolution which was adopted:

Resolved, That this Society ask the General Conference at its coming session to adopt such measures as will result either in the discontinuance of State and local societies, or the bringing of those societies into closer relations with this Society.

At 10:30 o'clock the public services began with prayer by Rev. S. Curtis, of New Hampshire. The congregation sang, "On the Mountain Top Appearing."

The report of the Corresponding Secretary, Rev. A. L. Gerrish, was then presented. It referred at the outset to the need for more workers. The state of things in Maine was clearly presented. The denomination had in the State 200 churches, of which 114 were without pastors, and 162 reported no additions by baptism during the past year. There was need of five missionaries in Maine. What was true of Maine was also true of States in the West and South. The mission at Harper's Ferry was doing a noble work. It had begun at the bottom line, and it had been carried forward with great success. The Cairo mission was also doing a grand work. But what had been done was only a drop in the bucket. The whole amount contributed for the work last year did not exceed \$10,000. If \$50,000 could have been given for home work, the foreign missionary society could have counted on receiving \$75,000. It was a mistaken policy to neglect the home mission work. The strength applied to introducing new plans should have been expended in pushing the work upon plans already tried. The good which had been accomplished with the money spent was very great. The church at Dexter, Me., had been saved to the denomination by the aid of the Society. The church at St. Johnsbury, Vt., had been saved in a similar way. The Society gave \$300, and the church had paid its debts in full. The Greenwich Street church in Providence owed \$7000 a year ago. They asked for \$3000; it was given, and the church had cleared off almost the entire debt. This announcement was received with a murmur of applause. The students at Harper's Ferry showed an advancing degree of scholarship. Fifty-seven students had graduated from the classical department. There were 183 pupils in the school. Myrtle Hall, intended for girls, was nearly completed. The number of churches of the denomination in West Virginia was 13. There had been over 200 additions to them by baptism during the year. The report, in conclusion, recognized the power and goodness of God, the increasing importance of the work, and the need for continued support.

Rev. O. D. Patch then addressed the Society. His theme was Church Extension, and the address was as follows:

In the consideration of this subject, three questions need to be answered: 1. Why should we labor for Church Extension? 2. Because of the relative importance of the church. Of the three fundamental institutions of society, the family is first, the Church is second, and the State is third. These institutions are each, in their origin, divine, and in their relations to each other co-ordinate. Neither is superior in rank or authority to the others, and the separate independence of each should always be recognized. The family can not take the place of the church or state, the church can not take the place of the family or state, and the state can not take the place of the family or church. These three institutions are the foundation-stones upon which the elaborate superstructure of our civilization rests, and if any one would destroy either of them, a dangerous man, and an enemy to his race. The free-lover, who strikes at the family, the atheist who strikes at the church, and the traitor who strikes at our flag, are criminals equally to be dreaded, equally to be executed. If these things be true, then it is evident that there is nothing which can safely be substituted for the church. The school can not take the place of the church, even the religious school, any more than it can take the place of the family. The Young Men's Christian Association can not take the place of the church, unless, indeed, its organization shall be so modified as that it shall itself become a church. Bible Societies, Home and Foreign Mission Societies, though of incalculable benefit, can not take the place of the church, and the same remark applies with still greater force to Mutual Aid societies, such as Masonic Lodges, Odd Fellowship orders, &c. Now it can not be impertinent for us to inquire whether we, as a people, have not underestimated the relative value of the church. It must be admitted, that for the last twenty years, our Educational interests have stood at the front. A large percentage of the very best brain of the denomination has been used in founding and supporting schools. And a large measure of the pocket-power of the denomination has been consecrated to the same purpose; and it must also be admitted that many of our very best ministers have been drawn away from the churches to labor in the schools. Now I have no fault to find with our Educational institutions. I claim to be their staunch and abiding friend. We may, indeed, have a few more schools than we are likely to support demerit. Yet, it is a fact susceptible of demonstration, I fear, that we are not, as a people, too highly educated either in the ministry or the laity. What I regret, is not that we have built schools, but rather that, while we have done so much in building schools, we have not done still more in building churches. Then might our schools be handsomely supported. There has been a disproportion of effort. Our Educational work has been crowded, while our church work has dragged. And the same is true, though

(Continued on fourth page.)



## S. S. Department.

## Sabbath-School Lesson.—Oct. 26.

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

(For Questions see Lesson Papers.)

## FAITH AND WORKS.

## DAILY READINGS.

M. Deeds of the law. Rom. 3: 1-20.  
T. Abraham sacrificing Isaac. Gen. 22: 1-19.  
W. Rahab's faith. Josh. 2: 1-23.  
T. Phariseal works. Matt. 23: 3-28.  
F. Good works. 1 John 3: 10-18.  
S. Our Saviour's works. Matt. 15: 21-29.  
S. Faith and works.

GOLDEN TEXT: For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also. James 2: 26.

James 2: 11-26.

## Notes and Hints.

"The book." It was written by James, the son of Alphaeus (the same as Cleopas). He is also known as James "the Less," "the Just," "the brother of our Lord." He was put to death at Jerusalem prior to its overthrow. The epistle is addressed to converted Jews; it corrects a tendency to abuse the doctrine of faith, reproves the deference paid to the rich, and exhorts to many practical duties.

"Can faith save him?" Faith which does not include righteousness is spurious faith. Paul, in emphasizing faith, emphasized it as the quality of heart that God required for justification, but out of that state of heart righteous works flow as a natural consequence. If, then, they do not appear, the faith is spurious.

"If a brother or sister." Notice how the early Christians regarded all of like precious faith.

"And one of you." One of the brotherhood of the household of faith. Here the duty taught by Christ in Matt. 25: 34-46, is indirectly taught.

"Ye give them not those things that are needful." This particular case would not now be likely to occur, but it is paralleled whenever we pray for missions and schools, and yet refuse to give the money that they need for their very life.

"Is dead being alive." Is dead "in itself," is the more literal translation. The faith that is dead is that which merely believes the creeds of orthodoxy. It is not union with Christ. In view of what James here says let us ask, "Does my faith lead me to do good works to my fellow men?"

"Thou hast faith and I have works." There are certain elementary principles which the existence of religion involves. They can no more be separated from it than conscience and will from the soul. Faith and works are the very elements of piety, and piety is annihilated if they are taken out of it. Faith alone, works alone, do not make the Christian.

"Show me thy faith without thy works." "If you can," is meant. In the absence of outward benevolence, prove your faith, if possible.

"By my works." This is the way that I will prove that I have Christian faith. "By their fruits ye shall know them." "Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, he taketh away." If the fruits of faith appear in kindness, mercy, self-denial, deeds of benevolence and prayer, the faith itself can not be questioned.

"Thou believest that there is one God." This was the substance of the faith that was without works. He believed that God was one God. It was a good article in the creed. He did "well," so far.

"The devils also believe." How much moral excellence that faith alone embraced, the case here cited shows. Instead of "devils," read "demons." "And tremble." For fear that God will punish them. The demons here spoken of are fallen angels.

"Abraham our father." So called by the Jews. They prided themselves on having such a righteous founder. Paul shows that those who believe in Christ are the true children of Abraham.

"Justified by works." Justified means to be treated by God as just. The works for which Abraham was accepted of God proceeded from his faith, and were the outward expression of it. Gen. 23: 16-18. But had he not obeyed God, his faith would have been worthless.

"When he had offered." "When he offered," is the literal rendering. "Faith made perfect." His faith, by the help of works, became as fair and strong as any ever shown by men. So may ours put on perfection.

"The Scripture fulfilled." See Gen. 15: 6. Paul quotes this verse twice. Rom. 4: 3; Gal. 3: 6. He uses it to disprove works as a ground of righteousness. James uses it to show that faith must be supplemented by works.

"Friend of God." Title of honor, greater than that of emperor, queen, or president. We can all have this honor. If we believe God, and so do his will, our faith will be imputed, or reckoned, unto us as righteousness.

"Not by faith only." The word "only" is here important, emphatic. "Rahab the harlot." For an account of her deed, read Josh. 2: 1-11. See Heb. 11: 31.

"Justified by works." That she was saved from destruction when Jericho was captured, is regarded as proof of her acceptance with God. She was evidently justified not for her morality, but for her faith and her works combined. Without the works her faith would have been worthless.

## Practical Lessons.

- I. The tendency to rely on faith without doing works, is strong now.
- II. Faith that does not appear in righteous acts is valueless.
- III. By works that express faith, we may become friends of God.
- IV. The friend of humanity is the friend of God.

## THE SURETY.

One Sunday afternoon, a big boy stood at the door of a Sunday-school. He was so bad that he had been turned out of school the Sunday before. His father and mother had brought him, and begged that he might be received again. The superintendent said, "We should be glad to do him good, but we are afraid he will ruin all the other children. It is very bad for a school when a big boy sets a wicked example."

"We know he is a bad boy at school, sir," said the parents, "but he is ten times worse at home; he will be lost if you do not take him back."

"We could take him back if we could secure his good behavior. I will see," thought the superintendent.

So he stepped back into the school and rang the bell for silence. All listened while he said:

"That boy wants to come into the school again; but we can not take him back without making sure of his good behavior. Will any one be surety for him?"

A pause followed. The elder boys shook their heads. They said, "They knew him too well." The others did not care for him. But one little boy pined the big bad boy, and was very sorry that no one would be surety. The little boy went by the name of "Ragged Tom." It was not his fault that he was ragged, for his mother was very poor. The superintendent soon heard his little voice, saying, "If you please, I will, sir."

"You, Tom! a little boy like you. Do you know what it means to be surety, Tom?"

"Yes, sir, if you please; it means that when he is a bad boy again, I am to be punished for it."

"And are you willing to be punished for that big boy?"

"Yes, sir, if he's bad again."

"Then come in," said the superintendent, looking to the door; and the big boy, with a downcast face, walked across the floor. He was thinking, as he walked, "I know I'm a bad boy, but I'm not so bad as that; I'll never let that little fellow be punished for me,—never!" I think that God had put that thought into the big boy's mind. He was graciously helping God's work as the surety.

As the children were leaving school, the superintendent saw this big boy and little Tom walking and talking together. He said to himself, "I'm afraid that boy will do Tom harm. I must go back and look after them."

When he reached the cottage where Tom lived, he said to the mother: "Where is your son, Tom?"

"Oh! he has just gone up stairs, with a great boy that he brought in with him. I don't know what they are doing!"

"May I go up?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

The superintendent went slowly and gently up the stairs, and as he reached the top he could see through the door that Tom and the big boy were kneeling together. He soon heard Tom's voice, saying, "O Lord, make this boy, that has been the worst boy in the school, O Lord, make him the best boy."

The superintendent knelt down by Tom's side, and they all prayed together, God heard them, and made the big, bad boy to become one of the best scholars in school.

And he raised up friends for "Ragged Tom," who put him to school, and after that sent him to college, so that he was able to go as a missionary to the heathen.

—Words of Faith.

## SUNDAY-SCHOOL NOTES.

It is safe to say that there is not a successful Sunday-school in the country in which superintendent and teachers are not more or less enthusiastic on the subject, so that they can not dismiss it on Sunday or any other day. It is quite as safe to say that, of the thousands of dull or uninteresting schools, there are very few which may not largely attribute their dullness to that very circumscribed interest which only begins, if it begins at all, when the school goes in, and ceases for the next seven days the moment the school is dismissed.—Pacific Churchman.

Whenever a Sunday-school teacher has occasion to be absent from his class for a week or more, his first duty is to provide a substitute. The courteous, thoughtful teacher never leaves this task to the superintendent—his first intimation that it is necessary, frequently being the headless class without its teacher. Such an act of omission is discourteous and discreditable every way.—Sunday Magazine.

A Sunday-school scrap-book is a real help to a teacher. In it may be preserved to advantage not only illustrations of the lessons, but addresses of scholars, facts about them, practical reflections gained from experience, marginal dates of class facts, and many other matters of interest, which will make it "a treasury of useful knowledge" to the teacher as the years go by.—Christian at Work.

As a candle wasteth itself to give light unto others, even so a good Christian ought to spend his life for the benefit of others.

## Communications.

## THE SIX PRINCIPLE BAPTISTS.

BY REV. J. M. BREWSTER.

This is the name by which is designated a small body of Christians, found largely within the State of Rhode Island. There is, however, a small Association of churches of the same order in the State of Pennsylvania. They are Armenians in theology, but their great foundation principles are those laid down in Heb. 6: 1, 2: "Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection; not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God, of the doctrine of baptisms, and laying on of hands, and of resurrection of the dead, and of eternal judgment." What is perhaps especially peculiar with them is that, citing the authority of this passage, they hold the rite of laying on of hands in connection with and of equal authority with baptism and all the other principles of Christ's doctrine. They are also in theory close communionists.

Though the glory of former days has manifestly departed, the Six Principle, or, as they are sometimes called, the Old or General Baptists, have a peculiarly interesting history. It is my purpose in this article to state some of its leading facts. In doing this I shall confine myself to their history in our own country, and shall not attempt to trace their connection, actual or supposed, with the General Baptists of England.

