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The Morning Star.

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THE MORNING STAR

A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER,

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1881.

UNITED BY DEATH.

The following lines were written by the late Dean Stanley, and were first published after his death by the London Spectator. They evidently referred to the death of his wife, Lady Augusta Stanley:

"Till Death us part,
So speaks the heart,
When each to each repeats the words of doom!
Through blessing and through curse,
For better and for worse,
We will be one, till that dread hour shall come.

"Life, with its myriad grasp,
Your yearning souls shall clasp,
By ceaseless love and still expectant wonder:
In bonds that shall endure,
Indissolubly sure,
Till God in death shall part our path asunder.

"Till Death us join,
O voice yet more divine!
That to the broken heart breathes hope sub-
lime.
Through lonely hours
And shattered powers
We still are one, despite of change and time.

"Death, with his healing hand,
Shall once more knit the band
Which needs but that one link which none may
sever;
Till, through the Only Good,
Heard, felt and understood,
Our life in God shall make us one forever."

"RHODE ISLAND'S IMPROVED LICENSE LAW."

BY E. S. BURLINGAME.

In the reply to our article with the above title, B. implies that we have hardly stated the matter correctly. The point that we made was that, so far, the results of the new law are not such as to enable temperance people to believe that, at last, a license law has been devised, which they can sanction and believe to be a helper in the cause of reform. This position we reaffirm, in view of all the developments of improved liquor selling since writing the previous article. In order to enable the jury of readers to judge impartially of the case, we summon a witness of undoubted veracity, the Providence Journal.

In an article in the Journal of July 25, we find the following: "Although the new liquor law has closed the doors of more than one hundred saloons in different localities in this city, there is no perceptible decrease in the number of drunken persons to be seen on the street; but on the other hand, drunkenness within the last three weeks has increased, and more especially among women. It is a noticeable fact that more drunken men can be seen on the streets Sunday than any other days, except perhaps holidays, notwithstanding the law against Sunday liquor selling. It can not be charged that there is a laxity in the enforcement of the law against Sunday sales, for the police have made numerous prosecutions, but still the sales go on Sunday after Sunday and the number of intoxicated persons to be seen reeling on the streets seems to increase rather than decrease."

Now, if we had a prohibitory law and because of its non-enforcement, these evils were as prevalent as now, or even more so, we could say, "It is no fault of the law, but rather of the people, the laxity of whose moral sentiment allows this state of things," but when, on the contrary, we have a law which B. admits is not founded on correct principles, when he says, "The principle of prohibition is the only correct one," and which we believe to be a compromise with sin, we do not feel called upon to say one word in excuse of its failure.

Members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union were very active in securing the names of property owners to remonstrances against liquor stores in their neighborhoods, were courteously treated by the commissioners and felt as if they had accomplished considerable; but when we came together after our arduous day of work, looked the matter fairly over and discussed it in its various bearings, we felt that practically little had been accomplished, that the work of the legislators had been to endeavor to shift the responsibility of the nefarious license system upon the shoulders of private citizens, so that they might say as B. does, "The number of licenses granted would have been less, had the owners and occupants of land property bestirred themselves." Of course we know there would be no liquor sold in our land to-morrow, if these persons "properly bestirred themselves." There is a power in the moral and intellectual element in our land before which the

rum-sellers would quail and yield, could it be concentrated against their traffic. But the rum-sellers and their friends understand that it can not thus be concentrated, therefore, little danger is apprehended by them from any law which throws the responsibility on the general public.

It is far from true that the liquor shops of this city are "concentrated in one locality." In fact, it is difficult to see any signs whatever of concentration, but without doubt some localities are more highly favored than before. When we consider, however, that the poorer and more unfortunate classes are the ones who are to be the sufferers by the removal of some of these places to their localities, we think that it is not a matter for much rejoicing, especially among the followers of Him, who came "to seek and to save that which was lost."

It is best that the temperance people of Rhode Island should do the best they can under the present, or any other form of law, but defend a license law? Never, NEVER, NEVER.

INDIA LETTER.

MADRAS, June 23, 1881.

The last form of our Annual Report goes to press to-day, and I hope we may be able to post it to our friends next week, so that they will be reading it about the time this letter reaches them. They will I trust perceive on its pages unmistakable evidences of true progress in this far away field. I confess that I am more and more impressed, as the years roll on, with the remarkable growth of Christianity throughout the pagan world. What wonders it had wrought in the Roman Empire even before the death of Paul or John. And what wonders it has wrought in these latter days in that same Asia where Peter and Paul and John toiled and suffered! Think of the progress made here in India since Carey began his work at Serampore, less than a century ago, then read Matt. 21: 42, afresh, and thank God.

How very little of a year's work it is possible for us to put on paper. This Annual Report and occasional letters to the Star and the Helper comprise all we say about a work into which our daily lives are wrought, and which comes to be more necessary and certainly more dear to us than our meat and drink. But it is a poor show at best we make on paper. Not one hundredth part of our work, what makes it and what it means, its forces, its fears, its failures and its triumphs is it possible to reproduce by pen or pencil. A philosopher asked his student to fetch him a fig from a banyan tree, then asked him what he saw. "A little fig," answered the lad. "Break it, and what do you see?" continued the teacher. "A little seed," was the reply. "Break a seed and what do you see?" rejoined the pupil. "Nothing," responded the boy, whereupon the wise man said, "Where you see nothing, there dwells a mighty banyan tree."

Could you, kind reader, read between the lines, and know the thousand things unsaid that constitute after all the warp and woof of a missionary's life, things that never reach our pens but never leave our hearts, you might understand something of life and work among the heathen. But, as the wise man said, "where you see nothing, there dwells a mighty banyan tree." In some cases what is needed to fill out the shortest sentence, and to bring its little world of work and waiting before the eyes of the reader, would fill a volume as it has filled to overflowing an eager and earnest heart. There are facts that a pen may note and there are feelings that language fails to express. Perhaps one sprightly line is the best that could be written of a glad event that made a whole day radiant, and many hearts jubilant. So as you read our report, think of us and "pray for us."

The prominence of Woman's work for woman will strike every thoughtful reader of this report. I hazard nothing in saying that never before has our mission been able to make so cheering a statement concerning this important department of Christian effort. The Lord has richly blessed the work of our sisters and will increase it more and more. But there is one fact which well nigh every page of the report must emphasize, that is, the need of men. I can not write too strongly on this point. The figures of the recent census (to which I shall refer more particularly by and by) are suggestive indeed. Unless men are sent us soon Paul's charge to his "true yokefellow" at Philippi, "Help these women," will have to be turned into a wail from our American sisters to the women of the mission (a fair share of whom are Philippians) calling upon them to help those men, even "the remnant that are left."

During the brief recess in our school work I was in Calcutta for a week. While there I witnessed the conclusion of "The missionary case," as it is called, i. e., the trial of the missionaries for preaching in the public squares in violation of the orders of the Commissioners of Police. The missionaries were defended by able barristers and the case elicited remark-

able interest in the city, as well as throughout India. A full bench of magistrates decided that the Commissioner of Police acted beyond his powers in issuing the order prohibiting preaching in the public squares, consequently the missionaries have been discharged and the case dismissed. It is rumored that the counsel for the prosecution will appeal to the High Court and some fancy that Government may legislate unfavorably in regard to street preaching. Time will tell.

It was my good fortune to be present at the Monthly Conference of the Calcutta missionaries. Seven denominations and eight societies or more are represented in this, and the monthly meeting is always well worth attending, for live topics come to the front and are ably discussed by practical thinkers and earnest workers. The value of singing as an evangelistic agency was the topic this time. A thoughtful paper was read and several addresses made. India has no Sankey as yet, but her churches are coming to see the importance and appreciate the power of soul-stirring song, and I have no doubt there are hearts and voices here that will be consecrated to singing the glorious gospel of peace to these benighted people. Even in their native airs, which strike our ears as wild and weird enough, this people shall hear and heed the old, old story of Jesus and his love. May the time soon come.

Our rainy season which began a full month earlier than usual, is holding on wonderfully. Indeed we have had a remarkable rainfall already—too great it is feared for the good of the rice crop. Hindoo prophets begin to foretell famine resulting from a failure of the latter rain. How comforting to feel that we are in the hands of our kind Heavenly Father, who will not do wrong and whose plans of mercy towards this degraded race can not fail of accomplishment. God knows best is our only answer to the questioning, quibbling, sophists who prognosticate evil. If only by a famine—or better by a famine, can poor India be saved from her superstitions and her sins—let the famine come, however terrible it be. There can not be a doubt that the fearful famine of 1866 has been a real blessing to India in many ways.

J. L. P.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL INSTITUTES.

BY JOHN BROWN SMITH.

We were glad to learn from the excellent report of the Ocean Park Assembly that the subject of Sunday-school Institutes was discussed there, and that a resolution in favor of holding such an Institute at that place was adopted. It is a move in the right direction. The idea is taken from the "Institutes" held in many States for the instruction and training of public school-teachers in practical matters pertaining to their work. An Institute is a miniature and modified Normal School. A Sunday-school Institute is designed to afford similar advantages to those engaged in Sunday-school work. Its object is to give instruction in Biblical knowledge and in the details of Sunday-school management. The highest development of this idea is found in the famous "Chautauqua Assembly," all the essential features of which are now reproduced in the New-England Assembly at South Framingham, Mass. In many other places the same idea has been utilized and great good has been done to the schools of our land. There is still room for others and few places can offer facilities for such work equal to those which may readily be enjoyed at Ocean Park. But our schools need not wait until next year for these good things. Most excellent results have attended and followed the holding of single-day local Institutes, or Conferences, as some prefer to call them. The teachers of a single school, or of several schools located near each other, may be gathered together at a convenient place, and enjoy for one day advantages which will be helpful for a whole year. No great preparation is needed except on the part of the man who is to conduct the Institute. He can not be too well prepared. If this be divided between two or three neighboring pastors, each taking a definite share of the work, it need not be a heavy task for any one of them. The exercises might be confined to one day, or beginning in the evening, extend through the next day and evening, thus securing two evening sessions, at which a larger attendance might be expected. The programme should include practical topics, such as common teachers need instruction upon, and should be arranged so as to interest and help all classes of workers. The topics should be introduced by the conductor, or some person appointed, and an opportunity given for a free interchange of views, so far as time would permit. There should be an opportunity for the asking of questions; either through the now familiar "Question Box," or directly. If possible, there should also be, at some convenient time, a "Children's Service," at which the "little folks" should be present to sing the hymns they love and hear brief addresses prepared especially for them.

The good things presented should be gathered up and stored away, not to be kept hid, but to be put into immediate use. In this way enthusiasm may be

awakened and encouragement given that will be felt in the school for months afterward.

GLEANINGS.

BIND TOGETHER BY ALLEX.

Say unto Wisdom, Thou art my sister,
and call Understanding thy kinswoman.—
Solomon.

Do the duty which lieth nearest thee!
thy second duty will have already become
clearer.—Carlyle.

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.

—Longfellow.

Give admittance unto Christ and deny
entrance to all others. He will be thy
faithful and provident helper in all things,
so as thou shalt not need to trust in men.
For men soon change and quickly fall;
but Christ remaineth forever and standeth
by us firmly unto the end.—Thomas a
Kempis.

Count that day lost, whose low, declining sun
Sees from thy hand no worthy action done.

—Anon.

Striking manners are bad manners.—
Robert Hall.

Oh, many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant,
And many a word at random spoken
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.

—Scott.

Truth is the highest thing a man may
keep.—Chaucer.

Honor the Lord with thy substance, and
with the first fruits of all thine increase;
so shall thy barns be filled with plenty,
and thy presses shall burst out with new wine.

—Solomon.

Let fate do her worst; there are moments of
joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she can not
destroy;

Which come in the night-time of sorrow and
care,
And bring back the features that joy used to
wear.

—Thomas Moore.

Heaven is not gained at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

—J. G. Holland.

Who, well deserves, needs not another's
praise.—Hearth.

By ignorance is pride increased;
They most assume who know the least,
Their own self-balance gives them weight,
And every other finds them light.

—Gay.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's
breath,
And stars to set; but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

—Mrs. Hemans.

It is sad, but true, that we can silence
our consciences easier than our desires.
Unhappy the man who fails to remember
the dreams of his youth.—Goethe.

The only way to shine ever, in this false
world, is to be modest and unassuming.
Falsehood may be a thick crust, but in the
course of time, truth will find a place to
break through. Elegance of language may
not be in the power of us all, but simplicity
and straightforwardness are.—Bryant.

There is no Death! what seems so is transi-
ent;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

—Longfellow.

Judge not according to the appearance.—
St. John.

Could we forbear dispute and practice love,
We should agree as angels do above.

—E. Waller.

Behold how good and how pleasant it is
for brethren to dwell together in unity.—
David.

This fair universe is indeed the star-
domed city of God. Through every star,
through every grass blade, and most
through every living soul, the glory of a
present God still beams.—Carlyle.

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

—Shakespeare.

Every man is born for heaven; and he is
received in heaven who receives heaven in
himself, while in the world; and he is ex-
cluded who does not.—Swedenborg.

A WOMAN'S WIT.

