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The Morning Star.

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THE MORNING STAR

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1879.

WORKING FOR GOD.

Teach me, my God and King,

In all things thee to see,

And what I do in anything,

To do it as for thee;

To scorn the senses' sway,

While still to thee I tend;

In all I do be thou the way,

In all be thou the end.

All may of thee partake:

Nothing so small can be,

But draws, when acted for thy sake,

Greatness and worth from thee.

If done to obey thy laws,

E'en servile labors shine;

Hallowed be to thee the cause,

The meanest work, divine.

—George Herbert.

CHARACTERS IN TRAVEL.

BY PROF. G. E. POSTER.

Habit invades the area of travelers as indeed it does all the departments of our life and activity and easily dominates its subject. I remember while going up from Vevey to Geneva and along one of the most beautiful lakes in the world observing the tourists on board our pleasant little steamer. Some were wide awake and lost no effect of the grand and diversified scenery; but there were men and women in the company who either buried themselves in a novel, or played whist, or lolled off to deep sleep amid the glories which could be seen but few times during life. So I notice in railroad and steamboat traveling, that few people make as much as they might out of it. Traveling is indeed a constant instruction and entertainment, and no observant mind need lack for material to be profitably studied. People read novels, they say, in order to gain an insight into human nature, and so thousands go along our railroads, with eyes and ears for nothing about them, fully absorbed in tracing the more or less unreal characters of a serial or romance. Would it not be infinitely better for them to use their own eyes and ears and observing faculties, in studying the real characters which swarm about them in the crowded lines of travel? Every peculiarity of disposition, every shade of idiosyncrasy, every tendency of motive is spread as on the pages of a book before the mind, and a little practice would enable one to read it quite as easily. Theaters urge in their defense the facility with which they interpret the various modes and grades of life, and thus give the man of one social condition an insight into the manners of another and very different society. Well, in travel during these cosmopolitan times and in this democratic country all classes mingle, and the diverse tragedies and comedies of peculiar ranks and fashions are constantly spread before us. Assumption as ridiculous, silliness as vapid, selfishness as cruel, sympathy as tender and bravery as heroic pass before us in the shifting scenes of travel life, as any portrayed to us on boards of theater or in pages of novel, and what is far better we have the natural actors and are not obliged to put up with an interpreter. If the laughing philosopher of the olden time could be transplanted to the changing crowds of our modern thoroughfares, he would forego sweet sleep and spend his days in perpetual cackination over the follies and absurdities massed before him, while the weeping sage would pour forth a constant humor from his tender eyes as the oft-recurring miseries of the hurrying multitudes passed before his gaze. Here is a wee toddling thing which in the overflow of its indiscriminating and dramatic affection persists in climbing up the knee and kissing the cheeks of the bashful young man who sits so nervously beside his first sweetheart, and who wishes himself "anywhere out of the world" as the appreciative giggle passes along the row of seats. Yonder is the newly wedded couple oblivious of all else in the world except their own sweet selves, and whose suggestive pantomime and sundry leanings are gleefully watched by a knot of mischievous young people just across the aisle. Now one sees the angular form, the sharp nose with spectacles astride, the several bundles and inevitable umbrella of the advanced spinster, and the shrill but decisive voice which advertises the conductor that she

wants to get out at A. "And you won't forget now, mind." And here is a dear old lady ticketed for a Western town, and her seat full of knickknacks which she has gathered in her visit East, and for hours she sits there taking each article out of the canvas bags and bundles, looking over and arranging them and putting them away more neatly with a quiet, pleased smile as she thinks of the dear ones who gave them. From a little country town comes in a strapping youth with knapsack and other "fixins", and as he deposits them in his chosen seat and announces loud enough to be heard through the car, "Wal—I guess I'm good for Leadville", looks around as if expecting blank amazement to fill the average countenances at the utterance of the distant name. Innocent man, he thinks he ought to be lionized for breaking away for such a far off spot, but long passages are too common to provoke much comment in these days. Here is the irrepressible youngster who tries his mother and tyrannizes over her, pulls the hair of the gentleman ahead, wants the window raised when the smoke and cinders rush past looking for ingress and the spoil of delicate costumes, shouts at the "horse" locomotive through all the driver's vocabulary until the nervous lady behind has to change her seat for comparative quiet, wants a drink just after the car-boy has disappeared, cries to get out when the train is going 40 miles an hour, eats part of his tarts and scatters the remainder in a benevolent shower over the clothes of his neighbors, for diversion screams and kicks like an incipient lunatic, and gets from his tired, pestered, mama almost everything but the needful severe spanking. But I started with the intention of sketching two or three characters whose frequency and massiveness so to speak make them noticeable. And after all, the traveler will sooner or later be able to discern through all varieties a few genuine types of character, endlessly diversified and shaded, just as the stock characters of play and romance are few and constantly reproduced. And first

THE ORACLE.

You can journey but few hours without meeting him. He is positive or nothing. Hypotheses are beneath his mental caliber, predictions his favorite method of utterance, and assertion an arrow always found in his quiver. He is bold even to rashness, and ventures with the utmost sang froid on ground which great minds have timidly explored, and gallops over the quaky marsh like a full blood steed over the battle plain. He plays with the intensest problems of life and society in a way that wins your admiration even though it does not convince your judgment. Huxley is a babe to him in some points of scientific dispute, and is put aside on the shallow matter of "ignorant scientist"; at one thrust of his Theological lance Calvin and Chalmers and McCosh lie sprawling in the dust of the arena; Grant was full of blunders in the conduct of the late war, and Adam Smith went greatly astray in his teaching of Economy. As you listen to his political theorizing the wonder grows upon you why our country should be going to the dogs and all the while this modern Cincinnatus should be following the furrow, and why our philanthropists are so dull of perception that they do not put into execution his brief and sentences maxims for social betterment.

The Oracle never contents himself with speaking directly to you. He settles his body well in his seat, throws back his head and cranes his neck, and whilst his eye rains constant flashes over the whole field of vision, his sentences fall like loaded dice among the listening auditors. He disdains that attribute of greatness, soft speech; why should his wisdom linger for lack of utterance? Like a spring torrent his words rush and roar down the channels of well-worn expressions, and when a pause breaks the impetuous continuity, the Genius of the stream lifts his moist locks, and smilingly but triumphantly sweeps the circle of his hearers with his self-satisfied regards. He never studies a subject; his peculiar gift would not separate him from ordinary humanity if he must thread the arduous paths of patient investigation. Like the wild horse which has swiftest pace with least encumbering guidance, so his mental operations are most brilliant when unburdened with least humdrum facts. He is impatient of those who call for premises and have an unhappy leaning towards logical processes, and in the circle of his admirers you find few of that class; Jupiter could not listen to the vapors of mortal men, nor could St. Thomas Aquinas suffer the feeble queries of ignorant laymen. The Oracle loves the smoking room of the Hotel, and there you see him at his best with a dozen or more empty headed fellows swallowing his words in a vain attempt to fill up a natural vacuum. He sits as lord in political knots in bar-room or voting precinct and blows his bubble theories which tomorrow's facts will burst to thin air. He swells with pride as he overhears some side remark from a hearer, "By George, he's tonguey—they can't get around him." The Oracle is sometimes found in a pulpit and clinches all his nar-

row or wild conclusions with the unanswerable "thus saith the Lord." He can tell you all about heaven from the number of its streets to the smallest detail in the after life as to what we shall do and how we shall live. To him there is no darkness in the grave, no mystery in the Trinity, no difficulty in the "perfect holiness" of a man-militant. And the longer he dogmatizes the less good he does, and obscurer grow the mists about the mind of intelligent inquiry. The Oracle frequently sits astride the hobby of science, and has satisfactorily demonstrated God, and virtue, and human responsibility out of the universe, and looks with ill-concealed pity upon all those feeble intellects which can not rise to the same sure ground with himself. He saddles the steed of social Theory, and rides about in his Quixotic tilts with capital, rank, social condition, marriage laws and Sunday enactments. If chaos were only at hand again, he could make a world far better than God did; and substitute his automatic trickery for the sublime laws which tend toward ultimate good. Did you ever mark the Oracle, reader? If not, keep your eyes open and some day he will appear fully caparisoned in the field of your vision.

A TIMELY EXAMPLE.

BY X.

In an editorial in the Star of December 3, entitled "Our Denominational Centennial," you referred to the efforts and success of the American Methodist Episcopal church in raising funds during 1866, its centenary year. According to McClintock and Strong's Cyclopaedia, the aggregate contributions amounted to \$8,709,498.39. "The minutes for 1864" gave the number of members in the Methodist church, including probationers, to be 908,889. It is not probable that the numbers in 1866 exceeded one million. Assuming that they reached this number, there was raised as a centenary offering a little more than \$8.70 per member.

This grand result was not raised without persistent effort. The history of the movement which resulted so advantageously is both interesting and instructive. The General Conference of 1864 took the initiatory steps. It set forth two great channels for the gifts of the people, which it designated as "Connectional and Local." It then commended the "whole subject to the prayerful consideration of every minister, traveling and local, and every official and private member of the church, calling for the most systematic and energetic efforts everywhere to carry out in their true spirit these noble plans." It named two millions of dollars as the minimum sum to be raised. It gave an outline of the methods to be pursued, and made provision for the appointment of an efficient centenary committee by its Board of Bishops. This committee did effective work. The objects for which contributions could be made were definitely stated, and the plans of securing them were delineated. Conference and other committees, having in charge the work of securing these contributions, were appointed. The times and places for centenary religious services were designated. These arrangements did not exist simply in name, but the breath of life was effectually breathed into the undertaking.

The denominational press contained articles setting forth the grandeur of the object and the ways and means of accomplishing it. The general enthusiasm was unbounded. In Nov., 1865, the committee having the work in charge, concluded that the two millions of dollars designated would be swelled to nearly four millions. Even this sum was destined to be more than doubled.

The simple citation of this example of the Methodists ought to be in itself quite sufficient to accomplish the object which we have had in view in writing. It scarcely needs a formal enforcement. With system, persistence and the requisite amount of enthusiasm enkindled with a sense of the worthiness of the cause, can not Free Baptists accomplish the work in raising funds in 1880, their centennial year, which their last General Conference placed before them? It asked for centenary contributions, amounting to \$500,000, or about six and two-thirds dollars per member. Let there be no misunderstanding. It is possible that but a comparatively small part of the \$500,000 named may be raised for general denominational purposes. The year will afford a grand opportunity for local church building and debt paying and for the general strengthening of the things which remain, all of which will tell in some way to the advantage of the cause as a whole.

The President has sounded the right watchword; and, whether the present Congress acts or not, let the people be determined that a thorough reform in our civil service shall be an accomplished fact, and the thing will be done. The right kind of voting will bring the result to pass. Voting is the irresistible power in this country.—Independent.

EXCHANGE NOTES AND QUOTES.

If we are Christians we are, by the very conditions of being such, philanthropists.—Western Christian Advocate.

A patent logical inconsistency in a system of Christian faith or of Christian practice is one of the doomed things in this world.—The Standard.

The outlook is not discouraging; a Congress that does nothing will be a great improvement on some that we have known to our sorrow.—Watchman.

The authorized statement of the views of Archbishop Williams on the public school question emphasizes two facts that ought not to be lost sight of by American citizens: the Catholic Church does not change, and it knows how to wait.—Golden Rule.

Congress has commenced early upon what seems to be its chief work in our days—president making. All legislation is evidently to be largely shaped by its influence upon the national election of next year. The great party in opposition changes its tactics simply because the legislation of the special session proved unpopular as demonstrated by the fall elections. The important financial questions which lie at the foundation of national prosperity and the credit of the government are to be discussed not so much upon their merits, as upon their effect upon Western and Southern votes.—Zion's Herald.

Romanism has a free field in America, subject only to the fundamental conditions of our common American citizenship, and of that right public sentiment, sure to increase rather than diminish in power among us, which will protect the inalienable rights of the individual, against the world! And it is a hopeful sign to see Archbishop Williams reminding the priests of his diocese, that "kind advice, paternal solicitude, gentle persuasion, prayer and other measures suggested by charity, will avail so much more than ill-timed or ill-tempered severity, or vexatious, coercive measures." That would be good doctrine to preach in Spain and Austria. It is precisely the doctrine of Protestantism, and good doctrine anywhere.—Advance.

ANACHRONISMS OF ARTISTS.

The anachronisms of painters are remarkably amusing, and are to be found in all ages, even in our own; but never nowadays from hands so distinguished as those that three or four centuries ago indulged in them without stint. Down in the Hartford Athenaeum there is a picture of St. Peter calmly reading his own epistles in German, in a Bible bound in stout leather with big brass clasps and, if we remember rightly, a pair of big spectacles lying upon the open page. Verrie placed periwigged spectators of "Christ Healing the Sick" exhibited Abraham about to shoot Isaac with a pistol, and depicted an Ethiopian king in the old costume of a surplice, boots and spurs. Albert Dürer added insult to injury when he painted the expulsion from Eden, and represented Adam and Eve as fleeing before a preposterous angel in a shrouded petticoat. Cigoli painted "Simon at the Circumcision" with spectacles on his nose, and the Virgin Mary helping herself to coffee from a chased coffee-pot. Nicolas Poussin represented the deluge with boats. Dnubef's "Prodigal Son," which has been in such vogue as a present to London school-teachers, is most atrociously offensive in this direction, not a thing in the whole meretricious composition having any relation to the time and circumstances of the Bible story, or even to Oriental life.—Springfield Republican.

A TRUE STORY.

Here is a short story of Mississippi justice:—

CHAPTER I. James A. Barksdale was nominated as chancery clerk of Yazoo county.

CHAPTER II. Henry M. Dixon announced himself as an independent candidate for sheriff of Yazoo county.

CHAPTER III. A delegation of the most respected citizens of Yazoo waited upon Captain Dixon and strongly advised him to retire from his candidacy. Dixon complied with their polite request, but—

CHAPTER IV. He afterwards reconsidered his determination and again took the field, whereupon—

CHAPTER V. James A. Barksdale went out at noon to meet Dixon, with a shot-gun in his hand, fired upon him at short range, unarmed, in the open street, and killed him.

CHAPTER VI. Barksdale was formally arrested, but released on bail, on his own recognizance.

CHAPTER VII. The election was held, and James A. Barksdale was triumphantly elected chancery clerk by a grateful people.

CHAPTER VIII. The grand jury investigated the shooting affair thoroughly and found no indictment against Barksdale.

THE END.

—Boston Advertiser.

MISSION WORK.

CONDUCTED BY REV. G. C. WATERMAN.

THE CO-OPERATIVE PLAN.

Three years have passed since our Benevolent Societies adopted the plan of employing but one agent to raise funds for their use. The office of Financial Secretary was created, and Rev. E. N. Fernald was chosen to perform its duties. He has labored untiringly and with great enthusiasm; has traveled extensively among our churches; has spoken at many of our Quarterly and Yearly Meetings, and has written much for the columns of the Star. It is now possible to form an intelligent opinion concerning the merits of this method of work. From the last Report of the Financial Secretary we glean a few items.

The plan has proved to be economical. The entire cost of transacting all the business of the three societies employing this officer has been less than nine per cent. of the income. The contributions have steadily increased, in spite of "hard times." More churches are now using the "Card System," and giving regularly to the cause represented by it, than in any year before, since its adoption. The plan was undertaken as an experiment. That it is, in all respects, superior to any and every other plan, has never been claimed for it. It is believed to combine as many excellences, and to be as free from defects, as any plan can well be. All will agree, doubtless, that it is good enough, if we only work it thoroughly. On this its success depends. Put into it all the energy and enthusiasm possible, and no fault will be found with the plan.

NOT QUITE RIGHT.

It is asserted by the Corresponding Secretary of the Home Mission Society that in the State of Maine, the great stronghold of our denomination, the very citadel of our forces, not one-half of our churches are holding their own in point of numbers. This statement is based on the returns given in the Register for 1879. What does it indicate? Plainly, that there ought to be a vigorous campaign of practical Home Mission work throughout the whole State, beginning with an earnest consecration of time and strength and property to the service of Christ. The waste places ought to be reclaimed. The inactive laborers, clerical and lay, ought to be summoned to the work. It ought to enlist the thought and sympathy of ministers and people, of churches and Quarterly Meetings. If possible a mighty effort ought to be made to push speedily forward all forms of evangelistic labor, and to marshal the forces for an advance all along the line.

