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The Morning Star.

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THE MORNING STAR, DOVER, N. H., APRIL 14, 1880.

NO. 15

THE MORNING STAR

A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14, 1880.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

O blessed Jesus, how my heart is yearning
To clasp the darlings Thou hast called away!
With quenchless sorrow all my soul is burn-
ing
To see, embrace, and hear them, if I may.

I know that, from all earthly storms defended,
Like tender lambs they lie upon Thy breast;
No more they weep; their childish griefs are
ended;

Safe folded in Thy loving arms they rest.
But, Lord, my eyes are dim with mists of sad-
ness;

My faith is weak, and darkness blots the day;
I can not see the beauty and the gladness
That crown the darlings Thou hast called
away.

Lord, touch my sightless eyes, that, upward
turning,
Still fall with longing their delights to see;
That, healed and cleansed, I may with faith's
discerning,

Look on the mansions where they rest with
Thee.
Let the dark pinions of this sorrow nearer
Bring me, O Saviour, to Thyself, I pray;
Sweeter the richness of Thy love, and dearer,
Because my darlings Thou hast called away.

S. H.
Nashville, Tenn.

INDIA LETTER.

CAMP PATASBANI, FEB. 28, 1880.

This has been a very busy month with us all. Almost our whole missionary force has been in the field, moving about from place to place, publishing the glorious gospel in many villages. Dr. Bachelier has been confined to station work, and Mr. Burkholder to house-building at Bhimpore. With these exceptions I think all have been in the district. The weather has been charming, as our four months' cold season in this latitude always is, and our native and foreign agents together have made good use of it. The increasing heat is now driving us all to the stations, and next week will probably see all our tents folded, and camp appliances stowed away for the seven or eight months to come. May the abundant blessing of God attend the good seed so abundantly sown by diligent hands and devout hearts throughout our broad mission field. The reader will hope and pray that some of it may find the good ground and bring forth fruit. Mr. Marshall will I hope report the position and prospects of the interesting inquirers south of Bala-sore, of whom your readers have heard with joy and thankfulness.

Our party has been engaged in Santal work this month. I count it a real joy to be able to devote even a month to these poor people of the jungles. The opening week—six secular days, bounded by two Sabbaths—was given to the Santal Teachers' Convention at Bhimpore. Of this I have spoken so often before, that it will suffice to say that the attendance was large and the interest cheering. The spirit of the Lord is working in the hearts of these men, and we look confidently for a harvest in the near future. The outer works have all been carried long ago, in many of these young school-masters, but the citadel of the heart remains yet unconquered—in stout rebellion against the Prince of Purity and Peace. There are very many such among the young men of Bengal to-day, and for them we should never fail to pray.

Of our Santal station I need say little, for those in charge will speak for themselves. Mr. Burkholder has begun his work with commendable zeal, and the little church is already looking up. He is now able to conduct a service in the Bengali language and is devoting himself to its study as a foundation for the Santal, which is to follow. Much of his time is now taken up with building the new mission bungalow, and the houses for the Santal training school, the boys and the pundits, etc. Mrs. B. devoted the better part of January to inspecting some of the Santal schools. She now has several little schools for girls, well begun in Bhimpore and its immediate vicinity. More girls were reported in the Santal schools at this semi-annual convention than ever before, and the progress of female education is very cheering. Our Woman's Society has great cheer because it is in India. May God grant it great faith, true friends and much money for this work.

We are just closing a pleasant trip in the Santal country to the west. Many villages and three large markets have been visited. There has been a far

brisker demand for our Christian literature this way than when I went over the ground several years ago. The other morning Willy and I rode over to a large village—the very village in which more than fourteen years ago Dr. Bachelier and I baptized a small company of converts, who came into the light through the instrumentality of a little volume of poetical tracts given away twenty years before at a Sunday market. Once afterwards I was treated to a generous shower of stones in this same village, on the occasion of baptizing two additional converts. This time our reception was quite different. The people heard our message gladly, and seemed thoroughly ashamed of their former rudeness. May the Lord give us a church in that village. I told them when coming away that I hoped to baptize in that tank again.

Some of your readers may recollect my writing of the above incident years ago. The good Bengali brother who was with me has long since gone to his reward, and but the other day there followed him to the heavenly land, the veteran toiler who sowed the good seed in that Sunday market, the ripe fruit of which we were permitted to gather in after a full score of years. A mile away from this village is the unmarked grave of that old man whose remarkable conversion and triumphant death I used to speak of at home. I stood beside his humble resting place, without so much as a mound to mark it, and thanked God for the power of His simple truth. That little book from the Orissa Mission Press worked wonders. Without a preacher to expound it, how like a sure, swift shaft it went to the hearts of those villagers. So may many a shaft from God's quiver of truth pierce the hard hearts of this wicked and adulterous generation.

My writing day finds me with the little band of Christians whose history revives the memory of that interesting event of which I have spoken. Here are three families and a small Christian community. These believers are connected with the Midnapore church, but I hope there may be a church organized here soon. Surrounded by the heathen these disciples meet with no persecution whatever, but so far as I see, are living in peace with their neighbors. We hope to station a native preacher here. A live man might do much here towards building up the church. But more anon. J. L. P.

NOT TRUE.

BY ZABETH HARP.

Some said, "It is not true, and it is scandalous." Others said, "It is true, and it is scandalous."

But the fact is, it is not scandalous, and it is true, essentially true. That is, there does exist in divers communities, a class of persons, a state of things, not unlike those held up to view in certain articles which have appeared in the *Star* under the signature of "Zabeth Harp."

"But why speak of such things?" it is asked. "The truth is not to be spoken at all times." Is it then inferred that we are to lie sometimes? I conclude if we speak at all, we are to speak truth.

But "silence is golden." Indeed it is, and it would have been the "golden" method to have observed it in regard to these mooted articles, which by aid of many tongues have been thrust into some notoriety. Why so much squirming if nobody is hit?

It is a little strange that people in different localities feel it is their church, and their religious habits that are assailed.

"You did mean us, and we are mad, for we are not at all as you say we are." Why in the name of wonder then, if you are not at all as the writer has represented, do you consider yourselves assailed, or implicated in any shape? If the criticisms are false and intemperate, it would be more dignified to treat them with silent contempt. If they are in any degree pertinent (and where is the perfect church? or one that may not learn some lesson of profit at the hand of the non-elect?) it would at least show the spirit of Christ still existed in that church if it set quietly about reforming abuses, instead of crying out, "We are more holy than thou."

Thus did the Pharisees of old. How was it in the messages sent to the "angels of the seven churches," in Revelation? Was there one that escaped reproof and rebuke?

The articles to which allusion is here made,—"A Woman of This World," "Better Than No Church," etc., were not intended to be offensively personal. The writer did not seize upon one church, one minister and his wife, and ruthlessly, regardless alike of propriety and decency, hold them up to public gaze. She dealt in resemblances; her figures or characters were types of a class, which any person, unless their observation is too narrow to be worthy of notice or respect, will admit to exist. I have known several ministers' wives who were undeniably "women of this world," but more who were burdened and bowed down under as "cruel bondage" as the Israelites of old, because of the burdens

piled on them, in shape of societies, sewing circles, fairs, festivals, vigilance committees, by the inconsiderate, merciless people who deem the "minister's wife" the proper pack horse of the parish. There is probably "another half" to the story of the pastor's wife, which is held in reserve for future use.

But where is the church in which the heaven of worldliness does not exist? Where is the church whose influence in the community is not lowered by the conformity of its members to the manners and customs of the world around them? I recently heard a man of acknowledged upright character say he frequently saw persons go to the communion table, and heard their prayers and exhortations from time to time, when he knew, from actual dealings with them, that it was their practice to cheat and defraud and lie in business affairs, the same as non-professors of religion.

Ruskin says, with truth, as well as incisive keenness, he is "depressed by a sorrowful sense of the hopeless task poor clergymen must have in these days, in recommending people to love their enemies, when their whole energies are already devoted to swindling their friends," and surely there are some church members who declare by conduct, if not by creed, their belief that they "may obtain the present advantage and escape the future punishment of any sort of iniquity by dextrously concealing the manner of it from man and triumphantly confessing the quantity of it to God!"

If you want to know whether a man is a Christian or not, go ask the poor, the widows and orphans in his vicinity, and if they subscribe to his piety, then believe his name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life, whether it is to be found on any church record, high or low.

This humble pen writes not in the interests of Pharisaism, but in the interests of righteousness. What is righteousness? what but right living? It is thorough, and goes down to the very roots of things. It can not be conveniently blind and dumb to faults and sins in high places. It must expose and convict; not otherwise can there be hope of correction and cure. Pharisaism has its formal observances, its smooth plausibilities, the respectable aims of good breeding and worldly virtues. But the one who practices all these, is not therefore a Christian. Such a one may be hollow and heartless, a mere "whited sepulcher." Christianity demands truth in the inward parts. There is no trouble in being a Christian if you set your standard low enough; and it is a good deal easier to lower the standard than to lift up the life and character to the high plane of Christ's teachings. Are there not men and women of wealth, who wear grand apparel, and assume pious airs, whose religion, so to speak, is the only cheap thing about them?

But what is it that is "Not True"? It is not true that I correctly describe neighbors and friends in these articles, or that I ever wittingly caricature individuals. If I did, I should be guilty of violating the proprieties of civilized life. If mine are pictures, they are shadow pictures; some memory may flit across my mind and get a momentary lining, more unconscious than intentional. Have you not heard of the man who was, on an occasion, invited to improvise at a church gathering, and next day the neighborhood was by the ears, and he was charged with having played, "Pop goes the weasel," in God's house on the Sabbath day? which he indignantly denied, while the people as indignantly declared to deny the charge was to add falsehood to irreverence. Had not everybody in church heard and recognized the familiar air? And in truth a few bars of the popular old song had slipped off his fingers unconsciously among the melody of airs. But it was unintentional, and he was justly indignant at the charge.

So I am arraigned as an indulger in invidious personalities. It is not true that I seize upon an individual here and there, and mercilessly (if not maliciously) hold them up to criticism and obloquy—skin them, as it were, and say to the public, "Look here, all of you, and see how cute I'll do the job." This would be outrageous. Who could bear such dissection?

I do but satirize, good naturedly, some of the faults and follies I see in society around me. If I get dangerously near the truth sometimes, it is quite unintentional, accidental, I may say. I know at least a half dozen ministers' wives who are given to this world, and as to "Taking Communion" (a quite recent article published in the *Star*), so far from meaning any one person, I regret to say I must have had in mind as many as ten people, more or less addicted to this doubtful method of adding to their pocket money.

So please, dear readers, understand once for all, I mean no one in particular, but only human nature in general. Be therefore, henceforth, not too curious or too sensitive. Curiosity is vulgar, and selfishness betrays a sore spot somewhere of your own.

Fast Day, 1880.

JOSEPH COOK AND THE CIGAR.

A correspondent of the *Congregationalist* relates the following incident of the Boston Monday lecturer's recent journey to Brockport, N. Y., to speak before a Lyceum there:

At Rochester, eighteen miles east of Brockport, the Niagara Falls train is made up. Mr. Cook quietly took his seat in the car, as any other great man would do, possessed with equal good sense. A young man of business air soon after took his seat near by with a cigar in his mouth ablaze. Mr. Cook seeing this remarked mildly: "The smoking car is just ahead, and the usage on all trains suggests the propriety of your taking that car." The young man defiantly placed his cigar between his teeth as if to say: "Who are you?" Mr. Cook arising further remarked: "Young man, if you take another whiff, I shall be under the necessity of putting you out of this car." In the meantime, Mr. Ward, the proprietor of the Brockport Opera House, sat near by listening to the conversation, not knowing that the gentleman who addressed himself thus animatedly was the Mr. Cook whom he had engaged to speak that evening. The young man imploringly inquired of Mr. Ward: "Will you defend me if this man attempts to put me out?" "I think not," replied he, "for this gentleman just now looks as if he could put us both off if he attempted it."

The young smoker concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, and put away his cigar. In due time the train reached the depot at Brockport, and Mr. Cook naturally inquired: "Where shall I find Mr. Ward?" The gentleman was at his elbow, to the amazement of the young offender, who found that he had narrowly escaped chastisement at the hand of the noted lecturer. He embraced the opportunity immediately to whisper good naturedly to Mr. Ward: "Thank Mr. Cook from me—with my compliments."

Rev. Joseph Cook has thus proved himself a believer in the principle of prohibition when there is physical and moral power at hand sufficient to enforce wise legislation.

MISSION WORK.

CONDUCTED BY REV. G. C. WATERMAN.

THE OARD SYSTEM.

The remarks of "J. F." in our column of last week, were timely and just. One object of the plan is to promote systematic giving, and that includes the two points of giving regularly and giving proportionately. We have suffered in our benevolent work, and are still suffering from one-sided benevolence. An interest is awakened in some cause, deserving and needy, and we turn all our streams into its channel. We do no more for it than we ought, but many of us forget, for a time at least, other causes as needy and as meritorious. It is right to make special gifts to these causes as occasion may require or as we may be able, but every Christian ought to do something steadily and regularly for all these interests. The Executive Boards of our societies ought to be able to count with assurance on a regular income from the churches through the operation of this system. It is not claimed that the plan is new. It has been tried, in its main features, in many of our churches before its introduction by our Financial Secretary. It is not claimed that this is the only way, or even the only good way of doing this work. It is claimed that this is one good way, and that it is so good that every church ought to give it a fair and thorough trial. Again and again have we said that it will not work itself. It is a piece of machinery. It does not create power. That must be supplied to it from without. It will receive and distribute all the power communicated to it, and if power is applied to it, it will do good work. It seems to be a simple thing to ask of our pastors and people that they should try this plan, but, strange as it is, many have not done it, and some who have begun to do so have not continued as steadfastly as was desirable. As many pastors are changing their locations at this season of the year, we urge upon them the importance of looking well to these things. If the cards are already in use, speak an approving word in their behalf. If they are not, seek an early opportunity of presenting their claims and urging their adoption.

If the "good time coming" ever comes, we shall, probably, be relieved from continual anxiety in regard to this work, and from the necessity of frequently repeating what has been said a great many times before. We shall be glad to see that day.

