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THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY
BRIGADE.*
BALAKLAVA, OCT. 25, 1854.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble — oh, so brave!

BY A. E.

some conception of the present scene. He will recollect how the leader of the meeting would append to his words some verse of a song that raised the soul till as he wished she took wing: how an

ance cause in India. On the subject, very strong and appropriate resolutions were brought forward by the committee on temperance, and received the hearty endorsement of the Yearly Meeting.

Six years ago, last Nov., the Christian

them to make guns and gunpowder, and seemed disappointed when he was told they

believed to possess sometimes men and sometimes women, and when one representative dies he passes into another. H was now personified in a woman, who was making a grand progress from the lake to the capital. On hearing this, the missionaries explained to M'tesa the teachings of the Bible against all such witchcraft and

The Baptist cause is progressing in Europe. In Germany, at Barmen, there have been sixty conversions; at Heilbron, a great revival; at Gundelfingen, a good work among the Jews; at Freiburg, thirteen baptisms on a recent preaching tour in Hungary. In Sweden, Baptist churches have recently been established at Hoegs-jo, at Aneby, at Bodö, at Gästena, Petäla, and at Vasa. Numerous accessions reported from all parts of the land. *Religious Intelligencer.*

"WHO WAS JOHN STORER?"

BY THE REV. J. M. BREWSTER.

This is a question asked in the January number of *The Missionary Helper*; and for the information of many of the younger members of the Free Baptist denomination I will seek to answer it. In doing this, I shall be pardoned for what may seem frequent reference to my personal relations with Mr. Storer.

In the spring of 1863, I became pastor of the Free Baptist church in Springvale, a village in Sanford, York Co., Me. This was my first pastorate. I then first heard of Mr. Storer and embraced an early opportunity to call upon him. He lived at Sanford Corner, a village about two miles distant. In early life he had been engaged in mercantile pursuits, in which he had acquired a competency. His wife, who was, I think, a Free Baptist and a sister of the now deceased wife of Rev. Ezekiel True, had died several years previous. His children had all married and were well settled in life. His housekeeper was a Free Baptist and is now frequently seen at our denominational gatherings. Through her, the light of the *Star* shone in the household. Mr. Storer was not a member of any church, but was manifestly a sincere Christian. He had been for many years a liberal supporter of the Congregational church in the village in which he lived. He was very simple in his mode of life, and maintained the strictest economy in his personal and household expenses. Though in poor health, he possessed good judgment, and was a fine type of a gentleman of the old school. He was a constant contributor to several of the benevolent enterprises of the Congregationalists, and had become interested in those of the Free Baptists. He subsequently made donations to our Mission Societies and to Bates College. He also paid for large numbers of the *Star* to be sent to the soldiers through the Christian Commission. With him it was a constant study to know what objects were most worthy of his benefactions. I called on him frequently, and always received a hearty welcome. The recollections of him and of the many pleasant conversations which I had with him are among the most pleasant remembrances which I have of my Springvale pastorate. Doubtless other pastors of the same church could give a similar testimony.

During the summer of 1864, while I was at work at my desk in the *Star* office, I was surprised to receive a certificate of honorary membership of the American Board. It came as the result of fifty dollars paid by Mr. S. to the treasury of the Board. There is reason to believe that others received similar surprises. The great surprise, however, was that of February 1867. On one afternoon in that month of that year, President Cheney came directly from Mr. Storer's residence to the *Star* office and broke to Dr. Day and myself great news. It was that of the proposed donation of ten thousand dollars which resulted in the foundation of Storer College at Harper's Ferry. He had named seven trustees of the fund and promoters of the work, as follows: O. B. Cheney, E. Knowlton, S. Curtis, G. T. Day, J. M. Brewster, N. C. Brackett and George Goodwin, who could associate others with them. President Cheney, of course, knows better than any one else how the donation came to be made and the persons to be named. I have understood that three of them were originally named by Mr. Storer and four by President Cheney, and that in the former class were comprised Bros. Cheney, Brewster and Goodwin, the others being less known to him. The history of the enterprise from this time onward would read very much like a story book.

Mr. Storer died Oct. 23, 1867, aged 70 years. An important condition of his proposed donation of ten thousand dollars was that the denomination raise an equal sum on or before Jan. 1, 1868. By the provisions of his will, it became necessary to satisfy the Hon. W. P. Fessenden, then United States Senator from Maine, that this condition of the donation was met. There were certain circumstances which rendered the day in question, which was a black Wednesday instead of Friday, as some have supposed, one of the most anxious and responsible days of my life; yet it has always been a source of joy to me that the responsibility was met and the donation was secured. In the light, however, of another fact, I am led to believe that had we then failed, we should not have ultimately failed. Previously to his death, Mr. Storer had expressed a wish to his children that an additional thousand dollars be given to the school at Harper's Ferry for the benefit of the library. Though there was no legal obligation resting on them to do it, these children honored the wish of their father and promptly paid the money. I recollect spending a day in Boston, in July 1868, with Rev. N. C. Brackett, on which we expended five hundred dollars of this money for books which constitute the foundation of the library of Storer College. By this act, the children of Mr. Storer honored themselves and paid a most noble tribute to their father. Just now the citation of this instance is particularly refreshing in contrast with some things of more recent occurrence. Is it too much to believe that under some circumstances the generosity of the children would have done what the legal mind of Mr. Fessenden would have refused to do? "Honor to whom honor."

Providence, Feb., 1882.

LETTER FROM HARPER'S FERRY.

We hope that our friends are not tired of hearing about our new building and that there are many who want to know how we are getting on. We even have faith to believe that some are waiting with hands on their purse-strings to know what is going to be needed so as to determine what shall be their final offering in order that Anthony Memorial Hall, finished free of debt (which it must be if finished at all), may be dedicated May 30, when Prof. Ransom Dunn of Hillsdale College has agreed to deliver the address.

Is there not a fitness (may we not hope there will be an inspiration to givers and doers?) in the fact that this is to be done on the day set apart to honor those but for whose noble deeds the existence of such a building for such a purpose would be impossible?

The rooms which have so far been provided for are as follows:

The chapel (\$1,000), by the F. B. W. M. S.—first in more than one sense. It seems especially appropriate that the subscription, whose beginning may be called the embryo of the whole structure, should pay for this room—the center of the institution, to which we all come in the morning with our thank-offerings and our supplications, and to which we all return, like the blood to the heart, at regular intervals through the school-day.

Next, the library (Roger Williams) by the young people of the Roger Williams church, Providence (\$500). We are proud of the name and take great satisfaction in this work by the young people, because we are ambitious for our library and realize that they will feel a life-long ownership and interest in it, which will in the course of years bring it many an additional volume.

As I sit on the teacher's stand looking toward the North (in all our work on plans we could tolerate none that set our faces in any other direction), right before me is the Martin Cheney room (\$150), paid for by the Olneyville Auxiliary. It is a beautiful room, with its walls hung with maps for the geography classes,—one window toward Myrtle Hall, the others overlooking Bolivar, with the school farm on the heights for a background.

Across the hall is another room just like this, but looking to the East over the view that Jefferson has been so often quoted as pronouncing worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see. Its walls are hung with Johnson's School Charts, the gift of J. L. Hammett of Boston, thus fitted up for the classes in Natural Philosophy, etc., though of course, like all the others, used every hour of the day for whatever is needed. It has also been set apart for the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting, because its lights are visible from all the buildings to invite in their occupants. Is not some church ready to infuse new life and vigor into its own prayer-meetings by paying for and naming this room?

These are the two rooms that are connected with the chapel by broad arches, now sealed up, but to be opened at anniversaries, increasing its seating capacity several hundred.

Then comes the Dexter Waterman room (\$100), already finished and used all day—two hours for his own classes in Scripture History and Moral Philosophy. The next, one just like it, is taken by the Auxiliary of Rev. E. Crowell's church, Bethany, N. Y.

Across the hall from these, and occupying more space than both, is the lecture room (\$300). In addition to the uses suggested by its name, the present size of the school indicates that it will before long be needed to accommodate our preparatory department as a model school—which has proved such a help in Normal School training.

Joining it is a smaller room (\$100) for chemicals and apparatus, if we should ever be so fortunate as to possess any. We could wish that this room might secure the attention and donations of some one, or of some society of young people whose enthusiasm for the natural sciences would help the growth of this department, which, if we can give it the credit of existing at all, is in the earliest stages of infancy. The school which is obliged to neglect the sciences—the eye-opening studies—for want of the appliances for teaching them has much to regret besides the reproach of giving undue prominence to the languages, which we have not escaped.

