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# The Morning Star.

VOL. LVI.

THE MORNING STAR, DOVER, N. H., AUGUST 3, 1881.

NO. 31.

## THE MORNING STAR

A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER.

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## The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1881.

### SOME TIME.

The night will round into the morn,  
The angry storm-wind cease to beat.  
The spent bird preen his wet, tired wing;  
Grief ceaseth when the babe is born.  
There comes an end to hardest thing  
Some time—  
Some time, some far time, late but sweet.

I could not keep on with the fight;  
I could not face my want, my sin,  
The baffled hope, the urgent foe,  
The mighty wrong, the struggling right—  
Excepting that I surely know  
Some time—  
Some time, some dear time, I shall win.

I could not hold so sure, so fast,  
The truth which is to me so true,  
The truth which men deride and shun,  
Were I not sure it shall at last  
Be held as truth by every one,  
Some time—  
Some time all men shall own it, too.

Some time the morning bells shall chime.  
Some time be heard the victor-song,  
Some time the hard goal be attained;  
The puzzles shall be clear some time,  
The tears all shed, the gains all gained,  
Some time—  
Ah, dear time, tarry not too long!

—Susan Coolidge.

### SAN FRANCISCO.

The most remarkable thing in this city is San Francisco. Here among these sand hills, a little while ago, there were a few earthen-covered cabins occupied by a few traders, Mexicans and missionaries. Now a city of nearly three hundred thousand people, with handsome, broad streets, splendid mansions and public buildings, and all the characteristics of a large, growing city. The sand hills have mostly disappeared, and the mountains, surpassing the "Seven hills of Rome" and the "Tri-mountains" of Boston, are ornamented with costly buildings and surroundings. The writer now sees a dwelling, said to have cost two millions of dollars, while others near are almost as grand. The elevation and size give grandeur, the floral and architectural ornamentations beauty, and the "California cable cars" convenience. The street cars are numerous and well arranged, but these cable cars are a luxury peculiar to this city. The motion is steady, a little more rapid than ordinary horse-cars, with no puffing horses or engines. Between the car-tracks two strips of iron about an inch apart, reveal an opening, through which a lever from the car passes to a wire rope, which is moved by a stationary engine with such force that one feels a delight in gliding up these steep, high hills as though drawn by magic. There are flowers, and there is beauty here; but magnitude, greatness, is the leading idea in this country. With the largest ocean upon the globe, a harbor 300 miles in circumference, mountains within and around the city, and the vast sources of wealth,—it is not strange that great men with great ambition and great fortunes are found here. Notwithstanding, it is probably true that at least ninety-nine out of every hundred who have engaged in mining are poor, many of them wretchedly poor, yet a few have vast fortunes. And there are princely merchants, and railroad kings equal to any upon the globe. One railroad company (the Central Pacific) operates nearly 3000 miles of road, is now building a mile a day, and uses for its roads and steamboats a thousand tons a day, throughout the year, of coal or its equivalent in wood. And then there are twenty-five millions of bushels of wheat to be sent to Europe and Asia this year, for the transportation of which, three hundred vessels are known to be now on their way to this harbor; and this not a very good year for wheat, nor fruit, either. But there are immense orchards in this vicinity, and throughout the State. One of 300 acres just visited, has yielded this season one hundred and twenty tons of currants, over a hundred tons of cherries and plums, nearly as many blackberries and strawberries; and the apricots, peaches, apples and various kinds of nuts, occupying most of the orchard, are yet to be marketed. The annual sales from this one orchard amount to twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

The church buildings appear to be respectable in size and number; and public buildings will be large when finished. They have only expended three millions of dollars upon the City Hall, and another three millions upon it will show improvement, if not completion. Even now, the walls serve as a background to the "Sand

Lots" and Kearney. But the hotels are good, and the Palace Hotel is about equal to any hotel in America or Europe. It is 350 by 275 feet, covering over two acres, and is seven stories (120 feet) high, with a glass-covered court in the center. Thirty-one millions of brick, and three thousand tons of iron are in its walls. For guests exclusively, there are 755 rooms, mostly 20x20 feet, ventilated by over 2000 ventilating tubes. The furniture cost \$500,000 and the whole building about three millions. This immense establishment is owned by Hon. Wm. Sharon, late U. S. Senator. There are other establishments, great in numbers. The city authorities report 9000 licensed places for the sale of strong drinks, viz.: one bar for every 31 of the population. And yet, the great mass of the people are respectable in appearance, comfortable in circumstances and generous in spirit; and many are truly pious.

In population, the ends of the earth are here. More than 10,000 Frenchmen, with music, flags and good speaking, collected upon the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille; reminding one of Paris. And there are, probably, more than thirty thousand Chinamen. But I am told that the leading merchants are Jews, the richest miners Irish, and the railroads and steamboats under the control of Eastern Americans. Religious interests must be affected by this state of things and wealth, sensationalism and amusements are sometimes employed for church increase and support. The Jews, Roman Catholics, Presbyterians and Methodists are numerous; the Congregationalists and Baptists less so.

Of the latter there are about 5000 members, 75 ministers—and 30 pastors! But the Baptists are not a perfect unit at present. The Rev., or Mayor, I. S. Kallach has received a good deal of attention here, some esteeming him highly and others having no confidence in his morality, saying nothing of piety. A private division has been effected; over half the pastors and members, including Revs. H. I. Parker and G. S. Abbott, formerly well known in N. E., having refused to fellowship Mr. Kallach, who still preaches in his Temple, publishes his paper and leads the other half of the Baptists. Dr. Abbott is publishing a new Baptist paper and seems to have the largest share of general Christian sympathy. But, as it now appears that Mr. Kallach is not to have much to do in politics, the fight may continue. Two new churches have recently been organized by the respective parties, but the "Kallach," so-called, is already abandoned. The Union Square Baptist church, which prospered so finely under the labors of Dr. Sawtelle, even while he was preaching and practicing free communion, has not seemed to prosper as well since. They are now without a pastor and anxiously looking and praying for the man who can lead them on to victory and success. The church is not connected with any denomination; is a Baptist church decidedly, but has voted to give no invitation to the Lord's Supper. Any good, earnest Baptist preacher, not too demonstrative either way respecting the Eucharist, would be acceptable. The field is very important, white, wasting; and may the "Lord of the harvest" send the reaper. There are some choice spirits here. One deserves special notice. A man, eighty-seven years old, attends the evening prayer-meetings, took an active part in the last one, and exhibited deep interest in the sermon yesterday. Let those who, twenty or thirty years younger, make gay hairs an excuse for not attending evening, religious meetings, while able to attend parties for business, politics or pleasure, learn a lesson. But the secret of this man's strength of faith, for thus "enduring to the end," is this: he always takes an active part in social worship, and has read the Bible through sixty-six times. "Blessed are they that keep His testimonies."

In leaving this metropolis I have no fault to find; but many reasons for grateful memory, especially with reference to Mr. and Mrs. Knights and the Union Square Baptist church, and old friends from the East. And without assuming to say anything of the value of stocks and general utility of different corporations, it is safe and pleasant to say that the perfection of the arrangements, and gentlemanly bearing of the officials and employees of the Central Pacific railroad, deserve respectful notice and public confidence.

Even the weather, always noticed in every salutation, hardly deserves the distinction sometimes expressed in the fogs and trade-winds of this city and coast. The climate and mild winters need no commendation, and the fogs and sea winds relieve from oppressive heat, render labor more agreeable during summer; and with fires in the morning, overcoats and furs in the evening and winter flannels all the time, are quite endurable by the feeble, the lazy and the visitors. May Heaven grant the sunshine of purity, love and piety to this enterprising people.

R. DUNN.

July 18, 1881.

## CIRCULATION OF THE NEW REVISION: HOW ACCOUNTED FOR.

BY PROF. J. J. FULFORD, D. D.

The call for 2,000,000 copies of this work in England alone, and preparation of American publishers to put upon the market a large number of editions, is an unprecedented marvel in the line of book trade. There must be reasons for all this. Let us hope, that excited curiosity, which feeds on the novelty of change has had but little to do with it; but on the other hand, that true reverence for that Word, which has survived the ages, and has contributed immeasurably to the progress of civilization in all lands, and especially has met and satisfied the universal spiritual want of man, has largely contributed to the result. But aside from this general consideration there are special reasons for it.

1. The general conviction, which has been on the increase especially for the last 30 years or more, of the need of revision. This felt need has largely grown out of the fact, as admitted by general consent, that the "Authorized Version" contains several important passages that never belonged to the original text and of course should be eliminated. To this class of passages notably belong the testimony of the three heavenly witnesses, as found in 1 John 5: 7; the closing part of the Lord's prayer, or doxology, so called—Matt. 6: 12; possibly the story of the adulterous woman—John 7: 53, and a few others. But what more especially called for the revision, was the fact that King James's version fails to give the exact sense, if indeed the sense at all, of a very large number of passages, and that many others are expressed in absolute terms, or in otherwise inadequate and objectionable forms of speech. Now there is no intelligent and true lover of the Bible, who does not desire to know through the written Word, what was the exact mind of the Spirit, and to have this as nearly as practicable in his native tongue. The change under any circumstances, would necessarily be attended by immediate inconveniences, and even disadvantages, but these should be cheerfully borne by us, if the generations to come are to have the Word of the Lord in an improved form.

2. Another reason for the rapid circulation of the work in question was the widely existing confidence in the ability and character of the revisers themselves. Among them were to be found many of the ripest scholars, and soundest theologians and critics of England and America. I do not know as any reasonable objection has ever been raised against a single one of them on the ground of incompetency. It seemed to have been assumed from the outset, that the work would be faithfully and conscientiously done, as it doubtless has been. The authority of such a body of men, and confidence in the result of their work of ten long years, must have been very great on the part of the mass of Bible readers, and Bible lovers. But another reason:

3. Was the repeated and persistent assurance, with which we have been made familiar during the whole progress of the work, with respect to what its character should be. We have been told, again and again, that special regard should be had to both the sense and form of the original languages, just so far as that sense and form could consistently be transferred to the English tongue. Now these considerations had great weight with those who have any knowledge of the principles of translating one language into another, and the sources of such a translation as the one in question; but with the people in general it was otherwise. It is doubtful whether they called for, or even desired a new version. The old, in its peculiar forms of expression, popular style, and crisp Anglo-Saxonisms, was very dear to them. But this was met by the assurance on the part of the revisers, that "no new translation was contemplated, or any alteration of language of the Bible, except such as competent scholars judged necessary that in such necessary changes the style of the language in the existing version should be closely followed." This wonderfully reconciled the people at large to the project of revision, and prepared them, in case the pledge should be redeemed, to accept it, if not cordially at least with good grace.

The New Testament is complete, and the English speaking world is to-day sitting in judgment on it. Already there have appeared a large number of Periodical articles in review of it, written with great ability and candor, constituting the very best reading of the day. As a rule it is allowed, that the revision scholars have done a good work, and one which constitutes in many respects a marked and grateful advance on any and all previous efforts of the kind. Of course, exceptions are taken to some parts,—exceptions were taken by some, perhaps in cases by many, members of the committees themselves—exceptions to isolated passages, and what is of greater importance, to classes of passages. It is objected that by overstraining the principle of liberalism the true sense of the

original is often obscured, and in some instances wholly excluded, and in other cases, by attempting to preserve or imitate the Greek form of expression, the English is bad, if indeed grammatical. The want of uniformity is complained of. The same Greek word is translated by different English words, without adequate cause.

As to the verdict of the people, it is not yet rendered. They do not write for the papers, nor have they any other way of publicly announcing their judgment. The wonderful sale of the work at the outset, proves nothing as to the ultimate result. If it disappoints raised expectation, the reversion of feeling, when it comes, will be all the more emphatic and decisive. In any case, its acceptance and adoption, if they come at all, will be a slow, if not a tedious process. The Vulgate—the very text of which is now sacred to the Catholic—was at first denounced, and anathematized even. The "Authorized Version" had a long and painful struggle to gain general favor. Should this new version never take the place of the old, the labor spent on it will be far from being lost. It, at least, will constitute a valuable commentary, and will prove a stimulus to a wider, and more thorough study of the Word, perhaps, than it has ever yet commanded.

## RHODE ISLAND'S IMPROVED LICENSE LAW.

BY E. S. BURLINGAME.

The petition for a prohibitory law, sent to our last Legislature, was found by that body to be of sufficient importance to merit some attention. So, after devoting a good deal of time to the subject, the Legislature said to the people: "You do not know what you want. You want the sale of liquor suppressed and you think a prohibitory law will do it. We know better. We will improve and make more stringent our license law. That is what you want."

When the improved license law—with one clause forbidding the granting of licenses within four hundred feet of a school-house, and another, allowing property owners to prevent the granting of licenses within two hundred feet of their possessions—was sufficiently spiced and pruned to be called complete, people in favor of the license system said, "See what a perfect law we have!" Many temperance people, on the principle that "half a loaf is better than none," thought, "Now, if those interested are on the alert, this evil of liquor-selling can be brought under control." The result was eagerly awaited by some, while others went to work to help make the law effective.

There was quite a stir among the dealers in Providence, who had liquor stores within four hundred feet of school-houses. One man hired three different stores, only to be told successively that he was still within the doomed circle. His wrath overflowed in unreportable words. School children were seen with lines measuring the distances from their school-houses to saloons. And the Commissioners, who have appeared to feel that they are an abused set of men, because the temperance people have not recognized them as co-laborers, seemed in high spirits, as they aimed to carry out the provisions of the law. Ladies and gentlemen interested themselves to some extent in visiting property-owners with petitions against having licenses granted in their locality, and the petitions presented were respected.

But now that the licenses have been granted and things are in working order again, we ask, with little Peterkin: "But what good came of it at last?" And we know of no better answer than that of the grandfather:

"Oh, that I can't tell," said he, "but 'twas a famous victory."

It is true that the children who live within four hundred feet of school-houses do not have to pass a saloon in going to school, but in going on errands or in their play, they probably pass as many as before, and the children who live beyond that limit pass the saloons before they reach the vicinity of the school-house, thus giving them the opportunity, when desired, of patronizing those places more unobserved by teachers or fellow-pupils.

Some property owners are favored in having nuisances removed, only to have other property owners, who were not on the alert, chagrined at the arrival of said nuisances at their doors. There has been no diminution either in the amount of drunkenness in the streets, or in the number of crimes, accidents and other miserable results of intemperance. The net gain may be represented in this way: Mr. A. sits on his piazza with chair tipped back and arms folded, and surveys with serene satisfaction the closed store on the opposite side of the street, while he blesses the law that rids him of the annoyances that accompany a liquor store. Mr. B. with wrathful looks and indignant mien, sits at his front window and sees the dray with its load of black barrels back up to the new store near his residence. It is little comfort to him to tell him he could have prevented it, after the application for license was published in the

paper. He was out of town and did not see it.

The simple truth is that the licensing of the liquor traffic is so wrong that no amount of doctoring can make a license law a good one. The idea of licensing any traffic is to so control that which brings good to community under some conditions, that no harm shall result under other conditions. The sale of powder is considered necessary for the good of the community, but its unrestricted sale by careless persons might result in great damage, therefore it is best and right to license its sale. Sidewalk vendors may be advantageous to the interests of a city, but, unrestrained, they would interfere with travel and trouble would result; therefore it is well to control such business by license. But the liquor traffic can not possibly come within this rule, for it brings no good to community. All its results are harmful. Therefore a successful and efficient license law never can or will be enacted.

## KANSAS'S MAMMOTH CAVE.

DISCOVERY OF A MAMMOTH CAVE IN KANSAS.

The discovery of the cave was made about a month since. Thomas County being only sparsely settled, the discovery was accidental and made while following a wounded wolf, which took refuge there, and finding a human skull and other bones, from which the flesh had long since been removed, at its entrance. The discoverer, supposing it to be a wolf's den, obtained the assistance of Mr. Hamilton, who happened to be in the vicinity, and the owner of the land, and the three, well armed and carrying a lantern, proceeded to the spot at the base of a high bluff, and pushing aside the underbrush found an opening in the mound, irregular in shape and about three feet in diameter. Into this opening the party cautiously proceeded on their hands and knees a distance of three or four feet, when the passage-way, enlarging in every direction, permitted them to assume an erect position, and they found themselves in an irregular-shaped room, its ceiling sloping upward and out of sight. The place was intensely dark, only a few rays of sunlight penetrating through the entrance, and the light of the lantern seemed but to make the darkness more perceptible. Passing over the wolf's body, they found the floor of the room was covered with human skeletons and bones entirely denuded of flesh, placed in every conceivable position. Some stood upright against the wall, others were in a sitting posture, but the greater part lay scattered on the floor in confused masses. The room was somewhat triangular in shape, its longest side being upward of forty feet and the others about twenty each. Hung on its walls or resting against them, and lying on the floor among the skeletons, were numerous shields and spears and other implements of warfare of a savage race.