THOSE UNFINISHED ROOMS.

Several rooms in use by members of our Theological School, at Bates College, have been supplied with furniture by individuals, churches and Quarterly Meetings. There are other rooms yet unfinished for which there will be an urgent demand in the near future. The amount required to furnish a room is not large. Fifty dollars will do it. This may be raised with little difficulty in many of our Quarterly Meetings. We commend it to the attention of our brethren at the next session of these bodies. It would be especially appropriate that every Quarterly Meeting from which there is a young man in the school should see to it that his room is suitably furnished. We do not ask for expensive luxuries, but for convenient, comfortable

and attractive surroundings to these students. Their lives will be happier; their work will be done better; a bond of union between themselves and the churches will be established, and their love to the denomination will be increased.

The work is worth doing and God will, doubtless, bless those who attend to it.

The Home Mission Revival.

We trust that we are to have an actual revival of Home Mission zeal. We can not print all that comes to us on this subject without filling this whole page. We must be content, and our contributors must bear with us, in giving extracts instead of the articles themselves. The pastor of the Mt. Vernon St. church in Lowell writes as follows:

It is quite time something was said regarding our Home Missionary work. Little advance can be made, few new churches can be built up into strength, few feeble churches can be tidied along until a wave of success shall bear them safely over the sand-bars of weakness, unless the treasury of our Home Missionary Society is better supplied with funds than it has been of late. Nevertheless, let us proceed with caution. Our people are doing well in the foreign work; let us be careful and not undo what has been done. We must raise our \$12,000 for India, and also raise \$12,000 for the prosecution of Home Missionary work.

Now as to ways and means. The grave question is, How shall we get hold of the money? There is no question but that there is money enough in the hands of the Lord's people; the question is, How shall we get the people to hold their hands open, palms down, over the Lord's treasury?

Our correspondent then refers to the stirring work recently done in this country for the foreign cause, and proceeds as follows:

Now with regard to our Home Missionary work, I believe somebody must hear and heed the summons, "Go thou and do likewise," or the Home Society will only have a name to live hereafter, as it has had hitherto. This view is not just suggested to me; I do not mention it impulsively. The more I think of it, the more assured am that it is correct. We want a man of clear brain and flaming heart to go up and down the length and breadth of our Zion, and set the churches on fire! I believe it can be done. I believe the time is now auspicious.

But doubtless some conservative brother will see up and coolly sit down on such a proposition, and a great long train of conservatives will say—Amen. Nevertheless, brethren beloved, I move that on or before the next session of our General Conference a man be put into the field for the purpose of raising \$100,000 as a church-extension fund. Who seconds the motion? Is there any better way to celebrate our denominational centennial? Is there any better way to honor God and glorify his name? Will not the spirits of Randall and Marks and Day, from those transcendent heights of clear observation, say, "Amen" to such a movement? And, indeed, is it not the only thing to do? Who seconds the motion?

The pastor of the church in Lawrence writes of "Our Great Work," and from his article, which is good throughout, we take the following:

There can be no doubt that in church extension lies the great duty of the hour. In all countries, therefore, and among all people this work is essentially one. And yet certain special fields seem to be assigned by Providence, and plainly indicated by circumstances, as the peculiar work of particular peoples. Our three benevolent societies doubtless represent the three grand channels through which we, as Free Baptists, ought to work and win for the Master. These three causes are supplementary, and interdependent, but can never be, and must never be allowed to seem to be, antagonistic.

Several articles have already appeared, suggested by those "vacant spaces" in the Secretary's reports. The fact which is made prominent, however, is not the extreme meagerness of the Home Mission receipts, so much as their relative meagerness when compared with the receipts of the Foreign Mission. If this note of alarm indicates a real and widespread appreciation of the needs of the home work, then it ought to be hailed with joy, but the impression is forced upon many minds that the form of this agitation is unfortunate, and that it can scarcely benefit the home work. The truth is, the Foreign Mission Society is not laying up money, and is scarcely paying its expenses. Every recent remittance, I believe, with one exception, has been short, and the Society is in debt. The state of the Home Mission Society is without doubt less encouraging, and a real peril is surely impending. Something must be done to plant new churches in our own country, and to strengthen existing ones. But whatever is done must be done in harmony with all collateral interests, and without any invidious comparison of results.

The Home Mission Society must raise more money and do more work. The need is a vital one. The demand is imperative. But we must not go to the churches trusting in the plea that, as they have given liberally to another interest, they must do as much for this. It is a mistake to present our benevolent causes in a body, and to urge only those general considerations and claims which pertain to all in common. There can be little true benevolence which does not have a definite object, and there can be no real enthusiasm in benevolent enterprises which does not spring from a deep sense of special needs. It may be a wise plan to divide money, the use of which is not specified by the donor, according to a fixed rule; but it seems unwise to encourage the churches to give money to be thus divided by a third party. Neither must we expect the same churches and individuals to be equally interested in, and equally liberal toward all branches of this work. In the nature of things this can not be. We can no more check the play of individuality in benevolence than in business. If a man is absorbed in one great cause, if his heart is really in it, then it is unwise to seek to make him the champion of another. Founding their appeal on the merits of the cause, let the friends of Home Missions lift up their voices everywhere in the name of the Master. Each of our three great benevo-

lent causes must have special champions, men who feel the special need in their very souls, and who are thereby fitted to state that need clearly and convincingly.

Oh, for the old-time enthusiasm which possessed the church at Antioch, and which carried the gospel in a single decade from the Orontes to the Tiber! Oh, for some spiritual nitro-glycerine to blow our prejudices and selfishness to the four winds, that we may be more firmly united in the bonds of true Christian brotherhood, and the mere union of a name, but a union based on the common object of love and labor; that we may not fritter away our strength through divisions, nor waste it through apathy, but that it may all be used against the powers of darkness and sin till a larger and grander victory shall appear.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 8, 1880.
CONGRESS ENTERTAINING NATIONAL VISITORS.

The Capitol and Dept's have been overrun the past week by a large number of excursionists from New England and the West. Several enlivening episodes in both Houses have occurred to vary the usual proceedings, affording the national visitors an illustration how these political leaders contend quick and sharply in the forum. In the Senate on Thursday, Senator Blaine insisted that the presiding officer (Mr. Rollins, of N. H., in the chair) should give reasons for his rulings, and, upon Mr. Edmund's championship of that official's cause, the Maine Senator devoted his particular attention to his New England presidential rival. The difference in the two men is very marked; Blaine, ardent, rapid and intense; Edmunds, phlegmatic, deliberate and calculating. Then the impetuous Carpenter, heart and soul for Grant, donned the gauntlets and the expectant crowded galleries seemed to be as much interested as the Democratic Senators on the floor were greatly amused by this little family quarrel.

In the House, it was a Democratic domestic contention, occasioned over Mr. Springer's action, voting in Com. to declare Washburn's seat, from Miss. vacant, and not admitting Donnelly, as against the opinion of his party colleagues. Headed by Mr. Manning, they brought him to task on Monday, charging corrupt motives, &c.

The former gentleman called upon a dozen members to exonerate him, and Mr. Springer completely discomfited his assailants, the Republican members this time comprising the amused spectators of the scene.

On Wednesday our visitors had an occasion to witness how legislators disport themselves, in the heat of debate. In the British House of Lords the formula may be something like this: "My Hon. friend has made a statement, which, I think, my lord will find on reflection to be inconsistent with strict veracity!" In the American House, Mr. Sparks shook his finger in Mr. Clymer's face and exclaimed, "He lies, and that is all there is to it!"

PROVIDING FOR THE U. S. MAILS.

The "Star" service bill, with the additional amendments of the Senate, increasing the amount some \$100,000, passed the House on Friday, after a long contest and sharp discussion between members of both political parties. The Western members, without political distinction, energetically favored it, as this particular service more especially affects that portion of the country now developing and to be developed. 36 Democrats and 55 Republicans voted in favor; 50 Democrats and 20 Republicans voted against, while 120 members refrained from expressing their preference.

It became a law on Wednesday by the approval of the President.

TARIFF IN POLITICS.

It seems to be pretty evident that the two parties are arranging themselves decisively on the Tariff question; the Republicans as "Protectionists" and the Democrats as "Free Traders" or Revenue Reformers. Mr. Townsend (of the latter) on Monday endeavored to get action on a bill, that printing paper, and all materials relating to its manufacture be placed on the "free list."

It required a two-thirds vote (because the rules would have to be suspended regarding a bill not coming regularly from a Com.) and it failed by a vote of 113 to 80. If a bill of this nature should be reported from the proper Com., a majority vote would only be necessary to pass such a measure. It is a question whether a too rigid adherence to the present system of tariff is not only impolitic but unnecessary at this time, both as to the wants of the people and national policy. The question of readjusting the tariff will undoubtedly soon enter into political issues.

TROOPS AT THE POLLS.

The army-bill, introduced in the House on Tuesday, has now reached the stage where political discussion will commence. The same clause that provoked the contention of last spring has been inserted, providing, "That no money shall be paid for the subsistence, transportation, compensation, &c., of any portion of the army of the U. S. to be used as a police force to keep the peace at the polls at any election held within any State."

As Senator Blaine intimated last year, what a terrifying effect a company of 34 U. S. soldiers, which is all that is now stationed in one of the Southern States (N. C.), must have upon its population of over 1,000,000 inhabitants!

To-day, Thursday, the Republicans raised the point of order, that the proposed amendment changes existing law. Action on this will be looked for with interest, as determining whether we are to have a long, and it would appear to be, fruitless discussion.

WILD FINANCIAL SCHEMES.

There was something tending toward the humorous in the experience of one Mr. Weaver, a Western greenback member, to get his little bill before the House. For three long months he has been struggling to "catch the speaker's eye." On Monday he was given the coveted opportunity, and he launched upon a very short voyage, the following bill:—That all the money of the nation, metallic or paper, be issued by the Govt. alone, and that the interest-bearing portion of the public debt becoming redeemable in 1881, amounting to \$800,000,000, should not be refunded, etc., but the mints of the U. S. operated to their fullest capacity for the coinage of standard silver dollars and other coinage to such pay obligations, &c.

Mr. Garfield said it was an effort to violate public faith and tending to centralization of the money power. He hoped both parties would unite and smother it. It was accordingly done by an emphatic vote, and it is now supposed that Mr. Weaver and the "third party" have received a quietus for the present.

ELLIOTT.

S. S. Department.

Sabbath-School Lesson.—Apr. 25.

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

(For Questions see Lesson Papers.)

CONFESSION AND CROSS-BEARING.

DAILY READINGS.

- M. John's confession. John 1:15-28.
T. Cross-bearing. 2 Cor. 11:18-33.
W. The centurion's confession. Matt. 27:34-54.
T. Cross-bearing. Phil. 3:1-21.
F. The eunuch's confession. Acts 8:26-40.
S. Cross-bearing. 1 Pet. 4:1-19.
S. Confession and cross-bearing. Matt. 10:13-28.

GOLDEN TEXT: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me."—Matt. 16:24.

Matt. 16:13-28.

Notes and Hints.

"Caesarea Philippi." Caesarea was a name given to two towns in Palestine in honor of Caesar, the Roman Emperor. Herod Philip, the tetrarch, embellished one of these towns, the one in the tribe of Naphtali, and the most northern town of Judea. Hence it was called Caesarea Philippi, that is, the Caesarea of Philip. "Asked his disciples." To draw out their own views, to strengthen their faith in him and to make an occasion to give them other instruction, Christ asked them this.

"That I, the son of man, am." Christ often gives himself this name. By it he suggests his consciousness of his heavenly nature and of his incarnate condition. He meant, "do the people believe that I am the Christ? What is their view of me?" "John the Baptist." Herod held this opinion, declaring that John had risen from the dead. Matt. 14:2.

"Elijah." This view arose from a prophecy of Malachi. (4:4-5) The Scribes, discussing about Jesus, said he could not be the Christ, for "Elijah must first come." Mark 9:11, 12, 13. "Jeremias, or one of the prophets." Jeremias is the Greek for Jeremiah. These views were held by those who did not know how to account for the character of Jesus while they refused to believe that he was the Messiah.

"Whom say ye that I am?" A question that tested them, as it does every one to whom it is now put. Whom say we that he is? Whom by our confession? Whom by our lives?

"The Christ, the Son of the living God." "The Messiah of promise, the anointed one," answered Peter. The Jews expected the Messiah to be the Son of God. Peter saw that Jesus was the Christ, sent of God and anointed of God. He had not, however, yet learned that Jesus was God incarnate, else his denial of Christ never could have been made.

"Blessed." Happy, anointed with the oil of gladness above others.

"Bar-jona." Son of Jona.

"Flesh and blood." That is, men.

"Revealed." On what principle did God reveal this? On this: "he that hath, to him shall be given." Peter had an earnest, honest, docile spirit of devotion to which God manifested his favor.

"Peter." The Greek is petros, a word in the masculine gender, meaning "rock." "Upon this rock." The Greek word here is petra, a feminine word also meaning "rock." Christ does not say, "upon this petros will I build my church." Hence he does not mean that he will build on Peter, but rather on that true faith of Peter, for which he was blessed. As a matter of history the church was built on this faith.

"My church." The congregation, or assemblage of believers, in Christ. The Greek word for church means "called together."

"Gates of hell." For hell read Hades, or under-world, the realm of the dead. The meaning is, no force shall destroy, or bring down to Hades, my church. This distinct prophecy shows the supernatural foresight of Christ.

"Keys of the kingdom." Elliott says that when the scribes were admitted to their office they received, as its symbol, "the key of knowledge (Luke 11:52), which was to admit them to the treasure-chambers of the house of the interpreter. For this work, Christ had been training his disciples, and now the key was given to him (Peter) as the token of his admission to that office. It made him not a priest, but a preacher and interpreter."

"Kingdom of heaven." Not the church, but the kingdom of spiritual allegiance to God. The gospel is the "key" to that state.

"Bind on earth." Prohibit.

"Loose on earth." Permit. Notice, Christ does not say whatsoever, but whatsoever. The meaning then, may be, whatever your truth denies or permits, is denied or permitted by God.

"Tell no man that he was." Because they were not yet prepared to prove it, and their statements would only arouse opposition.

