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1-18-1882

## **The Morning Star - volume 57 number 03 - January 18, 1882**

Freewill Baptist printers

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NO. 3.

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## BIBLE WOMEN.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

II.

## SARAH, THE PRINCESS.

The age of the patriarchs was a sort of golden age. The world was young, and mankind lived simpler and under less restraint than in later periods. Men in general were more peacefully inclined, and fierce, ambitious natures found excitement enough in contesting with wild beasts for the supremacy of nature. The great centralizations had not yet come upon the stage. Nations were still in a great degree nomadic. All the rude but noble virtues of a barbaric life were in their strong, robust manhood. Civil restraints were few, but society, even then, had its mandates, and exercised its cementing influence. But, above all, it is the charms and beauties of pastoral life—the sunshine, the song of birds, the bleating of white-hoofed flocks, the wanderings over daisied fields, through odoriferous woodlands, and by the cool riversides—that give significance to that early, romantic, simple and happy age. In all the writings of mankind there is nothing so picturesquely, entrancingly captivating as the account of the travels, of the daily habits, the domestic life, the noble acts of those early progenitors of the Hebrew race, as related in the book of Genesis.

Abraham, the beloved of God, was the first of the great patriarchs. He was born three hundred years after the flood, and was contemporary with Shem, his great ancestor, who outlived him by a quarter of a century. Ur of the Chaldees, in northern Mesopotamia, was the place of his birth, which proclaims his nationality. Abraham thus had the best blood of the world in his veins. The Chaldeans were the first nation of antiquity that rose to civilization. They were notable builders; and vast structures of brick, cemented with bitumen, still attest, though in ruins, their enterprise and skill. They manufactured, also, delicate fabrics of wool, and possessed the arts of working in metals and engraving on gems, in very high perfection. Astronomy was studied by them at a very early period, and their observations were carefully recorded. The name of Chaldean became equivalent in time to that of seer or philosopher. It was to this intellectual race that Abraham belonged.

The name of Abraham's father was Terah, and his family, including four generations, is the most interesting one that we read of after the deluge. Terah was evidently twice married. Abraham, although he is mentioned first, must have been the youngest son, for he was only seventy-five years old when his father died at the age of two hundred and five, and Terah at the age of seventy had already become the father of Haran. Nahor, another son, seems to have been Abraham's brother by the same mother, Terah's second wife.

Family ties in the old time were stronger than now, and constituted one of the firmest bonds of union. Love of kindred was strong, and inter-marriages were frequent. This family in Mesopotamia appears to have been controlled by this sentiment to a high degree. From the first it is apparent, and it was sustained. The two younger brothers married sisters, and those sisters were their own nieces, the daughters of their elder brother Haran. Milcah was married to Nahor, and Sarai, whose maiden name had been Isaac, was married to Abraham.

Sarai, at the time that she is first mentioned by the inspired writer, is already Abraham's wife. Of her childhood and maidenhood, we are told nothing. The life of most eastern girls was simple and uneventful, and probably hers did not differ from the ordinary lot. It was, doubtless, a useful life. The proudest princesses in that age did not hesitate to perform menial toil. Her after life shows that Sarai must have received the best instruction in domestic economy. She was a perfect housewife; in fact, just such a woman as King Lemuel's mother would have delighted in. "The heart of her husband could safely trust in her."

Our heroine was also a beauty. "Very fair," the Egyptians called her, even as a nation, and more than one king sued for her charms. Her very name, signifying "my princess," shows the estimation in which she was held by her husband. More than once did the patriarch feel obliged to resort to artifice to save his life, on account of the surpassing loveliness of his wife, which had its temptations for formidable enemies. Few things in history are as striking as the Biblical testimony regarding the comeliness of Abraham's wife. Beauty in all oriental countries is not a vain thing, but it was singularly inconvenient in Sarai's case.

Sarai as a mere woman is not a particularly interesting character. She owes her celebrity to no brilliant talent exhibited, nor any signal act performed, but wholly to extraneous circumstances. She sang no songs like Miriam, she swayed no council-chamber like Deborah, she performed no sacred pilgrimage like Balkis of Sheba, she endured no sacrifices like Michal or Esther. From among thousands of other women equally exalted in character, perhaps, with herself, she is brought out prominently to the notice of mankind in consequence of the strong light reflected, by great events subsequently occurring, back upon the position where she happened to stand.

Her celebrity is that of the mother of a nation, "Princess of a multitude," as her last name of Sarah indicates.

Moreover, if we critically examine her character we shall find several glaring faults. A strain of duplicity seems to have mingled in the composition of all the women of her Syrian race, which has been inherited by the nation descended from her. We observe this marked trait in Rachel and Leah, in Rebekah, and Sarah herself exhibited it on more than one occasion, though hardly in so reprehensible a manner as her successors. She was not large-souled. Her treatment of Hagar is enough to make one blush for the sex. The vaunting conduct of the Egyptian handmaid may not be excusable, but we must remember that it was Sarah's own counsel and countenance which allowed her to be placed in that position where she could triumph over her mistress. We cannot easily forgive that act of the proud woman in casting out that young mother from under her roof and sending her forth into the wilderness with scanty sustenance. Uninured to hardships, accustomed to dainty fare, the petted slave of a usually generous mistress, burdened with her young child, and knowing not whither to turn her feet, what could be expected but that she would perish? The offense had been slight, the punishment was severe, and there are few instances of such deliberate and cold-hearted cruelty recorded in eastern or Italian annals as was consummated in the departure of Hagar. It is the one dark scene in the life of the great patriarch's wife.

But let us glance at the bright side of Sarah's character. As a wife and mother she is worthy of all honor. Even the prince of the apostles recognized her as the highest type of conjugal love and obedience. She was entirely devoted to her husband. Uncomplainingly she followed him through all his wanderings. She was the same loving wife, the same careful director of his household, when he left Mesopotamia with his small retinue and limited wealth, when he went down into Egypt poverty-stricken and an outcast, and when he camped at Mamre or Beersheba, a powerful eastern prince, rich in silver, and cattle, and gold, his flocks and tents covering all the grassy plains between the deserts of Arabia and the hills of Judea, and an army of servants at his command with whom he had vanquished kings. Her love for Isaac was only surpassed by that for her husband. Her training and her pious admonitions were not lost upon the gentle Isaac, and they reacted upon her. With him the sharp, grasping, worldly traits of her mind hid themselves behind more womanly qualities. The affection that she cherished for her only son toned down the more selfish features of her mind. Noble and devoted wife though she was, her maternity did more toward developing the better traits of her womanhood than all the long years of association with the godlike Abraham. It is pleasant to think that her last years were her best, and that perhaps by prayer and kind and generous acts she atoned for the one crime of her life.