Now, what is true in Maine is probably true in several other States. We greatly fear that in some the showing may be even more unfavorable. Brethren, be not discouraged. If we be the Lord's, greater is he that is for us than all they that can be against us. Let us gird up our loins and set ourselves vigorously to work, and without doubt God will bless us, and that right early.

THE MAN FOR THE ROOM.

We are glad to know that several churches and Quarterly Meetings have generously responded to the call from our Theological School, at Bates College, for furnishings for the rooms occupied by members of the school. And we remember with pleasure, too, that in one case at least, a Quarterly Meeting not only furnished the room but sent a worthy young man to occupy it. We hope they will keep a representative in the school forever. And may not others do likewise? Are there not young men in many churches whom the Lord will call into the ministry in answer to the prayers of his people? Do we pray as earnestly as we ought that the Lord will call the best and strongest of our sons into his service in the gospel ministry? If it is right to "covet earnestly the best gifts," is it not right to covet them for the Master's use in his vineyard? Furnish the rooms, by all means, and pray the Lord to send men to occupy them.

REV. JEREMIAH PHILLIPS, D. D.

Just as our column is nearly full, we receive the sad intelligence of the death of our dear brother, which occurred on Tuesday evening, Dec. 9th. A fuller notice will be found in the editorial columns. The funeral was held Thursday, Dec. 11. Pres. Durgin in a note says: "His death was in keeping with his life. His faith in the Gospel and his hope of India continued to grow to the very last. On whom shall the mantle of the ascending prophet fall?"

ITEMS.

The Methodist Church in this country has never done much for the American Indian. The pitiful sum of \$3,500 is all that its Missionary Society appropriates for the coming year for missionary work in this peculiarly urgent department of our "home missionary" work.—Advance.

Mrs. Stone has given \$25,000 to Armenia College at Harport. The Prudential Committee of the American Board have also made appropriations out of the Otis Estate to other Mission Colleges: \$10,000 each to Jaffra College in Ceylon, to Turkey College in Aintab, and to Armenia College at Harport. How rich the beneficence of money so invested in "springing and germinating fulfillments," at once and for ages to come.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 11.

FINANCE.

The financial question and situation are about as follows: The Government during the war issued \$400,000,000 in Treasury notes, or promises to pay, and there remain on its hands at the present time, about \$350,000,000. On the back of these notes or bills, it is stated that they are legal tenders (by congressional enactments during the war) or payable for all public and private debts excepting customs, and interest on public debt, which can only be paid in coin. This medium, together with the national bank notes, and coin, constitutes the currency of the country. The President proposes to withdraw the first from circulation by paying them in gold and silver coin, the notes to be immediately canceled as soon as redeemed, the same amount of coin of course to go into circulation. The financial minister recommends that the coinage of silver be curtailed or stopped, and the above notes be deprived of their legal tender power, which is also about the animus of the Bayard bill. This would put them on the same footing as the national bank notes. These two would be the circulating medium for the people and restrict the transactions of the Government to coin only.

A great point in favor of the President's plan is that complete and unequivocal resumption means this if it means anything, the absolute retirement of these Government notes from circulation, for the Government is obliged to redeem them in coin, and so they are constantly threatening it. Take the possibility, and it is predicted that it may not be an improbability, of the balance of trade (now running so strongly in our favor), turning against us; gold would go streaming out of the country; the scarcity of it would put greenbacks below par and then a combination of capitalists would precipitate upon the Government a mass of these greenbacks for redemption in coin, which would not only embarrass the Government but it would stagger resumption.

The argument against any action at this time, is the general good business condition of the country and the time hardly ripe for serious meddling with the currency; that this legal tender money is a convenient medium of exchange, and that it would be well to await the results of this balance of foreign trade question, and its possible adverse effect.

CONGRESSIONAL ITEMS.

On Monday, both Houses reassembled from Thursday's adjournment. There was a cargo of bills to unload, which was effectually cut off by the announcement of Congressman Lay's death, and a speedy quiet adjournment ensued.

Tuesday the avalanche came and some 300 bills on all subjects were introduced, from issuing \$800,000,000 in greenbacks, to a deprecation claim of \$90,000 in Colorado. A delegation of resident clergymen visited the House District Committee to insist upon the better enforcement of the Sunday law, particularly in regard to the hawking of newspapers in the streets on that day. There is hardly a street in Washington but resounds on Sunday morning with the discordant cries of the news boys. Also, so protest against the Sunday excursions on the Potomac, so common in the summer season.

On Wednesday, in the House, the regular order was demanded, and the bill to prohibit assessments by federal officers came up and was postponed until January 7, when, that, undoubtedly the Marshall's bill will open the political ball.

As to the length of the session, one witty Southern member remarked that it "depended very much upon how often Blaine stirred up Hill, of Ga!" On Thursday, both branches of Congress accomplished more business than usual; two appropriation bills being introduced in the House, the fortification and pension bills. Action on the latter will be had probably before the close of the week.

PROGRESS AND THE COLORED RACE.

Hon. Fred Douglas, Marshall of the District of Columbia, delivered a most interesting address at Baltimore last Sunday on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of the first opening of a colored Sunday-school in that city. His theme was "The progress of man," and has attracted much attention for its scholarship and research. Thoughts coming from such a source may perhaps be of interest, when it is denied that a colored man's brain is not susceptible of progress, but Frederick Douglass needs no defense. Here are a few extracts: "Anniversaries are mile-stones in the journey of human life and human institutions, and while they carry the mind backward they sweep it forward."

"The Jews celebrated their passover from the bondage of Egypt, the American people their liberation from the yoke of England and this occasion, therefore, is in the calendar." He continued: "Of all the animals born into the world, none are more helpless, more easily destroyed, or more likely to destroy themselves than man, and he has but one power, the cry of distress for help. Then follows the sequence of humanity, infancy, childhood, youth, manhood, marriage, parenthood, old age and death, each condition bringing new lessons and duties. Thus, step by step, utterly helpless in the beginning, he becomes through progress, the supreme master of the natural creation."

"Knowledge, the capacity to acquire, apply and to impart it, is his chief advantage. The colored race, young in liberty, knowledge and civilization, have made progress, great progress, but we have not attained the height we are capable of. Slavery has left mountains of prejudice and custom to be overcome, and we stand in the presence of great opportunities."

Mr. Douglas's views on the Exodus question are well known. He deprecates any movement of the kind, and took occasion to so state in his closing remarks. He said that more recent date addressed to a meeting held in this city, in aid of some 300 penniless colored people from North Carolina, who are now being cared for in this city, transmitting, however, a liberal donation.

The following extracts are the terse opinions of a Northern man, who went south after the war, supposing that he would be welcome in his well-meant desire to help the freedmen, and sources of that prostrated country, but he was ostracized, finally driven out, and has published a volume of his experience, in which he says: "The North and South are simply convenient names for two distinct, hostile and irreconcilable ideas, two civilizations, they are sometimes called in the South."

In his opinion, these two must always be in conflict until the one altogether prevails and the other forever falls.

He further states: "The nation had nourished and protected slavery; the fruit of it has been the ignorant freedman, the ignorant poor white man and the arrogant master."

Mr. Douglas counsels that they (the colored people) stay just where they are and make the most of the opportunities granted them. He may be right, and his opinions in regard to his own people have weight, but this uneasy condition of these unfortunate freedmen and the very palpable efforts that are displaying themselves here and there to get away from their continued wrongs and persecutions, indicate plainly, that restless influences are at work.

The time is possibly ripening for the grand exodus of a whole people, that shall be as notable an event as any of its kind in history.

ELLIOTT.

S. S. Department.

THOSE DELINQUENT ADULTS.

"The adults, the adults, if we only had them in the Sunday-school!" Again and again do we discuss the feasibility of securing their attendance. It lies before us now as a subject on the programme of a church conference. "How to keep adults in the Sunday-school?" There is a prior question,—how to get them?

In one way or another, the question of securing adults for the Sunday-school continually comes up for answer. Oh, those degenerate adults! As their name is rung out again and again, hurried and slurred, it is no wonder if the word sound like the dots, the dots! Let us now ask ourselves what we are doing to make the school attractive to the adults. "Attractive?" says one. "Why, we should think they would come any way." But they will not any more than people will go to church, unless the service is made attractive. We do not permit the house of God to be a barn. There must be an organ, and a good organ, and a good organist. The services of prayer and song must be engaging. The sermon must be enlivening. If a man stand up in a barn, and grind out dull, prosy talk about good things, he won't have listeners. Dullness and prosiness and uncouthness are not the investment that will pay interest. We wisely attract people to church. So we attract the little folks to Sunday-school. We aim to secure good teachers for the children. There must be spirited singing, a picnic in summer, a Christmas festival in winter, and children like Sunday-school concerts all the year round. The library must have books that are full of breeze and life, and not be a harbor for volumes like worn-out hulks, that only ask for a place to lie in, and there decay. We attract the children. Now, the adults are only the bigger children. John's father is only John grown up, and wearing a bigger overcoat. Like John, the father must be attracted to the school. The importance of this is all the more urgent because the big folks are not so helpless as the little ones, and they can say to themselves, "I can study at home. I can pick up knowledge there. I can be both class and teacher."

And this suggests the inquiry whether we make the Sunday-school attractive to the adults by securing a good teacher for them? Sometimes, a man's sole recommendation for the position of teacher is his goodness. But in addition to goodness, there must be aptness to teach. God will not bless, in building, the man with a lot of lumber before him and a hammer in his hand, simply because he is good. He must have skill as a carpenter. So to be successful, a teacher must not only be a good man, but a bright, apt, wide-awake being, with the teaching element in him. He can then take an adult class and will attract scholars. As it is, how much snapless, profitless teaching is submitted to! A father or mother says, "It don't pay to go into the Sunday-school Bible class. It is taught by a humdrum teacher." Some one has said, "That divine, beautiful thing called teaching." With some, how divine is it? It seems self-evident that the man to teach the Bible-class is the pastor. If he can't, take the very next best man, not omitting to see what teachers may be among the women.

Still again, what are we doing to attract adults in the arrangements for services on Sunday in the church? I have in mind two schools, one in the city and the other in the country. In the city church there is a prayer-meeting at nine, church service at half-past ten, a second service at three, and an evening prayer-meeting at half-past seven. As the minister preaches rather long sermons, there are six hours already mortgaged to prayer and praise. How many adults will be attracted to another service, and this for the Sunday-school at a quarter of two in the afternoon and lasting until three? To attend that Sunday-school is asking a good deal of a man working hard all the week; out so early in the morning and back home so late at night that in winter he never sees his wife's face by daylight until Sunday comes; and as for the faces of the younger children, he would not see them at all if there were no seventh day, unless he looked at them in bed. Can we ask such a man to go to all these multitudinous services on Sunday, and urge him into the Sunday-school? Then take the country church I have in mind, morning service beginning at half-past ten, and the afternoon service at half-past one, and between the two is jammed the Sunday-school, giving a man hardly time enough to turn round and draw one long breath in outdoor air. How many adults will be attracted into that Sunday-school? To attend it, one must be under the roof of the church five hours, with but little intermission, unless the minister is a merciful man, and shorten his sermons. If we would attract adults into the school, we must make elbow-room for the school somewhere, so that people can attend it conveniently, and also have a bit of vacation for themselves at home.

Then it will pay to make the adult class attractive by taking special notice of it in various ways. Big folks as well as little folks like attention. If there be a lecture now and then specially adapted to the adult class, or a social gathering for it, this will pay. There is the library also. Is that a magnet for the fathers and mothers? Are the adult books drow-

sy volumes, or bright and stimulating? But the point in all this is evident, and needs no further enlarging. We step back to the question at the beginning.—"What are we doing to make the school attractive to adults?"—Rev. E. A. Rand in S. S. Times.

"FREEZING UP."

The time has now come when things must be faithfully cared for or they will "freeze up." You may have taken great pains to fill the cellar with a choice variety of eatables for winter use; but now, unless you close the windows, bank up the walls, and perhaps keep a fire burning in the room above, things will be in danger of freezing up, and your labor will be lost.

Here, Sabbath-school workers, is a good illustration of what your work will amount to if you allow your school to "freeze up," or be suspended, this winter. You may have taken great pains to gather the children into the school and to properly arrange and classify them; but now, unless you labor with increased activity to make the school so interesting that the scholars will be anxious to come, your school will be likely to run down, and finally be suspended; and in the spring you will find that much of your work must be done over.

One reason why it is so important that our schools be maintained during the winter is that in early spring, when the Sunday-school interest usually awakens in other denominations, an earnest effort should be made by every school in our ranks to gather in the neighbors' children; and unless the interest is kept up, it will take so long to get into running order that but little of this work can be accomplished.

But no matter how anxious the officers of a school may be for its continuance, unless the individual members sustain them by a full and regular attendance, their efforts will be in vain.

Now, as the cold increases, and the days grow shorter, there will naturally be a dropping off in attendance.

While there may be a few who are very much scattered that will find it quite impracticable to attend every Sabbath, a great number will be tempted to stay away without a good excuse.

It is a fact much to be regretted, that many think they can not study their lesson on any day of the week except the Sabbath; and as that day is now nearly all occupied in attending Sabbath-school and meetings, the lesson is neglected till the next Friday evening, when they find themselves too tired to study, or are prevented from so doing by some unforeseen circumstance. The result is an imperfect lesson; and when scholars have imperfect lessons, it is astonishing what trivial excuses will keep them away from Sabbath-school.

Perhaps the excuse most commonly given is that they were sick and could not come. Of course a severe illness may commence on the Sabbath; but, in nine cases out of ten, the sudden Sabbath-evening or Sabbath-morning attacks are caused by an undigested lesson. Remove the cause, and see if the effect is not speedily cured.

Again we say, Be careful not to let your Sabbath-school "freeze up" this winter. Remember that as it takes more fuel to keep warm in winter than in summer, so it requires greater effort to keep up the Sabbath-school interest. Therefore let each one come, bringing his share of the fuel, and the Lord will bless his efforts.—*Youth's Instructor*.

LOSING SCHOLARS.

Many a child is lost, lost forever, out of the Sabbath-school class, when, seemingly, a single visit from the teacher would have restored him to the influence of that Sabbath home. A professed Christian who had long been living in neglect of his church covenant vows, was led to return to his first love, and re-consecrate himself to Christ's service. In making confession before the church, he stated sadly that little by little he had gone back and down from the right way, and this in full sight of his brother members, not one of whom had ever laid a hand tenderly on him and asked him to do better.

Ah! there are many such step-by-step wanderers from the Sabbath-school fold. Let no teacher be so faithless that his scholar can speak thus of his neglect. John B. Gough was rescued through a tap on the shoulder and a kind word from Joel Stratton, and Dr. Cuyler beautifully suggests that in the thunders of applause at Gough's triumph in Exeter Hall, or the Academy of Music, he hears the echoes of that tap and those words of loving sympathy.

The teacher who follows his Sabbath scholar as he is led astray, or is becoming heedless and unstable, may speak a word to that scholar, the echoes of which shall be heard in the song of the redeemed eternally.—*Selected*.

THE GOOD SCHOLAR.

Two things together are the very model of a good scholar. First, you must listen. You must hear; you must be silent; you must be attentive. We can never hope to gain real wisdom or knowledge unless we are willing to be taught; unless we look out for instruction, unless we fix our minds. He who is always talking without listening to what others say; he who is always asking questions without waiting for an answer; he who allows his mind to wander from one thing to another; he who thinks he is wiser than his teachers and cleverer than his companions; he who does not look up to what is above himself, whether old or young, is not learning as Christ learnt. We must also be good askers of questions.—*Dean Stanley*.

Communications.

BAPTISM AND THE LORD'S SUPPER.

BY J. M. B., D. D.

