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The Morning Star.

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THE MORNING STAR

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 19, 1881.

OUR DEAD PRESIDENT.

Gone where prayer is no more needed,
Gone where pain is felt no more,
Where the hidden wound is healed,
And life's vain parade is o'er;
Where no trumpet stirs the echoes
Of the wood, the vale, or hill,
Where the sun-blaze never scorches,
Where the sea winds never chill.

He has gone; the distant nations
Bow with us to mourn his loss;
Gone, the leader of the people,
Gone, the soldier of the cross.

Gone, the youth who dared the conflict
Early for his Master's name;
Gone, the hero of the battle;
Gone, the martyr, in the flame;
Where the son shall find the mother,
Where the mother finds the son,
Where the Christian household gathers,
In Christ's beauty, one by one.

He has gone, and distant nations
Bow with us to mourn his loss;
Gone, the leader of the people,
Gone, the soldier of the cross.

Where the bond is never severed;
Parting, clasping, sob and moan;
Midnight watching; twilight weeping;
Joyless noontide, all are done.

There, the morn shall wake in gladness,
There, the noon the joy prolong,
And the twilight die in fragrance,
Mid the burst of peaceful song.

Gone, a soldier of the battle,
Gone, a pilgrim from the road,
Gone, a royal soul to glory,
Gone, a soul redeemed to God.

—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE.

CHILWELL COLLEGE,
ENGLAND, Sept. 17, 1881.

Shall we ever have a Pan-Baptist Conference? If so when and where? These questions are suggested by the course of events during the past few years. There was an Ecumenical Council of the Roman Catholic Church at Rome. That was followed by a Pan-Anglican Council at Lambeth, and that too by a Pan-Presbyterian Council in Philadelphia. We have now an Ecumenical Wesleyan Conference holding its meetings in London. Independence can hardly care to imitate the action of these great churches, for its very genius is Independence. But there might surely be in America some day a Pan-Baptist Council, only, by the way, it must not be called by that name; for might not unlearned brethren imagine that the first part of the designation referred to the vessel these Baptists employed in their ecclesiastical and ritualistic observances? It would be a motley assemblage; there would be "Particular," "General," "Regular," "Free," "Freewill," "Strict," "Open," "Seventh-day," "Brethren," "Christian," "Cambellite," "Hard-shell," "Colored," "Russian," "German," "Dutch," "Swedish," and many other varieties. But at all events there would hardly be wider diversity in fact than the Ecumenical Conference of Methodism embraces.

The direct issue of the last great Roman Catholic Ecumenical Council was to decree the infallibility of the Pope. The Wesleyan Ecumenical Conference follows very closely this great example; for it seems virtually decreeing the infallibility of Methodism. The subjects discussed are all of a practical nature, and all tend to the furtherance of Methodism. Among the number of adherents are specified "many millions of glorified spirits in heaven." So that Methodism embraces two worlds, this and the next; and that this state of things may remain it was urged that the training of children should be such "as to attach them to Methodism" and foster "love for Methodist doctrine and usages"; nay more, "the religion of Methodists ought to be transmitted to and reproduced in their children, and the family life and habits of Methodists should be regulated with a view to that end."

It is very refreshing in these days of latitudinarianism to find the denominational spirit so vigorous and strong among our Wesleyan brethren. Perhaps it tends to extravagance and is open to the charge of exclusiveness, but at all events it is not incompatible with large usefulness, great enthusiasm, growing and extending influence, and a parish as wide as the world with heaven annexed. The history of Methodism is the history of a success which hardly John Wesley himself could have anticipated. There is no part of the world where English-speaking emigrants go but the Methodist church goes too. Of the twelve hundred millions of the human species, twenty-three millions belong to Methodism.

Whatever Missions in distant lands may accomplish, Methodism takes its share in the work. The moral influence of Methodism has been powerful in England in purifying and elevating the tone of national life; and among all nations Methodism is at work by missions, schools, churches, class-meetings, itinerancy, and a ministry, male and female, seeking the regeneration of the world. Such was the drift of the speaking at the Conference in London, and it is largely true in fact. It would be well perhaps if other denominations would kindle their languid and dying zeal at the flaming fire of this great religious force of the last century and a half—"Ecumenical Methodism."

Of America much was said. In the South among the colored people and the great West, it was claimed that Methodism had accomplished great things. "The simplicity of her borders, the vigor of her evangelizing movements, the freedom she allowed to physical development and her faithful ministry to the poor had given her in America an unrivaled hold upon the popular heart." One weak spot in Methodism however was revealed. She has produced no theologian of the first or even of the second order; she had added almost nothing to the Christian thought and culture of the world. Her hymns still hold their position in our Psalmody but they are the hymns of the youth of Methodism; and with this exception the chief record of Wesleyanism is a record of simple, earnest, zealous evangelistic work. She is a mightily progressive church with a remarkably unprogressive culture and creed. Possibly in this she may be well content. Other churches and other men will do the thinking that shall shape and dominate the Christianity of the future; let Methodism do the work that is imperatively needed now on the broad fields of the world, and for this, perchance, she may be all the better equipped the less she is "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" and the "currents" of her vigorous life are "turned awry" so as to "lose the name of action."

Congresses are occurring now all over Europe. At Paris there is a Congress of Electricians in session, and it is to be hoped they will devise plans for making telegraphic communication with all the world cheap and easy, as well as for utilizing some recent electrical discoveries.

At Venice an International Geographical Congress is talking over questions of interest to all educational institutions, amid magnificent exhibitions of maps from all nations.

In Berlin Orientalists are conferring together and a brilliant company of scholars has been assembled. Prof. Max Müller, representing England and especially Oxford, says, how little, compared with what it is competent to do, Oxford has yet done to encourage oriental studies, and in everything practical interests predominate over scientific. It is in the interest of commerce and government, not of science, that Indian and Chinese languages are taught at Oxford, and an Englishman who wishes to study Egyptology, or Babylonean, Assyrian, or Persian Antiquity must go to some poor university of Germany or France.

The public feeling in England is still strong with respect to your President and his noble wife. Day by day we ask, "how is Garfield?" The placards at the Railway stalls and at news shops announce the receipts of telegrams daily and the fear is awakened with each item of unfavorable news that recovery will not be possible, while the brave bearing of the sufferer and the continuance of constitutional strength and vigor lead to the hope that a valuable life may yet be spared to the world.

THOMAS GOADBY.

INDIA LETTER.

MADRAS, AUG. 27, 1881.

The Semi-annual Meeting of the Santal school-masters was held at Bhipore during the first week of the month. We now have upwards of sixty village schools among these jungle people and perhaps fourteen hundred pupils. From a purely educational standpoint, the outlook is truly cheering, but our work is not merely educational. We seek, as the ultimate end of all our efforts, the salvation of these rude denizens of the forest. Notwithstanding all the rose colored views of professed optimists we believe these poor people to be sinners in desperate need of pardon, and peace and sanctification. We also believe that the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ alone is able to save and sanctify these lost men now reveling in sin. Mr. Burkholder and I with our native helpers have done what we could to lay this thought on the quickened consciences of these Santal young men. We long and pray and work to see them all become true teachers of righteousness.

It would give me great joy to speak of tokens for good among the Santals, but for some reason that we can not fathom these are not forthcoming. Indeed so far from recording strong accession to our Santal community, I am obliged in

justice to write of several very discouraging defections from the faith. Mr. Burkholder refers to such in his section of an Annual report issued from the press a month or more ago. Some whom we had long loved and trusted have gone sadly astray from the true path, and are now reaping the bitter fruits of sin. For all such we would hope and toil on, and in their behalf most earnestly bespeak the prayers of the friends of the Mission. Such defections bring out very clearly the primal fact of a sinful nature inherited and dominant in the world. One's theology gets braced up wonderfully here on some of these points, and I'm often reminded of Dr. Sutton's remark when some brethren expressed fears of unsoundness in relation to Mr. Noyes' views of human depravity, now forty-six years ago. "Let him alone," said the Orissa Missionary, "once he gets to India, he'll be all right on the doctrine of total depravity."

The Midnapore Q. M. held its August session with us here. The five churches in the District were represented by letter and delegates both, and the three day's exercises were cheering. The sermons were preached by Bros. T. W. Burkholder and Tuptan Chakdar, and the regular missionary meeting on Saturday evening conducted by Dula, who did his part well. Many of our readers will be glad to know that Dula is now, we hope, living a Christian life again. He is one of our Santal School Inspectors and seems thoroughly interested in his work, which keeps him moving from village to village, examining schools and publishing the Gospel. He is much respected by his own people, and if he wasn't such a slave to tobacco he might accomplish more good. We are having to fight some of our temperance battles over again in this Q. M., and I hope all our preachers may yet set themselves right on the tobacco question. "Meta Lander's" recent papers in the Independent have put this dirty tobacco habit in a true, strong light. Our Mission has a rule against licensing or ordaining men who use this filthy and poisonous drug.

The church letters read in Q. M. Conference were cheering, particularly that from Babalgadia. This church has been sorely tried by Satan and his servants, but I hope the worst is over, and brighter days are now dawning. The wicked wretch who, encouraged by some of the Rajah's vassals, himself a drunkard and his Rajah no better, has been vexing our oldest member—the founder of the church and the deacon—has, thank God, been completely confounded and put to shame. His effort to drive the deacon, destroy his house and appropriate his lands has proved a failure. The case has been dismissed from the courts and our brother established more firmly than ever in his former rights. He seems truly thankful to God for his goodness and now I trust the little church at Babalgadia will begin to look up. Our next Q. M. has been located there. It will be held in February and it will, I doubt not, prove a blessing to the church. Let us thank God and rejoice.

Of our three Orissa churches, Balasore, Jellasure and Santipore, I have no special news to communicate. As Mr. Col-dren has taken up the quill, I hope he will keep your readers informed about the work in that the older and better titled section of our field. At last accounts all of our fellow-workers in the south were in good health. Miss Crawford has had fever to fight within and without, numbers of her flock being down with it at a time, but still keeps up wonderful courage and writes as cheerfully as if she was living in Utopia instead of Patna, which is just now pretty thoroughly saturated with miasmatic poison, owing to the excessive rain and the flooded fields. My sister Ida has been with us a few days this month, and speaks hopefully of her work at Balasore, for which she has recently succeeded in securing a large monthly grant in aid from Government. This will enable her not only to extend the work among the women and children, but also to give her native teachers a better training for their important duties.

Jellasure is not the only spot infested with fever. Our own district, particularly the parts situated along the river beds, is full of fever now, and in some places the mortality is great. In this station we have had more fever cases this month, I believe, than in any previous month of my residence here. Just now poor Mrs. Lawrence is very low, having been confined to her bed for more than a week. Others of our circle have been very "shaky," but keep about and at work. Among the natives we've had cases enough to fill a small hospital. Jacob, the native pastor and his whole family have been down with fever together, and nearly all of my Bible School students too. Some of these young men have fought fever and stood at their books like heroes, determined not to lose a lesson! Others run at the first approach of the foe and hide under the bed-clothes. With all respect for the *vis medicatrix nature* we find arsenic, iron and quinine the

main helps in these fearfully prostrating fevers. And with all these and more, we some days sigh for His healing touch, who "went about doing good."

The sudden death of Mrs. C. F. Penney of Augusta, Maine, brings sincere grief to all our hearts. She was one of those who loved the Missionary cause, and worked for its promotion with a hearty good will, wherever she was known. The church in her native State will miss her heart and hand in its missionary movements. Her words of hearty interest in our work in India come back to me with singular freshness and force as I write. It was because she loved our Mission herself that she strove and succeeded so admirably in interesting others in it. Twenty years' acquaintance with the beloved wife of my dear classmate, and with a few more women of our church, who like her, delight to toil for the weal of these suffering heathen in my native land, has convinced me as naught else could how mighty is the influence of Christian womanhood in promoting these benevolent enterprises. May the Lord grant to his church many daughters like Angie Lewis Penney and may her children, bereft of so devoted a mother, follow in her footsteps, and may our beloved brother, so suddenly deprived of companionship so sweet, find comfort and inspiration in the memory of a life so pure and so perfect. J. L. P.

OUR DECEASED PRESIDENT.

BY O. E. BAKER.

It was our chief object to call attention to the wonderful emphasis everywhere placed upon the moral and Christian character of President Garfield. It would be expected that preachers, College professors, all workers in moral reform, would mark this point, but these are excellent, if possible, by secular papers, by fraternities, associations, assemblies, and officials, not necessarily Christian in their profession, some of them wholly civil and secular.