The other rooms which I have not named, all unclaimed, are \$100 each. If they could all be taken, or as much raised in other ways, there would probably be enough left of Mr. Anthony's subscription (all paid, though the conditional \$5,000 still lacks several hundred) to paint the building. Those who live in parts of the country where brick buildings don't require painting will need to be told that here the brick, at least the country brick such as we had to use, are so porous that they need to be well painted to keep the rain from beating through, for we can keep no blackboards fit to use on the outside walls without it. To any one who has seen them there is no need to explain the reason why, for another hardly less urgent is obvious. The brick which had been put by Government into the old wing that was taken down, because they were better than the new ones we had made on the farm, were taken for the outside. So that with here and there one that had been painted when in the old wall, among others on which the cement mortar left a whitish

ting, to say nothing of the mason work, which, though no less enduring, needs covering much more than that done by city mechanics, the outside appearance of the walls does great injustice to the graceful outlines of the building and the substantial character of every part of it.

There never was a place where nature called more imperatively upon man to make his work beautiful than here. Shall we not, dear friends, be enabled before May 30th, to cover this shabby exterior with a holiday garb suited to the occasion and to the lovely surroundings? B. Harper's Ferry, W. Va., Feb. 17, 1882.

RELIGION IN NATURE.

BY THE REV. E. W. STEVENS, M. D.

Perhaps a little further reference to inorganic nature will be profitable before passing to the higher forms of creation. There are many things, even in the inorganic world, which show that nothing has been overlooked by infinite intelligence.

The metallic ores, as a class, are heavier than other substances near the surface of the earth. If it is true that the earth was at one time a mass of melted matter, which is generally conceded, then the greater specific gravity of the heavier substances would cause them to gather near the center, which is undoubtedly true. However, the mighty upheavals of the earth, by volcanic action, have, in many places, brought to the surface those metals that would otherwise have forever remained inaccessible to man.

If the molten theory is correct, and gold and silver, with other heavy metals, gravitated toward the center while in the molten state, how rich the earth's center must be in the precious metals; and what a field for gold hunters! If by any means they could reach it.

It is very remarkable, that out of the sixty-five known elements, only a few enter very largely into the formation of the various compounds that make up the earth and the things that are therein. Of what are called earths, there are but three that are found in abundance; viz., sand, clay and lime. These are supposed to have been originally imprisoned in solid rocks; but the disintegrating power of water and frost has reduced the flint, the granite, the slate and limestone to small particles, known as sand, clay and lime, and these, with a very small proportion of vegetable mold and a few alkalies and salts, constitute the most productive soil, as both sand and clay, as well as lime, enter into the composition of plants. The most fertile soil is estimated to "consist of about one half sand, one third lime, and the rest clay and miscellaneous matters."

But we can trace the evidence of infinite wisdom in the various other uses to which these elements are adapted, aside from the formation of productive soil. Take a piece of flint, or quartz, grind it by any means, and you have pure sand, or what is technically known as silica. Mix with this sand a little potash, melt it, and you have transparent glass, one of the most remarkable and valuable articles that we possess. It is indeed remarkable that a portion of the earth, "cheap as dirt," should be endowed with such a wonderful property. I will not attempt to detail the varied and important uses of glass. The reader can pursue this line of thought at his leisure, and then, if you please, try to imagine what a "fix" the world would be in if glass should be taken from us.

Pure clay, or alumina, is found in the formation known as slate. Reduce it to powder, and we have common clay. Moisten this with water, add a little sand, burn it in the kiln, and we have brick, the value of which everybody knows. The common clay also make the various articles known as earthen ware and stone ware. The purer clay, moulded and burnt, forms the various articles known as crockery, china, porcelain, &c.

Lime furnishes another illustration of the various properties that a single substance may possess. The common limestone, which, when subjected to the action of heat, forms the lime with which our houses are plastered, is not the only valuable form of this material. We have it also in the chalk, the marble, the plaster of Paris, the alabaster, and in the hydraulic, or water lime.

It is still more wonderful that these common earths constitute the chief ingredients in the precious gems, as the amethyst, chrysolite, sapphire, topaz, opal, ruby, emerald, &c. "How wonderful the process by which mere common dust is transformed into costly pearls and precious gems!" Man can "wonder, admire, and adore, but he cannot imitate."

THE SUNSET HOUR.

BY E. J. S.

What little child has not noted the gorgeous coloring of sunset clouds? What youth, beholding the glory of the departing sun, has not dreamed of the future, every fiber thrilling in the presence of that beauty and symbolic grandeur of the glory yet to be revealed to the growing heart? What man of mature years has not paused from his toil, as the sun was giving the earth his good-night kiss, and felt, as he gazed, a hush stealing into his heart, and a longing to be better than he is? How the resolutions of other years come crowding into his memory! How the expectations of those earlier years that he would become what he has not yet attained, give him a momentary pang of anguish to be speedily relieved by the thought that the same loving hand which

drew that beauty has co-operated with him in determining his destiny and that all must be well! How have the aged, as they beheld the going down of the sun, thought of their own declining day, and recalled the morning sun as it came ushering in the day and contrasted the coming and the going, and noted, if they could, which was the more beautiful and cheering! The morning sun of their lives rose upon a world of sure labor but of uncertain results. The setting sun of a well spent life is leaving a world of cares, of well finished labor, of scenes to be looked back upon and enjoyed. The tints of beauty that adorn the setting sun presage that to Him who placed them there no thought of sadness or uncertainty attends the leading of his sun further on. Can they, seeing this, feel that uncertainty or sadness is better than them? Though no chariot of fire come to bear them away, the same Being who has given them so many tokens of his love, so many indications of his power, is still "No care for and guide them beyond the horizon of this life. Beautiful indeed are the lessons which may be drawn from the sunset hour!—an hour which flashes the future before the young, the past before the aged, which lifts each toward the pure and the noble, enhancing the present by bringing to it the possibilities of other times, and followed by a season of physical quietude, conducive to mental and spiritual activity.

May the young and the old be led to mark the beauty and the grandeur of each setting sun, and note whether from those elemental forces of life they have gained since its previous departure a new impetus to doing the world's work as it should be done, as waiting confidently the Father's crown of award for life's accomplished work.

THE REV. B. H. MCMURPHY.

Died in N. Chelmsford, Mass., Feb. 11, after a severe illness of 3 months. Rev. B. H. McMurphy, aged 81 years. He was for more than 60 years a faithful and earnest minister in the F. B. church, and we feel that he is at rest. Com.

WORDS OF THE WISE.

This expecting something in return for a present is surely one of the meanest of feelings; yet it is at the root of half the gifts given.—Mrs. Mulock Craik.

The best part of pleasure is the communication of it.—Leigh Hunt.

How seldom is any man contented with the station where he happens to be placed! He is ever coveting that of his neighbor, from which the neighbor in his turn is longing to be free.—Goethe.

To a man who has survived all the companions of his youth, this full peopled world is a dismal solitude.—Dr. Johnson.

When youth, the dream, departs, It takes something from our hearts, And it never comes again.

—R. H. Stoddard.

The great and decisive test of genius is that it calls forth power in the souls of others. It not merely gives knowledge, but breathes energy.—Channing.

Men who hate truth, hate those also who are bold enough to speak it.—Fenelon.

With many people religion is merely a matter of words. So far as words go, we do what we think right. But the words rarely lead to action, thought, and conduct, or to purity, goodness, and honesty. There is too much playing at religion, and too little of enthusiastic hard work. There is a great deal of reading about religion; but true religion, embodied in human character and action, is more instructive than a thousand doctrinal volumes. If a man possesses not a living and strong will that leads the way to good, he will either become a plaything of sensual desires, or pass a life of shameless indolence.—Dr. Smiles.

SAYINGS OF THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

Scotland—that garret of the earth. Many in this world run after felicity like an absent man hunting for his hat, while all the time it is on his head or in his hand.

There are too many human beings on earth; every two men ought to kill a third.

There is my little friend Jeffrey who has not body enough to cover his mind decently with; his intellect is improperly exposed.

Daniel Webster struck me much like a steam engine in trousers. I found on account of the extreme heat of the weather there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones.

Moralists tell you of the evils of wealth and station, and the happiness of poverty. I have been very poor, the greatest part of my life, and have borne it as well, I believe, as most people; but I can safely say that I have been happier every guinea I have gained.

Never teach false morality. How exquisitely absurd to tell girls that beauty is of no value, dress of no use. Beauty is of value; her whole prospects and happiness in life may often depend upon a new gown or a becoming bonnet, and if she has five grains of common sense she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her their just value, and that there must be something better under the bonnet than a pretty face for real happiness. But never sacrifice truth.