A woman's advice is generally worth
having; so, if you are in any trouble, tell
your mother or your wife or your sister all
about it. Be assured that light will flash
upon your darkness. Women are too
commonly judged veridical in all but purely
womanish affairs. No philosophical stu-
dents of the sex thus judge them. Their
intuitions or insight are most subtle, and
if they can not see a cat in the meal there
is no cat there. I advise a man to keep
none of his affairs from his wife. Many a
home has been saved and many a fortune
retrieved by a man's confidence in his
wife. Woman is far more a seer and a
prophet than man, if she be given a fair
chance. As a general rule the wives con-
fide the minutest of their plans and thoughts
to their husbands. Why not reciprocate,
if but for the pleasure of meeting confi-
dence with confidence? The men who suc-
ceed best in life are those who make confi-
dantes of their wives.

If the woman of a family, especially the
mother, make intellectual influence part of
the daily life of the home, much more will
be done to plant love of knowledge in
their children's minds than can be ef-
fected by the ardent competition of ex-
amination at a later period of life.—Lord
Salisbury.

QUOTATIONS.

We can not yield to skepticism of any
of Christ's teachings without the hazard
of wrecking all our religious faith.—Zion's
Herald.

It is a very evil habit into which some
churches have fallen, that of shutting the
meeting-house and having no meeting,
when there is no minister on hand to
preach.—Christian Secretary.

It is a terrible vindication of the un-
seen truth as to character, that the wrongs
we gratuitously suspect in the motives
and acts of others, are exactly those of
which we ourselves are capable.—Episco-
pal Recorder.

The spirit which has animated a very
large part of the scientific activity of this
generation has been hostile to the Scrip-
tures, and has desired to prove them
false. It has failed absolutely.—Christian
Intelligencer.

Count not the listless days of summer
lost if they see no great work done.
Enough if the rest they enforce shall store-
body, brain, and heart with new power
for the working-days that are to come.—
Christian Register.

It is to be hoped that the government
can give the manufacturer of Irish dy-
namite machines at least as much of a
scare as it has given Mr. Hartmann, and
so rid us of another would-be murderer,
if it can do nothing more.—Christian
Union.

As the moth follows any soil on gar-
ments, eating away the fibers and de-
stroying the entire fabric, so temptation
searches every inherited or acquired sus-
ceptibility to the approach of evil, enslav-
ing the passions, obscuring the reason,
degrading the soul and blotting out every
hope of heaven.—Watch Tower.

Thus we hold the inspiration of the
Bible to be no intermittent force, leaving
the writers sometimes "weak and as
another man," and causing the Book to
have an undetermined and undetermi-
nate percentage of error; but a divine
gift that permits us to repose an undoubt-
ing faith in the Scriptures as the Word of
God.—Watchman.

"She is very natural," said a fond
mother to us recently. "If she dislikes
anybody she always shows it, and it
sometimes gets her into serious trouble."
We could not help thinking, "and she
therein comes very near to being a natural
fool." What if all the world went about
showing its dislikes for peculiarities of
person or temperament! We ought not
of course to make people believe that we
are fond of them if we are not, but a
great amount of discomfort would result
if we were always to appear to feel pre-
cisely as we do.—Congregationalist.

For the work of missions, we believe
there must be prayer, there must be men,
but after all, our greatest want is
money. Give the money, and the men
are ready to start. It is money that will
make the wheels of missionary effort spin
everywhere, and make China, Japan,
Turkey, all places, hum with most cheer-
ful activity. But how get the money?
Let us ask the children for it especially.
We emphasize that. Educate the chil-
dren to the most active interest and the
largest money-giving. It may seem like
slow planting, but it means a big crop by
and by.—Christian at Work.

Of the fifty millions of men, women
and children who have sat beside that
patient couch, who have day by day
watched the beat of that feverish pulse,
not one will ever remember him except
with softened heart and tender hope. If
he is to be spared to us he will come back
with power; struck down in tears and
sorrow he will be raised in joy and hope.
He will come back to us with no rival
among the living, with no peer except
among the dead. And fifty millions of
people good and true hope and believe
that he will bring back from the inner
gates of death something better than life,
the wisdom and the power to do for this
nation what in the light of all future his-
tory shall prove to be worthy of his brave
and struggling youth, his toilsome and
victorious manhood and of a beneficent
and honorable old age.—Representative
Reed of Maine.

The Church of England Temperance So-
ciety is rapidly gaining the position of a
national institution. Twelve clerical and
nine lay secretaries are constantly em-
ployed in forming and visiting parochial
associations. At the recent anniversary
167 churches in London alone joined the
Simultaneous Sermons, being an increase
of twenty-four churches over the number
of last year. The sum collected for the
promotion of its work amounts already
for the year to over \$60,000. Mr. S. S.
Caine, a Nonconformist and member of
Parliament for Scarborough, gave this
splendid testimony to the vigorous ex-
ertions of the Society:

The Church of England has done more
to postpone the day of disestablishment by
its temperance work than by any other to
which it ever put its hand. It has made
the Church the Church of the people, in a
sense in which it has never been before,
and by means of its Temperance Society is
doing a magnificent work.—Christian at
Work.

S. S. Department.

Sunday-School Lesson.—Sept. 4.

(For Questions see Star Quarterly and Lesson Papers.)

THE COMMANDMENTS.

DAILY READINGS.

- TE.** The commandments. Exodus 20: 12-21.
T. The law holy. Rom. 7: 1-12.
W. The law broad. Ps. 119: 89-104.
U. Love to our neighbor. Luke 10: 25-37.
P. The law leads to Christ. Gal. 3: 9-29.
S. The law in the heart. Jer. 31: 31-37.
S. The law fulfilled in Christ. Matt. 5: 17-20.

GOLDEN TEXT:—"And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the Law and the Prophets."—Matt. 22: 39, 40.

Exodus 20: 12-21.

TOPICS:—Duty to parents; Social duties; The law from God.

Notes and Hints.

The first four commandments, relating especially to our duties to God, are often called the first table of the law; the remaining six, treating of our duties to our fellow-men, constitute the second table of the law. These are taken up in our lesson to-day.

I. *Duty to parents.* The family is the corner-stone of society and the state. The fundamental law of the family is found in the authority of the parent. This authority is of divine appointment, and, therefore, entitles the parent to the reverence and filial regard of the child. All this is embodied in the single word "honor," in the fifth commandment. That includes a cheerful and grateful recognition of the claim of the parent upon the child, as the author of his existence, and his natural protector and friend, as the one appointed of God to guard and guide him until he is able to care for himself; it includes a prompt and respectful obedience to the commands and instructions of the parent, and a thoughtful regard for all his known wishes; it is designed to secure from the child a considerate attention to, and suitable provision for the wants of the parent, whenever it may be necessary to do so.

The spirit of this command includes within its scope all those who, in the course of our experience, may be in a relation similar to that of the parent, as teachers and rulers. The spirit of the filial relation underlies all social order and harmony. Secular and religious teachers, civil rulers and public officers, in so far as they are charged with duties and responsibilities like those of the parent, are entitled to a similar reverence. The relation should be one of mutual confidence and love; one in which both parties find delight in consulting the other's happiness, but in which the will of the parent is the law under which the duties of the relation are discharged. The gracious promise of God's blessing upon those who obey the commandment ought to lead both parents and children to careful study of its nature and requirements.

II. *Social duties.* Here follow several precepts regulating man's intercourse with his neighbors, prohibiting certain grave offenses against social peace, purity and order. There are some things which every man is permitted to call his own, and which he has a right to defend; against these no man has a right to commit any trespass. These commands are directed against specific acts, the gravest of their kind, and each is designed to include and cover all minor offenses of its class. Murder is the greatest crime against human life, and the law forbidding it, prohibits, also, every attack upon physical health and safety, every thing, in short, by which the life of another may be directly or indirectly shortened. So with the other commandments; each is to be interpreted according to its spirit and not merely according to its letter.

The seventh forbids every violation of chastity or purity; the eighth, every trespass upon the property of others; the ninth, every form of misrepresentation or detraction; the tenth, every desire to get what we have no right even to wish for. In all these things we are to be governed, by the principle afterwards announced by our Saviour in the Golden Rule.

III. *The law from God.* After the giving of the law, the people perceived plainly that Jehovah had spoken unto them. The words were not from Moses, though spoken by his lips. They were deeply impressed by the manifestations of this presence and power; they became conscious of their own imperfections and shortcomings; they shrank from the immediate presence of the Deity, and besought Moses to speak for them; they humbled themselves before God and devoutly worshiped him. The law does not create the sin which it condemns, nor does it cure it; its office is to reveal sin, as the light of the sun reveals the dirt which it neither creates nor removes. The law, coming from God, is like its author, holy, just and good, and is, for that reason, worthy of our highest consideration and most careful regard; his authority over us is supreme and absolute, resting upon the most substantial foundation, and ought never to be denied; his administration of this authority is so full of wisdom, mercy and love, that we ought to be drawn into an affectionate and loyal obedience to all his commandments. This is sure to follow a careful study and thorough understanding of our relations to him.

THOUGHTS AND APPLICATIONS.

I. God's law touches and makes sacred all human relations.

II. Some of the most dangerous sins may be hidden away in the heart of the sinner, and be entirely unsuspected by others.

III. God ought always to be approached with profound reverence.

TOPICS FOR THOUGHT AND STUDY.

- I. The letter and the spirit of the law.
 II. The relation of the law to the Gospel.
 III. How love fulfills the law.

GLEANINGS FROM THE NOTE-MAKERS.

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

The filial relation. This deserves a whole session by itself; and if the whole session be given to it, it will be none too much. We fear that reverence for parents is fast dying out from the earth. Young America is nothing if not pert to the verge of impertinence. The tendency is, very early in life, to break away from parental control as if it were unreasonable and tyrannical. It may be that sometime there was too much government; we are rapidly drifting into a condition where there will be far too little. Even despotism is better than Nihilism. There must be government; there must be authority; and the fountain-head of all human authority is the parental relation. If "the times are out of joint," we have only to look there to find an adequate explanation; parental authority is neither properly asserted nor respected. Parents and children have need alike to be exhorted to come back to God's order. Let the teachers enforce this matter on the minds of the children, and dwell on the assured blessing which God has attached to filial reverence, and the inevitable curse that clings to him who tramples on parental authority.—*Baptist Teacher.*

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

The tenth commandment. "Thou shalt not covet," etc. (verse 17). These commandments forbid the commission of all evil, whether against God, or our neighbor. The spiritual exposition of the Saviour has also shown, that the law may be broken, in the absence of the outward act; that murder may be the enmity of the spirit, and adultery the impurity of the heart. But in this last commandment, even the literal precept discovers the mind of the Lawgiver in this respect; and while the first nine forbid any unholy practice, the tenth lays the ax at the root of all improper desire. Our Lord, without expressly speaking of it, has shown us how we ought to understand it, in those passages in which he exhorts us to lay up for ourselves treasures in heaven, and to dismiss all anxiety about the morrow. If we act on the principle of these heavenly precepts, we shall not only abstain from coveting what belongs to our neighbor, but we shall never covet anything this earth can give, with an undue desire.

(From Rev. P. B. Davis.)

The commandments are to be kept. They require only the doing of what is right in itself. The duty to obey them exists in the nature of things. I am not to keep the commandments simply because God requires it; but because they are right God requires me to keep them. The Decalogue does not create obligation; it reveals obligation.

The commandments show us our need of Christ. The law teaches us what we ought to be; what we should strive to be. When we look at ourselves in its light, we find that we are the very thing which the law condemns. Having no saving power it compels us to seek One who can save. That is Christ.—*Monday Club Sermons.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOL NEWS AND NOTES.

The next meeting of the Rhode Island State Sunday School Convention will be held at Providence, Nov. 9, 10. Sunday, Oct. 16, and Monday, Oct. 17, have been recommended by the committee of the London Sunday School Union as days of universal prayer for Sunday-schools.

The pastor of a New England church stated in a recent public address, that of 160 persons admitted to his church on profession of their faith, during a certain period, 140 were members of the Sunday-school. Another pastor on a similar occasion stated that of 121 thus admitted, 98 had been members of the Sunday-school.—*S. S. World.*

The Sunday-school cause in Connecticut has been greatly helped by a series of half-day Sunday-school meetings in the smaller and more remote country communities. One pastor testifies that as the result of the meeting held in his church the attendance on the Sunday-school has increased fully one-fourth, and another says that on account of the impetus imparted by such a meeting, his Sunday-school continued its sessions through the winter months for the first time in many years.—*S. S. World.*

Rev. M. L. Laws, of Missouri, a leader in Sunday-school mission work in that State, tells of a church there that had a Sunday-school but became convinced that the church ought to meet every Sunday, and unite in the study of God's Word, when they could not have preaching. In one year they had gone from once a month preaching to employing a pastor for his whole time, and have opened two mission stations. Another church had a dilapidated house and once a month preaching, but no Sunday-school. They began a school, and soon concluded they must repair their house if they met every Sunday. They did so, and then called their pastor for half his time. At the close of the year they called him for his whole time.—*National Teacher.*

Communications.

CLASSIC FARMINGTON.

BY IDA HAZELTON.

Among the most vivid recollections of childhood is that of sitting on the floor of my father's study with a big bound volume of Harper's laid open across my knees, over whose pages I pored with never tiring delight, and among the first impressions of a literary character then indelibly fixed upon my mind were those derived from reading the History of Napoleon Bonaparte contained in some of those same volumes. I understand now, that the charm which irresistibly drew on my childish attention in those days was due, not to the historical fact of the great man's life, but to the genius of J. C. Abbott, the writer and historian, who told the story of his favorite Hero. The pages of dry history would have been swept over with swift, impatient fingers for something more entertaining, but those thrilling stories of bivouacs guarded by lonely sentinels, when the hero sat with folded arms by blazing camp-fires, planning the campaign of the next day; or those grim battles where the Eagles of France ever soared victorious, guided by the star of the Child of Destiny—held me spell-bound and caused the child to forget that she was reading history.