This subject is again before us. Since the original position assailed by Bro. Baker, in reference to where the Bible left it, has been virtually abandoned; and the argument from custom and good order substituted, about which we have no controversy, a reply would be unnecessary, as we consider what we have already said a sufficient answer, were it not for the misrepresentations of our position. This renders it necessary to make ourselves understood if possible.

The brother complains that we misunderstand him, that he did not mean that baptism is a prerequisite. Then why did he attack the editorial which admitted that "general custom," not the Bible, had established its antecedence? If this was all he meant, we cheerfully acknowledge our mistake. But why did he write two and a half columns against it? If he meant that the Bible establishes the antecedence of baptism to church membership and the Supper, it is to all intents and purposes a "necessary antecedent," an indispensable "prerequisite." This was the point at issue, and we so argued it; were we mistaken?

We are misquoted and the sense perverted where we said, in a former article, that repentance and faith in Christ or Christian character makes one a member of the church universal, i. e., makes him a Christian, not a member of a particular church, and that this entitles him to the Lord's Supper according to the Bible, as well as to the decision of General Conference, which is, that "every person who has a Christian character has a right to partake of the Lord's Supper, whether he has been baptized or not." This is the position which our denomination took years ago, and the General Conference has not since seen fit to rescind it. On this we stand as a F. Baptist.

Again, since there is no form of church organization given in the Bible, it devolves on a particular church to make its own conditions, not repugnant to the spirit of the gospel. It is under the necessity of doing it if it has any organization. The F. Baptists require evidence of a change of heart, compliance with our faith and covenant, and immersion into the name of the trinity, antecedent to church membership. They have the power to make this prerequisite to the Supper if they please, but they can not do it, and consistently practice free communion. If immersion is an indispensable qualification for the Eucharist, then no one can partake of it without. The same principle is true of church membership. The close communion Baptists take this position, unchurching all other denominations, and refusing to give letters to unite with them, and to invite them to their communion.

The F. Baptists consider the same baptism an orderly antecedent to their membership, but they do not make it an essential qualification for the Eucharist, so that they can consistently invite to their communion members of Pedo-baptist churches which have adopted different antecedents. We hope to be understood, and with this statement of our position let us examine the articles before us. If the question in regard to "Scripture proof" is a "serious charge" as our brother affirms, why not refute it by producing the proofs. If this could be done, it would settle the question at once, but the original position assailed still remains intact. If it is based on the Bible, it can not be overthrown by it.

We do not suppose that the brother means to say that "public prayer and exhortation" can not "naturally precede" baptism, but he seems to say so; and he drags in many duties, which have nothing to do with it, as "out of order" and "opposed to apostolic usage," without baptism, when he can not show that the Apostles themselves ever received the Christian rite. In regard to this, Robert Hall says, "My deliberate opinion is that in the Christian sense of the term, they (the apostles) were not baptized at all." We have no account of their baptism.

"We regard taking the Lord's Supper without baptism," just as he does, in "deviation from the ordinary and proper arrangement of things" which we have adopted, simply because the Bible has not established any arrangement. If it had done so, as it has made circumcision indispensable to the passover, we could not deviate from it. It is in the want of a positive command, that we have this liberty. Hall says, "That in no part of Scripture, is it (baptism) calculated as a preparative to the Lord's Supper, and that this view of it is a mere fiction of the imagination." Again, "The communion has no retrospective reference to baptism, nor is baptism an anticipation of communion. Enjoined at different times and appointed for different purposes, they are capable, without the least inconvenience, of being contemplated apart; and on no occasion are they mentioned in such a connexion as to imply, much less, assert, that the one is enjoined with a view to the other." The fact is they are independent rites based on independent commands, and their relation to each other could not be discovered by reason, any more than the rites themselves. Every Christian is under obligation to attend to both, and the neglect of one does not excuse from the other, or disqualify him for it, so that in those churches where baptism proper is not administered,

ed, the communion is not so connected with baptism as to render its observance absurd, and we can properly commune with the members of such churches as with other unbaptized Christians. In the absence of any express command of Christ, we admit that custom and tradition make baptism the orderly antecedent of membership and communion, and that this may possibly have commenced subsequent to Christ among the apostles. We infer this from the fact that they baptized believers immediately, though they have given us no command on the subject, and inferences can not establish rites or their relations.

What force is there in our brother's appeal to "most denominations" when they do not practice baptism, if immersion is essential to the rite, as he believes, and when in some of them large numbers do not so much as know that they have been sprinkled, only by the testimony of others?

Why does not our author show that "the natural and proper order of things" is "divinely appointed"? It is easy to assert it, but as we have questioned it, and denied that the Bible has appointed the order by an express command, as the only ground on which a rite can rest, the burden of proof remains with him.

Our author invites "special attention" to the following as our position, viz., that "There is no gospel order of things making baptism antecedent, in proper practice, to church joining and the Supper." We admitted the opposite in our last article, and yet this is in quotation marks, as if it were our language, and the reader will so understand it. But it is not, neither is it our sentiment, nor have we seen the sentiment expressed by free communists. This is a greater perversion than the other; and as far as we are concerned, to say the least, it is unfair. If he quoted it somewhere else, he should have given its author. If it is his own statement, he should not have enclosed it, as it is calculated to deceive.

May we not then properly infer that it is a "man of straw" raised for the purpose of making our theory ridiculous, or of leading to absurd results, because our true Bible theory is impregnable? So it seems. But with the negative taken out of the proposition, what becomes of the six absurd propositions which he makes follow? But some of them are not so absurd after all, when we come to analyze them: The brother knows as well as we do that baptism does not effect, i. e., make or produce in any way, a church member, the Eucharist, a pastor or a deacon. As we have said, the member of a local church is made by a vote, the Eucharist is the Lord's gift to all his children, the minister is called of God, set apart to his work, in due form, and with the deacon, is appointed to his office in the church. We do not expect this to take place before he is a Christian and has given evidence of his faith by obedience to the ordinances and precepts of the gospel. Now if baptism supposes, implies or effects all these, they are simply correlatives as cause and effect, or they are as one thing implying another, co-existing.

The sixth proposition is also true. A Pedo-baptist "church may be complete, and the Lord's Supper, the ministry, each and every act of church life be conducted in full and proper order," without immersion, or else a majority of churches, ministers and communions are vitiated or rendered spurious. This is practically the case without any apparent violation, and none but close communionists will deny it.

It would not be difficult to find denominations and text-books on theology to support these. The difficulty would be to find those which do not, however strongly the author may affirm that "They are the legitimate conclusions from the (illegitimate) proposition at the head."

[To be continued.]

LEAVING THE CHURCH.

BY REV. F. E. DAYTON.

There are three ways of leaving a church. One of these is, to die. Another is, to be turned out. Another is, to take a letter of dismissal from the church to some other. These three ways are in constant operation.

But there are, unfortunately, some people who do not see the importance of law and order, who have added a fourth to the methods of exit, which has wrought a great deal of harm and confusion. These people quietly slip away without saying much about it, neglect to take letters of dismissal, and in a short time disappear from the remembrance of those they leave behind. We suppose they take this course for several reasons. Some of them value their membership in the old church so highly that they dislike to break up old associations by asking to be transferred to another church. Perhaps they were converted there, there they received their first instruction in Christian living, were baptized, and took their first communion. It seems to them that there is no place on earth so dear as that spot where first they felt their sins forgiven. As the banished monarch in the long ago, turned his eyes toward the east, and cried out with plaintive voice, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts. My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord," so these wanderers from the church of their affection, feel that a day in those old "courts is better than a thousand." God bless the absent members of all the churches whose love for their old home causes them like dutiful children to re-

member their spiritual mother, with their letters of love once in a while, and "brings them, if possible, to the glad reunion every year. We feel sure that all such will live Christian lives and do their duty well wherever they may be. We sympathize with those children who, unfortunately, have been obliged to leave their pleasant homes, and enter upon life's duties among strangers. So we sympathize with those brothers and sisters in Christ, who, because of sickness, or business, or their connection with others, are obliged to leave the church they love and carry the burden of their lives among those who take no special interest in them. No wonder they often get homesick, and

"Long for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

Three blessed is that church whose children hold her in such fond attachment! But it is not of those that we write now. We call up that larger list of persons whose names are on the church rolls, who have slipped away never imagining that they would be missed. Perhaps they intended when they moved out of town to sever their connection with the denomination to which they belong. "When we get settled in our new home," they said, "we will go to a better church than we have been in the habit of attending." And so the Church of Heavenly Rest is visited, and is declared to be perfectly adapted to their spiritual condition, and they hire a pew at fifty dollars a year, and are happy. Or perhaps they intended when they moved away to give up church connections altogether. They have had considerable responsibility, have had to carry some burdens, or, perhaps, have been slighted in the distribution of the ecclesiastical "loaves and fishes," their long and valuable services have been overlooked in the election of officers, and they say, "Well, I guess we will not give another church the chance to consider us of such small consequence." And so in their new home, they get their spiritual pabulum, as the country school-ma'am gets her daily bread, by "boarding round." One week, they take the hard, uncomfortable, out-of-the-way, free seat in Dr. Silvertongue's church; the next, they listen to the Son of Thunder who preaches on the opposite corner. One Sunday they are deluged with a discourse on baptism in a Regular Baptist church. The last time they attended service they were distinctly taught that the words eternal, everlasting, and words of like nature, ought to be expurgated from the Bible, in the interests of truth, for eternal punishment is not endless. To-day, they hear a preacher who declares that there is a hell, and the punishment is endless, and who preaches as if he were glad of it. And thus they rove, from pillar to post, from one house of worship to another, going up and down in the earth, seeking rest and finding none. What shall we say of such? By what name shall they be called? In the common world of every day life, when persons take to the foot, become rovers, have no visible means of support, make themselves at home wherever they happen to be when night overtakes them, are consumers but not producers, there is one word of six letters that is applied to them. We call them "tramps!" There are certain things about a full-fledged tramp that enables us to identify him almost anywhere. So there are ushers in almost all the large city churches who can point out to you the tramps at any service, if you will take the trouble to ask them. We suppose many denominations have lost well-begun churches in important places, because the men and women bearing the denominational name, and holding membership in its ranks, rather than support a weak interest, have abandoned their allegiance and become religious tramps. In other churches appropriating that which honest people are obliged to pay for. Alexander the Great had a soldier in his army who bore his own name, but was a great coward. The emperor, enraged at his conduct, cried out to him, "Either change your name, or learn to honor it!" Would that this significant exclamation might reach all those who are on the fence as to the matter of identifying themselves with the people of their first choice. Does church-membership mean anything? Are there mutual obligations arising from connection with the visible church? If we do owe anything to each other, how happens it that you have lived where you do now, ten or twenty years, and yet never in all that time have sent one word to the church which has your name upon its roll? This disloyalty of yours has made great confusion everywhere. For multitudes do just what you are doing, and so all the churches are carrying along a great army of non-resident members, unable to say whether they are dead or alive. How often, when a request comes for a letter of dismissal, we have to search the records for a score of years back to find even the name of the applicant, and when it is found we can not recommend a person who has become a stranger to us all. We have ourselves received letters from pastors reading thus: "The person about whom you inquire, has been absent from here twenty years. The records show that he united with the church during the pastorate of Rev. —, and all we can say is, there are no charges against him on the clerk's book. You probably know more about him than we do, as you say he has lived in your town a few weeks." We report that churches number so many hundreds, but the statistics give no idea of their real strength; because many are dead, the report of which event has never come back to the church, so that their names are

still carried along, and many others who are not dead have folded their tents like the Arabs, and silently stolen away.

Friend, do you belong to this last class? Let us give you a word of advice. Lay down this paper before you read another article, and write a letter full of tenderness, of love, of sympathy to the old church. You have no idea how that word from you will enliven the next Covenant meeting. Do more. Go next Sunday to the church whose denominational name you bear, introduce yourself to the brethren, and cheer their hearts with the tidings that you propose to take hold and help them in the future. Or, if you have fully decided that you will have nothing more to do with the denomination of your early choice, look about you, choose a home somewhere, send for a dismissal, and settle down. Don't be a tramp any longer. "Either change your name, or learn to honor it."

CHURCH DISCIPLINE.

BY REV. D. WATERMAN.

II.

In a previous article, I endeavored to give the teaching of Christ, touching the forgiveness of personal injuries. Let me here remark, there are some personal injuries that require reparation, as well as confession. This the church should always require, if the transgressor is able to make it.

There are sins that are not of any private character, such as profanity, dishonesty, intemperance, licentiousness, and murder. These should be dealt with according to the facts and attending circumstances of each case. If but one offense, it may be forgiven on confession and promised reform, but not without conclusive evidence of repentance. If it be public, it is easily managed; if done in secret, more difficult to get at the facts. If continuous, or repeated for months or years, it is more aggravated and requires more discrimination. In the 5th chapter of first Corinthians, Paul takes up a case of a continuous character. He says, "It is reported commonly, that there is fornication among you. . . . And ye are puffed up, and have not rather mourned, that he that hath done this deed might be taken away from among you." He then says, I have judged already as though I were present, what I would do. "To deliver such a one unto satan, for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus."

This is generally understood to be exclusion from the church. Some think that he had power to inflict bodily diseases, for the sinner's good. This he would do, as the best means to bring the sinner to repentance, and secure the salvation of the spirit. He then proceeds to urge them to this work, by a consideration of the effect upon the church. "Know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." Don't you know that the influence of sin unrebuked, is like leaven, that it will affect the whole church, imparting to it its own nature. That it will corrupt the whole body. Therefore (for this reason) "put away that wicked person from among you." There was a crime that confession could not atone for. The wicked person must be excluded for his own benefit, and to keep the church pure. But it may be asked can the transgressor never be restored? Certainly he can be, if he repents, and his subsequent life gives evidence of his sincerity and reform. About a year after, Paul writes his second epistle to the Corinthians, alluding, as is generally believed, to this excluded brother, and says, "Sufficient to such a man is the punishment which was inflicted of many, so that contritely ye ought rather to forgive him, and comfort him, lest such a one should be swallowed up of overmuch sorrow." We learn from this, that a continuous course of licentiousness ought not to be forgiven, without the evidence of repentance and a subsequent life of virtue. That that wicked person should be excluded, and restored to church fellowship, only when his life has shown genuine sorrow and reformation.

HUMILITY—PRIDE.

BY REV. A. H. MORRELL.

A distinguished Christian writer has said, "Humility is a disposition to be valued for what one is really worth." "Pride is a disposition to be over-estimated." And may it not truthfully be added, that there is a humility that covets commendation; or has its origin in some form of self-interest; or in pride of heart itself;—the latter pleading inability, for the purpose of ignoring responsibility and real duty? Of course, such a state of mind is positively hypocritical and sinful. It is a false pretense for the neglect of what one ought to do. With whatever gifts or powers one is endowed, gospel humility requires that they all should be counted for just their true number, and estimated according to their real value; and that they be used to the fullest extent of their legitimate and rational exercise in the service of God and humanity.

You will confer the greatest benefits on your city, not by raising its roofs, but by exalting its souls. For it is better that great souls should live in small habitations than that sordid slaves should burrow in great houses.

We can not skip the seasons of our education. We can not hasten the ripeness and the sweetness by a single day, nor dispense with one night's nipping frost, nor one week's blighting east wind.—*F. W. Robertson*.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1879.

G. F. MOSHER, Editor.

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CHURCH FAIRS.

The season of church fairs is upon us, and many a pastor's heart will be tried by the difficulties he will encounter in the management of them. They are usually gotten up under the impression that a certain desired amount of money can be raised quicker and easier in that way than in any other. It is claimed that the co-operation of the members of the society in the work of preparing for and carrying on the fair, and the social enjoyment of the occasion itself, tend to promote union, harmony and good-fellowship among those interested, and that thus the society is strengthened, outsiders are attracted and may be led to become permanent attendants upon and supporters of the meeting, and so perhaps may even be converted and become members of the church. It is also claimed that a great many people will attend the fair and spend money freely who do not usually attend the meeting of the society, or contribute in any way directly to sustain the preaching of the Gospel, and that, if they did not patronize the church fair, they would, very likely, spend both time and money in a worse way.