We quote here one of a series of resolutions passed unanimously at Cleveland, at a meeting of governors or their representatives of all the States:

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to the will of Him who doeth all things well, in this hour of our supreme sorrow we record our appreciation of his intellectual worth, his many good virtues, and his perfect Christian character.

So at a meeting of the Knights of Pythias, at the same time and place it was resolved, that, "We mourn the loss to our country of a man whose purity of character, and goodness of heart, will ever remain fresh in the memory of all." These are specimens of the utterances from all over our own and other countries, from the school children of our land, to the Kings and Queens of the best governments across the waters. There is universal and hearty recognition of Christianity, such an endorsement as the world has never before given. President Garfield's religion was no secret thing, nor cloak to crime, nor a thing to be subordinated to any worldly interest nor office whatsoever. In him we have proof that Christianity may consist with, and may be maintained in spite of, the humblest conditions, the practice of law, the political life, and while serving the country in any of its offices of trust, even to the chief magistracy, and we have the people acknowledging this fact, and admiring its exhibition. It is most gratifying proof that the cause of truth, God's church, is steadily, certainly, rapidly even, pushing forward its campaign to ultimate victory.

Let it not be overlooked that it was chiefly Garfield's Christian character that gave him his distinction. He had indeed a remarkable physique, and type of mind. But he was young and of necessity his career had been comparatively brief. He had superiors in scholarship, in effective statesmanship, and as a soldier and general. He, on becoming president announced a good policy, but every feature of it had been announced by his predecessors in the presidency, and by statesmen and journalists not a few. People loved, and trusted him, not so much for what he had done as for what he gave proof of being able, willing, determined to do, as opportunities offered. It was not his goodness alone which made him what he was in the world's esteem, but goodness exhibited by his rare capacities, and goodness pledging the devotion of his capacities to the highest good of his country and the race. From an early period he exhibited rare breadth of intellectual vision, and genius of ready and thorough discrimination, fruitfulness of invention, courage and executive ability; but to these he added personal purity, fidelity to conscience, veneration for the Divine Being, and a passion of love for humanity as such, everywhere. These intellectual and moral qualities all blending in happy proportion, as the several colors in the rainbow of promise, gave him a character at once unique and of rare excellence, early attracting attention and supporters, ranking him, in a little time, with men of the highest order,—with Washington and

Lincoln, and finally pressing him to the front as the chosen leader of a great people.

Tell it to the young men of our nation, to students at law, at medicine, in any and every vocation,—tell it to them with some degree of the emphasis the world has authorized,—that positive, openly pronounced, scrupulously defended and exemplified Christianity, is the highest commendation, and qualification for successful manhood.

MISSION WORK.

CONDUCTED BY REV. G. C. WATERMAN.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP.

It was apparent at the recent Anniversaries that we have, of late, been remiss in respect to the matter of obtaining life-members to our Benevolent Societies. In reality none but life and annual members have a right to vote, or are eligible to office in these organizations. The conditions upon which persons may become members are not precisely the same in all the Societies but may be easily learned. It is important that this matter receive attention, for otherwise it is quite possible that we may some time come together for our annual meeting and find no quorum of legally qualified members. We earnestly hope that all who have paid the required fee, with the intention of making themselves members, or for whom it has been paid in any way, will see to it that their names are enrolled as such. And we suggest that every church whose pastor is not a life member of all these societies, should at once begin the work of making him such, and go on as fast as they may be able, until that work is completed. It would, doubtless, be well for each society to issue to all its members an inexpensive certificate of membership, so that no one would be obliged to say that he did not know whether or not he was a member of this or that society. It is

SOMETHING DESIRABLE

To know just where we stand in respect to our work. This was evident to all who listened to the reports presented by the officers of our societies at the Anniversaries. Partial statistics are of little value. They do, indeed, give us some information, but fail to give what we most want, which is a full and correct account of what we are doing in the different departments of work in which we are engaged. Take our Mission work for an illustration. Unless the Financial Secretary can secure full and correct reports from the different State organizations, and from other bodies among us which may be doing something in this work, no report which he can construct will give us "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." There will always be a margin for guess-work, and that is of uncertain value. Our work will be belittled in our own eyes, and in the eyes of all who look to our published reports to find out what we are doing. The same thing appears in connection with the reports of our Sunday-schools. Who does not know that we have more than two hundred and fifty such schools? Less than that number sent in reports to the Corresponding Secretary for the past year. What could he tell us about the extent of our work? He could tell us what a few schools had done, and in one case, at least, what was done in an entire Association, but we want to know what the whole denomination is doing. So also, in regard to our Year Book. It is never complete in the department of Quarterly Meeting reports. Brethren, "these things ought not so to be." We should be glad to be "persuaded of better things of you," and hope that another year will show a marked and gratifying improvement in this respect.

ELK RIVER, MINN.

At a recent meeting, the Home Mission Board, by its sub-committee, passed the following vote:—"Whereas, Rev. M. H. Tar-bow has presented to this Board the claims of our interests at Elk River, Minn., and we are satisfied that money expended there under his direction will be wisely used, therefore,

Resolved, That we hereby commend him to the sympathy and benevolence of our churches, and ask them to help him in raising funds for that interest as they may be able."

In behalf of the Committee,
G. C. WATERMAN.

Items.

MOHAMMEDANISM.—From the East we get rumors of a great movement in Mohammedan countries for the advancement of Islam at the edge of the sword. As the French war in Africa brings the Moslem immediately in conflict with one of the Western powers, there are evidences noted of a deep and wide-spread feeling of uneasiness and hate, that at any time may bring on a fierce and desperate conflict with nominal Christian powers. It is evident that Turkey indulges in no illusion as to the fate that awaits her, and is silently preparing for the worst. The commander of the believers is called on by the chiefs of the faith to unfold the flag of the prophet against the infidel. French papers betray uneasiness in regard to the state of things.—Watchman.

THE BRAHMIN INTELLECTUALLY.—Dr. Scudder asserts that there is no intellect in the world superior to that of the Brahmins. Hemmed in by caste, and shackled by the restrictions of a false religion, he has not influenced the world as he would if set free. But even now no man can

minge with the Brahmins and not have his wits whetted by them. They are the learned men of India. The queen of language, the Sanscrit, is their peculiar possession. Its almost boundless literature is splendid field for their mental training. They have clear, vigorous, and rapidly acting minds.—Journal and Messenger.

A MANDARIN'S REASONS.—The Mandarin teacher of our former missionaries to China, and husband of the first baptized female convert, gave a thoroughly unvarnished statement of his reasons for not embracing Christianity: (1) He had a hope that he might some day obtain an office, in which case he should be obliged to worship idols. (2) He would have to give up ancestral worship, which would subject him to persecution, even to blows. (3) He would have to close his store on the Sabbath, which would offend his customers, and seriously injure his business.—Sabbath Recorder.

NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, Oct. 15, 1881.

DEATH OF DR. HOLLAND, EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

The sudden death of Dr. Holland, editor of *The Century* (late *Scrivener's Monthly*) carries the sadness of a personal loss into more hearts and households than any other death that has taken place in this country for many years; excepting, of course, the unparalleled mourning for a murdered patriot President. It has not been so little expected at any time in the last five or six years, as now. The last time I met him, his appearance and his answer to greeting expressed excellent health, in strong contrast to previous interviews in the last few years. He spoke with much satisfaction of regimen that had relieved his complaints, and that he believed would have completely averted them if it had been thought of before. The new editorial offices on Union Square gave him great pleasure, and attracted him to do his work there in preference to his private study, to an unusual extent. On the afternoon before his death, he left the office in usual health and spirits. The evening and the night were unmarked by any premonition of illness. In the morning, he was conversing with his wife and about to rise, when he was seized with the dread oppression of breathing that announced the struggle of the heart in the grip of death. Medical aid was hastily summoned, but the arch enemy's grasp this time was sure. Before help could arrive, Dr. Holland was gone.

Beyond his own immediate circle, Dr. Holland had hosts of friends. Taking all respects into view, he was perhaps the most popular author of his time and country; for not only had his works a sale hardly ever equalled in magnitude, but he was also personally endeared by his amiable excellences to thousands who never saw him. To the numerous writers with whom he came into relation as editor of the magazine, he was ever genial, appreciative, and if possible helpful.

His public and literary influence was earnestly given to purity, temperance and the highest public good. In this respect, and in extraordinary honor and emolument, his career was one of the most successful, satisfactory and complete that his friends could have coveted for him.

Dr. Holland, therefore, leaves a gap that will not easily be filled. Who will be his successor as the editor of *The Century*, is a question perhaps of as much importance in the long run, as that of a successor to a dead President. For *The Century* is already a great power, and is yet in the cumulative vigor of youth, with far greater things before it than behind. Concerning the successor I have no information, nor the shadow of an intimation; yet I have a guess of my own, which I should be much surprised as well as sorry to find mistaken; for it is based on pre-eminent fitness no less than on suggestive circumstances. If I were asked to name the living literary man who in my opinion unites the most genius for popular divination and adaptation with high and generous principle and sound Christian faith and understanding, I should name without hesitation the Rev. Dr. Charles S. Robinson, pastor of the Memorial Presbyterian church, Madison Avenue, and Mr. Roswell Smith, the controlling founder and proprietor of the magazine. Of this church Mr. Smith and Dr. Robinson have been the two pillars from its foundation. Their intimate and brotherly friendship is well known, and their thorough accord in those exalted views and convictions that should control a great popular organ of instruction, can not be doubted. VIND.

The State of Georgia has set a good example to the United States Congress. By a vote of 34 to 5 the Georgia Senate passed an anti-Mormon law, making it a felony for any person to attempt to persuade others into bigamy or polygamy. The bill makes it unlawful in any address to a public or private assembly to counsel or encourage the violation of the laws of the State forbidding polygamy. It is made a penitentiary offense for not less than two years. This will probably stop the incursions of Mormon emissaries, which have been quite common in that State. All the States should follow the example of Georgia in this legislation, and Congress should pass such a law applicable to the Territories.

S. S. Department.

Sunday-School Lesson.—Oct. 30.

(For Questions see Star Quarterly and Lesson Papers.)

NADAB AND ABIHU.

DAILY READINGS.

Nadab and Abihu. Lev. 10: 1-11.
 T. Korah's punishment. Num. 16: 1-35.
 W. Saul's punishment. 1 Sam. 13: 1-14.
 T. Disobedience punished. Isa. 42: 18-25.
 E. Ananias's sin. Acts 5: 1-11.
 S. Elymas's punishment. Acts 13: 4-12.
 S. Final punishment. 2 Thes. 1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT:—"Ye shall be holy; for I am holy."—Lev. 11: 44.

Leviticus 10: 1-11.

TOPICS.—The sin committed; The punishment inflicted; A prohibitory law.

Notes and Hints.

Connecting Link.—The services of the tabernacle were duly inaugurated: fire came down from heaven to consume the sacrifice on the great altar; the fire on that altar was to be kept burning forever; from it the priests were to take coals in their censers, on which to burn incense in the holy place of the tabernacle.

The events of this lesson occurred on the first day on which sacrifices were offered in the tabernacle. Aaron had four sons, the two oldest of whom enjoyed especial favor, having been with their father and Moses in the mount. Among the duties of the priests was that of burning incense on the golden altar in the holy place at the time when the daily sacrifice was burning upon the brazen altar in the court outside. This duty was assigned to Nadab and Abihu at this time, and in discharging it they used strange or common fire instead of the sacred fire from the great altar, and so incurred the displeasure of Jehovah, and were punished as related in this lesson.

I. The sin committed. The sin of Nadab and Abihu was great, as is evident from the suddenness and severity of their punishment. It is not easy however to determine just what constituted the sin committed by them. "No law is found in the Pentateuch to forbid the burning of incense by means of common fire. Only for one occasion was the High Priest commanded to fill his censer with coals from the great altar. See Lev. 16: 12."—Cook. Some have supposed that their sin consisted in burning incense at an unauthorized time; others that they were under influence of wine or strong drink; and others, still, that they were making a vain display of their official rank and duties, seeking to attract attention to themselves rather than to honor God in the humble and helpful discharge of the duties of their office. Whatever the sin was, it seems to have involved the elements of disobedience and presumption, both of which must have been offensive to God, and mischievous in their effects upon the people. The services appointed for the worship of the Almighty were of too sacred a character to be trifled with. Neither the men, chosen to conduct them, or to assist in them, were allowed to engage in ordinary occupations. They were a class set apart to this service; the garments they wore and the vessels they used were peculiar and sacred. It was gross presumption and a flagrant violation of the divine law to use them otherwise than as appointed. Though we may not be able to decide just what the form of their sin was, its nature is plain. We are clearly taught the necessity of reverence, purity, and strict obedience to the law of God, and warned against vanity, presumption, and the irreverent use of sacred things.