Remembering, then, the pleasure and profit derived, so early in life from this gifted author, and being mindful, too, of another name which the youth of our land must ever hold in even more grateful reverence, that of Jacob Abbott, the author of the famous Rollo Books, it was with real delight that I crossed, a few days ago, the threshold of the quaint little cottage in Farmington, where two sisters of this once large and gifted family still reside.

The pleasant village of Farmington, aside from its literary and educational renown, is famed for the natural beauty of its situation. It rests on the gentle slopes of highlands which stretch away until they rise to the summits of Mounts Abraham, Saddleback and Blue, where, among these highest elevations in the State, the wide waters of the Kennebec and Androscoggin take their rise. The village itself will prove to be a surprise to the unexpectant tourist. Its shady streets—indeed long bowers are they, arched by the shadows of ancient trees; its busy center of trade with brick blocks and sidewalks, and its literary institutions enobled in classic shades way up here in Northern Maine, so far from the business centers of the State, will cause one to exclaim, "How ever did it happen that Farmington has become such an enterprising little town?" while your genial hostess will reply, "Well, I cannot tell; every stranger asks that question." It seems, however, that the beauty of the locality, its educational advantages and the influence and genius of the Abbott families, have been sufficient to set this rare village quite by itself and to attract to itself some of the wealth and refinement of which New England boasts and of which Maine may claim a distinguished share. In the center of the town stands the fine school-building once known as the seat of the Farmington Academy, incorporated in 1807, and now scarcely less widely known as a State Normal School. Not far from its pleasant grounds is the village High School. At the upper end of the village there yet remains a spacious and handsome building, called The Willows, named from a little grove formed by those graceful trees, once a Female Seminary but now deserted by its fair tenants. It waits for a literary resurrection. Quite at the lower extremity of Maine St. is found the classic nook of Farmington. Every one to his taste, as the familiar phrase has it, and so the friend and lover of books will find his attraction irresistibly drawn to that quaint little cottage situated at the most quiet and retired end of Maine St., which now contains all the most interesting reminiscences of the well-known Abbott family.

Just across the street from this little cottage there stands a tall, pretentious school-building, the Abbott Family School for boys, established by Rev. Samuel P. Abbott in 1844. It has always been kept in the family. The school is familiarly known in the village as Little Blue, because of its miniature mountain rising abruptly by the side of the building and strangely resembling Old Mount Blue which rises up against the distant horizon. Its chief attraction, however, lies in the fact that before it assumed its present proportions it had been a little retired cottage built by Jacob Abbott himself, where nearly all of his literary labor was performed, except such of his work as was done in Europe, or for his publishers and friends, the Harpers in New York.

An extensive lot of this fine territory, lying from the Sandy River across the village streets and extending to the woods beyond, was bought by the father of the well-known authors and it has since been laid out in beautiful and interesting grounds, adding much to the attractiveness of the place. After wandering through these woody and winding ways, crossing often quaint little bridges, some of stone and others of the more rustic wood, which span the capricious pathway of the Beaver Dam Brook, or pausing to notice the shores of the fern edged pond so unexpectedly encountered in these woods, with its graceful little islands, you will be inclined to end your

wanderings, as I did, by seeking a seat within the quiet cottage where one of the Abbott brothers spent the last years of his valuable life.

The pleasant-faced, genial lady who greets you at the door is Mrs. C., a widowed sister of John and Jacob Abbott; then you are at once presented to a quiet, delicate-looking lady of whom I shall write further on. There are other things in life which speak besides human lips, and the very chairs and walls of this dainty little home have an expressive language of their own. Nothing has been added to, or taken from these rooms for many, many years, and an air of quaintness, culture and refinement rests upon every object. After a pleasant chat Mrs. C. pointed me to the portraits of her brothers upon the wall, "all of whom," she said, (five in number, if I remember correctly,) "fitted for the ministry at Andover, but on account of bronchial troubles only one was able to devote himself to that profession." Among other sketches she directed my attention to one, a very correct one, of the little cottage in which Mr. Abbott wrote all the Rollo's and did much other literary work except such as he went abroad to do, "all of which he sent home to be copied by my sister, there," said Mrs. C. turning to the quiet little figure sitting opposite us.

Then I learned for the first time the history of this dear woman whose name, like many another one of the world's unknown benefactors, has never been added to the public roll of honor.

"My sister," continued Mrs. C., "copied every one of her brother's manuscripts, taking as much interest in them as though they had been her own, and in the evening when her days work was done, she must read the *Tribune* and the *Times* before going to bed. Her work was too trying for her and she is now totally blind.

Mrs. C. very kindly conducted me to the room now occupied by the blind sister, where the library and many reminiscences of the brothers are kept. In one corner hang the shelves of no mean proportions which the heart and brain of Jacob Abbott was enabled to fill. In looking over these shelves I was impressed anew with a sense of the valuable labor which the good man performed for young people. Let me refresh your memories with the titles of some of these volumes, of which there are over one hundred. Here are the Harper Story Books, 12 in all. "Ah, how my brothers loved the Harpers!" said Mrs. C. "They were such good men, and such good friends to him!" The Corner Stone, Young Christian's Series; Rollo Books, 14 volumes; Rollo's Tour in Europe, 10; Kings and Queens, 24; Aborigines America, 8; Juno Stories, 4; Franconia Stories; Little Learner Series, &c.

"Your brother," I said, "was the first writer who understood the real wants of the growing minds of childhood. I think he should have the honor of having inaugurated what has since become a distinct department of literature."

"Ah," she quickly responded, "so many letters my brother has received, in which the writers have said, 'Mr. Abbott, I grew up on your books, they have been every thing to me!'"

But I must not linger longer among these pleasant places, for this article is already too long. It has been a privilege to have approached so near to the private life of this noted family whose descendants are still found among the cultured portion of our country, though the pens of the two more noted brothers have long been at rest. I bade the two good sisters, at length, farewell, and as I wished the dear woman in her quiet chair "Many more years of peace and comfort," she looked up in my face with a pathetic appeal in her sightless eyes, out of which there looked a soul, longing for the return of the old days of usefulness, and added to my words of parting, softly, wistfully the question, "And the return of my eyesight?"

MISSION WORK AMONG NIGHT CABMEN.

In this, as in every other religious work, there are difficulties, discouragements, and disappointments. But earnest and faithful labor usually brings more or less success, and it is so in this department of Christian work.

Here is A. When the missionary first met him on a cabstand, he told him that he had not attended any place of worship for nearly twenty years, and in answer to an inquiry, said that he spent his Sunday evenings in reading the newspaper. The missionary urged him to adopt a different course, and gave him a New Testament. A. began to read, this, and then with his wife and daughter commenced attendance at the Cabmen's Mission Hall. There they learned their danger as sinners, and the husband and wife found peace in believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, and are now members of a Christian church. The daughter also is in a hopeful state, and makes herself useful at the Mission Hall.

B. is a cabman, about forty years old, who used to spend his leisure time at the public house. He was induced to attend the Mission Hall. The Word reached his heart, and brought him under deep conviction of sin, and to a trust in Jesus Christ for salvation. And lest he should be led astray by strong drink, to which he had been addicted, he became a teetotaler.

In my last paper I spoke of Coffee House visitation in the early morning. One rainy morning the missionary found about a dozen cabmen ready to enter one of these houses as soon as it opened, and soon after, a man who was not a cabman, but who seemed to have been out all night, went in among them. When they were seated, and were supplied with their coffee and bread and butter, the missionary read the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, and was speaking of the gracious invitations it contained, when the man interrupted him, by asking if he thought his preaching did any good to the cabmen. The missionary replied, "Perhaps they will answer for themselves." An old man immediately said (while tears ran down his cheeks), "Ah! blessed be God, it has done me good, for the Lord has saved my soul, and I long for Sunday to come when I can go to the Cabmen's Mission Hall and sing, 'Shall we gather at the river?'" Another said, "Everybody knows what a drunkard I have been, and could not drink a cup of coffee without some rum in it. Mr. Grimmett persuaded me to become a teetotaler, and now I attend church, and am a reformed and happy man." Another said, "Mr. Grimmett is an old friend of ours, Sir, and we don't allow any one to annoy him." Five or six of the men pointed to the warm wrappers around their necks which the missionary had given them, as further indications of good done them, and the man confessed that he was answered satisfactorily.

At another Coffee House, a cabman said to the missionary: "Do you remember talking to me in the summer at the Hyde Park Corner, about four o'clock one morning. There was only my cab there, and the birds were singing in one of the trees close by, and you said they were praising their Creator. You asked me if I ever thanked him for his mercies and goodness to me. I felt I did not, and I did not answer; but my conscience condemned me, and I determined I would never go to bed again without kneeling down and thanking him, and I have kept my resolution." Another said: "Since I read the Testament you gave me, Sir, I have thought different to what I once did. I read it every day, and never go to bed without praying to God to forgive me my sins for Jesus Christ's sake." Other illustrations might be given, but these may suffice.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LANSING, AUG. 8, 1881.

The first of April we bade farewell to the church at North Scriba, N. Y., where for ten years we had labored in the Master's service. We found it hard indeed to break away from the associations, where friends had in many ways proved that "friendship was not a mere name." Believing the call was of the Lord we left kindred and friends, and reached the city of Lansing, Mich., April 7th. Brethren and sisters were ready to welcome us, and we soon forgot we were among strangers.

We found Lansing a flourishing city of a little over 8,000 inhabitants, situated about 80 miles northwest of Detroit, and 60 miles north of Hillsdale. It is well laid out; the streets are wide and straight. To an efficient board of health much is due in giving the city the reputation of being clean and healthy. The public buildings are very fine. The State House is an honor to the State and an ornament to the city: The State Reform School buildings are fine in appearance and well arranged. At present it contains about 300 boys that have been arrested for petty crimes and sent from different parts of the State; they are from 8 to 18 years of age. Formerly they were kept in rooms with barred windows, a high wall or fence encircled the ground, the hand-cuffs and ball and chain were almost in constant use and thumb-screws and sweat-box were resorted to frequently as means of punishment; but now these are all banished. Each boy is put upon his honor, and receives so many credits per day for good behaviour, and the time of their stay is according to their conduct. They are educated and taught to work and good situations are secured for them. It is doing a good work for the poor wails rescued from the tide of sin.

The Blind Institute located here has between 50 and 60 students; the buildings are to be soon enlarged to accommodate more. They are educated and taught to work and it is wonderful how ingenious and apt they are. The State Agricultural college is three miles east of the city; at present they have 220 students. The grounds are very pleasant, embracing over 700 acres of land under a high state of cultivation. The college buildings are well arranged, the barns and blooded stock are of interest to farmer. The school system of the city is of the best.

We found our church in a low condition, having had no pastor for several months; many had become discouraged and the congregation was scattered among the sixteen other churches of the city. There were a few that stood by the ship, having Bible readings and social meetings. They had great faith in God and believed and waited for the manifestation of approval. For the four months there has been a constant increase of interest and numbers; two have been baptized and ten have united with the church. The Sunday-school is in a very prosperous condition. Prayer and conference meetings well attended and interesting. The pastor and members are greatly encouraged. We need very much

a better house of worship and are now agitating the question of building. The society is free of debt and has a large, valuable corner lot. If there is any place in the Western States where the denomination should be interested, this growing city, the capital of Michigan, should claim the pre-eminence. A. E. WILSON.

EXPERIENCE.

BY MISS LURA A. MAINS.

Seventeen years ago I was converted to God; six years ago called to the ministry. The blessed Lord has saved many souls, and six Free Will Baptist churches have been organized with the converts, which are all living and having pastors. All these years I have known without a doubt that all was on God's altar, but after all there was a longing in my heart to be filled with God.

At a Free Methodist conference I was more than ever convicted for the real fullness of the Spirit. Last summer at our General Conference, in conversation with Brothers Peckham, of Maine, and Tracey, of Mass., and Sister Fenner, of Conn., I found out what I needed to pray for was the blessing of entire sanctification. They advised me to attend Dr. Cullis's holiness meeting at Old Orchard Beach. And there, instructed by brother F. W. McKenney, of Portland, and Brother Munger, I learned how to exercise faith in the blood of Jesus for the perfect cleansing, and was filled with the Spirit. I praise the Lord for perfect satisfaction in Christ, and I wish to say through the *Star*, to my many brothers and sisters that knew my anxiety for this blessing, and before whom I may never have the opportunity of testifying, that I am so glad of the steps I took in seeking it last summer. Jesus sweetly keeps me all the while, and the last year has been not only the best year of my life for my own soul, but for those with whom I labored. I have been at home many weeks with a sick mother, yet have been privileged to hold several holiness meetings, and seen many of the dear children of God go down into the fountain of cleansing, and come up filled with the Spirit. I have held a few protracted efforts, where many have been saved. Am now visiting one of the fields of last winter's labor, at Highland, Mich.—Brother John Silvernail, pastor. We find nearly all the converts strong in the Lord. A number of them have already obtained the blessing of holiness, and testify to it, not only in church but in their daily lives. Midst the hurry of harvest, and with the melting heat of a Michigan summer, from forty to sixty are present at the Thursday night prayer-meetings; and at the Sunday afternoon prayer-meeting, last Sabbath, over one hundred were present. Bro. S. is a faithful pastor. He is continually receiving new members. Last spring we held a holiness convention at Green Oak—Brother John Rogers, pastor of the church. Brother R. and quite a number of the church sought entire sanctification, and sinners were converted. The result up to the present time is a church built up in numbers and spiritual power, and a minister filled with the Spirit to lead them on to greater victories. I write this, praying the Spirit to bless it to the aid of some struggling child of God.