On the next morning, having procured two additional lanterns and improvised a torch, the explorers re-entered the cave, and, clambering over the skeletons to the aperture in the wall noticed the day previous, they entered it and found themselves in a passageway about four feet high and nine feet wide, arched overhead: the walls were of solid white rock and covered with moisture. The floor of the hall-way sloped downward. The hall-way was about twenty feet long, and appeared to have been cut in the solid rock by skilled workmen. At the further extremity it opened into another chamber, on the threshold of which the party was halted by noises resembling movements of animals within. Peering into the Egyptian darkness, and discerning nothing, and thinking they had found the wolf's abode, one of them fired his pistol, and their ears were astonished with a succession of reports, as from a dozen pistols, repeated from all parts of the room. An involuntary exclamation of surprise escaped from one of the party, and his words, "Great God!" were in a like manner distinctly echoed and re-echoed as by a dozen voices in as many tones, finally dying out apparently in the far distance.

After their astonishment had subsided they were convinced that they had discovered a veritable echo gallery. Leaving a light at the entrance to mark its locality, they proceeded to explore it, and found it to be nearly circular in form and nearly one hundred feet in diameter. The walls were perpendicular and rose to a great height, and had numerous niches, some apparently being openings into other chambers. The lights were not strong enough to reveal the ceiling. The floor was solid rock and quite level and smooth, and very damp. On one side of the room was found a platform of solid rock about twenty feet square, rising abruptly from the floor to a height of about four feet; otherwise the room was quite empty. Mr. Hamilton here said emphatically: "Nature might have furnished the outlines of the cave, but nature never uses a square in its work and never makes right angles and never chiseled that platform nor the hall-way through which we entered the room—it was the work of flesh and blood."

On the other side of the platform were found two openings in the walls, one of which resembled the hallway between the two chambers, but with its floor obstructed with masses of rock. The other was an arched way about six feet high, the arch extending to the floor. Passing through the arch a short distance they came to a stream of water about a foot in depth, passing over a bed of white sand. The water was very clear and cold, and, though evidently flowing, had but little velocity. The width of the stream could not be determined, but as far as the lights could penetrate it was arched over by solid walls of rock, approaching very near its surface.—Kansas paper.

## NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, July 30, 1881.

GOD'S BEACHES AND THE DEVIL'S.

The ascendancy of evil, particularly in the form of impiety, in this world, is fully exhibited in a metropolis where all kinds of people congregate, without exception, and indulge themselves without restraint, save remotely from the police. The lingering remains of public opinion unfavorable to public profanation of the Sabbath have been simultaneously undermined by the pseudo-Christianity that like Shakespeare's "sanctimonious pirate" scrapes one commandment out of the table, and swept away by the irruption of the refuse of Sabbathless Europe. Everything is now in full blast on the Sabbath, by which money or pleasure can be got, and every resort of amusement that does not cost too much in labor to be profitable on Sunday is filled with the beeriest, noisiest and most enormous throngs of all the week. The morning papers all do their principal day's business on Sunday, and on Monday are filled with rapturous accounts of the universal rush to the steamboats and railroads, the beaches and beer gardens, that makes one day in seven as hideous and restless as it was meant by the Creator to be hallowed and refreshing.

To a mind not bereft of reverence for God's sanctities by the profane custom of the world and the profane sophistry of so-called churches, it is distress and horror to read the regular Monday morning reports of Sunday orgies. Unnumbered cars and steamboats, crowded to peril of life, throng every avenue to the seaside; the churches are deserted, and all sorts of shows, dances, dramshops and gaming tables, divide with the surf the devotion of miserable myriads whose god is their belly and whose hope is annihilation; until night brings back the crowds, excited or exhausted, often intoxicated and riotous, sometimes with scenes of murderous violence and crime. But all this is bearable in comparison with the hypocritical pretense of needful recreation, and the "Sabbath for man," upon which the system of lawless public profanation is justified by the false prophets of press and pulpit, by whom this generation loves to be deceived.

Soul-sick with reading all these things, more than can be generalized in any poor language at my command, in this week's reports, I cast about me hopelessly for some protest as salient as the offense, some contradiction as express and articulate, of this universal fools' chorus, "No God!" All the prominent good works of the city (such as get to the public ear without a *Daily Witness*, I mean) are suspended, and the wearied workers are scattered in secluded nooks, reclined and fanning themselves in the shade. The prominent pastors are gone to Europe or elsewhere; their churches are closed, or half-closed, and as good as empty; the city missionaries plod their obscure and weary way unnoticed by the public, Christian or other. All this comes by good reason, even necessity, they say, and I am far from finding fault with those who, on the whole do the best and hardest year's work that are done in New York. But is true religion, with all its wealth, talents and social power, really able to muster no better object or opposition than this, to the profane carnival of a New York summer Sunday?

Amid such musings as these, drifting through the God-forsaken columns of suburban Sunday news, my eyes met an oasis in Monday's *Times* as balmy to them as an isle of palms in a torrid desert. Thank God for the Methodists of Ocean Grove, of the New Jersey Highlands, of Sea Cliff, and of all other Christian suburban resorts, that have come out and separated themselves expressly to rational and wholesome, devout and loyal recreation! Some good brother and wise as well, had evidently brought about in the *Times* a well-written, newspaper-like report of that other side of our Sunday life by the seaside, on which the light falls from above. Here was the very protest, for which I was sighing. Henceforth let it be remembered that while our beaches at Coney Island and Rockaway are roaring with affront to heaven louder than their surf, on the holy day, other suburban beaches as favored of Nature are dedicated to the honor of God and his law, and the new extreme of impiety itself is forced to do service in emphasizing as never before the contrast and the separation between him that serveth God and him that serveth Him not. There the breakers chant their glorious anthem all the Sabbath day, uninterrupted, but blended with the notes of man's reasonable and spiritual worship, or solemnly sympathetic with the vibrating tones of human prayer. The throng on the beach at sunrise or sunset is there to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy to Him who blessed and hallowed it. It is a temple, and a temple, cleansed of money-changers and traffic. No greedy car of Mammoth breaks the peace of God with its roaring wheels and disordered crowd; no steamboat hisses its defiance and pours its torrent of revellers into the bosom of the Divine Rest. No traveler is permitted to enter within the gates or go forth, unless for necessity or of mercy. No guest is wanted there, nor wants to be there, but those who love the Sabbath as their very soul's sanctuary, and honor it as the law of their God. These find congenial welcome and society.

All the inhabitants and visitors assemble to worship God, with the grandest scenic and orchestral accompaniments of nature. Neither on this nor any other day can a single drameiller slyly set ajar a back door to hell. In contrast with the impious animalism of the guests and dissipation of the hosts and transporters at the great seaside Vanity Fair—all this seems like the purity and peace of Beulah Land, and an earnest of the millennial day when the King shall have his own.

A magnificent seaside rest just opened in this Christian spirit is the New Jersey Highlands, overlooking Sandy Hook and the ocean.

VIND.



## S. S. Department.

## Sunday-School Lesson.—Aug. 14.

(For Questions see Star Quarterly and Lesson Papers.)

## THE RED SEA.

## DAILY READINGS.

M. The Red Sea. Exodus 14: 19-27.  
 T. Departure from Egypt. Exodus 12: 29-39.  
 W. Pursued by Pharaoh. Exodus 14: 5-18.  
 Th. Through the sea. Exodus 14: 19-31.  
 F. Moses' song. Exodus 15: 1-21.  
 S. Confidence in God. Ps. 77: 1-20.  
 S. Thanksgiving for mercies. Ps. 114: 1-45.

GOLDEN TEXT:—"Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward."—Exodus 14: 15.

Exodus 14: 19-27

## Notes and Hints.

On the same night in which the first Passover was kept, the first-born child in every Egyptian family died, and the Egyptians at once besought the Israelites to go away, and freely gave them the jewels and clothing they asked for. They left in great haste. Pharaoh, repenting of his course in letting them go, followed them with an army which was destroyed as told in this lesson.

"The children of Israel assembled from all parts of Goshen, and probably came together at Ramesses, marched eastward till they came to Etham, and then southward, till they reached the Red Sea, which they crossed near Suez."—*Peloubet*.

I. The pillar of fire. It is estimated that there were more than two millions of Hebrews who escaped from Egypt in the exodus. So large a company could not be kept together and led successfully along such a journey as they were taking without some signal which could be seen from afar. This Jehovah furnished in the pillar of cloud which went before them by day, and became a pillar of fire by night. He is represented as hiding himself in the thick clouds, and fire is a symbol of the deity. When they arrived at the Red Sea, this divinely appointed signal passed over the encampment to the rear of the host, and settled down as a wall between them and the Egyptians, who in their rashness were pursuing them. Toward their enemies it was a cloud of darkness, but towards the Israelites it gave light upon the entire encampment.

II. The passage through the Red Sea. This event is one of the most remarkable in history, and could have been possible only by an exercise of divine power in opening the way. Without doubt, the crossing took place at a point where the western arm of the Red Sea is neither wide nor deep, but no ordinary and simply natural wind could have rolled the waters back sufficiently. The road-way must have been broad, and kept open during the entire night, in order that this immense caravan of men, women and children, with their cattle and baggage, could have passed across in safety. Only a miracle could have made such a path through the sea. It would have been a most wonderful thing had this been all, but it was only a part.

III. The pursuers destroyed. The Egyptians, unmindful of the lessons already given them, pressed madly on after their former slaves, until, just before sunrise, Pharaoh and his army, in their chariots, which were famous among all surrounding nations, were well down into the bed of the sea. Then the word of the Lord went forth against them. Their loosened chariot wheels began to roll off, and confusion to prevail amongst them. At the command of the Almighty, Moses stretched out his hand over the sea, and the waters rolled together again, overwhelming the host in a common destruction. Thus does the Ruler of the universe defeat the plans of the ungodly, and appear in unlooked for ways to help them that trust in Him and do right.

## GLEANINGS FROM THE NOTE-MAKERS.

(From Rev. Dr. P. S. Henson.)

God is not only a guide to his people, but a guard; he not only goes before them, but behind them, which is an exceeding comfort, seeing that the devil and his angels are ever dogging their steps, even as Pharaoh and his hosts followed after Israel. The cloudy pillar which had gone before them, now, in their peril, came most opportunely "between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these."

And this double-facedness is characteristic of a thousand things in life's experience. The look which they wear to the Lord's people is very different from that which they present to other people. The Christian life itself, to the unregenerate, is but "a cloud and darkness;" but to God's children, how full of divinely radiance! Not in the gloom they grope; but they walk in the light, singing as they go.

How often in the experience of the church, how often in the experience of the individual Christian, has it seemed as if there could not possibly be any gateway of deliverance; and yet when, presently, God has led his people forward by a way which they knew not, which they never could have found or cast up for themselves, how have they been filled with wonder and with praise—not unmixed with shame perhaps—because for a while they doubted him.

—Bapt. Teacher.

(From Rev. R. R. Meredith, D. D.)

What a lesson for God's people, in every age! Duty frequently means difficulty. The children of Israel, in marching toward the Red Sea were obeying a divine command—were in the path of duty, but think of the difficulty into which they were plunged. It is ever thus. But how slow we are to learn the lesson. How constantly we assume that if we only follow the divine leading, we shall escape trial and be conducted by a smooth way. Hence when difficulty springs up and troubles assail us, we are taken wholly by surprise, and sink into unbelief and discouragement, or, doubting the sincerity of our own purposes, write bitter things against ourselves. We would be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease, but God teaches us here and elsewhere in his Word that the path to glory lies through conflicts and distress, and that we must through much tribulation enter the kingdom.

## SUNDAY-SCHOOL NEWS AND NOTES.

Not less than five thousand two hundred and twenty Sunday-school Conventions and Institutes and Assemblies were held in America during the past year—an average of about a hundred a week, or of fourteen each day.

In a Sunday-school in an eastern city, at its anniversary, instead of bon-bons or picture-cards, there were distributed to the scholars packages of ten kinds of flower-seeds, with clear, simple instructions as to the sowing and care of them. The superintendent of the school offered a prize, to be given at mid-summer, at a horticultural exhibition by the scholars, for the best result of this gift, in cut or potted flowers.—*Baptist Teacher*.

Dr. Crosby is of the opinion that the pastor should be in close connection with the Sabbath-school—"able at proper times, to counsel the superintendent, who, if he be a good superintendent, will always desire the counsel of his pastor." He advises him "to gather up the principal threads of truth which have been woven by the teachers during the hour, and light up those with illustrations for all the scholars." Certainly a pastor who neglects the Sunday-school can not expect to have much influence over the young people.—*Nat. Teacher*.

More than one hundred pupils belong to the school maintained by the Stockton Chinese Mission of California, which held its anniversary June 19, and of these, two have been received into the membership of the Congregational church during the year.

Over a thousand children took part in the annual day service of "Praise and Patriotism" at the Roseville Presbyterian Sunday-school of Newark, New Jersey. Small flags were distributed among the children, and at the conclusion of the service all sang the national anthem amidst the waving of flags.

Sunday-school Day was observed by the London Sunday-school Union on Wednesday, June 29. In the afternoon a choral concert composed of five thousand voices selected from the Sunday-schools of the city, was held in the Crystal Palace.

A steady increase in the success of the Sunday-school department of the American Home Missionary Society's work is reported. The contributions in this department for the official year recently closed, were nearly quadruple those of four years ago. The organization of 224 new schools is reported, making the total number under the care of the missionaries, 1,658. The number of Sunday-school and Bible-class scholars is set at 99,898. It should be remembered, too, that these reports are defective, and do not show the complete results of the work.—*S. S. Times*.

We need not be unkind to past ages. Do you think that we, in the nineteenth century, with our telescopes and microscopes, are living more deeply and more essentially than men who lived three thousand years ago? No; not a bit. We are having more vehicles to carry out God's work, but we do not live any more than the old patriarchs, who sat at their tent-doors and communed with God, or than the old Chaldean shepherds, who felt this dim mystery among the hills.—*Rev. E. H. Chapin*.

At a missionary meeting at Hamilton, Ont., John Sunday, an Indian preacher, in closing an address, spoke as follows: "There is a gentleman who, I suppose, is now in this house. He is a very fine gentleman, but a very modest one. He does not like to show himself at these meetings. I do not know how long it is since I have seen him, he comes out so little. I am very much afraid that he sleeps a good deal of his time, when he ought to be out doing good. His name is Gold. Mr. Gold, are you here to-night, or are you sleeping in your iron chest? Come out, Mr. Gold, come out and help us do this great work, to preach the gospel to every creature. Ah, Mr. Gold, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to sleep so much in your iron chest. Look at your white brother, Mr. Silver, he does a good deal of good, while you are sleeping. Come out, Mr. Gold! Look, too, at your little brown brother, Mr. Copper; he is everywhere. Your poor little brown brother is running about, doing all that he can to help us. Why don't you come out, Mr. Gold? Well, if you won't show yourself, send us your shirt, that is, a bank note. That is all I have to say."

## Communications.

## MUSIC.

BY CHARLES H. TORY.

Music is the universal language in which God speaks to man. It is as old as the world itself. Nature abounds with it. We listen to the mournful, yet musical, whisperings of the wind, the ocean's ceaseless dirge, forever chanting the requiem of every human hope, and, above all, the wild warblings of the birds, whose trills,

"Untwisting all the chains that tie,  
 And hidden sorrows of humanity,"

have never been equaled by instrumental art or human voice. At times, the thunder's awful roar reminds us of the omnipotent power of the Great Author of all harmony. The mighty cataract of Niagara is said to give forth no roar at all, but a perfect harmonic structure—the full dominant seventh chord of our instrumental system, the true intonation of which has been scientifically calculated to be below anything ever heard by mortal ear. This, indeed, must be the sublimest music on earth. All the beauty and grandeur, which the imagination can picture, in music find their perfect representation. As an art, its origin is involved in obscurity. While, undoubtedly, it originated in Egypt, it was in Greece that it was first truly appreciated, and since music, heavenly music, was young, since her veneration began on the eastern declivity of Mount Olympus, the human heart has ever been ready to acknowledge her supreme power. Ever has she been "a hovering spirit, girt with golden wings."