These are, so far as we have heard, the most common arguments used to justify the institution, if it may be dignified by that name. On the other hand, it may be fairly and truthfully said that, as a rule, most of the work done for, and most of the money spent in, the fair, is by those who do the most through the regular channels of church work, many of whom have already done their full share in those ways. What they do for and through the fair is so much more, done for the sake and in the hope of drawing out something from those who would not otherwise contribute anything.

It is often said by persons who have had large experience in these matters, that if those who usually do the most in getting up the fair would give the actual cash value of what they furnish and the money they spend at the fair, the society would be about as well off, and, if we add to this sum the value of the labor expended, at half-price, even, it is doubtless true. As a rule, most of the money received on such occasions is from the members of the society; what comes in from others would not pay for one-half of the work done. From some experience and considerable inquiry, we are compelled to conclude that, whatever may be the apparent gains, as a financial measure church fairs are not usually economical or really profitable.

Now what is the effect of a church fair upon the spiritual interests and general religious prosperity of a society and congregation? At the very best it absorbs the time and thought of the leading members, those who ought to be and would be the most active in religious work, for a month or two before it takes place, and leaves them exhausted and unfit for work for a long time after. During all this time their attention has been so largely diverted from religious matters that they have lost much of the interest they had and are slow in recovering it.

Nor is this all. Matters have come to such a pass now-a-days, that in order to make a fair financially profitable, it seems to be almost necessary to introduce into it features of questionable morality; and as a matter of fact a great deal of downright gambling and swindling is practiced. Nor are these features confined to the great Roman Catholic fairs in which they have become notorious. In one form or another they appear in a great many fairs held by evangelical Protestant churches. Every transaction in which the procuring of anything depends in any degree upon luck or chance, or in which the hope or expectation of obtaining anything by luck or chance is made an inducement to pay for such a chance, is a gambling transaction. All raffles, ring-cakes, guess-cakes and other like affairs come under this head; grab-bags are too near the border-line to be tolerated; post-offices, as usually managed, are unmitigated nuisances, and generally abominable swindles; and many other money-catching devices, if not directly dishonest, are utterly unworthy of sanction by a body of people professing to be Christian.

It may be well enough, just here, to tone up our notions on this subject by reading the estimate put upon these things by the civil law, certainly not likely to be over-righteous. In the General Laws of New Hampshire (1878), Chap. 272, Sect. 1, we find the following:

"If any person shall make or put up any lottery, or pretended lottery, or shall dispose of or offer, or pretend to dispose of, any money, or property, real or personal, by lottery, or in any way such that any hope or expectation of gain by luck or chance is made an inducement to pay for such property, or for any share or chance thereto, he shall be fined not exceeding five hundred dollars."

What the civil law so explicitly condemns, the church of Christ can not afford to use or defend. It is to be hoped that the law will be rigidly enforced against all violators, whether they be individuals or churches.

Of course a church fair may be so conducted as to be entirely free from objections on this ground. We have seen

many such. But it must be acknowledged that they often prove detrimental to the piety and spiritual welfare of the church, and even peculiarly are of doubtful advantage. There are better ways of raising money for the Lord's cause, and better ways of expending the time and energy of Christian men and women.

THE OPEN FIELD.

There is no antagonism between the church and any true work of benevolence. It is a narrow policy that forbids any to labor for the Master unless they follow us. Jesus rebuked such a spirit in his disciples. He was bound by no conventional rules, nor restricted by sectional lines. His Gospel breathes the spirit of philanthropy. The great commission, Go ye into all the world, and disciple all nations, extends to every one of every class and condition who has a heart of sympathy for the straying and the lost.

Consider how vast is the work to be done. It is ascertained that in Michigan with about the same population as Massachusetts, there are two hundred and thirty-five thousand young men unconverted. There are then in the United States several millions of youth without the hope of the Gospel. In a very few years the moral destiny of this great multitude will be decided. Generation succeeds generation so rapidly, what will be the character of the next and subsequent ones? We are almost appalled in view of the fearful tide of corruption swelling and rolling over the land. Crime fearfully abounds, the journals are constantly spreading out the disgusting details. The South is far from having recovered from its semi-barbarism; large portions of the West are little better, and what can be said even of Puritan New England?

This is not said for disparagement. The moral condition of this country is no worse surely than that of Great Britain, and these two nations stand highest in the scale of civilization and religion. With all the drawbacks and discouragements truth is still gaining ground in Christendom, and spreading rapidly over Asia, Africa and the islands of the sea. The Christianity rising there must be affected by the nations from whom the missionaries are sent. God forbid that the dark continents when Christianized shall be of such a type that they will need re-converting; or that England and America shall relapse into skepticism, while Africa and Asia are raising the standard of the cross.

The Gospel of Christ is the hope of the world. Education is essential, but not sufficient. The Temperance Reform is vital, but to be truly efficient it must be pervaded by the Holy Spirit. Here is the true leaven which must pervade and enliven every moral movement, and every community, before there can be the triumph which God has promised to the faithful.

The form is comparatively unessential, provided there be the spirit and power. Would that the whole nominal church were so imbued with the life and love of its mission, that it would supply all needful moral and spiritual force. Unfortunately this is not so in all localities. So we believe God has supplied other forces—Christian Associations, Young Men's Associations, and other bodies that have done and are doing a great and good work. When God works, by whatever instrumentality, who shall hinder? He will turn and overturn, from the very stones he can raise up children to Abraham.

We bid good cheer to the Young Men's Christian Associations and all others engaged in winning souls to Christ. They are helpers of God and of his church. Let all work as they can to the best advantage. The cause is one, and all will eventually mingle in heaven and ere long more and more on earth.

REASONING TOGETHER.

To reason up or reason down any cause, endeavor, theory, or course of life has ever been the high amusement of mankind. It has, however, not often been styled an amusement. Quiet lives have been disturbed by undue thought; through its subtle action the mind becomes blind, and the heart-force perverted.

Self-justification is a great end in this species of reasoning. A breastwork of arguments and principles will deaden the quick arrows of conscience. We wish to attain an object. We even make ourselves believe through self-reasoning that it is for the glory of God and the good of man that that object should be realized for us, forgetting the high privilege that we may know at once whether it is right for us to seek it or not by quietly listening to conscience.

But there is a reasoning which is beneficent—it is a reasoning together. "Come now, and let us reason together," saith the Lord. Men have tried to reason themselves out of sin and they have failed; they have tried to reason themselves out of bad habits and their success was but for a season; they have tried to reason themselves into a system of belief, and when after much labor they think the task accomplished they find themselves possessed of the husks of doctrine "whence the ancient life hath fled." What they need is not self-reasoning but a reasoning together.

A reasoning together necessarily implies another party. And what can be plainer than that that other party should be the Lord when we would make our lives one with truth and righteousness?

But on a lower plane men are made for reasoning together, and not simply with

themselves. This is the great truth shining through friendship and love. Thus to reason together gives strength to the discouraged, humility to the proud, complements the weaknesses of temperaments, and begets life-motives, and, more than all, corrects selfishness. The wise ruler is surrounded with wise counselors, and he who would rule himself must not depend on himself alone.

DEATH OF REV. JEREMIAH PHILLIPS.

Our readers have been kept informed of the failing health of our senior missionary from time to time, and will remember that the last information published was not of a character to inspire hope of a long continuance on the shores of mortality. His death occurred at about nine o'clock on the evening of Tuesday, Dec. 9. The only word accompanying the sad announcement is that, "His death was a grand close to his heroic life," and we are not surprised that it should be so. Our letters from him have been filled, for months past, with the spirit of resignation to God's will, and an unflinching trust in Him who has been our brother's friend, guide, protector and sure support in many a time of trial, many an hour of fierce conflict with the powers of darkness and idolatry, and in many a scene of deep affliction. To the last there glowed in his soul an unquenchable desire to strike yet one more blow for the cause to which he had consecrated his life. "Plans for future work," he said in the last note we received from him, "occupy my mind continually." Unwillingly he laid down the weapons of his warfare. But the insidious and relentless foe that had, for a long time, been sapping the citadel of life has at last conquered, and our brother is dead.

A good man's work on earth is ended, but there remains the luster of a spotless life, the inspiration of a heroic devotion to the highest and holiest purposes, and the strong assurance of the gospel that, "though a man die he shall live again." We rejoice that our brother lived to see so many of his children at work in the field where he had toiled for so long a time, and that after his return to this country, all his children in America had been with him.

We can only make this brief note now, and shall soon give to our readers a fuller and more fitting tribute to the memory of him for whom many will mourn as they read these lines.

To any subscriber who wishes to make a present of the "The Morning Star" to a friend, we will furnish a second copy at \$1.00. The season of gift-making is at hand. What more appropriate gift than a copy of a religious paper, that shall be a weekly visitor and a constant reminder of the giver's thoughtfulness and friendship? Parents can thus send the paper to absent children, or an absent son or daughter can send it to the old home.

CURRENT TOPICS.

—THE case of Dr. Boyd's church in St. Louis is not yet disposed of, we fear. The Independent claims that the facts in the case are that its delegates went to the Missouri Association simply to co-operate in the missionary work of that body, without any authority from the church or expectation in themselves to make any statement concerning the difference between the St. Louis Association and their church; that the delegates, or missionary messengers, were refused admission to the Association by the Committee of enrollment, that the Association admitted them by a close vote, but that the messengers withdrew in the interests of peace, some of them returning home. Subsequently the remaining messengers on their own responsibility signed a statement, which was not meant to be condemnatory of the church or pastor, but simply to affirm that the church meant to adhere to Baptist principles. Referring to this case Rev. Dr. Winkler says in the *Alabama Baptist*:

The great trouble, however, as we are informed by private advices of the highest authority, lies in the avowed design of the pastor to erect "a metropolitan church." In the pursuit of this ambitious project, Dr. Boyd no sooner gets out of one difficulty than he is betrayed into another. On the next Sunday night, after the adjustment which restored harmony between the church and the Association, Dr. Boyd called upon Dr. Elliot, the Unitarian minister, to offer prayer, and in his discourse, is reported as having spoken to the following effect: "These Baptists want me to preach you two or three texts, and to tell you, you will be damned if you don't believe them." Then he paused and facetiously added: "But you'll be damned before I'll do it." The language was apologized for with tears, at a subsequent prayer meeting.

If Dr. Boyd was rash enough to use that language, he would be rash enough to even justify the Georgia *Index* in saying that "It would not astonish us to see Dr. Boyd join the Unitarians, nor to see him become a free thinker or an infidel," and adds: "What we now fear is that the church will endorse its delegates, and thus reinstate itself into a denomination with which it has no sympathy." But we do not learn that the church (Dr. Boyd's) has yet taken any action in the matter, which is certainly so much in its pastor's favor.

—Dr. HOLLAND remarks in the current *Scourer* that "one of the great reasons for the lack of popular attraction to the pulpit is the fact that brains enough are not put into the sermons." We heard it remarked the other day, as coming directly from one of the older ministers of the State, that the time is coming, before long, too, when two-thirds of the

preachers of the present stamp will be driven out of the pulpit through starvation; that an abler class of young men are now beginning to enter the ministry than he has ever before observed in his experience. There is no use in showing unministerial wrath at these words, and contending that they are a libel on the profession. It is very much more to the purpose to discover the measure of truth that they contain. The great fact stands out prominent that a very large class of intelligent people throughout the country are not church-attendants, and that the efforts now being made to bring them in are comparatively ineffective.

—In an editorial entitled "A Word to the Employers of Colored Labor," the week before the late municipal election in Charleston, S. C., the *News and Courier* of that city said:

We have no hesitation in saying that, if every employer of colored people in Charleston will constitute himself a political missionary for the next five days, devoting himself to those who are near to him, the bulk of the colored votes will be cast for the Democratic candidates and give them a tremendous majority.

It would be a harrowing task to go into the details of the manner in which the Southern Democracy has heretofore "devoted" itself to the colored people during political campaigns. In the same issue, speaking of fraud at the ballot box, the *Courier* naively says: "They who have seen tissue ballots say that ten or twenty can be folded in an ordinary ballot without making it look suspiciously thick." It seems as though we had seen evidence somewhere to the effect that that kind of ballots had actually been cast in the South.

—THE *Christian Index*, of Georgia, presents the following encouraging news from official sources:

The official records in the Comptroller-General's office show that during the past year the Negroes of Georgia have increased their landed estate to the amount of more than thirty-nine thousand acres, the total quantity of land now owned by them in Georgia being upwards of three hundred and forty-one thousand acres, which is not much less than an acre apiece for every man, woman and child of the whole Negro population.

If every Southern State could show as good a record as that, and then if the Negroes could be protected in the full enjoyment of their rights as citizens, there would not be any occasion for a "Negro exodus."

—A PARAGRAPH in an article in the *American Missionary* on the Mendi Country in Africa, where the Association is prosecuting a great work, reveals a terrible condition of the natives. The writer says:

The worst phase of their condition is exhibited in the practice of offering human sacrifices. We are told that when the king visits the burial-place of his ancestors he offers a human sacrifice on approaching the skeleton of each one, and in this manner some thirty persons are slaughtered. During the Ashantee war 136 chiefs were slain. According to the belief of the people it was necessary to send a considerable retinue after them to the other world. For this reason a ceremony called a "death-wake" was instituted, at which, for each Comassie chief, 30 of their people were killed. If an equal retinue was assigned for chiefs in other localities, the slaughtered persons would number 4,080 souls. At the funeral festivities of Kokofu more than 200 human beings were sacrificed, the king beholding several with his own hand. On the death of a prince many of his wives are slain, and if the number he possessed is not deemed sufficient, the king adds a selection of girls, who are painted white and hung with golden ornaments. These sit about the coffin for days, but are finally doomed to the grave as attendants for the departed. The apology for such practices is given by the king of Dahomey in the following language: "If I were to give up this custom at once, my head would be taken off to-morrow. These things can not be stopped, as one might suppose. By and by, little by little, much may be done. Softly, softly, not by threats. You see how I am placed." A missionary of much experience on the coast tells us: "The practice of offering human sacrifices is founded on a purely religious basis, sanctioned by long usages, upheld by a powerful priesthood, and believed to be essential to the very existence of the tribes where it exists."

But it is hoped that the Gospel has taken a permanent hold in this pagan country. There are already twenty-three central missionary stations in the Mendi country, each with its out-stations, and are all sowing the precious seed.

—PREPARING FOR OUR CENTENNIAL. A correspondent writes: "Monday evening, Dec. 8, the Roger Williams church, Providence, R. I., raised, with the pledges previously given, \$3,000, the amount of its indebtedness. Let all of our churches do likewise. March 22, 1880, we shall celebrate our semi-centennial free from debt." That is a good centennial boom. Give us more of them.

—NEW SUBSCRIBERS. We would again express our thanks to the working friends of the *Star* in forwarding the names of new subscribers. Five hundred new names have been received since our last allusion to the subject, three weeks ago. We are now printing more than a thousand more copies than we did three months ago, but a large proportion of this number take the *Star* on trial, and we hope that they will like it well enough to order its continuance. We shall take no advantage of their trial subscription, but discontinue promptly, when the time expires, if the subscription is not renewed.

—NEW catalogues of Hillsdale and Rio Grande colleges are at hand. In each there are evidences of prosperity, in which we greatly rejoice.

BRIEF NOTES.

It is time to be formulating that set of new resolutions for the new year. Have you kept those that you formed a year ago?

A lady in Wisconsin sends the names of four persons to whom she wishes copies of the *Star* sent as Christmas presents. Isn't this a good example to imitate? P. S. She sends cash with her order.

Just hear the *Christian Index* talk about the "Morning Star," published away off in New Hampshire," when we are only sixty-five miles from the Hub of the Universe, with two lines of railway leading directly thither. It is you, brother *Index*, who are published away off in Georgia.

The "Great Dr. Dobbs" explains in the *National Baptist* how the Baptist denomination is cultivating the grace of meekness by constantly voting addresses to such dignitaries as Dean Stanley, who do nothing in return but "slap them in the face."