Sarah is the representative practical woman of the Bible; careful and calculating in domestic affairs, ambitious, incredulous, worldly-minded, seeing things through no gray-colored lens, but always sternly real and full of common-sense. There was no tinge of romance or sentiment in her character. She saw by her reason always, and never by her imagination. Indeed, this quality was in excess in her character, and for exercising it unwarrantably she once received a sharp and merited rebuke. Thrifty, active and enterprising, she looked sharply after the affairs of her household, and we doubt not, did her share toward inducing the prosperity that attended them. She was a worker and no dreamer, and had little of that stuff of which heroines are made, but possessed all of those practical qualities fitted to make one succeed in this humdrum, busy world. Naomi and Abigail are the only other Bible women who possessed the same traits of character in any equal degree, but they lacked entirely that lofty intelligence which distinguished the mother of the Hebrew race.

She died at the age of one hundred and twenty-seven, leaving Isaac, then a man of thirty-seven, still unmarried. Her husband, who was ten years her senior, outlived her by thirty-eight years, and married again. We were never exactly satisfied about this second marriage of Abraham's. He could have had no good reasons for wanting another wife, and the devotion and faithfulness of Sarah was deserving of remembrance and honor. Well stricken in years and fast approaching dissolution, the old man obviously could not marry for love, and should a man, or woman either, ever marry for anything else? He could only expect that a woman would marry him from pity, or for the wealth and social position that he could bestow. Keturah may have been an excellent woman, but we cannot help having our suspicions to the contrary, and we should have had greater respect for Abraham if he had let matrimony alone and remained faithful to the memory of his first wife, who, with all her faults, is worthy of all honor as the Princess Sarah.

Who is not struck with the answer of the slave, who, when asked by an intending purchaser, "Wilt thou be faithful if I buy thee?" "Yes," said the slave, "whether you buy me or not."—*Dr. Smiles.*

## WHO TAKES THE LEAD?

BY REV. S. J. WOOD.

Queen Ranavalomanana of Madagascar has always been a strong temperance woman and a rigid advocate of prohibitory laws. In Imerina, her central province, a new prohibitory law has just been promulgated, which, if she shall be able to enforce it, ought to result in the strictest sobriety.

Under penalty of a fine of ten oxen and ten dollars, it prohibits the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages, and punishes with lighter penalties those found drunk or carrying the liquor, whoever they may be. If one convicted be unable to pay his fine, he must suffer imprisonment, one day being regarded as equivalent to a sixpence of the fine.—*Sabbath Reading.*

Wonderfully strange, yet true, that Madagascar, into whose territory the gospel was so recently admitted, with so meagre educational advantages, should prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicants! While lands where the gospel has been preached much longer, nations boasting of their churches and colleges, protect the same by law, although statistics show that it causes heavy taxation, robs many homes, and sends tens of thousands to eternal torment every year.

Whilst Madagascar has such a law, party leaders tell us here that it would be useless to legislate on the subject of prohibition; that public opinion will first have to be educated on the subject. In view of those who fill our almshouses, of the homeless, the widow and the orphan, their sighs and their tears, the wretched inebriate, miserable as he is, and of the thousands of immortal souls, so hardened by strong drink that they will not receive the gospel, sinking, annually, to eternal despair, shall not we convince our legislators that we are sufficiently educated on this subject? I am glad public opinion has been educated sufficiently in a few of our states. Shall we not follow the example of Queen Ranavalomanana, and have prohibitory laws everywhere?

## THE HIGHEST ENJOYMENT OF LIVING.

BY GEO. E. PLACE.

As we look out into the world and behold the busy tide of life surging along in its eagerness to obtain riches, the reflection comes with saddening power, how few there are who really understand what constitutes the fullest, highest and finest enjoyment of living. Too many seem to consider that the aim of life is to see how rich they can get. Even among Christians this trait too much obtains. Of course, the desire to gain property is but the normal expression of the faculty of acquisition, which God has implanted in us, and is an indispensable factor in the development of his designs. But it is not to be allowed to crowd the development of the other faculties. Alas, how many there are who allow this faculty to bend their vision and energies to the grosser side of life. Like the man in the mire after a small coin, and would not look up to behold the crown of gold which the hovering angel was ready to place upon his head, only for the looking up, they will not educate themselves to look up and behold the golden diadem which the faculties of beauty, sublimity, causality, and observation are shaping from the grand and peerless works of God, where-with to crown their spiritual and intellectual being with that broad, deep, unutterable joy, such as the angels feel. The human mind might be compared to a sponge. Its various faculties are the cavities, or cells, waiting to be filled. How they ramify, divide and sub-divide—countless in number—not a point of knowledge in the whole universe but that a cell is here waiting to welcome it home. Earthly life may not be long enough, opportunity may find its limits of earthly space, but the cell is there, courting the knowledge embosomed in space and eternity to come and share its legitimate home. And every cell, filled with the right knowledge, brings an added joy. The possible beauties of the soul are not confined to a mere legal conformity to the "shalls" and "shall nots" of the Decalogue. A man who has religion enough to clear the law and assure him a place in Heaven, most certainly is happy. But the breadth and depth of his happiness need not stop here. It ought to go on increasing without limit. God has benevolently arranged that a man who does right can be fully happy. But the axiom, "A full quart holds more than a full pint," embodies the whole philosophy of progressive happiness. We should be constantly endeavoring to make our pints grow to quarts, our quarts to pecks, and our pecks to bushels. I hold that I am not speaking irreverently when I assert that the breadth and depth of happiness of which the soul is capable can never be fully reached only as the study of the Book of Revelation and of the Book of Nature go hand in hand. I used to think that I was happy to a point which could never be exceeded; but since becoming acquainted with the wonderful works of God as revealed through the study of science, I find that the joy I then felt is much exceeded by the broad, deep, perennial joy which I now feel.

In geology is seen the fatherly forethought of God when he was fitting up the earth for man's residence. Behold in physiology, in botany, his astonishing wisdom and fertile combination of resources. As we behold through the telescope the evidences of his awful power, and through the microscope, his exquisite skill in the formation of atomic organisms, how the mind becomes exalted above what it would be, if this knowledge were not possessed! We love our earthly father in proportion to what we perceive of the grandeur of his character. They who love, are happy; and always in proportion to the extent of their love.