They claim Roger Williams as their founder in America. It seems that the First Baptist church in Providence, which was organized in 1636, the date of the settlement of the city, strictly observed the practice of laying on of hands until 1770, when, under the leadership of Dr. Manning, the first President of Brown University, it so far receded from the practice as to admit to the communion those who had not had hands laid upon them. This action caused a schism in the church, and eighty-seven members, including Elder Samuel Windsor, withdrew, and organized a church in Johnston, which is now one of the churches in our Rhode Island Association, located at Centerville. The First Church in Providence did not entirely renounce the laying on of hands upon private members until the pastorate of Dr. Stephen Gano which commenced in 1792. The second Baptist church in Newport, organized in 1656, of which Dr. C. H. Malcom was for many years, and recently, pastor, was originally Six Principle, and I believe still adheres to the practice of imposition of hands, though it has been connected, for a long time, with the Warren Baptist Association.

Churches of this same order were organized in Rhode Island as follows: North Kingstown in 1665, South Kingstown in 1680, Tiverton (now connected with the R. L. Free Baptist Association) in 1684, Smithfield in 1706, Scituate in 1725, Warwick in 1725, Richmond in 1725, and in East Greenwich, Gloucester or Burrillville, Cranston, Coventry, Foster and other places at a later period. Churches of this order also extended into Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York and other States. The church in Swansea, Mass., was organized in 1693, and the one in Groton, Conn., in 1705.

Near the close of the seventeenth century, the churches of this order united in a Yearly Meeting. As early as 1729, this body consisted of twelve churches and about eighteen ordained elders. At that time there were in America only four Baptist churches holding Calvinistic doctrines. These were located in Boston and Swansea, Mass., and in Newport and Westerly, R. I., the last being a Seventh-day Baptist church. The Yearly Meeting of Six Principle Baptists, organized thus early, has continued with changes of name, a suspension of its meetings during the war of the Revolution, and with varying successes until the present time. The meeting of the present year was designated as the two hundred and ninth anniversary.

During the present century, and especially during the last fifty years, there has manifestly been with this people a gradual decline. The churches in Smithfield, Foster, and Burrillville, which were perhaps never strong, failed to meet the spiritual wants of the communities in which they were located. So the north and western portion of the State was ripe for such earnest gospel laborers as John Colby, Joseph White and Reuben Allen. They failed to extend their borders. They gained no foothold in the cities and large villages. Though the Roger Williams church was organized as one of this denomination in 1829, it was excluded a few years later for using instrumental music. They have founded no schools and have created no literature. Nor have they missionary or benevolent enterprises. Their ministers, for whom they seem to have a sort of veneration, are largely old men and are inadequately supported. Some of their houses of worship are modeled after the ancient pattern. Sunday-schools have been but recently introduced. They now have in New England, including a church in Massachusetts and one in Connecticut, not more than a dozen churches located in sparsely settled communities, mostly in South Scituate, Coventry, Warwick, Richmond and East Greenwich. Their members do not exceed fifteen hundred, and many of these are non-resident.

\*Many of the facts stated in this article have been learned from a History of the General or Six Principle Baptists, by Richard Knight, and published in 1927.

Such is in brief the history of a denomination which once had the opportunity of becoming the strongest and most influential of any in the State of Rhode Island.

Though this people are such as I have described them, they are susceptible of having the breath of life breathed into them anew. Apprehensive of where the road in which they are traveling must lead, they are anxious to improve their condition. I have twice attended their Annual Meeting. The first time was during my pastorate at North Scituate, five years ago. It was my purpose to be a silent and unobserved spectator. But no sooner had I entered the house than I was ushered to the pulpit and told that I must preach at the afternoon service which was soon to commence. The aged and venerable minister who presided handed me the pulpit Bible, saying, at the same time, that it would aid me in my preparation. The sermon was accordingly preached without notes of any kind, and some six or eight ministers followed by way of improvement. The other day one of my good deacons, who received his early religious training among them, and had been appointed a corresponding delegate to them by our Free Baptist Association, asked me to accompany him. The meeting was at a place known as Maple Root in Coventry. As we approached the meeting-house which was one of the older type, it seemed that hundreds, if not thousands, of people were in attendance. The spectacle was something like that of the old muster of my boyhood days. I entered the house where the forenoon service was just commencing. One of their ministers was leading the large congregation in prayer. His intonations served to remind me of that of some of our own ministers of bygone days. At the earliest convenient moment I was ushered forward to the pulpit, and introduced to all the ministers present individually, and to the audience in the mass. Without consultation, the moderator announced that I would preach at 1:30 o'clock, P. M. The people seemed hungry for the word of life. Others of our ministers have had a similar experience.

On my first visit, I found that they used our *Psalmody* in the service of song. On this occasion the *Gospel Hymns* was used. It would be a blessed thing could the light of our *Star* shine among this people. Could some of our educated young men, full of zeal for the Master, settle among them, they would find fields ripe for the spiritual harvest. Could this people become interested in our benevolent work, a glorious reflex influence would be exerted upon them. As a body, they are reliable Christian men and women. Though they take a sort of pride in their history, they could, I think, be induced to abandon their close communion practices which many of them are disposed to renounce. With this exception, they are essentially in agreement with us. Certainly, we could not object to their continuing the practice of the imposition of hands. Privately, their ministers are disposed to talk of union, and, as I view it, it is neither impossible, impracticable nor unlikely. Time, however, will be required to consummate it.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

BY REV. DANIEL JACKSON.

Future punishment, in its nature, is not corporeal, physical, nor literal. Although physical epithets, such as fire and brimstone, are used to express it, yet, these terms no doubt were employed in a metaphorical sense to represent the mental remorse of the finally impenitent. I am aware that opposers of the doctrine of future retribution have charged the clergy and Christian church with propagating the theory of a literal hell, burning with fire and brimstone, in which the wicked would be seething and frying and burning forever. Persons in some ages of the church have believed and propagated such views, but they have been few and far between. These figures of speech were undoubtedly employed by the Holy Spirit, in the apocalypse, to represent the mental anguish of blasphemers and enemies of God, in a future state. Hence the punishment, instead of being physical and corporeal, must be mental and compensations.

Neither is it the result of malice and vengeance in the heart of God towards incorrigible sinners. In all their sins and wicked rebellions, he has treated them with the perfection of kindness and filial tenderness. But his moral government must be honored in the execution of its laws in reference to their intelligent violators, as well as in reference to the loyal and obedient. Again, the punishment of which we speak can not be the same in degree in respect to the many or few who willfully and knowingly bring it upon themselves. Guilt and condemnation are measured by the amount and degree of sin, which gives character to the sinner. If it be true that men will be judged according to the deeds done in the body, then it must also be true that the penalty will be proportionate to the amount of crime of which each will be found guilty.

This principle of interpretation will furnish an answer to all those who tauntingly ask if the moralist and the murderer will be cast into the same hell.

The Apostle taught the doctrine of successive degrees of sin, and proportionate degrees of punishment. He says, we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to

that he hath done; whether it be good or bad. The question now returns, what is the true character of future punishment? Can it be defined and explained, so that all can understand it? One short sentence will comprehend it. It is this: The moral result of sin.

This result is as natural and inevitable as the feeling of pain in the frosted hand when coming in contact with the fire. Sin is the biting frost which affects the whole soul; and unless it be removed by the washing of regeneration, it will unconditionally produce pain, misery and compunction.

When the impenitent sinner leaves this world, he carries with him his moral character with all its consequences, as positively as the cancered man carries with him his painful disease, on leaving his own country for a foreign clime. Crossing the ocean does not remove the cancer. Neither can death remove the pain and guilt from the soul. Transition of existence can not change the character or the moral condition of our being. In another world, the sinner finds himself as much opposed to God's holiness, and as destitute of his love, as when here. There is a moral dissimilarity between himself and God, which no local circumstances can erase. If he could be transferred from the regions of woe to the abodes of the holy and the just, in heaven, it could not change his moral nature, and heaven itself, with all its glorified millions, instead of being in sympathy with his sinful soul, would be to him a hell. Time was, when Christ in the gospel urged him to repent and accept of free pardon and salvation, but he would not submit to the kind overtures of Heaven, and the olive branch, unaccepted and rejected, has forever returned to its Author, and the sinner himself is lost, lost.

Is he now, while lost, in a state of probation, looking forward to emancipation and happiness? What kind of a probation is it? Is it a gospel probation, or a legal probation? Is the gospel preached to him, and the means of grace extended to him, in his lost condition? Is Christ there, saying, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest?" But where is the authority for all this? Who has been sent from the heavenly world, to lost souls, with such a revelation? When and where has God published such a gospel as this? Is it contained in his Word? If so, who is sent to carry the Bible into hell? Well, if it is not a probation of grace and mercy, it must, of course, be a legal probation. What does that mean? It means that when sinners have suffered enough in another world to satisfy the claims of the divine law, they will be restored to heaven. What! Hell prepared for sinners for heaven? Christ is the only Saviour; but lost souls have rejected him, and would not accept his mercy, and now will they satisfy the law themselves, without a mediator? Suppose they can get to heaven that way, and meet the millions there, who are saved by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost; can they all sing the song of redemption alike? The redeemed will sing, "Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb." How will the others sing? Will they ascribe praise to God and the Lamb for redemption from sin and its deserved punishment, or will they attribute their deliverance to their own sufferings, saying they have paid the debt themselves, and are now entitled to heaven, as the criminal is entitled to freedom, after suffering out his five years in prison? What kind of music would this make in heaven? Would it be harmonious? The question now comes up, how long will lost souls remain in a state of punishment?

Is there anything in themselves or their whereabouts that will ever have a tendency to change their condition? Millions of sinners in this life refuse to repent and reform, although surrounded with pious men and religious influence. In another state, when entirely removed from all virtuous surroundings, and wholly under the influence of evil, what tendency will there be to reformation and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ? Their punishment is adapted to their sinful nature, and must inevitably remain so, until another dispensation is inaugurated, of which we have no account in the Word of God.

Varysburg, N. Y. [Address of Daniel Jackson, author of the article.]

THE BREADTH OF THE TRUTH.  
As we come nearer to a comprehension of the divine thought, we feel more and more how inadequate human language is to compass it. All our attempts to state the truth seem meager and bare, compared with the richness of the truth itself. The truth is so many-sided and so various, that forms of words fall short of representing it. Our phrases seem weak, compared with the truth they are to carry.

"Who fathoms the eternal thought?  
Who talks of scheme and plan?  
The Lord is God, he needeth not  
The poor device of man."

We often envy the man who can comprehend all his faith in a brief formula. There is something refreshing in meeting a man who can write out his articles of faith in the palm of his hand, and read them off to you in clear and distinct phrase, during the ten minutes you are waiting at the depot. There is a certain power in being able thus to sit down by the road-side with a stranger, and tell him your entire confession of faith in half a dozen well-worded sentences. A great

many people like to meet a man who can tell them all about God and eternity, heaven and hell, in a few simple but positive expressions. A story is told of Mr. Finney's family, which probably is not true, but which illustrates the point. A stranger called at Mr. Finney's house, and his little girl went to the door. Supposing he had come on the usual errand, she said: "Father is not at home, but I can talk to you just as well; I know all about the plan of salvation." This knowing all about the plan of salvation belongs to the simplicity of childhood, and to another kind of simplicity towards which we are less charitably disposed.

It is exceedingly convenient to have "the whole body of divinity" clearly marked off in a few simple propositions, to which all troublesome questions can be referred. It saves so much confusion, so much time, and so much thinking. It is always at hand for the judgment of heretics, and the confounding of unbelievers. It is like the advertisements of condensed food, whereby a man can carry the substance of a barrel of beef in his vest pocket.

But all have not this faculty. To those who have it not, a teaspoonful of condensed beef is a very different thing from a porterhouse steak. They will not reject approved formularies. They accept them as pointing to certain great truths, but not as adequately expressing them. The stream of truth is broader and deeper than the channels men have dug for it. Jordan overflows its banks. These channels may help to define the direction of the current, but they can not confine its waters. These human statements are landmarks, good to indicate boundaries, but not of much service in the description of the landscape. Yet, a great many seem to feel that if a man only have four corner-stones laid away in the garret, it is all the same as owning a quarter section of land. The corner-stones are important if we are anxious to draw the line between ourselves and our neighbors, but they give but slight intimation of the value and beauty of the field. They may help to define it, but the field is broader and richer than they.

Besides this, the truth grows in our hearts broader and broader, and richer and richer. The conceptions of years ago are too small for our present thought. Our thought has outgrown our former conceptions, as children outgrow their clothes.

This is a very different thing from changing our faith. A great many fancy they are growing when they are only drifting. They go from one set of opinions to another, and fancy they are advancing all the while. They allow themselves to be driven by every wind of doctrine, and fancy they are making headway towards the desired haven. But they are making no headway whatever, except it be toward peril and disaster. Before a man can grow, he must be well rooted in some soil, and have taken on some definite form of growth. Then there can be enlargement and enrichment. The roots will strike deeper into the soil, and the branches will spread more widely into the air. There will be the same type of growth, and the same quality of fruit, but the old limits will become too strait, and the old forms too contracted.

We are learning to accept the great facts of revelation as we do the great facts of nature. We are learning also to distinguish between the divinely revealed facts and the man-made theories which seek to explain them. We are learning not to allow the inadequacy of the human to conceal the grandeur of the divine; not to allow the shadow of the earthly to obscure the glory of the heavenly. The psalmist touched one phase of this truth when he said, "Thy commandment is exceeding broad;" and the apostle touched another when he said, "The breadth and length and depth and height of the love of Christ which passeth knowledge."—Dr. Cordley in Ill. Christian Weekly.