Appealing, as music does, to the imagination, it has been largely influenced by its creations. The high, idealizing instinct of the Greeks led to the invention of the Orphic legends. When Orpheus sang to his lyre, the streams stood still, the stones admired, and the lion and the lamb lay down together. Even as his bewitching strains dispelled the watchfulness of Cerberus, so will a love for the divine art soften the hardened heart of man, drive away his evil thoughts, and direct him to a higher and a nobler life, sooner than all else on earth save the solemn truths of the gospel. But while we look to Greece for excellence in the art of sculpture and the beautiful creations of mythology, it is a high born Roman maid, "the patron saint of the inspired," who has exercised more influence upon music than all other creations of idea and tradition.

"Of Orpheus now, no more let poets tell;  
 To bright Cecilia greater power is given:  
 His numbers raised a shade from hell;  
 Hers lift the soul to heaven."

"She loved to swell God's praise, and sang  
 So sweetly day and night,  
 That angels listening leant from heaven,  
 In mute delight."

She alone has inspired the pen of Pope, Addison and Dryden, the chisel of Maderno, and the brush of the great Raphael.

Such offsprings of fancy as these have brooded over art in its most sensuous, beautiful and sublime development. In sunny Italy, so hallowed with the classic associations of the past, the home of melody, "the true clime of song," music was carefully nourished at the altar of the Christian church. Here Pope Gregory laid the foundation of true church music. By its side gradually sprang up a secular music, which had its influence upon that of the church. As a result of this progress, the opera and the oratorio, the culminating forms of musical drama, were both produced in the same year. But Italy's excellence consisted in melody. It was reserved for other lands to witness both the perfection and the reconciliation of musical art with musical science. To Germany the world is indebted for intellectual music. Italy produced her two greatest art forms in the same year; Germany, her two greatest artists. In the year 1856, two men were born who were destined to seize, with a firm grasp, all the musical art knowledge of their time, and carry their art to a height never before dreamed of. Bach and Handel will ever occupy the highest position in that bright galaxy of stars which adorns the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. What a fascination comes over the mind as we think of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn and others of almost equal genius!

Although in the mind of Wagner and those of his school, the music of Beethoven may be the perfection of mechanism, and Mendelssohn "a musical spinster," the influence of these great men will extend, like a glittering rainbow, over future generations. In the wonderful development of harmony which these artists helped to effect, nothing played a greater part than the invention of the organ, which, by the perfection of its mechanism and the grandeur of its music, is to-day justly ranked as the "King of Instruments." To appreciate it, in its fullness, repair to the glorious temple of the Most High. There sits the musing organist. A master hand sweeps those lifeless keys and the instrument springs into life. He stretches "a bridge from Dreamland" for his lay and closer, closer draws his theme. Marvelous harmonies, which seem to tremble with an inward thrill of bliss at their own grandeur, come rolling forth upon the soul. The clear notes warble about the lofty ceiling and play along the roof. What long-drawn cadences! What solemn sweeping concords! Amid this om-

nipotence of music, the deep laboring bass heaves its surges to and fro like thunder from the mighty deep. And now comes a soft reverie, telling us of the beauty, purity and serenity of the Hereafter.

Amid such influences as these, who shall say that music is not a great moral agency? Its decline, together with that of the other arts is the herald of a nation's downfall. From the beginning, it has been one of the ministering spirits that stand round the throne of God, to issue forth at his bidding and do his errands upon the earth. Says Shakespeare,

"The man that hath no music in himself,  
 And is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

Poets and philosophers have bestowed upon it their most eloquent tributes. Says Goethe, "A man should hear a little music, read a little poetry and see a fine picture every day of his life, in order that worldly cares may not entirely obliterate the sense of the beautiful which God has implanted in the human soul." And the late Lord Beaconsfield uttered this noble sentiment: "Were it not for music, we might, in these days, truly say, 'The beautiful is dead.'" Amid the roar and smoke of battle, and the terrible carnage of shot and shell—scenes wild enough to make the angels weep, music has inspired faltering hearts and carried armies to victory. At a critical moment, during the battle of Waterloo, Wellington was informed that the Forty-second Highlanders had begun to waver. On inquiring the cause, he was told that the band had ceased to play. Thereupon he ordered the pipes to be played in full force. The wavering soldiers rallied, and bravely pushed forward their part of the line. The French wavered—broke—fled, and Waterloo was won. Thus did music play some part in that mighty conflict which fixed the destiny of a nation and made Napoleon, the emperor, Napoleon, the exile. While we have such a powerful art as this in our midst, should it not be cultivated for something more than mere sensuous gratification and, as in the golden age of Athens, be made an essential part of education?

It is claimed by some that musical cultivation is useless where natural ability is wanting. The cause of this assertion is not so much a want of genius as a want of industry. According to Goethe, genius is only another word for industry. Would Michael Angelo have ornamented St. Peter's? would Rubens have startled the galleries of Europe? would Beethoven and Mozart have poured forth their souls in music—had they sat down and waited for inspiration to come to them? No! Genius is work. Art only reveals its deepest secret to those who cling to it with pure, undying devotion. As Longfellow has well said:

"The heights by great men reached and kept,  
 Were not attained by sudden flight,  
 But they, while their companions slept,  
 Were toiling upward in the night."

In America to-day, music exists in all forms and all stages of development, from the Jew's-harp melody of the farm-boy as he drives his cows to pasture, to the seemingly divine inspirations of Bach, swelling forth from some great organ in a concert-hall and resounding from amphitheater to dome; from the plain song of the school-girl to the wonderfully embellished melodies of Gerster.

Among the mountains of Switzerland, it is a beautiful custom for the maidens to come forth at eventide and lift their voices in song. Hillside after hillside takes up the glad refrain until the very hills themselves seem to rejoice. They continue in song until their brothers answer them, from the opposite hills, on their return home. Music in all its perfection will never be heard until amid the glad harmony of the resurrection morn, nature shall change her strains from minor to major, and, in response, the gates of the eternal city shall be opened, and there shall come swelling forth the songs of the great company of the redeemed, and the celestial chorus of angels and archangels in harmonies, beautiful, grand, and majestic, such as the ear of man hath not yet heard.

## SOME COMFORTING THOUGHTS.

BY GAINSBORO.

We have been thinking of the case of our greatly beloved President, since his assassination, and there have come to us some very comforting lessons, that may be of equal comfort to you, reader.

You have been reading with glad heart and tearful eye, of the universal manifestation of love and sympathy for the President; and then you have thought, perhaps, that after all only an infinitesimally small part of all the love and sympathy felt for him, had been, or even could be, expressed! And you have said to yourself, how good it is to so beloved! To have so many feel such a genuine interest in one! How many in all the world care thus for me? And very likely you concluded that few, very few at the most, were thus interested in you. But is it not "in our haste," that we thus conclude. Is it not a fact legitimately drawn from God's Word, that there is a vast multitude, that no man can number, who feel a love for, and interest in us, such as no man in the flesh can feel for another? And "in us," not as a mass of persons,—but as separate individuals?

O, surely such is the fact. The rejoicings that go up from the hearts of our countrymen, at every item of good news relating to the President's situation, are

but the feeblest echoes of the rejoicings of the heavenly host over many and many a single individual here on the earth? There is then, there must be, an amount of love for each of us, that makes all we have known of, for our President, dwindle into smallness. But what is all the love of all created beings, compared with that of our Heavenly Father feels for each of us? The "work of God," now, is that we believe "the love which God hath in our case."

A second most comforting thought in relation to our President is that he will have all the care that human love, and wisdom, can provide. This we have not the least doubt of, and we rest calmly in the thought.

Have we not (or may we not have), the same comfort for ourselves, individually, in the thought of the love of the Infinite One, and his angels, for us? Is it not the truth that our Saviour ever labored to get into the hearts of men? Is it not a prime truth in God's Word? What, then, is robbing you, dear reader, of all the joy and peace of this glorious truth? Death can not do it, neither can life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor anything else,—but unbelief! By the grace of God tear away this, the only dyke, that can keep out the oceans of God's love, and of his attendant hosts, for you. "Only believe" and the peace of this love shall ever abide with you and fill you!

"Well," says one, "if I could only see this all to be true," forgetting that the chiefly blessed are always "they who have not seen, and yet have believed," and that true peace is conditioned upon "believing," alone. God will never fully justify his ways to "sight," or at least in this life,—and yet may not "sight" get a glimpse of this truth from the President's case, when it asks, how can God's dealings with men be reconciled with the great love we have been talking of? Is it not plainly seen that all the great human love for the President is just now subject to, and directed by, the condition in which the assassin's weapon has placed him? Even so God's great love for us must take its form of working from the position sin has placed us in! And if we start back at the thought of criticising the directions of the President's medical advisers, and taking his case into our own unskilled hands, how infinitely more should we shudder at the thought of questioning God's way toward man!

As God seems likely, now, to make that which was intended for his death, to achieve in and through the President a higher life than the heart of his most ardent lover ever conceived, so it is surely the province of His love and power to "make all things work together for good," and a good beyond the farthest reach of human imagination, to those who return His great love for them.

## BATES COLLEGE: ITS HOPES AND STRUGGLES.

BY REV. J. S. BURGESS.

The *Star* in reporting the address of President Cheney, to the Trustees of the College, said, "That the entire debt so long a burden and grievous embarrassment to the College, had at last been paid." "That this declaration of the President, evidently gave great satisfaction to the Trustees, and no doubt would give equal joy to all friends of the Institution." The *Star* expressed its hope, that the future would never witness again the existence or creation of any indebtedness whatsoever. To all this we with thousands of others, responded a most hearty "Amen!" and felt like singing the doxology, "Praise God," &c.

The struggles of the College have been many, and at times almost overpowering: From the inception of the Maine State Seminary; in its charter by the Legislature; its location at Lewiston, and then on the site it now occupies; difficulties in building, and large indebtedness following its completion; providing means to sustain its attenuated and slender credit; and subsequent payment of its debt of \$23,000; the new College charter, covering and changing the M. S. Seminary into a College, besides embracing the Theological School and Nichols Latin School, with the creation of a debt of at least \$75,000; numerous hindrances, and most painful embarrassments and delays attending pledges, subscriptions,—and by no means the least, complications following the sudden death of Benj. E. Bates, Esq.

No one has felt these many trials, tribulations, and overwhelming struggles of hopes deferred, and unexpected difficulties, if not total defeats, as President Cheney—whose shoulders, though not physically broad have been squarely under the mountain-weight of responsibilities! Those who for a quarter-century, have been closely connected with Mr. Cheney, in this great educational work,

from the beginning down to the present hour, have felt and shared something of the burden and anxiety of the situation! Those of us alive, and those dear ones in heaven, now forever at rest, are made inexpressibly jubilant over past achievements and encouraging prospects for the future. Founding a college, with all necessary funds, appliances, efficient officers, and faculty every way qualified, for the task of a well-manned New England college—is by no manner of means an ordinary undertaking. When we see what some of the older colleges have accomplished, not only in splendid grounds, costly and imposing buildings, immense libraries, learned and numerous professors and teachers, ample funds for every department of university work, and pro-

found scholarship within their reach and opportunities; but in the men these old institutions have graduated, editors, authors, scholars, statesmen, clergymen, and educators, occupying places of the largest trusts, and responsibilities of the most imperative and imposing character—all within and under the direction of the College and its connections! who will question the magnitude of the work, which has within its possibilities, yea probabilities, such momentous results, as the character of the men who shall shape the future of the race?

This is not the work of a day! Years of toil, large outlays, if not the sacrifice of several generations, are required, to lay firmly the foundations of a college worthy the name, as is distinctly shown in the history of our oldest and best. The spirit of hurry and impatience, an over-weening anxiety for greatness and popularity, at the expense of solid growth and essential qualities demanding time and earnest work to mature,—must be suppressed, making room for the spirit of patient waiting, faith, hope and untiring perseverance. This is the auspicious moment in the history of Bates College. To adopt a "pay as you go" system of expenditure, the present freedom of debt, and consequent independence, rigidly maintained at all hazards—the current outlays of the College never to exceed its income in any contingency whatever—will render the success of the College doubly sure.

We feel certain that such a financial policy would receive the heartiest indorsement of its most reliable and deeply interested friends, both in and outside the denomination, and effectually prepare the way for more liberal contributions than the institution has ever enjoyed, at least among Free Will Baptists.

The enormous debt on the College, for years past, has closed many a door to generous gifts, through fear of an utter failure and disgraceful overthrow of all that had been accomplished. By the payment of liabilities, and assurance of their non-creation in future, fear is removed, and confidence secured of legitimate growth and ultimate success. If we rightly understand it, it is, that the College shall never again be in bondage to debt! In taking, and maintaining such a position, great credit will be accorded the President, Professors and Trustees of the College.

## A NEEDED REFORM.

"I think that nine-tenths of the time of all the members of the Cabinet since the inauguration has been taken up considering applications for office. I know that nine-tenths of my time has been occupied in that way. I would be thankful if I had not a single appointment to make."

Such are the reported words of the Secretary of the Treasury in a recent utterance. They reflect, as the account which contains them assures us, the opinion of the whole of President Garfield's Cabinet. They reveal a state of affairs which imperatively demands reform. The officers of the Cabinet, as well as others in the service of the Government, have their duties to perform that the business of the people may be properly attended to. It is not fair that their time should be so occupied by applications for place that little or none is left for the discharge of legitimate duties.

To seek service under the Government is, of course, honorable enough in itself. Practically the trouble is that applicants expect appointment through political influence, irrespective of fitness for the discharge of the duties of the office sought. Hence has grown into being that system of administration that makes our civil service a mere displacement and appointment machine. The object in view is only remotely the actual work of the Government—which is, of course, the work of the people. The object in the view of the "workers," is the giving or receiving, as the case may be, of rewards for political services. This honeycomb of our politics all the way through. Its evil consummation was reached, as we have heretofore said, in the bullet aimed at the life of the nation's Chief Magistrate.

The remedy is a simple one, however difficult it may be to apply it. "I learned long ago," says Postmaster-General James, "that I could not safely depend upon clerks who had no other endorsements than those of their political backers." The remedy is to conduct Government business as any other successful business is conducted. Let appointments be made upon suitable examination, and promotions on the same basis, and then let the tenure of office continue so long as there is honesty and capacity. The politician who lives by the present "spoils system" does not want any change. But the people are learning what is needed in this direction, and, unless we are greatly mistaken, will ere long make their demands known with an emphasis the politicians can not misunderstand.

To find the best practicable method of working this needed reform may require some experiment. But the main difficulty is not in the how, but in forcing upon the politician's mind the idea that statesmanship is not a dicker for offices, but the administration of public affairs for the good of the people. The nation is awake to this necessity as never before. The politicians will do well to be wise in time.

—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

When it was asked how God could hear so many prayers all at once a little child said: "Why! he has telephones running everywhere."



## MISSION WORK.

CONDUCTED BY REV. G. C. WATERMAN.

## STORER COLLEGE.

Brethren, again the pressure is upon us. Shall we flinch under it? It would not be a pressure at all, if every one who can, and who might fairly be expected to do something, would do that something. The plain "Statement of Facts" in the *Star* of July 20, ought to be enough of itself. No appeal ought to be necessary after that. In the article by Bro. Stewart in the same issue, the case is clearly put. The plan suggested by him is simple, definite, practicable. Without any formal enrollment of names, let each one find for himself a place somewhere on the sliding scale proposed, and as near the top as possible. In this matter, it is well to be ambitious to stand high on the roll. And let some portion of the money be sent forward at once. Every day's delay will be unfavorable to the interests of the work. There is no doubt of our ability to do the work needed, nor of our willingness, if we once get it fairly before our minds and into our hearts. A careful reading of the articles referred to will help us in that. This is one of the things about which we may safely say, "Where there's a will, there's a way." Now, if there be any doubt about it, let us take for ourselves the motto of the old Roman general: "I will find a way, or make one." The work ought not to stop, nor to be hindered an hour for lack of funds. It will not if every man does his duty. The women will probably do theirs without any hint from us.