II. The punishment inflicted. This was instant death; apparently as by a stroke of lightning, the fire flashing out from the shekinah resting upon the tabernacle. From the fifth verse we learn that neither their bodies nor their clothing were destroyed. Their sin was a grievous one and deserved a swift and severe punishment. It was important to teach the people at the outset the sacred character of the services connected with Jehovah's worship; not even the priests could trifle with them or neglect God's commands concerning them. The parentage and position of these men aggravated their guilt; so did the place and circumstances in which the sin was committed.

III. A prohibitory law. The term "prohibitory law" has come to be applied quite generally, in modern times, and in our country, to laws forbidding the sale of intoxicating drinks. Here is such a law against the drinking of wine and strong drink with good reasons for its observance attached to it. "The Hebrew word here rendered strong drink is used as a general name for intoxicating drinks, including wine. But it is more frequently employed as it is here, to denote strong drinks of any kind except wine made from the grape."—Bible Commentary. The priests were forbidden, under a death penalty, to use these drinks while on duty, that a manifest difference might be made between the holy and the unholy; between the clean and the unclean; and that they might by their example in their ministrations "preserve the minds of the Israelites from confusion in regard to the distinctions made by the divine law." The prohibition was plainly a proper one at that time; the reasons for which it was made were important. All these reasons are just as strong now as then, and apply with as much force and propriety to Christian ministers of this age as to Jewish priests of that.

If this law is good for the priests, it is good for the people as well; if for one class, then for all classes. Every consideration by which it should have force with them, makes it proper for us. We do well to heed the plain and unmistakable teachings of God's Word on a subject like this, and the lesson is timely as well as important.

THOUGHTS AND APPLICATIONS.

I. Presumption and irreverent disobedience deserve prompt and severe punishment.

II. God will vindicate his honor in one way or another.

III. Public teachers often carry heavy hidden burdens of private grief.

IV. Wine and strong drink work mischief everywhere.

TOPICS FOR THOUGHT AND STUDY.

I. The significance of incense-burning.

II. Jewish funeral customs.

III. The value of a pure life in public teachers.

GLEANINGS.

(From Rev. E. S. Atwood.)

Whatever other reasons may have influenced Nadab and Abihu to offer "strange fire," it is quite evident that they had some selfish end to serve. In the exercise of the orderly courses of their ministry they were employed in a subordinate capacity, and attracted no especial attention. Quite likely they imagined that by the adoption of a new method they would establish a reputation for originality and become popular favorites. Egotism, vanity and a desire for personal profit, were the motives that led them into the sin that wrought their ruin.

Some of the lineal descendants of these ancient priests still minister at the altar.

When a man makes the house of God the arena for personal display, when he cultivates eccentricities and extravagances of manner and utterance, and uses them to attract a crowd and make himself famous, he is offering "strange fire," even though he occupies the foremost pulpit in the land. He only is the true priest who endeavors himself to reach, and to help others to reach, communion with the Father of spirits. God looks down into every pulpit, and into every minister's heart, and judges every prayer, and criticizes every sermon, and estimates the worth or worthlessness of the service offered, according as he finds, or fails to find, a singleness of purpose to honor him the sovereign motive that originates and regulates it all.

—Monday Club Sermons.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL NEWS AND NOTES.

(From National S. S. Teacher.)

Ko-kun-hua, the professor of Chinese at Harvard University, in trying to give a definition of what it was to be a Christian, took a Bible from the hands of a young Chinese convert, and said: "Why, this young man, he believes this book very much—oh very much." And what better evidence is there that one is really a Christian than that a man believes the Bible "very much"?

Dr. Schaff says that it will be a blessing to have a version of the Bible which "will require much learning and more presumption for any preacher with little Greek and less Hebrew to attack in the pulpit, to the disturbance of the devotion of the congregation." We are afraid we never shall have such a version. The preachers with "little Greek and less Hebrew" are the ones who never fear to attack anything. Buzzing flies have no conception of sanctity.

Quite apropos to the recent lessons, Our Bible Teacher says: "Moses in the basket of rushes in the edge of the river was a child waiting to be found." He is a symbol of multitudes of children who unconsciously are on the very verge of danger. If searching eyes are not on the look out for them they will be lost. They should be rescued so quickly that no one of them can utter the plaintive reproach: "It seems to me that you've been a long time a-comin'."

In a religious meeting in Liverpool, a poor working man lately said: "I used to be an 'odd job Christian,' but now I am working full time." It is the "odd job Christians," in the Sunday-school and out of it, that do so much poor work. No good workman is an "odd job" workman.

The fewer words, the better prayer.—Luther.

To know one great book well is to have a key to all libraries.

Talents are best matured in solitude; character is best formed in the stormy billows of the world.—Goethe.

In general there is no one with whom life drags so disagreeably as with him who tries to make it shorter.—Bichter.

Learn to say no! and it will be of more use to you than to be able to read Latin.—Spurgeon.

There is no charity in helping a man who will not help himself.

There is nothing that strengthens a man's honesty so much as trusting him; suspect him and you weaken his faith in himself and everybody else.

Christ reveals the fact that all men are God's children. He proclaimed a new name of God—the Father; and a new name of man, of humanity—the Son; a vital union by a Spirit ever inward—"a light lighting every man that cometh into the world."—F. W. Robertson.

Communications.

THE NATION'S PRAYERS.

BY REV. T. H. STACY.

II.

Anciently one prayed to Christ saying, "Speak to my brother that he divide the inheritance with me"—but Christ said, "Who made me a judge or a divider over you?" If both were wrong Christ's interference would have been no gain to either. If one was right and the other wrong, he who was wrong would not have been convinced by Christ's justification of him who was in the right, for if they could not understand Christ's doctrines so as to decide for themselves they could not know the reasons for his decision. Christ could not interfere in the matter, he was a friend to both; so today God is a friend to all, even to the wretch, Giteau. When we seek his presence, his forgiveness, his special blessing of strength and courage, in the right spirit, he gives them, but in the complex affairs of life which we as a race bring upon ourselves by breaking God's laws, all of the consequences can not be averted. God is a friend to all, and he helps us not by arbitrary decision in individual cases—for that would make some haters of him, and others idle parasites—he helps us through the spiritual disposition of the heart; we must learn and determine upon the right way for ourselves; here lies individual responsibility.

I do not say that every thing that happens is right; some events are all wrong, but all are overruled for good. Wrong events are the culmination of evil. First, this is natural; second, this culmination is necessary to show the danger, when evil exists; third, we are to profit by these lessons and thus learn what the nature of our petition may be. Some evils we must endure, others we must not; those which we are not obliged to endure we should pray to escape from; for instance, if I had acquired a habit of stealing, swearing and lying, and had fallen into corruption, I should pray for deliverance from this, and not for patience to bear it; this is the nature of the evil of which Giteau is a symptom and the nation should pray for deliverance from it. But for the evils which we must suffer through others' calamity or wrong doing, we must pray for strength to endure, as was true of Garfield in his own case, and as is true of his family and the nation in relation to the circumstances of his death. In such endurance is purifying discipline.

Do not bow down like a bullrush under depressing circumstances; look above it all to the stronghold of human weakness for strength adequate to the necessity and it will make a giant of you. Do not be fretted with anxious fears because your difficulty lasts, and lasts as though it were everlasting; look beyond the din and strife to the Giver of patience, patience to do, patience to wait when doing is over, and it will make a giant of you, though a martyr. Be not over-timid. Our great purposes in life are interrupted by small events which occur, enlarging as we proceed, just as the river, which hears the hollow sounding sea all the way back to the silent mountain pool, has its song hushed, its current checked, its way impeded, first by mosses and pebbles, then by swales of long slimy grass, and huge boulders, by turns and dams, but the river finds its way to the ocean somehow: so as we move on, if our plans are thwarted God's will not be.

"It is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die," under the whole, is a mysterious and sublime significance, which if we can not fully comprehend we can see it in God's hands. "Until the day break, and the shadows flee away." Working then in his confidence, having our purpose his, the minor events of life may mar and scar you, retard and check your course, for the time silence you, but they need not vanquish you; look through and beyond them all to God, and you may be possessed of such a courage as shall make a hero of you.

Since these things are so we see that prayer is effectual in securing the desired object when that is best, or, in other words, when that is what we need; otherwise it is effectual in being educational. Some say that knowledge makes us miserable, but the contrary is true. Christian faith is based upon it. If you want more faith read the Bible more and pray more. Prayer shows the weakness of all human fortifications, enabling us to see ourselves as God sees us. Prayer brings our will into harmony with God's will, reconciling us to his overruling.

Prayer endears us to the object prayed for, and if he is a martyr leads us to think of the causes of his martyrdom so that we may eradicate them. Thus we see that by our prayers and by them alone—though what we pray for is not given us—more important realizations are secured.

Prayer does not paralyze human endeavor; it is an easy shirk to ask God to do for us what we ought to do for ourselves, but he only helps those who help themselves, he only helps us to help ourselves, supplying his strength where ours fails. Christ prayed for those whom he sent into the world, yet he died for the world, and always those who have prayed most have been the greatest doers. I believe God does not interpose in our behalf sometimes because he would have us do our utmost, because he would not have us over estimate ourselves, because he would have us fully

understand how low are the degradations of sin and how pernicious is its influence, in this way educating us to a knowledge of our greatest need.

The President's death speaks to all our hearts mightily and painfully. With its audible voice is a deep undertone for the nation to interpret; until she understands it let her lie prostrate before the throne of God—praying.

But America is learning the lesson. There was a spirit of non-reconciliation to the course of events on July 2nd, on the part of some. There was a spirit of non-reconciliation on July 3d, to the death of our noble chief. To-day the reconciliation of a great, loving, sorrow-stricken nation to that death has been brought about through prayer. The life we asked for was not preserved, but we have in his death what his life could not have secured,—not only reconciliation, but a nation knowing no party, no North or South, united by the chastening rod, learning in sorrow and shame what evils are poisoning her politics and threatening her existence.

America rises from her knees purified, wiser and humbler.

HOW TO LIVE.

BY REV. E. M. CORRY.

"I will live to-day as if I were to die to-night."

Solemn resolve! Wonderful quickener of my soul! What if I were to die to-night! I gaze fondly around on old earth. Oh forests, fields, and sky, I shall see you no more! Oh green meadows, lovely clouds on yonder horizon, and sweet blue depths above! I am about to depart from you.

But the Christian should have so studied the things of the coming life, the home of the saints, the face of Christ, the memories of loved ones gone, that he would prefer to go over yonder.

I may die to-night. Who knows? Christ said, "In such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh"; "Watch"; "Blessed is that servant whom, when his Lord cometh, he findeth so doing." If I should die to-night, I will meet my God. I shall behold the Mighty One, "who inhabiteth Eternity." I shall then go over with him all my life. What will I think about it under such august survey? Will that life then make me ashamed, or shall I be glad to show it to my Judge?

He is infinitely noble, benevolent, loving. He will be delighted if he finds that I have been like him. He died for his children. He will be sweetly smiling if he sees that I have been willing to do the same. He strove to win over his enemies. He will write his approval down after my name in letters of light, if that has been my disposition and deed. He humbled himself and became the servant of all. He will clasp me to his bosom, if I am thus recorded. "If ye love me keep my commandments." If then it is shown that I have obeyed that parting word, with all my heart, my Saviour will place a crown of glory on my head. How that crown will sparkle with everlasting life!

Is this all true? Yes, that is the best of it. Dying is but the opening of the door into heaven. Am I afraid to die? Surely that is strange. If I am afraid to die, there is something wrong. I do not love God, for if I did, I would desire very much to be at home with him. No husband who from long wanderings on moaning seas returns, and with quick step comes to meet his loved ones at home, can tell the deep longings of holy saints to be with God. The child waiting for the dead mother, longing and sobbing to be with her again, more nearly tells how Paul, storm-tossed, broken, dying daily, "desired to be with Christ, which is far better." Why do I wish to remain on earth? Do I love its fleeting, transitory things, its storm-distressed woods, its fleeting clouds, its uncertain riches, its perishing stubble, its disappointing, tasteless froth, its treacherous friendships?