## GLEANINGS.

BY ALEX.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.—*Pope.*

When'er a noble deed is wrought,  
When'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts, in glad surprise,  
To higher levels rise.—*Longfellow.*

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.—*Solomon.*

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

We live in deeds, not years—in thoughts not breaths,  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial—  
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.—*P. J. Bailey.*

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

There is no charity in helping a man  
who will not help himself.  
Resist the devil and he will fly from you.—*James.*

The healing of the world  
Is in its nameless wounds. Each separate star  
Seems nothing; but a myriad scattered stars  
Break up the night and make it beautiful.—*Bayard Taylor.*

I count this thing to be grandly true,  
That a noble deed is a step toward God,  
Lifting the soul from the common sod  
To purer air, and a broader view.—*J. G. Holland.*

O, taste and see that the Lord is good:  
blessed is the man that trusteth in him.  
O fear the Lord ye his saints; for there  
is no want to them that fear him.—*Ps. 33: 8, 9.*

What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,  
The soul's calm sunshine and a heart-felt joy,  
Is virtue's prize.—*Pope.*

We should not permit ease and indulgence  
to contract our affections, and wrap  
us up in selfish enjoyments, but we  
should accustom ourselves to think of the  
distress of others.

God so loved the world that he gave  
the only begotten son, that whosoever  
believeth in him should not perish, but  
have eternal life.—*John.*

Worthy books are not companions—  
they are solitudes. We lose ourselves in  
them all our lives.—*P. J. Bailey.*

## NECROLOGY FOR 1881.

The year 1881 will be memorable for its illustrious dead. Just as the previous year was dying George Eliot, the psychologist of fiction, great, yet unhappy woman, passed away. D'Israeli, novelist and political adventurer, soon after terminated his wonderful career. Carlyle, grim and gray with age, weary of abusing the world, and hopeless of mending it, ended his erratic thinking, and bade the world farewell, a little too late for the reputation his unique personality had earlier won. Stanley, the apostle of English liberalism, candid and cultured, but fettered by ecclesiasticalism, left a large place unfilled in scholarship and leadership. Germany lost a great and independent thinker in the death of Lotze the philosopher, and distinguished scholars in the departure of Benfey, the orientalist, and Kuhn, the antiquarian. France was bereaved of Littré, the lexicographer and positivist philosopher, and Saint Victor, the journalist and critic. Our own land has been especially overshadowed by the death-angel. Washburn, the cultured scholar and theologian, Diman, the erudite professor and polished writer, and Adams, the faithful pastor and preacher, have left the ranks of an earthly ministry for a higher and happier service. Literature has lost Palfrey, the historian, Fields, the critic and biographer, Lanier, the poet, and Holland, the poet, moralist, and editor. Of our distinguished military officers, Upton and Burnside have passed away, the former by his own hand. Clifford and Colt no longer adorn the bench. Scott and Fargo have left the business world. But, deepest grief of all, by the hand of an assassin, whose poor, feeble brain was fired by a wild ambition, fostered by the public utterances of men of cooler heads, the patriot soldier and Christian statesman, the pride and hope of the people, James A. Garfield, was sent to an untimely grave, mourned by an entire nation as an only son in mourned by a loving mother.

What names will be enrolled in the necrology of the coming year? It is one of the marks of Heaven's mercy that we do not know. But Death is never idle. His harvest is silently gathered at noon-tide and at midnight, and his reapers bind together the tender blade and the withered stalk, the small, and the great, in one common sheaf. How little does all human attainment seem at the tomb of greatness! How great does divine love appear as the gates of glory stand ajar over the death-bed of the humblest Christian! The only distinction now between these famous dead lies in their personal relation to the Lord of Salvation.—*Home Circle.*

## MISSIONS.

CONDUCTED BY REV. G. C. WATERMAN.

## BATES COLLEGE.

Of the value of this noble institution to our denomination, we need not speak. It has already given so many strong men to our pulpits, or, rather, has already helped so many strong men whom God has called to our ministry, to prepare themselves for hard and earnest work, that it has proven its value to our cause. And this is far from all that it has done for us. Scores of teachers and other professional and business men have gone forth from its halls to vitalize and strengthen the body of our membership.

Its history has been exceptional and remarkable. It is a rare thing for an institution to grow to what Bates College now is in a quarter of a century. And yet, this growth, so much more rapid than that which is usually experienced by American colleges, has been a healthy one. There was in the germ the elements of a stalwart life. This has been developed under a discipline that has given robustness and enduring vigor to the college. Through trials and tribulations it has continued to grow, striking its roots deeper and deeper into the soil as years have passed, until it has a hold upon the heart of the denomination and the community around it, which nothing less than a convulsion can loosen.

There have been turning points in its history, and thus far, at every turn it has made an advance. It has come to another step point. Whether this shall be marked by an advance or not, will depend upon the disposition of those who ought to be its friends. "A friend in need, is a friend indeed," and in deed, also. Just now is the time for such friends to step to the front. Let the "New Move," spoken of editorially last week, be a move in advance, a move all along the line, a quick and a strong move, and a move all together. The action of the Trustees, the Faculty, the Main Street Parish, and of Dr. Bowen, is such as to inspire hope and courage. The work opens auspiciously. We sincerely hope it will not be a long, dragging, soul-worrying work. There is "money somewhere for Bates College." We can not doubt it, and though we may not have a Seney among us, are there not men who can and will come quickly forward to give one thousand, two thousand, five thousand dollars apiece and lay a solid foundation on which this young and vigorous stripling of the Pine Tree State, fast coming to maturity, may plant his feet and stand for generations to come, to do valiant service for the State, the Church and the world.

## Mrs. J. Phillips and Daughter.

The friends of our India Mission will be glad to learn of the safe arrival in Bombay of this mother of missionaries with her daughter. The following are extracts from a letter just received, post-marked Bombay.

M. M. H. HILLS.

"S. S. BRITANNIA," Nov. 13, 1881.  
"We have left the Red Sea, steamed through the straits of Babelmandel, passed Aden, and are now in the Bay of Aden. The weather is very fine, the sea smooth, and we are moving at the rate of 250 miles per day. Should this speed continue, we shall end the ocean part of our journey on the 18th or 19th."

"By the mail that takes this, I will forward a detailed account, received at Port Said, of the loss of the steamer 'Clan McDuff,' which left Liverpool just before we did, and encountered the full strength of the gale in which we suffered more or less for nearly a week." The last night of that fearful storm, when we lay down to rest, I felt very doubtful about seeing another day. Our steamer was heavily laden, drawing 21-2 feet of water, and instead of buoyantly riding the heavy seas she plunged into them and wallowed like a tub, every now and then shipping enormous waves that swept our deck and house or coffer deck from stem to stern, and frequently she came very near dipping water. Instead of solid bulwarks as sailing vessels have, the 'Britannia' has an iron railing, and this, I think, saved her from swamping, for we were but 80 miles from the poor ill-fated steamer that went to the bottom. No one can feel the full value of a hope in Christ till personally brought face to face with danger and death. As I lay that last night in my berth rocking from side to side, and listened to the clatter and crash of every thing that could be moved, and heard the maddened billows break over us from stem to stern, I could trust all in my Father's hand. He gave me a calm and settled peace, though I felt no assurance that we should see the light of another day. Dear Nellie was sick the most of that week, but was all the better for it when the storm was over.