Missions.

Conducted by Rev. G. C. Waterman.

HOW SHALL IT BE DONE?

It is evident that after forty years' experience in Foreign Mission work we have not yet found a way of sustaining that work which releases us from personal responsibility in regard to it. We have tried various "plans" and "systems" for raising the necessary funds, some of which have been good and some better, but none of which have been self-regulating, self-perpetuating or self-sustaining. No plan, however good it may be, will ever be such, and none ought to be. Human hearts must be interested in this work, human sympathies drawn out towards it, human will and energy enlisted in its behalf in order to insure vigor in its prosecution, and the reflex influence which will make it in the highest degree successful. This work was bequeathed to the Christian church by our Saviour as a sacred trust to be held and administered, by it in his name and for his sake. It was no part of his plan to release the individual from his proper share of interest in and accountability for the progress of this work and no plan which aims at this or is likely to result in this seems to be in accordance with his will. The work must rest on the heart and conscience of the Christian church, or rather on the hearts and consciences of the individual Christians who compose the church. So it comes to pass, that a feeble or waning interest in the work of evangelizing the whole world indicates a torpidity of the heart and a sluggishness of the conscience, which are in themselves alarming. They are sure signs of feeble or declining piety and ought to cause an awakening, a rousing to activity among all who are at all affected by such symptoms. Just how this shall be done it may not be easy to say. Probably no rule universally applicable can be given. Different persons, different churches, different communities must be reached by varying methods. No doubt it will be helpful in many cases to give information in regard to the work already done, the opportunities for extending the work, and the needs for the future. Some do not fully understand the claims of the work upon all Christians, and need to have presented the Bible argument for Foreign Missions, and some have entrenched themselves behind an array of false but specious arguments of a practical nature. But, probably, the one thing needed is a quickening of vital piety in the hearts of Christians. When the hearts of men and women are aglow with love to God and man, if they be but moderately well-informed, they can hardly fail to respond to the Saviour's command when he says in unmistakable language, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

Wanted—More Gospel Heralds.

The hour is propitious. Never before were so many millions of the human race ready to welcome the message from God, never were there so many believers in God as having a message to send! Four hundred millions from China, about the same numbers from India, myriads from Asia, multitudes from the islands of the sea, lift up the Macedonian cry: "Come over and help us." They want the help of higher intelligence, of purer morals, of consciences cleansed from guilt, of sins forgiven, in short, of everything that insures a divine redemption. Nor is the cry hardly less strong from manifold quarters in our own wonderfully favored land. Vast numbers of the Southern colored people cannot read the Bible after it is freely given to them; fifteen thousand Chinese on the Pacific coast have never yet been attracted to the house of God, but are attendants on Joss-houses, where they prostrate themselves before painted and bedizened idols. Great tribes of Indians are left without schools and churches, to die in their brutality and savagery. The lower wards of our chief cities throng with the sons of Belial, who hail the Sabbath as a time for wassail and beastly vices, to say nothing of cruel crimes; and mingled with these throngs are, strange to say, thousands and thousands of honest laborers, who are either too proud or too indifferent about religious things to cross the threshold of our metropolitan churches. Nor is this all. The endless procession of immigrants streaming toward our frontiers in search of homes, are not accompanied by priests or prophets. Their dream is of worldly possessions first, and possibly of spiritual good at some convenient, but dim, indefinite season in the unknown future. If our Lord in his day of opposition said, "The fields are white," ready for the harvest, what shall we say in ours, when everywhere through the whole globe men are willing, at least, to listen to claims addressed to their immortal natures in the name of their Maker and Redeemer?—Christian at Work.

"Our Brother in Black."

In this book, written by Rev. Dr. Haygood, of Georgia, we have an account of the Freedmen and plans for their improvement, by one whose life has been passed in their midst, and whose opinions are entitled to weight. It represents, we believe, the views of many of the original slave-owners of the South. It marks progress, both in Dr. Haygood and others. Some of his friends who were at first surprised at its advanced positions and regretted their advocacy, have since expressed themselves as in

sympathy with its teachings. We present some extracts from it:

"The problem before us, the Northern and the Southern people together, and the Southern people in particular, is the right education and elevation of our black brother, the free negro, in our midst. Do not, beloved white brother, scare at this word 'elevation.' Nothing is said about putting the negro above the white man. Let me whisper a secret in your ear: That cannot be done unless you get below him. Think of this, and if you find yourself underneath, blame yourself. The negro cannot rise simply because he is black; the white man cannot stay up simply because he is white. A man rises, not by the color of his skin, but by intelligence, industry and integrity. The foremost man in these excellences and virtues must, in the long run, be also the highest man. And it ought to be so. Ignorance, indolence, immorality, have no right to rise. Let the white man rise as high as he can, providing always that he does not rise by wrongs done to another. In such rising there is no real elevation. And let every other man rise to his full stature, the white, the black, the red, the yellow. No honest man, with brains in his head, doubts for a moment that it is God's will that every man he ever made of every race should make the most of the 'talents' his Creator gave him. Therefore are talents given, that every man may be just as much of a man as he can be. The King at his coming will demand his own 'with usury.' There is no more sacred right than a man's right to be all that God gives him ability to be in all good things. The divine Magna Charta guarantees this right. There is no higher duty than that each human being do his utmost to realize the fullest possibility of his life. Whatever hinders does infinite damage to all concerned."—Gospel in All Lands.

Missionary News.

WESTERN ASIA.—Turkey. A Turkish Pasha once remarked, "When a girl has come back from this American Mission Seminary, you should not say 'a girl,' but 'a school,' has come."—Persia. A severe case of persecution of Christians is reported from Hamadan.

INDIA.—Some one has strikingly depicted the lot of women in India: "Unwelcomed at birth, untaught in childhood, enslaved when married, accursed as widows, unlamented when they die."—The tide is turning in India in favor of allowing widows to re-marry.

CHINA.—The Poochow Herald says the Chinese Imperial Government has decided to increase the tax on foreign opium, and to impose a tax on native opium. By the efforts of the Missionaries at Soochow, ground has been obtained for a Protestant cemetery at that place. The moral effect of this movement is expected to be very great, as it gives the Christians a more respectable position in the eyes of the Chinese, and enables them to practise the Christian method of burying the dead, without interference. In a discussion of woman's work in Missions, in a certain Mission in China, it was decided, with but one dissenting voice, that it was more important than man's. "Christianize the women, and idolatry must cease," was the expression of the feeling.

JAPAN.—The Shanghai Mercury says it is reported that the Mikado of Japan has given way to popular pressure, and acquiesced in the desire for an immediate parliament by the people, instead of postponing the liberal constitution to 1890. It is said that the Greek Church now numbers eight thousand members in Northern Japan, and the Roman Catholics report twenty-five thousand in the southern part of the country.—Bapt. Miss. Magazine.

NEW SCHEME FOR INDIA.—The Rev. J. Greenhead has addressed a letter to the Bishop of Calcutta on a scheme for Missionary agency in the Central Provinces of India. He recommends a Missionary community, including lay men and lay women, who might buy a village and develop native industries. Native customs should be respected, and the appearance of a European colony should be avoided. The Missionaries should identify themselves with the people, and exercise moral influence, and sympathize with them in their work. It is to the industrial and poorer classes rather than to the intellectual Babus of Bengal that we must look for the regeneration of India; as in the beginning of the gospel it was not in intellectual Athens, but in busy industrial Corinth, that the Lord had a multitude of people. It would also be a positive gain to a Missionary to have some active occupation which would tend to keep him in health of body or mind, and would bring him into close contact with the natives, and enable him to imbibe native thoughts and traditions.—Mission Life.

MOHAMMEDAN GLOTHIFICATION.—In December there was a public discussion in Calcutta between a Mohammedan Moulvie and Warris Hossein, who quoted some of the New Testament. This was replied to by the Moulvie quoting in favor of the Prophet some stupendous and extraordinary miracles. This went on for some time, until the convert renounced Christianity, and openly declared himself a Mohammedan again. The whole business was evidently got up for the glorification of the Moulvie.—Mission Life.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8, 1882.