"From that time forth." Began to familiarize them with the fact of his coming death.

"Must go." In order to fulfill his mission, and redeem men.

"Suffer many things." Receive indignities from Israel, the nation that claimed to be the people of God.

"Peter... began to rebuke him." He was elated by what the Lord had said to him. "Be it far from thee." "Liter-

ally, Mercy on thee, that is, God be merciful to thee, God forgive thee for this speech," says Abbott. "But he turned and said." He turned away from Peter, who had taken him aside, and towards the disciples. Mark 8:32.

"Get thee behind me Satan." Peter was tempting Christ just as Satan did in the garden. "Offence." A stumbling-stone. "Savoriest." "Art of the spirit of men" is meant. Literally, "thinkest not the things," &c.

"Deny himself." Submit his will in all things. "His cross." A metaphor which, after the crucifixion of Christ, had new meaning. To follow Christ then meant the loss of all earthly favor.

"Will save his life." That is, one who is supremely intent on this life will not get the good of life. He will die bankrupt of soul.

"Lose his life for my sake." He will, gain life eternal.

"For what is a man profited." This question no worldly man dares consider. Here is shown most plainly the folly of sin. "And lose his own soul." The same Greek word is here rendered "soul" that, in the former verse, is rendered "life." "Life" here, then, rather than "soul," could be the meaning.

"In exchange for his soul." Or, "for his life." The previous verse shows that the disciple who lays down his life saves his life, himself, his eternal life.

"Reward every man." Recompense. "According to his works." A just rule, but by it, what shall we receive?

"Taste of death." Die.

"Till they see the son." &c. Verse 27 must be taken in a spiritual sense and refer to a spiritual coming, as on Pentecost; or else verse 28 denotes a coming besides the one named there. The coming of Christ in his kingdom, though spiritual, may terminate in a coming external and visibly glorious in character.

THE BEST MORALITY.

We know an intelligent gentleman who professes no belief in the Bible. On the contrary, he claims to hold that there might be a better book of moral instruction. He ardently professes to believe that the Christian church is decidedly mistaken in many of its views. Yet this same gentleman, desiring to advance the moral interests of a neglected city population, organized a Sabbath-school, and put it under the conduct of a Christian. He explained his course by saying it was the best he could do. Thus, both in practice and profession, he admits that for actual results in living and morals, the Christian system is the best practicable. Such proof of its inherent truth is very encouraging. Infidelity has long been on trial. Its advocates have been active and strenuous for generations, and if an intelligent unbeliever, after all this time and effort, falls back upon Christianity as "the best thing he can do" for good morals, it seems to us he had better abandon his whole scheme of unbelief. If Christ's religion is the best thing one can do for practical morals, it is probably the very best also for personal salvation.—Teacher's Quarterly.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL NEWS AND NOTES.

The Sunday-school Companion thus expresses itself: "The teacher who expects to do most of his work for his class on Sunday is not likely to do a great deal for them at any time."

There is a class of about twenty-five Chinese in Rev. W. A. Bartlett's Sabbath-school of the Second Presbyterian church, in Indianapolis. Four of them were admitted to the church the last Sabbath in January.

Some one says: "Keep the unity of your church and Sunday-school in the bonds of peace and perfectness. If you do not, the Sunday-school may sometime become the plague of the church, or the church will be the dry-rot of the school."

It may be fairly questioned whether the thin fiction and thinner religious coating of a large class of "story books" have not now served their day; and should not be allowed to retire into that obscurity from which they came. Not because they are fiction merely, can they be asked to retire; but because they are without invention, often without literary merit, and frequently without any purpose higher than that of amusing the reader for an hour.—S. S. World.

The Lord Mayor of London, in response to a request from the various committees, has consented to preside at the inaugural conference to be held in connection with the Sunday-school Centenary. In accepting the proffer of the chair, the Lord Mayor offered the use of the Guildhall for the inaugural meeting, should it be desired. Queen Victoria, it will be remembered, has already consented to act as Patron of the Centenary celebration.

A man ought never to get rid of his childhood. He may put away childish things and yet retain what is sweet and beautiful in childhood. There is a simple faith, an innocence and a liberty of childhood which should be carried up into and become the bloom of our manhood. We are timid of the man whose life brings with it none of the fragrance of boyhood, who can not be a boy again whenever burdens of mature years may be laid aside.

The gospel alone opens its warm bosom to the young. Christianity alone is the nurse of childhood. Atheism looks on them as on a level with the brutes. Deism, or skepticism, leaves them to every random influence, lest they catch a fever. The temple Juggernaut presents a grave; the mosque, contempt; infidelity, neglect of children. The bosom of the Son of God alone finds them a nursery and a home.—Saller.

Communications.

LIVE THEOLOGY: WHAT IS IT?

BY REV. T. H. SIDDALL.

Your correspondent (Rev. F. K. Chase) has from one standpoint, and in one view, discussed the above named subject. Without calling in question the view he takes, of the so called "live issues" of to-day, is there not another view of the duty of the church, than that of squarely combating the pretenses of the avowed enemies of the Christian religion? or of fever making specialties of old truth confirmed and accepted by every tyro in Christian belief?

The "live questions" your correspondent enunciates, in his last article, are the axioms of Christian belief; and because some few skeptics are ignorant enough and foolish enough to doubt them, are Christian believers to be alarmed at their folly? Is the Christian church to rehearse in a special manner every fundamental verity of the church for their benefit? Granted, that there are skeptics in embryo, and in full development, in and around the church. From the days of the Master, has it not been so? True, in the history of the church, some periods are more marked than others by unbelief, and skepticism. Further, have not the arguments, so called, of skeptics been met by Christian teachers time after time? Yet in a new dress these pests of Christian thinkers and writers keep parading their "views." For the pulpit to-day to stop in its usual work to notice the folly and bombast of Ingersoll & Co., is in my opinion a waste of time. The danger of the Christian church is not from skeptics outside its pale, but from weakness inside, a lack of deep-seated piety; godly lives and godly practices, more heart worship and less high and dry intellectuality.

Having had fifteen years' experience in large centers of Great Britain, and having attended almost every variety of atheistic discussion, and carefully watched the different ways of meeting the assaults of the enemies of Christianity, I have come to the conclusion the best way for me to act as a Christian minister is to affirm in life and persistency the positive side of Christianity and as a rule to let the negotiations of atheism alone; to permit science to do her own work and me to attend to a realm over and beyond that of science.

To create religious influences and life is the end and aim of God's truth. The purpose of Christian teaching is to produce a Christian life. The glory of the Christian church is centered in and around the founder of Christianity, Jesus. He says "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

In Great Britain the body of the followers of atheistic Bradlaugh, Holyoke & Co., are those called working men, principally of the artisan class, men who possess strong wills but a small modicum of broad intelligence. Men full of "fight" when their pet ideals are assailed, yet underneath all, strong, sympathetic natures. When Mr. Moody visited Great Britain he put to flight some of the Philistines. How? By cold reason? By smiting the idols? No! but by lifting up Jesus. By laying hold of their sympathies, and, aided by earth's best preacher, the Holy Ghost, he succeeded in instance after instance in winning once atheistic devotees to the cross of Christ. Mr. Moody did not falter in his message from God. He made no apologies about it. He did not waste time with the negotiations of Secularists and Infidels; but from the high vantage ground of a true and consistent belief in God, and in his truth, declared firmly and kindly the "gospel message." God honored the message.

It may be the body of those in the United States, who lean toward or embrace atheistic teaching, are not of the class above named, but my impression is they are, if the columns of the Index are to be relied upon, and doubtless they are, in this particular. (Now, if it be the same class, with similar surroundings, why can not the same treatment be applied?)

I have long been satisfied that the root of skepticism and atheism is found in intellectual pride in one class, and hatred of moral restraints in the other. If that be so, then the right method to overthrow unmasked infidelity, and yelid skepticism, is to apply simple gospel truth. In all this it be understood that not one word of disregard is meant against the best and highest culture in the pulpit being exercised; that the latest proofs to sustain the Christian verities drawn from every available source are not to be used. All this is proper, and at times called for. But which method is best in dealing with the errors complained of, so far as the Christian pulpit is concerned? What should be the rule? In my opinion the rule ought to be the one indicated and not that suggested by your correspondent.

A WELCOME RUMOR.

BY N. C. B.

The rumor has reached Virginia that the Free Will Baptist centennial Conference is to be held in the country. I am glad of it. "God made the country." The great prophet John the Baptist preached in the country. Jesus grew up, preached his greatest sermon and did a large part of his work in the country. We could not celebrate our centennial with any good measure of propriety in a city. We were born, we grew up, or at any rate by far the most vigorous part of our life has been, in the country. I would be glad to see Free Will Baptist churches

in every city in America, but I do not at all sympathize with the sentiment that our great work is to build churches in the city. I do not feel sure that there is an opening in many of the older cities. Perhaps in many of these the ground is already occupied. But I am sure there is plenty of room for us to work. Let us not be too anxious about the place. Let us do our work where the openings are. I know very well that a few wealthy churches in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago might give us great power, but are we sure we can build them?

If our ministers find in the cities fields that they ought to cultivate, let them plow or reap, as the season may demand, but are we not in danger as a denomination of committing the same error that the great mass of the people are committing? During the past five years a million people have been starving in the cities, who might have had enough and to spare in the country. For every vacancy in a city pulpit there are plenty of applicants, while numbers of country meeting-houses are vacant. If we are to judge the future by the past, the men who are to be the leaders in business and in the Government thirty years hence, are growing up now, not in the cities but in the country and small towns.

I have about concluded that the Lord called us as Free Will Baptists to a special work in the country. It appears that the fourteen or fifteen thousand Free Will Baptists of North Carolina, both colored and white, are, like our fathers, not in the cities but in the wilderness. Their meeting-houses are among the pine trees of North Carolina. The growth of our denomination in Carolina, since the war, strongly resembles, in many particulars, our growth in New Hampshire and Maine fifty years ago.

Brother Morrell tells our young men, that if the Lord calls them to preach, he will call somebody to hear them. The country people have usually heard us gladly. Let us preach to those who want to hear. If we can not build many churches in the cities, we can build them where the cities are going to be.

If the Lord has called us for another century to preach Christ in the wilderness, and baptize in the open Jordan, let us not neglect the heavenly call. Some of the older denominations have unquestionably neglected the country. It is not so important that we be a great people, as that we do the specific work God assigned to us.

REV. STEPHEN PURINTON.

Rev. Stephen Purinton died in Litchfield, Me., Dec. 26, 1879, aged 82 years. He was born in Bowdoin, Jan. 22, 1798. He experienced religion and united with the first F. B. church in Bowdoin, at the age of 20 years. He was married at the age of 23 years to Mary Snow, of Brunswick. He said, "at the age of 25 while teaching school, I heard a voice saying, 'go preach my gospel.'" He was not disobedient to the heavenly vision, and his labors were richly blessed. He was the last remaining member of the Bowdoin Q. M. at its organization, of which he was chosen Clerk, which office he faithfully and ably performed.

He was chosen chaplain of the Maine militia, which office he filled many years. Gen. Burgess dates his experience to a prayer made by him on the muster field.

At the age of 33 years he was ordained by the Bowdoin Q. M. The council consisted of Revs. Silas Curtis, Samuel Hathorn and George Lamb. His labors were confined mostly to the Bowdoin Quarterly Meeting. Bro. P. was a faithful, living Christian, sound in doctrine, and a man of superior judgment. His thorough knowledge of the Bible, rendered his preaching plain and instructive, his prayers and counsels will long be remembered by all his friends.

He manfully toiled to win souls for the Master, cheerfully braved the storms of opposition, never deserting his post. His wife died Jan. 9, 1835, leaving him with three children, one of whom was the late Rev. William Purinton. He was afterwards married to Susan Green, of Lisbon, by whom he had four children. He was a constant attendant on the means of grace, after infirmities forbade him to fill his position in the capacity of a preacher. His voice was always heard in the prayer and conference meetings. It was true of him as said of one, "At evening time it shall be light."

His last hours were peaceful and his death triumphant. He leaves a wife and six children to mourn the loss of a kind husband and indulgent father. On account of the illness of his wife a solemn service was held at the homestead by the writer, public services at the church, sermon by Rev. E. G. Page, remarks by the writer and Revs. Barnard, Goodrich, Cunningham and Jackson.

MARK GATCHALL.

Multitudes of earnest people are constantly seeking to have God on their side, but doing so selfishly, without the true spirit of consecration, and quite missing the secret of Christian living. Trying to have God on our side makes the religious life a constant struggle, and keeps it full of disappointment. The Christian life consists not in God being on our side, but in our being on God's side.—Golden Rule.

It would tire the hands of an angel to write down all the pardons that God bestows upon true penitent believers.—Bates.

CHRISTIAN ZEAL.

BY REV. A. R. BRADSHAW.

"Zeal in its broadest meaning may be defined to be passionate ardor in the pursuit of any object, purpose, or design. It will be seen, therefore, that there may be several kinds of zeal. If it is for fame, honor, or renown, it may not properly be called ambitious zeal. If for money, wealth, worldly treasures of any kind, worldly pleasures and delights, it may be termed worldly zeal, a passionate ardor for the world. If for education, learning, science, it may be named educational or scientific zeal. If it is a passionate ardor for the salvation of men, a passion for souls, it is Christian zeal, a topic on which I desire to make a few suggestions.

We should blend wisdom and skill with our ardor for the salvation of men. We should understand human nature. All men can not be approached alike on the welfare of their souls, their eternal welfare. And the same persons, with different states of mind and on different occasions can not be urged with passionate ardor with the same hope of success. For they do not always possess the same state of mind. Different language with the same intent and purpose should be employed. Different tones of voice with the same passion for souls should be used; for in the time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, sinners are frequently very tender, and are willing you should press home the truth with great weight. They will bear it, and not be offended. At such times they will even love to have you converse with them. But in a cold, dead time, when there is no special interest, great skill is needed in conversing with the impenitent, lest you harden their hearts, and drive them away from you.