## ANSWER TO PRAYER.

A friend asks us: "Was Peter really released in answer to prayer?" and says our opinion will greatly influence her mind as to the whole matter of personal belief in the efficacy of prayer. We answer most heartily that we certainly believe that the apostle's release was in direct answer to prayer, and for the following reasons:

The history of the Bible, especially of the New Testament, we take as literally correct. As you get back in the literature of the Scriptures, as in every literature, there are possibilities of inaccuracy, of discrepancy, and such imperfections as fortune, in the lapse of thousands of years, is liable to bring to the most sacredly cherished of letters; but the New Testament is a book that is measured by the canon of modern history. It has been examined by the microscope of scholarly criticism, and is admitted to be authentic and genuine. There is no way of getting around or under its statements; and when it flatly states something as a fact, the reader must take it as a fact, or else ignore it altogether. We have never found any difficulty, as a student, in accepting the writings of the Evangelists as resting on a sound basis of imperative credence. We believe if it says the prison doors opened, the prison doors did open. Nor is this belief at all surprising in one whose fundamental conviction is, that spirit is able to do just as it pleases with matter. It seems no more strange that God should open a dungeon door, than that the keeper of the dungeon should open it,—not a particle. Therefore, this miracle does not seem nearly so wonderful to us, as that which is called regeneration; for this is only evidence that spirit can control matter, whereas the other is divinely proof that God controls spirit. In every conversion a prison door, more difficult to unbar and set moving on its hinges than any dungeon door, is opened wide by the invisible, but infinite, pressure of the divine hand. The miracles of the Old and New Testament alike have never staggered us at all; for we have regarded that what was done through men, was no more extraordinary with God, than the doing of the commonest thing is extraordinary to us.

"With God all things are possible."—Golden Rule.







interested great numbers of people in the building. The location of the school buildings was admirable. They stood like a beacon to all that country. Every room in the building was fine and airy. One room overlooked the scene of John Brown's raid. It was in the room called John Brown's room, and could not help alive the memory of what had taken place a very foolish act. It was a cruel not to leave the colored people as we had helped them out of slavery, that they were weak. They could not be free. It was the only way in which the nomination could at present work for the people of the South. It was not a natural school. Pupils came from a long distance and carried back a culture which was a widespread influence. It was a matter of self-interest to sustain the school. A class of persons who afforded encouragement. It was impossible to educate the whole people of the South. But it was possible to educate leaders. The pupils were not sent there. They came of their own accord. They were self-reliant in mind and would almost certainly become leaders. The condition of the students, their poverty and their determination were set forth in a way that made it appear that there was no loss of self-respect occasioned by giving money to these students. If there were accommodations for them, there might be four times as many students as there are now. A great trouble was that business men did not consecrate themselves to the Lord. Clergymen were expected to do. On the topic the speaker waxed eloquent. He predicted the day when Christians of all nations would feel that they must give according to their means. When that day came there would be little trouble in carrying on missionary work. Each society would send every year a barrel of useful goods to the school. Papers should be sent, and there should be at least one good



Miss Cilley, a returned missionary, spoke of the work in India. She began with a pleasant description of an Indian house and court-yard.

Among the curious things mentioned was that the rooms of the houses were draped with cobwebs. It was supposed that the souls of women were so inferior that they could only inhabit, in their transmigrations, the bodies of insects and snakes. It was supposed that dead women came back to their homes in the form of spiders; accordingly the spiders' webs were never disturbed. The women were not allowed to go out of their houses. They lived all their lives with nothing to read and nowhere to go, never seeing the busy street or the green fields. An account was given of how, in teaching the children, the older women learned to read and learned the prayers. A very interesting account was given of a visit to the house of one of the officials of the city. The speaker found there a wife and mother, fourteen years old, who had learned of Jesus at Calcutta, who had learned to read, and who had established something very like a prayer-meeting among the women who lived in, or who came to the house. A judge in one of the large cities came to the speaker and desired her to come and teach the women and girls. One hundred houses would be opened to a Christian teacher; school-houses would be fitted up and native teachers employed. All that was wanted, was a Christian teacher. Would not the Christian men and women in the audience, said the speaker, think of the poor imprisoned women of India, and especially of the work to be done in this waiting city? The address contained very little that could be called argument or appeal. It was nevertheless a singularly effective plea for the cause of foreign missions.

Mrs. Brewster moved that a collection be taken, and that the proceeds be given to Miss Cilley. It would be a surprise present, but no gift could be more worthily bestowed.

The collection, amounting to \$35.28, was taken, after which the meeting adjourned.

### THE FOREIGN MISSION.

There was a large attendance at the church in the evening.

The prayer-meeting was led by Rev. Mr. Atwood, of Maine.

The Foreign Mission Society met and was called to order by the President, Rev. J. Rand, of Massachusetts. After prayer by Rev. J. A. Lowell, of New Hampshire, the records of the Society for the past year were read by the Secretary, Rev. J. M. Brewster, of Rhode Island, and approved. A motion that a committee of five be appointed by the chair to nominate officers for the ensuing year was amended, on motion of Mr. E. A. Smith, of New Hampshire, so that the committee should consist of fifteen persons nominated from the floor. The motion was carried, and the committee was elected as follows: Messrs. Gerrish, Stewart, Park, Malvern, Peck, Brackett, Wood, Curtis, Patch, Mosher, Howe, Waterman, Scribner, Harrington and Porter.

The committee subsequently reported the following list of officers of the Society for the ensuing year, and the report was adopted and the persons named declared elected:

President—J. Rand.  
Vice Presidents—M. Phillips, R. Coolidge, G. H. Ball, J. M. Kayser and E. W. Page.

Corresponding Secretary—Rev. C. S. Perkins.

Recording Secretary—A. C. Hogbin.

Treasurer—Silas Curtis.

Assistant Treasurer—M. B. Smith.

Auditor—E. P. Prescott.

Financial Secretary—E. N. Fernald.

Executive Committee—J. Rand, J. M. Brewster, D. W. C. Durgin, J. Calder, A. Lovejoy, I. D. Stewart, A. L. Broughton, A. C. Hogbin, J. L. Hammett, O. B. Cheney, N. C. Brackett, C. S. Perkins, S. D. Bates.

Notice was given by O. B. Cheney that a resolution to amend the constitution would be offered at the next annual meeting. The change desired was to have officers elected for three years, in accordance with the action of the General Conference, instead of annually as at present.

The Treasurer reported cash on hand at the beginning of the fiscal year, \$408.29; received up to Feb. 1, \$8,390.42; received since Feb. 1, \$10,336.69; disbursements since Feb. 1, \$9,736.83; balance on hand, \$8,681.80; liabilities in excess of assets, \$5,861.80; most of which was owed to the permanent fund.

The report was adopted.

Rev. C. S. Perkins presented the report of the Corresponding Secretary. The year had been eventful. New missionaries had gone out, and gave promise of usefulness; experienced missionaries had returned to their work and were being blessed therein. The Bible School was very successful. The people of India were growing more and more favorable to Christianity.

There was a promise of a rich harvest. The rewards of the toil had already been very considerable. The brightening of the financial prospect was an element of encouragement. There was ground to hope for very liberal contributions the coming year. The running expenses of the Society had been reduced. The Executive Committee had decided to borrow no more money, but to rely upon the contributions of the people. This measure was approved by the people; yet the contributions had not been increased as they should have been. More work needed to be undertaken. A man fitted for a missionary stood ready to enter the Indian field. His salary would be paid by friends; all he asked was for the payment of his expenses. The year had been marked by the return to this country of Dr. Jeremiah Phillips, a missionary of long experience, and whose success had

been very great. It was important, that contributions should go through the main society. The denomination could not afford to waste its strength in scattered efforts. With union and earnestness it would go forward.

Rev. C. F. Penney, of Maine, then addressed the congregation as follows:

I want to call your attention this evening to some of the things which to-day, it seems to me, afford special encouragement in the work to which the Christian church by her abundant prayers and gifts of labor and money, is responding, in answer to the call of her great Leader to preach the gospel to every creature.

(1) There are the advantages afforded by our modern civilization to this great work of Christianity. There are stores of moral power at home to-day from which to draw facilities for spreading the gospel in the world. When the Apostles were abroad, they could point to nothing but this: "I determined to rely upon nothing when I come among you, but the power of God in my soul. The story of Christ, the evidence of the Divine presence with me, these are all that I have to rely upon."

What could they point to in Jerusalem that was inviting and that strengthened their hands? There were no Christian churches, there was no Christian literature, and they could not point any whit or say, "These are the fruits of piety among you; here are the triumphs of other men; and these are what you may hope to attain in the future."

We have, also, elements of knowledge which were never before possessed. We have history, geography, ethnography. The world has been surveyed, and the work has been mapped out. We have information as to the habits, characters and conditions of the peoples of the earth. We have taken in the whole world, which is the globe. We have a distinct idea of how all is to be possessed.

We do not grope in darkness, we go with almost scientific missionary knowledge. We have, likewise, the means of multiplying the material of Christian knowledge, and the wealth with which to flood the world with it. In the time that was required to write one Bible in the days of the Apostles, you can print a million now. It cost a fortune to own a book then; now there is not a pauper in the poorhouse that is not able to own a book. Books are cheaper than bread, and none are so poor that they can not have the reading of the events of every single day. And this does not inure to the benefit of selfish business alone. It works to the profit of the church. It operates to the advantage of the almoners of the Gospel as much as to that of worldly men. At how small an expense, can tracts and books and all means of religious education be sent throughout the world!

And then we have, besides, a facility of going forth. Compare traveling now with what it was when the Apostles went forth. I think one could go round the earth and come home again quicker than Paul could go from Jerusalem to Rome in his day. The means of intercommunication are so wonderfully perfected that for practical purposes the earth is not one-twentieth part as big as when it was created. Now this diminution of space has the practical effect to make every particular standpoint an influence that reaches further out. Missionary books and papers go everywhere. All the moral influences by which we wish to stir up the world are transmitted with a facility never before known.

Nor is it a little thing that the civilization of the globe is nominally Christian, and the greatest governments are Christian. When missionary labor began on the earth the highest civilizations were heathen. The Grecian had culminated, the Egyptian had burned out, and the Roman was just coming to its full. There was not one place on the globe where Christianity was in the ascendant. The whole commercial spirit of the world was, through and through, heathen; the whole military power of the world was heathen; the whole civil force of the world was heathen; the literature and learning of the world were heathen; all the art of the world was heathen; and the whole world with the exception of Palestine, was written all over with heathenism. Such was the state of things when the work of the Gospel was inaugurated among men.

Now, after 1800 years, what is the contrast? After 1800 years, with preachers, and missionaries and means for the spread of the Gospel, what has the Christian world shown? Has this to show: that there is not one single government of any considerable power that is not Christian; that those governments are lowest in the scale that are heathen; that governments rise in the scale in proportion as they are evangelically Christian; that among Christian governments that are evangelically, those that stand on the platform of Protestantism are immeasurably higher than those that stand on the platform of the pure forms of spiritual truth, the more you find among the people political wisdom, commercial ability, wealth and material resources of every kind.

How much of the very literature of the world is on the side of the church. And the religious literature of the world is amazing for its depth, for its breadth, and for its abundance of all manner of conceivable riches. The genius of the world is shown outwardly as inwardly, has had its power developed by Christian literature and learning.

These advantages and others that will readily recur to your thought are among the things outward that to-day encourage us in this great work of Christianity.

(2) But more than all else, and without which the advantages of our modern civilization can give no sure promise of success, is the hand of God revealed in the inception and progress of what we call the modern missionary movement. Prior to 1720, the year of the organization of the first Missionary Society in Great Britain, and 1810, the year of the organization of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and 1814, the organization of the American Baptist Board, for two centuries and a half Protestantism had entered on no organized missionary undertaking. In the history of the world, in its revival sketches, written more than 20 years ago, in describing the state of the church before these organized mission efforts, says: "There were no Missionary Societies, foreign or domestic, no Bible Societies, no Tract Societies, no Education Societies, no onward movement in the churches of any sort for the conversion of the world. At home it was deep spiritual apathy; abroad, over all the heathen lands, the calm of the Dead Sea—death, death, nothing but death."

This "spiritual apathy," this calm of death was broken by the wonderful revival of 1800, memorable in the history of New England. Memorable when in one year fifty-eight young men in Yale college joined the College church, and on seventy contiguous parishes, of which that was the center, the Spirit was poured out in a Pentecostal baptism. In these revivals the holy fire which flashed through all New England, kindled and waked up and

led the churches to an onward aggressive movement such as had never been known before.

All the first missionaries, Hall, Newell, Mills, Judson, Notch, Rice, Bingham, and others who entered the field a little later, were converted and received their missionary baptism in these revivals. Talk of missions as opposed to revival work. Its very spirit is that of revival. This whole missionary movement, which makes this century memorable, was born of God in these revivals that marked its beginning. Thoughts of Foreign Missions stirred the hearts of the young men, widely separated and without any knowledge of each other. The first four petitioners at Bradford to be sent to the heathen, were graduates of four different colleges. There was no concert of effort, but a moving of God, and how signally in all the opening events which mark the history of modern missions in the American churches, do we read a higher wisdom over-ruling the maxims of men.

Without funds or popular favor, in the midst of war, embargo and financial distress against the great commercial sovereignty of India, except as God's promise were sure, the missionaries were sent. The young men were plainly told by Christian ministers that their project "savoured of infatuation." The young women were assured by friends that their scheme was "wild." The Prudential Committee of the American Board, at first advised the missionaries to go "without their wives." After they were ordained, Dr. Dwight expressed his "decided disapprobation" of the Committee's action in sending them forth. But forth they went in the strength of a simple faith in the promises of God; a faith as clear and bold as that of the father of the faithful, when he went forth "not knowing whither he went." And the God of infinite resources converted their seeming imprudences into fertile devices. The young wives in their weakness became a tower of strength. And never were more prolific missionary seeds planted on earth than when the girls from New England, and the worn-out frame of Mrs. Judson on the banks of the Maraboun.