C. A. BICKFORD, Resident Editor.

All communications designed for publication should be addressed to the Editor, and all letters on business, remittances of money, &c., should be addressed to the Publisher, Dover, N. H. Contributors will please write only on one side of their paper and not roll it preparatory to mailing. They must send full name and address, not necessarily for publication. We cannot return manuscripts unless stamps are sent for that purpose. Whether stamps will be needed can be determined by reference to the list of accepted articles given at the end of this note each week. We need about a week in which to decide whether we can use contributions of any length. We have a large corps of paid editorial and special contributors and cannot pay for articles contributed by others unless an understanding is had to that effect before publication. The following will appear: Unity in Church Work; Worse than In-sensibility; Little Betsy.

Like priest, like people. There is no surer index to the general character of religious or church-going people, than the character of their ministers.

In the hour of his great temptation our Lord fortified himself and foiled Satan by quoting the Scriptures. He did this not only in the first trial, but also in the second and the third. "It is written—it is written—it is written," was upon his tongue in every instance; and in every instance he withstood the tempter and won the victory. Let us learn from this the power there is in the Word of God to make us strong and to confound the enemy of our souls, if only that Word be in our minds and upon our lips.

How beautiful and suggestive is that simple prayer which, it is said, the Breton sailors are wont to utter when launching out upon the heaving ocean: "Keep me, my God; my boat is so small and thy ocean is so wide!" For God is just the same upon the waters as he is upon the land; the sea is his and he made it; though tempests come and, in the wilderness of fierce floods, death yawns blackly on every side, his power that stilled the turbulent sea of Gennesaret can deliver his children from the wildest war of winds and waves. The prayer of the Breton mariner becomes the prayer of every soul that has learned to revere, to obey, and to trust: Keep me, my God; I am so weak and thou so mighty; put underneath me thine everlasting arms, and I shall be upheld!

If any one doubts that revivals are a part of God's plan, that they are ordained as one of the methods of the world's conversion, he has only to see how God from the beginning has prominently wrought in this way. He must be blind who cannot see that the kingdom of Christ has thus far advanced chiefly by seasons of gracious and rapid accomplishment of the work of conversion. Revivals enter into the very economy of redemption, and will continue to the end. They are to be anticipated and prayed for. The occurrence here and there of a solitary conversion will never bring about the conversion of the world. The common mass of the population must be moved. It is only thus that the inhabitants of the State will be brought to give up their sins and turn to the living God.

REPENTANCE.

The doctrine of repentance, as we have it, is peculiar to the gospel of Christ. We look elsewhere for it in vain. Among the Jews, to be sure, repentance was known and inculcated as a duty; but as taught and enforced by the utterances of Jesus, repentance is a sublimer and deeper thing than as taught by the law of Moses and enforced by the prophets of the Old Testament. Setting aside the Jews, what we understand by penitential feelings "were unknown among the ancients, and had no name." "Philosophy," it has been said, "knew nothing of repentance toward God, any more than of faith in Christ." And even Religion seems to have been as ignorant of it as was Philosophy. Whatever ancient philosophies and pagan religions may have taught, they did not teach, as we understand it, the duty of penitence for past sins.

What, now, is the repentance which Jesus emphasized in the words, Except ye repent, ye shall perish? and which Paul speaks of when he says that "the goodness of God leadeth to repentance?"

The Greek word for repentance means after-thought, a change of mind on reflection. But it is a change of mind in reference to past wrong-doing. Our word repentance, coming from two Latin words, means to be sorry. It signifies looking back with genuine and profound grief over all our past sinful ways. The after-thought comes, and with it grief for our folly in wrong-doing.

Repentance is not regret for the sins of our neighbors; it is sorrow for our own sins. There are some persons who seem to think that a bewailing, more or less sentimental and forced, over the general sinfulness of the world is repentance. But the true penitent exclaims with the psalmist, "My sin, O God, is ever before me," and with the publican, "God, be merciful to me a sinner!"

Again, repentance is something more than mere lamentation over the penalties and consequences of our sins. Bitter regrets that are born of penal suffering may sometimes prepare the way for repentance, but they are not to be taken for repentance itself. The true penitent makes little of his own deserved sufferings, being filled with the awful thought— "Against thee, O God, have I sinned and done this evil in thy sight." Repent-

ance must not be confounded with remorse. The distinction comes out in the following lines of Coleridge:

Remorse is as the heart in which it grows,
If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews
Of true repentance, but if proud and gloomy
It is a poison-tree that, pierced to the inmost,
Weeps only tears of poison."

Remorse and repentance are not the same. It may be necessary to experience remorse before repentance, but a person has not yet reached the sweet and comforting fields of repentance who stands wringing his hands in the iron gateway of remorse. Let him pass on, returning with the prodigal son to his father's house. Remorse is the most terrible of the inevitable natural consequences of sin; it is this, perhaps, which constitutes the fires of hell to the lost; but repentance, while yet it is possible, means deliverance from the sting of remorse.

Emphatically is repentance a sorrow for our sins. Said one of the most eloquent religious teachers who ever spoke the English tongue, Jeremy Taylor: "He that repents truly is greatly sorrowful for his past sins; not with a superficial sigh or tear, but a pungent, afflictive sorrow; such a sorrow as hates the sin so much that the man would choose to die rather than to act it any more." So then, we may add, repentance means utter renunciation of sin as well as sorrow for it. Indeed, such sorrow must imply such renunciation. And do not such sorrow and renunciation imply also an open acknowledgment and confession of sin? Repentance amounts to nothing if it begins and ends in mere grief. It may then be only a temporary fit of remorse that shall leave the soul worse than it was before. True repentance never dwells in the mere forms of sorrow. It arrays itself in a frank and humble confession before God and men, and then passes straightway and permanently into all the utterances and acts of life.

There are such differences, with different individuals, in the manner of expressing repentance, showing more or less demonstrativeness, that we recognize at once the justness of Jeremy Taylor's words which are as follows: "The expression of this sorrow (for sin) differs according to the temper of the body, the sex, the age, and circumstance of action, and by many accidental tendernesses, or masculine hardnesses; and the repentance is not to be estimated by the tears." "Some people can shed tears for nothing, some for anything." They who naturally weep in seasons of sorrow and grief will probably weep copiously in the hour of genuine repentance; while they who seldom or never weep in times of trouble may or may not shed tears in the hour of genuine repentance. Sometimes, too, the depth and poignancy of grief in repentance will depend upon the degree of turpitude or sinfulness. Some persons are doubtless more reckless and extreme sinners than others. But, assuredly, in every case of true repentance there will be grief for sin, followed by confession and hearty renunciation, and newness of life.

We have also been told that "a true penitent must, all the days of his life, pray for pardon, and never think the work completed till he dies." This statement is both true and untrue, according to the sense in which we take it. The assurance of a "present salvation" is no figment. That the Christian's life on earth, however, must be a life of continued penitence and prayer, as well as of love and work, is shown in the Scriptures and in the lives of such eminent saints as Paul, Augustine, Luther, Baxter, Wesley and Jonathan Edwards. It is related of Augustine that he had the words of the psalmist, "The sacrifices of God are a broken and contrite spirit," written over his bed in large letters, that he might have them before his eyes and meditate upon them often.

HAVERHILL REMEMBERED.

"Riches take them wings and they
Do as an eagle fly away."

These lines, from a poem by Dr. Holmes just after the great conflagration in Boston, came again to mind as we looked upon the smoking ruins of Haverhill. All the occurrences of life, great and small, carry with them their own appropriate lessons; and no lesson, though it seems so simple and plain, is more frequently, often startlingly, enforced than that "riches have wings and grandeur is a dream."

But we take up this topic simply to record the satisfaction which is experienced anew over the expressions of sympathy, and the material aid, which from so many quarters have been sent to the Haverhill sufferers. One of the many records which he who runs may read, and which, written by the hand of Christian charity, stimulate faith in man and give new life to the hope of a sublime future, is that of such eagerness to help the unfortunate as has unquestionable existence in the popular heart. Is a section of the South fever-smitten and filled with want? Are regions of the West swept by some besom of destruction? Is a great or growing city stricken in a night, and prostrated in pain and weakness by the raging fire-flood? Straightway the voice of sympathy is heard amid the sighs of suffering, and the hands of willing helpers are busy with their timely and welcome aid. The day is coming in this world of ours, if indeed it has not already dawned, when he who suffers in the midst of his fellows and receives no Christly hand of help, will be found to have only himself to blame. Through fast-multiplying agencies, the spirit of God will come to men and women who

do not, like Adam and Eve hiding themselves in the garden, shun the glorious advent.

Brethren and friends of our denomination, we have a church in Haverhill—a band of sincere and earnest laborers, who have long and well borne the heat and burden of the day. With others, they are now walking amid shadows. We have met them in joy. Let us not forget them in their sadness and trial. May our Father grant that the vision of sudden death amid circumstances of tragic grandeur that speak the most solemn and impressive admonitions, may induce them to look more intently that ever before toward the "better country," where the redeemed are free from sin and death, and whose treasures alone are imperishable.