An exchange speaks of a country in Texas which has the past year expended \$8,000 for the support of churches and the gospel, \$100,000 for tobacco, and \$300,000 for whiskey. There are about 2000 church members in the country, and in one society of forty-five members; which sustained three prayer-meetings a week, only one of the number paid a single cent for the support of the ministry!

Richter says that "without labor and seriousness the best good of the world dies." But that is not saying that labor and seriousness produce the best good. The two thoughts are distinct. An abounding proof of a Supreme Power is seen in this very distinction. Who has the presumption to deliberately claim that he himself, or any human power, is the originator of the best good which comes to him in life? Insight into the high latitude of truths and laws is not of earthly origin; friendship and love are not of the earth earthy; the sweets of genuine benevolence are the fruits of unselfish beneficence, and hope itself the divinest quality in man, is nothing except it be a revelation of the eternal and immortal.

Denominational Notes.

Myrtle Hall.

We are thankful to be able to announce that the furniture for the "Mollie" room is promised. Furthermore, that some other parties have inquired, "What wilt thou have me to do?" And all this is comforting indeed.

First. All such as choose, can help pay about two hundred and forty dollars we seemed almost obliged to expend in the basement, for cooking and washing conveniences (that is, in part to furnish rooms for such purposes), leaving our Agent, Rev. N. C. Brackett, minus about that sum, which he now needs to pay the bills remaining on the plastering, etc.

Second, the building requires a cistern of some five hundred barrels' capacity; to supply water for all kitchen purposes, and as a protection against fire. This can be made of bricks and cemented for about one hundred dollars,—perhaps less. Now, suppose we divide it into shares of ten dollars each. Well, so let it be. Then, where are the ten persons, or societies, who will take stock in this enterprise? Here is a "specific work." It is quite certain this will be done, because it is necessary. If necessary, God will favor it and the hearts of those who ask for work will bound with gladness for the opportunity to do it.

Again, The Gerrit Smith room, paid for by Harper's Ferry Quarterly Meeting, is not yet promised its furniture,—or \$20.00 with which to purchase it. Who bids for that?

Now, if we down here did not know that many far away delight to help on this school and mission work, we should spread out such items requiring money as we do, with reluctance; as if perhaps we were giving more pain than pleasure to our readers. But, we are thankful that so many desire this information, that they may decide wisely in regard to the division of their donations to the cause of God and humanity. Would it not add a fresh drop of pleasure to the satisfaction of New Year's Day, 1880, if all the shares for that cistern were paid or pledged, and the Gerrit Smith room provided for, before that time?

A. H. MORRELL.

Nov. 5, 1879.

Central Association Notes.

Rev. J. W. Hills has been spending some time among the churches in Somerset and Bradford Counties in Pa. He reports our interests low in that section owing to a want of ministers. Bro. H. was present and assisted in the ordination of Bro. N. J. Shirey, of the Jacob's Creek church. Bro. S. has had considerable experience as a teacher and enters upon his work with good prospects of success.

The Dec. session of the Otsego (N. Y.) Q. M. has just closed at W. Davenport. Notwithstanding bad going and rain there was a good attendance. The Woman's Missionary meeting on Saturday evening was well attended, even in a pelting rain, and was made interesting by the ladies in charge. Many were surprised at the efficiency of the sisters in this work so recently taken up by them. The reports from the auxiliary societies were cheering. One of these in a church of about a dozen members, had raised since last session a nice little sum of money for missions and had secured a club of five subscribers to the *Helper*. Another in a small church had raised in the same time over two dollars for missions, and had a fair prospect of a club for the *Helper*. The newly organized society at Oneonta, owing to severe sickness of the President, has had but one meeting, but they are hopeful of success and take hold of the

work earnestly. If the Oneonta church could only secure a pastor, a large field for usefulness would open before them. Let us all pray that God may send them the man they need. The society at W. Oneonta has taken an added interest since the visit of Sister Cilley and is meeting with large success. Agreeably to the recommendation of the Central Association, to hold revival meetings with the churches, a committee was appointed to arrange for that purpose. The tide of interest seems rising in the Q. M. and the brethren are praying for a thorough revival. The first church of Harrisburg, Pa., of which Rev. T. H. Drake is pastor, is making a commendable effort to pay off its debt.

Liberal collections are coming in for the minutes. We desire to put the minutes free into every church in the Association, and if all have not already received them, please notify us and they will be immediately sent.

The time is again approaching when our Q. M. sessions are to be held. Will the brethren open the way to organize Woman's Missionary societies at these gatherings?

The Oswego, Otsego and Chenango Q. M. prove that these societies are the means of awakening and increasing the interest not in the missions only, but in the attendance at the Q. M.

J. H. DURKEE, Cor. Sec.

That Little Church.

There are many churches that consider themselves weak and small. Among the White Mountains where Israel's river flows into the smiling Connecticut is our centennial church. In 1876, a church was organized by Rev. O. Roys, who was mainly instrumental in its gathering, and several were baptized by him, making in all eighteen members. In that year the writer entered upon his first pastorate with that church. For a year he and the church struggled bravely on by being aided from without, but at the end of the year it was concluded to sever the relations of pastor and people on account of the financial inability of the church to support a minister. Among those who aided during that most trying year for the young pastor was Rev. F. L. Wiley and members of his church in Whitefield, Mr. Russell, of Lowell, V. M. C. A., and members of the Q. M. Many friends of the pastor belonging to other churches generously helped, and, hopefully, prayerfully, earnestly he worked on through the year. Since then the Lancaster church has obtained a supply, or supplied its own pulpit, one of the sisters taking a sermon of Mr. Moody, or some others, and reading to the congregation, and always have they maintained weekly and Sabbath evening prayer-meetings. Rev. Bro. Minard, while at Littleton, did them good service which will always be remembered with gratitude. The Sabbath-school has been kept in running order, books and papers and singing books having been generously donated by friends. The mission cards were distributed and collections taken, and this church which is one of the weakest, which has no minister, no church building of any kind, and which worships in the Town Hall by permission from the town obtained by vote of the inhabitants, has given more than many another church far wealthier for benevolent and mission causes. Though deprived of hearing the gospel from their own brethren, they give freely that others may hear. Death has taken the Deacon, and recently Sister Bonett of the church, and little Mabel of the Sabbath-school were called away to be with Jesus. And still the little band closes up its ranks and goes forward in the Lord's cause. Shall other churches call themselves weak and small in view of such faith and trust and work? We are not weak. As a denomination we can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth us. How can they hear unless they have a preacher? Who will herald the cross among the White Hills, and "strengthen the things that remain"? The day is drawing near when we shall need a church in the shire town of Coos County. "Fear not the flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to add to the kingdom." A. L. M.

Pine Street Church, Lewiston.

Within its history, the Main Street church has sent out a colony. The result of the first was the Court Street church, Auburn; of the second, the Pine Street church, Lewiston. The latter division took place because the congregation could grow no larger in its present house of worship, influenced slightly by the fact that some of the members lived in a part of the city somewhat remote from the meeting-house. Their number, however, was too small to form an organization by themselves, and it was after much consultation that a sufficient number decided to join with them.

At length, on the 3d of Jan., 1880, a council, consisting of Revs. O. B. Cheney, J. A. Lowell, B. F. Hayes, and A. H. Heath, organized with fifty-five members, the second Free Baptist church of Lewiston. For about a year after this, the new church worshipped in what was then known as Lisbon Hall, now Temperance Hall. At the expiration of that time a church edifice at the corner of Pine and Blake streets was ready for occupation. It was built of wood, of convenient size and neat appearance, at a cost of \$13,000, including price of lot.

Immediately on the organization of the church, Rev. J. S. Burgess assumed the pastorate, and he continued pastor for seven years. Mr. Burgess was a minister that did not confine his Christian labors to the pulpit, nor within narrow church limits; he was emphatically a citizen pastor.

In 1876, he was succeeded by Rev. R. L. Howard. His pastorate continued three years and was one of growth and prosperity. This pastor was a faithful and successful worker within his parish, and no less public spirited than his predecessor; during his short stay he became widely and favorably known to the citizens of Lewiston. At the expiration of his third year, Mr. Howard resigned, having accepted a call to the church in Bangor.

The society is now fortunate in being under the enterprising and prosperous pastorate of Rev. A. C. Hogbin, who has been with the church nearly a year. Mr. Hogbin has a high ideal of pastoral labor, and is laboring zealously to systematize church work. During his whole career the society has been without a pastor not more than three months. The membership has increased from 55 to 250, the present number. The deacons of the church are J. B. Sawyer and John Given; the latter is also clerk. The Sabbath-school, of which the pastor is superintendent, has a membership of 150. There is also, in connection with the church, a Woman's Missionary Society, and a Young People's Band.

Poetry.

THE OLD HOUSE.

My little birds, with backs as brown
As sand, and throats as white as frost,
I've searched the summer up and down,
And think the other birds have lost
The tunes you sang, so sweet, so low,
About the old house, long ago.

My little flowers, that with your bloom
So hid the grass you grew upon,
A child's foot scarce had any room
Between you—are you dead and gone?
I've searched through fields and gardens rare,
Nor found your likeness anywhere.

My little hearts, that beat so high
With love to God, and trust in man,
Oh, come to me, and say if I
But dream, or was I dreaming then,
What time we sat within the glow
Of the old house hearth, long ago?

My little hearts, so fond, so true,
I searched the world all far and wide,
And never found the like of you;
God grant we meet the other side
The darkness 'twixt us now that stands,
In that new house not made with hands.

—Alice Cary.

OF LITTLE FAITH.

BY FANNIE LEWIS BRACKETT.

I was so tired in coming from the city,
So heavy-minded, dusty-browed and slow;
I looked up at the stately trees for pity—
What care had they for sorry hearts below?

They held their haughty heads high up to heaven,
And looked majestically toward the stars.
I too, looked up, but humble, frightened, even,
And thought of fate beyond the shining bars.

"I am so small to stand within the glory
Of the Unknown—beneath the awful eye;
The fleeting clouds shake out their garments hoary,
And melt away forgotten from the sky.

"All heavy in a breath, old in a beating—
A single beating of the world's great heart;
Oh! fainting, pining clouds, I am as fleeting;
I see the light, rejoice, and then depart.

"You fade upon a breast of starry azure,
And leave the sky as fair as when you came;
I die into a life no mind can measure,
Which ever was and is to be the same."

So said I—wary of what should betide me,
Deeming all life ill-fated from the stars.
"Is there who heeds?" a cricket chirped beside me,
I thought of God beyond the shining bars!

Family Circle.

THE HOSTLER'S STORY.

What amused us most in the Lake House last summer was the performance of a bear in the back yard.

He was fastened to a pole by a chain, which gave him a range of twelve or fifteen feet. It was not very safe for visitors to come within that circle, unless they were prepared for rough handling.

He had a way of suddenly catching you to his bosom and picking your pockets of peanuts and candies—if you carried any about you—in a manner which took your breath away. He stood up to his work on his hind legs in a quite human fashion, and used paw and tongue with amazing skill and vivacity. He was friendly and didn't mean any harm, but he was a rude playfellow.

I shall never forget the ludicrous adventure of a dignified New Yorker, who came out to feed him on seed-cakes, and did not feed him fast enough.

He approached a trifle too near, when all at once the bear, whipped an arm about him, took him to his embrace, and "went through" his pockets in a hurry. The terrified face of the struggling and screaming fop and the good-natured, business-like expression of the fumbling and munching beast, offered the funniest sort of a contrast.

The one-eyed hostler, who was the bear's especial guardian, lounged quite leisurely to the spot.

"Keep still, and he won't hurt ye," he said, turning his quid again. "That's one of his tricks. Throw out what ye've got and he'll leave ye."

The dandy made haste to help bruin to the last of the seed cakes, and escaped without injury, but in a ridiculous plight—his hat smashed, his necktie and linen rumpled and his watch dangling; but his fright was the most laughable part of all.

The one-eyed hostler then made a motion to the bear, who immediately climbed the pole and looked at us from the cross-piece at the top.

"A bear," said the one-eyed hostler, turning his quid again. "Is the best-hearted, knowin'est critter that goes on all-fours. I'm speakin' of our native black bear, you understand. The brown bear ain't half so respectable, and the grizzly bear is one of the ugliest brutes in creation. Come down here, Pomp."

Pomp slipped down the pole and advanced toward the one-eyed hostler, walking on his hind legs and rattling his chain.

"Playful as a kitten!" said the one-eyed hostler, fondly. "I'll show ye."

He took a wooden bar from a clothes-horse near by, and made a lunge with it at Pomp's breast.

No pugilist of fencing master could have parried a blow more neatly. Then the one-eyed hostler began to thrust and strike with the bar as if in downright earnest.

"Rather savage play," I remarked. And a friend at my side, who never misses a chance to make a pun, added:

"Yes, a decided act of bar-bearity."

"Oh, he likes it," said the one-eyed hostler. "Ye can't hit him."

And indeed it was so. No matter how or where the blow was aimed, a movement of Pomp's paw, as quick as a flash of lightning, knocked it aside, and he stood good-humoredly waiting for more.

"Once in a while," said the one-eyed hostler, resting from the exercise and leaning upon the bar, while Pomp retired to his pole, "there's a bear of this species that's vicious and blood-thirsty. Generally you let them alone and they'll let you alone. They won't run from you, maybe, but they won't go out of the way to pick a quarrel. They don't swagger round with a chip on their shoulder lookin' for some fool to knock it off."

"Will they eat you?" some one inquired; for there was a ring of spectators around by this time.

"As likely as not, if they are sharp set, and you lay yourself out to be eaten, but it ain't their habit to go for human flesh. Roots, nuts, berries, bugs, and any small game they can pick up, satisfies their humble appetites as a general thing."

The one-eyed hostler leaned against the post, stroked Pomp's fur affectionately, and continued somewhat in this style:

Bears are particularly fond of fat, juicy pigs, and once give 'em a taste of human flesh—why, I wouldn't want my children playing in the woods within a good many miles of their den.

Which reminds me of old Two Claws, as they used to call him, a bear that plagued the folks over in Bridgetown, where I was brought up, wall, as much as forty years ago.

He got his name from the peculiar shape of his foot, and he got that from trifling with a gun-trap. You know what that is—a loaded gun set in such a way that a bear or any game that's curious about it must come up to it the way it pints; a bait is hung before the muzzle, and a string runs from that to the trigger.

He was a cunning fellow, and he put out an investigatin' paw at the piece of pork before trying his jaws on it; so instead of gettin' a bullet in the head, he merely had a bit of his paw shot off. There were but two claws left on that foot, as his bloody tracks showed.

He got off; but his experience seemed to have soured his disposition. He owed a spite to the settlement.

One night a great row was heard in my uncle's pig-pen. He and the boys rushed out with pitchforks, a gun and a lantern. They knew what the trouble was, or soon found out. A huge black bear had broken down the side of the pen; he had seized a fat porker, and was actually lugging him off in his arms! The pig was kicking and squeaking, but the bear had him fast. He did not seem at all inclined to give up his prey, even when attacked. He looked sullen and ugly, but a few jabs from a pitchfork and a shot in the shoulder convinced him that he was making a mistake.

He dropped the pig and ran away before my uncle could load up for another shot. The next morning they examined his tracks. It was old Two Claws.

But what spilt him for being a quiet neighbor was something that happened about a year after that.

There was a roving family of Indians encamped near the settlement, hunting, fishing and making moccasins and baskets, which they traded with the whites.

One afternoon the Red-Sky-of-the-Morning, wife of the Water-Snake-with-the-Long-Tail, came over to the settlement with some of their truck for sale. She had a papoose on her back strapped on a board; another squaw traveled with her, carrying an empty jug.

Almost within sight of Gorman's grocery, Red-Sky took off her papoose and hung it on a tree. The fellows around the store had made fun of it when she was there before, so she preferred leaving it in the woods rather than expose it to the coarse jokes of the boys. The little thing was used to such treatment. Whether carried or hung up, papoosey never cried.