"We had a very pleasant party on the 'Devonia,' as I wrote you, but it is very different on the 'Britannia.' At Port Said, we took, as passengers, Mr. and Mrs. Tracy and two young ladies, all missionaries to India, also two children. We like them much, and hope to have them as traveling companions as far as Allahabad.

"You may remember that I wished to sail as early as the first Saturday in September, in order to avoid the heavy Octo-

"The 'Clan McDuff' was wrecked off the coast of Ireland. All the boats but three had been smashed to atoms by the waves. These were launched and filled, and 19 souls left on the wreck. Next day the wreck was discovered by a steamer and the survivors rescued. Eleven of the passengers in one of the boats were picked up by another steamer.

ber winds on the Atlantic. Mrs. and Miss Thoburn and several ladies of the Methodist Episcopal church were to sail the 20th of October, the day we left Liverpool, and I am very anxious to learn of their safety.

At Port Said, a party of us went ashore. As I was passing a shop door, somebody spoke my name. On looking round, there stood brother and sister Hallam and their daughter Emily. They had spent about a year and a half in England. They were to go direct to Calcutta and thence to Allahabad. Emily is to engage in zenana work. Her brother is a sailor. No wonder, he was born on the boisterous Atlantic.

"Nov. 17. We expect to see Bombay by 2 P. M. to-morrow. We are both well, though very tired of our ship-fare, which has become so poor that I dread the meals. . . I can't tell you how thankful we shall be to reach the end of our journey. . . H. C. PHILLIPS."

## A True Picture.

May I take the intelligent, cultivated, and sympathetic ladies who read the *Helper* on a flying trip to Kansas? It is a new part of the State; the beautiful rolling prairies have but recently yielded their rich soil to the plow, under the direction of earnest men fresh from more eastern homes. It is a chilly day, late in the fall, and the cold wind of the morning grows colder, and snow fills the air and drifts the roads. But notwithstanding the weather, as evening approaches, persons are seen on foot, horseback, and in lumber-wagons, slowly wending their way towards a light on the side-hill. It is a feeble flickering from a "dug-out," here a Q. M. is to be held. What a church! Mother Earth furnishes the only shelter from the wind. No steeple, no pulpit, chairs, no organ, no choir. But is not wanting, for voices are heard, a heartfelt joy the praise of God who had "not where to lay his head," but "went about doing good," preaching is not lacking, lips tell of rich experience, faith, and with a swelling from Him who "spoke by His servants," that gentle on his stick, whose trembling he heard long years in New York longer, as he walked that he walked shoes on his feet. His heart is full of love for the phy he says he shall have "but a share to enjoy such blessed privileges." "Illegals!" Would we consider it a blessing to go with scanty clothing, through sleet and snow, to a low, small room with naught but the ground for a bed; with hard boards with no backs, for seats? But bare feet and raveled clothes, dark rooms and hard seats do not keep away the Lord Jesus.

He blesses the meeting with His presence, and gives the brighter hope.

He blesses the meeting with His presence, and gives the brighter hope. true picture. Shall we go to the worship? Watch the faces of the people as they are to be seen. Are they ignorant of the branches of education, literature, in principle, and religious doctrine comes the answer, No! the means to pay tuition, the clothes to wear to school, must be in the work of our sisters are few, and the best support is able to watch our minds.

And alas! if these are not funny, ures, neither is the companion that picture of the Sabbath-school, near by—cards, tobacco and liquor coarse jokes and profane words.

When shall the time come when ministers shall be supported as well as bar-keepers? When the Sabbath shall be a day of worship instead of recreation. When the coming generation in new places shall be protected from vice, assisted to education, and converted to God? Shall we not pray, and labor and give, to send salvation to the struggling homes on the frontier, to the rising towns of the West?—*Miss Helper.*

## Items.

CAPE VERD ISLANDS.—This group of ten or a dozen small islands, belonging to Portugal, and lying some 320 miles off the west coast of Africa, is said to have a population of about 80,000. They are grossly ignorant and superstitious, and till recently, have never shared in Protestant Christian efforts of any kind.

Two students of the East London Institute, Señor Leite and Mr. Ralph, have just gone to these islands, and may willing to listen to them, and they report that in one of their night meetings a priest was present, and instead of raising any opposition or objection, even, he seemed much affected by the plain statements of Christian truth, and told them such teaching was just what was wanted.—*Miss Review.*

RUM AND RUIN.—On the island of St. Lawrence, near Behring Strait, the U. S. revenue cutter "Thomas Corwin" reports that of the 700 inhabitants, 500 have died of starvation caused by the liquor introduced by traders. The people became stupefied and disabled by the liquor, and neglected to lay up their usual supply of provision. From Lagos, Africa, also, Rev. J. B. Wood writes: "Rum and gin are being poured into this country in enormous quantities." Terrible wars are being waged between the kings and tribes in the Yoruba country, inland from Lagos, and this imported liquor plays its part in fomenting and prolonging these bloody conflicts.—*Miss Review.*



**CHURCH CO.,**  
**Pittsburgh, Pa.**











## Family Circle.

Those of you who are best acquainted with the world, or who have read most extensively the histories of men, will allow that, in the foundation of character, the most telling influence is the early home.—Dr. J. Hamilton.

## IN SICKNESS.

BY ANNIE M. D. RADCLIFFE.

The world from me receding seems;  
No more its cares my thoughts oppress;  
Of all its weight of anxious dreams,  
My soul, disrobed, finds fitter dress.

I am not good, but He who made  
This earthly dwelling for my soul,  
Knows well what evil things invade,  
And my attempt at their control.

My life has not been wise, or great;  
Not all its duties nobly done;  
But He whose judgment I await  
Best knows what triumphs I have won.

Humbly I go to Him, my God,  
Creator, Father, Saviour, Friend;  
In angel guise Death waits his nod,  
Earth's conflict with the soul to end.

How frail the cord! How strong the tie!  
Sweet pain of life, best calm of death!  
Eternity so fair, so nigh,  
Come close and fold away my breath.