WOMEN IN CHURCH SERVICE.

A brother minister, whose desire deserves respect, requests an explanation of 1 Cor. 14: 34, 35.

Laws may be either general or specific. That this passage belongs to the latter class, and is not applicable to all women in all times and places, and to all religious worship, is evident from the following considerations.

1. The Jewish Church was a theocracy, its members were soldiers, and of course the women were not members; and yet there were many exceptions in their masculine exclusiveness, showing that even Jewish women were sometimes called to public religious work. Ex. 15: 20; Judges 4: 4; 2 Kings 22: 14; Neh. 6: 14; Luke 2: 36.

2. Christ allowed the same free and open communication with one class as with another, and if he encouraged women to converse, "ask questions," and participate in his most solemn public works and worship, who can forbid the practice now? Matt. 9: 20; 15: 28; Luke 10: 42; 11: 27; John 2: 40.

3. Women first announced the resurrection of Christ, and although to a small number yet it was for the whole world, and was the most important message ever delivered by human speech.

4. Women evidently participated in that ten days' pentecostal prayer-meeting, the most remarkable ever known; and its history in Acts 2: 14 gives not the least intimation of the silence of women, or of any distinction of that kind.

5. The Holy Spirit through the prophets and the apostles declared positively that under the gospel the Spirit should be poured out upon "all flesh" and that the "daughters" and "handmaidens" should "prophesy."

6. The apostles referred to women as "helpers" and "workers," in such a way as to imply positively that they not only learned at home but taught and worshipped with others. Acts 18: 2; Romans 16: 3; 1 Cor. 16: 19.

7. All evangelical churches invite women to speak and ask questions, and sometimes to lead in assemblies for Bible classes, inquiry meetings, &c. Why then forbid it in other meetings of worship which are no more public, and sometimes smaller in numbers?

8. The intellectual and social nature of woman, and her adaptation to religious work and worship, indicate as clearly the design of Heaven respecting this subject as the construction of the lungs or eyes shows the Creator's design respecting their use. All the members, gifts and experiences of the church are necessary to its symmetry, growth and success, and wherever any particular class of faculties or feelings can be effectually employed, the love and law of God requires their employment.

9. The constitution of the Christian church discarded personal distinctions and, in opposition to the practices of the whole world, declared that "whether male or female, all are one in Christ Jesus." Gal. 3: 28. This "body of Christ" is one, all its members have equal rights, and it is the privilege and duty of each member to perform the work for which it is fitted, and to serve the general interests of the body according to the circumstances and ability granted.

But while the letter of the text referred to cannot be universally applicable, its spirit must not be ignored nor its injunctions disregarded.

1. It would certainly forbid the wearing of apparel, public speaking or any act which would by the public be considered an advertisement of depravity. No Christian woman could boast of her purity and then do that which would deceive others and lead them to believe that she belonged to a degraded class. Female public speaking in Corinth was probably thus construed.

2. It would seem to forbid the asking of questions in such a way as to lead to personal public disputations. The colloquial style of primitive preaching, as in modern missions, frequently led to public personal discussions from which true Christian womanhood would retire.

3. As the rights of individuals and of societies forbid intrusions, established customs and general rules may affirm who may and who may not "speak in the churches." Upon this ground, in at least ninety-nine hundredths of all the churches in Christendom, it would be a "shame for a woman to speak." Certain individuals are appointed for that purpose and others have no legal, moral nor Christian right to "usurp authority."

4. But the language of this passage and the context, and especially the teaching of 1 Tim. 2: 12, shows that "usurping authority over men" was the great evil forbidden. This would at first be very bad for men, but as they are more

muscular and savage than the "gentler sex," it would in the end be terrible for women. To the average American this seems so utterly absurd and impossible that ecclesiastical instruction is unnecessary. It should be remembered, however, that but two passages in the whole Bible are found upon the subject, and that if, as in all the past so in the future, women shall organize, or "speak in the church" [assembly] in such a way as to assume two distinct parties of the human race, and that the female party must gain the ascendancy, then this text will be applicable. And there are those not yet in the insane asylum who really believe, there are some such tendencies even in America, and that the time may come when these seven lines of Scripture will be needed. At any rate, this Scripture evidently forbids that woman shall do anything that is a "shame" to herself or a dishonor to the church of Christ, but no works that can promote the gospel or benefit the world. What these works shall be must be left to the providence of God as explained by sanctified common sense.

NOTES.

The last formal service belonging to the obsequies of the nation's dead President occurred last week. The eulogy on James A. Garfield, pronounced by Mr. Blaine before both Houses of Congress at Washington, for a time plunged the nation again into the gloom of those never-to-be-forgotten weeks when at first in the White House and finally in the sacred cottage at Elberon, the tide of that grand and heroic life ebbed away. Mr. Blaine never spoke before when the nation and half the world were listening with such rapt attention; it is quite probable that he will never speak again amid circumstances of such thrilling interest—circumstances which, of themselves, lift both orator and auditory to sublimer heights of thought and feeling. The service which Mr. Blaine, in this eulogy, has rendered the memory of his departed friend and the nation, can not be spoken of save in terms of cordial appreciation and praise. The oration is worthy of the commendations it has won. The orator himself is better known and more highly esteemed than ever before. Through the open door of his great eulogy—its masterly delineations, its profound distinctions, its frankness, its religious feeling, its pathetic eloquence, we have caught a glimpse of what is noblest in himself—and are pleased with what we see.

Our F. B. brethren in Rhode Island some years ago abolished the old Quarterly Meetings. They have, instead, an Association which meets once each year. Recent action by the Massachusetts brethren looks as if they are contemplating a like arrangement. The same tendency is manifest among the Nova Scotia Free Baptists, as we learn from the columns of the *Religious Intelligencer*. At the last session, held Feb. 6, of the Yarmouth & Shelburne Quarterly Meeting, it was voted that the constitution be so amended as to dispense with one or more sessions each year. It was moved in amendment, and seconded, "that we have but one each year." The amendment, however, was lost. We notice, too, by the way, that a resolution was introduced condemning ministers engaging in secular pursuits.

There is no answer to the sneer of Christless men—"Where is thy God?" like a glorious revival. In such a case the Almighty takes this matter in his own hand. He comes in his great power. Seriousness settles on a community. Anxious inquiry and earnest prayer spread among the people. Every eye is open, every ear attentive, every conscience awake, every heart alive to the engrossing interest. The very atmosphere seems charged with Divinity. Eternity is near; and spiritual things, before shadowy and distant, are real, and near, and urgent. A state of things like this is more potent than a thousand arguments to prove the Divine existence. There is a God! At such a time there is no one but knows it and feels it; and the whole ground of popular doubt is shaken, if not removed.

Some have supposed that freedom would prove a hindrance to the propagation of the colored race. The census bulletins do not support that theory. Omitting Texas, the total number of blacks in the Southern States, in 1870, was 4,242,093 and in 1880, 5,648,891, an increase of 1,406,798, or more than thirty-three per cent. With a proportional increase, they will number more than eleven millions in 1900.

The Rev. A. D. Mayo, the distinguished educator, has recently given utterance to these wise words:—"If there is any place in this world where a great deal of money, wisely used, can work incalculable good, even tested by the simplest maxims of political economy and cent per cent, the endowment of the Christian schools for the freedmen is that opportunity." Let us not forget our great work at Harper's Ferry.

At least one sentence in Bro. Ricker's excellent article last week ought to have been printed in capitals. It was the question: "Is it not true that the staple material of some sermons is the recital of stories of past successes?" Congregations should be pointed far less often to the sinking star of memory than to the rising star of hope.

We have received one of a series of tracts, on moral and religious subjects, published by the Rev. S. H. Barrett, of Rutland, Ohio. They are for gratuitous distribution, and will be sent free by Mr. Barrett to any one desiring them for this purpose. The tract received by us is a well written argument against tobacco-using.

There is an increasing demand in the South for skilled labor, and for the purpose of meeting this demand, in part, a School of Carpentry has been organized in connection with Clark University, at Atlanta, Ga. What a potent factor in the product of civilization is a skillful artisan!

We have received a copy of the *Park Street Journal*, an annual published in the interests of the Park St. F. B. church in Providence, the Rev. J. M. Brewster, pastor. Why shouldn't the paper look well? Its editor, as the *Star* can testify, is no novice in the work of getting out a paper.