For the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal. No I will love something better, truer, more substantial. If I wish to remain on earth because it is his will that I should stay; because he is malignant and I can bear witness against those who speak wickedly concerning him, testifying in his favor; because I can help him to find his lost sheep; because I can lead others to serve him by living a holy and blameless life before them; because I thus can show my love for him, I have motives which are pleasing to God. But if I dread to die because I am worldly I am undone. If I love the things of time too much, I am sour and angry when I think of dying.

The last day on earth! I would desire that that day should smile with love on those about me. Why not then make to-day smile with love? I shall not regret it if other days are given to me. By holy walk with God to-day, I shall make most of the day. Days of evil stand next the days of heaven, but the mild hours of faith and love, all full of rich, clustering, ripening fruit, full of tender words, full of honesty, full of humble-mindedness, full of mellow sympathy, may well be hard by the new Jerusalem.

It does not frighten me to think thus of dying. It emboldens me. It steadies my mind. I feel an impulse stronger than my passions. I stand near the veil. I hear, as one said now passed through that veil, "the whispers of God," and I am filled with awe. I value myself and I value others as I should. I know what time is worth. Each moment drops into

the infinite from my hand and I seem to see a vast ever-expanding something, and I hear the sound of thunders, telling its story forever! How sweetly solemn the work of giving it something good to tell! Oh! I can not be careless now; I can not deliberately do evil. As I cast an impulse into the eternal years, I will do it considerably; I will do it in the strong manliness of love, in the sweet thrill of a great hope, in the sure confidence that it will bless all that feel it now, and all that shall ever know of it.

I think it was Wesley who said that if he were to die to-night, he would preach as arranged. At half past ten, he would call the class-meeting as usual, he would do the whole work of the day as if he were not to die, and then lie down upon his bed to sweetly sleep and wake up in heaven. Thus not in solemn reverence should we wait for death, but in the whole use of the moments in work for others, in doing what was our duty that day in the Lord.

Then shall I die, "As one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Yes, better still than that. On this side the grave there shall be the gathering of these beautiful days of good from out the past like angels over my pale form, and they shall bring to all who now are softly weeping, the haunting memories of the best "ever pointing upward" out of death, into life. Over on that beautiful shore, I shall not simply dream, I shall live. Jesus shall say to me "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Away yonder in the blue depths, beyond the sun, aye, beyond the sparkling stars, in the midst of the immensity of the creation of God, I shall wonder and adore, at rest, in peace, in glory. "What will it be to be there?"

No, I will not fear to die. I will muse on this wonder of my life, careless of the downfall of this earthly tent, fondly imagining what may be that "building of God, the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," waiting with patience for it, happy to go when my hour shall come. I tremble with expectation; I am listening for the voices of heaven; I am hoping soon to see angels. I am dreaming of the time when I shall see the city of God. Everlasting glory! Light never to grow dim! glittering and spotless robes! unspeakable happiness! when, oh when shall I delight myself in thee?

PEW AND PULPIT SERIES.

BY PROF. J. W. BAUKER.

CONCERNING MEETING HOUSES.

It is not strange that men can not see "eye to eye" in the multifarious avenues of business in this life. With different organizations, in many respects, surrounded by different conditions, urged on by varied necessities, and biased, of course, by different systems of early culture, it is no miracle that there are so many different opinions upon different subjects presented for human consideration. The wonder is, that there has been found, or vouchsafed to man any power capable of producing harmony among the different forms of earthly antagonism. One lesson may be easily learned; and if faithfully committed, will exert great power in working the ultimate and genuine happiness of mankind. This is the special lesson. There can be entire unity of purpose, without corresponding uniformity of action. All religious or moral organizations have one purpose. That purpose is the improvement of human society and the human race. The quarrels in different societies, in the history of the world, have seldom been the result of different views of the essential principles of reform. Generally, the tenacity to forms and ceremonies, and insisting upon entire uniformity in this respect, have produced most of the trouble in civil or religious organizations. I suppose the various questions and queries in regard to "meeting-houses" have been the source of considerable unpleasantness. "My kingdom is not of this world," taught the Divine teacher. So the real kingdom of righteousness is something entirely independent of meeting houses. It is so difficult, sometimes, to unite the earthly and the spiritual, so hard to submit, in all our business, to the dictates of those purer and higher principles of action, that trouble and jargon are sometimes the result of even well-intentioned activity. There is but one opinion in regard to the propriety and necessity of houses for divine worship. It may be true that "the groves were God's first temples;" and that they answered an excellent purpose in primitive times. Indeed in more modern days, the woods have been sanctified by divine worship, and made the joyous dwelling place of happy worshippers. But the demands of civilized life, not only require homes for the family, but homes for the public worship of God. There may, however, be mistakes in the construction and location of meeting-houses as well as in houses for the family.

When the people have determined to build, when the question of necessity is clearly and intelligently settled, then the next somewhat difficult problem is that of location. Where shall the house be built? It must be understood first, that the location must not have especial reference to the accommodation of those who are already in the kingdom. It is true, this consideration must not be entirely lost sight of. But the principal purpose in building a house for divine worship is to gather

to the gospel feast, those who need especially the words of eternal life. A meeting-house is to be a sort of light-house to unfortunate mariners thrown out upon the sea of life. The question of distance can not have a primary influence with those who are anxious that the starving be fed with the bread of life. Deacon M. has a lot which he would cheerfully donate for the new church. It seems a generous gift. It is worth several thousand dollars. A church built in modern style, and upon a modern plan, would indeed show off well, upon that lot. It would be an ornament to the neighborhood. It would enhance the value of Dea. M.'s other property in the vicinity. It would moreover be convenient for many prominent members of the church. All these are well enough, but they are, by no means, primary considerations. If any persons are to be especially benefited in the location of the meeting-house, it is those to whom distance forms a real barrier, and who need most the opportunities and blessings of a house of prayer, and praise. A few thousand dollars can not, for a moment, be named in contrast with the richer blessings of salvation's proclamation. The convenience of those who say and pray largely, is hardly to be considered. It is to the wandering sheep, that the gospel is sent. Then locate the house where its light shines brightest, and where the needy can be best accommodated.

Construction comes next; and here may be a diversity of opinions. Indeed this question has well nigh stopped many a worthy enterprise in this direction. First of all, it is best not to go beyond the means you have at command. It is scriptural as well as entirely proper. "What man of you going to build a tower, shall sit down first and counteth the cost." It is not parsimonious to build only as you have means to pay. If the world favors a man who through system and effort pays promptly all his bills, God and man too will mark that church as consistent that does not build beyond its means. I have no doubt that many a church has greatly embarrassed the good it might otherwise have done, by running in debt in building, and then exhausting its energies in raising money to pay for a building it did not really need. It is much better to have a small house well filled, than a large one half empty. Few persons are kept from attending church, because the house is crowded, even, but many lose their interest in the midst of empty pews. Build then as you have means to "finish," this is the word used in the parable of the wise builder. It is pleasant to dedicate a house free from debt, and one built with money cheerfully given.

Thirdly, build well. And this implies, not only substantially, but with reference to convenience and comfort as well. If these two considerations are essential in building a home for the family, they have equal force in the construction of a house for the family of God. Build neatly and with good taste. An awkward looking meeting-house, is never a "thing of beauty" or a "joy forever." The very best taste and skill can be employed to good advantage, in the construction of a house for divine worship. It will cost but little more. If the real comfort of a family-home is promoted by the skillful construction of its different apartments, so the comfort of divine worship is enhanced by the taste and neatness apparent in the arrangement and construction of the meeting-house. The pillars may not be golden, and the turrets may not shine as silver, but what is done can be well done and tastefully arranged. It seems to me a solemn mockery, to offer for the worship of God, a house inferior to one built for the family. The beauty and arrangement of the meeting-house is a pretty good test of Christian culture and enterprise.

"POWER TO SAY NO."

A San Francisco pastor commenced a discourse on the above subject with reading Neh. 5: 15, where Nehemiah says, "But do not I because of the fear of God," and proceeded to remark:

As we walk through history with the lantern of Diogenes in our hand it is good to find an honest man, and such was Nehemiah, who dared to do right and did it. All over the world homage is being paid to heroes of battles, poets and authors. All honor to them, I say, but after all there is a greater heroism than that displayed on the battle-field—the heroism of the heart. The splendid career of Joseph turned upon his power to say "No." Had he listened to the wanton he would have been lost. Take, for example, the case of Daniel, who declined to partake of the wine offered him by the King of Babylon, and on being asked by the Prince of Eunuuchs why he had refused, said; "My religion forbids it." Had it not been for this refusal the young man Daniel would not have been heard of. I remember a story about the great colored orator, Fred Douglass, who, several years since, took passage on a steamer boat, and found that on account of his color he could not secure a state-room. The night was bitterly cold, and the steam-boat was hunting around the steam-boat, looking for a place where he could shelter himself, he was accosted by one of the officers of the boat, who conceived the idea of providing Douglass with a state-room by having him pass himself off as an Indian. He communicated his scheme to Douglass, who turning around, said: "I pass myself off for an Indian? No, sir; nigger." The remark was worthy of a great man and shows that Fred Douglass was true to his manhood and true to his race. Many a young man has gone to ruin because he did not have the courage to say that little word "No," and mean it. The power to say "No," gives true self-possession to men. There is an old and very true saying that the valiant dies several times while the valiant dies but once. In the darkness of night when the highlands are obscured, a captain who tries to guide his boat by a looking over the side of his vessel is the fool. There is a little needle in the needle pointing to a safe course, as the finger of God points the way to heaven; and we can not go astray if we allow God to guide us.—San Francisco Chronicle.

PROGRESS AND STRUGGLE.

THE STRONG ARM.

The hand that holds the water in its hollow, that cares for the sparrow, and clothes the grass of the field, is a resting place, large and strong, tender and loving enough for all who seek its refuge.—*Baptist Weekly.*

A RELIGIOUS PAPER.

out of sorts and run down that they can no longer enjoy anything. If such persons would only be wise enough to try that celebrated remedy, Kidney-Wort and experience its tonic and renovating effects they would soon be hurrying with the loudest. In either dry or liquid form it is a perfect remedy for torpid liver, kidneys or bowels.—*Exchange.*

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1881.

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

PRAYER ANSWERED.

The prayers connected with our late President have led to much newspaper discussion on the matter. Such questions as "What has become of those prayers?" "Why were they not answered?" and changes on them, have been repeatedly asked; and often they have been asked in a kind of triumphant, skeptical way as though the fact was settled that they were not in any sense answered.

A great many labor under a mistake on this subject. They take it for granted that a prayer is not answered unless the identical thing specified in the petition is bestowed. This no one has any authority to expect, especially in temporal things except as a miracle.

In prayer there are two classes of objects for which we are taught to pray—spiritual and temporal; and there are two worlds connected in this matter—the invisible and the visible; and there are two factors concerned—the divine and the human. Both are involved in an effectual prayer. Man prays and God answers. In the praying there are two things essential; viz. faith in God and submission to his will. We "must believe that he is and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." We must have faith to believe that he will do what is best for us, and submission to his decision. We can not expect more than Christ himself had when he prayed that the cup might pass from him, "yet not my will but thine be done." He suffered passively, and we learn that, before, in extreme trial the "angels ministered unto him," so now "twelve legions of angels" were at his service. Will any one say that his prayer was not efficiently answered, because the specific thing was not granted? When our children ask for something which we fear will injure them, we answer their petition by giving them something better,—something for their good.

Effectual prayer has a man-ward and God-ward side. Of the former we can judge best; it has the elements which we have already considered, faith and submission. But in regard to the latter which can give us the elements? God is love, and in his dealings with man especially in the tender relation of prayer, we do not expect him to violate his own nature or laws. He must be actuated by love which influences him to do what is for the best interests of his suppliant creatures. But God is a spirit in a spiritual world of his own, governed by spiritual laws which are largely above our comprehension; and in his dealings with man, who is a complex being both spiritual and physical, he must have reference to the laws which govern both. The union of spirit and matter is a mystery, while the fact is evident. The God-ward side of prayer is spiritual, and the things of God are "spiritually discerned." Here is the mode of communion between God and man—a spiritual communion. We may know something of God thereby if our minds are renewed and enlightened by his spirit which dwells in us, and brings us into harmony with him.