We should unite great prudence and care with our passionate ardor to save men. When this ardor burns in our hearts to lead sinners to Christ, we must use prudence in persuading them. When I first commenced laboring in revivals of religion, a very good minister hearing of the blessed work, a man much older than myself, came to assist me. In many things he was a most excellent minister. Years ago having faithfully served the Lord, and the several churches of which he was pastor, he passed on to his heavenly reward. One afternoon as we were making calls, we entered a house with too much haste, when he abruptly asked the man of the house if he wanted religion. The man replied by inquiring if he had any to spare. If the good brother had with prudence inquired if he was a pious man, and if he found he was not, kindly, yet earnestly, entreated him to become a Christian, he might have had a very salutary influence over him. But he lost all influence over him and his family. God might have sealed the whole family heirs of bliss.

In our passion for souls, we should use much love and charity. We should often study the 13th chapter of 1 Cor. Awakened sinners must be treated with affection. While we should be faithful in exposing their sins, and then teaching their awful nature, we should at the same time speak of God's great love to save sinners. Tell them how he gave his only begotten Son to die to redeem them. Point them to the solemn scenes of Gethsemane, Calvary, and Joseph's new tomb. "Speak to them of this great heart-love to bring them up to the glories of an immortal state."

"Oh, for such love let rocks and hills Their lasting silence break!"

As this subject is of great importance, I should like to mention two or three reasons, why all believers should exercise Christian zeal. One reason may be, because religion is so very valuable. To us, redeemed sinners, it is worth more than everything else in this world.

"Religion, what treasure untold Resides in that heavenly word, More precious than silver or gold, Or all that this earth can afford."

"For what shall I profit a man," says our Saviour, "if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Questions which carry on the very face of them their own answers. What good could the world do a lost sinner, if he owned it all? Could it raise him up out of perdition, and place him among the glorified ones in the paradise of God? Could it even atone for a single sin? No, nothing but the blood of Christ can ransom the soul.

It is sometimes said in our social meetings by devoted and heavenly-minded saints that they would not give up their hopes of heaven for ten thousand worlds like this. And they are right. Ten thousand worlds could not mitigate their woes, if lost. How zealous then Christians should be! Another reason, why believers should habitually possess an ardent passion for the salvation of men, may be because Jesus Christ, their great exemplar, was always zealous. In reading his biography as recorded by the evangelists, I have failed to find a single instance when he was not zealous.

When but twelve years old, he leaves the circle of his relatives and friends, and enters into the temple, "sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions." And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers. And when his mother says, "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us?" he answers, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" An ardent desire to be engaged in the great work for which he came into the world.

"Oh, for more Christian zeal To labor in God's cause; The worth of souls to feel, And understand his laws; Then should we lead more souls to Christ, The glory of his sacrifice."

Sinners would cry for peace, Their sins to Christ confess, Obtain his saving grace, Christ's robe of righteousness; A Christian life they would adorn, At death, arise to worlds unknown."

ABOUT TRAMPS.

BY B. A. S.

This class has become so numerous, and such a nuisance, that some of the State governments have been compelled to enact laws to prevent the alarming increase. These laws, it is hoped, will lessen the yearly accessions, intimidate the newly initiated and perhaps somewhat paralyze the audacity of many who have been long in the field. But what if, in our laudable endeavors to benefit the tramp and to seek the public good, we should turn from our doors the honest, needy stranger without so much as a partial hearing of the briefest explanation? Better feed and lodge a hundred professional beggars than to turn away a single worthy object of pity and want.

As an illustration of the present status of feeling, in some places, toward the tramp, we will instance a case which actually occurred in one of the northern towns of Vermont. A clergyman had occasion to visit an old friend in a locality where he was wholly unacquainted. Part of the journey was expected to be made by rail, the other part by stage. A misunderstanding in regard to the exact route of the stage necessitated a walk of five miles over a poor road. Arriving at the place at a late hour the stranger proceeded to awaken some one from sleep, and by inquiring learned that he was within a short distance of his friend's house. But to his great disappointment his friend and family were away from home. There was no time for delay, for the night was cold and the way was difficult to follow and the moon was fast sinking behind the western mountains. In haste the stranger made his way to the nearest dwelling, hoping and expecting to find shelter and rest; but to his surprise it was with the greatest effort that he was able to rouse the inmates, and having "told his story" in plaintive tones, was refused admittance. He hastened to the next house, but was only repelled; and so on to the next, and the next, but a like result awaited him. Meanwhile the frosty winter night was making its impression, for the weary walk had caused great perspiration and there were no extra wrappings for such an emergency. Calling at last at a house under the shadow of a church, he was allowed to enter and warm himself and finally directed to a place where he might be kept during the remaining part of the night. He went to the place as directed, and, sure enough, was hospitably cared for by a kind, Christian-gentleman and lady.

Had the people in that neighborhood, whose sympathies had gone to sleep or whose fears had unmanned them, known the circumstances—had they stopped to consider the merits or demerits of the case—had they known that the stranger knocking at their doors was actually hungry and weary and thinly clad—had they known that he meant what he said when he offered to pay them liberally, and that he had failed to hire a team to reach the place earlier and was compelled to walk the distance without any refreshments for eleven hours, that there was no public house for travelers and no provision made for tramps, had they known that the stranger was a minister of the gospel and a personal friend of their own beloved pastor, they would have opened their doors with unspeakable kindness and have given him the best room and the downiest bed. But all this was hidden from them until he had departed out of their coats.

Because tramps are not desirable visitors, we shall hardly be justified in closing our ears, our reason and our doors against the honest stranger, traveler or tramp—at least not without some conclusive evidence of justification for so doing. He who thinks he has done a smart and wise thing by turning the stranger from his door even at midnight may be glorying in his shame.

The violation of any established law or custom affixes its own peculiar penalty. A broken rule of etiquette meets disdain from the polite. Grammatical errors are subject to the contempt of the learned. And the course, good or evil, out of the general order of habit or idea, meets general disapproval. While, on the one hand, conscience is its own avenger, unworlship must endure the world's stings. And the same law is seen in the trials and dangers attending the establishment of the gospel. This is the price universal for peculiarity; and in no point can we deviate and expect to be exempt.

"A new means of grace" is what a correspondent of the Christian Secretary calls a device which he has met with. "It was a rope, stretched from pew to pew, across all the back pews of the lecture room in one of our city churches so as to prevent any one from entering them, and thus compel all to come forward to the front seats." Those who have noticed how much inclined people are to take the back seats at the social meetings will appreciate the idea, and as the plan is not patented any one is at liberty to adopt it.—Messiah's Herald.

REMINISCENCES OF WINNIPESAUKEE.

BY I. H.

A residence of sixteen years near one of the most beautiful lake regions in the world has given me memories which shall be ineffaceable. It has become a proverb that "distance lends enchantment to the view." It is said that aliens have crossed continent and sea to place an adventurous foot upon the summit of Mt. Washington, while there are many dwellers in the valley at its foot who have never seen its top. Passing all their lives in its shadow, they have never cared to rise above it. But I can well remember that in the olden days, such were the charms of this famous New Hampshire lake, a summer was scarce a summer to most of us who did not enjoy a certain number of trips across Winnepesaukee. I am sure, too, that many students of a certain institution of learning, not far away from the locality, will recall memorable and unforgettably gettings-up of a morning, in order to reach that untimely boat, which connected rural and benighted villages with civilization and the railroad track. Those jolting rides over hill and dale, past wood and placid pond, in such sundry, nondescript vehicles as a retired village could afford, formed, doubtless, a part of the discipline which the getting of much wisdom is supposed to inflict upon its victims.

But all this aside. It was years ago that I, a dweller in New Hampshire, used to take my little summer trips to its fairest lake. What a wonderful glimpse of the great unknown world of wealth and fashion it opened up to the bashful rustic, who used to stand on the broad hotel piazza at Center Harbor and witness the arrival of the six-horse Conway stages as they rolled down from the mountains; sixty miles away, and dashed up to the hotel-piers, followed by the descent of linen-wrapped travelers, hardly recognizable under the extra covering of mountain dust, and then the bang and rattle of big "Saratogas," which, recklessly tossed from their lofty perches to the piazza, instantly enveloped everybody in a thick cloud of choking, blinding dust! With awe she watched the pretty groups of low-voiced, daintily-dressed "city boarders" as they tilted about the piazzas and through the long parlors. Ah! something more of that great world has come to the simple rustic since then. Has it proved itself to be so very enchanting in its nearer presence, I wonder!

But years have past since I wandered down the winding walk at Center Harbor, through its arched, vine-covered arbors strung along the flower-bordered path, and, standing on the little wharf, watched with eager eyes for the approach of that dainty "Lady of the Lake," whose white garments, bordered with a band of gilt, floated in the breeze from the prow of her namesake, and in spite of the years, the memories of the beautiful lake "haunt me still." Again, seated upon the deck of the "Chocorua," I glide over its twenty-five miles of glossy surface, watch the shores as they gleamingly approach, curve and recede, gaze upon the mountains as they come and go, pass islands great and small, or "reverse wheel" at Wolfborough, Alton, Wiers, to exchange passengers, as well as those numerous courtesies of travel so common to all summer resorts. Again I lean over the railing at the stern and follow with listless gaze the serpentine track of the vessel as it winds far back out of sight among the 365 islands which dot the lake, and wonder if there is a "providence" in it, that this lake as well as Lake George and Casco Bay should bear just that number of bright, green gems upon their bosoms! As of yore I turn my eager eyes to catch a glimpse of some tall mountain summit, as now here, now there, somebody exclaimed, "There is Chocorua! Red Hill! Oespeie Mountain! Copple Crown!" Well worth looking at, all of them! For their summits afford you superb views of the lake, besides thirty or more other sheets of water in New Hampshire and Maine, Mt. Washington, Isle of Shoals and vessels far out on the broad, deep sea.

Sitting here at my table, yet "sailing the lake over," nothing gives me greater pleasure than to return a vote of thanks to the early settlers of the Granite State, because instead of spoiling this charming lake by some dreadful, common-place appellation, they just let it alone. And so, Winnepesaukee it is, thanks to the Aborigines! Who shall say that the savage who wandered through these hunting-grounds, or skinned over this placid lake in his little birch canoe, was insensible to the charms of nature, when as he gazed, he cried, "This is Winnepesaukee" (The Smile of the Great Spirit). Which of the two was the poet, the man who dared to call those sublime summits, sixty miles away, the "White Hills," or the savage, to whom they were the mysterious "Agiochochook," which he never dared ascend, because they were peopled with invisible beings who controlled the storms and tempests? There may be nothing in a name after all, but I do thank our Whittier for wrestling "Round Pond," in Haverhill, Mass., from sacrilegious hands, and returning it to its aboriginal christening, as "Kenos Lake." I only wish he would do the same for "Plug Pond," (think of it!) a neighboring, charming bit of water. If there is nothing else that can save our picturesque gems of nature from such common place, and sometimes vulgar, names, let us by all means turn to the vocabulary of the savage poet, and humbly rechristen

them. For I never could consent that the lake of my memories should be called anything else but "The Smile of the Great Spirit."

Nihilism.

Nihilism, which is creating such a fearful state of things in Russia, and which recently came so near destroying the house of the Czar and the Imperial household—is founded on the most atrocious and abominable doctrines. The March No. of the "Gospel in all Lands," has the following extracts, which it says, explain with horrible clearness their infamous creed:

This gospel [Nihilism] admits of no half-measures and hesitations. The old world must be destroyed and replaced by a new one. The Lie must be stamped out and give way to Truth. The first lie is God. The second lie is Right. When you have freed your minds from the fear of a God, and your childish respect from the fiction of right, then all the remaining chains which bind you, and which are called science, civilization, property, marriage, morality, justice, will snap asunder like threads. Let your own happiness be your only law. Our first work must be the destruction and annihilation of everything as it now exists. You must accustom yourselves to destroy everything, the good with the bad; for if but an atom of this old world remains, the new will never be created. Hitherto, with the axe and let us demolish everything. Those who come after us will know how to rebuild an edifice quite as solid as that which we now feel trembling over our heads. The children of our children will be forced to begin our work anew; but the evils of the future will be of a less monstrous nature than those which we now deplore. And thus, from struggle to struggle, and after centuries of combat, mankind will finally attain perfection and become what is called God. To arms, then, brethren, and follow to the conquest of the God-head. And so they kindle the universal torch, and, with fanatical enthusiasm, hurl themselves upon the flaming altar. It is one of the awful developments that foretold the Great Crisis.

A BUGLE CALL.

It is a matter for devout thanksgiving that the missionary spirit is stirring mightily the hearts of the students of some of our Theological Seminaries. Hartford and Princeton have sent out a circular to all evangelical theological seminaries in regard to the duty their young men, studying for the ministry, owe the missionary service. The "Gospel in all Lands" quotes the following from the Hartford circular:

In Asia and Africa alone, a billion of souls are to-day "without God and without hope." To provide one missionary for each thousand requires a million missionaries. Calls of "one man wanted," "five men wanted," "twenty men wanted," "thirty men wanted," "men for missionary fields,"—from the falling and the tolling abroad, and from conventions, committees, and prayer-meetings at home, join with the sad and ceaseless plea of heathen need, until the heavens seem to echo again and again—it is the voice of the Lord,—"Go ye and teach all nations." . . . If the church would finally shatter pagan systems while they are tottering to their fall, now is her time to strike; and we, brethren, are her right hand to deal the blow. At just this juncture, thoughtful Christians are asking that this great question—men for missionary fields—be made a special topic for the next day of fasting and prayer for colleges and theological seminaries. Brethren, conscious that "much will be required" of this generation, and many of us still uncertain about our own duty, we make this prayerful request. On the day when the prayers of the faithful rise unto God, that "He will send forth laborers into his harvest," let us be found upon our knees as free-will offerings to the Head of the church, that he will lead each one of us to see aright his duty, and his privilege in this Christian service.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

Rev. John Peddie, D. D., late of Chicago, has entered on his new pastorate with the First Baptist church, New York City.

Father Chiquoy has left Australia for New Zealand, en route for America.

The New York Bible Society during February distributed 6,237 Bibles or Testaments among 2,858 families, 245 vessels in the harbor, to mission schools, and to immigrants at Castle Garden.