There is power in the blood of Jesus to save to the uttermost. Glory to his name! Yes, in this world of labor, and in that world of rest, shall our song be, Not unto us, no, not unto us, but unto Him who has washed us, will we give the glory. "Now unto him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church, by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end." Eph. 3: 20, 21.

OCEAN PARK.

A correspondent, after speaking favorably of Ocean Park as a location, says:

The spirit of the meetings was eminently Christian, the social meetings spiritual and profitable, and the Holy Spirit was present to bless. I was converted to the belief, that the institution was a good one and may be made an instrument of great good in pushing forward the interests of the cause of God. To me the Sunday-school work was the most interesting feature of the occasion. "That something should be done to improve and push forward our S. S. work is apparent to every thinking person. The youth and children are the 'glory of the world, and the hope of the church.' The papers on our denominational future presented some important facts. As these stated, our future prosperity is not assured by what we have done, or what we now are, but depends on the purposes of God concerning us, and what we can do for ourselves. No Christian will doubt this. But does not the success that has attended us thus far, especially in our educational interests, encourage us to believe that

"He (God) can not have taught us
 To trust in his name,
 And thus far have brought us,
 To put us to shame?"

But the generation that inaugurated our educational advance, has nearly passed away. A few linger on this side the river, and their work will soon be ended. Other heads must plan, and other hands execute for the future. As advantages and privileges increase, responsibilities increase. Where much is given much is also required. The past was surrounded with difficulties, but by persevering effort and God's blessing these difficulties were surmounted. And by the same self-denying and persevering effort, in deep consecration to God, with his blessing, "Whatever obstructs, obstructs in vain." Wisdom will not die with the past, or present generation, and God will not cease to be gracious. The first great effort should be to replenish our empty treasuries, and place our institutions of learning on a sound financial basis.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1881.

G. F. MOSHER, Editor.

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EXAMINATION OF MINISTERS.

At the late session of a Quarterly Meeting in the West, we think, according to report an inquiry was made into the standing and service of each minister in it. An excellent custom, and one which, in some form, should be adopted by every Quarterly Meeting in the denomination. Had this custom prevailed among us from the time it was practiced in effect by the early Fathers, it would have spared us, in part at least, the injury and shame we have suffered from a class of ministers, who migrate from one church and Quarterly Meeting to another, with questionable, if not bad reputations, uninvestigated and unchallenged, only to leave each church in a worse condition than they found it.

If at one session annually, the Quarterly Meeting conference would inquire into and pass upon the character and standing of its own members, not in the character of an inquisitorial tribunal, but in a free and easy way, as mutual help to each other, it might be more profitable than to spend all the time in looking after the work and standing of others who are without. Even base rumors prejudicial to the reputation of a minister, which sometimes gain currency, in justice to himself, as well as to the cause, should be inquired into; and, if found to be the offspring of prejudice or malice, they should be stamped out by the Quarterly Meeting, and the character of the minister in question should be openly endorsed and vindicated.

Sometimes a minister unfortunately commits a fault, a mere imprudence, perhaps, which, nevertheless, gives rise to unfavorable reports, and prejudices at least a portion of the community against him. He may rectify the fault in a true Christian spirit, but the stories set adrift, perhaps in an aggravated form, follow and trouble him elsewhere to the injury of his reputation and influence. It is due him as a Christian brother, from his immediate associates, that the case be investigated, and if circumstances warrant, that he be commended to the fellowship of the friends of Christ, and to the confidence of the community in general.

But there is another, and a different case, and none of us need go far to find it. A minister in a certain locality commits an offense, an act of mere imprudence, it may be. Brethren are grieved, a scandal results to the cause. The church, indeed, in consequence is divided in sentiment and feeling. He makes bold to defend himself, at least to excuse his fault. Matters go on from bad to worse, till he is compelled to leave. But having, it may be, a pleasing address, a ready gift of utterance, and a little smartness withal, he is not long in finding a new charge, but it is only to repeat the same course of conduct, with the same painful results, and so on wherever you follow him. No charge of crime against law, or perhaps against the ordinary rules of society, can be maintained. But still we take the responsibility of saying that such men should be speedily arrested in their course. The cause of God and the welfare of souls are too precious to be trifled with in this way.

But one may say, that an independent church has a right to employ such a pastor as it pleases, and what is the Quarterly Meeting "going to do about it?" Well, yes, in a sense a church has such a right. And so a Quarterly Meeting has a right to hold in its organization such churches as it pleases, with the implied right of calling to account and disciplining a church of its membership, that persists in harboring a minister it has adjudged unworthy of its fellowship. The precious cause of Christ, our cause, is lamentably suffering to-day for the want of some expedient to check at least the evil of which we are speaking. It is sad to think how many of our best ministers, upon taking charge of churches, have to labor years to overcome the prejudices against the cause engendered by their imprudent if not corrupt predecessors. How much we need a ministry of exemplary prudence and purity. "Holiness becometh thy house, O Lord, forever."

MR. A. S. MANSON, of Boston, whom we have known for several years as a collector of New England local histories and biographies, writes us as follows under date of Aug. 16, touching a matter that will interest most of our readers. In acknowledging the receipt of a portrait of Rev. John Buzzell, Mr. Manson says:

It may interest you to know that the "Life of Eld. Benj. Randall," Limerick, Maine, 182-, is rare in this section. I have a large library of New England local history and biography, and am constantly on the lookout for such works to add to my collection. I bought the only copy of the "Life of Eld. Benj. Randall," that I ever knew offered for sale at auction, at \$10.50. My competitor was the Librarian of Congress, Mr. A. R. Spofford, who was purchasing in the interest of the Library of Congress.

THE PRESIDENT'S CASE.

The serious relapse which the President experienced the first of last week, threatening during Tuesday and Wednesday to terminate fatally, shows by what a slender thread he is still held to life. The difficulty this time was with the stomach, which failed for a time to perform its functions, and not with the wound, which seems to be doing very well. Since the war the President has suffered from chronic dyspepsia, and it is quite likely that the attending physicians, in their anxiety about the wound, have neglected this organ, until the alarming symptoms of last week concentrated their attention upon it. Very gradually the patient has yielded to the course of treatment adopted, and this Saturday morning hope of his recovery is again quite strong. The President's own courage and calm trust in God have never forsaken him, and in that respect he has a strong ally in his brave and devoted wife, although her grief when out of the sick-room shows the ordeal through which she is passing.

Again the universal interest in the President's case is shown by the crowds that wait outside the White House gates for news from his chamber, by the telegrams of sympathy and inquiry that pour in from all quarters and by the earnest prayers that are offered for his recovery. The Queen has telegraphed assurances of sympathy to Mrs. Garfield and asked especially for a statement of the latest symptoms, the Catholic bishop of Cincinnati has ordered that prayers be offered in his diocese for the President's recovery, and there are many other noticeable and interesting features of the case.

Amid these features, many of which are encouraging, it can not be denied that the President is in a very precarious condition. The skill of his physicians, his own vitality and God's blessing have apparently brought him back again, for the time being, from the very brink of the grave, but his strength is reduced and he is less able to endure another relapse if it should occur.

While all are either praying or hoping for the President's recovery, it would be idle not to contemplate the possibility of his death. The results of such an event, although none the less deplored, would be viewed with less apprehension than they would have been a few weeks ago. Vice-President Arthur has won the confidence of the people in a marked degree by the manner in which he has borne himself since the catastrophe, and there is good reason to believe that if he should be called to that office he would discharge its duties in a broad and manly spirit. The government would move steadily forward, there would be no panic, and the confidence of the people would not be seriously shaken.

But we still hope that the President will recover. For this let all men pray. Of how great value might not such a life be to this country!

PARTY VIOLENCE.

One great evil of the times arises from excess of party spirit. It is no excuse that parties have always existed, and always in connection with wrong. In the progress of light and civilization, evil is to be overcome, the sooner the better. Parties are not objectionable in themselves. They grow out of the diversities of society and are susceptible of good. We may belong to parties in politics or religion, and use all proper means to promote their interests, not for selfish purposes but to promote the common good. But when we put party above our country or above truth and right, we pervert it, and make it an instrument of evil.

Party asperity works much mischief. It is blind and reckless. It makes all friends honest; all of the opposite party dishonest—its candidates for preferment are faultless, those of its opponents full of faults. How are the people able to make a fair estimate or a just decision?

It makes havoc of name and fame. Reputation is dear as life, but avails nothing before the shafts of partisan strife. One may stand ever so far before the community, beloved and honored; no sooner is he nominated for office, than he is derided and denounced as utterly unworthy. Falsehood and slander have full play. A man of honor is unwilling to run such a gauntlet, and the contest is left to those who have little to gain or lose. Such recklessness tends to demoralization by ignoring all moral distinctions.

Let it not be said that the epithets so freely bandied are unmeaning. If party leaders regard them as such, they do not thus represent them to their followers, and rancor and hatred are the effect on them. Disciples often go beyond their masters, charges made enlarge as they spread. Error and falsehood travel speedily where no antidote can reach them. Some fanatic of a Guiteau will credit the slander, and be impelled by it to the basest deeds.

There is no justification for party recklessness. When our aims or those of our party can not be subserved except by such resort, then it is sure that these aims are bad, and to be abandoned. Do what you can fairly, justly, truthfully, and be content. Be candid towards friends and opponents alike, indulge no vain adulation of one, nor vituperation of the other.

In review of history nothing often appears more foolish and strange than the excesses of party. By such means the best men for a time have been represented as monsters of evil, and the vilest exalted to seats of honor. We wonder that

men can be so deceived, yet the same for substance is practiced in our own day. Why can not wisdom be learned from experience, why not feel that falsehood and slander are ever evil and unworthy?

The evil often arises from base pretensions, who obtrude themselves on the public, and prosecute their plans recklessly. Every good citizen has a duty to check such aspirants, to investigate, to stand firm for truth and right, and be a true patriot and faithful citizen always and everywhere. In no other way can we discharge our sacred obligations.

MEXICAN RAILWAYS.

In answer to the question, Why is Mexico, a rich and populous country, having a large inland traffic, practically without railways, while other Spanish-American countries, more undeveloped, quite as subject to political revolutions, and with inferior resources, have found railroad building a profitable employment? General W. J. Palmer, President of the Mexican National Railway Company, has given to a representative of the New York Post, the following reasons:

It has been impossible, he says, to build rail-roads with American money without some sort of protection from the Mexican Government, and this has not always been easy to obtain; the Mexican is possessed with the notion that the United States are insatiable in their desire for more territory, and that an attempt to absorb the whole of Mexico will be made sooner or later. Therefore Mexicans are shy of allowing Americans to establish means by which they can flood that country with United States troops at a day's notice. Then there is the fear that property may be unsafe in a country famous for its political disturbances, and also, the ignorance concerning the land and its inhabitants. The General adds:

The reasons why the Mexicans have never undertaken to build railways for themselves are equally plain. The people are not rich, and the Government's credit has been so uniformly bad that no money could be borrowed outside. It must also be acknowledged that the Mexicans have absolutely no enterprise so far as the introduction of machinery is concerned. The country is so rich already that the Mexican is satisfied to go on with the primitive tools used by his forefathers. It will scarcely be believed that when I was down there ten years ago the method then (and probably yet) in use for getting water out of the silver mines was literally to carry it out; men with pigskins on their backs went from the bottom of the mines to the surface, filling their pigskins at the bottom and emptying them at the top. Instead of smelting their ores they use the old-fashioned quicksilver process. In fact, the absence of cheap fuel is a bar to all work by steam, and it was reserved to us to find and open the first coal beds known to exist in the country—those discovered last year at Laredo and others on the Manzanillo line and in the state of Michoacan. It is perfectly true, as some writers have observed, that the Mexican is not fond of travel; we get plenty of good laborers at thirty-two cents a day to work in the neighborhood of their homes, but we can not tempt these same men to come and work for us on the Colorado roads.

General Palmer professes the belief, however, that there is ample encouragement for railway enterprise in Mexico. He says, that although the passenger traffic is not what will pay in Mexico, the experience of Mexico's present roads shows that the people may be educated to use the railroad to some extent; and making a very favorable comparison of the net earnings of the Denver and Rio Grande railroad with those of all the railways of the United States; he intimates that railways in the southern end of the Mexican plateau, which is filled with mines and thickly populated, would be much more profitable. As another consideration he speaks of the fertile fields and forests of Mexico, many of whose products are not to be found elsewhere in North America. There are no waste lands belonging to the state, and the people who cultivate their land closely and thoroughly, are not willing to give it up to railways. Up to this year there have been less than four hundred miles of railroad in all Mexico.

CLOUDS.

With the sea before them cutting off, apparently, all escape, and with their maddened pursuers behind them threatening capture and death,—the cloud, which hung over the Israelites at that critical moment, performed a very important and significant office: it was the Hebrews' brilliant guide, while at the same time it was a cloud of darkness to their enemies—darkness which resulted in the Egyptians' disastrous ruin.

So, also, God means many clouds which arise over our pathway in life to be guides for us. We need to get on the bright side of them—the God-ward side.