## OPEN IMMEDIATELY.

The earnestest, surest thing I know,  
Whatever, what else, may yet befall  
Of blessings or bane, of weal or woe,  
Is the truth that is faithful far of all.

That the Master will knock at my door some  
night  
And there in the silence, hushed and dim,  
Will wait for my coming with lamp alight,  
To open immediately to him.

I wonder if I at his tap shall spring  
In eagerness up, and cross the floor  
With rapturous step, and freely fling  
In the mirth of the midnight, wide the door?

Or will there be work to be put away?  
Or the taper, that burns too low, to trim?  
Or something that craves too much delay  
To open immediately to him?

Or shall I with whitened fear grow dumb,  
The moment I hear the sudden knock,  
And, startled to think he hath surely come,  
Shall falter and fail to find the lock,

And keep him so waiting, as I stand,  
Irresolute, while my senses swim,  
Instead of the bound with outstretched hand,  
To open immediately to him?

If this is the only thing foretold  
Of all my future—then, I pray,  
That quietly watchful I may hold  
The key of a golden faith each day.

Fast shut in my grasp, that when I hear  
His step, be it dawn or midnight dim,  
Straightway may I rise without a fear,  
And open immediately to him!

—Margaret J. Preston.

## THAT RAINY NIGHT.

BY ALF WILLIAMS.

How it did rain last Thursday night!  
The wind howled about the house, and  
The rain dashed against the windows,  
making all within doors congratulate  
themselves on being secure from the  
fury of the storm.

At a quarter past seven the church bell  
began to ring.

"Any one going to meeting to-night?"  
father inquired, encoined behind the  
Morning Star in a easy chair. "I've got  
a cold, and don't think it prudent to go  
myself, but you and mother might go just  
as well as not," he continued, addressing  
me.

"Fred can go," interrupted mother,  
"I can't. This wind would blow my  
skirts so that I couldn't walk, and in five  
minutes I'd be completely drabbed."

"Well, I'll go any way!" I exclaimed.  
"I'm a Baptist, and not afraid of a little  
water. Besides, I've got the necessary  
adjuncts of a good Christian, a gossamer  
coat and a pair of rubber-boots. Guess I  
can go. We always have the best meet-  
ings stormy evenings."

Now father is a deacon, but he does  
like to take his ease occasionally without  
liking to acknowledge it. His cold I  
thought to-night was more in his imagination  
than in his body. But then, it isn't  
for me to criticise my father.

"It's nonsense to go to-night, Fred,"  
mother called, as I opened the door;  
"there'll be no one there but the min-  
ister."

A sudden gust of wind drove the rain  
half across the room. To save the car-  
pet I stepped hastily out on the stoop and  
closed the door. The wind wrenched the  
umbrella almost from my grasp as I at-  
tempted to raise it. "Lucky I've got  
this coat and these boots on," I thought  
to myself.

Then I struck out on the street. Every  
shop-door was occupied by one or  
more beleaguered pedestrians anxiously  
waiting for it to "hold up." Boo, how  
it does pour! And which way does the  
wind blow? It surely is dead ahead,  
yet every one I see appears to be facing  
the blast. There's a man coming right  
at me, and his umbrella is "head on,"  
too! What's he meant? Is he going to  
push me into the house?

"Hello, there!" I shouted.

"Oh, hello! Beg pardon, bad night!"

"Yes, bad night!" I added facet-  
tiously, "Good-night."

"Well, well," commended I with my-  
self, "no matter if it does blow and does  
pour, it's fun out here when one is fixed  
for it. I was provoked when I started,  
provoked with father for shamming and  
vexed with mother for being half-hearted  
herself and still more for trying to detain  
me. I believe it was sheer obstinacy  
though, on my part, that made me come  
out at all. I wanted to give them a les-  
son; but I've got the benefit of it myself.  
But how fast it rains! How wonderful,  
too, to think that God knows every drop!  
He makes it rise in mist from the ocean  
and diffuses it over the earth to water  
the ground. He makes it fall on the just  
and on the unjust alike. This wind, too;

what is it? It's dreadfully boisterous at  
any rate, whatever else it is."

"The church don't look very full; it  
isn't more than half lighted,"—so think-  
ing I swung the door open, and entered.

"Good evening, Fred."

"Good evening, Brother Adams. You  
the only one?"

"The sexton's round here somewhere.  
Nobody else."

Then we sat by the stove and chatted.  
Pretty soon Brother Bowen dropped in,  
dripping; after him Brother Carpenter,  
and finally Deacon Davis. As the number  
increased, our conversation broadened.  
We discussed the meetings, and then our  
pastor; and we wondered why he did not  
come out to-night.

"It doesn't look well in the Elder,"  
said Deacon Davis. "I've been working  
all day at the bench and am as tired as  
he, I reckon; and I don't like to get wet  
any more than he. If he can conscientiously  
stay away, I guess I can. I will  
the next time; see if I don't!"

"Oh, no, Deacon! Don't be hard on  
the Elder. Some good reason is keeping  
him at home, I dare say," interposed  
Brother Bowen, a long-suffering peace-  
maker.

"I think just as the deacon does," said  
Brother Carpenter. "If the minister don't  
come to meeting, I'd like to know who  
should? Rain or shine, I say, he ought  
to be here. It isn't far for him either; not  
half so far as I have to come." And the  
good man clenched his umbrella tighter  
as he sidled toward the door.

"Wal, I s'pose Sister Walker couldn't  
come out to-night and the Elder didn't  
want to leave her alone," put in Brother  
Adams. "I know I didn't want to leave  
Jane to-night. She won't feelin' very  
well. But I came 'cause I knew we'd  
have a good meetin'. But we do need  
the women-folks, though, to do the sing-  
in'; can't get along without that."

"Look here, now," said Brother Car-  
penter, coming back to his chair by the  
fire, supposing the right of suffrage should  
be extended to women, and election-day  
should be stormy, do you think women  
would exert 'a great influence at the polls'?  
I calculate not. Women are much more  
religiously inclined naturally than men,  
and yet a heavy rain will keep them home  
from meeting; and I guess in politics,  
where so much is not 'congenial', the  
weather would be unfavorable to their  
going to the polls pretty nearly every  
time."

"You're right, there, Carpenter," re-  
marked the deacon. "Only the lowest  
classes of women would vote. The Irish  
women would be sure to come to the polls  
and cast their ballots according to the dic-  
tates of unscrupulous priests."

"Well, I believe women have the right  
to vote, so far as abstract right is concern-  
ed," said Mr. Carpenter, "and that they  
should be allowed to, if they wished it;  
but they don't. Not ten per cent. of the  
women really want to vote, or would if  
they could. Suffragists stretch the truth  
when they say women want to."