In this way God becomes a source of blessing to his children in answer to prayer. In regard to spiritual blessings there seems to be no condition but the asking. "Ask and ye shall receive." The answers are governed by laws of spirit, no physical laws intervening to prevent, so that the man who asks for pardon or other spiritual blessing, with faith and submission, always receives it, or its equivalent. The law here is spiritual and unconditional, i. e., he that prays aright receives an answer. There is no failure. It may not always be the coveted grace which selfishness and spiritual pride suggest.

But in regard to temporal things it is different. God governs these according to natural laws which he has himself established, using secondary causes in his administration. How far the spiritual intervenes and intermingles with natural causes, we do not understand. We know that in our own being, mind has a controlling influence over matter. It governs the body and employs natural causes to secure natural results; and can not God do as much? Mind has annihilated time and space in the railroad, telegraph and telephone, and by improvements in machinery and implements of utility has made even the laws of nature subserve its purposes. Now if man can harness the lightning and utilize secondary causes to compass his ends without violence, can not God do more?

Prayer is a secondary cause which God has been pleased to ordain and use as a condition or antecedent of blessing man. Pardon and other spiritual good come in answer to prayer. This is positive. But how far we may expect God to go in answering prayer for temporal blessing is another question. Can he directly contravene the laws of nature in order to bestow upon us a temporal benefit? That would be a miracle, and would require miraculous faith, on our part, which we can not claim in ordinary affairs. But that God can bless temporally without violating any laws of nature we have no doubt, on account of the superiority of mind over matter, yet how far we may expect this specifically, we can not tell; and hence the demand for submission to him. "Thy will be done." Neverthe-

less true prayer will be absolutely answered.

A man is sick; we do not know whether he is really beyond hope or not. Now suppose we pray for him with faith and submission, as the nation tried to do for Garfield, we know not but God may answer that prayer through the recuperative power of nature, the skill of a physician or by an influence over circumstances which he may have without violating any law of mind or matter. If the man is beyond the reach of all these, the prayer may be answered by a gracious preparation to meet the inevitable. Did not Christ receive such an answer, when sorely tempted, in the ministrations of angels? Did not Paul receive it when he prayed three times that the "thorn in the flesh"—a temporal evil—might be removed, and had the answer, "My grace is sufficient for thee?"

So it was in the case of President Garfield. The people did not know that he was fatally wounded. They did not know but God might use the recuperative power with which he had endowed him, the skill of the physicians who were anxious to do all they could for him, or some unseen influences which are his prerogative, and he be restored to health. But when the nature of the injury was understood, as it could not be until after his death, it then was seen that they might as well pray that a falling stone be suspended in mid-air, or that the dead be raised to life and expect it to be done. We do not suppose that any miraculous faith was exercised.

When death is inevitable, the prayer of faith and submission smooths the pathway to the tomb. It may be answered by the manifestation of divine grace in the preparation for death and in overruling the event for the good of others. This is just what we think God is doing with the prayers of the nation. Christ would not throw himself from the pinnacle of the temple, thinking that he should be buoyed up in answer to prayer. That would be presumption, not faith. God chooses ordinarily to rule nature by, or according to, established laws. So malaria, fever and wounds are under law; and yet science can not show that they are beyond the spiritual influence invoked by prayer, both human and divine. Mind has a large place in human affairs, especially the divine mind, and when human love and sympathy can accomplish so much, it is vain to deny the interposition of the Divine. Thus we can see how it is that God has and will answer prayer for temporal as well as spiritual blessings without infringing the laws of nature.

There are those who give to the promises of answer to prayer a literal signification, and suppose that God will really bestow upon honest, earnest, devoted Christians whatever they ask. It will be noticed, however, that the promise usually contains or implies a condition, as, for instance, it is said, "The prayer of faith shall save the sick." If a miracle is demanded to save miraculous faith is implied, and we can not expect the sick to be saved without Christ says, "Whoever ye shall ask the Father in my name I will do it." "In my name" implies submission, obedience, trust—that what we ask must be in accordance with his will and for his glory, and whatever we ask that is not, to that the promise will not apply. God in an unlimited sense does not grant whatever we wish. Such a power bestowed would be a dangerous power to possess both for ourselves and for others. If the parent had the power to say whether his child should live or die—if the nation had had the power to say that the President should live, without the wisdom to know whether living would be better for him and the country than dying, it would have been a dangerous power which God has never given to man. Prayer is not such a power. God never in any age has bestowed whatever his children asked, unconditionally. Even when Christ asked that the bitter cup might pass from him, it did not, but he drank it to the very dregs, and yet his prayer was not unanswered. An angel from heaven strengthened him. That agonizing prayer in the garden was a blessing to the world—an astonishment to angels. So we may understand how that prayer in connection with the sufferings and death of our lamented President may be overruled to the greatest good of this nation; and there we may let the question rest with implicit confidence in the hands of Him who "doeth all things well."

CONTENDING FOR THE FAITH.

Some periods in the history of the church are noted for controversy, but the tendency of the present is to peace and good will. Ours tends to union as those did to division. The influence of the Evangelical Alliance both here and abroad has been highly salutary, also the Ecumenical Councils of religious bodies. The various sections of the Presbyterians, though differing widely in sentiment and usage have held a general convention, with harmony and mutual helpfulness. So with the Methodists and others. Hence the inquiry why they may not cooperate more and more until combined in one. Why should there be ten to twenty denominations, of Presbyterians, or Methodists, or Baptists? And may not the good work go on until sectarian animosity shall cease, and the whole body of Christ be one on earth as in heaven?

This would require no suppression of investigation or discussion, no surrender of principle, no unworthy compromise. The diffusion of truth in a good spirit would never check the healthful tendency. Then Christians, instead of wasting their

strength on non-essentials, could help each other in spreading the gospel over the world. Then would be the dawn of a brighter day and the nations be speedily subdued to Christ. Not that the minor points are to be ignored, for they are often intimately connected with those more vital. But avoid bigotry, bitterness, jealousy. Remembering that we are brethren, we should ever exercise charity, and where we can not yet agree, agree to differ. Especially let faith, hope, love abound; and faithfulness to duty bind all to each other and to Christ.

Most of all must the essential faith of the gospel be maintained. The fundamental truths of revelation—those which show us our real character and condition, our relation to God and his law, our dependence on Christ, and the way of salvation must be exalted and made precious to our hearts.

There is danger that in the midst of those good tendencies Satan and his emissaries should sow the seeds of error. There is a liability to indifference most noxious. Provided we are honest and upright it matters little, some would have us believe, whether we accept the living God or an abstraction; the Bible as his inspired word, or as the mere work of man; Christ as our infinite sacrifice, or only a human example; salvation personal, spiritual, eternal; or a matter of education and formalism.

We must contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. The welfare of the individual soul, of every branch of the church, and the progress of truth on earth depend on our fidelity to God and the Gospel. Here, whoever is not on God's side is arrayed against him.

STAR SUBSCRIBERS.

In common with other papers near the close of each volume, we again call attention to the importance of an increased circulation of the *Morning Star*. If our doctrines and usages are scriptural, if our work is to be united and successful, if our churches are to be strengthened and multiplied, and if individual Christians are to be encouraged and helped, then the members of our churches and congregations should read the *Star*—the only paper we now have devoted to our particular and general work.

Unless we know considerable of each other and the work we are attempting to do, there will be no union of plans or concert of action. *The Morning Star* alone can give us this knowledge and inspire us with interest.

Can not every one of our present subscribers add another to our subscription list? Many of them, with very little effort, could secure several; and no one can hesitate in recommending the *Star* anywhere. Think of the following offers, and let every one try for a new subscriber.

The *Morning Star* will be sent to every new subscriber from the date of the subscription to the first of January, 1883, for \$2.00 in advance.

In addition to the above proposal, and as an inducement to work, the following offer is made to each and all of our present subscribers whose own paper is not in arrears (or when paid, if it is); and this offer is good till the first of next January.

1. Send us \$2.00 with the name of the new subscriber, and you shall receive a copy of "Close or Open Communion," post-paid,—a well bound volume of 175 pages.

2. Or send us \$2.25 with the name, and you shall receive a copy of the *Memoirs of Dr. Day*,—a volume of 431 pages.

3. Or send us \$2.50 with the name, and you shall receive a copy of the *Centennial Record*,—a volume of 266 pages, with eleven steel plate engravings of deceased ministers.

There is no time to be lost in making this offer most available. New subscribers can at once avail themselves of these offers, and so the good work may go on.

Rev. G. W. Baker of Marion, O., father of Rev. O. E. Baker, died on the 11th inst., aged 77. Obituary soon.

Bro. Fernald wishes to say as a postscript to his financial report—A full report from Rev. S. D. Bates, Treas. of Ohio State Association, comes to hand just too late for insertion in this Report. It will appear in connection with the next monthly Report.

The trial of Bates College vs. the Executors, Mrs. Bates and her son-in-law Mr. Hammond of New York, was to commence Tuesday at Cambridge, Mass. Claim of the College is \$100,000 with interest, amounting to \$122,000. Upon going to press there was no prospect of a settlement and we presume the trial is now going on.

CORRECTIONS. Bro. Curtis wishes to correct some figures which appeared in the *Star* last week in the abstracts of reports of the Treasurer of the Benevolent Societies. The \$13,531.22, receipts of the Home Mission Society, were not all for "general work," but were the whole amount of receipts, except the \$450 transferred from the permanent fund. The John Storer bequest was \$1,000 instead of \$10,000, and the annuity to its two beneficiaries was \$25 each, instead of \$2,500. In Foreign Missions, the note in favor of the Bible School is \$500 instead of \$1,000.

Every minister—every church should make plans for effective religious work this fall and winter, wiser and more comprehensive than ever before. Every man, woman and child can do something—there

is a place for every one; let him or her find it immediately and go to work.

BRIEF NOTES.

This trite and significant remark appears as the heading to an article in the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*: "Germany teaches children trades in the public schools, America in the penitentiary."

In a recent harangue, Elder Joseph F. Smith, a lineal descendant of the bigamist who fell a martyr to his faith at Carthage some thirty years ago, said: "If Congress undertakes to interfere with polygamy it will be the duty of every Mormon, male or female, to offer resistance, moral or otherwise, to the death." The sooner the contest is begun the better.

A circular has been issued to the "Churches of Christ" in America, appealing to them to unite in requesting Congress to forbid the transaction of public business upon the Sabbath day by any department of government, and that petitions to this effect be prepared, or obtained, from the Sabbath Association of Philadelphia, to be presented by that society at the opening of Congress in December next.

Denominational.

The Foreign Mission Board.

At a meeting of the Foreign Mission Board, held in Boston, Sept. 7, the following resolutions were adopted.

Whereas, In Sept., 1878, Miss Nellie M. Phillips was, at the request of the Free Communion Baptist Association of Ohio, appointed a missionary of this Board, that body becoming responsible for her outfit, passage and salary; and, Whereas, her departure to India has been delayed two years in order that she might pursue a course of medical study, therefore,

Resolved, That we approve of the delay for this object, renew her appointment upon the same conditions, and commend her intentions to sail on the 24th Sept., or as soon thereafter as may be practicable.

Whereas, Mrs. H. C. Phillips became a missionary of this Board in 1849, and has during a period of forty-one years rendered invaluable service to the cause, therefore, Resolved, That we gratefully acknowledge our appreciation of her fidelity and usefulness, and recognize the fact that no woman has rendered so many years of service in the history of our mission. Resolved, That the grant of \$400 per year, made to her for two years from Dec. 31, 1879, be extended to Dec. 31, 1882, and that in accordance with her own request, she be honorably dismissed as a missionary of this Board.

Resolved, That in case Mrs. Phillips returns to India at her own expense she now desires, and in which she has our hearty approval, she be allowed such compensation for service rendered, after the time during which she is to receive a grant of \$400 per year shall have expired, as may be determined upon by the mission committee in India.

Mrs. Phillips and daughter sailed from New York for India Sept. 24, as they intended, and may the prayers and sympathies of all go with them.

At the meeting of the Board in Boston Bro. A. C. Russell of Lowell was chosen a member of the Board in the place of Bro. Daniel Lothrop declining to accept. At the meeting just held in Lawrence, Rev. J. A. Lowell of Danville, N. H., was chosen a member of the Board in the place of Rev. P. W. Perry resigned. Dea. Moses B. Smith, of Concord, N. H., was chosen Treasurer of the Foreign Mission Society in the place of Rev. Silas Curtis resigned and whose resignation takes effect Jan. 1, 1882.