## Africa Must be Redeemed.

What an interest at the present time centers in Africa! The eye of the world is intently fixed upon it. The "Dark Continent" is opening to the gaze of the civilized nations. Commerce and discoveries are alive, and are rapidly advancing into the very heart of the country. Its mysterious jungles can no longer be unknown. Its extraordinary resources, but partially developed, astonish the nations.

But a few years since, and how little was known of this great continent. The maps of the geographers we studied represented it as almost unknown. Commerce had found its way along some of its borders, but its interior was closed to the eye of civilization. What a change has taken place. Discoveries have opened to us a new world. What light has been shed upon it by the travels and researches of Barth, Burton, Baker, Speke, Grant, Schweinfurth, Anderson, Livingstone, and Stanley! These, and several other explorers, have brought before the world a continent of vast importance to commerce and Christianity.

Now, the great question before the Christian Church is, Shall this dark continent be taken for Christ? Trade and commerce will enter into every part of its entire domain, will use its rivers, lakes, and soil, for accomplishing their purposes. Will the gospel advance as rapidly to bring its vast populations to the Son of God? It is remarkable, that this thought has taken deep hold of some of the leading minds of the church, and they are moving in the matter with a liberality scarcely known before in the history of modern missions. The liberal offer of Mr. Arthington is well known. Others have made nearly equally liberal offers of funds, and four, at least, of the largest and most successful missionary organizations of the world have either established missions or are arranging to do so, in Central Africa.

It is true, up to the present time, these efforts have not met with great success, at least, so far as we are able to judge, but this is only what might be reasonably expected under the circumstances. The field was new, the customs and habits of the natives but imperfectly understood, and the presence of the missionaries naturally awakened suspicions and prejudices, which were not easily overcome. Then, too, it was not easily ascertained what points were the best for establishing the missions, and it was found necessary to make changes in locations. But in all of these, and many other difficulties which they have encountered, they manifest an unflinching purpose to maintain the ground, and never yield to the enemy, believing that success will crown their labors. They may be betrayed as they were by King Mtesa, and meet with violent and cruel opposition, and be exposed to great sufferings, but they have entered upon a work that can not be given up, under any circumstances.

Africa must be redeemed. It belongs to Christ, and must be given to him. In Southern Africa, the gospel has made great progress; on the Western coast, much has been done to enlighten and save the people. Now the great center is reached by us earnest and devoted a class of missionaries as ever entered a foreign field. They will succeed. They have obeyed the divine command, "Go. They feel that they are sent. "As the Father hath sent me, so send I you." "And lo, I am with you always." Can they fail? Never! The triumph, though delayed, will come. Africa will be redeemed. Difficult as is the work, it will be done. Let earnest prayer be offered for the faithful, sacrificing missionaries in Central Africa and for the triumph of the great work in which they are engaged.—*Rev. R. W. Allen, of Malden, Mass., in Gospel in All Lands.*

## Missionary News and Notes.

One of the Secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in an address before the Midway Conference, spoke of Ceylon as being the center of a work which in

the future may be the means of evangelizing India. All classes of Europeans and Orientals meet in this small island, and the effective evangelistic work done there is by them carried to widely scattered peoples. There are now on the island thirty-eight missionaries, eighty-two native ministers, 7,259 communicants and 35,000 baptized adherents.—*S. S. Times.*

CHINA. Mr. Nicoll, at Chung-King, writes that a Taoist priest has publicly changed his dress, and untied the sacred knot of hair, intimating his intention of serving the Lord Jesus.—Mr. J. E. Cardwell writes from Ta-kung-tang, Nov. 15th: "Work at this place is more of an evangelistic nature. Our gate is open all day; just inside it is a room fitted up for the reception of visitors, and tea provided. Stated services we have none, for it is on most days one continual service—incessant talking from morn till dusk. As one party leaves, of ten or more, others take their place, books and tracts often being purchased."

RUSSIA. Mr. Robert Chambers and Mr. Cole, both of Erzrum, Turkey, made a visit to Kars and there organized a church, as they found several who were anxious for this. They can now point to an organized community in their appeals to government for liberty of worship and freedom of action.

TURKEY. A missionary society has been organized at Marsovan. There are 106 full paying members (yearly dues a dollar and a half each), and besides these there are many who pay less sums. It is believed that \$200 will be raised this year, enough to support a helper in the field they have chosen.—*Gospel in All Lands.*

## Selections.

## REJOICING IN THE TRUTH.

(From the *Declarative of Charity*, by Bishop W. Pakenham Walsh, by Bishop W. Pakenham Walsh, (1 Cor. 13: 6).)

When charity commanded us to "think no evil," it was dealing with cases where men's motives were not perfectly clear, and where, therefore, we were bound to put the most favorable construction possible on their actions. In the present case, now, it supposes the good or evil of men's conduct or opinions to be beyond doubt, and it tells us what our attitude of mind should be concerning them. If guilt or error has been proved, so far from rejoicing we should rather sorrow over it; if innocence and truth be established, that should make us glad. And, taking a still wider view of Christian duty, this commandment teaches us that if sin and iniquity should abound, so far from attracting our sympathy or eliciting our support, they should rather call forth our disapprobation and antagonism; whilst, on the other hand, the triumphs of truth and virtue should evermore attract our admiration and joy.

Thus we have a positive and a negative side of Christian charity set before us. We are stirred up, as it were, to sympathy with all things good, and pure, and true, whilst we are guarded against all fellowship or communion with anything that is base, or false, or evil. We are warned against that self-righteous spirit which leads men to think better of themselves because they have heard of their brother's fall; and we are urged to that nobility of mind which rejoices in all his victories over evil, as if they were our own. The Apostle seems in this matter to hold at once the pencil and the dissecting knife—to portray the lineaments of heavenly charity in all its divine beauty, and at the same time to dissect the fallen human heart in all its wretchedness of disease. He had already shown that it was bad enough to "think evil," and worse, to do so without a cause; but here he goes on to show that there is still a lower depth, when men can bring themselves to indulge in an open or secret satisfaction in another's sin. Concerning angels, we read that they rejoice "over one sinner that repenteth"; but it is reserved for Satan, and men depraved by Satan, to rejoice over a sinner's fall.

And is there nothing of this spirit to be observed in the unloving world, and even in the professing church? Is there never in human hearts a secret satisfaction when a neighbor errs? Is there not an increasing tendency thereto if he belongs to another creed, or party, or denomination? Is there never a scarcely concealed triumph when some one whom we suspected of evil has justified our severer judgment? Is there no Pharisaic pride that exults over some despised publican, and tries to shelter its want of love under the cover of "God, I thank thee? Alas! alas! for human nature; to what depths has it fallen when it comes to this!

But we turn from a contemplation of so saddening and so humiliating, in order to dwell upon the conduct of Christian love. Does it rejoice over iniquity? Never! It receives the evidence and proof of another's sin with reluctance, and believes it with regret. It can not feel gratification in a brother's inconsistency or shame; it can not think with satisfaction upon anything that injures religion, and grieves the spirit of God. We might learn a lesson here even from the heathen. When any disciple of Pythagoras erred, his fellow-disciples went through a funeral ceremony, and put on the deepest mourning. It was possible, however, to do this, and yet to be devoid of charity; but Christian love will weep over iniquity as Christ wept over Jerusalem; it will be grieved, as he was grieved, at the hardness of men's hearts; it will "sigh and cry" with the prophet over the evil that is in the city, and it will speak like the Apostle, "even weeping," concerning those who are gone astray.

Charity is too conscious of its own weakness, too considerate for its neighbor's welfare, too jealous of God's honor, to "rejoice in iniquity." Is a brother fallen? It will hang its head in sorrow. Is a man overtaken in a fault? It will endeavor to "restore such an one in the spirit of meekness." It will ever be more ready to inquire, "Lord, is it I?" than to ask, "Lord, is he?"

I shall not deal in this paper with such a sad and distant possibility as that of a Sunday-school teacher rejoicing in iniquity. His temptation is rather to be so cast down and disheartened by it, as to be unfaithful to his work. We read that when iniquity shall abound the love of many shall wax cold; and yet, if we were

fully actuated by the grace of charity, would this be so? Was it not the ungodliness of the city of Gloucester that led Robert Raikes to initiate the work of Sunday-school instruction? Ought we not to borrow strength and motive for our work from a deepening sense of the sin and depravity that surround us, and from an increasing conviction that "the truth" which we teach, and in which we ought to "rejoice," is the only remedy against them?

"Thou shalt rejoice in the truth"—this is the positive side of the precept; and we shall never obey it unless we have thorough confidence in the truth. We are greatly wanting in this respect. We forget, or we ignore God's promise that his word "shall not return unto him void," and so we go on timidly and distrustfully in our work. Let us love the truth, and value the truth, and trust in the truth more for ourselves, and then we shall come to value and confide more in it for others. Let us rejoice in it more for ourselves, as our food, our medicine, and our very life, and then we shall learn to rejoice in it for others also. Let us rejoice in its progress, even when we do not get credit for our share therein, and even when no portion of its success can be traced to our own exertions. Let us rejoice in the truth if we see but buds and blossoms, and see nothing more; let us rejoice in the truth if we see fruit, even though that fruit does not grow in our own garden; let us give the praise and glory to God for all triumphs of his grace—for all holy lives, for all happy deaths, for all missionary success of which we may read and hear.

And this leads me to observe how much must be done not only to cultivate this spirit, but to promote the cause of Christ in the world, if the subject of missionary labor were more frequently brought before our pupils. What more likely to interest them in Christ's kingdom than the valiant deeds of our missionary heroes? What more suited to illustrate and to impress a divine truth upon their minds than anecdotes taken from the missionary field? What blessing occasional (and I would say periodical) addresses on the subject would be to Sunday-school teachers, and to scholars, and to the church of God. How much sympathy might be enlisted among young hearts in this grandest of all enterprises, by frequent references to the lives of such men as Martin and Carey, and Williams, and Patterson; and what fruit this might produce in after life! Thank God, we are already indebted to Sunday-schools for having supplied a goodly number of our noblest laborers in distant lands. Morrison became pious when a Sunday-school boy; so did Wolfe; so did Morgan; so did many others; but how many more might be raised up for this glorious enterprise, if the link were drawn more closely between our work at home and theirs abroad! Oh! if some humble teacher were the instrument in God's hand for kindling this missionary spirit in one young heart, and sending him out as an ambassador for Christ to the heathen, would not that teacher have cause to "rejoice in the truth" through all eternity, and would not his heart be cheered even here on earth by knowing that his "labor was not in vain in the Lord?"

Charity "rejoiceth with the truth," so may our text be rendered (and so indeed it is rendered in our Revised Version), and this aspect of the passage teaches us some important truths. Truth rejoices when it is justified, when it is furthered, when it is embraced; and charity rejoices along with it. Their joy is mutual; for, to use the words of Warburton, "Truth and charity are twin-sisters, having a common nature, and differing only in name. Truth is charity in statement and expression; charity is truth in life and practice." And so they go hand in hand. "I have no greater joy," writes the Apostle of Love, "than to hear that my children walk in truth" (3 John 4). Charity rejoices in seeing holy lives, for that is truth illustrated; it rejoices in seeing innocence cleared and error dispelled, for that is truth vindicated; it rejoices to see a soul converted, for that is truth magnified; it rejoices to see a wanderer restored, for that is truth glorified. Charity will not rest in anything that has not truth upon its side, nor will it be content with anything that has not truth for its aim and end. "If charity be the test of truth, truth in its turn is the test of charity, and whatever can not endure that test is spurious, however dignified its name or plausible its pretensions. The charity which 'rejoices with the truth' is not the cold indifference which endures error, nor the easy compliance which fraternizes with wrong."

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## The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1881.

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## EFFICACY OF THE CIVIL LAW.

All moral beings are subjects of law. When man was placed in Eden in innocence he had a law with its sanctions. But sin brought him into new relations. Penalty thenceforth was a restraint to the bad and protection to the good. Some hold that the only object of punishment is to reform the offender. This is an error, for it often, perhaps generally, fails of this effect, and so would afford no adequate protection to the obedient.

Civil law is essential to the welfare of society. Anarchy is the worst possible condition. In our fallen world the forms of vice are endless, and require a treatment adapted to each case. Thence the various forms of government, suited to different countries, ages, and states of civilization. Fundamental principles do not change, but altered circumstances require change of administration.

Our own civil government, with all its imperfections, is on the whole the best that ever existed, and the best administered. It was formed by men of tried integrity, and of large experience. It combines the excellences of those that have gone before, and excludes their wrongs. It well meets the demands of a people highest in the scale of the most advanced period of civilization.

Yet it is not perfect in form or administration, and we may hope for much improvement in the future. One serious evil under which we suffer proceeds from lack of enforcement. Laws evidently needed and approved by the great body of the citizens are but a dead letter on the statute books. This is an evil and a shame, not only in itself but in its influence on other legislation. The best safeguard of law is the certainty of its enforcement. If violated with impunity it is worse than useless, a reproach and incentive to lawlessness.

This evil is greatly enhanced when the non-enforcement is owing to the threats of violators. This is especially seen with reference to much of our temperance legislation. The rum traffic prohibited by enactment in many localities is in numerous instances unchecked, defiant, insolent. Threats are made that an attempt at enforcement will bring personal retaliation—we must expect the torch of the incendiary, the steel or bullet of the assassin. What a comment upon our civilization!

This is a sad fault under which we have too long labored. And it is producing its fruits in other directions. If one mischief maker and evil doer can go unharmed, another may. One acknowledged vice tolerated becomes an enticement to others. Our vast immigration, with much that is good, sweeps in the vile and refuse of all lands. Visionary theories spring up and destructive elements are generated which would be most ruinous. Communism, Socialism, with every form of recklessness and wrong may become rampant. The whole thing needs careful consideration and prompt treatment.

We as a people glory in the doctrine of equality; in liberty of speech, of the press, and of influence. But equality does not mean that wrong is the equal of right; the criminal with the good and loyal—that liberty is the same as license. There has been too much of leniency in dealing with the gravest offenses. Even our laws need modification. Think of a wretch plotting to take the life of a worthy citizen, striving to assassinate our Chief Magistrate; then if providentially foiled of his deadly purpose, liable to endure only a brief imprisonment. Vengeance belongs to God, but he has committed to us a law for the lawless, and requires its rigid enforcement at our hands. Flagrant outrage, increasing and boastful, demands of society higher regard to the right and majesty of law.

## ABRAHAM'S FAITH.

The honest reader of the Bible can not fail to mark the importance God attaches to implicit belief of every word that proceeded out of His mouth.

It has been, and is, His purpose ever to honor signally such belief!

Such was the "high water mark" of Abraham's faith, and such the honor God bestowed upon it!

Upon the canvas of the Word of God, an inspired hand has put, in immortal colors, the picture of this faith at its highest reach, which we have in the fourth chapter of Romans. Let us quote, here, the 18th, 19th and 20th verses of this chapter, from the Revised Edition: "And without being weakened in faith, he considered his own body, now as good as dead (he being about a hundred years old), and the deadness of Sarah's womb: yea, looking unto the promise of God, he wavered not through unbelief, but waxed strong through faith, giving glory to God, and being fully assured that what He had promised, He was able also to perform."

Notice first, the quality of this faith,

upon which God has set such high value; in hope it believed against hope.

"In the nature of things," there was no possible reason for Abraham to hope for a fulfillment of God's promise to him. But the faith that God commands, yea demands, is that which trusts His word when, "in the nature of things," as seen, or understood by us, there seems no possibility of performance. There is a hope that springs from what has been, or is, known; and there is a hope born of faith in God, that takes no counsel of what has ever before been seen or known! Such was the sublime hope born of Abraham's faith.

Notice again that it was a kind of faith that could "consider" every obstacle in the way of the fulfillment of a promise of God, "without being weakened."

O, how unlike the faith of many of us! We think our safety lies in not considering these obstacles, oftentimes. But a characteristic of Abraham's faith was that it "considered," yet "was not weakened;" yea, more, it did not even "waver;" but, more surprising still, it "waxed strong" as it weighed the difficulties in the path of performance!

For each of us there is the possibility of having just such a faith, and the secret of it is mercifully given with the account of it. It comes from a continual "looking unto the promise of God," and the full assurance that "he is able to perform what he has promised;" thus giving God the glory of it all. We become partakers of the divine nature, Peter tells us, through the precious and exceeding great promises that God has given unto us; and let us hold them fast! Christ told his hearers of the parable of the sower, as reported by Luke, "and that in the good ground, these are such as in an honest and good heart have heard the word, hold it fast and bring forth fruit with patience." (Revised Version.)