But not only the hand of God is seen in removing the obstacles at home in the way of sending out, the first missionaries, but the whole enterprise itself falls back upon the workings of God to clear the way in the lands to which the missionaries went forth. The whole history is a catalogue of obstacles removed, difficulties overcome, and victories won in spite of disaster and seeming defeat. "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit," saith the Lord; "is stamped on every chapter of the record."

On this same persuasive power also, has this enterprise relied to provide the men and means for the foreign field. In the first little band of heroes God sent the first scholars of a class at Brown University, and a class at Williams College. The treasury of these converts in 1853, ten years ago, became 8,000. And so down the scale, where the figures still are not by thousands, but by hundreds and by tens, the narratives of all the stations, with whatever means, come laden with continual contrast of "then and now." It is often bitter-sweet and blessed repeating. They who disparage the results of missions know not whereof they speak. Herein is that saying true, "The most contemptible thing is common."

And so superfluously does this divine agency work its way, that the fool pool becomes itself a fountain of life. Men and women whose very atmosphere was pollution, carry spiritual healing. The lesson was not easily learned, that the Gospel in a heathen heart was still a divine seed, and had a self-propagating power. The missionaries hardly dared trust it; but God's providence forced upon them the lesson. For twenty years, the French rule excluded English missionaries from Tahiti, but the native force aroused itself, furnished the churches with home-born pastors, and filled them up with 3,000 communicants. For nearly twenty-five years in Madagascar did the terrible persecution rage, which expelled the missionaries, and did all it could to strangle the church. But when the missionaries returned they found near 3,000 communicants in the place of the 200 they had left.

In this same process it has been learned by actual experiment that the greater includes the less. Christianity is the shortest path to civilization. The hunting ground of the Indian has grown into well tilled farms, and the wigwags into the frame or brick house. Many an African Kraal, where Christ has entered, has changed to a neatly furnished home. Five hundred plows were sold in one year in the vicinity of Port Natal alone. A few years since one missionary ordered 100 fanning mills for Turkey. And one of the chief men after a tour of inspection through his native country, boldly declared, that "the most zealous advocate of American civilization could not have done half so much" to Americanize Turkey, "as the Missionary has done."

It is not commerce, but the Word of God, that is giving a literary Africa of languages never before reduced to writing. It is not the trader, but the missionary, who is carrying the English tongue and Anglo-Saxon civilization around the globe.

But the strangest thing of all is the petty human force that has done it all. Men clamor over the money expended for missions, why, the cheapest engine that this world has seen is the Missionary. Never did such a handful of money and of men do so much work. When it is remembered that all the male Missionaries of the Am. Board, from the beginning, have been scarcely half a regiment, and its annual expenditure half the cost of an iron clad Man of War, that the money laid out for 46 years in raising Hawaii to its place among the nations was less than in the three years expedition of Commodore Wilkes in the Pacific, and the whole expenditure of the Am. Board for the last sixty years, less than the cost of 200 miles of Mass. Railway, one knows not which most to admire, the feebleness of the instrumentality or the matchless, magnifying and fruitifying power of God.

One knows not whether most to blush for the Christian zeal of the churches, or to extol the glorious workings of their living Head.

Verily, the weakness of God is stronger than men, and the foolishness of God is wiser than men.

I have pursued this line of thought, to-night, in preference to discussing "Ways and Means," hoping that the encouragements we have for continued labor—and the evidence that this work to which as a Christian people we have laid our hand, is so manifestly of God, that we shall henceforth be more consecrated to its high aims, and in closer sympathy with all its demands upon us.

It is true that in comparison with the work of the larger Boards of Missions, our work may seem small. But it is none the less God's work; and as such, as surely destined to a triumphant success as any which he sets himself to accomplish.

And we ought to understand that like every other sect in the Christian church, we are to stand or fall, to live or die, to

fulfill or to miss our providential calling, as we are faithful to the original idea, and spirit of Christianity as a missionary religion. Our gains will be temporary and worthless, our doom sure and deserved, if for any reason we lose the spirit, and fall back from the work of Missions. It is true we have other things to do, but we shall best take care of ourselves, and our future, by taking care of the world. When we consider the number of missionaries we have had in the field, and the yearly amount expended in this work, we have great reason for gratitude for the past and present, and occasion for courage and hopefulness in the future prosecution of the enterprise. Where have we a domination, in the vast, forty years, wrought so successfully with the appliances at our disposal, as in our Foreign Mission work? The report of the Cor. Sec. to which you have listened, has set before you the encouraging features of our work. Not alone the gratifying additions to the churches, but the increase in liberal contributions and spirituality (things that always go together) of the native members, is full of cheer. The establishment of the Bible School, the success of the Zenana work, the gratifying changes among the people, who now gladly welcome the missionary, the breaking of caste, the discarded idol worship and the remarkable zeal shown for Christianity by those who knew little of it, as narrated by Mr. Marshall, are not only signs of hope, but show as well how the "leaven of the Gospel" is working, and the seed sown is coming to harvest, and that it is no ill advised enthusiasm that looks for a day near at hand, when the patient faithful labors of our devoted missionaries shall be rewarded, in multitudes accepting Christ as their Saviour and God.

Brethren, everything in our work speaks to us with a new and cheerful summons to Christian and missionary activity. We labor in hope. Our strength is not in ourselves or our fellows, but in the infinite wisdom and strength. It is true we look over a scene of flickering light and shade. It is true we contend with discouragements ever changing, but always renewed, and that the pathway of light always comes to us through a "contingent of darkness."

But we lean on One who makes no mistakes and suffers no defeats; who never wears and never hurries; who works on while men wake and while they sleep, while they are born and while they die, while they fume and fret and pass away. We every hour, and almost every man in this great city draws refreshment and cleanliness and luxury, there is always enough, because silent, and far away, and unthought of and unremunerated, that lifting Arm goes on, throwing up, and throwing up, and throwing up.

Now command stillness there, and let the fires go out, and let the pump forget its work, and let the draughts continue, let all the streets suck out the stores from the reservoirs, and by and by there will be a sense of want in every house.

The want is occasioned by the going out of the fire and the cessation of the working of the pump.

And as it is with the reservoirs, so it is with us. Where we must watch, where we must see we maintain power, is at the sources. There where the fountain is; there, where is the reservoir from which we are to draw courage, there we are to watch and maintain a supply. And to this end we must keep up our connection and faith with God, and feel the influences of the eternal world.

Now, more than ever, O Jesus, open thy bosom and show thy heart. Now, for the sake of the poor and despised, and for the sake of thine own cause, show thy people thy salvation.

In the salvation of Christ, in the blessed power of faith in the Gospel, in that love which from the bosom of God has come into our hearts and in the spirit and work of it, let us make ourselves strong, and all other things shall be given unto us.

It was nearly ten o'clock when Mr. Penney finished his address, but the President remarked that if the people remained to hear another speaker they would not be kept as late as the devil held his meetings. He thereupon introduced Rev. G. S. Ricker, of Massachusetts, who spoke of various phases of missionary work. He recognized the fact that there was indifference upon the subject of missions. There was a sort of rivalry between home and foreign mission work. There should not be. The more interest in one, the more there would be in the other. Some pastors were afraid to urge mission work, thinking it would endanger their own positions. Such a view was unchristian and impolitic. A pastor could in no way help himself more than by interesting his people in mission work. The peculiar duty of the church was to evangelize the world; to carry on the work which Christ began. The church in which Christ abode would be a missionary church. There was no difference between home missions and foreign missions. It was all one thing in the vocabulary of the Church of Christ. The church was to be quickened in the spirit of missions by preaching, by training, by doing, by giving and by prayer. The true missionary church never had a quarrel; it was a church of growth. In the great questions of the past the Free Baptist church had been in the van; should it not be in the van in this greatest of all movements, the evangelization of the world?

At the conclusion of the address a collection was taken up, and the meeting adjourned.

(Continued next week.)

BATES COLLEGE. It will be seen, by referring to the column of notices, that a meeting of the Trustees of Bates College is called at Lewiston, Oct. 30. The call also states the object of the meeting. The relations between the future prosperity of the college and the payment of its indebtedness are so intimate, that we do not know how any of its friends can fail to give the subject their most serious attention.

For the thousandth time, or less, let us say that we can not insert anonymous communications. We have on hand several batches of marriage notices, without signature. We have no means of deciding whether they are in good faith or not.

This interest in the Morning Star at the Anniversaries last week was very gratifying. We do not refer so much to the public expressions of that interest as to those that were personal and private. We knew before that the Star had warm friends in Rhode Island, but these new expressions of friendship were none the less pleasant. Now is the time, for its friends, not only in Rhode Island, but throughout the denomination, to do good work for it. Twenty-five cents for three months, or two dollars for a year, are as good offers as any paper of its class has ever made.

New subscribers who send us \$2.00 shall receive the "Morning Star" from the date of their subscription to the close of the year 1880.

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### Denominational News.

#### Central Association Notes.

(Continued from last week.)

Thursday morning, from 9 o'clock, a prayer and social meeting was held by Bro. W. H. Merriman. It was a very precious season. Promptly at 10 the Association was called to order by President Ball. Prayer was offered by Elder A. B. Chamberlain. The topic "Foreign Missions," was then taken up. Rev. T. A. Stevens read a paper reviewing somewhat the Mission work for the Association in the past. Bro. Stevens casually left the remark that there might be some who would favor recalling our missionaries. The bare idea seemed to move every heart, and a positive determination to support those now in the field was manifest. The Association can never do less for missions and remain true to itself.

The following resolutions were then passed:

Resolved, 1. That the women in our churches are requested to organize in each church a Missionary Society, for the collection of funds for Missions from the entire membership of their respective congregations as far as possible, in the proportion suggested on the Mission cards, viz., 2-5 for Home Missions, 2-5 for Foreign Missions and 1-5 for Education.

2. That we request the Trustees to secure Sister Lillie Cilley as Mission Agent in this Association.

Miss Cilley was then called upon to address the Association, which she did in her usual eloquent manner. The subject was then thrown open for general discussion. Sister G. W. Mayhew spoke at some length, relating a very appropriate anecdote bearing on the blessing of giving the gospel to those blind in the darkness of idolatry. The entire forenoon was taken up with this discussion, and was in every way time well spent. After prayer by Rev. Wm. Walker, the Association adjourned.

At 1:30 p. m. called to order. Prayer by the Rev. Ira Day. The committee on correspondence reported, recommending that two corresponding messengers be appointed to attend a meeting of the New York Christian Missionary Society to be held at Auburn, Oct. 2, and nominated as those messengers Rev. G. H. Ball, D. D., and Rev. J. H. Durkee. The report was adopted. The following resolution was then presented and after a short discussion adopted:

Resolved, That immediate action be taken to complete the David Marks Professorship in the Theological department of Hillsdale College.

A short recess was then taken to allow the New York State Home Mission Society to hold its annual meeting. The Society was called to order, and the officers of the Central Association chosen as officers of the State Society, after which the Society adjourned.

Association resumed business. The topic "Revivals" was then taken up. A number of earnest addresses were made upon the different phases of revival work. The topic, "Temperance Beneficent Societies," was then treated of in a paper by Rev. M. H. Abby who represented the "Royal Templars of Temperance." Rev. L. C. Floyd, Presiding Elder of the Chenango District of the M. E. church, was then introduced and addressed the conference in a very pleasant manner. The President of the Association responded briefly. Rev. O. S. Brown presented the following resolution:

Resolved, That we gratefully recognize the great mercy of God to our cause in India, in the abundant fruits now being gathered to the Lord by our missionaries, and pledge ourselves to so increase our contributions as to enable our Trustees to send out reinforcements to the Mission.

The following resolution was also passed:

Resolved, That the Trustees be requested to consider and if found feasible to devise a plan for mutual insurance under the auspices of the Association.

After prayer by the Rev. J. M. Crandall the Association adjourned.

The evening was devoted to a communion service. Several of the brethren spoke, and the hour was well spent. The committee on closing resolutions submitted the following report, which was heartily adopted:

In consideration of the courtesy and kindness of this church and citizens of this village, in furnishing entertainment, and caring for the delegates and friends attending this meeting, we submit the following:

Resolved, That first of all we are grateful to our Master for the privilege granted and kindness shown us, and we hereby extend to the members of this church and the citizens of this village who have so kindly entertained us

(Continued on eighth page.)



## Poetry.

## CONTENTMENT.

BY M. M. HERRICK.

The sun is in the forest far to-day  
Among the branches; on the ground below  
The wild rose quivers in the sunrise glow,  
Lifting its head to catch the greeting ray  
That, in his kindly love, the god of day  
Sends slanting down to kiss the grasses low.  
The hoary pines, in measure grave and slow,  
Offer their chant perpetual; and the lay,  
Mingled with spicy breath of incense sweet,  
Rises to heaven. All the morning fair  
Seems with caressing arms around me bent,  
Lying in happy rest at Nature's feet,—  
Feeling her pulsing heart-throbs through the  
air;  
Dear nature loves me, and I am content.