The dissenting clergy of Scotland are, as a body, hard at work filling the land with the discussion of the question of disestablishing the State church. The laity manifest but little interest in the matter.

We are glad to learn that the General and the Free Will Baptist Associations in Missouri and Arkansas are gradually approaching a union of their forces. We are always glad to learn of such tendencies.

Ex-Prof. Robertson Smith's lectures on Prophecy in Glasgow have been largely attended.

The Mormon monster grows uneasy and anxious.

Denominational.

Who Shall Supply Free Baptist Pulpits?

The communication of Bro. Burgess in the *Star* of March 1, asking the above question, accuses the churches in the Rhode Island Association of acknowledging the "dead line of 50 or 60 years of age in the ministry." This we believe to be unjust, and therefore call attention to the matter. We do not believe there is a single instance among us where a minister has been a satisfactory and acceptable minister to the churches up to his 50th year and has been thereafter discarded on account of his age. The names of Martin Cheney, James McKenzie, M. W. Burlingame, Mowry Phillips, G. W. Wallace, Benjamin Phelon, and others whom we might mention, who have lived to a good old age, are always spoken recently by our people in Rhode Island, and so long as they were able to preach, the churches gave them audience and were delighted to hear them. Father Phelon is yet with us and both our ministers and our laity are always happy to take him by the hand and hear him speak when he is able. Revs. D. R. Whittemore and M. N. Davidson are engaged in business in Providence and do not consider themselves open to calls to supply churches. Rev. Bro. Patt is now nearly eighty years of age and too feeble to be engaged in active service. Rev. A. R. Bradbury, now about seventy, is and ever has been busy preaching the Word as occasion has called, and is withal a great worker in the temperance cause. These with Bro. Phelon are all the ministers, not pastors, connected with the R. I. Association of churches who are living in the State. If there are others who have not denominational spirit enough to join some church in the Association while living within its borders, must the churches be blamed for not recognizing them?

We have no doubt that even Bro. Burgess has preached some excellent gospel sermons in Baptist or Congregational pulpits. Did these brethren do wrong to allow him to do so when there is no doubt that they had a goodly number of their own ministers lying idle? Will the rule not work both ways? As a rule we believe our churches should seek supplies from among their own clergy; but there are circumstances in which a church sometimes finds itself, in our opinion, made it perfectly justifiable to seek a supply, for a season, from a good and acceptable man, near at hand, belonging to another denomination. The circumstances at Charleston, R. I. (Carolina Mills) have been such that we think the people acted wisely in obtaining a few months' supply from a neighboring Congregational pastor. They are now arranging to settle a pastor, and will probably do so soon. The Greenwich St. brethren stand accused of employing a member of an Evangelical Advent church for a permanent supply. That is not true. Their pastor is a member of the Greenwich St. church, having been examined by a council of the Free Baptist ministers of Providence and having received their approval and joining the church before either the church would ask him to become their pastor or he would entertain the request—a proceeding which reflects honor upon both pastor and people. Dr. Canfield's installation services are only postponed; the re-dedication of the church, which is now being extensively repaired, may take place at the same time. We think that churches, as well as ministers not connected with them, have some rights in managing their own affairs, and that the latter are quite as likely to be at fault in dictating to them without right, as the former are to neglect the men who have served them worthily. The young men of our denomination do not seem to be afraid of being ill-treated in the land of Roger Williams, for the announcement that a pulpit is about to be vacated—or even a hint that it may be, brings a score of applications from all parts of the country. We hope that brethren will become thoroughly acquainted with attending circumstances hereafter before they make grave charges against churches or associations in the public prints.

What Answer?

In the *Star* of Feb. 22, in the editorial under the above caption, after speaking especially of the wants of Bates, Hilledale and Maine Central Institute, and of the efforts now in progress to give them aid, the editor says, "We have said that the churches want an educated ministry. They do. They call for it. But will they continue to provide for it? The present and coming calls for money are going to secure an answer to this question. This is indeed true. Will not the answer at the same time indicate what is to be the future of the denomination? Will it not answer our questions? Are our churches, our denominations, to prosper in the future as in the past? Has not the crisis come, when there must be a movement all along the line to lift the crushing burden, so long borne by a heroic few? Will not the answer decide whether we as a denomination are to have a future worthy of the sacrifices of the past, or sink into insignificance and give place to others who are ready and willing to do God's work faithfully? These are startling questions, I know; but they look us right in the face and we must meet them now, and meet them again at the judgment at the last day. Brethren, what shall the answer be? May God help us.

D. WATERMAN.

Maine Central Institute.

Shall this School perish in bankruptcy and disgrace? It needs twenty thousand dollars to pay indebtedness. The people of Pittsfield in a business-like and noble way pledge ten thousand, if friends elsewhere will contribute an equal sum. Shall their proposition be met?

A few years ago the whole debt was pledged, but failures in business, and other conditions, made many pledges worthless; hence, now, a large debt with interest gaining from day to day. Bonds are coming due, but the treasury is without money. Dollars or bankruptcy must soon come. Which?

The School, if out of debt, will soon receive, as endowment, ten thousand dollars from the State; if not out of debt, it will not receive a cent.

Our good God has given us financial ability, shall we not now use it? The school should be saved at once. The only way to save it is to pay the debt promptly. We must decide on life or death at once. A few pledges of one hundred dollars each have already been made, but the future must be full of such pledges if the Institute is to survive. Has the denomination ability to maintain its schools?

KINGSBURY BACHELDER.

Explanation.

Recently, I had published a statement to the effect that, owing to an increased number of students in the Theological School requiring aid, the sum total of the monthly column of receipts should be at least \$200; and that, so far, for the current quarter, it had amounted to only about one half of that sum. I had in mind, at that statement, what was needed for our New England schools. We have a reputation of that same amount for February, taking out what was intended for Harper's Ferry and the West. Only about three weeks of the term remain. To prevent a most discouraging reduction in the next appropriation, will not every pastor, church treasurer, and collector, who has any amount, however small, in hand, send it immediately to the General Secretary?

The attendance in the Theological School the present term is the largest for some six years past.

J. F.

Ministers and Churches.

[We invite the sending from all our churches of items for this department of news. These items must be accompanied by the address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, and should reach this office before Saturday night in order to secure the right issue of the *Star*. We, of course, reserve the right to condense, and to reject, when for any reason, it shall seem well to do so, matter thus furnished.]

Maine.

Jan. 4, the church and community of Brownfield met at the parsonage on a friendly visit; also the young people met on the evening of Feb. 14 for a surprise visit. The value of both donations is \$45, for which the pastor, the Rev. W. H. Trafton, renders thanks.

There has been a good revival interest in the Clinton church the past season under the labors of the Revs. G. W. Cortis and A. P. Hatch. Twenty have been added to the church and still the work goes on. The Rev. I. N. Bates has tendered his resignation to the 24 Clinton church to take effect the 2d Sabbath in March. Bro. Bates has been their pastor for eight years. He was the means in the hands of God of establishing the church, and as he leaves their prayers follow him. May the Lord send them a faithful man to go in and out before them.

New Hampshire.

Monday, Feb. 27, was the 78th anniversary of the birth of the Rev. Silas Curtis of Concord. Many of his friends called upon him and presented tokens of their regard. We are pleased to know that Brother Curtis retains much of his physical vigor and that, years seem not to abate his mental force. May time deal gently with this veteran who has been so useful in many ways.

The Rev. L. E. Hall and wife wish to express their thanks to the church and society of Lower Gilmanton for a donation of \$40; also for Christmas gifts amounting to more than \$20. The New Durham church is to sustain a great loss this spring by the removal of Dea. S. W. Joy and family to the West. The family consists of four, all worthy members of the church. They expect to settle in Dakota, where Dea. J. has gone to explore. He goes hoping to regain his health, which is somewhat impaired. The pastor says, "He has the sympathy and prayers of the church of which he has long been a substantial pillar. Fortunate is the community that may receive them."

The Rev. W. H. Waldron, now of Hampton Falls, is still fresh and vigorous, notwithstanding some traces of the threescore years through which he has passed. His interest in the work of the Master holds him ready to work as opportunity may occur.

The friends of the Rev. S. S. Nickerson of Sugar Hill made him a donation visit, Feb. 16, the proceeds of which amounted to about \$56. He and his family also received Christmas gifts amounting to \$25. The religious interest in the church is good.

Vermont.