Suppose that some of the Israelites had voluntarily—nay, willfully, and persistently, kept on the dark side of the pillar of the cloud, thus separating themselves from God's protecting and guiding presence,—they would have been overtaken and destroyed by their enemies, or engulfed in the sea.

And are not we, when some cloud of trial or tribulation overshadows us, apt to enwrap ourselves in its gloom, shutting out the brightness of the Father's love and mercy?

There is a bright side to every cloud. Could we but always keep on that side, in the guiding light of the Holy Spirit and under the tender, watchful care of our Good Shepherd, very many if not all of our trials would be turned into blessings and our sorrows into rejoicings.

See that loving mother as she weeps over the coffin of her darling babe—her first-born. A dense cloud envelops her soul,

which she seems as helpless to disperse as is the lifeless form of her child to loose itself from its shroud. By and by, however, she catches a glimpse of a silver lining to that cloud; for is not the departed one in glory, forever free from sin and sorrow and pain? And now her attention is drawn to the Light which has given that silver lining to the cloud; and at last she sees that the cloud, which was at first impenetrable darkness to her, has one side all bright: for her treasure is safe in heaven, and she may, ere long, rejoin it there. Behold! the Light is drawing her affections thitherward. And so the cloud becomes her guide; she is on the side towards the Light; the path ahead is now brighter than before the cloud appeared. And its dark side is towards her enemies—worldly attractions!

This principle of "looking on the bright side of things," as we say—keeping on the side of the clouds which is towards the light—has its advantages when applied to the minute experiences of life, as well as in relation to serious difficulties and sore afflictions. If governed by it our lives are not only made happier for ourselves, but also far more useful to others. It is a constituent principle of the Christian religion, when the latter is enjoyed in its fullness.

CURRENT TOPICS.

It is really unfortunate that there is no legal way of suppressing that arch nuisance O'Donovan Rossa, who last week assembled a company of sympathizing Irishmen in New York city to consider the best means of using dynamite. He represents the crowd whose principles are in turn represented by the Crowe, of Illinois, who is engaged in the manufacture of infernal machines with which to blow up English ships. This Rossa, whose real name, by the way, is Jeremiah O'Donovan, and Hartmann the Russian nihilist, and Esposito the Italian brigand,—that is the brace of ruffians that our boasted free country gathers under its protection. As well might a dove hover a nest of vipers and expect her brood to be safe. While the nation is watching with its wounded President, knaves and villains are holding high carnival.

A FRESH evidence of the ever increasing power of monopolies is afforded by a transaction just completed, by which the Montreal Telegraph Company, the chief telegraph company in Canada and about thirty years old, has sold or given itself away to Jay Gould and his colleagues. The contract provides for the transference of all the Montreal Company's property to the "Northwest Telegraph Company" (a United States concern with a capital of \$500,000, of which only \$50,000 is paid up), the latter agreeing to pay an annual dividend of eight per cent. on the capital stock. The "Northwest" Company appears to be virtually only a substitute for the Western Union, and the immediate effect of the transaction, it is boldly stated, will be an increase of rates all over the Dominion. Sir Hugh Allan, famous for his connection with the old Canada Pacific railway scandal, is the President of the Montreal Company and one of the largest owners of its stock.

THE longest and most inharmonious session of the British Parliament ever held, is now drawing to a close, the great subject of labor and strife having been passed over by the final passage of the Irish land bill. After firmly resisting the prolonged factious opposition offered to this measure in the House of Commons, the government were at last rewarded by its adoption by an overwhelming majority; but when the bill reached the House of Lords, that aristocratic and conservative body weakened it by numerous amendments and sent it back to the Commons.

Then, by concessions which have really not detracted from the honor or strength of Mr. Gladstone and his party, a compromise was effected by which certain of the Lords' amendments were allowed; and in that form the bill has become law. It is said that the changes made in the bill since it first passed the lower house are not such as to materially affect the operation of the measure or reduce its beneficent value to the Irish tenants. The law will go into effect forthwith.

THE passage of the Irish Land bill by the British Parliament, or rather the acquiescence of the House of Lords in its passage, is not only a triumph for the Irish tenants but it is one of the greatest triumphs that Mr. Gladstone has ever achieved as a Liberal leader, and marks him as one of the greatest statesmen of the time. When the bill was first presented, it was doubtful if even a majority of the Commons would favor it, since it took from the landlord so many of his old rights and gave so many new ones to the tenants; but for the Commons and the Lords to unite in its favor, although the latter do it of course as a matter of necessity, is an emphatic victory. It ought to quiet Irish agitators, and convince them that there is a strong party in England that is disposed to remove the causes of injustice of which they so bitterly complain.

In view of the attempts which have been made to again bring into operation the repealed law of New Hampshire, by which all church property in the State was exempted from taxation, it may not be unprofitable to look at the effects of exemption in Montreal, Canada, where it is enjoyed to the full. Churches, benevolent institutions and parsonages belonging to different denominations, in that city, all of

which are exempt, are valued at \$7,000,000. According to the last annual report of the city treasurer the assessed value of the Protestant is greater than that of the Roman Catholic churches, the figures being \$1,354,000 for the Protestants and \$1,307,000 for the Catholics. In the matter of parsonages the difference is small, the Protestants having \$235,000 and the Catholics \$241,000; but, while the Catholic churches generally own their own parsonages, the Protestants are chiefly rented premises. Benevolent institutions belonging to the Catholics are assessed at \$3,100,000, and those of the Protestants only at \$700,000. Opposition to these exemptions is said to be becoming greater every day. The Catholic "benevolent institutions" consist of vast and magnificent piles of masonry, many of which while being admirably conducted asylums for the needy and afflicted, are a source of large revenues to the various orders of nuns and friars who own them, and some are nothing less than manufacturing establishments.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL INSTITUTES. All persons interested in Sunday-school work, and in its relation to denominational progress, will read Mr. Smith's article on the first page, and we hope that those not interested in such work will read the article so as to awake an interest. Such institutes as are there proposed ought to prove serviceable to the school and the church. We wish the plan might be tried during the next few months. Before printing this article we have ascertained that Rev. G. C. Waterman, of Laconia, may be called upon to conduct such Institutes, and that his charges would include little besides the necessary expenses.

BRIEF NOTES.

The statement that the Gospel has made its way into all the eighteen provinces of China, is a striking evidence of the efficacy of missionary work.

An open-communication Baptist church has been formed in Toronto, Canada, with Rev. W. Brookman as pastor. We wish it prosperity, and great success in the Master's work.

"The ruling passion strong in death" is agreeably exemplified in the will of the lately deceased Matthew Vassar—agreeably, that is, to Vassar college, which gets \$130,000 by that instrument.

George William Curtis has put the whole philosophy of human leadership into this sentence:—"A true leader is but an advanced figure of men of his own spirit." No man can be a leader with nothing to lead.

We learn from the *Hillsdale Herald* that Mrs. Jeremiah Phillips and her daughter Nellie propose to sail from New York Sept. 24 on their way to India. They will visit friends in the East before their departure.

There is a kind of pathetic interest in recalling the words of President Garfield, uttered twenty years ago:—"I regard my life as given to my country. I am anxious only to make as much of it as possible before the mortgage on it is foreclosed."

It may profit a certain class of persons who feel themselves a little above the business of the Sunday-school teacher, to reflect that the late Lord Hatherley was a Sunday-school teacher for forty years, and the only two men now living who have been Lord Chancellors—Lord Cairns and Lord Selborne—have also been Sunday-school teachers.

The *National Baptist*, referring to its inability to make the *Independent* admit the close-communication quality of the Philadelphia Articles of Faith, pleasantly says:—"Old Dr. Samuel Johnson believed in ghosts and did not believe in the Lisbon earthquake. It is said that Andrew Jackson believed that the earth was flat. We all have our little weaknesses. The *Independent* has its weakness."

The recent statement, improbable at the time, that Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was writing a comedy, is followed by the interesting announcement that she is to appear on the stage of the Casino theater, in Newport, R. I., the last two evenings in this month, in a French play. The Casino is a private enterprise, to be sure, but we are nevertheless not wholly pleased with the announcement.

Chaunatqua now proposes a training for ministers supplemental to that of the seminaries, by means of the undenominational Chaunatqua School of Theology, organized under New York State law. Dr. Vincent is president of the School, Rev. Dr. Townsend, of Boston, dean; and the trustees include in their number some of the most noted clergymen of the different denominations. This project will afford many persons a means of independent theological study.

It is announced that some changes are to be made in the management of the *Watchman*, our esteemed Baptist contemporary. Rev. J. C. Foster, a prominent and energetic clergyman of Randolph, Mass., is said to have purchased a controlling interest in the paper, and that he will become actively connected with it October 1. His letters to the *Watch Tower* foretell a good quality of work in the *Watchman*, in case he should identify himself with that department of the paper.

"The Wheel as a Symbol in Religion" is a curious paper of travel, which appears in the *Sept. Scribner* by Miss Constance Gordon Cumming (sister of the famous lion-hunter). In her visits to Tibet, India, China, Japan, and other oriental countries, the author has made special search for all forms of the obsolescent prayer-wheel. The result is a collection of curious pictures, drawn by the author from nature, and an interesting comparison of the various evolutions of worship by wheel. The field is almost untrodden ground, and the paper is a valuable addition to religious antiquarianism.

Miss Frances E. Willard, in a very interesting letter to the Boston *Advertiser*, describes her visit, last spring, to the new settlement of the Modoc Indians who were brought from the Lava Beds in Oregon, and portrays the wonderful transformation that has been effected by their conversion from barbarism and degradation to temperance and Christianity, through the labors of a Quaker preacher and his wife (Mr. and Mrs. Asa Tuttle), at the Quapaw Agency, Indian Territory. She closes her communication with the following observation:—"We must revise our ignorant fancies of Indian Territory by the fact that it abounds in churches, school-houses and homes, but is minus bar-rooms and grog-shops."

An Appeal to the Ladies.

DEAR SISTERS:—

When our last remittance was sent to India and our quarterly appropriation for the work at Harper's Ferry paid, all the Working Capital had to be used. This has only just been returned, and now in the few days remaining before Aug. 25th, we have to raise over \$600. Will not every one interested in our work help lift this burden at once? HOME SECRETARY.

Ministers and Churches.

Eastern.

Maine.

There will be a two-days meeting of the Free Baptist church at Roxbury, in Judkin's grove, on Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 3 and 4—to include a meeting of the Temperance reformers of Rumford, Dixfield and vicinity on the afternoon of the 3d. Elders Crockett, Wyman, Procter and others are expected to be present.

New Hampshire.

A very good religious interest is manifested in the Pine St. church, Manchester, at the present time. Baptism was administered by the pastor on Aug. 14, and the ordinance will soon be observed by others.

Vermont.

Mrs. J. H. Eaton makes the following appeal in behalf of the mission treasury:—"Dear Sisters, especially are we urged to an increased interest in our mission cause at the present time, to help meet the appropriations made by our Woman's Board which soon become due. The help of all is needed. Let us pray for a spirit of giving and withhold not that which belongs to the Lord or to his service, that by the first of October a blessing shall be ours, for the much we have given."

New York.

As noticed in the *Star* a few weeks ago, Rev. Bishop Asbury Russell fell asleep in Jesus, at his home in Oxford, of heart disease, June 27, in the 80th year of his age. He was born in New Rochelle, the home of Thomas Paine. He was converted at fifteen, commenced preaching at sixteen. Thus for more than sixty years he had preached Christ, and Him crucified. He was ordained in 1820. Definite statistics of his life's work are wanting. His labors were mostly confined to Pa. and N. Y. He assisted in organizing the Susquehanna Y. M. C. No more than one or two of its charter members survive him. He labored considerably, especially during the first half of his ministry, as an evangelist, and saw many revivals. He baptized at least one thousand souls during his ministry. His last pastorate was West Davenport. He settled in Root's Corners forty years ago, where by industry, economy, and the blessing of God he secured a competence for himself and family. He was married to Catherine Blake, Aug. 23, 1820; to Diana Barnes, Dec. 11, 1834; to Sarah Buckman, Nov. 11, 1865. The latter and her son and six daughters, several of whom are members of the Oxford F. B. church, survive him. So one after another of the fathers is passing away. May our young ministers, more cultured it may be, have no less zeal, fervent piety, holy unction, success in winning souls, than had our fathers.—M. H. ABBY.

Rev. J. M. Allen died at his home in Otsego, Aug. 12. He was carried to Willett for burial.

Pennsylvania.

Rev. T. H. Drake writes: "At the camp-meeting recently held with the Bellevue church, there were present Revs. O. E. Baker, G. C. Baker, Mr. Woods, of Ohio; Rev. A. H. Chase, of Michigan; Rev. A. F. Bryant, of New York; Revs. J. B. Page, B. H. Fish (pastor of Bellevue church) and T. H. Drake, of Pennsylvania. The meeting continued over two Sabbaths with a fair degree of interest and attendance. The matter worthy of special note in connection with this meeting was the lifting of an old debt on the church, of about \$1400. This leaves on it only a small debt of about \$500, which is partly provided for already, and which the church will now be able with wise administration, to manage without serious embarrassment. Special praise is due Revs. A. H. Chase and A. F. Bryant for the part they bore in raising the funds. There is far more hope for the prosperity of our cause in Bellevue, with such a financial burden rolled off, than for many years previously. Our stay at Bellevue was rendered pleasant by the pastor and his people. We shall expect to hear good reports from them hereafter. Situated as the church is, in a village of about two thousand population, about forty-five miles from Pittsburgh, with both rail and river communications, in the midst of a very rich agricultural and mineral region, with very picturesque surroundings which make it quite attractive, and withal, being in the near vicinity of where Washington's battle with the Indians was fought, where he once owned a farm, where he frequently camped, where was one of the strongest forts of the race that is fading away so rapidly,—there ought to be no difficulty in keeping up and even increasing the interest in this camp-meeting, from year to year.... We have reason to think some good religious impressions were left."