The wind is on the waters wide to-day,  
Swelling the ocean; on the sands below  
The timid shells have caught the morning's  
glow,  
And held it through the lingering summer  
day.  
Where the blue line of ocean far away  
Touches, with softness, the horizon low,  
The faint white sails, with motion smooth and  
slow,  
Melt from the vision; but my eyes still stay  
Where the fast sail of all the fair white fleet  
Dropped into distance, for the vessel there  
Bears to the purple-tinted Orient  
Him in whose love my life has grown most  
sweet.

His thoughts of me are filling all the air;  
My lover loves me, and I am content.

The cloak of twilight casts upon the day  
Its perfect charm; above the valleys low  
The floating clouds have kept the sunset's glow  
And held it through the dying summer day.  
Where the high vault of heaven, dim and  
gray,  
Touches, with softness, the horizon low,  
The faint white stars, with twinkling, waver-  
ing glow,  
Steal on the vision; and my eyes still stay  
Fixed on the glories of the fair white fleet  
That sails the silent ocean of the air.  
My heart in thankful love on Him is bent,  
Whose guiding hand has led my wandering  
feet.

His care for me fills all the evening air;  
My Father loves me, and I am content.

## AN AUTUMN ANNIVERSARY IDYL.

BY J. W. BARKER.

A little swifter move the years  
Than when at first we started  
Upon the eastern hills of life;  
When from the gay throng parted,  
We made one pathway of the twin,  
Thro' fair and stormy weather,  
And said, whatever the burden be,  
We'll take it up together.

And thus the years moved slowly round,  
With kindest friends to love us,  
The earth seemed blooming at our feet,  
And smiling skies above us;  
Tho' pleasure's cup was sometimes mixed,  
We drank the drops of sorrow,  
If thorns seemed springing for our feet,  
They blossomed on the morrow.

The Springtime came so noiselessly,  
As peaceful dreams to one that slumbered,  
And Autumn shed a golden light  
O'er many a pleasant waymark numbered;  
The flowers that blossomed by the door  
In Autumn time, I well remember,  
Would sometimes wear their colors bright,  
Until the dawn of bleak December.

And thus the tardy years went by,  
As morning shadows fair and golden,  
Bearing us onward day by day,  
From new creations to the olden;  
Their circles had a wider sweep,  
The noisier years were quickly numbered,  
And hope raised many a fairy form,  
To cheer the weary heart that slumbered.

A little swifter move the years,  
Their shining cycles drawing nearer,  
But faith makes rainbows of our tears,  
And we can count our treasures dearer;  
A little longer, and the path  
Will lead us to the "shining river,"  
And we shall drop this weary load,  
To enter on the bright forever.

## Family Circle.

## THE MELANCHOLY OF THE AGE.

In the profoundest sense there can be no such thing as over-education. Our faculties are framed for a continuous and eternal development, and our life here and hereafter is a perpetual unfolding of that which is always growing wilder and yet never striking its limits, and always growing deeper and yet never finding its depth. Education is not only the natural and healthy occupation of a man's life, it is his work and his reward for eternity. Over-culture can not, therefore, be the cause of that melancholy which is hardly less characteristic of this age than its frivolity; indeed, the two are symptomatic of the same disease.

The difficulty lies not in the scope and thoroughness of education, but in its partial application and its distortions. Men forget that they are many-sided, and that they can only keep themselves in health and vigor by a training and activity that shall unite all their powers in harmonious action. It is a perilous thing to destroy the balance of one's nature, to develop the body at the expense of the mind, or the mind at the expense of the heart.

Of course, knowledge does not always find immediate and fruitful use, and every educated mind holds a great mass of information upon which it never draws in any direct way. Much goes simply to the enrichment of the mental soil. Nevertheless it is certainly true that the connection between knowledge and action is so intimate and peculiar that he who weakens or severs it inevitably distorts his own nature and mars the symmetry of his life. The mind has its own laws of assimilation, the operation of which is quite as important for a man's spiritual health as is the operation of his digestive powers for his physical health. The world is full of mental dyspepsies, to whose diseased vision everything has become unnatural and distorted.

In the divine order, man holds his education as a trust, to be used for the benefit of the world in which he lives. If, like Goethe, he makes it the servant of his personal aim, however rich and varied the treasure committed to him may become by his efforts, like Goethe he will bear on some part of his nature the stamp of selfishness, and in some direction, unconsciously to himself, will miss the very thing for which he sought. The moment a man begins to hoard knowledge or to acquire it for his own pleasure, he sows in himself the seeds of disease which may ripen into melancholy or any other spiritual disorder. Study, thought and action must all be combined in a healthy life; one fruitful source of unhappiness in this age is that they are divorced. Taine, contrasting the portraits of the leaders in the Renaissance with those of modern men, notes the fact that the former, though sometimes hard and cruel, are always resolute and determined, while the latter are often characterized by uncertainty and indecision. The former were always actors, the latter are often only thinkers. Shakespeare draws the same contrast in *Horatio* and *Hamlet*.

The culture of to-day is often only another name for refined selfishness. Men seek it as an end instead of a means, not perceiving that in spending all their years on the perfection of the telescope they are never able to watch the courses of the stars. It has its dialect and its watchwords, and becomes the test of social position and the sign of a man's cosmopolitan training, instead of being the free and vital medium by which he frees himself into closest contact with life, to meet its requirements and discharge its duties. When culture becomes merely a matter of fashion and taste it becomes also a disease. Taste and refinement elevated into ends unfit one for the active work of life, disgust one with the slow and imperfect steps by which humanity rises to better things, and end in ennui and disappointment.

The men who are most frequently cited as victims of the melancholy of the age strikingly illustrate this truth. Who that reads Matthew Arnold, for instance, does not feel that although, even in his prose, he has charmed language into a surrender of its rarest felicities, he has severed himself from that vital current which flows in the veins of Shakespeare's men and women, and makes them contemporaries not only of each other but of ourselves, and which keeps the "Pilgrim's Progress" as fresh in human interest to-day as in the year when it was penned in Bedford jail?

Knowledge must be made man's minister and servant, not his master; and every unfolding of a man's mind must be matched by some external activity in order that he may preserve the balance of his nature. Christian culture adds love to knowledge, and by ever-widening sympathy enriches the life of the world, and so marks its own growth by increased happiness and intelligence in that society which it was meant to serve.—*Christian Union*.

## NAT'S PRAYER.

There was a loud cry from the play-room. Mamma dropped her sewing and ran to the rescue just in time to see Nat striking Mamma's white chubby hand with his whip.

"You are just the meanest girl I know, Mamma Wallace, and I hate you, I do," wailed Nat.

Nat stopped suddenly, for there in the doorway was mamma. Mamma ran sobbing into her arms, but Nat stood sturdily defiant.

"I-I didn't mean to break it—mamma," sobbed Mamma.

"You're always breaking something of mine, and then saying you didn't mean to; but I'll never forgive you for this," said Nat, angrily, surveying the fragments of the pretty toy velocipede that Uncle Nat had given him not long before.

Anything coming from Uncle Nat was doubly precious. Mamma, without a word or even look to Nat—naughty, cross Nat—took Mamma with her to her room, leaving him to his own reflections. Do you know what he wanted to do? He wanted to have a good cry and "make up" with mamma and Mamma; but something naughty within him said, "Don't. Mamma was naughty to break your pretty velocipede, and mamma ought to punish her."

And all the time Nat knew very well that he was the one that deserved to be punished; but he stayed there alone in the play-room, just as miserable as you can imagine a little boy to be. You see it had been such a wretched day from the very beginning. It was Saturday; papa was going to take him into the city that very day, but the first thing he heard in the morning was the rain pattering against his window-pane. Then he felt so disappointed that he forgot to say his prayers, so you see he was soon to have trouble. Well, everything went wrong, and Nat kept growing crosser and crosser until the worst thing of all happened when Mamma broke his velocipede. Poor Nat! You can not guess how miserably wretched he felt all the rest of the morning for he was too naughty and proud to go and tell her he was sorry.

"If she'd only come and ask me, maybe I'd tell her I was sorry," he said to himself, but no mamma came.

Dinner-time came at last, however, and Nat made his way, rather shamefacedly,

I must confess, to his place at the table. But no one spoke a word to him, and there was such a lump in his throat at this strange treatment, that even though they had his favorite apple dumplings, he could scarcely swallow a mouthful. After dinner, feeling sure he could never endure another solitary season in the play-room, he followed meekly after mamma as she went back to her room.

"Mamma," she said, after a little time, "would you please go down stairs and get me the paper?"

"I'll go," said Nat, quickly, before Mamma could get her playthings out of her lap.

"Thank you, but I had rather have Mamma wait on me," was the grave reply. That was too much for Nat; he turned quickly and fled to the lounge in the play-room, and sobbed as though his heart would break. Was mamma never going to love him again? And all the time he knew he ought to go and take his naughty words back, but he would not. "They've been cross to me, too," he said, by way of excuse.

By and by, he sobbed himself to sleep, and knew nothing more until the tea-bell rang. He looked stealthily out from his eyes to see if mamma showed any signs of relenting. Once, just once, he caught her eye; and it was such a loving, pitiful look she gave him that he nearly broke down, and had a great time choking.

"When she comes to hear my prayer, I'll tell her I'm sorry," he resolved forthwith, and felt better for even that much. But lo and behold, to his astonishment, bed-time did not bring mamma to his side at all. He and Mamma had a little room together; and mamma tucked her snugly in, heard her say "Our Father," but she did not come, as was her wont, to do the same for Nat. She had reached the door. Nat sat up in bed.

"Mamma," he said, "you haven't tucked me in, nor heard me say my prayers, nor kissed me." The last came out in almost a sob.

Mamma came back, and sat down by his side, but her face was very, very grave.

"I think you had better not say your prayers to-night, Nat." And Nat could say nothing from sheer astonishment. From his babyhood up, he had said "Our Father" every night. What could it mean?

"You know if you said your prayers you would have to say, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us.' And you know you are never going to forgive Mamma her trespass against you, so you would be asking God never to forgive your trespasses against him."

That was a new idea to Nat. No, of course he could not say his prayers unless—he hesitated—unless he was ready to forgive Mamma. Now you must know that Nat felt himself very much superior to Mamma. Was he not a boy? did he not go to school? and had he not been in the city on the cars all alone once? Of course he was very much superior to Mamma, and to think of having to beg her pardon! Besides, she ought to beg his for having broken his velocipede. Nat lay down on his pillow once more, and mamma went slowly and sadly down stairs. It grew very dark, and the rain had a dreary sound. Mamma was sound asleep, but Nat's eyes refused to stay shut. He felt afraid; he wished that mamma would come up, or even that Mamma was awake. Then he began to think over the day—what a long, wretched one it had been, how unhappy he had been himself, and how naughty.

Finally, before he knew it, just as he was thinking how sorry mamma had looked, the naughty spirit within him died. He jumped out of his bed, and ran over to Mamma's.

"Mamma," he said, "Mamma, I know you didn't mean to break my velocipede, and I want you to forgive me for being so hateful about it."

"O Nat, I was dreadful sorry! I think I'd never be happy again," said Mamma, putting up her mouth for a kiss, and dropping off to sleep again in less than no time.

"Mamma" called Nat from the top stairs, "please come up, for I can say my prayers now."

Five minutes after—will you believe it? Nat was just as sound asleep as Mamma! —S. S. Times.

## ANECDOTE OF PETER CARTWRIGHT.

One day, on approaching a ferry across the river Illinois, he heard the ferryman swearing terribly at the sermons of Peter Cartwright, and threatening if he ever had to ferry the preacher across, and know him, he would drown him in the river. Peter, unrecognized, said to the ferryman:

"Stranger, I want you to put me across."

"Wait till I'm ready," said the ferryman, and pursued his conversation and strictures on Peter Cartwright. Having finished, he turned to Peter and said:

"Now I'll put you across."

On reaching the middle of the stream, Peter threw his horse's bridle over a stake in the boat, and told the ferryman to let go his pole.

"What for?" asked the ferryman.

"Well, you've just been using my name improperly; and you said if ever I came this way you would drown me. Now you have got a chance."

"Is your name Peter Cartwright?" asked the ferryman.

"My name is Peter Cartwright."

Instantly the ferryman laid hold of the preacher; but he did not know Peter's

strength, for Peter instantly seized the ferryman, and holding him by the nap of the neck, plunged him into the water, saying:

"I baptize thee [splash] in the name of Satan, whose child thou art."

Then lifting him up, dripping, Peter asked:

"Did you ever pray?"

"No."

"Then it's time you did."

"I'll do no such thing!" answered the ferryman.

Splash! splash! and the ferryman was in the depths again.

"Will you pray now?" asked Peter.

The gasping victim shouted: "I'll do anything you bid me!"

"Then follow me—Our Father, which art in heaven," etc.

Having acted as clerk, repeating after Peter, the ferryman cried:

"Now let me go?"

"Not yet," said Peter. "You must make me three promises: 1st, that you will repeat that prayer, morning and evening, as long as you live; 2d, that you will hear every pioneer preacher that comes within five miles of this ferry; and, 3d, that you will put every Methodist preacher over free of expense. Do you promise and vow?"

"I promise," said the ferryman; and, strange to say, that very man became a shining light in the church.

## THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

"Among the hills of Scotland," said Dr. Guthrie, "I have met a good shepherd, far from the fold, driving home a lost sheep (one which had gone astray), a creature panting for breath, amazed, alarmed, foot-sore; and when the rocks around rang loud to the baying of the dogs, I have seen them dashing fiercely at its sides, bounding it home. How differently Jesus brings home his lost! He tenderly lifts them, lays them upon his shoulder, and over all stony and rough places he bears them, till the home is reached, and friends and neighbors are called in to rejoice over the lost one found."