In behalf of the Board,
J. M. BREWSTER, Secretary.

Central Association.

At the annual meeting of the Association held at Apalachin, Mrs. Libbie Griffin of Gilbert Mills, Oswego Co., N. Y., was appointed a general secretary and agent for our Woman's Mission Societies. Sister Griffin, better known as Libbie Cilley, has had large experience in this work and it is confidently expected that a new inspiration will be felt in every department of our mission field. It is a little humiliating that notwithstanding the "good times" that have blessed our people, our contributions fell off a little last year. Do the people need "hard times" to make them liberal? We think not, but place the falling off as a result of thoughtlessness rather than intentional withholding. Our Woman's Mission Societies are more than the name implies, they are strictly speaking, Union societies or simply Mission societies. Every man, woman and child in the congregation is expected to give, and our contributions are expected to come largely through this channel. We hope the Secretaries of the various societies will at once open correspondence with Sister Griffin and obtain from her supplies of blanks, cards, envelopes; and also confer with her as to plans and new modes of working. All reports should be sent to Sister Griffin: all remittances made as formerly to the Central Association Treasurer. The Central Association certainly has a great work to do. There are ample fields open before us. We are sorry to be compelled to report our treasury depleted, so far as current contributions are concerned. We need a new installment for our foreign work. The next remittance will soon be due. It is the fixed policy of the Assn. not to incur any debt, nor to borrow from the permanent fund. We can only pay out then what is specifically contributed for any purpose, as for Home Missions, Foreign Missions, &c. There is now due several hundred dollars of Home mission funds, promised last year to interests that are suffering without it, and that must continue to suffer until they receive it. The Assn. has promised to continue the support of a teacher at Storers College. A part of the salary was pledged at the meeting at Apalachin. There was not enough however pledged

for the entire support. Miss Etta Lovett, who was adopted by the Assn. as their teacher, at the meeting at Fairport, has entered Hillsdale College to prepare herself more fully for her life-work. But we are to remember she does not cease to be the "child of the Association." Her only support while at Hillsdale is to come from what she could save last year from a scanty salary and from what friends may feel prompted to contribute. We are confident there are more than one hundred and fifty in New York and Pa. who will be glad to enclose a dollar each to the Treasurer of the Assn. for Miss Lovett.

There is quite an amount of interest now due on notes to the permanent fund. Will the friends please remit at once and save the labor and expense of notification? These notes are in sums of, from \$5 to \$1,000. If the parties could pay these notes so that the amount could be invested more compactly it would save a great deal of labor and expense for the Assn. and thus be a greater source of revenue. Parties paying interest to the Assn. might raise the money nearer home and take up the notes and in that way save both themselves and the Association work. Those friends who so grandly pledged support to Brother and Sister Marshall as they went forth to be month for the Assn. to the perishing in India, and who have so nobly supported them these years, will not fail them and the Assn. now. But more is needed than simply the salaries of our missionaries. To give them no more would be, using a homely illustration, like setting men with no implements into a field of wheat and expecting them to garner the grain. They must have money for native helpers, for zennas teachers and for school buildings and many other purposes. Bro. Marshall pleads for these extra appropriations, as only a man seeing the need can plead. Will the friends respond? Shall we prove ourselves to be "liberal souls" by devising "liberal things," or are we willing now to have written over against the Assn. the disgraceful words, "short remittance"? The next few months—it may be weeks—shall determine this. Let there be a grand coming up all along the line, and the work will take on new life and a corresponding blessing shall be ours.

J. H. DURKEE, Cor. Sec'y.

Penobscot Yearly Meeting.

The Penobscot Yearly Meeting met with the Free Baptist church, Rockland, Maine, Sept. 27-29. Rev. E. G. Eastman, its very acceptable pastor, was chosen Moderator, sharing the responsibilities of his office with Rev. J. Mariner, Asst. Moderator.

The work of the session was most heartily and happily performed. Our Yearly Meeting is over two hundred miles long, and Rockland is on its extreme southern border. Still the attendance was good.

Reports from the Quarterly Meetings showed that the year had not been one of extensive revival. Some of the churches in the Aroostook have had additions by baptism, and one church in Exeter Q. M., Corinna church, has almost had a resurrection; under the labors of J. Mariner, its membership has increased from twelve to fifty, almost entirely through conversions. At Danforth, an important point on the E. & N. A. R. R., they are just completing a new church building. The church there is a thriving one under the pastoral care of Rev. J. W. Carr.

After the reading of the letters a sort of inquiry meeting upon the state of the Y. M. elicited many items of interest and encouragement, dispelling the feeling of despondency induced by the tone of some of the reports. It was found that much money has been raised and expended in repairing churches and in internal missionary work. Sebec Q. M. is adding one of its young men in his preparation for the ministry. Several young men of large promise are planning to enter the ministry. Some are almost ready. This is especially gratifying as we see the fields ready for the harvest, and the laborers so few. For the general missionary work more interest is manifested as shown by more abundant fruits.

One thing especially assured us that as a Y. M. we were still considerably alive, and that was the ease with which over \$200 was raised during the session. The happiest seasons we had were when taking contributions,—giving to the Lord. The most of the amount raised was for the Danforth church.

The report of the Secretary of the Woman's Mission Society showed that the sisters are doing noble work for the common cause. They raised the past year nearly \$250, and this by no means reveals all that the organization has accomplished.

The causes of Sunday-schools, Missions and Temperance were discussed with ability and animation.

Excellent sermons were preached by Revs. J. Boyd, C. Purinton, R. L. Howard and E. C. Cook.

The gloom cast over the country by our terrible national calamity necessarily obtruded itself upon us and found some feeble expression in the following resolutions:

Whereas, Our country has just been called in an inscrutable providence to pass through an affliction unparalleled in the history of nations, in the assassination of our beloved President, James A. Garfield, who died at Long Branch, N. J., Sept. 19, after eighty days of almost vicarious suffering and heroic struggling for life; and whereas, Our agony has been intense, the nation's sympathy universal and tender, and our loss is seemingly remediless; and whereas, The condition of our country is such, just recovering from the divisions of a fearful civil war, and in the furnace heat of a blind and reckless partisanship, as to make the issues involved in our loss moral as well as political,—therefore, Resolved, That while the whole land is filled with mourning and our tears are yet undried in

the presence of our noble dead, we would bow in submission to the divine will as we recognize it in the dark dispensation, and seek for that instruction and faith that shall make it possible for us to find an overruling hand in it for our good, notwithstanding all. Resolved, That in him whom we mourn we recognize the highest type of a statesman, patriot, man and Christian, and know that our country has been blessed in that it has been permitted to produce such a man as the noblest fruit of a world's civilization. Resolved, That already in the allying of sectional animosities and party strife, in the sweeter sympathy of our sufferings North and South, we find the leaven of our pain working for our good, and we pray that in purifying us from national sins, of which in our sorrow as never before we recognize the existence, this our great bereavement may be sanctified to the good of the state. Resolved, That we are deeply grateful for the sympathy of the Old World with us in our affliction and for the tributes of respect they pay to the life and character of our departed President. Resolved, That we put on record our admiration of the heroic fortitude of the bereaved family of our fallen hero and that we shall henceforth bear them lovingly in our hearts as a part of our nation's heritage. Resolved, That our prayers shall ascend for him who now occupies the chair of state, that the divine hand may be upon him for good; that he may be able to carry out approximately, in the fear of God, the reforms begun by him who has so suddenly been relieved from his toil; and thus while we gain by the inspiration and are the richer in the memory and example of our lamented Chief Magistrate we may lose nothing in administrative wisdom, probity and power.

S. C. WHITCOMB, Clerk.

Convention.

At Wykoff, Minn., we had been called to meet in a Convention of F. Baptists of the Northwest. This is on the Minn. Southern Division of the C. M. & St. P. Railway. The F. Baptists and United Brethren have houses of worship here. The F. B. church, I should judge, is in a prosperous state. Rev. J. Marion Young, the pastor, is doing a good work and is much beloved by his people. There were present at the Convention seventeen ministers. The youngest is twenty-five years old, the oldest seventy-two, and the average of their ages is forty-eight. Hillsdale, New Hampton, and Whittestown were represented by their former students, also France and Scotland. It was cheering to see young men and those in the strength of manhood devoted to the Christian ministry, and earnest in their work. Our Home Mission interest was a prominent feature in the Convention. The fields are ready for the harvest, not only white, but wide and inviting. Now is the time for us to work. The Lord is giving us a grand opportunity. Iowa, Minnesota and Nebraska have hundreds of our members from New England and other States who are scattered in the new settlements, and waiting to be gathered into churches of their own choice. We want men and money to carry on the work successfully. Give us the money and we could get the men. Give us the men and we could command the money. We pray the Lord to "send forth laborers into his harvest." N. W. BIXBY.

Bates College.

Bates College has been making repairs, both grounds and buildings receiving attention. The Wakefield house has been removed and the campus between that and Hathorn Hall brought to grade. Parker Hall is being re-slatted and long needed repairs for the comfort and convenience of the students are made in the lower story, while paint and plaster, whitewash and papering have changed the interior very much, and it now begins to look tidy, tasty and very comfortable. The College has also made extensive repairs on Lisbon Block.

Forty-one entered the Freshman class of Bates College this fall and ten entered the Theological School, making in this school twenty in all. One of these is a young lady.

Ministers and Churches.

Maine.

During the last four weeks, there has been a good revival interest in the church at Steep Falls; 15 have started to seek the Saviour. The new voices that are heard in our prayer-meetings and the new testimonies that are given for Jesus have greatly encouraged those who have borne the burden, and have long been praying for a revival of religion in our midst.

Rev. F. E. Briggs of New Gloucester recently received twenty dollars, a present from his church irrespective of salary. J. R. Franklin of the Senior class Theological School, is supplying the South Auburn (Marston's Corner) church with good results. Miss Haynes of Presque Isle, baptized this summer by Bro. Park, has entered Bates Theological School.

Rev. B. Minard of the Theological School is supplying Gardiner church. Rev. Kingsbury Bachelder, late Principal of the Maine Central Institute at Pittsfield and now of the Theological Seminary, preached at Mechanic's Falls recently, according to the *Leveiston Journal*, on "Sowing the Seed." The students of the Theological Seminary recently held an interesting meeting, commemorative of Garfield.

Remick, Rideout, Minard, Churchill, Briggs, Bachelder and others participated. Rev. A. T. Hillman of Lisbon has been kindly remembered recently by his parishioners.

Sunday, October 9th, was a very pleasant day for our church in Raymond. A short time ago our hearts were saddened by the loss of a loved and valued member of our little band. He suddenly received a call from the Master to come home. On Sunday, our pastor, Rev. W. J. Twort, received, by baptism, three into our church. We then realized that though the Lord oftentimes sends us sorrow, he will in his own good time send joy also. The baptismal service was very solemn and impressive. We pray that the Lord will enable our friends to do good work for him in this village, and that others may soon be led to Christ.

Resolutions passed at the Bowdoin Q. M. on the death of Rev. T. D. Clement: Whereas, God in his all-wise providence has called our beloved brother Rev. T. D. Clement from earthly labor and sorrow to heavenly rest and joy, Resolved, 1. That we, the members of the Bowdoin Q. M., deplore

Poetry.

TELLING FORTUNES.

I'll tell you two fortunes, my fine little lad,
For you to accept or refuse;
The one of them good, the other one bad;
Now hear them, and say which you choose.

I see by my gifts within reach of my hand,
A fortune right fair to behold;
A house and a hundred good acres of land,
With harvest fields yellow as gold.

I see a great orchard with boughs hanging
down
With apples, russet and red;
I see droves of cattle, some white and some
brown,
But all of them sleek and well fed.

I see droves of swallows about the barn door,
See the fanning mill whirling so fast,
I see them threshing wheat on the floor—
And now the bright picture has past.

And I see rising dimly up in the place
Of the beautiful house and the land,
A man with a fire-red nose on his face,
And a little brown jug in his hand.

Oh! if you beheld him, my lad, you would
wish
That he were less wretched to see;
For his boot toes they gape like the mouth of a
fish,
And his trousers are out at the knee.