Russian architects promise that the magnificent temple in Moscow will be completed next August. It was begun in 1853 to commemorate the expulsion of the French army under Napoleon I. The height of the dome is 369 feet. The building is in the form of a Greek cross, is gorgeously decorated, and will cost about \$15,000,000. About 925 pounds of gold have been used in the gilding. The church contains several columns of Jasper, each of which cost \$13,000. The famous cathedral of St. Isaac's at St. Petersburg, consecrated in 1868, was begun in 1819, and cost \$22,500,000.

The legislature of South Carolina, at its recent session, passed an act prohibiting the running of cars on Sunday upon any of the railroads in that State—trains carrying the United States mail being excepted. The governor has approved of the act.

In the State Prison at Jackson, Mich., there is maintained a prayer-meeting on Sunday and Thursday evenings at which about 380 of the 800 convicts are regular attendants. The room is densely packed, and so small for the number that only half can attend at one time. The chaplain, Rev. Geo. Hickox, describes the meeting as "more like an old-fashioned Methodist prayer-meeting than anything else."

The number of Lutherans in America is somewhere between 689,195 and 824,825.

Dairymen are delighted with prices realized for their merchandise, when they use the Perfected Butter Cook, the invention of Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. An eminent agriculturist says: "I prefer to make butter in winter, as properly colored it brings a high price."

NEW DISCOVERY IN

WASH BOILERS.

The True Principle of Washin by Steam and Water Discovered at Last.

SOMETHING NEW—NOTHING LIKE IT EVER USED BEFORE.

The Greatest Labor-Saver of This or any Other Age.

EIGHT MILLION FAMILIES IN THE UNITED STATES, AND EACH FAMILY USES A COMMON WASH-BOILER.

It is not reasonable to expect that all will adopt the IMPROVED WASH-BOILER, when it costs but little additional to make it, and it washes clothing with labor or wear of material, in a few minutes! Requiring the same operation only that is required in an ordinary wash-boiler! Before calling your attention to our very liberal terms, allow us to ask you to read our circular carefully, and state to yourself what we propose to you in the way of business, and what we propose to you in the way of labor. The time was when hand-washing was in common use; but within the last few years, the labor of washing the clothes is of no small importance. It concerns every man, woman and child in the land. The time was when hand-washing was in common use; but within the last few years, the labor of washing the clothes is of no small importance. It concerns every man, woman and child in the land. The time was when hand-washing was in common use; but within the last few years, the labor of washing the clothes is of no small importance. It concerns every man, woman and child in the land.

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POND'S EXTRACT.

THE GREAT VEGETABLE PAIN DESTROYER AND SPECIFIC FOR INFLAMMATION AND HEMORRHOIDS.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia.

Hemorrhages.

Diphtheria & Sore Throat.

Catarrh.

Sores, Ulcers, Wounds, Sprains and Bruises.

Burns and Scalds.

Inflamed or Sore Eyes.

Earache, Toothache and Faceache.

Piles.

For Broken Breast and Sore Nipples.

Female Complaints.

Pond's Extract.

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The Morning Star.

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G. F. MOSHER, Editor.

All communications designed for publication should be addressed to the Editor, and all letters, on business, remittances of money, &c., should be addressed to the Publisher, Dover, N. H.

GOSPEL LABORS IN PARIS.

A picturesque as well as a significant description of the social condition of the city of Paris is given by the Rev. A. J. Lyman in the columns of the *Christian Union*:

In order to describe Paris socially we must divide the city by two lateral and two vertical planes. Of the three lateral divisions, the upper third consists of the aristocratic and literary classes, the middle third includes the tradesmen, while the lower third is made up mainly of communistic artisans and laborers. The vertical divisions give us one-half of Paris, through all its grades, from top to bottom, Roman Catholic. Perhaps three-fourths of the remaining half are atheistic. Only one-eighth of Paris remains, a column running through all planes of society, which may be looked to in the interest of Protestant religion and morality. The communistic third of the city has been for ages, as everybody knows, the lighted shell in Europe. Ever since 1466, when malefactors and vagabonds from all countries were publicly invited to come to Paris and recruit a population decimated by the plague, this under third of the French capital has been what Victor Hugo calls it; a "smoking volcano"—a mass of 200,000 *ouvriers*, educated by centuries of riot, despising the church, distrustful of the government, welded into a political and social unit, acute, daring, desperate; a force of ruin, like the red horse of the Apocalypse, both the dread and the despair of Christendom.

Nine years ago, just after the suppression of the Commune, there entered into this inflammable quarter of Paris, a Highland Scotchman, Rev. R. W. McAll. This clergyman was at the time the pastor of a Congregational church in Lancashire, but spending a few days in Paris, saw a need, resigned his pastorate and began work in earnest. Mr. McAll's name has ever and anon appeared in our columns, and we hope to have the privilege of recording the progress of the good work under his management from time to time in the future.

Ten thousand workmen are now reported as in attendance every week at twenty-three missionary stations where the gospel is preached. These workmen, who make up the body of the Paris Communists, were averse to anything and everything that was known to them under the name of religion. They hated priests and desired to have nothing to do with the church. When Mr. McAll first went into the streets and began to distribute tracts, a crowd of people, very like a mob, surrounded him, and the commotion was threatening, even reaching talk of assassination. Suddenly, a young workman, forcing his way through the crowd, demanded of Mr. McAll: "Are you a priest?" "No." "Do you come to set up a new church?" "No." "Well, sir," the workman continued, "we are to a man done with the priests. We distrust the churches, but if you can bring us a religion of freedom and reality there are thousands of us who want it."

Since that day in 1871, the movement has greatly prospered. In Mr. Lyman's words, "the work has popularized itself with an ease and power unparalleled in France. To-day Belleville would turn out to a man to fight for Mr. McAll. The police welcome the missions as their most efficient allies, and urge the people to attend them. Everywhere the idea is that expressed by the young workman at the outset: 'A Religion of freedom and reality.' The French Protestant churches had shared with the Roman Catholic the suspicion and hatred with which the Communists regarded every form of organization in church or state; but here they say 'no church, no priest, no payment demanded.'"

It is marvelous, the way the "bloody quarter" of Paris has been quieted. "The gospel has come in between Paris and revolution" is the declaration of Dr. Horatius Bonar. And yet, the work is comparatively in its beginning.

We make a final extract from the *Christian Union*'s article as to the manner in which this peculiar evangelistic effort is conducted:

The method of the meetings is very simple. Everything that would suggest a church service is avoided. Even prayers are introduced only on Sundays. On entering the room—which is generally a shop, located on the track of travel, with a sign made of printed calico hung out at the door—a magazine and a Bible are handed to every one. The magazine is frequently secular. The French translation of the *British Workman* is the journal most in demand. Then follows singing—simple gospel songs, alternating with readings from the Bible and brief addresses. Mr. McAll says: "In every service, at every station, the Bible is read first of all. Every meeting, without exception, from the beginning of the mission, has been conducted with the direct aim of bringing the Bible as God's Word, and Christ as the atoning Saviour, directly before our hearers." It would seem that religion, as an affair of the heart and life, is something absolutely new to the people of Paris. The workmen are profoundly interested in the Bible. It is to them a new book. An *ouvrier* said: "I come in here because I hear nothing but the gospel, and there is nothing to pay." The true democracy of the New Testament, "All ye are brethren," is an idea which at once fascinates and subdues these lawless *ouvriers*.

Surely, the power of the gospel is in its simplicity. Not only in Paris, and in the cities of the European continent, but in

our own country, in the towns and cities of our own beloved land, there is a call for simple gospel meetings, for services where much of the accretions which wealth and rank can alone support shall be done away with. "Who shall rise up to lead in such a movement? It means more than the Young Men's Christian Associations can do; it means more than the acknowledged evangelists can do; it means pre-eminently church work for the common people."

THE CHANNING CENTENNIAL.

The life and character, as well as the influence, of William Ellery Channing have been brought more prominently into notice by the centenary of his birth, which was celebrated in Newport, R. I., last Wednesday.

His life and character and influence were all marked and positive. When a mere youth he would frequently resent and attempt to repress any proposed unfairness or injustice with a vehemence that was almost startling. That trait was observed in him through life. In behalf of peace, education, temperance and freedom he was active and outspoken, and made himself known and respected by the ability and candor with which he championed those causes. He led off in establishing peace societies, although he never fully accepted the doctrine of non-resistance, and was an early abolitionist, although his first efforts in this direction were aimed chiefly at arousing the moral feelings against the injustice, not admitting, until the lapse of several years, the need of political action. He was actively engaged in all social reforms, and was an earnest advocate of the elevation of the laboring classes, in whose behalf he gave a series of popular lectures in 1840. Reform in prison discipline, missionary work, Bible distribution and whatever promised to benefit mankind received his attention and help.

While he aspired after moral greatness he was so far from being a dreaming idealist that it would be difficult to find a person more faithfully devoted to the practical welfare of his race. While he was pastor of the old Federal St. church in Boston, it is said that his whole spiritual energies were concentrated in his work, that his sermons were so exhausting that he was often prostrated at their close, and that he was equally interested in attending the prayer-meetings and Sunday-schools of his parish, and in ministering to the sick and mourning wherever he found them. To him is due in great measure the custom of pulpit-exchanges, for he and a colleague became by this means so widely known throughout New England that they were said to have introduced a new era in preaching.

It is doubtless in his religious life that he has become and will remain the best known. He was so intimately associated with Dr. Samuel Hopkins, the disciple of Jonathan Edwards, and esteemed them both so highly, that it was supposed, when he applied for license to preach in 1802, that he would be among the most zealous champions of extreme orthodoxy. But his preaching, though marked by fervor and solemnity, soon gave evidence that he was an Arian in theology, and he became the acknowledged head and active defender of the "liberal" party when the Congregationalists divided up into that and the "orthodox" party. Calvinism and the doctrine of the Trinity were both repugnant to him, but in seeking to remedy these doctrinal difficulties he embraced others which have generally been deemed discordant, and which have therefore not won the indorsement of any large body of people. "Without checking himself by dialectic difficulties," says one writer in describing him, "he threw over his complex theology the charms of imagination and sentiment, and linked it with schemes of moral and social reform."

So, leaving out his characteristics as a theologian, it may be safely said that he is entitled to a high place as a social and moral reformer, and as an eloquent champion of the rights and privileges of the poor and weak as against the rich and strong. The world needs such men, and it can no more afford to repress them than it can afford to repress Christian philanthropy itself.

The memorial services in Newport, to which we referred above, consisted in the laying of the corner-stone of a memorial church and three mass meetings in the opera house. Dr. Bellows delivered the memorial address in the forenoon, the Rev. William H. Channing spoke in the afternoon, and in the evening there was a kind of reunion, in which addresses were given by various persons, and poetic and epistolary tributes were read. In the evening also a meeting was held in the Arlington St. church in Boston, when Rev. James Freeman Clarke made an address, and also a meeting in Chicago, which was addressed by Drs. Swing, Lorimer and others. Mr. Channing's life left a strong impress on the age, which is not soon to fade away.

The next session of the New England Association, to be held next week in Portland, promises to be an interesting occasion. The papers that are announced in the programme will give character to the proceedings, and the questions to be discussed will doubtless have a direct bearing upon our work as a Christian people. The attendance is likely to be large, and profitable results may be looked for. A report of the meetings may be looked for in the next issue, but one. The committee has succeeded in getting half fare on all the Railroads.

SOMETHING VERY OLD.

How often we are compelled to see the prejudices of our friends, prejudices which detract from their usefulness in the world; but does it often really come home to us that we ourselves have prejudices which are alike baneful to our character? We are constantly prejudging people, and rating them according as they are naturally or affectedly supple to our hobbies. We are blind to the affectation of those who will with apparent sincerity use the words which we worship, the methods of work which we believe in, the path to heaven which we deem to be the only way.

There is a harmless side to these prejudices, and it is pleasant to think of the happy intercourse between persons who almost unconsciously deem themselves especially blessed in being wise while others are foolish; in being deep while others are shallow; in avoiding the ignorance, the frivolity and the one-sidedness of the generality of mankind.

One is apt to believe that his life has been peculiar in afflictions, in disappointments, and that the consequent peculiar discipline gives him a pre-eminence in human living, makes of him something aside from and superior to ordinary mortals. Not that for a moment he would acknowledge this want of humility, but the want is there just the same, whether he acknowledges it or not, whether he himself recognizes it or not.

From this conscious or unconscious superiority of character—a superiority which is the result of social advantages, or, what is deemed finer, the discipline of trial—on this vantage ground prejudices take deep root.

Deep-rooted prejudices are something more than the objects of a harmless delusion. They cumber the ground where charity should be permitted to spring up in green leaves, in lovely bloom and bear the heavenly fruits of content and helpfulness.

Charity tells us that all unknown to us, others have undergone equally trying misfortunes and afflictions; others have reaped equally valuable lessons of discipline; others, whom we can not understand and whose lives and actions we may deem frivolous and unwise, may yet in their own way be nearer to the kingdom than we ourselves.

Thus we find a very old remedy for a very old defect in human nature. Charity can overcome prejudices; charity can show us how to appreciate what we can not understand; charity is communion with that Source whence we are enabled to love our neighbor as ourselves.

COMPARATIVE GIVING.

A correspondent, whose article we can not print entire, says several excellent things on the nature and relations of the different branches of our benevolent work. Here is an extract that may safely be pondered over:

All the Home Mission Society's claims and its peculiar relation to denominational growth at this juncture can be fully urged without making comparisons, and without affording aid and comfort to that miserable class who are always crying, "Heaven enough at home." They are the class who are always "taking care of ourselves," and their spirit is death to all benevolence. They are not only afraid the hen will kill herself laying Foreign Missionary eggs, but they regard all expenditure of money outside of their own town as suicidal.

But we can not resist the conviction that those statements apply to only a comparatively few people. The writers of the articles that our correspondent refers to have not made the comparisons that he deprecates. The comparisons, if we may be allowed the expression, have made themselves. When people see that the larger proportion of all the money that is contributed for benevolent work, goes to one object, it is absolutely impossible for them to conduct any pertinent discussion of the issues thus presented, without comparing the object and aims of the different departments of that benevolent work. Furthermore, this becomes logically unavoidable when one takes the position, as does a contributor to the Mission department in his article on the first page, that "these three causes, [Education and the Home and Foreign Mission causes] are supplementary and interdependent." If that be true, which it doubtless is, then the giving to those three causes should also be "supplementary and interdependent."