## HOME TOPICS.

LADIES' DRESSES.—There is a fashion now prevalent in ladies' dresses of which I warmly approve. Female attire has, of late years, attained apparently the very acme of ugliness, folly, extravagance, and discomfort,—and any change, in fact, must be for the better. This is not my opinion alone, it is that of thousands of intelligent women who, as slaves, must, however, yield to the arch-tyrant, Fashion. I refer to the change to what is, I believe, called the Princess robe, "a shapely form of feminine attire," which, when not carried to a thoughtless and tasteless extreme, is simply admirable.

In it the bodice, and skirt, and, incidentally with them, all the upper and lower garments, are reduced to one single shape that leaves perfect freedom of movement. The only fault I find with it as made is that the mischief-making dressmakers, with their innate and vulgar instinct towards ugliness and bad taste, are making these dresses tight and otherwise health-spoiling. For years I have, alone, yes, like a pelican in the wilderness, upheld my voice in favor of dresses like the ancient Roman and Saxon—dresses all in one piece, over or under, loosely girt at the waist. They were graceful; they were easily fitted; they were healthy and comfortable. When one thinks—and a thousand articles which have appeared in medical journals should have made everybody think by this time—of the amount of disease and suffering resulting from hanging pounds of garments from the middle, and of the utterly absurd custom of tight-lacing and of tying strings tightly around the "waist," i. e., unnaturally compressing the abdomen, one should be amazed that so much folly can yet prevail. Yes; people laugh at the Chinese "for pinching the foot into what they call a lily, but a far siller practice is that of pinching the waist into a lily-stalk." Still, such is the perverse-lad taste of the age, that the most graceful dresses would be sure to be immediately travestied into something silly. The old Greek dress for women was graceful enough, but the spoils of the present day, while attempting to be classic, must needs "improve" it into a ridiculous parody—a roocco caricature.—*London Correspondent of Progress*.

FACTS AND FANCIES OF FASHION.

Handsome India shawls are this season cheaper than ever before.—Scarlet furs will, it is said, be worn this winter.—A new parasol handle has a daywatch, which keeps accurate time.—To wear in the street, there are scarfs of white India muslin with pin dots that are scarcely more than white specks woven in them. The edges are trimmed with point d'esprit lace. They are worn close around the neck, tied in front in a mammoth bow.—A dust colored wideawake, very soft and very furry, is one of the hats shown for the autumn. It is pinched in at the sides and turned up over the forehead, and a large knot of red plush makes the face-trimming. It is said to be becoming, and to have an autocratic aspect.—A Paris novelty, shown by a New York milliner, is a turban of myrtle green antique plush, the large crown covered with breast-plumage in green, bronze and silver, arranged to suggest the foliage of begonias with bordered leaves.—A costume stylishly made of any material and after the fashion of any period is fashionable and in good taste at the present moment. Ladies never had so wide a range in dressing as they have now.—In circles where good taste prevails the wearer of banded hair is now regarded as a slattern.—Japanese blue and garnet are the favorite colors of dandelion for wrappers.—New extension tables have meandering, out-spreading legs.—*American Traveller*.

## MOLLIFYING BY A HAPPY WORD.

A happy retort will sometimes mollify an angry man when words of reason would be lost upon him. A warm dispute once took place at a coffee-house in New York between the proprietor, a Mr. Bradford, and a guest, Mr. Delancey. An English officer, who happened to be present, stepped in between the parties and prevented them from fighting. The next day Bradford roundly took the officer to task for partiality to Delancey.

"I interfered as a common friend to you both," replied the officer.

"No, sir," answered Bradford, tartly; "you were the decided champion of Delancey. You laid hands upon me, you kept your face to me, but your back was turned upon him."

"Then, sir," said the officer, quickly, "I treated you politely, and Mr. Delancey with rudeness, for which I owe him an apology."

This retort restored good humor.—*Youth's Companion*.

A gentleman visiting a school in Cincinnati during a recitation in geography, was invited to ask the class a few questions. He complied as follows:

"What is the capital of Michigan?"

"Lansing," was the prompt answer.

"What is the largest city in Michigan?"

"Detroit."

"Where is the great University of Michigan located?"

"At Ann Arbor."

"What is the capital of Pennsylvania?"

"Harrisburg."

"What is the largest city in Pennsylvania?"

"Philadelphia."

"What building is there in Philadelphia that is dear to the heart of every patriotic American citizen?"

No answer. The gentleman repeated the question.

"I know," said a little fellow on a back seat as he stretched up his arm to its full length.

"Tell us what it is then, my boy," said the doctor.

"The Mint," was the confident answer.

## Literary.

T. Y. Crowell (New York) publishes an edition of Conybeare and Howson's *Life and Epistles of St. Paul*, which must prove to be both popular and acceptable. It is 12 mo. in size, contains 764 pages, is printed on good paper, in clear type, and substantially bound. The price is only \$1.50. Besides the text of this already well-known biography, the volume contains several appropriate illustrations, maps of Paul's missionary tours, places of cities, etc. The life of the great Apostle will never lose its charm either to the Christian or to the student of human nature, so that this edition will be likely to find itself in good demand.

Prof. Loomis's *Summer Tour to Central Europe*, came to our hands last June, just as we were leaving for a tour of the country which it outlines. We put it in our pocket—the beauty of it is that it can be put in the pocket as conveniently as a wallet—and took it along. Subsequent use and comparison of it with other and more pretentious works, proved it to be a most desirable companion—a model guide—a compact, pointed, lucid little work, with a surprising amount of desirable information in it. It embraces the most important portions of England, Scotland, France, Belgium, the Rhine, Switzerland and Italy, naming the towns along the routes, and in a few words stating what is noteworthy or worth seeing in each. Of course, for details one needs the larger works, but for convenience and completeness of outline, this is unsurpassed. Maps accompany it, and the present volume, which is devoted especially to a description of Routes, is to be followed by others on Scenery and Art. Make a note of them, and take the books along when you go abroad. New York: American News Company.

Readers of the *Star* will remember a series of letters by Rev. J. M. W. Farnham, that appeared in its columns a few years ago, describing a journey to this country from China, where he has long been a Christian missionary. These letters, with others, have been published in book form by D. Lothrop & Co. (Boston), and, together with the illustrations that accompany them, make a quite readable volume. The interest centers in the descriptions of life and customs in the almost unknown land of the Orient, which will be found to be both entertaining and valuable. But the descriptions are by no means confined to China. Being a kind of diary of travel, the volume has more or less of interest to say about the whole route through Asia and Europe to America. It is a 12 mo. volume of 307 pages.

*Eye-Sight, and How to Cure for It*, is the fourth in the series of American Health Primers published by Lindsay & Blakiston, of Philadelphia, Pa. The present volume is prepared by Dr. Geo. C. Harlan, Surgeon to the Wills' Eye Hospital, and gives evidence of his thorough acquaintance with the subject. It treats of the anatomy of the eye, the physiology of vision, injuries and diseases of the eye, etc., with practical suggestions for the cure of the eye. It is an excellent little work.—(50 cents.)

Dr. N. B. Wolfe, of Cincinnati, Ohio, sends out a third volume, in which he attempts to give a common sense view of the pathology and treatment of Consumption, Asthma, and Catarrh. The contents are in the form of letters to the reader, in which the Doctor's theories are set forth, followed by numerous certificates of cures that have been effected under his treatment. There is much in the book that is really sensible, and we do not see how any harm, even if no permanent good, could come from following his directions. Good air, exercise and proper care of the affected parts, are strongly urged.

The *Baptist Review* for July, August and September, which is the third number of the first volume, is at hand and presents the following table of contents:

"God and the Bible," by Prof. G. D. B. Pepper, D. D., Crozer Theological Seminary, Upland, Penn. "An Exposition of Genesis VI, 3," by Rev. J. F. Morton, Newton Center, Mass. "An Introduction to the Book of Isaiah," by Rev. Thos. D. Anderson, Jr., Pastor, Portland, Maine. "Theism Grounded in Mind," by Hon. James M. Hoyt, LL. D., Cleveland, Ohio; "Reason's Sphere in Things Re-

vealed," by Rev. I. N. Carman, Pastor, Champlain, Ill.; "The Foundation and the Keys," Exegesis of Matthew xvi, 18, 19, by Rev. S. W. Culver, Pastor, Genesee, N. Y.; "The Belief of the Hebrews in the Immortality of the Soul," by M. Gregoire, Paris, France. Translated from the French by Rev. W. H. H. Marsh, Pastor, Salem, Mass.; "The Portraiture of Jesus," by W. N. Clarke, D. D., Pastor, Newton Center, Mass.; "Literary Notes," Cincinnati: published quarterly by J. B. Baumes.

The *Preacher and Homiletic Monthly* for October, is the first number of a new volume, and is of special interest. Among its contents are the following: Sermon: "Little Things Tests of Character," by J. L. Burrows, 11, D.; "The After Judgment," by Joseph Parker, D. D.; "The Principle of the Imitation of Christ," by D. H. Wheeler, D. D.; "The Scriptural View of Divorce," by Rev. Alfred Cressy; "The Offering of Isaac," by Henry M. McCracken, D. D.; "The Elevating Influence of Christian Character," by Rev. S. T. Graham; "The Resurrection of our Lord—The Fact and its Consequences," by Rev. Edw. Henry Ward; "No Evil to the Just," by H. M. Gallaher, D. D.; "Limitations of Wickedness," by Rev. W. M. Barbour, D. D.; "The Honey of God's Word," by T. L. Cuyler, D. D.; "Satisfaction," by Rev. C. M. Jones; "How to Grow in Grace," by Rev. P. Franklin Jones; "Ejected and Silenced," by Rev. Huntington Lyman; "The Heavenly Race," by Rev. Signor A. Gavazzi; "The Causeless Conflict," by Rev. James Whitcomb, M. A. Besides the sermon, this *Monthly* contains much matter of special value to clergymen and other Bible students. We have "Brotherly Talks with Young Ministers," by Dr. Cuyler; "Preachers and Reporters," by Dr. Deems; a paper on "The Prayer-Meeting Service," by Rev. Lewis O. Thompson; "Studies in the Book of Revelation," by Rev. D. C. Hughes, and "Helpful Data in Current Literature," by Rev. E. P. Thwing. Then we have a large amount of most interesting matter under the heads of "Preachers Exchanging Views," "Sermonic Criticism," K. Funk & Co.

The October number of the *Phrenological Journal* contains a portrait of Daniel L. Harris, a leading Railroad man, followed by some pertinent remarks on Precognious Children, which we would advise all dotting fathers and mothers to examine carefully. Then there is a pleasant little conversation on the nature of brain development, which rather goes against the common talk we hear about "bumps" and "dumplings." Dr. Wins provides a second letter on Prison Reform. A new installment of Brain and Mind, entitled the Physiologists and the Cerebellum, appears in this number, in the course of which the writer shows, with every appearance of candor, the merits of most of the literature nowadays current with regard to the functions of the cerebellum. A portrait is given of Chastine Cox, the murderer of Mrs. Hull, and a very frank consideration of his character as indicated by organization. Other topics of interest are The Women of Italy; House-cleaning; The Difference; The Tea Americans Drink; Soldier-bound. The department allotted to Correspondents is well filled. S. R. Wells & Co., Publishers, 737 Broadway, New York.

The *National Sunday-School Teacher* now comes to us as an illustrated magazine, and has so rearranged its several departments as to make them of greater help than ever. In the new departure, Bible Readings upon topics connected with the lessons is one of the new features. The publishers also announce a reduction in price. The *National Quarterly* and *The Scholar's Weekly*, also come to us with similar indications of enterprise in the way of improvements. The latter, also, is reduced in price. The *Little Folks* is still a first-class illustrated paper for the primary class. Chicago: Adams, Blackmer & Lyons Publishing Co.

The *Saturday Magazine* (Boston) has reached the seventeenth number of the second volume. It is under the editorship of Mr. Fred B. Perkins, and presents both original and selected matter. The current number contains "That Yankee Whaler," "Alexander of Abonotichus," "Plum Portraits," "Ring Stories," "Her First Appearance," "The Trampled Pearls," "Hunting the Condor," "Two Songs," "Roses and their Folk-Lore," "A New Dialect, or Yokohama Pidgin," "My Love Loves Me," "Facts," "Sonnet," etc.

Mr. S. T. Back, of Milton, Pa., publishes *The Lord's Prayer, Illustrated*, the words being arranged on a large, illuminated sheet of card-board, suitable for framing. The colors are pretty and harmonious, and some of the illustrations that accompany the text are both appropriate and striking. Many people will prize such a copy of the Saviour's words.

Number two of *Welcome Songs for Sabbath-schools*, is at hand, with a statement by the publisher that the previous number has been well received. That ought to be the case, for the songs, both words and music, are good, are offered very cheap, and although there are only about forty different pieces in each issue, the variety and number are as large as are ordinarily used in Sunday-schools. Chicago: F. H. Revell.

The *Model Choir* is the title of a new singing book, prepared by Mr. W. H. Clarke, and published by G. D. Russell, of Boston. The music has been carefully arranged so as to be easily sung by each voice, the intervals and modulations being tangible and understood, having been prepared by one who, for more than twenty-five years, has been connected with the accompanying and management of church choirs, where the music has been of a high standard. The Singing School and Secular Department contains entertaining and instructive compositions for convention and concert purposes, while the Metrical Tunes and Anthems of the Sacred department have been composed and arranged with taste, without being complicated from books which have previously been in use. The typography is open, and no page is crowded or confusing to the reader. In addition to the parts being written on four staves, the accompaniments are complete on two staves, so that the player can give full harmony as a support to the voices. In the Church Music department each metrical hymn tune has two appropriate organ interludes prepared expressly for this work, which organists will highly appreciate. The quality of the paper is of a better grade than usual, giving clearness to the impressions. The book contains 288 pages.