In walking he staggered now this way, now
that,
And his eyes they stand out like a bug's,
And he wears an old coat and a battered-in
hat,
And I think that the fault is the jug's.

For the text says the drunkard shall come to
be poor,
And that drowsiness clothes men with rags;
And he doesn't look much like a man, I am
sure,
Who has honest hard cash in his bags.

Now which will you have? To be thrifty and
snug,
And be right side up with your dish,
Or go with your eyes like the eyes of a bug,
And your shoes like the mouth of a fish?
—Alice Cary.

THE BLUE-BOTTLE FLY.

Buzzing and gay in the early dawn,
Fresh from a nap on the parlor wall,
Out for a flight over garden and lawn,
Fearing no tumble and dreading no fall,
Came a fly:
A lively, frolicsome, blue-bottle fly;
And his feet
Were as neat,
And his style
As complete,
As his brain
Was replete
With the mischief that laughed in his eye!

"What glorious fun I'll have to-day,
When the baby's asleep and the nurse away;
When Rover lies by the kitchen door;
I'll waken them both and make them roar!
O, what larks!"

Cried the rollicking, reckless blue-bottle fly:
"What a cry!"

Said the fly,
"There will be
After me,
When I've done
With my fun!"

And he wickedly winked his wee eye!

"Then I'll go and dance on grandpa's head,
While he struggles to brush me away;
And tickle his ear till he'll wish I was dead!
And over the table at dinner I'll play
Back and forth,
And feast on crumbs from a freshly-baked pie!
And I'll sip
From the lip
Of each glass
That may pass
All sweet things
Dinner brings!"

Quoth this riotous blue-bottle fly.

But, alas for the plans he had laid!
And alas for the day just begun!
For this fly soon lit in the grateful shade
To escape the hot rays of the sun;
And to dream
Of the sights that would soon greet his eye;
When unseen,
From the green
Of a limb
Above him,
On his head,
By a thread,
Fell a spider,
Who coolly devoured that blue-bottle fly!
—Christine Union.

Family Circle.

A LESSON FROM LIFE.

"Crane's Corners" was the name given to a score of houses, a church, a "tavern," two stores, and a blacksmith shop, all clustered cozily together at the foot of the mountain, just where two broad highways crossed each other. For some time before the time of this story, the blacksmith shop at the Corners had been occupied by a man who was good at his trade, but bad in his life. His lips were as well accustomed to oaths as his brawny arm was to swinging the hammer; he was very often at the bar of the "Eagle," just across the way, which probably accounted, in part, for his violent fits of passion, in which it was often dangerous to go near him.

His name was Moses Black,—which the boys had changed to "Black Moses"; but its owner was very far from resembling "the meekest man." The Crane's Corners' boys were enough like a good many other boys not to lose the chance "Black Moses" gave them of teasing and tormenting him by all sorts of tricks, just for the fun of seeing him fly into a rage. The boys called it fun. What would you call it who are reading this, my lads? What do you suppose God would call it?

At last, much to the relief of all the good people in Crane's Corners, "Black Moses" packed up his goods and left the place a month before this story begins, and the man who next rented the shop was as different from him as one man could be from another. He was very

tall, with great broad shoulders, and arms and hands that looked as if they might have hurled Goliath's spear with perfect ease. He seemed to be about fifty years old, his hair was gray, and he had a short gray beard; his face—well, it certainly wasn't a handsome face, but it was something better. No one ever saw a kinder face, and one could tell by simply looking at him that he was to be trusted, that his heart was pure, and that his life had been true and upright. His name was Zachary Armstrong; but, wherever he went, people fell into the habit of calling him "Uncle Zack," and he had not been at Crane's Corners a week before "Uncle Zack" was the only name by which he was known.

After the shop was in full working order again, the boys waited a day or two, and then began playing tricks on Uncle Zack as they had done on "Black Moses," expecting the same results. But never were boys more disappointed in their expectations. Uncle Zack seemed to enjoy the joke, whether he really did or not, and laughed the longest and most heartily of them all. The next day, after school, they tried it again, and were again disappointed. And this time Uncle Zack invited them into the shop, and told them to help themselves to as many apples as they wanted.

"I like you, you see," said he, heartily. "It don't plague me to have 'em around as it does some folks. I remember so well when I was a boy that I know just how boys feel. I wish you'd look in and see me whenever you can. I'd like it first-rate."

The boys were completely won, and no day passed after that without one or more of them stopping to "look in" at Uncle Zack. And sometimes, when they had been sent to the store, they "looked in" so long that their mothers thought the sugar or starch or soap was a good while coming.

One afternoon, as the whole troupe of them rushed out of the school-house, which stood about a quarter of a mile from the "Corners," they saw an old man passing whom they had never seen before. His clothes were old and ragged, his eyes were dim and bloodshot, his white hair hung about his shoulders in long, ragged locks, his face was haggard, and of a sickly, purplish hue, his limbs tottered, his whole body shook and trembled, and, altogether, he was a pitiable sight.

The boys ran after him, laughing and pointing at him, calling him "old rag-bag," "old shaky," "rickety-bones," and so on. The old man went on as fast as he could, evidently trying to get away from his tormentors; but the boys followed, still keeping up their cruel jokes and inventing names which they seemed to think very funny, until they reached the Corners. Here the old man stopped, looked about him, and then turned into Uncle Zack's shop, the boys, whooping and jeering, close behind him.

"Look here, Uncle Zack!" shouted one. "You've got a visitor! Ain't he a fine old gent, though?"

"Wonder where he got his elegant suit of clothes?" cried another.

"Say, old blue-nose, what gave you such a nice complexion?" called out a third.

"Here, boys; let's put him out," cried the first speaker. "I guess Uncle Zack's mad at us for bringing such an old shak in here. Lend a hand now!"

"Boys, stop! Don't one of you dare to touch him!"

The boys drew back. They had never heard Uncle Zack speak in such a deep, angry tone; and they would not have thought his face could grow so white, and his kind gray eyes so awfully stern. He led the poor, trembling old man gently to a seat, then, standing with one hand on the other's shoulder, he said, quietly:

"Boys, this is my brother, Edward Armstrong."

The boys, dumb with astonishment and shame, stood looking at the two men, and, for what seemed a long time, nobody said a word. The shop was perfectly still, except the faint noise of the dying fire. At last, one of the boys nearest the door turned to go away.

"Wait a minute, Will Hastings," said Uncle Zack.

Will stopped.

"Boys," the anger was gone from Uncle Zack's voice now, and his eyes were growing kind again,—"I'm sure you wouldn't have treated him so if you had known he was my brother; but I'm more sorry than I can tell to think you'd treat anybody's brother so. He has only been here a few days, and to-day was so pleasant I had him go out for a walk. I never thought he might be abused. If anybody had told me you boys would have abused him, I should have said, 'I don't believe it.' But I feel very sure you'll never do it again. Edward, you'll forgive the boys this time, won't you?"

"Yes, yes, of course. They didn't mean harm," replied the old man, with a pitiful sort of smile.

"And tell them about yourself, too; will you?" asked Uncle Zack.

"Yes; oh, yes, I will, and glad, too. It'll be a lesson to 'em, perhaps. I wasn't such an old 'shak' always, boys, I can tell you. I was the oldest one of the family, and the smartest one, they said. Handsome, too, I was, though maybe you won't believe it. My father said I should have as good a chance as any boy in the land; so he worked and saved, and so did the rest,—father was a carpenter, and there were six of us children,—and I went away to school to fit for college. I

studied hard and got on well for a year or two; then I got in with a bad set of fellows, and began to drink a little. From drinking a little I got to drinking a good deal, and acted so bad that I came near being expelled. Father said I should come home and learn his trade if I didn't behave, so I made up my mind to do better. I stuck to that till I went to college, and there I got into bad company again, and went on worse than ever, till I had to leave. Father said he couldn't do any more for me,—I'd most broke his heart with my bad ways, when he'd worked so hard for me,—and now I must take care of myself. He didn't send me away from home; that wasn't like father, was it, Zack?—but I must earn my own living.

I wish now I'd stayed and learned the carpenter's trade along with father; but then I thought I was too good for that. I went to the city, and got a place in a store; but I didn't keep it long, for I kept on drinking. I went from one thing to another, doing whatever I could, till I got a place as bar-tender in a saloon. It was a poor, dirty place, that I don't believe any of you would want to go into, but I stayed there a good while. I was about twenty-five when I went there, and I'm sixty now. I've been what folks call a loafer, and I've just managed to get enough to live on. I've never been the least good to anybody, but I s'pose I've done a good deal of harm. My brother Zack here had tried to help me ever so many times, but he wouldn't do anything for me unless I'd quit drinking. I wouldn't do that, and so I went on. Three years ago he made up his mind he'd save me if there was any such thing as doing it. He started out to look for me. It took him a good while to find me; but he did find me at last, one night when I'd just been put out of a bar-room into the street. It was awful cold, and I should have froze to death if he hadn't found me. He took me to one of those 'syllums' where they cure folks of drinking, and I stayed there a year. I thought I was cured, but I found out I wasn't; I got bad again, and then Zack came after me the same as before, and put me back into the 'syllum. I've only been out a little while, and Zack wrote to me to come here and stay with him as long as I live. And now see what I am! Zack, he never would touch liquor, and see what he is. Look at him and me, boys, and see which of us two you'd rather be. You can be which you're a mind to. Take your choice now, for now's your time.

The old man rose feebly to his feet, and stood beside his brother. It was the most impressive temperance lecture which those boys could have had. The poor, miserable wreck of a man and Uncle Zack, such a true man, through and through, looking so strong and grand beside his brother.

The boy's eyes all turned to Uncle Zack, with a look of great respect and admiration.

"That's right, that's right," said the older man, giving a nod of approval. "I knew you wouldn't any of you want to be like me. I don't intend to drink another drop as long as I live, but my life's all gone now, and I never can be any use. But Zack is good for thirty or forty years yet; and mind, boys, it'll be all your own fault if you ain't every one of you as good as he is. If you want to be like me you can do it by drink; if you want to be like Zack, don't you never touch a drop of liquor—not one drop—I say, not one drop!"

The old man's voice was husky and tremulous, and his teeth being nearly all gone, he pronounced his words very queerly; but no orator ever had a more attentive audience. The boys didn't feel like laughing at all, but looked at the two brothers with very sober faces. They learned a lesson that day which some of them, at least, never forgot.—S. S. Times.

A HEROIC BOY.

Some years ago, on the frontier of Ohio, where the country was rough and sparsely settled, there lived an industrious boy, the son of a poor widow, who exemplified a spirit of heroism and moral courage, that it would be well for every boy to imitate.

Upon one occasion a companion of his proposed to visit a mutual acquaintance in a distant part of the vicinity where they lived, on the Sabbath.

"Not on Sunday," said James.

"Why?"

"Because it is not right."

"If you and I do nothing worse than that, Jim, we shall be pretty good fellows."

"We should not be any better, certainly, for doing that."

"Nor any worse, in my opinion," rejoined David.

"My mother would not consent to it," continued James.

"I don't know whether mine would, and I don't care; I sha'n't ask her," said David.

"I never should go anywhere against my mother's advice," continued James.

"I know what she thinks of the Sabbath, and I respect her feelings. I sha'n't go on Sunday."

"And you can't go on any other day, because you have so much to do," added David.

"Rather than go on Sunday, I shall not go at all," was James's emphatic reply.

"If I had no scruples of my own about it, I would take no comfort, feeling that I went against mother's wishes."

This emphatic refusal ended the matter. It was an illustration of the noble

character of James. Boys, respect the Sabbath and your mothers, and like this heroic boy, frankly and openly resist all temptations to wrong doing, and never consent to anything that would be displeasing to your parents. That noble boy, whose example we hold up for your imitation, was James A. Garfield, the late martyred President.—*Evangelical Messenger.*

"SHE WAS A STRANGER."

A missionary was requested to go out to a new settlement to address a Sabbath-school. He had preached in the morning, and was wearied, and felt quite unfitted for the task, but reluctantly consented to go. When he found himself at the spot he looked round for the assembly with great misgivings, not knowing what to say to them. He noticed a little girl, shabbily dressed and barefooted, shrinking in a corner, her little sunburnt face buried in her hands, and tears trickling between her small brown fingers, and sobbing as if her heart would break. Soon, however, another little girl, about eleven years old, got up and went to her, led her toward a brook, then seated her on a log, and kneeling beside her she took off her ragged sunbonnet, and dipping her hand in the water, bathed her hot eyes and tear-stained face, and smoothed the tangled hair, talking in a cheery manner all the while.