Dear reader, we all need this faith of Abraham's. If "eternal life" were possible to a weaker faith, there are heights of usefulness, of peace, of blessedness, that can only be reached by just such a faith as this, and made possible to us all!

## DYNAMITE.

In America the pistol, and in the Old World dynamite, is the argument of fools and knaves.

A good deal of feeling and much discussion have been aroused by a late utterance of Wendell Phillips, condoning the diabolical plots of Nihilists on the principle that they ignorantly had recourse to dynamite and nitro-glycerine for the same purpose as that for which the more intelligent American uses the weapons of free speech and a free press,—namely, to assert the right of individual liberty and to throw off oppression and tyrannical restraint. Such expressions are to be regretted, and are indicative of weakening mental power in the venerable orator who so bravely and so effectively advocated the cause of freedom on behalf of a race groaning under the bonds of slavery. It is uncharitable and hardly reasonable to directly associate with Mr. Phillips's ill-advised remarks, the outrage committed by Guiteau only two days after they were spoken, or with the more recent crime of the unknown parties who manufactured in this country and shipped to England a lot of infernal dynamite machines, presumably intended for wholesale assassinations in Great Britain.

This latter circumstance is a matter of grave importance, alike to the governments and people of both countries. Aside from a consideration of the danger to passengers on the ships carrying such cargo, the British government is right in asking the government of the United States for its aid and co-operation in searching out the conspirators engaged, on this side of the water, in this diabolical work, and the request will doubtless be heartily acceded to.

This affair opens up the question of immigration. During the past years America has become the refuge of much of the scum of European society. The free air of this free land, and the facilities here offered for money-making, are sufficient enticement for poor classes in the old world; but it is asserted that some of the governments of Europe are willing to help not only paupers, but also the infirm to emigrate to America, where they become a burden upon the community. Among or with these comes a reckless class that forms a dangerous element in our population. How this element can be expected to reform, or why they should be expected to produce a less demoralizing effect upon society, here where the restraints upon them are less than in the countries from which they come,—is not apparent.

How to deal with this class of persons—who form no small portion of the multitudes now flocking to our shores—is a vexed and difficult question, but it is one which will ere long demand some sort of a solution. It is more than a local or national question: it is of international significance. Last week a "national conference of charities" was held in the city of Boston, and among the subjects considered was this question of immigration. Dr. Charles S. Hoyt, chairman of a committee who have had the subject under investigation and consideration the past year, presented a very interesting report, in which the evil spoken of above was discussed. The report stated that the State of New York returns to their native land a certain proportion of these improper immigrants, and the following suggestions were made:

The temper of the American people will sustain federal legislation in the enactment of a law that shall establish a system with our consuls abroad that shall protect us from this class. This conference owes a duty to the public to present this matter fully and fairly, and urge proper legislative action. Just what form that action shall take it is not yet possible for the committee to say. There should be a system of registration in the ports from which these people are sent, and a duplicate system here by which they shall be identified. There should be a strict accountability of the steamships and sailing vessels. It might be an advantage should they bear the expense of the return of these people.

That Fenians, Nihilists, and seditionists of all sorts, should make of our free country the safe vantage ground from which to wage rebellion against foreign governments, may seem discreditable indeed to us as a nation,—and when that rebellion assumes the proportions of criminal intrigue to the extent of furnishing the revolutionists at home with infernal machines for destroying life, there is need that something be done. But it is effeminate to say that rabid Irish newspapers in America must be suppressed because they give expression to opinions that will, sooner or later, in one way or another, make themselves heard. It is the duty of the cool-headed, native-born American to show these people that there is a more excellent way.

THE President has survived a very critical period, the past week. There has been sufficient cause for anxiety, although some sensational reports from Washington, exaggerating the facts, have caused an unnecessary amount of alarm. To counteract the effect of these reports the statements of the physicians in attendance at the White House have been very reassuring, representing the prospects of the President's recovery in fully as favorable light as the circumstances would allow. There is, however, good ground for hope, considering the heroic manner in which the patient has endured the trying surgical operations that he has undergone and the real improvement that has evidently taken place in his condition. He is in the care of physicians and surgeons than whom, doubtless, no more capable and skillful could be found in the country. It is, indeed, a source of much gratification to observe the efficacy with which eminent scientific ability is applied in a case like this. But with all the satisfaction that this fact affords, it should be remembered that President Garfield, like every other man, sick or well, is in the hands of Providence, and that whether he dies or gets well, under the best human treatment that he can have, it will be according to God's will. And let us continue to pray that his life may be spared.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS'S ADDRESS ON JOHN BROWN, at the Anniversary of Storrs College on Decoration Day, 1881, is worthy of the author and the occasion. It was prepared some years ago, has been repeated in several places, was revised for Harper's Ferry and delivered at the laying of the corner stone of Anthony Memorial Hall. It is now published for the first time, and it is in the grand, impressive style of the eloquent man. He was intimately acquainted with John Brown for a dozen years before his raid there, and puts the man and his struggle in a clear and most defensible light possible. The colored people and others are trying to endow a John Brown professorship in the College, and Mr. Douglass, at his own expense, gave the address, and the manuscript to the enterprise; the price of the published copy is put at twenty-five cents, and all the profit goes to the College. Copies are left at this office for sale.

## BRIEF NOTES.

Two comets at a time seems to be about as much as the astronomers can well attend to.

The *Journal and Messenger* (Baptist), published at Cincinnati, O., has completed the fifth year of its publication.

Rev. E. A. Coats desires to make the following correction in his article on "Iowa Home Missions," in the *Star* of July 20: Instead of the words, "impossible to pay more than fifty dollars to us," read, "fifty per cent," etc.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, the talented preacher and pastor of the Baptist "Tabernacle," in London, England, holds liberal views on the question of open communion. A recent statement of his position on the question gives to the *Journal and Messenger* fresh opportunity to declare that the Baptist body in this country disavows Mr. Spurgeon.

The sixth annual meeting of the N. H. Temperance Camp Meeting Association will be held at Weirs, commencing Tuesday, August 9, at 2 p. m., and closing the following Friday evening. Among the speakers engaged to be present are Governor Bell of New Hampshire, ex-Gov. Penhallow of Maine, Gen. J. L. Swift and Rev. A. J. Gordon of Boston, Edward Carswell, the orator from Canada, Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge of Ohio, and others. The meetings on the last day will be under the direction of the N. H. Woman's Christian Temp. Union.

According to a Boston paper Governor Roberts of Texas has made himself odious, especially so in his own State, by refusing to join with the other governors of the Union in recommending a day of national thanksgiving for the recovery of President Garfield. The reason for his course, if there was any, is not stated; but by a prompt and earnest protest against it through the press, in public meetings and by correspondence, the citizens of the great Southern State have shown that, unlike the Governor, their hearts beat in sympathy with the breasting sentiment of civilized mankind.

The sad case of a hitherto reputable minister of a respectable church in Providence, R. I., who has been convicted of the crime of stealing, affords an opportunity for applying that principle of Christian charity so admirably set forth in an article which we reproduce on an inside page of this paper. "Charity rejoiceth not in iniquity." Such things occasion real

pain to the true Christian. But while the cause of Christ must suffer by the exposure of guilt on the part of a professing Christian, it would suffer infinitely more by an attempt to hide from the world, or to condone, sin under any circumstances.

The portrait of Mrs. President Hayes, painted for the White House by D. Huntington of New York, has been placed in an oak frame, ten feet in height, which is the most elegant ever carved in this country. The design is by Ben Pitman and the work by ladies of the School of Design in Cincinnati. Barrie of Philadelphia, the well known engraver, has executed a beautiful engraving of the portrait and frame in one picture, also of each separately. The plate (steel) will measure 16-1/2x20 in., printed on India paper, laid on the best plate paper, giving a picture measuring about 30x20. Each subscriber of five dollars to the testimonial fund, can choose an engraving with or without the frame. Send names and money to Miss Esther Pugh, Treasurer of Woman's National Christian Temperance Union, 33 Bible House, New York.

## Denominational News.

The National Freewill Baptist Association.

Being convinced that more could be done than has been done, in the line of Mission work among colored Free Baptists in the United States, the ministers of the West Virginia and Virginia Association met at Storrs College, Harper's Ferry, West Virginia, May 9, 1880, to devise plans, through which more might be accomplished within the present limits of the Association, and the cause extended throughout the entire country.

It was there decided to form an organization, whose duty it should be to see after the affairs of the work under consideration, and a committee was appointed to draft a constitution for that purpose.

The Committee presented a form of constitution at the next meeting, held at Charleston, July 9, 1880, which, after undergoing such changes as the meeting saw fit to make, was adopted, and the "National Freewill Baptist Association of the United States" was formed, with the following officers—B. Kirk, President; J. H. Rideout, Vice President; W. P. Fisher, Recording Secretary; B. F. Fox, Corresponding Secretary; C. C. Wainwright, Treasurer; J. R. Clifford and W. H. Bell, Auditors.

The second article of the constitution will better define the work of the Association than anything I might say; I therefore give it here in full:

"The object of this Association shall be to conduct Christian Missionary and Educational operations, and diffuse a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures among the colored people of the United States, and to establish, sustain and build up churches and schools."

The language of this article may make it appear that the organization is based on selfish principles, that the framers of the constitution had the interest of none in view, but "the colored people of the United States." That would be a false view of the matter, as the following extract, from the 8th article will show:

"While it is not an exclusive colored organization, yet, its work will be mainly confined to the colored people of the South and West. We exclude none; all are invited to join us in this good work, and in the distribution of our charities; we shall pass no suffering child of humanity, of whatever race, or color, whose case we can consistently reach."

The time has come, when colored Free Baptists should depend less on our Home Mission Society, and more on their own resources. They must organize themselves into working bodies, South and West, and help to advance the Redeemer's kingdom on earth.

Our Master is saying to us, as colored Free Baptists, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead!" If the National Association succeeds in stirring the colored pastors, churches and Sabbath-schools to work to the extent of their ability, it will add strength all along our denominational line.

The first annual session of the National Association will meet at Winchester, Virginia, September 7, 1881, and close on the 12th.

While it is true that, persons are not known among Free Baptists, by race, or color, yet it is necessary for us to address a few words, more especially, to our colored pastors, churches and Sunday-schools.

Dear brethren,—Will you make a special effort to have your church represented at the above named meeting, by your pastor and other delegates? If no delegate can be sent, please see that your church is represented by letter. Each church representing itself will be considered a member of the Association. Churches and Sabbath-schools are earnestly requested to send a contribution, by their delegates, or by letter, which will help to defray expenses, &c. I would suggest that you proceed at once, either by soliciting subscriptions or by holding an entertainment, to raise what you can for this worthy object. All delegates will have the privilege of discussing the different topics, after they have been presented by the persons appointed.

If on the following programme, you find a part assigned to you, please don't fail to perform it. Do your best to make the occasion pleasant and profitable.

## PROGRAMME.

National Association of Free Baptist churches of the United States will meet at Winchester, Virginia, Wednesday, September 7th, 1881, at 10 o'clock a. m., at which hour an organization will be effected for business.

The Ministers' Conference will meet in a business session, at 3 p. m.

Opening sermon by Rev. J. W. Dunjee at 7.30 p. m. Subject, The work of the Association. Thursday, the 8th—Sermon by Rev. J. E. Burrell at 11 a. m. Subject, Freedom of the Will. Missionary meeting at 3 p. m., intro-

duced through a paper by Miss Coralie L. Franklin, and an address by Rev. C. C. Wainwright. Sermon by Rev. Ellis Dixon, of N. C., at 7.30 p. m. Subject, The Rise and Progress of North Carolina Free Baptists.

Friday, the 9th—Sermon by Rev. W. P. Fisher at 11 a. m. Subject, Future condition of the Righteous. Sabbath-school meeting at 3 p. m. A paper by Miss Etta Lovett, and an address by Rev. W. R. Davis, of Pittsburgh, Pa., will open the meeting. Sermon by Rev. M. J. Bailey at 7.30 p. m. Subject, The necessity of prosecuting Mission work in remote localities.

Saturday, the 10th—Ministers' Conference. An address by Rev. N. C. Brackett at 11 a. m. Subject, A higher education of the Ministry. An address by Rev. B. Kirk at 3 p. m. Subject, Pastoral visits. An address by the Rev. B. F. Fox at 7.30 p. m. Subject, How to care for disabled Ministers.

Sunday, the 11th—Sermon by Rev. T. H. Drake of Harrisburg, Pa., at 11 a. m. Subject, Baptists of the United States. Temperance meeting at 3 p. m. Subject introduced through a paper by Miss Laura A. Taylor, and an address by Rev. H. E. Keys. Sermon by Rev. T. J. Ferguson, of Lee, Ohio, at 7.30 p. m. Subject, The true relation between Pastor and Deacons.

Monday, the 12th—Sermon by Rev. J. W. Jenkins at 11 a. m. Subject, The future state of the wicked. Woman's Mission Meeting at 3 p. m., which will be opened as follows: A paper by Miss Laura E. Brackett, and an address by Rev. J. C. Plummer, of Troy, N. Y. Sermon by Rev. T. N. Blackburn at 7.30 p. m. Subject, Free Baptist Discipline.

Dr. G. H. Ball, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Dr. James Calder, of Harrisburg, Pa., have been invited to be present and to deliver sermons and addresses, on such topics as they may think best suited to the occasion.

We, the committee, extend a cordial invitation to all friends of the Master's work, to be present at all the sessions above mentioned.

J. W. DUNJEE,  
 C. C. WAINWRIGHT,  
 T. N. BLACKBURN.

Contributions and letters of representation, or inquiry, should be sent to the Corresponding Secretary, B. F. Fox, Cor. Secretary N. F. Bapt. Assn.

Shepherdstown, West Virginia, July 26, 1881.

## Home Mission Work in Iowa.

Less than two years ago, the two Yearly meetings in this State were consolidated, and now form one incorporated body, with Trustees elected in the usual way. Home and Foreign Mission Boards were appointed and are elected annually by the Yearly Meetings. The Home Mission Department is to assist feeble churches as far as it can, with pecuniary aid and ministerial help; advising on questions of mutual work; to provide for planting churches in new and important places, etc.; to effect this they were to urge regular and systematic contributions from all the churches and a hearty co-operation of ministers and brethren in the work. The Department was empowered to employ an agent as the superintendent of home interests in the State.

For the last eighteen months the writer has been engaged in this work as financial agent, missionary, evangelist, acting pastor, etc. During this period more than a thousand dollars have been collected in the State for this work, in addition to a bequest from a brother deceased (in Minnesota), \$49.40, and \$168.40 from the Parent Society. Several churches have been resuscitated and financially assisted, others strengthened and encouraged to renewed labor, and several revival meetings have been held and more than a hundred souls hopefully converted in connection with the Agent's labors. We have preached 275 sermons, delivered 43 missionary addresses; lectures on Temperance, Sabbath-school work and other subjects, 24; prayer and conference meetings attended, 47; religious visits to families, 127; miles traveled, 5,000. The work has been severe but the Lord has sustained us.

I have presented the above statements for the benefit of those of our brethren who do not yet seem to understand what we are doing and have reproved us for not writing more about it in the *Star*.

Brethren and sisters, as we have started out afresh in this work, and we believe in the right direction, let us not slack in an enterprise so vital to our growth and progress. Ours is truly a missionary field. We have a million and a half of souls in Iowa, and the number is rapidly increasing, while our church membership is less than three thousand. Our very weakness is an argument why we should put forth every possible effort for the enlargement of our borders. We need oneness of purpose. We, as Free Baptists in Iowa, have lacked *esprit de corps*; we have been marching in what the soldiers call the rout step,—the feet did not strike the ground with simultaneous tread; every man "gauged his ain gait." But I trust we are beginning to develop a greater unity of spirit in our feelings and in our work. Our weakness is largely the result of our deficiency of denominational coherence. It is not too much to say that so far as human agency is concerned, the most deeply felt want of the Board is the vigorous and sympathetic co-operation of the pastors and the churches.