Our last installment from O. Ditson & Co. (Boston) contains the current number of the *Musical Record*, full of good things in the musical line, and also some new sheet music, comprising three songs, of which "Old Love Letters," is by Arthur Sullivan, "Unforgotten Days," is by Rockel, and a fine solo or Baritone song, "London Bridge," is by Molloy. With them we receive, also, a "Quadrille from Madame Favart," a "Garden Party Polka," by Godfrey, and the wide awake "Merry Riders Gallop," by Otto Meyer.



## Literary Miscellany.

## THINGS TO REMEMBER.

Men in misfortune are like men in the dark, to whom all colors are the same.—*Swift.*

Not he is profane who rejects the gods of the vulgar, but he who accepts them.—*Lucretius.*

The world will never be in any manner of order or tranquility until men are firmly convinced that conscience, honor and credit are all in one interest.—*Steele.*

When God commands to take the trumpet and blow a loud or a jarring blast, it is not in man's will what he shall say or what he shall conceal.—*Milton.*

I once read an inscription over the gate of a cemetery; the words were these: "They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." A voice whispered, "What works?"—*Bishop Whipple.*

"Ah," sighed an old faithful clock which I had in my room, "what a burden is life! These weights wear me out. With much pleasure would I say, 'tick-tick-tick,' and strike, as my duty, if I only need not carry these dreadful heavy weights; I am not free from them one single hour." So it sighed daily, till I moved with pity to my dear old faithful clock, took away its weights, when its complaints ceased; but it was henceforth silent as the grave. So it would be with many of us if we were without the burdens of life. No doubt they are often heavy and wearisome, but needful to our spiritual life.—*From the Wahrheitszeuge.*

## AN EGYPTIAN WATERING-PLACE.

Sulphur springs bubbling up from the rock in the midst of the desert, baths to receive the water as it flows, houses built up quickly around for eager bathers, a few young trees planted around the houses—such is Helouan, the watering-place of Egypt. The town takes its name from an old Arab village, all built of reeds and river mud, which stands near the Nile in a beautiful grove of palms. It lies fifteen miles south of Cairo, with which it is connected by a railway passing through some of the loveliest of Eastern scenery. On the west lies the valley of the Nile; the brilliant emerald tint of the young crops, lighted up by the sun, almost dazzles the eye, and contrasts well with the dull gray-green of the palm leaves, the red patches of newly plowed land, and the yellow desert beyond. Here and there, under a clump of acacias, a buffalo, blind-folded, is walking monotonously round and round, pumping up the water from the Nile into the numberless channels that intersect the fields. A man sits by smoking his long-stemmed pipe; without turning his head he follows with his eye the course of the train as it rushes past him; a group of children, half-naked, are playing in the dust, and their screams of "backsheesh" are faintly heard above the roaring of the train. Some women, with large earthenware jars on their heads, are coming for water; they instinctively cover the lower part of their faces as we pass, and look at us with their large dark eyes just visible above the fold of the dark cotton robe. Here and there are pools of water left from the inundation, reflecting the deep blue of the sky, and beyond this fertile strip the desert stretches bare and yellow, till it fades into the hazy gray of the distant hills. The pyramids slip past one by one; first the great pyramids of Gizeh, then the small ones of Abu Sir, next Sakkarah with its five steps, and lastly come in sight the low spreading masses of Dashour. To the east the view, if not so beautiful, is quite as striking. A long range of flat-topped, rocky hills, seamed with streaks of brown, red, yellow of every shade; with deep, dark, and craggy projections from which the sun casts strong dark shadows that add to the wonderful variety of color in the stone itself. Here are the quarries of Masarah and Tounah, which provided materials for the pyramids, tombs, and temples of ancient Memphis. Conspicuous on the glaring surface of the cliff are the dark entrances to a series of caves hewn out of the solid rock. A few Arabs may be seen, chopping at the stone in a desultory fashion, or boring holes for blasting; while strings of camels, with large blocks slung across their backs, pass silently along.

Helouan was founded under very favorable auspices. The Khedive, "always occupied in increasing the welfare of his subjects," as the official pamphlet informs us, took some interest in the formation of the town, and showed himself in advance of more civilized rulers by favoring the endowment of research—so far as sulphur springs were concerned. He appointed a Commission to investigate the matter, and provided funds for the necessary works. The mineral water was found in considerable quantity. The workmen all came upon an old well, which is supposed to have been in use as long ago as the seventh century. The Arab historians say that Abd-el-Aziz, who ruled Egypt about 670 A.D., built a well, and conducted the water from the springs down to the village on the banks of the Nile, where it was used as a remedy for various diseases. It appears, however, to have fallen into disuse, for no mention is made of the place in later chronicles. The well, when discovered, was choked up and buried deeply in sand and rubbish. Near the springs flint chippings are found scattered about in large quantities, and the Arab boys bring to the town small knives and saws of the same material. Hence it has been argued that the medical value of the waters was known at a period when stone implements had not yet given place to iron. This may be so; but it is known that the Ancient Egyptians used stone knives in some of their religious rites long after the discovery of metal, so that the inference drawn is by no means certain. The springs having been discovered, various encouragements were given to those who wished to settle near them. The Khedive granted stone from the neighboring quarries to any one who would build a house, and sold the land at a very cheap rate. He also set the fashion by bringing "the princess's wife"—the pamphlet does not say which of them—to take the sulphur baths. This Helouan soon became an aristocratic watering-place. The Khedive had a villa there as he has in every pleasant situation within reach of Cairo. His son, Prince Hussein, sometimes occupies a small house, with tents pitched round it to receive those members of the household for whom there is not room indoors. Mansour Pacha, the Khedive's son-in-law, also has a villa at the south end of the town; it is the most picturesque building in Helouan, of rough stone, with a plantation of young trees rapidly growing up around it. The ladies of the various harems drive out in open carriages, a license unknown in Cairo, and they walk to the baths in the morning, enveloped in sheets of black silk, which every puff of wind inflates until they look like balloons. They totter along in shoes with the highest of heels, and their awkward gait presents a striking contrast to the free, graceful walk of the bare-footed Arab women. The town is long and narrow; the houses, built of stone and covered with plaster, are dotted about here and there without much regard for order; but they look very cool and comfortable, with their green Venetian shutters and lattice windows. About midday everything in the town seems asleep. The shutters of the houses are all closed to keep out the scorching sun, a few donkeys are standing under a tree, with their heads down and eyes shut, the donkey-boys are coiled up on the ground beside them; men are stretched about the road; they do not even take the trouble to get into the shade, but lie, with their loose cloaks spread over their faces, in the full blaze of the sun. Some dogs are lying fast asleep in the dust at the road-side, and the Nubian porters at the gates of the principal houses are nodding in their chairs. Further on a few boys are playing a game much like "rounders." One of them hits the ball to some little distance, and there appears to be a dispute which shall go and fetch it. An English passer-by, to whose feet it has rolled, charitably throws it back to them; a demand for backsheesh takes the place of any expression of gratitude; and when they find that no plasters are forthcoming, they go on lazily with their game. Toward four o'clock the air grows cooler; there is time to climb up one of the hills at the back of the town, from which the most exquisite views are to be seen. Away to the south the Nile opens out into a wide lagoon, fringed by clumps of palm-trees, with low hills rising gently behind them. A hazy glow swims over everything, and in the further distance bluish river, trees, and hills into one vague purple mass. On this side of the river the desert slopes down to the very banks without any intervening space of green fields. It is covered with rounded mounds and hillocks; and, seen from above, looks like a clay model of a mountainous country. A small fleet of Nile boats makes its way up stream before the fresh north wind, the great white sails gleaming in the sun; while the rays of light, falling on the water, rebound in flashes from the ripples left by their passage. Sometimes the large white hull of a dahabieh comes slowly down stream against the wind, the crew tugging laboriously at their long clumsy oars, and shouting in time with the stroke. Sometimes, too, a puff of smoke appears above the distant trees. It spreads and grows; what can it be? Surely some unhappy villagers are being burned out of house and home; there are no fire-engines to help them, and the level of the Nile is far below their village. But the smoke comes nearer and nearer, and now a gap in the line of palms reveals Cook & Son's steamer!—the First Cataract and back in twenty days.—*Saturday Review.*

## THE TOO HANDY PISTOL.

Many of the crimes and fatal casualties which have been so deplorably frequent of late are the result of the evil habit of having a pistol too conveniently at hand, either carried in the pocket or kept ready for use in the house, and easily resorted to on the slightest provocation. For many people there is an almost irresistible fascination in these neat and shining little weapons. They like to handle them, and admire the skillful workmanship. They are fond of practicing with them, and proud of any little skill they may attain in their use. Hence, they are subject to a peculiar temptation to have one constantly at command, and take advantage of the smallest excuse for carrying it about or having it ready for use. It is a foolish and a dangerous habit. The frequency of crimes in frontier settlements and newly-developed places, over which the law has but imperfectly asserted its authority, is largely due to the practice of carrying weapons and being too familiar with their use, though there it may be rendered necessary by the presence of unrestrained ruffians.

In our older and well-established communities there is little occasion for any man to carry, or even to own, a deadly weapon for the defense of his person or his property. In exceptional situations, where a man is peculiarly liable to attack from desperate criminals, it may be a matter of wise precaution; but the ordinary citizen, in his daily or nightly walks, is much safer without a pistol than with one. Accidents frequently happen, with fatal result, from the mere handling of such weapons, out of curiosity or playfulness, and there is a temptation, not always resisted, to fire them into the air to make a noise, to blaze away at an invisible but exasperatingly-audible cat, or to attempt to hit a mark in some vacant lot.

This sort of pistol-practice is peculiarly perilous in a city, and liable at any time to result in the death of some unnoticed person. Such dangerous toys should be rigidly prohibited to children of all growths, and "accidents" resulting from their use ought to involve a severe penalty.

The common pretext of carrying a pistol for personal defense is of the flimsiest character, for in situations in which the necessity is pretended, it becomes the chief provocation of violence. If a man is so heedless or unfortunate as to encounter reckless ruffians, with whom difficulty or altercation is unavoidable, he is far safer without a weapon than with one. The chances are that he has cowards to deal with, if he shows a disposition or a power to endanger their lives by displaying a pistol, he is sure to bring violence upon himself from men who are heedless of consequences; whereas, if he were unarmed and self-possessed, he might be comparatively safe. Many an unnecessary scene of violence and bloodshed is precipitated by the rash display of a deadly weapon. A respectable man stands no chance with a ruffian in the exercise of a ruffian's art. And suppose a man's house is entered by thieves. As a rule, they are only intent on plunder, and quite as anxious as he can be to avoid a violent encounter. It is easy to drive them away by sheer alarm, but if their lives are put in jeopardy, they are certain to make a desperate effort to save them-

selves. If they kill or injure, it is usually because they were in fear of being killed or injured. The weapon under the pillow or on the bureau is fraught with more danger to the family than to the burglar, even supposing we were as liable to burglarious visits as the most timid and, consequently, the most unfit to use a pistol, imagine.—*N. Y. Times.*

## REVIEW WORK AND WAGES.

The Swedish and Norwegian immigrants to this country and those from the purely agricultural provinces of Germany have done a great deal better for themselves than immigrants from the manufacturing towns of Great Britain. The former, understanding nothing but rural labor, have pushed on at once to the new States after landing in New York; and, taken in the mass, their condition is much better than that of the factory operatives who have succeeded their Yankee predecessors in the mills of New England. The stupid, belligerent Norwegian who has tened to Wisconsin or Minnesota is surrounded by his healthy children and his cattle and his pigs on a patch of land which he owns, all fed from the same cornfields, and, among a few of the least prosperous, all sharing the shelter of the same hovel. But even this is healthier than tenement life in a dirty city. The poorest Western settler never fears that he will lack bread for hungry mouths, and if he has average industry, he may in a few years exchange his hovel for a decent house and barn. If we compare this lowest class of agricultural immigrants with the lowest class of operative immigrants, the better fortune of the former will be as manifest as it is in all the higher degrees of the scale. We compare class with class, because it would be absurd to compare the factory population with the prosperous and well-to-do native emigrants to the West, who are so much better off than any manufacturing population in the world. It looks like imbecility and folly for men to be organizing strikes against their employers in a country where three days' ride on a railroad will take them to a region of fertility and plenty. In a country like England, where land is a monopoly of the rich and laborers can never hope to possess it, embittered contests between labor and capital do not seem so unnatural; but in the United States the true remedy for low wages is to go West and cultivate the soil, which generously pays for all the labor bestowed upon it. A majority of American laborers are farmers, and as most of them own the land they cultivate, agricultural strikes like the recent ones in England are impossible. In this country an agricultural strike would be a strike against nature and the seasons. The mass of our laborers being agriculturists, and that feature of trade unionism which limits apprentices and shuts out intruders being impracticable, everybody who thinks his wages insufficient can take refuge in the most healthful and independent of all human occupations.