There has not yet, we believe, been a too extensive or a too earnest agitation of the subject of Home Missionary needs, and if "the form of this agitation is unfortunate," we are inclined to the opinion that it is, in the circumstances, unavoidable.

As to the proposition of the brother who would put a man into the field for the purpose of raising \$100,000 for church-extension, we must say, at the risk of being called conservative, that such a plan, if it were practicable, would be out of harmony with the plan to which we have all solemnly agreed for conducting our benevolent work, namely, that so far as the departments of Home and Foreign work are concerned, the Financial Secretary should both present and urge the claims of each equally, unless in case of an emergency. We can not afford to materially interfere with that plan before it has been fairly tested. We are not sure, however, that our correspondent contemplated any such interference, except on the ground that the emergency, already provided for, had actually arisen. However, it will be safe to wait until his motion is seconded.

A MONUMENT TO DR. PHILLIPS.

We heartily favor the erection of a monument to our deceased senior missionary. We hope the time is not far away when the graves of all our missionaries, and especially of those who fell in the field and are buried where they toiled, will be marked by some suitable and permanent memorial. What is more worthy of such commemoration than the example of those who have not only obeyed so literally God's command, but have shown such love for darkened souls as to give their own lives in the effort to enlighten them?

The late Jeremiah Phillips was among the pioneers of the Freewill Baptist foreign missionaries. The obstacles to be overcome were then infinitely greater than they are now. Seeking India through a slow and tedious ocean passage, and finding on arriving there the most unpromising circumstances for beginning reformatory work, with personal illness, the loss of the nearest friends, and the opposition of many who ought to have been friendly to the undertaking—all these things must have severely tested the faith and endurance of the persons who experienced them.

But through the severest hardships Bro. Phillips was steadfast, thus showing that his love for the heathen was more than a mere passing enthusiasm. It is an inspiration, to think of him toiling there in the jungles, while famine, cholera and degrading superstitions were sweeping away the natives by thousands, until at length he saw churches growing up about him, and the redeemed ascribing their salvation to the only Saviour.

Such a life commemorates itself, but it is both natural and fitting that the public appreciation of it should be expressed in some such tangible form as is here proposed. Now that the subject is presented to them, we can hardly doubt that not only the personal friends of Bro. Phillips, but all the friends of the great work to which he gave his life, will hasten to assist in erecting a monument to his memory.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Another sign of the incoming era when the spirit of the gospel shall more fully enter into the management of churches is seen in the instance of the opening of a free church in New York city on Sunday week. A president of a National Bank in that city has purchased for \$70,000 from the City Mission and Church Extension Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the stone church building in Thirty-fourth-st., near Eighth-ave., known as the Tabernacle Methodist Episcopal Church, which will hereafter be maintained as a free undenominational church, to be called the Union Tabernacle.

In the opening exercises the pastor of the new church remarked, as reported in the *Tribune*, that he had a simple story to tell, but a grand one, of a man of God who had kept his eyes open and discovered that there were plenty of churches for rich men and a good many for the poor; but that the most destitute, religiously, were the people of moderate income, workmen, clerks and mechanics, who could not afford to pay high prices for pews, and were too proud to go to a church where they would be branded figuratively as paupers. These persons were not infidels; they did not hate God, but were of independent spirit and would not go where they had no rights. This warm-hearted man had given this class a church, but he would not treat them as paupers. The congregation, the speaker continued, is expected to pay the running expenses, and to pay the minister, the organist and the sexton, "workmen's wages."

The elections just held in England have resulted in a triumph for the "Liberals" so marked that even they themselves are surprised by it. They already have a clear majority of ninety-seven in the new Parliament, and will be able to dictate the policy of the government. Mr. Disraeli is thus overthrown, and it hardly seems probable that Mr. Gladstone can miss being appointed Prime Minister in his place. It has been Disraeli's foreign policy that has been most objectionable to the people, and it was on that issue that Gladstone and the Liberals have been able to rally so strong a support. Russia may well rejoice over this turn of affairs, for she has been kept in almost constant suspense by later English diplomacy. The Irish Home Rulers will naturally act with the Liberals on most questions, but it is not likely that the Liberals will act with them in establishing the autonomy of Ireland.

Dr. Bartol preached a striking sermon on Fast day, which is fairly open to criticism. His subject was Temperance, and his policy was one of great liberty. He believes that the wine used at Cana was intoxicating, and that "he who can not resist the craving for drink which participation in the service of communion might cause is not fit to participate in it, and should refrain." On Dr. Bartol's theory that temperance means "self-control, continence, inward strength," that might be true, but even then it would imply that only morally and physically perfect men and women are entitled to the communion, which is denied by Dr. B.'s humanitarianism itself, and most of all by the teaching of Christ. To be sure, the total-abstinence theory may be carried too far, if it is based simply on the ground of influencing other people. "There are some," said Dr. Bartol, "whose nervous organization will not permit of the use of coffee; they must totally abstain from it."

The late Dr. Bowditch and Mr. John Weiss were instances, but will it be said that everybody must abstain from coffee for the sake of Dr. Bowditch and Mr. Weiss? To what extremes of folly people will go in attempting to support a theory. A candid man would as soon base an argument against the use of tobacco on the fact that chewing licorice is likely to soil the chin, as to argue in favor of alcoholic license from the fact that Dr. Bowditch and John Weiss could not drink coffee. Dr. Bartol also explained that St. Paul, in spite of his precept about eating meat, used to eat it on the sly—that is, "elsewhere, in other company, and when not at home." That is, you may drink to your heart's content "elsewhere, in other company, and when not at home." It is true that many professed temperance people do that, but we doubt if they can keep a clear conscience in doing it. Dr. B. also favored the introduction of German "beer-gardens"—an eminently genteel and refining influence in society, to be sure! There is a variety of opinions on the temperance question, and good temperance men differ as to ways and means. But as for Dr. Bartol's sermon we venture to say that you may find it read and approved in three-quarters of the liquor-salons in New England during the next ten days, so far as their inmates are able to read, and that it will be distributed as a tract by the National Brewers' Association.

The taxation of church-property is a mooted question in France as well as in this country. A distinguished French Statesman, M. Brisson, has proposed that all the religious associations in France should be made amenable to the common law in the matter of taxation. He directs special attention to the real property belonging to departments, to congregations, and other corporate bodies. These lands and buildings never pass from one hand to another, and are seldom, if ever, sold; the consequence is that they pay no mutation or legacy duty. Their proprietors never die. With private property the case is different, for it changes hands on an average every twenty years, and is a constant source of revenue.

In view of the official announcement by the Turkish Government that no Moslem will henceforth be allowed to become a Christian under penalty of death; that no one will be allowed to teach doctrines subversive of Islamism, and that any foreigner doing so may be arrested and imprisoned, the *Illustrated Christian Weekly* asks:—"Was it that it might thus break its solemn pledges and revive fanatical hate and strife, that Great Britain interposed to save from destruction the morally and financially bankrupt Ottoman power?" The English people have evidently disapproved of Great Britain's interposition to save Moslemism, for they have just overthrown the Government which directed it.

The smallest Protestant community in Europe is said to be that of Ablandchenen, in Switzerland—a remote mountain valley 4,000 feet above the sea level. A more primitive one could not exist. They do not possess a single hotel; they have no physician in the entire village, and have not had a death for many years; mails are delivered only once a week; neither a shopkeeper, baker, wheelwright, nor blacksmith dwells among them; nor do they possess a notary, a lawyer or a policeman. Once a fortnight a pedler goes about the commune, and supplies the housewives with the articles they need; food is furnished by the flocks the people keep; and there being very little need of ready money no bank exists. The church is a tiny one, and has a single bell. When a girl baby is born the bell is rung loud and long; when the baby is a boy it is sounded only once. They evidently believe more in girl babies than most primitive people do.

The New York *Tribune* reports two or three stories of remarkable superstition from Italy. One is that in Venice not long ago a lottery drawing gave rise to the opening of coffins in order that the sign of a lucky number might be detected in the eye or on the lips of the corpse. Shrines, dusty and covered with mould, were examined for traces of writing that might lead to the sought-for knowledge, and new-born infants were closely inspected for birth-marks that would reveal the secret, while it is said that ladies of birth and education wore their dresses with the inside turned out in order to propitiate the god of the wheel. This mania lasted for a week. Another story is from Naples. A monk who has begged since monasteries were abolished, died recently in a hospital of injuries inflicted by two men who insisted that he tell them the lucky numbers in a lottery, and beat him because he refused to do so.

BRIEF NOTES.

The flower missions are being resumed in the cities. There is no more graceful or beautiful charity than this.

The *Golden Rule* reminds us that "there may be honesty, straightforwardness and generosity where there is no piety. Religion is a word that has an infinitely larger meaning."

Maine has a good foreign missionary record. It is stated that no less than sixty-eight missionaries have gone from that State to the foreign field, nearly one-third of whom are still in active service.

A correspondent who doesn't believe much in "newspaper appeals" for raising money says that in a majority of cases only the headings of such appeals are read, and then signed

over, and then the paper is tossed aside impatiently. Alas! if that be so.

Some philosophers have discovered that women more frequently commit suicide from disappointment in love, and men from loss of money, than from any other cause, which might indicate that their sex is sentimental, and that ours is mercenary.

Mr. Gladstone said sometime ago that London newspapers wholly failed to understand the feeling or represent the opinion of the country. The recent triumph of the Liberals, which Mr. Gladstone foretold, while the London papers ridiculed him, goes to prove his assertion.

It seems quite clear to the *Independent*, in view of facts and information coming to it from every section of the country, that "there can not be a full and hearty vote of the Republican party for either General Grant or Senator Blaine at the coming presidential election—certainly not for the former, and most probably not for the latter."

Let us be thankful that the *Watchman* has decided to close the discussion in its columns of the effectiveness of the liquor-law in Maine. The discussion has advertised the alleged saloons in Portland, Biddeford and other cities, and so helped hundreds to find them, if they exist,—provided such a number of that class of people read its columns.

It is reported that an influential viceroy of the Chinese empire recently told an American gentleman that what the United States did was a matter of supreme indifference to him up to the point of their saying: "The Chinese must go." In this case he declared he would immediately turn all the Americans, including ministers and missionaries, out of China.

The supreme court of Illinois has affirmed the decision of the court below, which sustained the directors of a public school in Forrest township who expelled a pupil for refusing to conform to a rule requiring all pupils to refrain from all other studies while the Bible was read at the opening services. The boy obeyed his father, who is a Roman Catholic.

It is stated that Rev. R. R. Meredith's Bible class in the Somerset St. church, Boston, has grown so large that the committee has decided to reserve all the seats in the galleries for business men who are unable to be there till three o'clock. Often as many as 1,200 persons are present. The class meets on a week day, and our impression is that it is on Tuesday afternoon,—and is exceedingly interested in the study of the Word.

That is a good suggestion made by a correspondent of the *Congregationalist* that "all churches and individual Christians ought to be praying during these current months for our country, that God may be pleased to deliver us from the schemings of unscrupulous politicians such as abound in all parties, and guide the coming campaign to a righteous issue." But with their praying we hope they will not fail to attend the caucuses and help to put the best men in nomination.

There remains no longer any doubt in Michigan of the validity of Sunday promises to give money for the aid of churches and other religious institutions. The Supreme Court of the State has decided unanimously that the laws which declare all Sunday contracts void except those for works of charity and necessity, do not apply to a subscription made on Sunday in aid of the purchase of a church. It holds that the support of public worship is a work of charity, and that promises made in support of it can be enforced in courts of law.

The authorship of the hymn "What a friend we have in Jesus," is under discussion in Methodist newspapers. The Church Hymnal credits Dr. Horatius Bonar, of Scotland, with having written it, but Dr. Bonar denies that it is his and further says he knows not who did write it. It is said that the hymn first appeared in a collection called "The Gem," but a copy of that publication it is difficult to get, and a public request has been made that any one possessing it, will confer a favor by sending the book to John E. Stevens, of the Methodist Book Concern, New York.

We are glad the *Christian Leader* has said it. We hope every minister, and every minister's friends, will read it. Here it is:—"It is a very pleasant thing for a parish to surprise its pastor and to leave behind testimonials of regard." And it is also pleasant to note the news in the church journals. But it is very bad taste to spread out a bill of items. It is well to acknowledge and record a present of a service of silver. But when the enumeration gets to ladies, forks and tooth-picks, what in the general is pleasant, becomes rather revolting. Average good taste, if appealed to, will indicate the line of demarcation. To assure your minister of your love and esteem is a kindness. To compromise his dignity—to tempt him to compromise it—is a cruelty."

Denominational News.

A Monument to Dr. Jeremiah Phillips.

Shall there be such a monument? Every Free Will Baptist, East, West, North and South, will answer, Yes! The distinguished services of this eminent Christian missionary are too well known to need to be rehearsed in this appeal and too highly appreciated to need an argument to prove the fitness of the memorial. His name has been a household word in our denomination for more than forty years. But he has fallen now, and his body reposes in "Oak Grove Cemetery," at Hillsdale, Mich.

It is proposed to erect a suitable monument over his grave. The Faculty of Hillsdale College are taking the initiatory steps in this movement already too long delayed.

We now ask for a practical answer to the question: Shall the proposed monument be erected? Every contribution, however small, will help give an affirmative answer. But for the sake of definiteness we make and urge the following requests:

1. That every minister in the denomination make a personal contribution to this object.
2. That every church take a collection for this purpose.
3. That every Sunday-school contribute something to this object.
4. That every person, disposed to honor the memory of our heroic missionary, send some tangible proof of that fact.

We would urge upon the pastors and officers of our churches, and upon the Superintendents of our Sunday-schools

Poetry.

BESIDE A LITTLE GRAVE.