Calls are coming to us from various parts of the State praying us to send them help, and so, manifestly, is the duty pressing upon the Board to enter and take possession of these new and inviting fields of labor. But the Board and the Agent must be largely powerless unless the churches and congregations provide the material resources; the Board is the servant of the churches; they determine its resources. It may plan and devise liberal and aggressive measures but can do nothing to carry out those measures unless the churches furnish the "sinews of war." We need money and men for this enterprise of church extension. We therefore entreat you, brethren, by the love of Him who died for us, by the greatness of the work in which we are engaged, by the anxiety we profess for the salvation of precious souls, by the sense of duty arising from

the obligations we are under to God for the many blessings the gospel has brought us. We have several churches without pastors and new fields waiting for help.

J. H. MOXOM, Agent.

## New York and Penn. Yearly Meeting.

The New York and Pennsylvania Y. M. held its annual session with the Odessa church, commencing June 10th, at 1 o'clock, p. m. Conference called to order by Clerk, organized by making choice of Rev. G. R. Foster as Chairman and Rev. O. S. Brown as Assistant Chairman. All the Quarterly Meetings were reported by letter and sent delegates.

The Chemung Q. M. reports greater strength than one year ago. The Y. M. feel to mourn the loss in labor of Rev. G. W. Knapp, pastor of the Elmira church, who has been laid aside by sickness just as success seemed about to crown his hard labors with a grand victory. Pray for him and his people in this hour of trial.

Tioga Co. Q. M. reports gain in financial work, some repairing done upon the church buildings. Two churches have been added during the year. Sabbath-schools prosperous.

Tuscarora Q. M. reports revivals in some of the churches. Most of them have Sabbath-schools connected with them.

Potter Co. Q. M. reports interest in Sabbath-schools. Financially weak.

The business of the Conference was transacted very harmoniously. Strong resolutions upon topics of interest to us as a denomination were passed by Conference. The meetings of worship were well represented in numbers and very strict attention paid to the word preached. The Lord's Supper was administered at the close of the Sabbath evening service and a large number joined in this solemn service.

Invitations of service by other denominations were extended to the ministers of the Y. M. Rev. W. H. Peck occupied the pulpit of the M. E. church, Sabbath morning, at a village about two miles distant from Odessa, and reports that he gave them a very plain and practical sermon.

Rev. O. C. Hills occupied the desk of the M. E. church in the village where the Y. M. was held. The preaching during the session was plain, practical and spiritual. The pastor and people did all in their power to make it an agreeable session for the delegates and visiting brethren.

During the session the Y. M. was favored with the labors of Rev. Wm. Walker, Cor. Delegate from the Genesee Y. M., and also of Rev. J. H. Durkee, Cor. Sec. of the Central Association, who preached to a large and attentive audience Sabbath morning. The Y. M. appointed Revs. L. Kellogg and G. Donnocker as Cor. Mess. to the Genesee Y. M. Rev. G. R. Foster and wife, Rev. O. S. Brown and wife, Revs. A. P. Houghtaling, C. E. Houghtaling, W. H. Peck and wife, Rev. G. Donnocker and wife were appointed as representatives from this Y. M. to the Central Association.

Next session of the Yearly Meeting to be held with the Chatham church. Rev. G. R. Foster was appointed to preach the opening sermon; Rev. O. C. Brown, alternate.

Thus closed one of the best, most profitable and interesting sessions of the Y. M. which have been held for years.

G. H. FREEMAN, Clerk.

## Minnesota Yearly Meeting.

The 24th session of the Minnesota Y. M. was held at Minneapolis June 24—26. A good meeting was enjoyed. After a little substitution every delegate was in attendance and all but one answered to roll-call at the opening. Each Q. M. was well represented both by letter and delegation.

The state of the cause is not all that could be desired. Our churches are weak; many of them maintain preaching but a part of the time and some only semi-occasionally.

Much interest was manifest in Home Missions. Our Y. M. Home Mission Society effected a legal incorporation at this meeting and is therefore prepared to receive legacies, etc. We hope to obtain a permanent fund for Mission work. We have now obtained a man to take the place of Bro. Palmer as Y. M. Missionary—Rev. L. Given, formerly of New England, but lately of Pickwick, Minn. This gives us new cheer and we ask all who are interested in this work to help, both by prayer and giving. All money should be sent to Rev. J. D. Batson at Northfield (as this is the nearest postal money-order office), who is now the Treasurer of the Society. Rev. A. A. Smith is Secretary.

Our churches contribute fairly, perhaps, but not as we hope they now may, since work is begun anew. We have partially supported three other men in these new fields besides our traveling missionary.

Our dues are not all paid. When, however, the next installment from the Parent Home Mission Society—now past due—shall arrive, we shall be able to pay all.

There are many new and inviting fields where if we had the men and means we could hope to build strong churches. Many of these are in villages and cities. The harvest is great, the laborers few. Let us pray for laborers and then assist with all our ability. This Y. M. has quite a number of working churches and also of working ministers—then there are more feeble churches and retired and partially retired ministers.

The attendance of ministers was good, the preaching earnest. The general cry was, "O Lord, revive thy work!" There is a great lack of spiritual life and consequently of conversions. May the Lord visit us with refreshings.

J. D. BATSON, Clerk.

CORRECTION.—In the report of the Seneca & Huron Q. M. which appeared in the *Star* of June 15, it was stated that a collection of \$77.63 was taken which was given to Miss Nellie Phillips personally.







## Poetry.

## CHRIST AND THE LITTLE ONES.

"The Master has come over Jordan,"  
Said Hannah, the mother, one day:  
"Is he healing the people who throng Him,  
With a touch of His finger, they say."  
"And now I shall carry the children—  
Little Rachel, and Samuel, and John;  
I shall carry the baby, Esther,  
For the Lord to look upon."  
The father looked at her kindly,  
But he shook his head and smiled:  
"Now who but a doting mother  
Would think of a thing so wild!"  
"If the children were tortured by demons,  
Or dying of fever, 'twere well;  
Or had they the taint of the leper,  
Like many in Israel."  
"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan—  
I feel such a burden of care;  
If I carry this to the Master  
Perhaps I shall leave it there."  
"If He lay His hand on the children,  
My heart will be lighter, I know;  
For a blessing forever and ever  
Will follow them as they go."  
So, over the hills of Judah,  
Along by the vine-rows green,  
With Esther asleep on her bosom,  
And Rachel her brothers between,  
Among the people who hung on His teaching,  
Or waited His touch and His word,  
Through the row of proud Pharisees listening,  
She pressed to the feet of the Lord.  
"Now, why shouldst thou hinder the Master,"  
Said Peter, "with children like these?  
Seest not how, from morning till evening,  
He teacheth, and healeth disease?"  
Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children—  
Permit them to come unto me;"  
And He took in His arms little Esther,  
And Rachel He sat on His knee.  
And the heavy heart of the mother  
Was lifted all earth-ward above,  
As He laid His hands on the brothers  
And blessed them with tenderest love—  
As He said of the babes in His bosom,  
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven;"  
And strength for all duty and trial  
That hour to her spirit was given.  
—Cottage Hearth.

## DEATH.

Daintily she broke the rose-bud from its green  
And wily stem,  
Full of hidden beauty's promise, of the promise  
Of a gem;  
While its petals scarce unfolding told of deeper  
Tints within,  
Of the flush of crimson glory that to-morrow  
Might have been.  
Wrong and cruel? Thus to pluck it with its  
Promise unfulfilled?  
Folly! naught but tender folly such opinion  
Ever held,  
For its promise is its beauty; pleasure's sum-  
mit ne'er is gained;  
Hope's fruition palls in ripening, only prized  
While unattained.  
—N. Y. Tribune.

## Family Circle.

## WHAT THE MOON SHOWED JOHNNIE.

Oh, such a day! Nothing but rain and rain,  
From morning till night; and not  
only that but it had rained all the day be-  
fore, and the day before that, and the day  
before that day, which was Sunday.  
And Johnnie Pinkerton was miserable.  
It was bad enough to have it rain Sunday  
when the new spring suit had just been  
sent home the day before, and he had  
learned so perfectly the Golden Text of  
"Little children, love one another."  
But then, to have it keep on raining  
for the next three days when he wanted  
so much to go out of doors; oh, that was  
too bad! There was his new ball, a  
great rubber bouncer with "J. P." printed  
plainly on its face, that Grandpa Pink-  
erton had sent him from New York.  
How he wanted to play ball, but he  
couldn't while it would persist in raining.  
Mamma would not allow it in the parlor,  
where the long mirrors and the elegant  
chandeliers would be in such imminent  
peril; nor in the nursery, where the first  
bound might be into the cradle, on the  
face of the baby sleeper. Papa wouldn't  
allow it in his office and even if he would  
there was no room for it there, for John-  
nie's father was a doctor and every chair  
and table was filled with medical books  
and dictionaries and papers and letters,  
that is, when they held no callers; the  
chairs, I mean. Bridget wouldn't allow  
it in the kitchen, for Johnnie Pinkerton was  
no help there. "Be off with yer non-  
sense," she would say when Johnnie's  
curly head peeped in at the door. Surely,  
there was no place for him there. And  
there were mamma's chambers and the  
sewing-room, but there were mirrors and  
gas globes there too, and who ever  
thought of turning mirrors and taking off  
gas globes to accommodate any boy that  
wanted to play ball and couldn't because  
it rained and rained. Once he went into  
the attic with the new ball, but he hadn't  
been gone ten minutes before mamma  
missed the noise that was inevitable with  
Johnnie's presence, and called, "John-  
nie! Johnnie!"  
Now Johnnie could be discontented and  
miserable, but he couldn't be dishonest,  
and of all persons not to mamma; who  
was, as he confidently explained to papa,  
the "dearest and bestest mamma in all Bos-  
ton;" so when mamma said, "Where are  
you, Johnnie?" Johnnie answered, "Here,  
in the attic, bouncing my new ball," and  
oh dear, wasn't it dreadful that mamma  
should say, "You mustn't stay in the at-  
tic, you'll catch cold there; come into the  
nursery and look at your picture-books,  
or build your blocks, or play with the  
baby," and so Johnnie Pinkerton came in-  
to the nursery. He had built the blocks  
so many times, made railroads and  
churches and factories and all that; he  
knew every picture in this book by heart,

and the baby though scarcely six months  
old, was quite old to Johnnie. Oh, if he  
only could play ball! Why didn't it stop  
raining?

But it didn't stop, and Johnnie was  
naughty; everybody said that, even  
Grandma, who thought there was nobody  
in the world like Johnnie, and Betty, the  
errand girl, who brought him sugar  
plums.

That night, after mamma had tucked  
him in bed and drawn up the curtain and  
gone away saying, "It looks as though it  
was going to clear off now," the moon  
came round the corner and looked through  
the window straight into Johnnie Pink-  
erton's face. And so Johnnie lay there  
thinking about the rain and wondering  
why it had rained so hard all those four  
days. Just as he had come to the con-  
clusion that the rain came because it  
couldn't help itself, and for no other pur-  
pose, the moon advanced a step towards  
him and called out:

"Hallo, Johnnie Pinkerton, come up  
here."

"What for?" asked Johnnie.

"I want to show you something," an-  
swered the moon. "Come along."

"I can't," said Johnnie, "you are too  
far away. I can't get to you."

"All right, then," answered the moon,  
and in a moment Johnnie found himself  
taken out of bed by the moon, and out of  
the window, and out in the city streets,  
and all in his little night dress, too. It  
didn't seem to rain at all now, and the  
sky seemed to be full of bright little  
stars.

"Where are we going?" asked John-  
nie.

"To find out about this rain," answer-  
ed the moon, and just then they came be-  
fore a large stone building, and the moon  
stopped with Johnnie on its shoulder and  
they both looked in through the window.

"Why," said Johnnie, "this is my  
church, and there's our minister, and  
there's my Sunday-school teacher, and I  
couldn't say my verse last Sunday 'cause  
it rained. What are they doing here?"

"Listen," said the moon, "and see  
what they're talking about."

Just then the minister espied Johnnie  
looking in at the window. "Why," he  
shouted, "if there isn't Johnnie Pink-  
erton! What do you want Johnnie?"

"Come with the moon," answered  
Johnnie, "to see about this rain. What  
made it rain when I had my new ball,  
and couldn't go out of doors and play?"

Then the people all seemed to rise up,  
and all speak, but it sounded like one  
great voice saying:

"Oh, Johnnie Pinkerton, you ought to  
be ashamed of yourself! Don't you know  
that the people have been praying for  
weeks for rain; for rain to come and  
bring the crops up, and don't you know  
we shouldn't have anything to eat if the  
crops didn't come; and don't you know  
the crops wouldn't come up if it didn't  
rain, unless God said it might, and so  
that is why the people asked him to let it  
rain; and don't you know that is why it  
did rain, Johnnie Pinkerton?"

Then the minister and the people and  
the church seemed to fade away; in an-  
other moment Johnnie Pinkerton and the  
moon were looking through a window of  
a small cottage, where there were only  
two persons, an old lady and her grown-  
up son. They stood very still and listen-  
ed, and nobody in the cottage knew they  
were there.

"Mother," the young man was saying,  
"I am so glad for this day's rain; it will  
bring all my flower seeds up, and I shall  
be able to bring you lots of money when  
I carry the beautiful flowers to the green-  
house. They would have been all lost  
but for this rain, and we need the money  
so much."

"God is very kind," replied the lady,  
softly.

"Oh!" exclaimed Johnnie, "that's  
Joe, the gardener, he is lame and can't  
work much and they are so poor. I'm glad  
the rain'll bring the seeds up."

Then the moon hurried Johnnie away  
through several long streets into a great  
wide avenue, and stopped before a hand-  
some residence.

"Look through the second-story win-  
dow," whispered the moon to Johnnie.

And Johnnie did look, and this is what  
he saw and heard:

On the soft pillows of an elegant bed  
lay a little child, wasted almost to a shad-  
ow; by her side sat a strong, handsome  
man bowed with grief.

"The grass is growing green on the  
Common and on the Public Garden, too,  
Nellie," he whispered to the little girl.

"The rain has helped it along wonder-  
fully." The thin face brightened as the  
little girl responded, "I am so glad. I  
shall get well quick now, and you know  
the doctor said I should when the grass  
came up and—"

"Oh, my," whispered Johnnie to the  
moon, "that is Nellie Bancroft. She's in  
my Sunday-school class, you know, and  
she will get well now 'cause it rained,  
and the grass came up. I must go home  
and tell mother."

"Wait a bit," said the moon, "till you  
have seen through one more window."

And away they went.

This time it was a large square build-  
ing, with a great yard all around it, and  
when he saw it Johnnie cried out:

"Why, this is the home for little children.  
I came here once with mother." And  
then said he, as they looked in the win-  
dow at the rows of little white beds in the  
great dormitory, "Are the little children  
all asleep?"

Then they looked through the window

of the room below and saw that the room  
was full of little garments of all sizes and  
shapes; and they were just in time to  
hear the matron say to a caller:

"This rainy week has been a perfect  
God-send! You know the ladies of the  
society have made an agreement to devote  
the whole of rainy days to sewing for our  
home, and this," glancing around upon  
the array of apparel before them, "is the  
result."

"Johnnie Pinkerton," said the moon,  
"are you very sorry that it rained this  
week?"

"Oh, no sir," answered Johnnie, "I  
am very, very glad."

"And remember," said the moon, "re-  
member, Johnnie Pinkerton, that it never  
happens to rain, but when it does, it is  
because God wants it to rain. Now you  
can run home and tell mother."

And Johnnie called, "Mother! mother-  
er!" and just then he opened his eyes to  
find the sun flooding the room, and his  
mother standing beside him.

"Oh, mother," he said, "I am so glad  
it rained!" and then he told her the whole  
story where he had been in the night,  
and his mother kissed him and said,

"Why, Johnnie Pinkerton, you've had a  
dream."—Selected.

## PEOPLE AND THINGS.

There was a new house. It contained  
a dozen new chairs, a new lounge, three  
new tables, two or three new carpets and  
a cupboard of new crockery. There  
were a few other things too, all new.  
And the people? Well, they were newly  
furnished to suit the house, or the house  
to suit them. "Which?" was the  
question to be decided, and if you  
could have lingered a little amid the  
cheerful silence of those waiting apart-  
ments, before John Evans and his  
bride entered to take possession, you  
would have heard a lively little discus-  
sion. Just such a one (believe me or not  
as you please) goes on in a very subdued  
whisper in every newly furnished house.

"Do you suppose we shall be masters,  
or servants?" murmured the tin pans.