## THE CHAMELEON.

The chameleon has been the object of curiosity the world over on account of its power to change its color, but its power to change its form is not less remarkable. Sometimes it assumes the form of a discolorate mouse sitting mum in the corner; again, with back curved and tail erect, it resembles a crouching lion, which no doubt gave origin to its name, chameleon or ground lion. By inflating its sides it flattens its belly, while viewed from below it takes the form of an ovate leaf. The tail is the petiole, while a white, serrated line, which runs from nose to the tip of the tail over the belly, becomes a midrib. Still again throwing out the air, it draws in its sides, and at the same time expands itself upward and downward till it becomes as thin as a knife, and then viewed from the side it has the form of an ovate leaf without a midrib, but with the serrated line on the belly and the serrated back becoming the serrated edges of a leaf. When thus expanded it also has the power to sway itself over so as to present an edge to an observer, thus greatly adding to its means of concealment.

I have studied the changes of color with much interest. In its normal state of rest it is of a light pea-green color, at times blending with yellow. The least excitement, as in handling, causes a change. The groundwork remains the same, but transverse stripes appear, running across the back and nearly encircling the body in a full-grown animal, numbering about thirty, and extending from head to tip of tail. These stripes occupy about the same amount of space as the groundwork and are most susceptible to change of color. At first they become deeply green, and if the excitement continues gradually change to black. When placed upon a tree the groundwork becomes a deep green or black, and so long as they remain on the trees the color does not change. The prevailing idea that they take on the peculiar hue of the foliage among which they happen to be is, I think, erroneous. We have placed them on the scarlet leaves of the dogwood, and among the red flowers of the acacia, with no change from the prevailing green.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

## SOMETHING TO THINK OF.

A number of years ago, it chanced in Connecticut that a man who had attached to the rank of General in the perilous and blood-curdling militia-service, becoming somewhat reduced, was made janitor of a county court-house. After a while, he lost the office. A gentleman inquired of the person having charge of the house, why he had dismissed "the General." "Well," he replied, "there was such an inelegance about him. We could not scold him and keep him up to the mark. How would it sound to call out 'General, why haven't you cleaned out those spittoons?'"

We were somewhat reminded of this on learning that an eminent baggage-master on the Pacific coast had been made a Doctor of Divinity by a California College, and Doctor of Laws by a Tennessee University. We are almost afraid that it will be embarrassing to the officials of the railroad. How can they call aloud, "Now then, Doctor, hand up that carpet-bag. Come, come, Doctor, stir your papers; be lively with that trunk." "Doctor! where in the mischief is that Yosemite baggage?" Our colleges and universities should think of these things.—*National Baptist.*

Truth is the foundation of all knowledge and the cement of all societies.

## THE DELUSIONS OF COURTSHIP.

"I would not have her know it for anything," said a young man, speaking of something pertaining to himself, and referring to a young lady to whom he was paying attention. He fears it would change her opinion of him, and interfere with the prospect of his obtaining her hand. Such observations are of everyday occurrence. Who has not heard young men make them? Yet they show an unsound condition of things—an attempt to win a heart and hand by false pretences. To obtain goods in the same way would constitute a criminal offense. Unfortunately courtship, as conducted, is too often a period of probation, in which each party guards most assiduously against being found out by the other, instead of being, as it should be, the occasion of that thorough mutual acquaintance which should always precede a marriage.

Every young man should deal honestly with himself. He should say to himself, "If there is anything I do not wish the girl I ask to marry me should know, then it must be something wrong. Now I will correct this wrong, or I will tell her of it; for I will not be so unmanly as to deceive her into marrying me." By dealing honestly with himself in the first place, he comes to a correct understanding of the nature of the fact which he has concealed; then if he deals honestly with the girl he tells her of it.

People who love each other will marry in spite of the disclosure of many faults; but it is better that these faults should be understood before marriage, rather than first discovered afterwards.

We are sorry to say that concealments and deceptions during courtship are not confined to the sterner sex. They are practiced, perhaps to as great an extent, by young ladies. Many a false-hearted and treacherous girl has a thousand smiles during courtship to every one that illumines her face after marriage. The practical results of the delusions of courtship are the same; they lead to a miserable married life. "If I had known it beforehand, I would never have married you," is the declaration which has proved the knell to the happiness of many an unmarried pair. It would have been much better, in every such case, that the cause of offense, whatever it may be, should have been known before; then the marriage might never have taken place. At all events, this ground of reproach would have been removed.

Be sure that your courtship leaves no delusions to be dispelled after marriage.—*Christian Observer.*

## PARAGRAPHS.

A pen may be driven, but the pencil does best when it is lead.

A man who goes fishing should take luncheon along. He may get no other bite.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The red Indians are at least honest. You never hear of their buying up jute switches and passing them off as genuine scalps.—*New York Herald.*

The Bodwell Granite Company, Me., has received the contract to supply 15,000 cubic feet of rough granite for the Washington monument, at 42 cents per foot.

A man in San Francisco fell down stairs and broke his neck. "We find," says the jury in the case, "that he came to his death from the Mongolian horde which is overrunning our beloved land, and we recommend immediate arrest of every accused pigtail the police can lay their hands on."

There is a village in New Hampshire which has produced twenty-five editors. It was in allusion to this circumstance that a pious deacon remarked: "Yes, there are twenty-five of 'em, but as they've all left the town, I reckon the Lord won't lay it up again us."—*American Traveller.*

The great equatorial telescope at Washington, at present the largest instrument of its kind in the world, is soon to be surpassed by the Russian observatory at Pulkowa, which has a representative in this country in the person of Professor Otto Struve, who is about to contract with the Messrs. Clarkes of Cambridge, for an objective as large as can be made by that firm. Theoretically, the size of the lens can be carried to about thirty inches. In the clear, with corresponding increase of power in penetrating space. The undertaking will be one requiring great care and skill, for the slightest flaw will, of course, render the lens practically useless. The disk will probably be cast in Birmingham, but it is doubtful if the Messrs. Clarkes will care to undertake the construction of a glass larger than thirty inches, exclusive of the mountings, until the practicability of the scheme has been more fully tested.—*Am. Traveller.*

## HISTORICAL NOTES.

(From the American Cultivator.)

George Fox, the originator of the Society of Friends, known as Quakers, was born in Drayton, Leicestershire, England, in 1624.

The first steamer was seen on the Thames in 1815; the first steam voyage to India was accomplished in 1825; the first English railway was opened in the same year.

It was by a letter addressed to Joseph Priestly by John Huddest, in 1771, that the defect of color-blindness was first brought to the attention of the scientific world.

Benjamin Franklin retired from public life in 1788, and died April 17, 1790, aged eighty-four. At his death Congress appointed a period of "general mourning for the space of two months."

Pocahontas, the Indian maid, here buried at Gravesend, near London, was also called her life. John Smith, whom she shielded from her father's anger, lies not far from her, in the church of St. Sepulchre.

Persian was the court language of India for at least two centuries before the English conquered the country, and was the official language of the courts of British India up to a comparatively recent period.

Benjamin Franklin was born in 1706. His parents were poor, and had a family of seven children, he being the fifteenth. His father was a soap boiler and tallow chandler, but at twelve years of age Benjamin became a printer's devil.

The Romans first became acquainted with the ancient Germans 118 years before Christ, when they appeared under the name of Teutons and Cimri, and, moving south, carried terror of their arms over Gaul and part of northern Italy.

John Quincy Adams, although a born Federalist and a bitter foe of Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson, supported the first when they transgressed the Constitution in the purchase of Louisiana, and the second when he resolved to make Louis Philippe pay the French indemnity in 1825.

## Lost Seven Pounds in Three Weeks.

Allan's Anti-Fat is a genuine medicine, and will reduce corpulence from two to five pounds per week. Purely vegetable and entirely harmless, acting directly on the food in the stomach, preventing the formation of fat. It is also a positive remedy for dyspepsia and rheumatism.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 11th 1878.

Botanic Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.: Gentlemen—The lady alluded to lost seven pounds in three weeks, by the use of Allan's Anti-Fat.

Yours truly,  
Smith, Doolittle & Smith,  
Wholesale Druggists.

## Malarial Fever.

Malarial Fevers, constipation, torpidity of the liver and kidneys, general debility, nervousness and neurasthenic ailments, readily to this great disease conqueror, Ror Bitters. It repairs the ravages of disease by converting the food into rich blood, and it gives new life and vigor to the aged and infirm, always. See "Proverbs" in another column.

## Obituaries.

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

[Special.]  
DEACON A. M. MANNING died suddenly of heart disease, in Hardwick, Vt. Sept. 19, aged nearly 68 years. The subject of this notice was born in Walden, Vt., where he spent his youthful days. More than forty years ago he moved to West Hill in Hardwick, where he resided till his death. He indulged a hope in Christ in early life and joined the Congregational church in Walden, in which he remained a worthy member until he joined the Baptist church at Hardwick, Vt., about twenty years ago. Soon after this he was chosen deacon and church clerk, which offices he faithfully filled till called to join the church triumphant. About thirty years since, a Sabbath-school was gathered mainly through his efforts; he was chosen superintendent, which office he held most of the time during these thirty years, keeping up an interest seldom equalled. A constant reader of the *Morning Star*, and greatly interested in all its enterprises of the day, not only praying for their success, but generously contributing the means to carry them forward. He delighted in attending Yearly and Quarterly Meetings, and was an excellent leader, and deeply interested in those out of the church, which he carried his Christian principles into all the minutiae of every-day life. A man of integrity, thorough, upright, and honest in business matters; sharing the confidence of his townspeople, he was elected to offices of trust, which he honorably filled. "Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." The minister, layman, friend, neighbor and stranger found a hearty welcome at his home. Truly a good man is gone. Sweet, pleasant and sacred will be the memories of his kindness and generosity. The community, church and family deeply feel their loss. He leaves a faithful and devoted wife with whom he had lived over forty years, and one surviving son and family. Other children greet him on the other shore. His funeral was attended by a large concourse of friends and neighbors. Four of his surviving brothers performed the part of bearers, tenderly and solemnly committing his remains to the silent grave, but his freed spirit had passed to the better land, to meet his Saviour he loved so well.

J. M. N.

DELIA L., daughter of the late Ivory Fall, died in Great Falls, N. H., Sept. 7, aged 31 years and 5 months. Life opened upon her like the rising of the sun in a cloudless morning. The days of her early youth were very bright, happy and promising; the future seemed glided over with flattering prospects, but alas! disease laid his cruel hand upon her, till, having embraced religion when only 13 years old, she found it a great support to her, and she confidently looked forward to a better world. She often said that she was very disappointed to her, yet she bore it with Christian resignation. Though a very great sufferer for eight years, yet she bore her sufferings with wonderful patience and fortitude, and her last hours were calm and sweet-tempered to the end. She often expressed a desire to depart and be with Christ, which was far better, and when the hour of her departure came, she calmly and bravely passed to that blessed home where there is no more night and no more pain. She leaves a widowed mother, and two sisters to mourn her departure, but they mourn not as those who have no hope.

DORA MYRTLE, infant daughter of F. C. and M. Carey, died near New Bloomington, Ohio, Aug. 27, aged some 4 years. Little Dora was quite a winsome, intelligent child, and by her many caressing ways had won the affection of all those with whom she came in contact. HARRY AVERT, son of brother and sister S. A. and E. J. Fish, died near Green Camp, O., Sept. 2, aged 6 years and 7 months. The mother had preceded her son to the "better land" some two years, but he had been tenderly cared for by an affectionate grandparent. He was intelligent beyond his years, and was the joy of the household, but he fell a victim to that dread disease of childhood, scarlet fever, and passed "our threshold." May his bright life be an incentive to the weeping relatives, to prompt them to a "closer walk with God."

CLARA BELLE, infant daughter of O. B. and C. E. Kelley, died near Green Camp, O., Sept. 13, aged near fifteen months. A lovely babe, as a tender rose bud, is rudely broken from the parent stem, and they are left in tears.

FREDERICK CLINE, son of Mr. Olive M. E. church, Sept. 24, aged near 40 years. Bro. Cline in early manhood embraced the cause of Christianity, and felt Jesus precious in the forgiveness of his sins. At the age of twenty-one years he attached himself to a member of the Lutheran church, and endeavored to lead a Christian life. His last illness was of but short duration.

FRANCIS MCLOONE (colored) died near Centerville, O., Sept. 24, aged some 20 years. He was quite an intelligent, amiable young man, and was highly esteemed for his many qualities of head and heart. He made no public profession by attachment to church, but was known to offer prayer, and gave many expressions of having passed from death unto life.

DAVID N. SINGLAR died at his home at Livermore Falls, Me., June 28, aged 63 years and 2 months. He was born in Green, Me., and moved to Chesterville with his parents, where he married his wife. In 1848 he moved to Saccapappa, where he experienced religious life, and was baptized by Elder B. Mansour, and joined the church in Saccapappa, and in the same year he moved to Lowell, Mass., taking a church letter with him, and joined the church in Lowell, and in 1853, he moved to Chesterville, Me., taking his church letter and joined the church at Chesterville, which connection he held when he died; making his church connections and life agree from new birth until his death. He leaves a wife and two daughters to mourn his loss as Christians mourn.

H. G.

## STEEL ENGRAVING.

DR. JAMES L. PHILLIPS.  
This fine engraving is of two sizes, 9 x 12 inches, 25 cents; 12 x 15 inches, 35 cents. For sale at the MORNING STAR OFFICE. Any one wishing to purchase, to sell at Quarters, and Yearly Meetings can obtain them at a large discount by applying to W. O. SAYLES, 10 WALL ST., N. Y. the cash accompanying the order.

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

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