The squaws traded off their truck, and bought, with other luxuries of civilization, a gallon of whiskey. They drank out of the jug and then looked at more goods. Then they drank again, and from being shy and silent, as at first, they giggled and chatted like a couple of silly white girls. They spent a good deal more time and money at Gorman's than they would if it hadn't been for the whiskey, but finally they started to go back through the woods.

They went chattering and giggling to the tree where the papoose had been left. There was no papoose there.

This discovery sobered them. They thought at first that the fellows around the store had played them a trick by taking it away, but by-and-by the Red-Sky-of-the-Morning set up a shriek.

She had found the board not far off, but no papoose strapped to it, only something that told the story of what had happened.

There were bear tracks around the spot. One of the prints showed only two claws.

The Red-Sky-of-the-Morning went back to camp with the news; the other squaw followed with the jug.

When the Water-Snake-with-the-Long-Tail heard that his papoose had been eaten by a bear he felt, I suppose, very much as any white father would have felt under the circumstances. He vowed vengeance against old Two Claws, but consoled himself with a drink of the fire-water before starting on the hunt.

The braves with him followed his example. He wasn't in fadlan nature to start

until they had emptied the jug, so it happened that old Two Claws got off again. Topsy braves can't follow a trail worth a cent.

Not very long after that a woman in a neighboring settlement heard her children scream one day in the woods near the house. She rushed out and actually saw a bear lugging off her youngest.

She was a sickly, feeble sort of woman, but such a sight was enough to give her the strength and courage of a man. She ran and caught up an ax. Luckily she had a big dog. The two went at the bear.

The old fellow had no notion of losing his dinner just for a woman and a mongrel cur. But she struck him a tremendous blow on the back; at the same time the pup got him by the leg. He dropped the young one to defend himself. She caught it up and ran, leaving the two beasts to have it out together.

The bear made short work with the cur; but instead of following the woman and child, he skulked off into the woods.

The settlers got together for a grand hunt, but old Two Claws—for the tracks showed that he was the scoundrel—escaped into the mountains, and lived to make more trouble another day.

The child? Oh, the child was scarcely hurt. It had got squeezed and scratched a little in the final tussle; that was all.

As to the bear, he was next heard of in our settlement.

The hostler hesitated, winked his one eye with an odd expression, put a fresh quid into his cheek, and finally resumed.

A brother-in-law of my uncle, a man of the name of Rush, was one day chopping in the woods about a half a mile from his house, when his wife went out to fetch his luncheon. She left two children at home, a boy about five years old, and a baby just big enough to toddle around.

The boy had often been told that if he strayed into the woods with his brother, a bear might carry them off, and she charged him again that forenoon not to go away from the house; but he was an enterprising little fellow, and when the sun shone so pleasant and the woods looked so inviting he wasn't to be afraid of bears.

The woman stopped to see her husband fell a big beech he was cutting, and then went back to the house; but just before she got there, she saw the oldest boy coming out of the woods on the other side. He was alone and as white as a sheet, and so frightened at first that he couldn't speak.

"Johnny," says she, catching hold of him, "what is the matter?"

"A bear," he gasped at last.

"Where is your little brother?" was her next question.

"I don't know," said he, too much frightened to know anything just then.

"Where did you leave your brother?" says she.

Then he seemed to have gotten his wits together a little. "A bear took him!" said he.

You can guess what sort of an agony the mother was in.

"O Johnny, tell me true! Think! Where was it?"

"In the woods," he said. "Bear come along—I run."

She caught him up, and hurried with him into the woods. She begged him to show her where he was with his little brother when the bear came along. He pointed out two or three places. In one of them the earth was soiled. There were fresh tracks crossing it—bear tracks. There was no doubt about it.

It was a terrible situation for a poor woman. Whether to follow the bear and try to recover her child, or go at once for her husband, or alarm the neighbors; what to do with Johnny meanwhile—all that would have been hard enough for her to decide even if she had had her wits about her.

She hardly knew what she did, but just followed her instinct, and ran with Johnny in her arms, or dragging him after her, to where her husband was chopping.

Well, continued the one-eyed hostler, I needn't try to describe what followed. They went back to the house, and Rush took his rifle and started on the track of the bear, vowing that he would not come back without the child or the bear's hide.

The news went like wild fire through the settlement. In an hour and a half a dozen men with their dogs were on the track with Rush. It was so much trouble for him to follow the trail that they soon overtook him, with the help of the dogs.

But in spite of them the bear got up into the mountains. The two dogs got up with him, and one, the only one that could follow a scent, had his back broken by a stroke of his paw. After that it was almost impossible to track him, and so another of the hunters gave up and returned home.

At last Rush was left alone, but nothing could induce him to turn back. He shot some small game in the mountain, which he cooked for his supper, slept on the ground and started on the trail again in the morning.

Along in the forenoon he came in sight of the bear as he was crossing a stream. He had a good shot at him as he was climbing the bank on the other side.

The bear kept on, but it was easier tracking him after by his blood.

That evening a hunter, haggard, his clothes all in tatters, found his way to a backwoodsman's hut over in White Valley. It was Rush. He had found no trace of his child, but he had killed the bear. It was old Two Claws. He had left him on the hills and come to the settlement for help.

The hunt had taken him a roundabout course, and he was not more than seven miles from home. The next day, gun in hand, with the bearskin strapped to his back—the carcass had been given to his friend, the backwoodsman—he started to return by an easier way through the woods.

It was a sad revenge he had had, but there was a grim sort of satisfaction in bringing home the hide of Two Claws.

As he came in sight of his log house, out ran his wife to meet him, with—what do you suppose?—little Johnny dragging at her skirts, and the best child in her arms!

Then for the first time, the man dropped, but he didn't get down any further than his knees. He clung to his wife and baby and thanked God for the miracle.

But it wasn't such a miracle, after all.

Little Johnny had been playing around the door, and lost sight of the baby—and maybe forgotten all about him—when he strayed into the woods and saw the bear. Then he remembered all that he had heard of the danger of being carried off and eaten, and of course he had a terrible fright. When asked about his little brother he did not know anything about him, and I suppose really imagined that the bear had got him.

But the boy had crawled into a snug place under the side of the rain-trough, and there he was, fast asleep all the while. When he woke two or three hours after, and his mother heard him cry, her husband was far away on the hunt.

"True—this story I've told?" said the one-eyed hostler, as some one questioned him. "Every word of it!"

"But your name is Rush, isn't it?" I said.

The one-eyed hostler winked humorously.

"My name is Rash. My uncle's brother-in-law was my own father."

"And you?" exclaimed a bystander.

"I," said the one-eyed hostler, "am the very man who wasn't eaten by the bear when I was a baby!"—J. T. Trowbridge.

HOME OF TOM THUMB.

The world-renowned dwarfs, General and Mrs. Tom Thumb, live near Middleboro', Mass. A clergyman having recently visited them, thus describes the home and its inmates:

The house is a three-story wooden mansion, tastefully painted, with piazzas and bay-windows commanding an extensive view of variegated scenery, with the dome and spires of Middleboro' in the distance, and having the air of luxury.

A Scotch maid announced us, who subsequently told one of the ladies that they could not help loving Mr. and Mrs. Stratton, who were always kind, and seeking to make them happy.

The General gave us a hearty welcome, and ushered us into an elegant drawing-room adorned with Italian and Chinese paintings, and a portrait of his father, who died some years since at Bridgeport, Conn., where the family still reside.

On the marble centre-table lay a large family Bible alone. Chairs and sofas were all adapted to persons of ordinary size, and nothing in this story of the mansion suggested its owners' wee-ness, save in the library, replete with bric-a-brac, and articles of vertu from all the world, souvenirs of travel, where a child's rocking-chair of black walnut received the little madam, while her guests occupied ordinary seats.

The General kindly exhibited article after article, from a Masonic apron a hundred years old, to an elephant carved from a tusk, but whose tusks alone, of the whole animal, were not of ivory, but of brass.

To a curiously-carved walking-stick surmounted by a long bearded head with great glass eyes, they have given the name of 'David,' from a fancied resemblance to the sweet psalmist of Israel.

Mrs. Stratton, pointing to an elegantly carved set of East India chessmen, remarked her fondness for the game, and (archly and with the General's good-humored response) her husband's dislike, because, "modestly I say it, I always beat him."

We could well appreciate her assertion that "the General and she had always got along well together."

He is forty years old, and four years her senior. He now weighs seventy-five pounds, having weighed fifty pounds at fifteen years of age. "But," said he, "I began life a good big boy of six pounds."

Going up stairs we felt inclined to be so unmanly as to take two steps at a time, for the stairs of both flights seemed but four or five inches each in height; but we were not so exalted above measure as thus to indicate our pedal superiority.

At the head of the first flight, in the sewing-room, stood the diminutive Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine, a wedding present, fifteen years ago, from that firm, who, at their own expense, caused this exquisitely pearl-inlaid plaything to precede the little travelers in every land they visited around the globe.

It is a plaything in size alone, Mrs. Stratton making it do good service to the present day.

In the front entry over the entrance was the General's grand piano, about two feet high, one of his pastor's fingers striking three of the keys at once, and with difficulty covering only one.

It was made in England, and cost five hundred dollars, being inlaid with pearl and richly gilded and enameled. The General was "out of practice," indeed "had given up playing altogether."

Perhaps our greatest treat was the inspection of their own apartment. Here were the Penates.

Admitted into the penetralia, we may be permitted to write that here everything is adapted to themselves alone. Bureau, cabinet, dressing-table, sofa, chairs, and bed were all diminutive; the last elaborately carved from ebony, and richly canopied in damask and lace, a gift from his father.—*Youth's Companion*.

Literary Review.

CAMPS IN THE CARIBBEES: The Adventures of a Naturalist in the Lesser Antilles. By Frederick A. Ober. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. 1880. 12mo. pp. 366. (\$2.50). [For sale by E. J. Lane & Co.]

The mysterious influence that comes from reading a narrative of travel or exploration—an influence akin to that which would come from a personal experience of the things that are read about—will, so far as its moving cause is concerned, perhaps never be fully explained. It is due in part to the author of course and in part to the reader, but not wholly to both or either. Such as it is, it exists perceptibly in this volume. On reading it one almost imagines himself to be among the islands themselves. He feels the warm sun, he sees the cool and grateful shade, he looks into the tropical groves, he hears in them the songs of birds and sees their gay plumage, and while he is filled with the beauty of the scene, he involuntarily shudders at the thought of some huge serpent that is coiled among the undergrowth, or he treads carefully lest a scorpion or centipede sting him, or he breathes guardedly lest he inhale the poisonous malaria of the place.

The author has given an account of his own experience and discoveries in the tropical islands, where he lived and studied two years, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institute, during which time he discovered eighteen species of birds which he claims were hitherto unknown except to the natives, including among them the "sunset bird," of whose habits very little was known. Of the humming bird, which is a native of this country, not having been known in Europe until after the discovery of America, he found nearly a dozen species, some of them of a size that is hardly suggested by our tiny New England hummer. His description of the approach to the islands against the strong and mysterious current of the Orinoco, the appearance of the natives, their habits inland where they preserve primitive customs and costumes, the beautiful tropical scenes that everywhere greeted the eye, and his numerous adventures with gun and microscope, make an exceptionally interesting account of West Indies experience. With his camera he made pictures of whatever was characteristic or strikingly beautiful, and from these the volume is illustrated—the scenery, the towns, the places of note or interest, the natives, and objects of that kind, including animals, birds and insects, being comprised in the list.

The Caribbean islands extend over eight degrees of latitude, from Porto Rico to Trinidad, and comprise some of the loveliest groups anywhere to be found. On several of them are settlements older than Plymouth or Jamestown, and on nearly all of them are structures and physical features interesting to scientific students everywhere. These have been faithfully described, often with enthusiasm but always with candor. At the close of the book is a catalogue of birds noted on the islands visited, with a table showing their distribution and those found in the United States. It is a reliable book for reference, a well-toned picture of the Lesser Antilles as they are.

SOME PRACTICAL HINTS ON WOOD-ENGRAVING for the Instruction of Reviewers and the Public. By W. J. Linton. Same publishers, etc. Small 4to. Illustrated. pp. 92. (\$1.25).

Last summer the author of this volume, a wood-engraver of considerable note, contributed a paper to the *Atlantic Monthly* in which he freely criticised, as he had a right to do, some of the faults, as he regarded them, of a certain style of modern wood-engraving, particularly the "hairy-looking" portraits of the Wyatt-Eaton style that have appeared in *Scribner's* and other periodicals, and certain other modern features of the ordinary wood-engraving. He was sharply handled by the reviewers in their criticisms of his paper, and he now replies to them, giving us a book that has considerable information in it for the less-informed student of wood-cuts, and not a little sharpness, but no acrimony we believe, towards those who seem either to have misconceived his meaning or to have held an inadequate idea of the Art about which they wrote. There is much in his reply that agrees with our feeling about wood-engravings, although we do not claim to speak with any technical knowledge of the general subject. Somebody has lately said that American wood-engravers are the best in the world. Whether that be true or not, they are certainly producing some most exquisite specimens of their skill, and none are better than those that are appearing each month in some of our magazines, and particularly *Scribner's*. Since the art seems to be flourishing among us, it behooves us to acquire at least a book-knowledge of its principles, and this little book by Mr. Linton, as well as his paper in the *Atlantic*, will aid the amateur in that direction.

Lee & Shepard have issued an illustrated edition of that pathetic ballad—*The Yagabonds*—by J. T. Trowbridge. The drawings were made by Darley, and the engraving seems to have been done by John Andrew & Son, both combining an amount of fidelity and spirit that help to make more graphic the stirring lines of the ballad. It is a well-known poem—a life-picture and a temperance drama combined, and will be prized in the elegant setting which the publishers have given it. [Small 4to. \$1.50.]

With the December number *The Art Amateur* begins its second volume, and with contents that will widely commend it. The late Seventh Regiment Fair in New York city has furnished it material for a lengthy illustrated paper. Under the "Art Gallery" there is a paper on "Some Old Masterpieces," with engravings of Daphnis and Chloë, the Fighting Gladiator, and correspondence on art matters in several cities. An article on Glass-ware is illustrated by engravings of some of those frail but beautiful things that the Venetian glass-blowers make, with examples also of Bohemian work. Designs for painting on china; for needle-work, for furniture-decoration, and for lace-work will keep the subscribers busy for a month at least. The design of this publication is to promote Art in the household—in which we wish it success commensurate with the opportunity that is opened to it. [New York: Montague Marks, 20 East 14th St.]

Among the pleasant publications of the month is a monograph from the press of Lee & Shepard, entitled *The Island of Capri*. It is a translation of a single chapter from a volume of travel-sketches by Ferdinand Gregorovius, a careful observer and a charming writer. We are tempted to give his picture of the beautiful island where he spent "a whole summer month":

Jean Paul has compared Capri with a sphinx: to me, when I gazed at it from the mainland, the beautiful island seemed like an antique sarcophagus, on whose sides are carved the serpent-haired Eumenides; but above on the lid, lies Tiberius. And so this classically-formed island constantly attracted me by its shape, by its loneliness, and by the dim memories of that Emperor of Rome, who, of the world that belonged to him, chose for his own only this rock.

It was on a Sunday, and the clearest morning, that we stepped into a boat at Sorrento, and were rowed to Capri. The sea was as still as the sky, and all in the far distance lost in a dreamy haze. But Capri lay before us, large and stern, with its battlements of unbending cliffs and peaks, the melancholy wildness of its mountains, and the rugged steepness of its dizzy precipices of red limestone. Upon the heights, brown Castelle, now fallen to ruin; forsaken redoubts, with their abandoned cannon, now covered by the smiling yellow flowers of the wild room; cliffs, waste and wild, springing high into the air, around which the sea-hawk flutters—the dwelling of the sun and of birds, as Æschylus says; caves, deep below, dimly lighted, and full of mystery; but above, on the bent back of the island, a cheerful little town, with white domed houses, high walls, and a domed church-tower. Below the harbor of the fishermen, with its narrow beach of white sand, and boats ranged in many rows.