"Call no one happy till he dies," the old Athenian saying has the stamp of truth; And oh! how many a bright and glowing youth
Lit with the morning sunshine and its gold,
As years swept on has darkened with the mold
Of vice and bitterness and sin-brought care!
How many a fond and tearful mother's prayer
Had been unuttered if she could have told
His future life whom she sought God to spare!
Nay, rather she had prayed he should lie
In all the purity of childhood drest;
And standing o'er my first-born's little grave,
I can but humbly murmur, God knew best,
Stainless he took the precious flower he
gave.

—Good Words.

WHAT OF THE HEATHEN?

BY J. W. BARKER.

"And what will God do with those poor heathen
sons of earth, who have never heard of a better way?"
Some things I know, for clear as noonday light
Upon the canvas hung along our way,
They stand revealed;—I know that man shall
die.
In every clime, in every distant land,
Whether beneath the burning tropic sky,
Or in the icefields of the northern seas;
Upon the clustered islands, where the light
From Calvary's mountain never hath been seen,
Or where, in clear effulgence, from its very
height,
The mellow radiance of the light divine
Hath shed its glory o'er the human race;
Wherever life hath thrown its gladness round,
There death hath cast its shadow; ye must die,
Whatever death may be,—the ponderous gate
That leads the soul direct to Paradise,
Or the dark entrance to a darker.

I can not tell save with the eye of faith,
I see beyond the river, fields of bliss,
Yet all must die. A few, swift, busy years
Of working, hoping, doubting, sighing,
A little life, then comes the dying,
And this I know: that soft as summer morn,
Comes the glad message of eternal life.
To souls that dwell in darkness sad and drear,
But then I know that God is ever just,
And justice through His mercy brightly
shines,
And every spirit throbbing throughout space
Bears a relation to Divinity.
God is the Father; tenderly and kind,
He leads his children in the ways of life.
The millions, now in seeming orphanage,
Shall know His mercy and His justice too.
And blessed shall be the priceless heritage
Of all who know the Father's tender care.

Family Circle.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

BY ALFRED LEMCKE.

CHAPTER I.

Andersen was born in the town of Odense, on the island of Funen, in Denmark. He was a strange, quiet and dreamy child, who never participated in the plays of other boys, but whose greatest delight was to listen to the stories of elves and goblins, which the old women of the neighborhood told him, or to the plays of Holberg or the Arabian tales which his father would read aloud in the evening. When not thus engaged he would quietly play with his dolls or his puppet theater, or sit by himself thinking about the many wonderful things which he had heard, or occupied by some fanciful creation of his own mind.

His parents were very poor, and could, although they loved him dearly, only afford to give him the commonest kind of an education. He grew up very pious and very superstitious; with a great hankering after all that was marvelous and strange. His memory was remarkably good. He learned whole acts of Holberg's plays by heart, which he loved to recite on all occasions. He had an unusually fine soprano voice, which attracted the attention of all who heard him sing, and gained him admission to many of the best families in town.

When he was 12 years old, his father died, and his mother was obliged to go out to do washing, while he was left almost entirely to himself. About this time he became acquainted with the works of Shakespeare, which he greatly admired, and at once performed on his puppet theater. One thing however he did not like about Shakespeare's plays, namely, that the kings and queens should use the same language as ordinary people. He now set about writing a play in which a king and a queen appear, and these high personages converse in a most wonderful, babel-like language, composed of English, French and German words, with a Danish meaning, selected from a lexicon borrowed for the occasion. This play he thought something very excellent himself, and delighted in reading to everybody who would listen to it.

When he was 14 years old, his mother thought it time that he should commence learning a trade, and she proposed to apprentice him to a tailor, but he objected, he had no inclination for any trade. His wish was to go to Copenhagen and become an actor. His mother, who would not listen to this, cried and remonstrated, but he only pleaded the more, and finally a so-called wise woman was sent for, who was supposed to be able to tell any one's fortune in cards or coffee grounds. "Your son will be a great man," said in his honor Odense will one day be illuminated, "said the oracle to his mother, whose consent to depart he now obtained. With a bundle containing his clothing, a small amount of money and a letter of introduction to Mdm. Schall, a celebrated dancer, he set out for Copenhagen where he arrived on Sep. 5, 1819. He immediately presented his letter to Mdm. Schall, but was received with some surprise by her, as she had not the slightest knowledge of the author of the letter. He then told her what a great desire he had to become an actor. She asked him what character he thought himself capable of representing. "Cinderella," he replied, and asking for permission to take off his boots, as he otherwise would not be slight enough, he commenced to dance and sing, using his broad-brimmed hat as a tamborine. His strange behavior astonished Mdm. Schall so much, that she thought him insane, and got rid of him as quick as possible. He next called on the manager of the Royal theater to ask for an engagement, but with like success. His little sum of money has all been spent, and we now find him wandering, friendless and forlorn through the streets of the great city. Suddenly he happens to think about Professor Siboni, the director of the academy of music, and immediately concluded to call on him and ask him to interest himself in his behalf on account of his fine voice. Siboni receives him kindly, promises to cultivate his voice, and makes him an inmate of his house. Here he also meets Weyse, the composer, and Baggesen, the poet, who become interested in him, and take up a subscription for his benefit. His prospects now appear bright, but inside of six months he has lost his voice and is again thrown on the world. Friends now interest themselves in his behalf, and he is engaged to play minor parts at the theater. On New Year's day while the theater is closed, he, unobserved, gets inside the building, and makes his way to the stage, where he kneels down and attempts to declaim some poem or other, but being unable to think of any, he presently repeats the Lord's prayer, and goes away happy in the superstitious belief that he shall now often speak from the stage as he has done so on the first day of the year.

A short time thereafter he is notified by the manager that his services are no longer required. He can no longer think of becoming an actor, yet he can not bear the thought of parting with the theater, there is therefore only one thing left for him to do, he must write a play and that must be accepted. "Alfso!" is accordingly written. He goes to Mr. Collin, the director of the Royal theater, and asks him to interest himself for the tragedy. In a few days he is sent for, the play is returned him as useless, but he is informed that it contains so much that is really good and beautiful, that there is every reason to suppose that he, after an earnest course of study, may be able to write something which will be worthy of production on the Danish stage. Mr. Collin now interests himself for him with King Frederick the Sixth, who grants him an annual allowance of money for some years, while he is given free instruction in the grammar-school at Slagelse.

At school he learns easily, works hard and after a course of 4 years passes his first examination at the university of Copenhagen. While at school he has written several poems, among them, "The Dying Child," which has since been translated into nearly all the languages of the globe. His first work which attracted any particular attention now appears, "A Journey on foot to Amak," a peculiar, humorous and fantastic work. It is well received by the public. Two years later he passes his second examination (Examen philologicum and philosophicum) with great distinction. The first edition of his collected poems which next appears meets with great praise, and all his real trouble is now passed and his future bright. In 1833, the king grants him a traveling stipend. He visits the principal countries in Europe, and after an absence of three years, returns and publishes the most celebrated of all his works, "The Improvisatore," which is speedily followed by, "O. T." and "Only a Fiddler."

"FOR MY SAKE."

It was fifteen years ago to-night that Susie G— stood in front of a sparkling grate-fire, holding in her hand a glass of home wine. She was a pretty girl—extremely so—with her loving, merry eyes, and her luxuriant bronze-tinted hair wound gracefully about her well shaped head.

She did not look like a tempter, that sweet-faced, winsome, brilliant girl; but one that could not invariably judge by looks.

Susie, in her thoughtless girlhood, proved a tempter to the one she loved best on earth.

"Take it, Harold, do," she begged. "It is my own make, and I long for your opinion concerning it."

"But, my dear, I do not drink wine; I have told you that frequently," her lover answered.

"I know it is your custom, and am glad of it, but this is superior wine and pure. It has strength, too, and will warm you up and do you good. You have a long, cold ride home. Take the wine for my sake, dear."

As she spoke that thoughtless, fascinating girl kissed her lover once, twice, thrice. Harold looked pale and embarrassed, as, accepting the cup from his sweetheart's hand, he said, in a half-sad, half-veiled tone, "I really prefer not to take it, but for your sake, here goes," and he raised the glass and drank the contents. As he bent his head to kiss his soon-to-be bride "good-night" she said: "Why do you look so sober, dear?"

You look as if you had lost your last friend, Harold."

"Perhaps not my last, but I think I have turned a cold shoulder on a good friend." He laughed somewhat bitterly as he spoke.

Total Abstinence, in the garb of an angel, bending sadly over this gifted, noble young man was the friend to whom he alluded; but Susie failed to comprehend his meaning, also was utterly unconscious that she, with her own voluntary act, had commenced binding with gossamer threads the fatal mesh that might close about her darling.

The wedding day came, and the newly-wedded, how beautiful they looked! Harold had never received that questionable compliment of being called a "pretty man," but handsome, manly, promising he certainly was—broad, intellectual forehead, shaded by short, silky hair, which showed to advantage his fine head; eyes which looked resolute, and were, without doubt, full of love and beauty; and mouth where sweetness was more strongly portrayed than firmness.

As for Susie, there never was a fairer bride nor a merrier. They had married for love, and no one felt disposed to blame them for thinking in their youthful passion and inexperience that none ever had equaled, did equal, or could equal theirs.

Susie's father believed that hospitality was partly, yes, considerably, composed of wine; so on this wedding night the fatal glass went round and round.

Susie did not say now "for my sake." There was no need of any winsome coaxing. His boat was launched upon a treacherous sea, but the waves seemed peaceful, and Sue thought of no danger. As for Harold, he felt a shadowy sense of some unknown something, what he did not know, or care to. He drank more than one glass that eventful night, but the subtle currents shooting through his veins did not have the effect to mortify either his wife or other friends, for he did not become garrulous, only brilliant and friendly to an unusual degree.

We can not trace all the steps towards Harold's complete bondage. The insidious enemy rested not. Little ones came to his home—fair, sweet blossoms, inheriting father's and mother's beauty; and then, after a little while, they were transplanted to a fairer clime.

Neither Harold or Susie looked up to see if the gates were left ajar, but looked down. Susie saw only a desolate home, two little graves, a drunken husband, a life of grief and poverty before her. Can you wonder her heart failed her? Oh! if she had only looked up to see the "Man of sorrows" with arms extended, offering rest. If she had only listened she would have heard, "Come, ye weary," etc. Harold looked down and beheld a careworn, broken-hearted, faded woman, in whose eyes he could read plainly agony, remorse and bitterness; and while he, with his bleared eyes, looked, the enemy of souls whispered: "Drink, drink, it will make your heart merry, and you'll forget your sorrow." He bent his head still lower, while the enemy steadily approached nearer, allowing him to bind a stronger rope about his neck as he whispered: "Drink, drink, drink! one needs this comfort in the changing scenes of life."

Fifteen years have passed. We do not look for Harold and Susie now in that lovely southern home, where the golden sunbeams glowed and shimmered, where life's sky smiled without a perceptible cloud.

Far away in a northern city, in a close-populated street, where turbid, angry currents of sin-flooded souls are surging to and fro, they have found a shelter though not a home. Imagery of fiction is not needed or desired here; the reality can equal or surpass the most exaggerated mental flights. The night is bitter, and as we pass down the dim and filthy street in search of the human wreck we feel like proclaiming our feelings in regard to dram-drinking and dram-selling from the very house-tops. The keen winds whirl, wail, and groan, as if in perfect sympathy with the woe on every side. Under our feet are pits which might be called after the place of lost souls, they are so vile, so reeking with the very dregs of drunkenness and all manner of depravity. The street is ill-lighted, and yet our eyes growing accustomed to the darkness, we recognize tall and shattered tenements swarming with humanity in its lowest garb. We enter one of the dark and narrow alleys, stumbling through impenetrable darkness. We mount the shaky stairs—one pair, two pair, three pair, four pair—and find ourselves in the hall-way of a low attic. Feeble lights issue from some of the many rooms on either side, but they are so faint that we feel in our pockets for a match to light our lantern.

"Direct us to the woman whose husband was found dead this evening, will you please?" we request of a staggering man in the hall.

"The crazy woman?—hic—yes, sir; hic—corner room—hic—north side, sir."

We enter the corner room, north side. Starvation sits upon the hearth and the angel of death awaits another victim. Something looking like a heap of polluted rags lying in the corner is all that remains of Harold. Look at him if you can endure the repulsive sight. You fail to recognize one feature as belonging to the Harold of old, but bear in mind that wrecks of noble vessels are seldom recognizable. The hair, which was once silky and waved about a noble forehead, is now long, matted, and streaked with the dark

blood oozing from the wound in the temple. The face which once bore the impress of a Father's hand making it beautiful, earnest, and loving, now looks hideous in its degraded, agonized expression. And that creature bending over him is Sue—Sue, who, fifteen years ago, in her lovely, dawning womanhood, looked with love-filled eyes into Harold's, and begged (with criminal thoughtlessness, it appears to me), "Drink it, dear, for my sake."

But there is neither beauty or love in her faded, tearless eyes now—only a hopeless agony, a wildness which will haunt us for years. She laughs; she laughs again, a grating, leering laugh, the laugh of hopeless insanity. We shudder, and the hot tears rush to our eyes involuntarily. She sees them, wrings her hands, and screams: "What! tears, tears? You needn't shed tears. Laugh, laugh, LAUGH, I say. Here's my Harold; do you see him?"

In a few moments she grew calmer, and, laying her thin, blue hands on his cold, grimy ones, she murmured: "It was for my sake, Harold darling, and you only drank one glass. I made it myself and it was pure, and it didn't hurt you, did it, darling? It was strengthening, and you drank it for my sake. O Harold!"

"O God! and his soul, was it lost in the bowl?"—*Temperance Advocate.*

THE FLAW IN THE BOILER.

The late Mr. W—, one of the leading business men of Cincinnati, who was strongly opposed to the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage, in his gentle, quaint way preached many an effective temperance sermon.

He received one day a visit from Judge C— of St. Louis, who then held the first place among the learned jurists of the West; and who was, besides, a brilliant man of the world, kind-hearted, brave, and loyal to his friendships.

Mr. W— showed him over his manufactory, and his admiration was especially excited by the intricate machinery, much of which was of brass, finely polished,—a work of art as of use.

That evening the friends dined together at Mr. W—'s hotel. Judge C— drank to excess. Observing his friend's grave, keen eyes upon him, he said, gayly,—

"You do not take brandy, W—?"