"I shan't give up without a struggle,"  
said the broom.

"We things came into the house first,  
and it's ours by right of possession," said  
the chairs.

"What are folks good for except to  
take care of houses?" said the carpets.

"Of course we'll treat them well if  
they won't set themselves above us," said  
the tables.

"But I won't be trampled on," said the  
mirror.

"Nor I," "Nor I," "Nor I," said shovel  
and tongs and mop. And then as the spirit  
spread, there was a gentle murmur  
through the whole house and farm, "Nor  
we," "Nor we." Only the clock was  
silent. Perhaps because it had something  
to do.

And then there was a hush. The key  
turned in the door, and John Evans and  
wife took possession. And to their pleas-  
ure eyes there came no hint that the quiet-  
looking room had been selected as one of  
the many battle-grounds in the world-  
wide fight between people and things.

Indeed, nothing could look less like a  
fight than the dainty little table, set that  
evening, with its two cups and saucers,  
two plates, four slices of bread, three  
cream-cakes, and tiny glass dish of pre-  
serves. "Looking for all the world like  
newly-married folks," as one of the neigh-  
bors, happening in, remarked.

I shall not describe the months that  
followed, how the tins grew dull and lit-  
tle notches came in the saucers, how the  
carpets lost their freshness, and occasion-  
ally dashed gathered on table and bureau.  
Such things come to all houses, I imagine.  
I shall not detail the next year either,  
when the things began to assert their in-  
dependence, how floors went unkept  
and dishes unwashed; how soiled napkins  
and towels accumulated, till at last nei-  
ther napkins nor towels were to be found;  
how mold and mildew, petty forms of  
life that try to assert their supremacy  
when human energy fails, took possession  
of everything; how, when the furniture  
was new no longer, there came a really  
new thing in the shape of a baby, whether  
person or thing, it was at first hard to  
determine, but gradually, whatever its  
antecedents might be, joining only too  
evidently on the side of "things," in the  
general work of confusion and rebellion;  
how the change in doors had its parallel,  
though in less degree, out of doors, till  
people said of her, "An amiable woman,  
but so shiftless;" and of him, "It's pretty  
plain the farm's getting the better of  
him."

All this story has been told often  
enough.

In five years typhoid came, and the lit-  
tle mother died. "A mysterious dispen-  
sation." In a year more a new mother  
came, a still more mysterious dispensa-  
tion to those that knew her. "To think  
of putting Amanda Jane Barber into that  
hole. Land sakes alive! Well, I guess  
there'll be a fight."

And there was. In one month every  
carpet was ripped, cleaned, turned and  
mended; every fly-speck had disappeared  
from window or ceiling; every scratch or  
mark of tiny fingers from walls and fur-  
niture and every pan shone clear as ever,  
though with a subdued luster. In two  
months Master Fred Evans had learned  
to drive his horses, make his mud-pies  
and carry on his fishing and hunting out  
of doors; in three he had learned never  
to bring weed or flower or blade of grass  
near the house than the outside edge of  
the neatly-swept stone walk; within four,  
the whole appearance of yard and farm  
was transformed.

"I declare, he'll be a farmer yet," said  
the neighbors. "He's certainly getting  
the better of his land; he may thank his  
wife. Yes, Amanda knows how to be  
mistress of things."

Did she know it, and had the things  
yielded in quiet submission? Very meek  
indeed, they looked; and yet, standing in  
that spotless kitchen, we might have seen  
a flash from the bright tin pans drying in  
the July sun, which was not all the reflec-  
tion of sunlight.

"If she had let us alone, we would  
have let her alone," they looked rather  
than said.

"But she didn't, and she shall suffer  
for it," snapped the tongs. Then there  
was a faint, but wide-spread, murmur of  
applause, and then the tea-kettle sang  
gently,—

"I've heard of a loss that was gain,  
I've heard of a peace that was pain,  
I've heard of a victory so complete,  
It was only another name for defeat.  
If you don't sing that tea-kettle sings.  
Come back when ten years have taken their wings,  
And see who has conquered, the folks or the things."

Let us come back in ten years. Again  
it is a burning July day, but listen and  
you will hear the same old murmur  
which makes it impossible, even when  
every leaf is motionless, that any day  
should be quite silent.

"I think we may be satisfied," said the  
table.

"So do I," said the tin pans. "She  
spent two hours to-day in scouring us when  
she was hardly able to stand."

"And two in blacking me," said the  
stove, "with her side aching all the time;  
and she nearly snapped John's head off  
for dropping a spot of water on my face  
after it."

"And the whole family are more  
afraid of leaving a bit of mud, or even let-  
ting in a ray of sunlight, on me than of  
typhoid itself," said the parlor carpet.

"And she eats on cracked crockery all  
the time, for fear we might be hurt," said  
the tea-set.

"And John couldn't lie down on me  
even when he had the headache, and  
there was no other cool place in the  
house, for fear he might soil me or let  
flies into the parlor," said the sofa.

"And she denies herself books, society,  
everything, for our sakes," said the pol-  
ished bureau.

"She could not even watch with a  
sick neighbor, because she had us to do  
up the next day," said the lace curtains.

"And she would get up at midnight in  
December, if she thought we were mis-  
placed," said the mantel ornaments.

"And, you know, she keeps Fred  
out of doors all day in the street, when he  
isn't at work on the farm, just because  
'those boys are so hard on things'; that  
shows that things are masters, I should  
think."

"Her hair grows gray very fast," said  
the mirror.

"And he got the rheumatism for my  
sake," said the hoe from outside.

"That's so. They are our slaves, and  
they know it. Why, only yesterday I  
heard somebody ask him what he lived  
for, and he answered, 'To take care of  
this farm.'"

"And she lives to take care of the  
house. Well, I'm satisfied."

Then all was silent, except that the  
clock ticked very softly.

"Count not too sure your victory,  
They only need the opened eyes:  
Who knows himself a slave is free,  
Since there is given strength to rise."  
—The Watchman.

## SPEAK PLEASANTLY.

The habit of speaking in pleasant tones  
to the sensitive hearts within our care, is  
of the utmost importance. If we would  
have them learn to speak gently to all,  
we must teach by precept and example in  
their early years, while their minds are  
so elastic as to be led to pattern after the  
influence which surrounds them.

I will relate a little incident of my own  
experience. I was unusually busy one  
morning preparing for company to dinner.  
My little son of four years was  
amusing himself with his playthings  
about the room. He, too, seemed hard  
at work, building bridges, block houses  
and churches. He was continually com-  
ing to me asking questions, and requir-  
ing assistance. After a little time I  
noticed he had left his play, and was back  
against the wall under the table, sobbing  
as though his heart would break.

I said, "Georgie, dear, what is the  
matter?"

No reply.

When I repeated the question, the  
answer came between broken sobs, "You  
didn't speak pleasant to me."

"Well," said I, "don't cry; come and  
tell me about it."

So he came to me; I took him upon  
my lap and asked him to tell me just  
what I had said. Years have passed  
since then and I have forgotten all but  
the impression it made. A few pleasant  
words, the tears kissed away, and he was  
comforted and happy, and soon at play  
again; but I had learned a lesson never to  
be forgotten.

He is now grown up, and I would no  
more think of speaking unpleasantly or  
unkindly to him than I would to company  
who might be visiting me. On the other  
hand, a rude, selfish, or unkind word  
never passes his lips. His attentions to-  
ward me are always most respectful, kind  
and loving. If we would gain respect  
and esteem from our children, we must  
also speak to them in a kind and courte-  
ous manner. As we teach, so they will  
learn.—Selected.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the  
good ones you gave before.—Sft.tu

## Literary Miscellany.

## POETRY IN AMERICA.

Strange, indeed, if the material wants of  
New-World life, its utilitarian test of values,  
and the general conditions of a primitive  
democracy, had not forced our early idealists in-  
to a struggle for existence which even the  
sturdier found it hard to prolong. Two  
things are essential to the poetic aspiration  
that results in fine achievement: the sym-  
pathetic applause which ministers to the last in-  
firmity of noble minds, and the common wage  
that enables a laborer to do his work. The  
rewards of authorship have been sufficiently  
doubtful and varying in times before our own.  
In older lands, the poet, like his predecessor  
the minstrel, was at least protected and nour-  
ished by the good or great to whom he dedi-  
cated his song. Happily this kind of support was  
from the first impracticable in a liberal repub-  
lic. But it long was impossible, on material  
grounds alone,—although certain enthusiasts  
might attempt to live upon love and fame,—  
that any vigorous and prevailing form of poetry  
should be sustained in a liberal republic.  
America. We now know that in art, as in life,  
ideal productivity follows and does not pre-  
cede material security and wealth. The most  
creative eras of historic lands were those  
when their cities were the richest, when their  
galleons sought out distant ports, and their  
nobles and burghers, sure of life's needs,  
craved for the luxuries of taste and emotion.  
Literature thrives as a means of subsistence, not  
as poetry an exception to the rule. The sup-  
ply answers to the demand. Not long ago, in  
this country, few books except school-books  
were required by the people; and how should  
poetry, that looked from the printed page for  
its welcome and sustenance, be naturally com-  
posed? We are speaking of an ethereal art,  
but quietly examining the law of its activity.

It is, moreover, in America that the popular  
instinct, which resists whatever is asserted to  
be a tax upon knowledge, has worked with  
peculiar force against the development of a  
home-school. So long as our purveyors could  
avail themselves without cost or hindrance of  
foreign master-works, they scarcely could be  
expected to risk their means in behalf of na-  
tive authorship. Pure idealists, men like Poe  
and Hawthorne, a little able to push their  
own fortunes. Until a state of law shall exist  
that will induce American publishers, driven  
from their distant foraging-grounds, to seek for  
genius at home and make it available, the sup-  
port of our authors will not be so assured as to  
tend "in the end to the advancement of litera-  
ture." International copyright at least would  
have made it feasible for the poet to earn his  
living by general literary work, and to reserve  
some heart and thought for his nobler calling.  
Now, when a serious movement at last seems  
under way toward copyright reform, it still  
has been so hampered with reservations and  
class-interests that many ask whether it were  
not better to have no change at all than to have  
one that is partial, and that may postpone in-  
definitely the one thing needful, to wit: honest  
recognition of an author's right of property in  
his own creations, without any more limits of  
space and time than those appertaining to oth-  
er kinds of estate.

Literature verily has been almost the sole  
product of human labor that has not been rat-  
ed as the lasting property of the producer and  
his heirs or assigns. This want of permanent  
copyright has borne severely upon authors in  
all countries, but most severely upon those of  
America, who have had to await the formation  
of public taste, to create their audiences, and  
who, while willing to suffer in their own per-  
sons, are less ready to devote life-times to the  
production of what will be valueless to those  
whom they hold most dear. The want of in-  
ternational copyright has been a grievous  
wrong to our brother-writers in Europe. Their  
complaints are just; their cry has gone up for  
years. Great as the spoiliations have been  
which they have endured, the effect upon our  
native literature and authorship has been no  
less disastrous. Our authors themselves do  
not comprehend it. A few of the great pub-  
lishing houses, grown rich upon the system of  
free re-prints, of late have felt this wrong, and  
the men of heart and culture who control  
them are generously atoning for it. We see  
them leaders in artistic and literary move-  
ments, the friends of authors and artists, re-  
ceiving for their public and private humani-  
ties our warmest tributes of honor and affec-  
tion. It is said that every wrong in this  
world is surely, if slowly, righted; and the  
wreaths of authors doubtless will be set right.  
But who shall pick up water spilled to the  
ground? The writers of a new generation will  
never realize how bitter was the bread eaten  
by those who went before them and made  
their paths straight.

Critical periods are sometimes uncreative,  
yet there is little doubt that our poetry has  
suffered, also from the lack of those high and  
exquisite standards of criticism which have  
been established in older lands. The poet,  
the artist, alike need the correction of a fine  
censorship and the tonic of that just apprae-  
iation which is the promise of fame. American  
verse, within recent memory, has experienced,  
first, a popular favor gained by its weakest  
and most effeminate sentiment, and secondly,  
a rude exaggeration of its defects, a refusal  
to acknowledge its value as compared with  
that of the foreign product, or to consider its  
higher aspirations as practical and worthy  
of respect. The people at large have passed  
from sham emotion to irreverence, and to a  
relax for what is flippant and ephemeral.  
Then, too, our most sincere and painstaking  
authorities often seem at a loss to estimate  
the nature of art, and criticise it from metaphys-  
ical or doctrinaire points of view. The poet  
or painter sensitively feels the wrong and the  
error, and though he makes no complaint,  
they tell upon his buoyancy and application.  
Only of late have we begun to look for criticism  
which applies both knowledge and self-knowl-  
edge to the test; which is penetrative and  
dexterous, but only probes to cure; which en-  
ters into the soul and purpose of a work; and  
considers every factor that makes it what it is;  
—the criticism which, above all, esteems it a  
cardinal sin to suffer a verdict to be tainted by  
private dislike, or by partisanship and the in-  
stinct of battle with an opposing clique or  
school. Such criticism is now essayed, and in  
the spirit of a select art, but often is too much  
coupled with foreign or recordite subjects to  
search out and foster what is of worth  
among ourselves.

First of all, as I have shown, the American  
man of eye for natural beauty, led by his se-  
clusion to close and musing observation, had  
a subject for poetic expression in the landscape  
of the New World, by turns impressive, be-  
wildering, repositful, but always beautiful and  
strong. If its primeval aspect stupefied the  
tollers settlers, while its grandeur seemed to  
belittle humanity and to defer the proper study  
of mankind, it afterwards compelled our  
ideal recognition, and inspired the early and

reverent anthems of the father of our choir.  
Next, and most vital of the elements required  
for the promotion of a home-school, a national  
feeling grew up when the compactness and  
growth of the United States, as a nation, be-  
came assured. Half a century was needed to  
bring this feeling to the blossoming form of art.  
Meanwhile, it had been strengthening and find-  
ing expression in other ways; for example, in  
the patriotic eloquence which marked our  
oratory, and which warmed the blood  
and stirred the impulse of many a poetic  
youth, as he read in his school-books the speech-  
es of the founders and preservers of liberty.  
Hence our strongest emotional traits—love of  
freedom, hatred of oppression, respect for an-  
cestral faith, the sense of independence which  
makes an American stand erect and believe  
himself the peer of any man, the audacity and  
ambition found among no other people; finally,  
an adventurous habit of experimenting with-  
out much regard to precedent or training. Out  
of some of these traits came, it is true, a com-  
monplace and widely diffused product in lit-  
erature. But if a host of writers ended in  
mediocrity, this, too, was in the order of evolu-  
tion. The poor books of one generation are often  
home-books for the people, the promise and  
cause of better work in the next. The late  
Civil War was not of itself an incentive to  
good poetry and art, nor directly productive  
of them. Such disorders seldom are; action is  
a substitute for the ideal, and the thinker's  
or dreamer's life seems ignoble and repugnant.  
But we shall see that the moral and emotional  
conflicts preceding the war, and leading to it,  
were largely stimulating to poetic ardor; they  
broke into expression, and buoyed with ear-  
nest and fervid sentiment our heroic verse.  
Lastly, it must be observed that, about the  
time from which I date the appearance of a  
group of noteworthy poets, a material support  
was afforded to ideal work. Both artists and  
writers began to be paid, and found their re-  
spective gifts to some extent a means of sub-  
sistence. American publishers, as I have  
said, took heart, and made ventures in behalf  
of our own literature. Journalism also lent its  
aid, paying critical attention to native authors,  
and enabling not a few of them to gain a sure  
foot-hold by labor upon the great newspapers  
and magazines. All these aids, I repeat, came  
into service after the scientific restraint of the  
modern period began to have weight. They  
assisted us to bear up against it, and alleviated  
the special restrictions of an earlier time. The  
sweet and various measures of a band of gen-  
uine singers at length were heard, and found  
an audience in whatsoever regions know the  
English tongue. American poetry took its  
place in literature, and entered upon a first  
term, now drawing to an end.—E. C. Stedman  
in Scribner's Monthly.