The little girl brightened up; the tears all went, and smiles came creeping around the rosy mouth.

The missionary stepped forward and said—"Is that your little sister, my dear?"

"No, sir," answered the child, with tender, earnest eyes; "I have no sister, sir."

"Oh, one of the neighbors' children," replied the missionary. "A little school-mate, perhaps?"

"No, sir, she is a stranger. I do not know where she came from. I never saw her before."

"Then how came you to take her out, and have such a care for her, if you do not know her?"

"Because she was a stranger, sir, and seemed all alone, and needed somebody to be kind to her."

"Ah!" said the missionary to himself, "here is a text for me to preach from: 'Because she was a stranger, and seemed all alone, and needed somebody to be kind to her.'"

The words came to him: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." So, taking the little girl by the hand, he went back to the school-room, and told the people the simple story; then spoke of the great love that all should bear to one another, even as our Saviour sought out those who were humble and of low estate, making them his peculiar care. The missionary forgot his weariness, and felt that God had put a good word into his mouth.—*Selected.*

HAVE YOU INSURED YOUR BOYS?

The innocent child, stricken by the lightning of the heavens in his cradle, a parent could bury with something to mitigate his grief. But what of the boy, the man, the fetid form, the helpless wretch stricken by "lightning whisky," his very soul corrupted and destroyed! "Lightning whisky" not only destroys the body, but it shrivels up and blasts the soul itself—all its sweet affections, its friendship, its taste and love for the beautiful, and pure, and good.

But men are very ready to insure against the lightning of heaven. They pay for "rods" to protect their houses, their stables, their horses and cattle.

They pay liberally for "policies of insurance," and when the red bolts flash through the thick darkness of storm and night, there is a comfortable assurance that all possible losses can in one sense be made good.

But how about the boys? Have you done all you can to insure them against "lightning whisky"—that bolt that does not mercifully kill at once, but striking successively and through the long, weary years, makes a sickening wreck and ruin, to which the sudden and swift bolt from above would be a merciful deliverer?

Have you insured, or striven to insure, your boys?—*Chicago Signal.*

PROVE IT BY MOTHER.

While driving along the street one day last Winter in my sleigh a little boy six or seven years old asked me the usual question, "Please, may I ride?"

I answered him, "Yes, if you are a good boy."

He climbed into the sleigh; and when I again asked, "Are you a good boy?" he looked up pleasantly and said, "Yes, sir."

"Can you prove it?"

"Yes, sir."

"By whom?"

"Why, by mother," said he promptly.

I thought myself here is a lesson for boys and girls. When a child feels and knows that mother not only loves, but has confidence in him or her, and can prove their obedience, truthfulness and honesty by mother they are pretty safe. That boy will be a joy to his mother while she lives. She can trust him out of her sight, feeling that he will not run into evil. I do not think he will go to the saloon, the theater, or the gambling-house. Children who have praying mothers, and mothers who have children they can trust, are blessed indeed. Boys and girls, can you "prove by mother" that you are good?

Try to deserve the confidence of your parents and every one else.—*Exchange.*

Literature.

GARFIELD'S LOVE OF BOOKS.

(From the Springfield Republican.)

The mourning for the murdered President pervades every interest; no business of men but joins in it. It is very fit that the literary world should commemorate the loss of one who had enriched his mind with learning of all the ages, and was truly concerned in every interest of literature. Librarian Spofford used to say of any rare books in the Congressional Library: "Look on such a shelf; if it is not there, either Sumner or Garfield has it." Some months ago the *Athenaeum* spoke on the matter of international copyright with hopefulness of a treaty and appropriate legislation from Congress through the influence of President Garfield; and it was with reason that Edward King spoke to the Vienna Congress of men of letters of the loss that cause has sustained in his death. The literary journals do not omit to pay the dead due honor. The *Critic* says:

"The scholarship of the country laid hold of him. He honored it and it was glad to honor him. He had made the great thoughts of the past his own. He drew upon the experience of the ages for his guidance in statesmanship. Though he was in no sense pedantic, he embellished his oratory with the gems of literature. He loved his library, and books were to him both a recreation and an inspiration. He loved to talk of them at table, to read them with his children. He loved the ancients and found them fit society for the moderns. He kept himself in sympathy with the intellectual life of his time. His relations with his old college professors were touching; his boyish love for the old scholarly companionship has been a very refreshing thing. When we had learned to look for the ward politician at the elbow of greatness, it was a delight to discover that the college president had now some show. This love for books seems to have made him not only strong but joyous and happy. His life appears to have been all the sweeter in the home circle. There was a quiet and generous atmosphere there. There was an ambition above ambition: a higher end when the highest had been reached. It seemed as if we were to have at the head of the nation not only great action, but 'plain living and high thinking.' It is but a brief while since it began, and now that glorious hope is dashed once more."

This is a good deal to quote, but so true and so well said that we could not resist copying it. The *Publishers' Weekly* contains these verses, signed "E. S. B.":

"Not as for one who held with steady hand
The centered interests of his native land,—
Not for a leader lost, a patriot dead,
Alone our grief is spent, our tears are shed:
We mourn a mind at rest, a great brain stilled,
A noble intellect in madness killed;
He loved our craft of books, that gave to man
The garnered thoughts that past and present span:
A tireless student still he read the page
That yields life-lessons both from wit and sage,
So while we mourn our stricken ruler slain,
Our deeper loss but gives us deeper pain."

From Oliver Wendell Holmes's poem in the "Memorial Number" of the Boston Globe.

Not ours the verdict to decide
Whom Death shall take or skill shall save;
The hero's life though Heaven denied
It gave our land a martyr's grave.

Nor count the teaching vainly sent,
How human hearts their griefs may share—
The lesson woman's love has lent
What hope may do, what faith can bear!

Farwell! the leaf-strewn earth enfolds
Our stay, our pride, our hopes, our fears,
And nation's golden sun beholds
A nation bowed, a world in tears.

GARFIELD'S WORDS.

Ideas outlive men.
School-houses are less expensive than rebellions.

The student should first study what he needs most to know; the order of his needs should be the order of his work.

Great ideas travel slowly, and for a time noiselessly, as the gods whose feet were shod with wood.

In the long, fierce struggle for freedom of opinion, the press, like the church, counts its martyrs by thousands.

He who would understand the real spirit of literature should not select authors of any one period alone, but rather go to the fountain-head, and trace the little rill as it courses along down the ages, broadening and deepening into the great ocean of thought which the men of the present are exploring.

The world's history is a divine poem, of which the history of every nation is a canto and every man a word. Its strains have been pealing along down the centuries, and though there have been mingled the discords of war, ruin, and dying men, yet to the Christian, philosopher, and historian—the humble listener—there has been a divine melody running through the song which speaks of hope and halcyon days to come.

The greater part of our modern literature bears evident marks of the haste which characterizes all the movements of this age; but, in reading these older authors, we are impressed with the idea that they enjoyed the most comfortable leisure. Many books we can read in a railroad car, and feel a harmony between the rushing of the train and the haste of the author; but to enjoy the older authors, we need the quiet of a winter evening—an easy-chair before a cheerful fire, and all the equality of spirits we can command. Then the genial good nature, the rich fullness, the persuasive eloquence of those old masters will fall upon us like the warm, glad sunshine, and afford those hours of calm contemplation in which the spirit may expand with generous growth, and gain deep and comprehensive views. The pages of friendly old Goldsmith come to us like a golden autumn day, when every object which meets the eye bears all the impress of the completed year, and the beauties of an autumnal forest.—*Essay on "Karl Theodor Körner" in William's Quarterly, March, 1880.*

To appreciate the genius and achievements of Robert Burns, it is fitting to compare him with others who have been eminent in the same field. In the highest class of lyric poets their names stand eminent. Their field covers eighteen centuries of time, and the three names are Horace, Béranger, and Burns. It is an interesting and suggestive fact, that each of these sprang from the humble walks of life. Each may be described as one

"Who legs a brother of the earth,
To give him leave to toil."

and each proved by his life and achievements that, however hard the lot of poverty, "a man's man for a' that."

A great writer has said that it took the age forty years to catch Burns, so far was he in advance of the thoughts of his times. But we ought not to be surprised at the power he exhibited. We are apt to be misled when we seek to find the cause of greatness in the school and universities alone. There is no necessary conflict between nature and art. In the highest and best sense art is as natural as nature. We do not wonder at the perfect beauty of the rose, although we may not understand the mysteries by which its delicate petals are fashioned and fed out of the grosser elements of earth. We do not wonder at the perfection of the rose because God is the artist. When he fashioned the germ of the rose-tree, he made possible the beauties of its flower. The earth and air and sunshine conspired to unfold and adorn it—to tint and crown it with peerless beauty. When the Divine Artist would produce a poem, he plants a germ of it in the human soul, and out of that soul the poem springs and grows as from the rose-tree the rose.

Burns was a child of nature. He lived close to her beating heart, and all the rich and deep sympathies of life glowed and lived in his heart. The beauties of earth, air, and sky filled and transfigured him;

"He did but sing because he must,
And piped but as the linnets sing."

With the light of his genius he glorified "the banks and braes" of his native land, and, speaking for the universal human heart, he set its sweetest thought to music:

"Whose echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."

—*Oration on the Anniversary of Burns's Death.*

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DR. HOLMES AS A POET.

If anybody has any doubt of the prominent and secure place which belongs to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in the company of American poets, we commend to him these two beautiful little volumes, in modernized "Blue and gold," into whose united 570 pages are gathered all the songs that he has sung, since fifty years ago his melodious voice first burst forth, in the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, in that stirring, matchless lyric, "Old Ironsides." Was ever true note more accurately struck than in those passionately pleading lines:

Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

With this and the piece which follows in the present collection, "The Last Leaf," the poet might have rested his pen, sure that nothing finer could drop from it, sure that his voice would be always thereafter recognized and remembered. It is a great change of key from the fiery indignation over the proposal that "Old Ironsides" be broken up, to the gentle, pathetic picture of "The Last Leaf"—the old man feebly plodding the streets from which all his old friends have gone:

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he had prest
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

The emotional space between these two opening poems discloses a wide range of poetic gift; and they might stand for the twin pillars at the door of Dr. Holmes's temple of fame were it not for one fact; namely, that he sings with equal readiness in a third and still totally different key, the humorous, and that the attentive listener is left in doubt as to which voice is the most effective.

A group like that of the American poets, Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, and the minor singers who stand around them, may be compared to an organ of many stops, in which one is the sonorous diapason, another the limpid flute, a third the tremulous vox humana, a fourth the ringing trumpet, a fifth the brilliant piccolo, and so on. But we should be at a loss to confine Dr. Holmes's qualities within the limits of any such single analogy. So good a critic as Mr. Sanborn has lately rated him as "The best of our poets of the second class." We are inclined to mark the rate as above this point, and we think that a careful estimate of his complete work of these fifty years will justify the highest estimate.

The English poet whom Dr. Holmes more closely resembles than he does any other and whom he resembles more closely than that poet is resembled by any other American poet is Thomas Hood. We may even say of Holmes, as Mr. Stedman has so forcibly said, for substance, of Hood, that he has a portion of almost every gift belonging to a true poet; that he is the poet of the heart, and sound at heart himself; that he is the poet of human sentiment, clarified by a living spring of humor, which keeps it from any taint of sentimentalism. Applying to Dr. Holmes Mr. Stedman's exact words of Hood we may further say:

To read his pages is to laugh and weep by turns; to take on human charity; to regard the earth mournfully, yet be thankful. . . . for what sunshine falls upon it, and to accept manfully . . . each one's condition, however tolling and suffering, under the changeless law that impels and governs all.

Holmes's severest lyrical faculty, like Hood's in Mr. Stedman's judgment, is again "musical and sweet."

Its product is as refined as the most exacting need require, and keeps more uniformly than other modern poetry to the idiomatic measures of English song.—*Literary World.*

NOTES.

Mr. Tennyson has been meditating on Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon.

John Murray will issue a new and complete edition of the works of Dean Stanley.

Bodenstedt, the German poet, is said to be writing a book on the United States.

An old saying in a new dress: A man is known by the company he keeps out.

Phillips Brooks's article on "Dean Stanley" in the October *Atlantic* is the first he has ever written expressly for any magazine.

Alexander H. Stephens is said to be