"Never mind the women for a minute,  
brother!" interrupted Brother Adams.  
"If we ain't goin' to have a meetin', I'm  
goin' home."

"We'd better all go home, I reckon,"  
said the deacon. "It's too late now for  
any one to come; and we'd better start  
before it begins to pour again."

"Well! Good night."

"Good night. It's going to clear,  
don't you think?"

"Look's like it. Good night."

"Good night."

"You've got home early," said father  
on my return. "Had a good meeting?"

"Good meeting? Yes, political meet-  
ing," I retorted. "Catch me going out  
another stormy evening, if the minister  
and deacons are too lazy to go. There  
wasn't any body there but the four stand-  
bys, Carpenter, Bowen, Davis and  
Adams. A hundred could have been  
there just as well as not, if they had only  
thought so! I say every Christian ought  
to have rubber-boots and waterproofs,  
and every Christian ought to use them,  
too, rain or shine."

## THE TRUE RING.

BY MRS. C. M. LIVINGSTON.

"Wanted, a clerk at 650 Washington St."

This was the advertisement that ap-  
peared in one of the morning papers of a  
large city.

Many a young fellow who had been  
seeking employment for weeks felt his  
hopes rise as he read it.

Fred Barker heard it at the breakfast  
table the day after it appeared; his sister  
Louise said, "Oh, Fred! I forgot to tell  
you that I saw in yesterday's paper that  
Mitchell and Tyler want a clerk; that  
will be the place above all others for you.  
It's a splendid store. Of course you can  
get the place if you are not too late. You  
can take a letter from Uncle Horace; his  
influence and your appearance will settle  
the matter. I heard Mr. Mitchell was real  
fussy about his clerks, but I'm sure he  
can find nothing to object to in my hand-  
some, well-dressed brother," and the eld-  
er sister looked admiringly at Fred's fair  
face, smooth locks, and well-fitting suit.

"Perhaps I'll call around there after  
awhile," Fred said, carelessly.

"Please hurry and go now, won't  
you?" his sister said; "I'm afraid some-  
body has snatched up the place before  
this time."

Fred finished his breakfast in a leisure-  
ly way, put a few extra touches to his al-  
ready careful toilet, lighted a cigar and  
sauntered forth.

"Better throw away your cigar before  
you go in, Mr. Mitchell may object to  
that," said Louise, who stood in the front  
door as he passed out.

"He'll have to take me as I am," Fred  
said with a lofty air; "all gentlemen  
smoke. I do not propose to be a slave to  
him or any other man."

He called in at his uncle's office on the  
way and procured a letter of recommen-  
dation. Thus equipped he felt confident  
of success.

Just behind him there walked with  
brisk step a boy of fifteen, a year or two  
younger than himself. This was David  
Gregg. He too had seen the advertise-  
ment, and was on the way that very morn-  
ing to 650 Washington St. He was the  
eldest of a family of children whose father  
had died at the beginning of this long  
winter. David had tried hard to find em-  
ployment, had improved every moment in  
doing odd jobs for anybody, had studied  
the papers and answered advertisements  
until he was well nigh discouraged. The  
places were sure to be filled by persons  
who had influential friends; he had none,  
for his father had removed to the city from  
the country only a short time before his  
death, and now, more because he applied  
for everything he heard of than from any  
hope of success, he had risen very early  
that morning, made the fire, and while  
his mother was preparing breakfast  
put himself in the neatest possible order  
to go to Mitchell and Tyler's.

When he appeared at the breakfast  
table looking so bright and neat, his  
mother thought he was a son to be proud  
of—the handsomest boy in the whole city,  
yet his face was actually homely, as far  
as beauty of features was concerned; his  
clothes were coarse and he had no fancy  
neck-tie, or flashing pin, or gold cuff  
buttons like the elegant young gentleman  
who now walked before him.

What was the reason that among the  
large number of boys who filed in and  
out of Mitchell and Tyler's private office  
no one of them had yet been selected to  
fill the vacant clerkship? Mr. Mitchell,  
the senior partner of the firm, had asked  
some plain, straight-forward questions of  
them; "Where do you spend your even-  
ings?" "Do you play cards, go to the  
theater, etc?" for Mr. Mitchell had de-  
clared to his partner, "If there is a boy  
in the world who has good habits and  
right principles, I'm going to hunt him  
up if it takes all winter," so it turned out  
that many of the boys could not give sat-  
isfactory answers to the searching ques-  
tions, and others, when Mr. Mitchell  
sounded their knowledge of figures, were  
not ready reckoners.

They came and went for one whole day,  
and as soon as the door was opened the  
next morning candidates came flocking in  
like birds.

And now it was Fred Barker's turn.  
He stood before Mr. Mitchell, his hat on  
his head, his cigar removed from his  
mouth, it is true, but the smoke thereof  
curling upwards into the merchant's face.  
He presented his letter of introduction.  
Mr. Mitchell read it, then asked a  
question. Meanwhile his practical eye  
was taking it all in,—the cigar, the imita-  
tion diamond, the large seal ring, the  
flashing necktie. He knew in a twink-  
ling where Fred Barker probably spent  
his evenings, and that it would take more  
money to indulge his tastes than he could  
honestly earn.

To Fred's astonishment he presently  
heard, "I do not think, young man, that  
you are just the one we have in mind for  
this place." Then before he knew it he  
was bowed out.

The next boy who was admitted did not  
advance with such an over-confident air.  
He held his hat in his hand and spoke in  
a modest, respectful manner.

"Have you any recommendations?"

"No, sir, I have none," David answered.  
"We have not been long in the city."

"Well, you need none, if I can trust  
my eyes," Mr. Mitchell remarked to him-  
self. The bright, frank face, and the  
manly air of the boy impressed him most  
favorably; he was still more pleased  
when he drew him into conversation and  
learned what books he was fond of, and  
how he was going on with his studies  
evenings, although he had been obliged  
to leave the high school and earn his liv-  
ing.

Mr. Mitchell had very sharp eyes; he  
took note of the well brushed garments,  
the shining boots, the snowy collar, and  
cuffs, the delicately clean finger nails—  
even by such small things as these is  
character read—and above all, the look  
of sincerity and honesty shining from the  
blue eyes.

"Well, David," Mr. Mitchell said as  
he got up and walked backward and forth,  
"what if I were to tell you that you can  
have the situation providing you will  
work a part of every Sabbath?"

It was almost a cruel test. The boy  
hesitated—just a moment—then he said,  
while his color rose and his voice checked,  
"I should say, sir, that I cannot accept  
it."

"Not even when your mother needs  
money so badly?"