"No."

"Nor wine?"

"No."

"I do," frankly. "Too much, probably. But I began thirty years ago. I drank as a young man, and I drink as an old one. It is a trifling fault, if you choose to call it a fault, and will hurt nobody but myself. If it has not harmed me in thirty years, I have no cause for fear."

Mr. W— bowed gravely, but made no reply.

When dinner was over, he said, "We had an accident in our mills an hour after you left. Will you walk up with me?"

They reached the mills in a few minutes. One side of the wall had fallen in. The exquisite, costly machinery was a hopeless wreck. Two or three workmen had been crushed in the ruin, and laborers were digging to find the bodies.

"Horrible!" cried C—. "That machinery was so fine and massive, I thought it would last an age."

"Yes," said W—, slowly, "but there was a flaw in it. A very slight flaw, which the workmen thought of no importance. I have used it many years in safety. But the flaw was there and has done its work at last."

Judge C—'s face lost its color. He was silent a moment, and then, turning, caught Mr. W's hand.

"I understand you, old friend," he said. "I will remember."

How long he remembered, we do not know. A habit of thirty years is not easily broken.—*Youth's Companion.*

HOW GIRLS ARE MADE STRAIGHT.

The Hindoo girls are graceful and exquisitely formed. From their earliest childhood they are accustomed to carry burdens on their heads. The water for family use is always brought by the girls in earthen jars, carefully poised in this way. The exercise is said to strengthen the muscles of the back, while the chest is thrown forward. No crooked backs are seen in Hindostan. Dr. H. Spry says that this exercise of carrying small vessels of water on the head might be advantageously introduced into our boarding schools and private families, and that it might entirely supersede the present machinery of dumb-bells, back-boards, skipping ropes, &c. The young ladies ought to be taught to carry the jar as these Hindoo women do, without ever touching it with their hands. The same practice of carrying water leads to precisely the same results in the south of Italy as in India. A Neapolitan female peasant will carry on her head a vessel full of water to the very firm, over a rough road, and not spill a drop of it; and the acquisition of this art of knack gives her the same erect and elastic gait.

A young lady told a gentleman that smoking was injurious to the health.

"Why," said he, there's my father, he has smoked daily; and he is now seventy."

"Well," said she, "if he had never smoked, he might have been eighty."

Insults are like counterfeit money: they may be offered, but you need not take them.

Literary Review.

HOW TO CONDUCT PRAYER-MEETINGS; OR, AN ACCOUNT OF SOME MEETINGS THAT HAVE BEEN HELD. By Rev. Lewis O. Thompson, author of "The Prayer-meeting and its Improvement," etc. With an Introduction by J. H. Vincent, D. D. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 12mo. pp. 327. (\$1.25).

The author of this book believes fully in topical prayer-meetings. They are, he argues, almost the only reasonable kind to hold. Coming together with the heart and mind full of Scripture to illustrate the topic that had been previously assigned, makes a meeting abundant in zeal, in spirituality and in heavenly refreshment. Nothing, he asserts, has done so much to kill out the bitter controversial spirit which formerly existed in the different churches, as uniform Sunday-school lessons, the Evangelical Alliance, and the annual week of prayer; and the deduction to be drawn from that fact is that uniformity of texts of Scripture for the prayer-meetings would intensify the fraternal spirit, and bring all Christians nearer together. Dr. Vincent's introduction is quite to the point, and the wide range of the book, embracing as it does reports, of successful prayer-meetings, descriptions of their methods, and letters from pastors who have had experience in the matter, gives it a practical character, and commends it at once to favorable consideration.

Volume V, which completes the American Book Exchange's edition of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, contains a complete index of the whole work, explanatory notes, and a large amount of matter that will assist the reader.

The same publishers issue *The Book of Fables*, which contains those ascribed to Aesop, with copious additions from modern authors. It is a book that will interest young readers, giving them apt illustrations for future use; and will be also diligently reviewed by older people, partly for its real worth and partly for the reminiscences of their school days that it will awake. It is illustrated, contains 343 pages, and will be mailed for 60 cts.—New York: The American Book Exchange.

The papers which were recently published in the Sunday-school Times on the Bible and its Study, have been issued in pamphlet form by John D. Wattles, Philadelphia. The pamphlet, which is a valuable help to an intelligent use of the Bible, has papers on the following topics:—"Why Study the Bible?" by Rev. Barnes Sears; "Importance of Bible Study," by Charlotte M. Yonge; "The Right Spirit for Bible Study," by Professor Austin Phelps; "Can We Trust our English Bible?" by the Rev. F. H. A. Scribner; "Scripture Explaining Scripture," by Professor J. L. M. Curry; "Hints on Bible Interpretation," by Professor M. B. Riddle; "Helps to Popular Bible Study," by Professor Philip Schaff; "How to Use Commentaries," by the Right Rev. C. J. Elliott; "Light from the Land on the Book," by the Rev. W. M. Thomson; "Light from Oriental Discoveries," by Professor George Rawlinson; "Light from Eastern Manners and Customs," by Isaac H. Hall; "The Book in the Early Church," by the Rev. Edmond de Pressense; and "Promoting Bible Study in the Church of To-day," by Chancellor Howard Crosby.

The National Temperance Society have recently published a variety of illuminated floral cards, with various beautiful designs, with Bible texts or verses, suitable for distribution in Sunday-schools, Bands of Hope, juvenile organizations, and children's meetings. No. 1 consists of twelve floral designs and twelve Bible texts. No. 2 consists of two different large floral designs, with eight varieties of Bible texts. No. 3 consists of six floral designs and twelve different verses. The prices range from \$1 to \$1.50 per hundred.—New York: J. W. Stearns.

In his argument on *The Federation of the Railroad System*, before the Committee of Commerce of the U. S. House of Representatives, on the bill to regulate inter-State Railroad traffic, Charles Francis Adams, Jr., spoke plainly and forcibly. Speaking of the evasions of the law by Railroad companies, Mr. Adams said:

It is beyond dispute that business is carried hither and thither—to this point, away from that point, and through the other points—because it would naturally go to, away from or through those points, but because rates are made on an artificial basis and to serve ulterior ends. . . . Studying its operations as I have, long and patiently, I am ready to repeat, as I have I have repeatedly said before, that the most surprising thing about it to me is that the business community sustains itself under such conditions. The first principles of law governing common carriers are habitually violated. Special contracts, covering long periods of time, are made every day with heavy shippers, under which the common carrier, whose first duty it is to serve all equally, gives to certain parties a practical control of the market. There is thus neither equality nor system, law nor equity, in the matter of railroad charges. A complete change in this respect is a condition precedent to any just and equitable system of railroad transportation.

Further on Mr. Adams claimed that the present tendency of "pooling" competing lines must eventually result in "the complete and absolute supremacy of the one or of the few," and in support of this position said:

There is the Grand Trunk of Canada, and the four American trunk lines to the three great cities—altogether they are five. Then there is the Southern, or Louisville & Nashville combination, the Pacific railroads, the Chicago & Northwestern, and the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, including as the latter practically does the route to Santa Fe. Here are nine combinations in all; let the California monopoly stand for the tenth, and who does not know that, acting together, the representatives of these ten could to-morrow put a stop to all unregulated railroad competition. But such a combination, it is said, would be contrary to public policy—even were it practicable it would be the duty of the legislature to interfere and to prohibit it by law. Well, suppose that such a prohibition can be made effective, and that the law-making power is inviolable—and does intervene sternly and effectively forbidding it. What is the alternative? Simply the mill of unregulated, unlimited competition goes on grinding out its inevitable result. The law of the survivorship of the fittest is challenged to assert itself among the ten as it has already asserted itself among the hundred, and a closer consolidation works its way out in place of the looser, but forbidden, combination. The ten strongest will then, a few years, be reduced to five; and then the five will be reduced to four; and at last the one strongest—the one fittest to survive—will emerge itself from among the rest. How can any observing man who studies the progress of events during the last ten years ignore the result? The rapid combinations of such succeeding weeks, never so rapid as now, distinctly foreshadow it.

Nor in saying this do I mean to suggest that the process of consolidation implies the absorption of all the roads of the country into one great unit. Nothing of the sort. In the railroad, however, as in all other systems, there are certain combinations which secure the control of the situation. It is the correct discerning of these combinations, and their bearing on the control of business, which is to the large railroad manager what the quick strategic eye is to the general in the field. It is not necessary—it is mere weakness—to desire to hold and to absorb everything; control lies in absorbing only what is essential. The process of railroad consolidation in this country, if by endless competition it is forced to work out its logical results, will, therefore, in all probability, at no distant day produce the one man of combining power. That man will prove himself equal to every emergency, and solution of the whole field. Already of late the entry of some such central railroad figure upon the stage has been more than remotely foreshadowed.

This, so far as our railroad system is concerned, seems to me to be that survival of the fittest which must result from indefinite unregulated railroad competition. There is but one escape from it, and that is through such a combination at some earlier stage as shall put a stop to the influences which are bringing this result about. It is that very thing which the railroads are now attempting, and in attempting it they are endeavoring to evolve a solution of the railroad problem in aid of which I earnestly wish to invoke the assistance of Congress. They are trying to federate themselves.

If there is one thing more characteristic of the American people than another, it is their faculty of organization. In that respect I am inclined to believe that they excel any other race that history has made record of, even the Roman. They seem naturally to evolve out of chaos, not by any effort of individual leadership, but by the spontaneous, instinctive movement of the masses. Their genius points that way. This instinct is now curiously illustrating its presence in our railroad system. It is everywhere organizing to save itself from the inevitable results of unregulated competition; it is trying, instinctively, I think, but not the less effectively, to find some mode of escape from the survival of the fittest. Only through organization is that possible; for by organization only can unregulated competition be checked. This organization—the Federation of the Railroad System, as I shall term it—is then denounced as being against public policy. A utterly deny it. On the contrary, I assert it is the only alternative to ultimate consolidation; that the country, so far as its railroads are concerned, will, during the next twenty years, have to make its election between the legalized federation of the many and the practically consolidated unit.

The argument has been printed in pamphlet form, and is for sale by Bates & Lauriat, Boston.

There are 10,131 American (United States and Canada) newspapers—809 dailies, 8,428 weeklies, tri-weeklies and semi-weeklies, 804 monthlies and semi-monthlies. The total circulation of a single issue of each of these papers (omitting 1,920 not given) reaches the enormous aggregate of 20,677,538 copies, divided as follows: Dailies, 3,540,156; weeklies, tri-weeklies and semi-weeklies, 13,511,424; monthlies and semi-monthlies, 3,626,958. This is an average of 3,041 to each paper for a single issue, and taking all issues of the whole for one year a grand total of 1,836,473,592 copies. Taking ordinary forty lb. newspaper at its average measure of 4,000 sheets (solid) to the foot, one issue of all these piled up would measure 5,170 feet, (nearly a mile) in height, or for a whole year 459,119 feet (over 87 miles) high. Counting them all at the average size of 27 1/4 inches and placed end to end, one issue would extend 70,648,255 feet (13,380 miles); for one year 6,374,618,106 feet (1,188,374 miles), or over forty-five times around the earth, and five times the distance from the earth to the moon. In a thousand miles of type there are nearly 2,000 different pieces, and in an average four page eight column paper, set in solid brevier type, there are 148,000 ems (about 450 pounds), or 296,000 types in one newspaper. To print one issue of the total 10,131 papers of this average size, there must be handled nearly five million pounds of type, or 2,998,776,000 types. The total number of editions of all these dailies, weeklies and monthlies for one year would make 724,766, and to print them occasions the handling of 2,173,499,849,000 types. These averages are minimum rather than maximum. There is usually twice as much type, at least, in an office as will set the paper, consequently, for this purpose alone, there must be ten million pounds in use, the value of which is about five million dollars.

These facts are gleaned from a book published by H. P. Hubbard, of New Haven, Ct.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Little Folks' Reader, issued monthly by D. Lothrop & Co., has proved a great success, educators everywhere not only commending it but buying it.

Mrs. A. M. Diaz, of "William Henry" fame, is devoting herself to making one of the largest and most beautiful pictorial story books ever gotten up for little children. D. Lothrop & Co. are to be her publishers.

M. Ivan Turgenev, the distinguished Russian novelist, has a very striking face, framed with hair and beard, completely white. He disclaims, it is reported, all affinity with the Nihilists. He firmly adheres to his intention of abstaining from further literary work, but hopes are entertained that after his death important posthumous writings, ready for print, will be found among his manuscripts.

In April three more volumes of Professor Max Muller's "Sacred Books of the East" will make their appearance. The first of them, being volume four of the series, will be "The Vedādas," translated by James Darmesteter; and the second "The Bundahish, Bahman Yast and Shastat-sha-yast," by E. W. West, and the third "The Institutes of Vishnu," by Professor J. Jolly. Six other volumes are in preparation, the last of the six having a title which no member of the western branches of the human family is expected to pronounce correctly. It is this: "The Mahāparinibbāna Sutta, the Teviga Sutta, the Mahāsaṃvāsa Sutta, and the Dhammakakkappavattana Sutta."

The South-west is coming prominently to the front with "After Many Years," a strong and large novel, by Robert Bogue, of Mississippi; "Old Nick's Campmeeting," by a gentleman from Texas whose letters are now dated "U. S. Senate"; to be published immediately by the Authors' Publishing Co., New York. The South gives us, through the same house, "Columbia—A National Poem" of sixty odd pages by Col. W. P. Obiton, of Alabama.

E. J. Hale & Son have recently published a new edition, revised and corrected, of Professor Shepherd's "History of the English Language."

D. Appleton & Co. have nearly ready for publication "The Life and writings of Thomas Henry Buckle," by Alfred Henry Huth, a long notice of which, from the *Fortnightly Review*, appears in the April number of Appleton's Journal.

Mr. Aldrich's Serial Story, "The Stillwater Tragedy," which begins in this month's *Atlantic*, can not fail to charm its fortunate readers by the easy grace of its narrative and the delightful freshness and brilliancy of its style. . . . The London *Vanity Fair*, after mentioning the recent enlargement of the *Atlantic*'s type, says: "Nothing else was needed to make it the best of the monthlies."