Considerable interest prevails at the St. Johnsbury church. Mrs. Fitzgerald has been holding meetings for upwards of a week. Several have started in the way of life. Evangelist Jordan is at Newport Center holding union meetings. Considerable good has been done apparently. Some interest has been apparent at W. Derby. A number have desired of late to reconsecrate themselves to the Master's service. The recent donation and oyster supper for the pastor, the Rev. A. H. Milliken, was a pleasant and profitable affair.

Massachusetts.

The Rev. Geo. S. Ricker of Mt. Vernon church, Lowell, has received a call to the Norwich F. B. church, N. Y.

New York.

The Rev. S. R. Evans has resigned the pastoral care of the Middlesex church, to take effect the last Sabbath in March. Any church desiring his services can address him at Middlesex, Yates Co., N. Y. Any minister desiring to fill the vacant place can address A. Parsons, Rushville, N. Y., chairman of the committee. Some omen of good have been seen in the Middlesex church. Although there has been no special effort, yet in the ordinary week-day and Sabbath evening prayer-meetings, several have expressed concern for their souls and a determination to live a Christian life. Covenant meetings have been more largely attended and brethren and sisters are earnestly praying for a revival.

The Warsaw church has gradually improved in its spiritual condition. The week of prayer was observed and the meetings were continued four weeks, resulting in a blessing to the church and community. The pastor, the Rev. B. F. Marsden, renders thanks for a donation, Feb. 23, of \$122.50, including \$15 in presents on the Christmas tree. This is in addition to salary. He acknowledges valuable remembrances during the whole year, which have helped and encouraged in building up the spiritual interests there.

The outlook of the Elmira church is quite encouraging. Thirteen have recently united with the church, 10 by baptism; others will unite at the next covenant meeting. The pastor, the Rev. J. S. Harrington, and wife extend thanks for a donation of \$70, Feb. 23, which with amounts previously received make the gifts since his settlement over \$110. The Rev. A. P. Houghtaling expects to hold meetings at Pine Valley.

The Rev. T. A. Stevens wishes to express thanks for a donation at the church at E. Peñfield recently, amounting to \$80.

The Cowlesville church had a beautiful union Christmas arch, richly laden, and appropriate exercises. The pastor, the Rev. L. E. Bates, and family were very liberally remembered Feb. 1. There was the largest gathering held in several years, at the residence of Miss Julia Sargent, for an annual donation. This, with Christmas gifts, amounted to \$105, and no part of the salary. For this the pastor and his family render thanks. Mrs. A. S. D. Bates writes: "Oh, how we long to see Cowlesville converted to Christ! There is increasing interest and we wait in hope. Monthly collections for missions are taken in the Cowlesville and Marilla churches. The pastor has

Family Circle.

And yet, if aught can soften grief,
 'Tis home's sweet influence; if there be
 Relief from sorrow, that relief
 Springs from domestic sympathy.
 —John Bowring.

UNDER THE CROSS.

I cannot, cannot say,
 Out of my bruised and breaking heart,
 Storm-driven along a thorn-set way,
 While blood-drops start
 From every pore as I drag on—
 "Thy will, O God, be done!"

I thought but yesterday,
 My will was one with God's dear will;
 And that it would be sweet to say,
 Whatever ill
 My happy state should smile upon,
 "Thy will, O God, be done!"

But I was weak and wrong—
 Both weak of soul and wrong of heart;
 And pride alone in me was strong,
 With cunning art
 To cheat me in the golden sun,
 To say, "God's will be done!"

O shadow, drear and cold,
 That frights me out of foolish pride,
 O flood, that through my bosom rolled
 Its billowy tide—
 I said, till ye your power made known,
 "God's will, not mine be done!"

Now faint and sore afraid,
 Under my cross, heavy and rude,
 My idols in the ashes laid,
 Like ashes strewn,
 The holy words my pale lips shun—
 "O God, Thy will be done!"

Pity my woes, O God!
 And touch my will with Thy warm breath;
 Put in my trembling hand Thy rod,
 That quickens death;
 That my dead faith may feel Thy sun,
 And say, "Thy will be done!"

EUGENE McDONALD.

BY MRS. V. G. RAMSEY.

There is a tenement house standing on an alley in the city of Philadelphia. The outside of this house is forlorn and dilapidated. The alley is dirty and offensive; but if you go in, you will be glad to get back into the alley, and you will understand why so many poor, hungry, half-naked children are playing out of doors. That house is full, not of the virtuous and decent poor, but of the lowest and vilest people in that great city. Drunkenness, gambling, debauchery, sin in every form is there with its attendant train, want and woe, sickness, death and despair.

One morning in the summer of 1876—we all remember the centennial year—a boy might have been seen coming out of this house and hurrying toward the street.

"Hollo, Gin," cried a ragged little gamin, who was leaning against a lamp-post. "Stop, I say, and take a hand in a game of Jack straws."

"Can't stop," replied Gin, quickening his step as if to escape the shouts and jeers that followed him.

He came out on one of the narrow streets that divide the great squares, and, gliding down the dirty steps, entered a little basement shop, where he bought five cents worth of tobacco. He came out, and stuffing the small parcel into his pocket, started off on a run, muttering, "Granny may wait a little. I will see what they are doing on Chestnut—if she kills me I will—I dinna care if she does." He was crossing Walnut Street when he stopped so suddenly that he nearly fell. There was something bright between the stones. He seized and examined it eagerly. It was a new half-dollar. He looked around. No one had observed him. The money was his, for it would be vain to seek for the owner of a half-dollar in a great city. He stood a moment clutching his treasure as if he feared it would escape from his hand, then he turned and ran back towards his home.

Let me tell you about little Gin. It is not a pretty name; his true name is Eugene McDonald, and we will call him by that. This child, whom I have introduced to you, was born in the Highlands of Scotland. His father inherited from his ancestors a little cottage on a bleak hill-side, where he kept a few sheep, and with much hard labor raised some oats and barley, and a few hardy vegetables. Little Eugene had been very happy in this home. In summer he played among the heather whose purple bloom beautified the mountain sides. In winter he made companions of the dogs and lambs, which found shelter under the same roof with the family, and were as familiar as if they belonged to the same species.

As years went by, and the poor little farm on the hill-side grew poorer, and the scanty harvest scantier, the father and mother became discontented. They heard of the fruitful fields and bountiful harvests of the new world, and they longed to go where they could leave to their child a better inheritance than had fallen to them. After much anxious thought, they turned what they possessed into money, and embarked on an ocean steamship for America. The passage was unusually long and uncomfortable. The steerage passengers suffered greatly, for fever broke out among them. McDonald, and his wife were not ill on the ship, but when they landed in New York they took with them the germs of the fatal disease. They had time only to find lodging in an emigrant boarding house, when the fever seized them. The keeper of the house satisfied himself that their baggage would compensate him if they died, so they were not sent to the hospital. An old Irish woman, named Mary Flanigan, who had discovered that

they had money, offered to nurse them. Her nursing was not needed long, for they both died within a week. Mary secured their money, and she declared that out of sweet charity, she would keep the poor little boy, and bring him up as her own.

Poor little Eugene, he was now seven years old, utterly friendless, helpless and destitute in a strange land. Perhaps there was a touch of pity even in Mary Flanigan's wicked heart, when, after the funeral, she took him in her arms and said, "Now, darlint, wipe yer eyes. Ye are to be my own little boy, and call me granny, and I'll make a man of ye."

Bewildered and heartbroken as he was, the child felt glad of any kindness, but he shrank instinctively from her caress and, escaping from her, crept into a corner, where he cried himself to sleep.

A few days after this Mary, fearing that some one might appear to claim the money and look after the child, took him with her to Philadelphia where she took a room in the tenement house of which I have told you. The surroundings and the company suited her, and, though she felt rich with her stolen money, she asked for nothing better. But liquor and tobacco rapidly wasted her ill-gotten treasure. While this had lasted, poor little Eugene had been permitted to live in the streets pretty much as he pleased, and having soon learned to keep beyond her reach when she was drunk, he had not suffered greatly from her hands. He ran in the streets with the other little neglected ones, and had found some compensation for neglect in the liberty he enjoyed. He got all the pleasure he could—and perhaps that is more than we estimate it—from the sight of beautiful things that he could never hope to possess. He made a daily tour of inspection up and down Chestnut street, and he knew more of the stock in the great stores than did the children of the wealthy owners. There were the toy-shops before whose windows he lingered, marking the daily changes and exulting in every new wonder they revealed to him. There were pictures and statues that he visited with a loving eagerness, and as they stood in their places month after month, he came to regard them as there for his especial pleasure. There were windows full of flashing gems and burnished silver and gold. He knew when a beautiful necklace disappeared from the show case, and thought lovingly of it in the hands of some fair girl, such as he saw daily flitting in and out the doors. There were shows of beautiful garments and costly goods, and he could forget his rags and dirt, and imagine himself arrayed in silk and velvet. When he was hungry, he crept through the markets inhaling the odors of fruits he might not taste, or lingered at the doors of restaurants to catch the fragrance of steaks and coffee. There is now and then a child—and little Eugene was such a one—whose nature is so pure and strong, that in the midst of a corrupted atmosphere, he absorbs only the elements of purity and strength. He takes health and beauty from surroundings where others gather corruption and death.