## CHARLES DICKENS AS JOURNALIST.

Only a few weeks before the novelist's death,  
I remember perfectly well hearing him intro-  
duce to some acquaintance this trusty ally, not  
as "one of the oldest," but as the oldest friend  
he had in the world. Mr. Thomas Beard, the  
gentleman who is here referred to, and who still  
occupies the position he has long held as her  
Majesty's Court Newsmen, preserves to this  
hour as vividly in his recollection, he assures  
me, as though they were but incidents of yester-  
day, the whimsical experiences he passed  
through in the old coaching days, in association  
with the then youthful, and even boyish-look-  
ing, Charles Dickens. His earliest remem-<







## News Summary.

## A Railroad War.

A "war" of passenger rates is now going on between the different railroads leading from Boston and New York to Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis. The Pennsylvania, Boston & Albany, Fitchburg, and Grand Trunk Railroads are the principal lines competing. Through tickets are issued over the last named route from Boston to Chicago at the ruinous rate of \$5. The rates from Chicago remain at a much higher rate, being variously reported at \$14 and \$16, although a slightly cheaper rate may be obtained from the ticket brokers. The reason that the rates from Chicago are not the same as those from Boston, is that the lines there are under different control, and the rivalry, if it exists, is between different lines from those involved in the contest in Boston. The management of the Boston & Albany road have the right to fix the rates from Boston, and they offer their passengers after reaching Niagara Falls the choice of several different routes to the West. The amount received for through passengers is divided *pro rata* among the roads, so that a reduction in rates affects all in equal proportion.

The indications point to a war in freight rates as bitter and exciting as that now being waged in passenger rates. The Grand Trunk Co. has already announced a reduction in its rates.

## Internal Machines.

It appears that among the cargo of the Cunard steamer "Maia," sailing from Boston on the 17th of June last, were ten casks giving off "ten barrels of cement," by a person giving his name as John Mills, to "Joseph Evans, Liverpool." According to the statement of the British Home Secretary, the government of that country was informed, three weeks before this shipment was made, of a consignment from America to England of internal machines; and being consequently on the watch, the authorities there seized the casks referred to, upon arrival in Liverpool, and found them to contain the expected "machines." Another consignment of the same sort was made by the steamer "Bavarian" on June 18th; it was shipped in the name of the Phoenix Manufacturing Company—a concern which it is supposed has no existence—and consigned to John Lawson, who is without doubt a fictitious person. It was found that each machine contained eleven cartridges each of which was charged with nitroglycerine, and a compound of the nature of and similar to gun cotton. One of the supposed cement barrels had in all fourteen pounds of this dangerous explosive material in it. The machine is enclosed in an oblong case of zinc, which it occupies the upper portion. There is a clock-work arrangement, which, upon being set, runs about six hours, when it becomes a lever to descend upon a tube bearing a cap and communicating with the lower half of the case. The tube is filled with the explosive material, which, upon being set, sets off a detonating cap placed in the middle of the dynamite compound in the bottom of the case. The presumption is that the machines were intended to be used for the destruction or injury of the public buildings throughout the country, in accordance with the avowed Fenian programme.

## The Amerer Defeated.

The army of the Amerer of Afghanistan was totally defeated by the forces under Ayob Khan at Karez-Atta, on Wednesday. During the engagement a portion of the Amerer's troops deserted to the enemy, and the remainder fled, leaving their guns and baggage on the field, all of which subsequently fell into the hands of the victors. The defeat of the Amerer implies the complete overthrow of the only remaining representative of British influence in Afghanistan.

It is believed that Candahar is Ayob Khan's immediate destination. The Amerer's defeat can not effect the British policy, as the Amerer was clearly informed that on the departure of the British from Candahar, he must rely entirely on his own resources.

## The Transvaal Negotiations.

The difficulty obstructing the negotiations between the British Royal Commission and the Boers has been removed. The principal conditions of the convention are, the right of passage of British troops through the Transvaal; the Boers' control of foreign relations; the abolition of slavery and the maintenance of religious liberty. If the Volksraad does not ratify the convention within three months, the Queen's sovereignty will revive.

## Civil Service Reform.

The *Advertiser* has obtained, and published at length, the views of Massachusetts Congressmen on this subject, which is just now receiving a good deal of attention; and the following is that paper's "summing up": "The only point of reform about which there seems to be any kind of agreement, is that the tenure of office should be so fixed that experienced and efficient public servants shall not be turned out merely to make vacancies for others, as they are now every day. That would be a great gain. The Administration, or the Congress, that secures so much will immortalize itself. No removals except for cause specified, and after a hearing, no appointments except to vacancies in the force authorized by law, with promotion from the lower to the higher grades for merit—if this could be established as the rule of the civil service a large part of the injustice now complained of would be remedied. Competitive examination of candidates for appointment to the lower-grade clerkships, would follow soon."

## Miscellaneous.

Justice Nathan Clifford is dead.  
Domingo Santa Maria has been elected President of Chili.  
Calderon has been elected constitutional President of Peru.  
T. H. Tibbles, the advocate of the Poncas, has married "Bright Eyes."  
The French Chamber of Deputies has passed the compulsory education bill.  
The French Chamber of Deputies has been dissolved by government decree.  
The two new treaties between China and the United States have been finally ratified.  
Senator Cornwall was on Wednesday last sworn in Governor of British Columbia.  
Mr. Conkling's friends say he has not withdrawn from politics and does not intend to.  
It is estimated that 330,000 persons will leave Germany during the present year for America.  
Judge W. L. Robertson has taken the oath of office as Collector of the port of New York.  
Three vessels were wrecked at East London, Cape Colony, on Tuesday, and thirty persons drowned.  
Ex-Gov. Bagley of Michigan and Col. John C. Burch, Secretary of the U. S. Senate, died last week.  
The British House of Commons has endorsed the government's Transvaal policy by a vote of 314 to 205.  
The whole of the crown diamonds of France are to be sold, the proceeds to be devoted to the Museum fund.  
King Kalakaua has been made honorary member of the English order of St. Michael and St. George.  
Another plot has been discovered to assassinate the Russian Czar, and many persons in St. Petersburg have been arrested.

It is said that Colorado will this year produce \$35,000,000 of the precious metals. It is at the head of the silver-producing States.

Legal agitation is to be organized throughout Italy by the various republican associations for the repeal of the law of Papal guarantees.

Several splinters of bone—probably from the rib which was struck and broken by the ball—have been removed by Dr. Agnew from the President's wound. The locality of the bullet has been determined.

Forty-seven conservatives and thirty-three liberals have been returned to the Saxon Landtag, and the conservative majority in the Bavarian Chamber of Deputies is much larger.

Sir William Ritchie, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Dominion, will be sworn in as Deputy-Governor-General in the absence of the Marquis of Lorne in the North-west.

It seems that the fund which is being raised for President Garfield's family, was inaugurated by Mr. Cyrus W. Field, instead of by the New York Chamber of Commerce.

The long-disputed boundary question between Chili and the Argentine Republic has been settled by treaty, the United States Ministers in both countries contributing much toward the adjustment.

It is reported that unauthorized parties in this country and in England are endeavoring to form a syndicate for the readjustment of the Mexican national debt now held in England.

It is reported that France has invited England to resume negotiations for a treaty of commerce at Paris, August 1, but that England has declined unless fresh bases can be suggested in lieu of the preliminaries, which have hitherto been unsatisfactory.

Midhat Pasha and all the others convicted of the murder of the late Sultan, including the two actual assassins, but except Zizet Pasha and Seyd Pasha, who were implicated in the crime, have been sent to Edirne, in Arabia, where they will remain in exile for life.

The Rev. W. F. White, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church of Providence, R. I.—who has been charged with publishing rare books from various public libraries, has confessed his guilt, and announced his determination to retire from the ministry and the church.

The President, despite his sufferings, keeps his good humor. Urging his wife to go riding before the sun was too hot, the other morning, he added with a faint smile, "I would go with you if I didn't have so much business to attend to. You will excuse me, I am sure."

Thirty houses belonging to Jews, at the villages of Dorisopol and Birizan, in the government of Poltava, Russia, have been destroyed. The troops fired upon the rioters, four of whom were killed and two wounded.

The Western Union Telegraph Company has secured a ninety-nine years' lease of the lines of the Northwestern Telegraph Company, of Wisconsin, operated in the States and territories and the Dominion of Canada.

Crop reports from fifty counties in Minnesota and Dakota show that, while the average yield per acre in Minnesota will not be quite equal to last year, the increased acreage will bring up the total yield to fully that of 1880.

The Irish bill was finally passed in the British House of Commons Friday night by a vote of 230 to 14, the minority being composed exclusively of Conservatives. The bill received the first reading in the House of Lords the same night.

The remains of the late Dean Stanley were buried in Westminster Abbey on July 25. The funeral was attended by a large number of distinguished persons, including the Prince of Wales. Among the decorations on the coffin was a wreath of roses sent by the Queen, with a note in her own handwriting bearing the words, "A mark of sincere affection and high esteem from Victoria." There were also wreaths from well-known Americans in London. Matthew Arnold, the eminent writer, the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, the Bishop of Exeter, the Right Hon. William E. Forster and the Duke of Westminster were among the pall-bearers. The Archbishop of Canterbury presided at the grave.

Details of the assassination of Deputy Revenue Collector Brayton, at Central, South Carolina, on the 20th instant, disclose that the people of that place were wholly indifferent to the fact that a murder had been committed in their midst, the coroner's jury even rendering a verdict that Brayton met his death "at the hands of unknown parties," although McDow, the assassin, had openly declared on the day of the murder that he had killed a revenue officer. The State authorities, it is reported, have taken steps to apprehend the murderer.

The new comet is approaching the earth in almost a direct line, and it can be seen very distinctly with the ordinary opera-glass. To find it, look in the northeast early in the morning—before sunrise—low down on the horizon, and there will be seen a bright morning star, Alpha Aurigæ. Just below the star to the left, about six degrees down—is another star, much less prominent, called Beta Aurigæ. The comet is now below Beta, almost a line with the two stars, and nearer Beta than Alpha is. It will soon pass into the constellation of the Lynx, and then into the Great Bear, when it will be brightest. It will then pass through the constellation of the Lynx, and then into the Great Bear, when it will be brightest. It will then pass through the constellation of the Lynx, and then into the Great Bear, when it will be brightest.

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## A New Sanitarium.

The Atlantic-Sanitarium and Health Institute is the name of a new institution in New York city, which has recently been established and is opened on strictly business principles by a joint stock company, having paid-up capital of \$300,000. It was established by some well known medical gentlemen for the treatment and cure of all character of diseases.

Dr. R. C. Flower, late physician to the Lung and Hygienic Institute of Philadelphia, has been chosen President of this Sanitarium Co., and we feel sure that under his auspices it must flourish. We hear the doctor is to be at the Hotel Brunswick, Boston, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, and the Falmouth Hotel, Portland, on Friday of this week, to meet several patients from this vicinity who can not travel so far as New York.

His reputation is national and from facts we are fully entitled to the adjectives which that well known paper, the Philadelphia *Record*, applies to his cures, "wonderful, matchless and almost incredible."

He has successfully won and vigorously maintains the meritorious title of The Great Healer and Master of the New Art of Healing. In the treatment and Cure of Cancers of all kinds; Consumption in all its stages; Asthma, Bronchitis, Throat and Catarrhal Trouble; Heart Difficulties, both organic and functional; Female Difficulties, Disorders of all ages and standing; Kidney and Bladder Difficulties, irrespective of causes, age or standing; Spermatorrhea, with all its attending ills and difficulties; Scrofula, with its multitude of terrors; Piles of all kinds, including Chronic Bloody Piles; Rheumatism, Paralysis, and all kinds of Scleritis trouble, Dr. R. C. Flower has proved himself a master hand, and before his effective treatment these terrors disappear.

## Bural and Domestic.

## HOT WEATHER AND HARD WORK.

The recent oppressively hot weather, extending nearly all over the country, has caused much sickness and many sudden deaths. At many prominent points in the East, West and South the thermometer has registered from 95 to over 100 degrees in the shade. At Cleveland the mercury rose to 106 degrees, Chicago, 105 degrees, and St. Louis, 102 degrees. As a natural result of such extreme heat, following comparatively cool weather, numerous cases of sunstroke have occurred and many (not most) of them have proved fatal.

Though cases of sunstroke are comparatively rare in the country, they do occur, and many cases of suddenly fatal or wasting sickness, brought on by severe work during the heat of harvest, are annually reported. It therefore behooves farmers and other laborers exposed to the sun's heat, whether in country or in town, to observe every precaution possible under the circumstances. Whenever the temperature of the air equals or exceeds that of the body there is danger to those who continue laboring as hard as usual, and all who persist under such heat, neglecting the idea of precaution, as some in do, are liable to suffer if not die as a consequence of this ignorance or recklessness. In all such cases of exposure an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure; indeed, in many instances the attacks are incurable, even when not suddenly fatal.

An attack of sunstroke generally occurs without any particular warning, and hence the wisdom of adopting every precaution, and necessity of prompt action when one is prostrated. Every one should avoid the use of liquors and be careful in drinking cold water. Great injury often results from the immediate use of cold water when the system is over-heated, and it is averred that a great majority of the fatal cases of sunstroke in our cities occur with persons of intemperate habits. Those who have ice, as many farmers do of late years—and it is a great blessing when properly used—should take the precaution when drinking to first temper the ice-water with warmer water, especially in the harvest field, or if over-heated elsewhere. Farmers who can do so, avoid heavy work during the heat of the day—doing the lighter labor then and taking a long "nooning." Whenever one feels a weakness or prostration suddenly coming over him while at work during very hot weather, it is generally a warning which should be heeded immediately. The wisest course is to stop work at once, rest, and employ proper means to recuperate an over-heated system. In case of actual sunstroke the patient should be placed in as cool and comfortable a position as possible, and ice or cold-water applied to the head with-out delay, while a good physician is being summoned. The chest should also be bathed with cool water, and mustard plasters applied to the feet and calves of the legs. In such cases delays are dangerous, and prompt and decisive action often saves the life of the prostrated.

Finally, though often following in the Gospel of "Work," we do not think it wise to perform severe manual labor during these hours when the mercury ranges among the nineties in the shade and is far above one hundred in the blazing sunshine. Therefore we advise all who can afford it to take things as easily as possible and "make haste slowly" while the temperature is torrid and the blood at fever heat. Many farmers are intemperate in working at this season, and a little salutary reform in the premises will prove beneficial. In fact, hard work and a hot sun at that time will be absent. The same conditions attended the extreme brilliancy of Donati's comet in 1880.

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The yield of sugar beets is estimated at twenty-four tons per acre. Four or five thousand tons of manure are saved upon the farm. Artificial manure is also manufactured from refuse matter upon the place. The yearly product of sugar is 300 tons.

Dr. B. Lawes, of Rothamsted, England, says that the potato possesses the property of converting a very much larger portion of the manure ingredients of the soil into human food than any of the cereal grain crops. For instance, to every bushel of wheat about one hundred pounds of straw are grown, while the haulm of the potatoes when dry is so light that in experimenting we do not think it worth while to weigh it. These properties when combined with a suitable climate enable the cultivator to produce upon a given area of ground a larger amount of human food from the potato than from any of the cereal grain crops.

The use of artificial fertilizers, though increasing in the United States, is by no means so common as in some European countries. As a single illustration: on the farm of M. Millat at Merches in France, consisting of 750 acres, 500 of which are under the plow annually in lucerne, beets, oats, tobacco, maize, potatoes and wheat, the yearly purchase of nitrate of soda and sulphate of ammonia is from \$300 to \$500. The quantity sown with each crop is as follows: nitrate of soda, 160 pounds per acre for wheat or oats, 440 pounds per acre for beets, 880 pounds per acre for tobacco. As sulphate of ammonia has 20.5 per cent. of azote, and nitrate of soda 15.5 per cent. when the former is used, the quantity is proportionally less. The quantities mentioned are sown with each recurring crop, besides the spreading on small areas each year of manure dug on the farm. The quantity of stable manure applied annually is also very large from horses and fattening sheep, also from a dairy of 150 cows.

Milk is insufficiently used in making simple puddings of such farinaceous foods as rice, tapioca and sago. Distaste for these is engendered very often, I believe, because the milk is stinked in making them, or poor, skimmed milk is used. Abundance of new milk should be employed, and more milk, or cream, should be added when they are taken. In Scottish households this matter is well understood, and a distinct pudding-plate, like a small soap-plate, is used for this course. The dry messes commonly served as milk puddings in England are exactly fitted to create disgust for what should be a most excellent and delicious part of a wholesome dinner for both children and adults.—*Dr. Dyce Duckworth, in Popular Science Monthly.*

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