"No, sir, my mother would not use  
money so earned. She has always taught  
me to obey God and trust Him, come  
what will."

"That has the true ring, pure gold,"  
said Mr. Mitchell, bringing his hand down  
on David's shoulder. "My dear boy, I  
want you, and I do not want you to do  
any work for me on the Sabbath. I will  
pay you ten dollars more a month than  
the last clerk received, because I am glad  
to find one boy out of a hundred who re-

members his mother's teachings, and  
fears to disobey his Lord."—Royal Road.

## DOES THE WORLD MISS ANY ONE?

Not long. The best and most useful  
of us will soon be forgotten. Those who  
to-day are filling a large place in the  
world's regard will pass away from the  
remembrance of man in a few months, or  
at furthest, a few years after the grave  
has closed upon their remains. We are  
shedding tears above a new made grave,  
and wildly crying out in our grief that  
our loss is irreparable, yet, in a short  
time the tendrils of love have intertwined  
around other supports, and we no longer  
miss the one that has gone. So passes  
the world. But there are those to whom  
a loss is beyond repair. There are men  
from whose memories no woman's smile  
can chase recollections of the sweet face  
that has given up all its beauty at death's  
icy touch. There are women whose  
plighted faith extends beyond the grave,  
and drives away as profane those who  
entice them from a worship of their  
buried lovers. Such loyalty, howev-  
er, is hidden away from the public  
gaze. The world sweeps on beside and  
around them, and cares not to look in  
upon this unobtruding grief. It carves a  
line and pears a stone over the dead, and  
hastens away to offer homage to the liv-  
ing.—Selected.

## STRETCH IT A LITTLE.

A little girl and her brother were on  
their way to the ragged school on a cold  
winter morning. The roofs of the houses  
and the grass on the common were white  
with frost; the wind was very sharp.  
They were both poorly dressed, but the  
little girl had a sort of coat over her  
which she seemed to have outgrown. As  
they walked briskly along, she drew her  
companion up to her, saying: "Come  
under my coat Johnny." "It isn't big  
enough for both," he replied. "O, but  
I can stretch it a little," and they were  
soon as close together and as warm as  
two birds in a nest. How many shiver-  
ing bodies and heavy hearts and weep-  
ing eyes there are in the world, just be-  
cause people do not stretch their comforts  
beyond themselves.

## WISE WORDS.

A handsome woman pleases the eye,  
but a good woman charms the heart.  
Discretion is the golden cord on which  
wisdom strings her richest jewels.

Men often judge the person, but not  
the cause, which is not justice, but mal-  
ice.

Nature never moves by jumps, but al-  
ways in steady and supported advances.  
—Selected.

## ENIGMATIC GEMS.

(Everything relating to this department of the Star  
should be marked "For Enigmatisms," and ad-  
dressed to W. H. Eastman, Astoria, Me.)

## CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in buy but not in sell;  
My whole is a book of Holy Writ.  
C. T.

## DECAPITATIONS.

1. Rehead a plant and leave to wash away;  
again and leave to impel.  
2. Rehead to separate and leave to depart.  
3. Rehead to evade harm and leave the  
shaft of a column; again and leave a garment;  
again and leave an animal.  
4. Rehead steady and leave a household ar-  
ticle; again and leave capable.  
5. Rehead to seize and leave a tool; again  
and leave a serpent. EVANGELINE.

## ENIGMA.

No. 7.  
I am composed of 108 letters.  
My 31, 3, 15, 30, 56, 70, 39, 23, 46, 60, 71, 80,  
102 is a celebrated poetess.  
My 94, 96, 76, 77, 65, 87, 97, 15, 38 is a ce-  
lebrated poet.  
My 7, 8, 143, 41, 42 is a beautiful swamp  
tree.  
My 67, 31, 32, 63, 73, 48, 54, 17, 9, 52, 43, 66,  
52 is a large tree.  
My 24, 28, 2, 5, 75, 26, 14, 16, 76, 21 is  
one of the United States.  
My 41, 60, 5, 11, 91, 54, 12 is a place for  
burial.  
My 10, 4, 38 is a kind of vase.  
My 3, 8, 5, 26, 25, 43, 18, 30, 61, 70, 20, 78 is  
a book of the New Testament.  
My 37, 19, 61, 90 is a book of the Old Testa-  
ment.  
My 30, 36, 69, 35, 86, 81, 80, 69, 83, 44, 63 is  
a small fragrant flower.  
My 25, 58, 94, 97, 66, 31, 3, 15, 25, 88, 61, 79  
is a city of Pennsylvania.  
My 34, 33, 34 is a conjunction.  
My 47, 49, 41, 78, 55 is froth of beer in fer-  
mentation.  
My 84, 85, 87, 86, 57 is a knife.  
My 58, 77, 72, 93, 81, 103 is a lady's name.  
My 99, 101, 69, 97, 95, 27, 92, 62, 48 is  
a machine for beholding.  
My 80, 83, 77, 67, 35, 73, 32, 73, 23, 13, 81 is  
a book by Mark Twain.  
My 88, 86, 96, 95, 98, 108, 102, 40 is having the  
least age.  
My 38, 64, 23, 37, 91 is time to come.  
My whole is a quotation from Mrs. Hem-  
ans.—Puzzler & Co. FESTUS.

## DIAMOND.

No. 8.  
1. A Consonant.  
2. By way of.  
3. A Consonant.  
4. Devoured.  
5. A Consonant.  
OUR WILLIE.  
(Answers in two weeks.)

## ANSWERS.

1. King-fisher.  
2. Life.  
3. An upright piano.  
4. Drumstick.  
5. Triangle.  
6. Castanet.  
7. R I B  
8. A G E  
9. I K C  
10. O H O  
11. N U N  
12. Suffer little children to come unto Me,  
and forbid them not; for of such is the king-  
dom of Heaven.—Luke XVIII: 16.

## PRIZE.

A copy of Longfellow's Poems is offered for the best  
original puzzle sent during the month of January.  
Competitors will send their puzzles on only one side  
of the paper, and accompany each puzzle with its cor-  
rect answer. All worthy puzzles received will be re-  
turned for use in the department.

## Book Table.

The diffusion of these silent teachers, books,  
through the whole community, is to work greater  
effects than artillery, machinery, and legisla-  
tion. Its peaceful agency is to supersede stormy  
revolutions. The culture which it is to spread,  
whilst an unspeakable good to the individual,  
is also to become the stability of nations.—  
Channing.

TENDER AND TRUE. Poems of Love, selected  
by the Editor of "Quiet Hours," "Sunshine  
in the Soul," etc. Boston: George H. Ellis.  
141 Franklin St. 1882. pp. 174. Price \$1.50.