Indiana.

Rev. Z. Langston died in Greensburg, May 3, 1881, aged 28 years. He professed religion about seven years ago, and a year or two later entered the ministry. He gathered two churches in North Carolina, and in 1879 removed from that State to Indiana.

Western.

Ohio.

Rev. O. E. Baker, formerly of Waterloo, Iowa, is doing excellent work for the Master, as pastor of the Marion church. That church is now re-erecting its church balcony and adding other needed improvements. The pastor now is absent, assisting Bro. B. H. Fish in camp-meeting work at Bellevue, Penn. Rev. S. D. Bates is still the indefatigable worker of former years, and his pulpital efforts are, as the wine of Cana, the "best of the wine at the last of the feast;" and through the blessing of God he has been permitted to "gather many sheaves." In his different fields of labor, and still is trusting in the sickle of truth into the ripened grain.... It is very probable that Bro. W. C. Hulse of Malvern, will seek another field of labor the approaching autumn. Any church desiring pastoral care can address him as above.... Rev. John Hisey, the pioneer of the Warren & Clark Q. M., still guides the gospel plow and labors with several churches in Southern Ohio with the same earnestness and energy as of former years.... We learn that Bro. E. Pimlot, pastor of the Beech Grove church, contemplates attending Hillsdale College this approaching session. As it is a privilege that so few young ministers of

Poetry.

A WORD OF CHEER.

Say not the struggle nought avaleth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor falleth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dunes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

—Selected.

THE AMBITIOUS VINE.

A Vine that stood beside a thriving Oak,
Grew weary of the labor
Of self-support, and thus she plainly spoke
Unto her stronger neighbor:

"I prithee bend your handsome trunk to me,
My noble forest brother,
That, mutually embracing we may be
Supporters of each other."

"Nay," said the tree, "I was not made to bend;
I'm strong and self-reliant,
As Oaks are wont; but you, my pretty friend,
Are twenty times as pliant!"

"So clasp your slender arms around me, dear;
And we will grow together,
High as yon azure cloud, nor ever fear
The roughest wind or weather!"

"Nay, nay," replied the foolish Vine, "I hate
To seem so much your debtor;
You do the twining, now, and I'll be straight;
I'd like it vastly better!"

"Nature wills otherwise," the Oak replied,
"However you may grumble;
The moment such a silly plan was tried,
Together we should tumble!"

"Come you to me; and, taking Nature's
course,
We'll keep our proper places;
And to the twain will give my manly force,
I and you your maiden graces."

"But if, perverse, you try to live alone,
With none to hold and cherish
Your slender form, before you're fairly grown,
You certainly will perish."

"Or if, instead of fondly clinging fast
To one who would protect you,
You flit with others, all the trees at last
Will scornfully reject you."

"I see—I see," exclaimed the musing Vine,
"The weaker must be nourished;
Then clasped the Oak with many a graceful
twine;
And so they grew and flourished!"

Family Circle.

A STORY OF THE OPEN STOVE.

BY F. S. M.

Grandfather Hanson sat before the open stove surrounded by a group of grandchildren. They had watched the maple sticks burn to coals as he told them stories of fifty years ago, when the country was new, and he rode to mill on horseback, with the bag of corn tied behind him to the horse.

When the coals were bright and glowing they had parched corn and cracked a pan full of hickory nuts, and eaten them, and all the time the minutes and seconds had gone scampering after each other till the tall clock in the corner struck nine. A blank look of amazement came over each young face, but with one accord they begged for one more story, just one, and grandfather consented, for some of the little folks were to go to their distant home on the morrow.

"I will give you something to guess," he said. "There is something in this room which has added very much to our comfort and pleasure this evening. It was invented by a very noted man. I will tell you about him, and you may guess who he was, and what he invented which we have enjoyed this evening."

"He was born more than a hundred years ago in Boston, opposite the Old South church where you went to see the phonograph. His father was a candle maker but the boy was apprenticed to a printer. He was a great scholar; he worked hard; he published an Almanac, under the name of Poor Richard, that was sold all over the country. He became very rich. Then he was sent abroad on government business, to London and Paris, where he lived a number of years."

"He was always trying things to benefit people generally. Once he found some yellow willow twigs that had been brought here from some foreign port and thrown away. He set them out. They lived and grew, and from them came all the yellow willows in this country. By his influence Philadelphia, where he lived, was lighted with street lamps, and had paved sidewalks."

The children had thus far obtained no clue to what it might be such a man had invented. Harry inclined to the opinion that it might be the carpet; since this man was interested in paving streets.

Charlie said it must be the kerosene lamp because his father was a candle maker.

"You are wrong," answered grandfather, and continued: "Besides being a business man and a great diplomatist, which means one who can serve his country in other governments, he was a philosopher. He believed electricity and lightning were the same and that a way might be found to protect buildings during a thunder shower, so one day he took a kite made of a large silk handkerchief and with his little son went out to fly it as a thunder shower was approaching."

The kite was attached by a string to a post, and at the lower end of the string was a steel key. As the shower increased the silk kite gathered the electricity which the string conducted to the key so when the man touched his knuckle to it he perceived the spark and felt the shock. This experiment led to the invention of the lightning-rods, to protect buildings by attracting the electricity and conducting it where it can do no harm. Once when he was arranging an experiment to kill a turkey by electricity he received the shock himself, and so intense was it that it knocked him over.

"I had almost forgotten to tell you that in addition to all I have said about him he was also a general and commanded a portion of Braddock's army where Gen. Washington first came to notice. Now can you guess what he invented for our use, for he thought of the little comforts we need as well as of the great danger from which he would protect us."

Bertie said he thought it was a thermometer.

"No," laughed grandfather. The children looked intently into the fire where the coals were burning low but could not guess anything.

"We give it up," they cried. "Well," said grandfather, "the man's name was Benjamin Franklin."

"But what did he invent that we have anything to do with," asked Harry.

Bertie was looking directly at the stove, and as he looked, the letters on the hearth spelled F-r-a-n-k-l-i-n.

"The stove, grandfather, the stove!" he cried. "It says Franklin on it."

"Yes," replied grandfather, "you have it. Franklin thought it too bad for people to do away with fire-places, and live in rooms with air-tight stoves where they never could see the fire, and the atmosphere was heavy and stifling with heat, so he invented this open stove to be used instead of the old-fashioned fire-places. Now boys, good night."

"Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise,"
was one of Franklin's maxims."

LEAD ME.

The grass in front of the little red house on Birch Lane was growing very green under the warm rays of the April sunlight, and Maggy and her mother sat upon the door-step, sewing busily.

"I'm most fourteen, mother," said Maggy at last, "and don't you think I could get a place to go out to work somewhere? I long to be earning more money to help you take care of the children, now father is dead."

"There's no place, Maggy, unless you go into town, and I can't think of that," replied her mother.

"But it isn't so very far away, mother," urged Maggy, "and I could come home sometimes, maybe. Besides, the dear Saviour could be with me there just as well as here, you know."

"Yes, child, for he has said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' Yet, I would rather wait until I am sure he points out the way."

Just then a carriage stopped before the gate, and a motherly-looking lady beckoned to Maggy.

"Do you or your mother know of any young girl who would come and live with me, to look after my little boy?" she asked. "He's just old enough to be full of mischief, and needs somebody to be with him all the time."

"O mother! come and hear the lady's question," said Maggy eagerly, and Mrs. Wilson laid aside her work and came down the little path to the gate. She had a long and earnest talk with the lady, and at length consented to allow Maggy to go. When Mrs. Hayes drove away, therefore, it was with the promise of sending for Maggy on the next afternoon.

There were some preparations to be made, but the simple wardrobe was soon ready, and long before the appointed time Maggy and her mother sat again upon the door-step, watching and waiting, while their fingers were busily employed upon the sewing which Mrs. Wilson had taken in to do for a neighbor.

The sun was creeping down toward the west when Maggy, with her little trunk, was whirled away in Mrs. Hayes's carriage. And before she went to bed that night, she had become quite well acquainted with the funny little rogue called Ned, who was to be her special care. Maggy loved children, and it was very pleasant to play with Ned in the generous, old-fashioned garden by the hour together. Sometimes the girls, Hattie and Bessy, were there, too, and Maggy had such good times that she could afford to be patient when Ned was naughty and troublesome, which wasn't very often.

One morning when Maggy went upstairs to the nursery, where Ned was sleeping, she heard Hattie's voice saying, "I've looked and looked, mamma, and can't find it anywhere. What will Uncle Horace say when he knows it's gone? I don't see how Maggy could think of taking it, and yet Hugh says nobody could have got into the garden, for the gate—"

Maggy heard no more, for the door of Mrs. Hayes's room closed just then. But she understood it all. She remembered that Hattie had been sitting in the summer-house the day before, tating very busily with her pretty tatten-ring, which her Uncle Horace had just sent her for a birthday present, upon her finger. How convenient it was, with the pin dangling by its gold chain, just where she could easily pick it up to use it in pulling the thread through! Maggy had looked at it admiringly, for she had made a great

many yards of trimming of this kind to sell to the neighbors at home. She remembered, too, that Bessy had come running down with a pretty new book, and that Hattie drew her trimming through the ring, stuck the pin in carefully, and laid the whole upon the seat. In a few minutes a hand organ had passed that way, and they had all scampered to the gate to see the monkey. That was all Maggy knew about it.

"Oh! oh!" thought Maggy, as she threw herself into a chair in the nursery, "she thinks I took it! She thinks I'm a thief! Oh! I can't bear it!"

Maggy was very angry at first, but soon she began to feel frightened. What if the trimming should never be found? What if they never would believe her? Of course they wouldn't keep her. Perhaps she'd have to go to the House of Correction. At any rate, how could she ever go home to her mother so?

And yet just there was a little gleam of light shining through the darkness which seemed to shut her in.

"Mother wouldn't think I would be a thief," she thought, "and the dear Saviour knows I'm not,"—and that reminded her to go to him now in her trouble. Then a text came into her mind,—*"For Thou art my rock and my fortress; therefore for thy name's sake lead me and guide me;"* and kneeling down, she prayed earnestly to the dear Saviour to lead her and guide her for his name's sake.

A peaceful feeling came into her heart, and when Ned opened his eyes and said, "Dess Ned, Maggy. Go garden," she was ready to take him.

She felt so sure that her prayer was heard, and that she should be led and guided, that she almost expected to find the tatten, ring, and all, lying upon the seat in the summer-house where she last saw it. But, no! The whole day passed, and the next, and the next, and the ring was still missing. No one spoke of it to her. They did not know that she had heard them talking about it. They could not willingly think that she really did steal it. Yet as the days went by, she thought they were watching her, and that they did not trust her as before. Poor Maggy! She prayed a great deal in those days, and often David's words came to comfort her. She felt that the Saviour was her rock, and that he would surely lead her and guide her.

One bright day in May she was in the garden with Ned, when he began to clap his hands with delight.

"See, Maggy! see!" he said, pointing into the summer-house. Maggy looked and saw Ned's pretty white kitty scampering back and forth among the dried leaves under the seat. Then she ran out chasing something across the gravel. Was it? Could it be? Yes, sure enough—the very spool of cotton which Hattie had used in making her tatten. Maggy's heart was full. Running quickly into the arbor, she began searching among the leaves to find the tatten. There lay the shuttle snugly hidden in a corner, but the threads of both spool and shuttle were broken, and neither trimming nor ring were to be seen. Maggy's fond hopes were dashed completely. She sat down and buried her face in her hands, when Ned came, and putting his soft little hand in hers, said, "Don't, Maggy! Lead me, lead me."

Maggy led him up and down the walk as he wished, but the words, "Lead me, lead me," had meant more to her than little Ned knew; and she was trusting in Jesus once more, although the cloud seemed darker than ever.

"It must be there, somewhere," she said, half aloud, as they passed near the arbor again, and kneeling down once more, she tossed the leaves about to amuse Ned, all the while looking very carefully, when suddenly she saw a bit of cotton dangling from a broken place in the trellis-work. Taking hold, she pulled gently, when to her surprise she found that it seemed to lead up into an old pear tree standing close by.

"Lead me, dear Saviour, lead me," was Maggy's prayer. Then she ran outside the arbor, and there, sure enough, was a thread of cotton reaching up into the tree until it was lost among the leaves. Looking carefully, Maggy thought she saw something like a nest in a crotch between two of the higher branches, and just then Hugh came whistling down the walk.

"Is there a bird's-nest up there, Hugh?" she asked, while a great hope grew in her heart.

"That robin's built her nest in that very same place every year since I came here, and that's ten year come June," answered Hugh.

"Well, isn't there something white like trimming hanging down on one side, Hugh?" asked Maggy again.

"Yes, yes, I see it," said Hattie, who had come down to ask Hugh to harness for mamma, and had heard Maggy's question. "I declare, I do believe it's my trimming," she added. "Do climb up quickly, Hugh, and see; and maybe the ring's there, too."

Oh, the naughty little thief of a robin! Hugh climbed up, and there, woven firmly in with the straws and cords of which the nest was made, was the lost trimming. The pin and ring were full in view, and Hugh had no scruples about tearing the nest apart, sufficiently to recover the treasures. "I hope they'll build again, Miss Hattie," he said; "I'm glad there were no eggs in it yet."