The bells were ringing and echoing as we approached the land; and upon the beach stood a pretty fisher-girl, holding a little bunch of wood, which she pushed into the water as the boat touched the sand, so that we might land dry-footed. And as I sprang upon the shore, upon this wonderful Capri, which the North I had so often pictured to myself, I felt immediately at home. All was still and quiet; scarcely a fisherman to be seen, only two or three children bathing from a cliff, a few fish-er-girls upon the beach, the rocks around, stern and silent. I had entered a wild and enchanted solitude. A steep and difficult path leads from the shore, between garden-walls, directly up to the little town of Capri. Among the rocks are gardens, with olive-trees, orange-trees, and grape-vines; but they strike the eye as being somewhat thin and scanty, if accustomed to the luxuriance of the Campanian landscape. The very trees appear to be born upon Capri.

J. Fitzgerald & Co., 294 Broadway, New York, have begun the publication of *The Humboldt Library*, which is to contain in pamphlet form popular expositions of science by able authors. Works translated from foreign languages are to be revised by a competent person, and it is the design to make a desirable and valuable publication. The initial number contains a series of essays by Prof. Proctor, the English Astronomer, and promises to be followed by worthy successors.

Christmas Bells is a unique publication, being a collection of leaves cut in the shape of a bell, and each containing a verse or hymn appropriate to Christmas. The outer leaves are bronzed, and ornamented with wreaths of myrtle and holly. A knot of gay ribbon furnishes it all ready for hanging. It is a simple but pretty thing for a Christmas gift. [New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.]

The Throat and the Voice is the title of No. 5 of the "American Health Primers," published by Lindsay & Blackiston, Philadelphia. It is a particularly timely volume, for now is the season to be caring for sensitive throats. Clergymen and public speakers will find it a useful book. [50 cts.]

R. Worthington (N. Y.) publishes a charming volume for our little friends with the title of "Little Rosebud's Menagerie." It is of a nature to interest all manner of children, consisting of full-page engravings representing all kinds of animals in a wild or captive state, with descriptive letterpress on opposite page full of anecdote and description. The same house issues "Merry Songs for Merry Singers," consisting of simple songs set to music for beginners on the piano, and also a series of very pleasing songs of the month of the year. The illustrations are numerous and pretty, consisting of illustrative borders, full page engravings and head and tail pieces, etc. They are attractive books for all seasons of the year.

The National Temperance Society has published a twenty-four page pamphlet, entitled *Alcohol and the Human Brain*, by Rev. Joseph Cook. It is a very able, striking presentation, from a scientific point of view, of the injurious effect of alcohol upon the brain. It merits wide circulation, and ought especially to be in the hands of every young man, of every moderate drinker, and of every law-maker.

PAMPHLETS, etc.: *The Scholars' Quarterly* (Philadelphia) and the *Sunday-school Quarterly* (Boston); F. N. Peloubet, each with maps and full helps in the study of the International Sunday-school lessons.—*The Temperance Songster* (New York: American Temperance Publishing House). *Readings and Recitations*, No. 3 (New York: National Temperance Society).—*The Preacher and Homiletic Monthly* for December (New York: I. K. Funk & Co.).—*How to Study Phenology* (New York: S. R. Wells & Co.).—*Analysis of the Sugar Question*, Revised (Saxtonville, Mass.: Henry A. Brown).—*The Sunday-school Library*, No. 7 (New York: J. S. Ogilvie & Co.). "In Prison and Out."—*Waring's Railway and Steamboat Guide* (16 De St., New York).—*National S. S. Teacher*, December (Chicago: Adams, Blackmer & Lyon Co.).

Appleton's Journal for January opens with the first part of a brilliant novelette from the French of Victor Cherbuliez entitled "A Stroke of Diplomacy." The conclusion of the story will be given in the February number. It is the purpose of the proprietors, we are informed, to give a succession of novelettes, running from two to three numbers, in preference to the customary long serials of the magazines. An article on the "Letters of Charles Dickens," just published, with copious extracts, is eminently readable, a collection of strange legends from the folk-lore of all lands pertaining to the myth of Cinderella is a capital paper from the pen of W. B. Ralston. "Mr. Gladstone as a Man of Letters" is considered; "Dinners in Literature" is the title of a curious paper, which traces the various forms of dining, as illustrated in ancient and modern literature. "What is Religion?" forms the topic of a most eloquent and suggestive paper, one which believers and skeptics alike would find profound and interesting. There is a paper on "Matthew Arnold on Poetry;" and Mr. Irving's "Strylock;" and the editor has for his topics the "Proposed Federation of the British Empire," "The Spiritual in Art," and "Adorning the City." The contents of this number are uniformly of sterling value and interest.—D. Appleton & Co., Publishers, 649 & 651 Broadway, New York.

The holiday *St. Nicholas* is one of the finest issues of even that beautiful magazine. Its illustrations, the variety of its contents, and the artistic finish of the whole, have not been equaled by any of its rivals.—New York: Scribner & Co.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1879.

Deferred victory may in time lead the soul to a victory over the desire for victory.

In the December *Scrivener*, Dr. Holland remarks that "there is so much preaching done that leads to admiration of the preacher rather than to faith in and love of Christ, that earnestness can not be too much insisted on, or too highly estimated." On the other hand there is nothing that so quicken the intellect and lead a man to show himself thoroughly a workman as this "overmastering belief in Christianity."

Does not every person have "cranky" notions of one sort or another. You can hardly class them? This peculiar, individualistic ism is in the life of each of us, is it not? High principles in life give place to this local prejudice. We judge people not for what they are, but in accordance as they fall in with our little hobbies. The New Orleans *Picayune* gets off the sentence that "it is a happy provision of nature that people do not know when they lose their senses, and fools do not miss the absence of brains." According to this philosophy, it is a beneficent law which prevents from realizing the peculiar "cranks" in our own make-ups.

A loose and spendthrift life ruins body and soul; on the other hand, prudence and foresight from their very essence debar the soul from its choicest blessings. Economy pinches the character no less than dissoluteness wastes it. The one is true and the other is true. The one principle should be obeyed, so should the other. They are irreconcilable in thought. The talk about prudence being modified by liberality is cheap. It is only as we give the whole soul to each as the moment demands—how daring all things and hoping all things, and now carefully and studiously counting the cost of each step—that the true life is lived. In many matters, it is the office of the intellect to perplex, and the office of the life to solve. It is solved in life but we know not how, not any more than we know how the seed sown into the ground should spring and grow up.

If there are "cranky" notions in character and it is hard to explain life, it is certainly as true that there is simplicity, honesty and purity on the earth. The nobility of manhood and the dignity of womanhood is ever being redeemed. Right wins and providence is justified. There is healing in the troubled waters. The birth of freedom is in revolution and emancipation is the result of what agitators accomplish. To be discouraged is to belie the cause of truth, for truth is although we may not have a clear conception of it. Difficulties test the cause as well as its supporters. Heart and soul may be altogether engaged in a labor that is not worthy of such devotion, but we repeat, when the rain falls and the floods come the cause as well as the individual will be tested. In the meantime there is nothing that adds more to the welfare of men than to live a commonplace life, taking the bread which is given us every day and not stipulating beforehand of what it shall be made or how it shall be baked.

GLANCES AT THE PAPERS.

The London *Times* admits that there is no difficulty whatever in the working of the system at the University College, London, where women are admitted to all departments on the same conditions as men. It says: "The sense and courtesy that regulate society in the outside world, where men and women are accustomed to meet daily, are not wanting in the minds of students: there was no breach of college discipline, nor was there even a breach of courtesy within the knowledge of the deans."

This is the way that the N. Y. *Observer* disposes of James Anthony Froude, the English historian: "Mr. Froude is a great historian. As a prophet he is a failure. In fact the two professions are rarely united in one man, unless he is inspired. Prophecy is the poorest business in which uninspired men can engage. Many things turn up they could not foresee, and it remains true that 'Man proposes and God disposes.'"

"Where's our own minister?" said an old lady to the preacher as he came out of the pulpit. "Oh, he is preaching for my people to-day," was the reply. "Ah, then, what a treat they'll be having to-day," said she, and wondered why the bystanders smiled.—*Congregationalist*.

We hope this is not an illustration of a "personal church," where the minister is more than the church.

A great warrior's opinion in regard to war ought to be considered worthy of thought. The following paragraph is from one of Irenaeus' Letters in the New York *Observer*:

In all my reading of history and biography, ancient or modern, I have read nothing more awful than the battle scenes when the Russians were first beaten by the Turks in 1877; and the storming of Badajoz by the British in 1812. Yet the history of the human race is a long register of such lurid and frightful scenes. Gen. Hooker was right when he said that the devil is the chief instigator of war. Hell must be the only place in the universe where such scenes give delight.

The *Christian Union* delivers itself after this manner:

Whenever the women in any State in this country want the ballot they can have it; but there are horses who can not even lead to water, much less make to drink; all you can do is to let down the bars. It ought to be quite evident to the duller reformers by this time that it is not the bars that keep the women away from the political pool: they are not thirsty.

Some of the English Baptist churches have hit upon a novel method of fellowship relations with non-Baptist Christians who may desire to become members or attendants. Thus a new Baptist church at Bowden has made provision, in the church deed of its property, for admission to its membership of all evangelical Christians. If they are not heartily Baptists in sentiment, they are to be styled "non-denominational members," and they are not to speak or vote in church meeting when matters affecting baptism or other recognized differences between themselves and the denomination are discussed.—*Springfield Republican*.

JOHN PAPERS.

BY KIM KYTE.

Although the harvesting season was past yet here and there in the orchards piles of apples—knurly, worm-eaten and half-decayed, as well as many smallish but sound fruit—were awaiting transit to the cider mill. It was high unto sundown as John and I in a carriage let the horse walk slowly up the hill on whose broad surface the New England village sat. There was an exquisite unreality about the setting sunshine. Its phantom rays, almost shadowless, glided stealthily over road and wall, pasture and hill-side. It was the sun dreaming, and his dreams were almost impalpable.

We had yet a dozen miles to go. A good supper for ourselves, a baiting for the horse, and seven o'clock found us going down the other side of Comstock Hill.

The road was rough and our progress slow. But I have always remembered that evening's ride, for John was in a talking mood. The tenor of his soliloquy was serious, but it was genuine. The great reason why serious talk is generally despised by human kind is because it is not genuine; it is put on, and all put on moods use hypocritical words. But let the heart speak gently and quietly, and the language is as sweet and pure as the mountain rills. I am diffident in trying to report John's talk for the very reason that the subdued tone and the exact words can not be reproduced, but I will recall the sentiment and language as far as I am able.

"In the average American atmosphere," John began, "the man of letters is not at home. He is misunderstood. The very calling to which he is giving his days, is derided or severely let alone for being what it is not. Men criticise their own imaginations."

"The solitary giants which the centuries here and there produce are capable of being what they were designed to be, taking but slight hold of their surroundings. The average man can not row against wind and tide. The great underlying tendencies of a country favor certain occupations and throw cold water on certain others. Now it is the astrologer and now it is the civil engineer who rides on the top of the tide."

"That all may read life through letters is the end of literature. The man of letters is the interpreter."

"The normal life of an interpreter is to be an observer—first, last and all along to observe. Action is necessary for the best health, but it is to his life as salt is to his food. Regular and continued action destroys the flexibility of the mind to observe, just as hard manual labor does that of the fingers in playing the piano. There is a difference between exercise sufficient to keep the body vigorous, and laboring at the anvil ten hours a day. Our countrymen do not realize this distinction; nor are they likely to. In the reaction from the 'white-livered' anchorite, they haste to the other extreme of merely physical health and practical abilities. Even here they do not see that there are no such extremes as they readily imagine. While physical and intellectual health is better than weakness and disease, yet even a 'white-livered' anchorite has before now interpreted life to men, when the healthiest mind in the soundest body of the man of affairs has to the utmost simply been able to reflect borrowed light or much more often has simply been able to exclaim, 'See! See!' when there was nothing to see."

"Repeat that the first and the continued duty of the interpreter is to observe. Scattered moments of action should keep him in health, as a taste of lemon, now and then, is good to keep off the scurvy; but let him attempt to balance the lemon of action with the food of observation, and the easily inferred result is inevitable, just such a result as our countrymen have forced would-be men of letters into—into a life at once barren to the public and discreditable to literature."

"Closely connected with this is the fact that the people do not give the man of letters the liberty of observation which his life, if successful, demands. In it very large measure he must be freed from the fashions and conventionalities of the day—freed from the fashions and conventionalities, sacred and profane. The prayer-meeting and the church may not always be profitable unto him. Political movements and aggressive reforms are to him but the shifting scenes in the unrest of the ages. Not as a cynic does he look upon these things, but as an unraveller—detecting and recording the fundamental and the ephemeral. Let him

lose himself in enthusiasm in any one of these movements and he has at once lost the high vantage ground of observation."

"But if the interpreter must have greater freedom than his fellows, his responsibilities are greater. On him rests the serious, solemn and often thankless task of sowing the seeds of truth while men are contending over the half-truths of their own prejudices. Renouncing the conventionalities of his time, he has the hard task of guiding his life according to principles, a task which none need to look on as selfish and therefore congenial."

"But I might as well stop, for the men are few who would enter such a life, and the people yet more scarce who would bid them God-speed."

I am sure that it was not mere talk with John. He believed what he said, and that ought to give him a respectful hearing. But my friend had hardly finished: "This American atmosphere of which I have been speaking is all the more felt when contrasted with that of other countries. One illustration will show what I mean. It was a sunny April Sunday in Rotterdam. The streets were filled with people. In a little open space, which could not be called a square by any means, was a statue of Erasmus who is in a standing posture with an open book in his hand. A father with a little son comes up to the statue, reads the inscription on the pedestal, and with an air of familiar, loving reverence lingers around that learned man's memorial. I too paid my homage, as thought flew to my own country, and I couldn't imagine my countrymen erecting a statue to a man of books with an open volume in his hand and placing it in a niche of the streets where trade and mart had their way through the tolling days. My countrymen utilize such spaces with Fairbanks' scales. And yet I would not exchange a day in New England for a week in Europe. But that does not land make it that the common people of New England love a man of letters. This country is young, and we have before us the grandest of all duties to do towards it—to wait in hope as to its future."

"By the way, there is a hint of the true appreciation of the literary man by his fellowmen in one peculiarly American community which makes an exception worthy of note. Perhaps, even in this, there is more poetry than truth, nevertheless, you will find the poetry of it described by Bret Harte in a poem entitled 'Dickens in Camp,' written not long after the novelist's death."

I have copied the poem:

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy darts of health;
On haggard face and form that drooped and faint-ed
In the fierce race for wealth.

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew;

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy, for the reader
Was youngest of them all;
But, as he read, from clattering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray;
While the whole camp with "Nell" on English meadows,
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'er-taken
As by some spell divine—
Their cares drop from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fires;
And he who wrought that spell?
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills,

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths intertwine,
Deem it not all too presumptuous folly—
This spray of Western pine!

PARAGRAPHS.

Harvard follows Yale with a professorship in architecture.

John Bright recommends the Irish members of Parliament to unite with the Liberal party; otherwise, he thinks the future of both countries doubtful.

The distance between Paris and Marseilles is 600 miles, which, by an improvement in the time-table, is run in fifteen hours, at a speed of forty miles an hour.

A lecturer in Portland, Me., or somewhere else, was explaining to a little girl how a lobster cast his shell when he had outgrown it. Said he, "What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You cast them aside, do you not?" "Oh, no," replied the little one, "we let out the tucks."

The efforts to stir ill feeling between Japan and China are still made, by interested European agents, but the Japanese government is fully alive to the wisdom of Gen. Grant's counsel and is resolved to maintain a pacific attitude unless absolutely forced to hostility.

Dr. F. A. Perry and others of Boston want to erect a \$16,000 iron building on Park square for athletic and other purposes, after the fashion of Gilmore's garden at New York, to hold 8000 to 10,000 people.

The northern exodus of invalids and others for Florida has fairly begun, and steamships leaving New York for Savannah are crowded with passengers.