We have here a neat little volume gotten up  
in red (edges), white (pages), and blue  
(covers). It is intended to contain love-  
poems of a pure and elevated character, and  
those alone." The selections, as a whole, are  
bright and cheerful, and are drawn from the  
best of standard and contemporaneous authors.

It is certainly remarkable to what an extent  
volumes of selected poems have found sale  
during the past few years. The people of this  
country are growing fast in their appreciation  
of good poetry, and we may add, in their  
ability to produce it. One of the effects of our  
national experience during the Civil war has  
been the stimulation of the taste and genius for  
true poetry. If the successors of Bryant,  
Longfellow, Whittier and Holmes have not  
yet certainly appeared, we may rely upon it  
that they are in their cradles.

This little volume before us seems to merit a  
place of favor among the many volumes of  
verses that have appeared. It is designed to  
make a capital gift-book. Complete indexes of  
authors and of first lines help to make it  
valuable.

A little Manual of Misused Words, com-  
piled from the works of Alford, Freeman,  
Hamerton, Mill, Moon, White, and many  
others, "Q. P. Index," publisher, Bangor, Me.,  
has been received. The popular and very  
commendable effort, on all sides discernible,  
to refine and improve our English speech, is one  
of the noticeable features of the intellectual and  
literary life of to-day. Purists in language are  
springing up here and there and sending forth  
through the press criticisms, suggestions, and  
discussions that are already bearing desirable  
fruit. Even the weekly and daily papers show  
a growing improvement in the use of language.  
We believe the time is coming when DeQuin-  
cey's complaint of the deteriorating influence  
of the newspapers upon literary style will lose  
all pertinence. We are glad to have this little  
manual at our elbow, and believe that others  
would find it convenient.

That monarch of theological magazines, the  
Bibliotheca Sacra, has reached our table  
with its contents for January. They are as  
follows: "Unintelligent Treatment of Roman-  
ism"; "A Field of Knowledge Strangely  
Abandoned"; "The Practical Determination  
of Species"; "Specimens of Ethiopic Litera-  
ture"; "The Language of Isaiah XL—  
LXVI"; "Professor W. Robertson Smith and  
his Theories of Old Testament Criticism";  
"The Article in the Revised Version," by  
Prof. Tyler, of Amherst; "Theological Edu-  
cation"; together with Notices of Recent  
Publications. Andover, Mass.: W. F. Draper.

The General Baptist Magazine for Janu-  
ary meets with a warm welcome from us.  
While the ability of this magazine makes it  
worthy the attention of thoughtful readers  
everywhere, it is especially interesting to us,  
and should be to all the regular readers of our  
paper. In this number, our special English  
correspondent, the Rev. Thomas Goodby,  
President of Chelmsford College, has a thoughtful  
paper—"The Principles of our Denomi-  
national Cohesion"; and the Rev. Dawson  
Burns, so well and favorably known on this  
side the ocean, presents a tender and fitting  
tribute to the memory of his mother, recently  
deceased.

The Baptist Review for the first quarter of  
1882 has reached us. This able magazine has a  
good reputation among publications of its  
kind, and it certainly merits wide and cordial  
support. The contents of the present num-  
ber are as follows: "Present Relation of Scien-  
tific Thought to Christianity," by Pres. Moss  
of the Indiana University; "Philo and the  
Therapeutae," translated with Notes from the  
German of Prof. Hilgenfeld; "Theories of the  
Atonement"; "The Resurrection of our  
Lord"; "Story of Jephtha's Daughter"; "A  
Hundred years of Kant"; together with the  
usual Book Reviews and Notices. Cincinnati:  
Published quarterly by J. R. Baumes, at \$2.50 a  
year.

Golden Days for Boys and Girls is a  
weekly issued in monthly parts for those  
who prefer to purchase it in that shape.  
It is highly commended by the religious press  
by clergymen, and seems to us to merit  
the good words that are spoken of it. It stands  
as a success in a laudable effort to do some-  
thing to preoccupy and hold the minds of the  
young against the temptation of the flashy and  
impure publications that go like malaria all  
over the land. The January number is on our  
table. It is profusely illustrated and filled  
with excellent reading for boys and girls. We  
know of no magazine that gives so much mat-  
ter for the money. \$3.00 a year, single num-  
bers, 25 cents. James Elverson, Philadelphia.

The February number of the Sunday  
Magazine is at hand. Rev. Dr. Talmage, the  
Editor, gives the reader his second paper on  
"People I Have Met," writing pleasantly of  
the Earl of Kintore, the celebrated Scotch  
philanthropist, and of Richard Weaver, the  
English evangelist. A large variety of inter-  
esting matter, religious, semi-religious, and  
secular, fills the number. Frank Leslie: 53  
Park Place, N. Y.

The Children's Museum for January pre-  
sents a pleasantly varied and attractive table  
of contents. Price \$1.00 per year. F. B. God-  
dard & Co., 6 Bond St., N. Y.

A few new pamphlet issues of the National  
Temperance Society, have reached our table.  
Here is the Sunday School Concert, a col-  
lection of concert exercises and dialogues for  
the use of Sunday-schools, Bands of Hope, and  
other juvenile and religious temperance or-  
ganizations. We notice also Rescue the  
Drunkard, by Rev. J. A. Davis; A Bible  
Temperance Catechism; and Wine, a Tem-  
perance concert exercise. These are all to be  
obtained by single copy, or in quantities, at  
low rates, and may be used as a popular and  
powerful auxiliary to the work of temperance  
organizations everywhere. Address J. N.  
Stearns, Publishing Agent, 55 Beale Street,  
New York.

Ellhu Vedder has completed a new cover for  
The Century, with differing designs



With these he is taken up the greater part of the day, no matter in which of his many palaces he may be for the time residing; for he has a decided taste and aptitude for public affairs. He remains in his study from nine till one; overlooking his correspondence, conferring with his Ministers,—who make daily reports to him,—and dictating a great number of *ukases* and orders.

DAY.—Bro. Allen Day, son of Des. Citus Day of Castle Rock, Minn., was killed in Chippewa Co. by the accidental discharge of a gun which he was carrying while riding on a sulky. He was deceased was nearly 24 years of age and a faithful member of the Castle Rock Church. He is greatly missed at home; in the church and, as he was a general favorite, among the young people. J. D. BATSON.

ing similar names. Be sure you get  
**DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY,**  
with the signature of "I. BUTTS" on the wrapper.  
**50 Cents and \$1.00 a Bottle.**  
Prepared by **SETH W. FOWLE & SONS,** Boston,  
Mass. Sold by druggists and dealers generally.

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