"I'm glad, too," said Hattie; "and oh! so glad the ring is found."

She turned towards Maggy, but Maggy

had gone. There was a quiet little corner in the garden, behind a large syringa bush. She had left Ned to play with kitty for a minute, while she knelt down upon the soft grass and thanked the dear Saviour who had been her rock and her fortress, and had used the little thread of cotton to lead her and guide her out of all her trouble for his name's sake.—S. S. Times.

LITTLE VICTORIES.

You all know what victory means; if you do not, ask mamma to tell you. Although children may not lead great armies, there are many enemies to be overcome by the girls and boys.

Bennie's greatest enemy was a hasty temper. His mamma often spoke to him seriously about it, telling him that if he did not overcome himself that he would in time yield to his enemy, and be a ruined boy. Sometimes he saw his fault, and would express great sorrow, and try for a time to watch and overcome himself. One morning he arose quite early, and set about preparing for breakfast, in a bright humor. This did not last long, however; some trifles threw him off his guard, and he gave way to his passions as usual. His mamma told him kindly how it grieved her to see him yield so early to his temper.

There was one redeeming feature about little Ben, for, as I have said, he was often sorry and penitent, more so when left alone to think. So it was this morning I speak of; his mamma quietly left his room, and for a few minutes no stir was heard. Ben, no doubt, was waging war against his enemy; surely he was, for after a short time, he resumed his work of preparing for breakfast, and in a few moments appeared with a rosy face, throwing his arms around his mamma's neck, gave her a hearty kiss, and took a seat at the table with papa, who ate quite early. Presently little Harry came from his room, crying over a broken shoestring, saying he never could wear such strings.

"O yes, Harry!" said Bennie, "I am going to the store for samples, and I will bring you a new pair; and be a nice boy, won't you?" and he brushed back the tangled hair lovingly. There was something in the gentle voice and touch that cured Harry of crying, and he proceeded to dress.

Bennie started for the store, declaring he could be back in twenty minutes, although several squares away. The time passed rapidly, as morning hours do, when Bennie's feet were heard on the walk.

"Well, Bennie, I did not expect you yet," said his mamma.

Ben only answered with a smile, and hurried into the sitting-room to see if he was up to time. He was five minutes longer than he had thought, he said, laughing. Now he displayed the pretty samples which he had brought, from which to choose his sister Rose a dress.

"I will let Bennie choose it, for his kindness," said little Rose.

"I would take this," said Ben, as he held up a piece with a bright border. "It is just like a dress Katie Wilson has and you know how nice she always looks," he continued.

Mamma approved Bennie's choice, and away he went to bring home the dress.

Little Harry sat on the rug lacing his shoes, while Rose hastened to put her room in order before school-time.

In just twenty minutes Bennie arrived with the parcel, gave mamma a kiss, and was off for school, with five minutes to spend at his papa's store, all because he tried to conquer himself.

"He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city."—*Western Christian Advocate.*

The *Christian at Work* has this item: An honest, straightforward, manly man, seeing something in his newspaper that he does not like, writes to the editor expressing his dissent—as it is his privilege to do and as he would do to a friend. No true man gives up a friend because of a difference of opinion; neither does he, for a like reason, part with one of the best of friends, a good newspaper. On the other hand, no editor who is half an editor resents, but rather welcomes and respects the hearty, pronounced expression of contrary opinion from a manly dissentient. But for the one who reads, dissents and flashes back an angry "Stop my paper"—well, we are sorry for such brethren.

"I wish I could go out now and then by myself, without always having my little sister tagging after me!" It was a sweet-faced girl who said this, only the face for the moment was clouded and cross. Another girl came by. She had on a deep mourning dress. As she had heard what I did, I was not surprised to hear her say, "My little sister is dead!" The child who had first spoken said nothing, but presently she took the chubby hand gently in hers, and seemed to be patient with the little "tagging" sister.

A PUZZLE. A young man asked an old man for his daughter, and received the following reply:

"Go into the orchard and bring a lot of apples. Give me one-half of the whole number, and the mother one-half of the balance and half an apple over, and the daughter one-half of the remainder and half an apple over, and have one left for yourself, without cutting the apple; and then, if she is willing, you can have her."

The lover solved the problem. How many apples did he bring?

Literary Reviews.

SYNNØVE SOLBAKKEN. By Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson. Translated from the Norse by Rasmus B. Anderson, author of "Norse Mythology," "The Viking Tales of the North," etc. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 12mo. pp. 197. (\$1.00).

Bjornson is a native of Norway. He stands without a peer in the north of Europe as novelist, national and lyric poet, orator and contributor to the press. We shall have no trouble in pronouncing his name if we remember that the j has the short sound of y. His works are now for the first time offered to the American public. He has designated Prof. Rasmus B. Anderson, of Madison, Wis., as his translator, co-operates with him and revises each work before it is published.

"Synnøve Solbakken" is a charming story both on account of the purity of the plot and the simplicity of its style. Too many of our American novels are borrowing the complicated machinery of some French novels and the immorality of some French ones, and are producing stories of questionable influence. These Norse stories will therefore be more gladly welcomed into our literature. We are delighted with the glimpses of Norse scenery and customs which we obtain from the book, and the quaint, concise style constantly pleases. We quote the description of the betrothal near the close of the book when after many simple troubles of peasant life the father accompanies his son to the house of the father and mother of the chosen maiden, and all talk the matter over together:

"A confirmation is a very touching sight to any one who has children himself," added Guttorm; his wife moved a little on the bench. "That it is," said Samund; "it sets one to thinking seriously about them, and that is why I wandered over here this evening," he added, looking about him with an air of security, and he changed his quid of tobacco, laying the old one cautiously aside in his brass tobacco-box. Guttorm, Karen, and Thorbjorn, let their eyes wander in different directions.

"I thought I would accompany Thorbjorn over here," began Samund slowly; "it would take him a long time to get here alone, I fancy, and he would make poor work of it, besides, I have said," he cast a side look at Synnøve, who was conscious of it. "Now, it is just this way: he has set his heart on Synnøve from the time he was old enough to understand anything about such matters; and it is not very far from true that she has set her heart on him. And so I think it is best for them to come together. I was little in favor of this in the days when I saw he was scarcely able to manage himself, to say nothing of other things, but now I think I can vouch for him, and he can not see can, for her power is now the greater. I suppose. What do you two think of our making a match for them? There is no need of any haste, but I do not know, either, why we should wait. You, Guttorm, are pretty well off; I, to be sure, rather less so, and have more to divide among; but I fancy that will be all right. You will have to say now what I think of this—I will ask her afterwards; for I am pretty sure I know what she wishes."

Thus spoke Samund. Guttorm sat in a stooping position; kept alternately placing his hands one over the other; made several signs to raise his head, each time drawing his breath more heavily, but did not succeed in straightening his back; stroked his knees up and down, looked over at his wife, so that the glance now and then took in Synnøve. The latter did not stir; no one could see her face. Karen sat drawing her finger on the table.

"The fact is—it is a fine offer," said she. "You are to be sure, as we might as well accept it with thanks," said Guttorm, in a low voice, as though he were considerably relieved, and looked from her to Samund, who had folded his arms and leaned up against the wall. "We have only this one daughter," added Karen; "we have to consider a little."

"There is reason in that," said Samund; "but I can not see what objection there can be to giving an answer at once, as the bear said,—'I have been asking the peasant whether he could have his cow.'"

"We might as well answer at once," remarked Guttorm, and glanced at his wife.

"What I thought was that perhaps Thorbjorn might be a little wild," said she, but did not look up.

"That, I think, has righted itself," suggested Guttorm; "you know yourself what you said to the husband and wife exchanged looks; this lasted probably a whole minute. 'If we could only be sure of him,' said she."

"Well," said Samund, joining in the conversation again, "so far as that matter goes, I can only say what I have said before, and I am right with the load when she holds the reins. It is astonishing what power she has over him; I had proof of that when he lay ill at home, and did not know how things were going with him,—whether he would get well or not."

"You should not be so hard to please," said Guttorm. "You know what she wants herself, and you know it is for her we live!"

Then Synnøve looked up for the first time, and turned a pair of large thankful eyes on her father.

"Oh, yes," sighed Karen, after a moment's silence, and now she drew her finger along the table a little more vigorously than before. "I have held out against it the longest, it was because I meant well by it, I suppose. Perhaps I was not so hard as my words." She looked up and smiled; but the tears were in her eyes.

At this Guttorm arose. "Then, in God's name, that has come to pass that I have most wanted of all things in the world," said he, and crossed the floor to Synnøve.

"Also rising, 'Those who are meant to come together come together,' he crossed the floor."

"Well, what have you to say to this, my child?" said the mother, she too going over to Synnøve.

She still kept her seat; the rest stood about her, all except Thorbjorn, who sat where he had first taken his place.

"You must get up, my child," whispered the mother to her; whereupon she arose, smiled, turned away, and wept. "The Lord be with you now and always!" said the mother. She then arose around her, and wept too. The two men walked across the floor, each in his own direction. "You will have to go over to him," said the mother, still weeping, as she let go of her, and stole a loving glance at her. Synnøve took a step forward; then stood still, because she could not get any farther. Thorbjorn sprang up and went toward her, seized her hand, held it, knew not what more to do, and stood there holding it until she gently withdrew it. Then they stood silent by each other's side.

THE POCKET MEASURE. By Pansy, author of "Ester Reed," "Four Girls at Chautauqua," etc. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 12mo. pp. 315. (\$1.50).

There is no uncertain ring in Pansy's books. She writes because she has a purpose. The reader feels that she has added this book to the large number she has already published, not merely that it may count one more, nor to increase the fame she has gained, nor for the recompense it may bring her, but because she has looked abroad and become conscious that many young people are struggling with poverty and yet longing to know the blessedness of giving into the treasury of the Lord. Perhaps this volume is not as original and striking as some of her previous productions have been; this could hardly be otherwise when a person writes as continually as does Mrs. Alden, for though the writer may not become exhausted, the readers become more demanding and the freshness of style and methods of treating subjects are lost. But it is only a few who have been reading all her books as they come from the press, and we would not for a moment wish her to write any less than she does. There is none of our Sunday-school libraries can spare.

The "Pocket Measure" repeats the struggles of a young book-keeper and his wife to live comfortably on a small salary, lay by a little for rainy days and at the same time give according to their means for the necessities of the church and for general charities. One of the best chapters relates to church fairs, showing that there is little charity resulting from them, and suggesting better methods of raising money. Another chapter is full of suggestions to those who would awaken mission interest in churches, and all the way through are plain, practical hints to young people commencing in life on small salaries. Rich people also will find there are ways of benevolence pointed out to them, which too many in affluence fail to see.

As in all of Pansy's books, the story is well told, the characters finely sustained, the moral most excellent, and it merits a general reading in our churches and Sunday-schools.

THE DICTIONARY OF EDUCATION AND INSTRUCTION. A Reference Book and Manual on the Theory and Practice of Teaching, for the Use of Parents, Teachers and Others. Based upon the "Cyclopedia of Education," by Henry Kiddle and A. J. Schenck. New York: E. Steiger & Co. 1881. 12mo. pp. 320. (\$1.50).

The special design of the publishers of this book is (1) to supply a brief compendium of the theory and practice of education in a series of clear and definite articles, alphabetically arranged so as to be easily referred to, or systematically studied; (2) to encourage in this way the study by teachers of the principles and practice of their profession, thus giving to the work of education a greater degree of intelligence and efficiency; (3) to afford a convenient class manual of pedagogy for use in normal schools and teachers' institutes as the basis of a course of instruction in principles and methods, not necessarily superseding other valuable manuals differently arranged, but accompanying and strengthening them; (4) to supply, at a small cost, to every teacher that portion of the Cyclopedia which is of especial value in practical education, reserving this larger work for occasional reference, particularly when information regarding education, history, biography, and statistics is needed; and (5) to supply a useful hand-book to parents in the home education of their children. The best educators have contributed to it, and it would be a fortunate thing if it could come into the hands of every teacher in the country, or at least, if there could be a copy of it in every school building.

PATTY'S PERVERSITIES. [Round Robin Series]. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 16mo. pp. 368. (\$1.00).

We have here a popular novel narrating the experiences of a young girl who would when she would, and wouldn't when she wouldn't. Judged by the ordinary standard of novels it is a good, entertaining story. It is, as we have often intimated, a question with us whether our literature needs such large additions of stories whose only attempt is to entertain, as it is at present receiving. Yet if stories must be read, let us take the best, and under this class may be found "Patty's Perversities."

A book entitled *Revised Odd-fellowship*, and claiming to give the latest statistics, the revised ritual with the signs, grips, passwords and symbols adopted by the Sovereign Grand Lodge in September, 1880, copiously illustrated, with 117 foot-note quotations from such standard Odd-fellow authors as Grosh, Donaldson, etc., is published by Ezra A. Cook, Chicago. If the book is authentic, one may get from it a pretty good knowledge of Odd-fellowship without joining the order.

Two useful little books are published by Lee & Shepard (Boston), one entitled *Insects, how to catch and how to prepare them for the Cabinet*; and the other, *Bigelow's Handbook of Punctuation*. Both books are quite practical, and the latter especially so, since it contains aids to proof-reading, remarks on composition, sizes of type, dimensions of books, etc. Each is 50 cts.

Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. (New York) publish *Memorials of Frances Ridley Havergal*, from the pen of her younger sister. The book is composed of a biographical sketch and selections from the correspondence and other writings of the deceased, who was one of the sweetest and most exemplary Christian women that the generation has produced. The volume will be found to be a source of consolation, encouragement and blessing to all who read it. (\$1.75).

I. K. Funk & Co. (New York) issue *The Popular History of the Translation of the Holy Scriptures into the English Tongue, With Specimens of the Old English Versions*. It is the well known work of Mrs. H. C. Conant, revised and continued to the present time by Rev. Thomas J. Conant, D. D. Some of the most curious and desirable information in the world is here put in popular form, and especially adapted to the multitude of thoughtful and intelligent persons who have neither the time nor the means for searching out the great facts that are revealed. Its conciseness represents great labor, and those who read it will doubtless agree that it is one of the best works of its kind on the subject treated.

In connection with the book just mentioned we note the publication of Prof. Samuel Ives Curtis's *The Date of Our Gospels*, which many will remember as appearing in a Chicago paper last spring in reply to a skeptical review of the Christian religion for the first two centuries; and Dr. Storrs's oration on *John Wycliffe and the First English Bible*. Both of these publications are by eminent scholars, and are among the really valuable contributions to the literature of Bible history and criticism. F. H. Revell (Chicago) publishes the former book, and the latter, which is in pamphlet form, is from the press of A. D. F. Randolph & Co. (New York).

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1881.

OUR PUBLIC SINS.

The following is an extract from an address delivered before the N. E. Association of Free Baptists, at Ocean Park, Me., Aug. 10, 1881. After taking strong grounds against drunkenness and the use of tobacco, the author, Rev. O. D. Patch, said:

Another prevailing fault, from which numerous evils arise, is our lack of reverence for sacred things. The holy Name of God, the holy Word of God, the holy Day of God, the holy House of God, these are among the sacred things which every man should reverence. But we live in an irreverent age. As we look back through the century, we can see how fearfully we have departed from the customs of the Fathers. We smile to-day at the religious austerity of the Puritans, and chuckle over the "Blue Laws" of the old New Haven Colony, as though they were but the caustic precepts of a sanctimonious old maid. And yet, so far as we know, there was nothing so very absurd in those puritanic regulations. It is true, they regarded sacredly all holy things. The sanctity of the Sabbath day was faithfully protected by law; all sport and secular labor and social visiting were prohibited, and no man was allowed to travel beyond a specified distance on the Lord's day. Moreover, all the people, so far as practicable, were expected to go to the House of God, and listen respectfully to the preaching of the gospel. A New England Sabbath, in those puritanic days, was almost as quiet as a graveyard. But the century which has passed, has wrought a change in the religious customs of the country, which is not for the better, but for the worse. Now the sanctuary is habitually neglected by a large percentage of our people, the Word of God is ignored, and the Sabbath day is profaned in ways without number. In our large cities, bands of music parade our streets, Sunday theaters are in full blast, beer gardens and picnic grounds are thronged, saloon-keepers drive their fatal trade, excursion trains thunder and screech along our railways, and steam boats groan beneath their burden of thoughtless pleasure seekers. Pedestrians stroll about the streets, gossip on the corners, lounge in the parks, and gather in disreputable places of resort, while noise and mirth and confusion are the order of the day. And all this wickedness, many Christians even wink at, by using the Sabbath as a day for dinner parties, pleasure riding, and social visiting. Should God spare the life of this nation, and should our irreverence for sacred things increase in the future as in the past, the beginning of another century will find us practically without a Sabbath day. Indeed in certain portions of many of our large cities, the time has already come, when almost every vestige of the sacredness of the Sabbath has disappeared. I think I do not overstate the facts, when I say that there is an increasing element in American society, to which there is nothing—absolutely nothing, sacred in all the universe of God. Not only is the Sabbath day desecrated but this Word of God is despised, his name is used in profanation, and his sanctuary habitually shunned. This state of things, the prevailing irreverence for sacred things, is to me alarming, because prophetic of coming disaster. There are breakers ahead, my friends, and unless the tide of events can be turned into a safer channel, we shall fall upon the rocks in due time.

Another blemish upon our social life, as a people, is seen in our extensive and increasing patronage of the stage. More than one hundred years ago the renowned Dr. Witherspoon, of colonial fame, wrote concerning the character of theatrical representations as follows: "Where can the plays be found, at least comedies, that are free from impurity, either directly, or by allusion and double meaning? It is amazing to think that women, who pretend to decency and reputation, whose brightest ornament ought to be modesty, should continue to abet by their presence so much unchastity, as is to be found in the theater. How few plays are acted which a modest woman can see consistently with decency in every part. There are ladies who frequently attend the stage, who, if they were but once entertained with the same images in a private family, with which they are often presented there, would rise with indignation and reckon their reputation ruined if ever they should return. With what consistency they gravely return to the same schools of lewdness, they themselves best know." I know these unvarnished sentiments of the venerable Doctor are not endorsed by all our people to-day, and the minister of the gospel, who should give expression to such opinions, now, would be likely to be regarded as intolerably puritanic. And yet I am not aware that there has been any marked improvement in the character of the theater during the past century. That there are men and women upon the stage who have purity of character, and plays that are inoffensive, may indeed be true. But who does not know that the general character of the stage is bad? The streams of influence which it sends out into society are poisonous. As a class, stage performers are men and women of slender virtues, whose influence upon their admirers can by no means be helpful. Drawing conclusions from what I have read and observed, I do not hesitate to declare that the influence of the stage upon the social, moral, and religious life of the public, is now, and

always has been, exceedingly unfavorable. Show me a lover of the theater, who is also a lover of the prayer-meeting! Show me one single person, who is a constant patron of the stage, and at the same time a living, active, praying Christian. Such persons there may be, but I have never yet met them. If the theater is what some would have us believe, a valuable school of morals, it ought not to be difficult, to find men and women whose habits have been corrected, whose passions have been subdued, whose tastes have been refined, and who have been lifted to a higher plane of moral purity and excellence by its influence. But such cases can not be found.

I can but regard it as a significant and humiliating comment upon the type of our modern religion, that so many professing Christians are patrons of the theater. Not many months ago, as some of you remember, the distinguished Sara Bernhardt, laden with unforgotten crimes, such as send other women to the shades of merited oblivion—yet with a countenance so brazen, that she could look the virtue of America in the face without blushing—swept through our country, creating a sensation among the lovers of pleasure. And do you not know that thousands of church members in all parts of our land, encouraged her with their applause, enriched her with money which belonged to the Lord; while they dishonored their religion as well as their manhood, by sitting in the midst of gaping throngs of infatuated pleasure-lovers at the feet of a notorious French harlot? What a place was that for a redeemed child of God! The time has doubtless come, when the church should put down her foot with greater firmness, and draw the line with greater distinctness, between her dominions and the world. And the time has doubtless come when the multitudes in our churches, who are evidently "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," should be faithfully dealt with. At least they should be invited to the anxious seat, labored with and prayed for, like other sinners.

The public desire for entertainment, so clearly manifest to-day, seems to me to have become inordinate. Many who go to our churches, we have reason to fear go there not to worship God, but rather to be entertained. Hence, they clamor for that which is sensational, exciting, dramatic. Christian men and women, can we not see that the theater is our enemy? That its influence upon public morals is corrupting? And that it stands in the way of the triumph of the gospel? If we can not, then our fathers and mothers in the churches had more discernment than their children, for they recognized the stage as a flowing fountain of corruption. Benjamin Rush, an eminent Christian, scholar and physician, one of the distinguished lights of our early history, in speaking of his apprehensions lest our nation should follow in the footsteps of European nations in manners and vices, wrote as follows:

"Then—that is, when the evils which he predicted shall have come—"will the character and performance of a buffoon on the theater, be the subject of more conversation and praise than the patriot or the minister of the gospel; then will our language and pronunciation be enfeebled and corrupted by a flood of French and Italian words; then will the history of romantic amours, be preferred to the immortal writings of Addison, Hawkesworth, and Johnson; then will our churches be neglected and the name of the Supreme Being never be called upon, but in profane exclamations; then will our Sundays be appropriated only to feasts and concerts, and then will begin all that long train of domestic and political calamities."

We have but to listen to the popular conversation of many fashionable circles to-day, and note the increasing disrelish for churches and the enthusiastic admiration of theatrical entertainments, to be convinced that the calamities predicted by the wise Dr. Rush, are much nearer to-day, than they were one hundred years ago.

But again, dancing is another popular amusement, whose influence is both widespread and pernicious. The narrow limits of this paper forbid an elaborate discussion of this subject and compel me to be somewhat dogmatic. I know that dancing is a fascinating amusement, of the pleasures of which many persons are passionately fond. I know, moreover, that young Christians are frequently very reluctant to concede that any harm is likely to arise from this fashionable amusement, and hence, to give it up becomes an act of heroic self-denial. But every tree must be judged by its fruits, and applying this scriptural test to the ball room; at what conclusion do we necessarily arrive? Can any one point us to the man or woman whose idleness has been quickened into industry, whose pride has been changed to humility, or whose lewdness has been transformed into virtue, through the influence of the ball room? Can the person be found whose morals have been improved, whose tastes have been refined, or whose mind has been elevated and purified, by dancing? Are we not compelled to admit that the fruits of this fascinating amusement are the reverse of all these? The ball room is not the place where high and noble purposes are formed, and souls converted to a truer life. It is not the place where prayer would seem appropriate, and the enjoyments of which would be heightened by thoughts of God and heaven. Neither is it the place where the Christian finds encouragement and help in the prosecution of his life-work. Is there, then, anything good, growing legitimately from this popular pleasure? No, my friends, there is nothing. The most plausible plea of its defenders, so far as I know, is, that it affords a school of social culture for the young, thus fitting them to move in the higher and more fashionable circles of society. And yet every man knows that all needed social culture may be obtained without dancing. The fact is, there is a kind of witchery or fascination about this pleasure which gives it a firm hold upon those who indulge in it. But from what does that fascination arise? Men and women do not dance in solitude. It is that which is socially imprudent about dancing which gives it its charm. Let the same liberties that are taken in the ball room, be taken in a lady's parlor, and she will repel her assailant with burning indignation. And yet, the moral influence of such conduct in the one place is likely to be no worse than in the other. The only difference is, in one instance it is sanctioned by a vitiated public sentiment, and in the other it is not. It is a fact, my friends, susceptible of satisfactory proof, that thousands of young persons have taken their first downward step to ruin in the ball room. This fact alone should be sufficient to condemn it. But it may be asked whether dancing can not be improved; can it not be divested of its social improprieties, and thus rendered harmless? I doubt not it can. But when you have done this, when you have subjected it to the rules of parlor etiquette and proper decorum, you have robbed it of its witchery, and destroyed all its charms. When an adverse public sentiment shall have become so strong as to prohibit men and women from swinging in each others arms about the ball room, then dancing will be discontinued at once; for as already stated, the very charm of dancing arises chiefly from that feature which renders it highly improper.

I know and regret that this silly amusement is sanctioned by the practice of men in high places. Almost every political and social event, from the inauguration of a President down to the "house warming" of the newly-married couples, must now be celebrated with a ball.

When George Washington was inaugurated President, the very first thing he did, when the inaugural ceremonies were ended, was to hasten with both branches of Congress to the house of worship, to invoke the aid of Almighty God in the arduous duties which lay before him; that was an inauguration prayer-meeting. But now when a President is inaugurated, the dignitaries of the nation are expected to assemble for an inauguration ball; and wise statesmen and accomplished ladies, feeling compelled by the conventionalities of metropolitan society, perhaps go upon the floor and dance as though they were brainless lads and lasses, with light heels and lighter heads, to the disgust of the more sensible people of the nation. Such examples of folly in metropolitan circles, undoubtedly have their influence, just as the excessive smoking of ex-President Grant has done much to popularize that vice among the young men of the nation. But let the pulpit and the religious press and the entire church brand with its anathema the folly of dancing, and truly no one in whose religion self-denial constitutes a cardinal principle, will long hesitate to give it up.

But now, there are the evils which arise from trashy and sensational literature, and the serious disasters threatened and to some extent realized, by abusing the sanctity of the marriage relation, and the growing irreverence for civil government as a divine institution, by the multitudes who dare to "speak evil of dignities," and corruption in high places, created by men who make merchandise of the trusts confided to them by the people,—of these things, these blemishes upon our Christian civilization, I have no time to speak. I can only add that it is through the agency of his church, very largely, that God must work for the removal of these evils from our land. Hence the time has fully come when the children of God everywhere and by every possible means, should give emphasis to the fact, that "The grace of God which bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all men, teaching us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world."

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A Woman Cured of Consumption by Woman's Friend.

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S. HARDY'S SONS—I sold some Woman's Friend to a lady from New York, who came to Waterbury. The doctors said she must die of consumption. I saw her and persuaded her to try Woman's Friend, and when she had taken one bottle could walk one-fourth of a mile to church. When she commenced taking it she could not speak loud, nor sit up half the time; six bottles cured her, and now she works in the telegraph office. Her name is Lois Pine.

I have sold Dr. Hardy's Woman's Friend for the last fifteen years, and can positively say I know it is the best medicine for what it is recommended in the world. It saved my daughter's life after the doctors said she was liable to die at any time.

Mrs. Russell, of Waterbury Centre, Vt., says one bottle saved her the price of a hired girl one summer.

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Woman's Friend Restores to Sound Health where the Best Physicians Failed to Give Relief.

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Respectfully yours,

A. J. KNIGHT.

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