A bill has been prepared and will soon be reported to Congress—probably by the committee on post-offices—making even more stringent regulations against the use of the mails for carrying on the lottery business. There is a strong sentiment in

favor of such action as will prevent any complexity on the part of the government with all such schemes for swindling the public and vitiating the morals of the community.

The southern prejudice against manual labor on the part of women has been illustrated at Atlanta, Ga., where the new cotton factory has vainly advertised for 200 women and girls to run a night gang, and talks of importing New England mill-hands.—*Springfield Republican*.

A mince pie at bedtime is the shortest route to the menagerie.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

He said her hair was dyed, and when she indignantly exclaimed, "It is false!" he said he presumed so.—*Boston Post*.

What does the minister say of our new burying-ground? asked Mrs. Himes of her neighbor. "He don't like it at all; he says he never will be buried there as long as he lives." "Well," says Himes, "if the Lord spares my life, I will."

A young man who held a loaded pistol to his head and threatened to blow his brains out unless the girl who had refused him would consent to have him, was coolly told by the young lady he would have to blow some in first. He didn't blow.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

Felicia was gliding down Tremont street yesterday afternoon, with a derby hat on and carrying her hands in the pockets of her long ulster, when a small boy ran up and said, "Say, Miss! if yer had a cigar now, you'd be all right, wouldn't yer?"—*Boston Paper*.

I heard a story of my friend Mr. Holmes, the member for Paisley, who made a tour in the United States, and when he got to Chicago he was very anxious to see a typical American, with a slouched hat, big boots, belt with the revolver stuck in it, and so on. He could not find one for a long time. At last he found a man who exactly came up to his ideal; and entering into conversation with him, he said, "Have you been long here?" "No," was the answer, "I'm just a month frae Glasgow."—*Sir George Campbell*.

It is of little use to inculcate maxims of prudence to the crowds who have adventured into the current of stock speculation. They have embarked on the stream and must go wherever it tends. They can see nothing of the wrecks by the way, but only the enormous gains of fortunate operators who are on the inside of all the stock-gambling schemes, and whose business it is to entrap unwary outsiders and strip them penniless.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Is he rich?" asked the tourist. "Yes," replied the sexton. "I guess he is pretty wealthy, at least he never put more than ten cents into the plate, Sunday morning."—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

No, George Augustus, "tresser" is not the French for trousers. It is the French for more things than you could learn the names of in a month. Get married and you will know more about it.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Fashionable cooking clubs consist of a heap of young ladies who want a square meal, and one old woman who knows how to cook it. The only good result is that the old woman gets paid for her work.—*Detroit Free Press*.

They were courting—"What makes the stars so dim to-night?" she said softly. "Your eyes are so much brighter," he whispered, pressing her little head. They are married now. "I wonder how many telegraph poles it would take to reach from here to the stars," she said, musingly. "One, if it was long enough," he growled, "why don't you talk common sense?"—*Rockland Courier*.

A stock company has been organized at Winnipeg under a Dominion charter of 1874, to be known as the Canada Central Telegraph Company, with a capital of \$100,000, to build a telegraph line to British Columbia. Responsible parties and heavy capitalists are the promoters of the scheme.

The record of the disasters attending the Gloucester (Mass.) fishery during the past year is a most fearful one, so far as loss of life is concerned, and is entirely unprecedented in the history of the business. Thirteen vessels went down, 143 men were drowned, 56 women were widowed and 150 children made fatherless by the single February gale. The February gale, however, furnishes but a part of the direful history of the Gloucester fisheries of 1879. In all, 30 vessels, aggregating 1950 tons, comprising over a tenth part of the fishing tonnage of the port, valued at \$118,789, all of which were insured on the mutual system for \$55,185, sailed to return no more, and 240 lives have been lost, leaving 88 widows and 219 fatherless children. There are also two vessels now absent, for which grave fears are entertained of their safety—the *Andrew Leighton* and the *Harry C. Mackey*. If these do not soon return, it will add 22 more to the number, swelling the fearful aggregate to 264 lives. Since the year 1860, when the Gloucester fishery was first begun, there have been lost from this port 2118 men, and 405 vessels valued at \$1,696,399.

The New York *Observer* has a two-column article headed "The Tomb of the Mothers, in the Old Burying-Ground on Copp's Hill"—which however, tells very little about that tomb. It happened to us a few years ago to wander into that ground on a soft summer's day, and to find that historic tomb open—as the sexton informed us, for the burial in the interior of a remote descendant, holding right of interment there. Descending the narrow steps, we found the interior swept and garnished, and to all appearance, with the exception of the candlebox in the corner, tenacious. On asking how it was the keeper told us he had found so little there that he thought he would tidy it up a little, and accordingly sweeping up the few fragments remaining he had deposited the whole in the box aforesaid. *Sic transit!* And there in indistinguishable mixture were the corporeal all that remained of three generations of greatness!—*Congregationalist*.

PERSONAL.

M. de Lesseps has sailed for Aspinwall.

General Ignatieff has been appointed Russian ambassador to Rome.

The President has appointed George Stone, of Indiana, a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners.

The prince of Wales visits the Continent at least ten times a year, and is almost as well known in Paris as in London and Copenhagen.

Secretary of War McCrory, has been confirmed by the Senate as one of the eighth United States circuit, vice Dillon, resigned.

At the sand lots, San Francisco, Denis Kearney announced his intention of being present at the meeting of Greenbackers in Washington, Jan. 8.

Lieutenant-Colonel Fred Grant writes from Chicago, 6th, to John F. Henry, of Brooklyn, N. Y., saying that General Grant finds it impossible to visit New York or Brooklyn, this winter.

The Henry Clay monument at Lexington, Ky., is crumbling, and it is proposed to remove it to be placed on its right away to preserve it from finally falling.

Fred Myron Colby, of Warner, N. H., well-known literary circles, has been offered the editorial chair of the *Cottage Hearth*, a Boston literary monthly. It is understood that he will decline the position.

The Earl of Aberdeen has a distinction unique among earls—he is the sole owner of a railway, the entire cost of which came out of his own pocket. It is ten miles in length, runs chiefly on his own property, and cost \$275,000.

General Miles, the Indian fighter, has recovered \$10,077 insurance in the St. Louis courts on his own baggage and a nine division officers, which was sunk in the Missouri River in May, when the steamer Cameron struck a snag.

Erasmus Wilson, the great English authority on diseases, who paid the cost of erecting Cleopatra's Needle in London, is about to spend \$100,000 on a sea-bathing infirmary for the scrofulous.

Congressman Lay, of Missouri, who died Monday week, was 53 years old. He was United States district attorney in Missouri, under President Buchanan, and served later in the Confederate army. He is the fourth member of the 46th Congress to die.

Joseph Cook breakfasts at 7 o'clock, works in a study, whose location is known to only a half-dozen friends, until 12, when he goes out after which he receives friends or goes out for a walk. In the evening he reads until 10 o'clock.

The estate of the late Senator Chandler, says the *Detroit News*, will not exceed \$180,000. It consists of twelve stores, and a fine dwelling in Detroit, a fine dwelling in Washington, an extensive farm near Lansing, Mich., a quantity of pine lands and \$100,000 in bank stock.

Peter Goelet, the New York millionaire, leaves his brother, Robert Goelet, and his sisters, Jean B. Goelet and Hannah G. Gerry, all his lands and real estate to be equally divided among them, and \$800,000 to his nephew, Robert G. Gerry. All the rest of his personal estate goes to his brother, Robert Goelet.

Yale College has just conferred the degree of master of arts upon William Frazier, of West Virginia, and of the class of 1878, who, with his classmates, left college because of a row with the faculty. A reunion of the class will probably be held at New Haven, with Prof. E. E. Salisbury, a classmate.

General Bidwell is one of the richest men in California. In his plantation are five miles of drives, lined on either side with trees, either fruit or nut bearing. His place is a Spanish grant of one hundred and forty miles. Mrs. Bidwell is a woman of great culture, and their estate is the rendezvous for all exquisites from the States or Europe, who visit the Pacific slope.

Kossuth, the famous patriot, has lost his rights as a Hungarian citizen. The Chamber of Deputies has adopted a bill, declaring that anyone of the country who voluntarily resides abroad for an uninterrupted period of ten years shall lose his civil status. The Extreme Left violently opposed this measure, accusing the Government of leveling it directly at Kossuth, but it was finally carried by 141 votes to 52.

A Revitalizer.

This you will find in the new "Compound Oxygen Treatment" which is now attracting such universal attention. It is especially valuable where from any cause, there exists great physical and nervous exhaustion. All convalescents will find in it just the help they need for full and quick recovery; because it acts as a revitalizer. A Treatise on "Compound Oxygen," containing a large number of testimonials to most remarkable cures, will be sent free by mail. Address Drs. Starkey and Pallen, 1112 Girard St., Phil., Pa.

A Wise Legislator.

He is successful because he has the manly courage to rise above all personal motives or interests and cast his vote and influence on the side of measures, which will contribute to the well-being of his fellow-men. The good of the many, even though it proves injurious to the interests of the few, is the maxim of the wise legislator. But certain men will never admit the wisdom of this doctrine, any more than some selfish practitioners will admit the superiority of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets, because these remedies have injured their practice. Of course, no man in his right senses will pay a physician \$5.00 for a consultation, a bottle of bitters, a few powders, and a prescription, when one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Medical Discovery and a bottle of his Pleasant Purgative Pellets, both costing but \$1.25, will accomplish the same result, viz.: cleanse the liver and blood, regulate and tone the stomach, and impart a healthful action to the bowels and kidneys.

Obituaries.

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

SISTER EMMA J., wife of Rev. B. Minard, and daughter of Bro. and sister Gilman Morrison, departed this life at Littleton, N. H., Nov. 13, aged 29 years and 2 months. At the age of 23, she experienced religion during revival meetings at Littleton in the winter of 1873. She was married Oct. 5, 1876, and was baptized one month after, by her husband, then preaching in South Boston, Mass. She had been a member of the Baptist Church in Littleton high school, and was subsequently a teacher for three years in the same school. She was well versed in both vocal and instrumental music. She was present at her husband's last Baptist church in Littleton at the time of her death, always attending and taking a part in its meetings when her opportunities would allow, often singing with and playing for the choir. She was present at her husband's funeral, and last preaching service in the church. In her last sickness she expressed that she was trusting in Jesus. She was amiable and interesting in life, patient in suffering, and hopeful in death. Sister Minard fulfilled the mission of life nobly, and has gone to her reward. The desire of her husband, parents, and grandmother to whom she was greatly attached, together with the interests of two little children, left without a mother's care, were so many reasons for wishing her to live.

ISAAC E. SPOONER died at Franconia, N. H., Aug. 21, aged 31 years. He was married to Alice M. Wells, Feb. 17, 1870. Together they spent themselves earnestly to worldly pursuits. He had just purchased a large farm, and was looking forward to a life of active toil in his chosen vocation, when he was stricken down by sickness, which he never recovered from. His fever had abated, and his recovery seemed almost certain, but suddenly there came a change that disappointed the hopes of his friends. He left a satisfactory evidence of his readiness to depart. He has left a wife, fond parents, and a sister to lament his death.

ADDIE BOWLES, wife of Hibbard Bowles, died Nov. 7, aged 26 years. She had endeavored to do many friends while here, when she was called to a higher life and a nobler service. She was very pleasant and cheerful all the duties of this life, and calmly, happily listened to the summons to leave her dear ones and enter the sacred throng of the eternal mansions. Death holds its victim for a time in triumph, but verily there is to be an end of his power. Death consigns the body to the tomb, but not the soul. The husband, brother and sister, left in sorrow, are comforted by the thought, that their loss is her eternal gain. G. H. PINKHAM.

WELLS CURRIER died in Danbury, Sept. 18, aged 70 years and 5 months. He had professed religion forty years; was baptized by Elder

Caleb Richardson, was a pillar of North Windham church, and his house a home for God's people. He leaves a wife and two daughters, and many relatives. Our brother will be greatly missed in his family, neighborhood, church and Y. Meetings.

D. MOODY.

ARZA BALL died at Broadway, O., Dec. 4, aged 76 years and 4 months. He was born in the town of Fairfield, Herkimer Co., N. Y. He spent most of his life in Canada. When 64 years of age he came to Broadway, since which he has been a resident of this place. During this time he made many fast friends by his unswerving integrity in business matters. Though not a member of any church, yet he was firmly attached to the interests of the F. Baptists, of which he was a generous supporter so far as his means would permit. Many are the ministers and laymen who have enjoyed the kind hospitality of Bro. and Sister Ball, for one could not but feel at home there. He was a constant attendant at public worship, but by his early education was one of the still kind. He was an outspoken temperance man, and a sincere lover of the Sabbath-school, where he was always found when his health would allow it. He spoke to all in his last sickness of a cheerful hope of a better beyond. He leaves the companion of his toils, one brother and a sister to mourn his departure. A. H. WHITTAKER.

MRS. DEBORAH DECKER died in West. Buxton, Me., Aug. 2, aged nearly 94 years. Until the last few months of her life, she had always enjoyed remarkably good health. She was baptized after she was ninety, and united with the F. B. church. Her faith was singularly childlike. Even to the last, she was upheld by an unflinching trust in Him "whom she had believed." She hath won the victory. To her a crown hath been given. F. K. CHASE.

ADVERTISEMENTS

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AND YET AS GOOD AS NEW.
DOWN'S ELIXIR!
Is a sure remedy for Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, and all Lung diseases, when used in season. Fifty years ago, Elder Downs was given up by his physicians, to die with Consumption. Under these circumstances he compounded this *Elixir*, was cured and lived to a good old age. You can try it for the price of one doctor's visit. For sale everywhere.

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Has a Pad diff from all others, is cup-shaped, with SELF-ADJUSTING BALL in the center, adapts itself to all positions of the body, while the BALL in the Cup PRESSES BACK THE INTESTINES JUST AS PERSON WOULD WITH THE FINGER. With Light pressure the Hernia is held securely day and night, and a radical cure is certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail, postage paid. Circulars free. Address, Eggleston Truss Co., Manfrs. Or C. H. EGGLESTON CO., Chicago, Ill.

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TRADE MARK THE Great Ea-TRADE MARK
It will cure any and every case of Nervous Debility and Weakness, resulting from Indigestion, excess or overwork of the system; is perfectly harmless, acts like magic, and has been extensively used for over thirty years with great success. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. *Gray's Specific Medicine* is sold by all druggists at \$1 per package, or six packages for \$5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by address.

Caswell's Melinda Pills a Sure Cure for CONSTIPATION.
These pills are purely vegetable, being made of the resinoid, or active principles of those plants which investigation has proved to be the most reliable and specific for all diseases of the Liver and Biliary organs. For family use they are unsurpassed; safe and sure in their work, with no pain or uneasiness. For business men, traveling, labor or diet. They are of vital importance to every individual. They are a safe, reliable, and sure cure for aches, Dizziness, Piles, Rheumatism, Headache, Neuralgia, Disagreeable Digestion, Flatulency, Skind, Indigestion, Jaundice, Biliousness, Colds, Suppressions, etc. Sent 25 cents by mail. A box, for sale by all druggists. CASWELL CO., Boston, Proprietors.

1880 Register. 1880.
We are now ready to fill orders for the Register, which contains the calendar and the usual denominational statistics. It does more than this; it gives the annual reports of the Foreign Mission, Home Mission, and Education Societies, also the report of the Financial Secretary, which is mostly statistical, showing what each church and each State has done for the above causes during the year, and so it is not only a Register but altogether it is a YEAR-BOOK.

The old price of the Register has always been ten cents per copy, or eleven cents including postage. The addition of 64 pages, embracing the reports and our Confession of Faith and Church Covenant, greatly enhances the value of the book, and yet we offer it at the old price, only the postage is now two cents per copy.

PRICE: Single Copy, By mail, \$0.10. Per dozen, net by mail, .90. " " By mail, 1.18. Per hundred, net by mail, 7.00.
Only the usual number (6000) is printed, and the supply may be exhausted before the demand is met. Please send in your orders at once for all that you can probably dispose of, and if you shall have paid for more than you can sell, we will refund the money.

NATURE'S REMEDY.

[illegible]