As I said, the money that Mary Flanigan had stolen from the dying father and mother was soon wasted, and then she determined to make what she could out of their poor child. She forced him to carry a basket, and to gather bones and rags from the gutters, and to beg of those who passed him. This was a cruel humiliation, and the misery of his condition began to crush him. If he did not bring home money he was cursed and whipped, and if he did it was little better. This child, who still remembered his home among the mountains and the tender love of father and mother, felt this life intolerable.

The morning of which I have told you, granny, as he called the old woman, had sent him to buy tobacco with the charge to be back quick, or she would "bate the life out of him."

The longing for a free run was too strong for his fears of that threat, and he had started off, but the finding of that half dollar changed his plan. He ran back to his miserable home, gave granny the tobacco, and while she filled her pipe, he took his basket and went out, hearing her parting charge, to bring her home a half dollar or never to let her see "the loike of his face again."

The little hero of my story was of honest Scotch blood. He was not made to be a thief or a beggar. For days he had been considering his condition, and he had decided that it could not be worse. He had resolved that he must, in some way, cut himself free from the miserable old woman who was making a slave of him. He had not seen how it was to be done, but the finding of that half dollar had determined him to strike for liberty. When he had proceeded a few steps his heart grew pitiful and tender towards the wretched old woman whom he was leaving forever. He remembered that sometimes she had spoken kindly to him—that she was poor and old, and might die of want. He turned and went back into the room, half hoping for some tender word or look that would decide him not to leave her. He stood before her with quivering lips and eyes that implored her for a kind word, but, with a fierce gesture and an imprecation that made him tremble, she bade him begone and not stand idling away his time.

He went out and when he had reached the end of the alley, he threw his basket into the gutter and started on a run that

soon brought him to a fountain. Then he proceeded to wash his feet, his hands, and his face very carefully, wiping them on a napkin which he had found the day before, and concealed in his pocket. With a bit of an old comb he untangled his yellow curls. He wet them thoroughly, but they sprang back into golden rings around his white forehead. He brushed and wiped his poor little cap till it had a subdued look of trying to be decent. He examined his ragged jacket and his dirty pants that exposed his legs to the knee, but there appeared no hope of improving them, so he started off with a determined step towards the grounds of the great Centennial Exposition. He had listened to the conversation of people in the streets, who talked of the wonders that were gathered there, and though he had not the least idea where he should ever again find food or shelter, he resolved to use the half dollar in his pocket to gain admission to this elysian field.

After a walk of four miles, or rather a run, for he was too impatient to walk, he caught sight of the beautiful buildings, and fell into the crowd of people that were rushing towards the gate. He was several times pushed aside by strong hands and told in angry tones to keep out of the way. He had been on the street too much not to know how to get through a crowd, and he soon reached the gate holding out his bright half dollar to the keeper. The man's eyes rested on him for a moment and he said sternly, "You must have stolen that. Get out of the way or the police will have you."

Utterly confounded by this unexpected rebuff, he allowed himself to be thrust aside and, creeping out of the crowd, he threw himself down on a curb-stone, and gave way to his indignation and grief in a burst of sobs and tears.

A gentleman and lady, walking rapidly towards the fair ground, stopped suddenly. "Ah, now! What have we here?" said a kind voice, as the man bent over the poor child, who, but for his convulsive sobbing, might have been mistaken for a little heap of dirty rags.

He raised his head, and with heavy despairing eyes, looked into the strange faces that were regarding him. "Puir laddie," said the lady, "dinna grat so! Tell us what ails thee."

A flush rose to his pale tear-stained face, as he sprang to his feet, and stood before them. "They would na let me in!" he cried extending his hand towards the gate. "They would na let me in, though here's the chink—an' it's na stolen as he said."

"Scotch, by my soul!" said the man. "Ay, Scotch!" echoed the lady. "See the bonnie blue een, an' the gowden curls, sae like our little Robbie's whom we shall see nae more."

"An' they would na' let thee in?" said the man. "They did na' think thee well dressed my puir laddie. But come with me." Turning to the lady, "Guid wife, we will give this little one a day he'll never forget, for the sake of him that's gone."

"Ay, that we will," she replied, and, seizing the child's hands, they turned their steps towards a ready-made clothing store. They were not long within, and when they came out they led a well-dressed boy with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks, that Mary Flanigan would hardly have recognized as her little slave.

They were admitted to the fair, and wandered all day among its wonders. Mr. and Mrs. Cathroust found their pleasure redoubled by the unbounded delight of the boy, which glowed in his face, and sometimes found expression in a mixture of Scotch and Irish slang that was very queer, and amusing.

When they had grown weary walking through the great buildings, they sat down to rest in a quiet place, and drew from the child the story of his short life. When he told of throwing away his basket, Mr. Cathroust said, laughingly, "Weel, weel! ye just as guid as burned ye'r ship behind ye. There's nae retreat, y'r little man—an' what do ye mind to do?"

Little Eugene looked up with his honest blue eyes, and said simply, "I dinna ken."

Mrs. Cathroust, who had been wiping her eyes, threw her arms around the child, and said earnestly "Robert, dear, I'm sure the guid Lord sent us here the day, an' He ken's what we ought to do. Shall we go back to our childless home, an' leave this laddie in the street?"

"Nae, wife, we can na do it," replied the husband. "Here's a duty, it may be a blessing thrust into our hands. We will na say Him nae who sends it."

If you were to visit a certain fine farm in Alleghany County, Pa., you would find a handsome robust boy, who is growing up, the pride and delight of his foster-parents, who often say to each other, "The guid Lord be thank! He has gien us a son to fill the place of him He takit away. If the puir father an' mother who sleep in the stranger's grave could but see how guid and happy he is, surely they would be glad in heaven."

If I could be heard to-day by the people of the land, by the patriotic young men of this country, full of life, vigor and hope, I would say that it is among the highest and the greatest duties which the country, God, and the love of humanity impose, to work for the cause of total abstinence.—Henry Wilson.

He who loves to read and knows how to reflect, has laid by a perpetual feast for his old age.

Temperance.

THE ENEMY THAT OPPRESSES US.

This enemy oppresses us intellectually and educationally. Strong drink acts upon the brain, and so attacks the very seat of reason. Of all enemies it is the most dangerous and the most pernicious; worse than any ordinary poison, because ordinary poisons simply kill the body, but this poison attacks the nervous organization through which, in the present life, the mind acts. Alcohol renders immense masses unfit for any kind of intellectual exercise or educational progress. It also prevents great numbers having the proper education they ought to have and otherwise would have. I need not say that in our own day, especially, if children are found without education, it is to be traced almost entirely to the effects of strong drink upon those about them. Again, too much of the education that is received is lost, blotted out, through the same cause. Alas! how much of the intellectual life of the nation is lowered beyond all computation (for we cannot compute the loss of intellect in figures) by the constant action of this narcotic acid poison. The wisdom of the wise is turned into folly by strong drink, and the nobility of intellects have been bowed in the dust by its malignant influence. Then come all forms of insanity, dipsomania and delirium tremens, delusions, lunacy, idiosyncrasy, and every form of mental malady.

The worst of all is that this enemy oppresses us morally and religiously. The mind is the glory of the man, and the soul is the glory of the mind. The moral faculties of man are those which distinguish him most surely from all other things about him, and even from the brute creation. His power of recognizing right from wrong, his conscience, his moral affection, these make him the being he is, and constitute him the child of the Eternal. But what does strong drink do for us morally and religiously? First of all it generates a new vice. Are we not enough disposed to evil naturally? Tendencies to evil exist in every human heart, and we do not want anything added to them. Surely it is a master stroke of the devil to create among men a new vice, and that is done by strong drink. But for it we could not have the vice of drunkenness, that peculiar and subtle malady of the nervous system due to the influence of narcotics, and among our people chiefly due to the influence of alcohol. In the next place, this same particular agent aggravates and intensifies every other kind of evil except, perhaps, covetousness. It adds fresh fuel—and, indeed, fire—to every animal passion and every disposition to vice and crime; and this is done to so great an extent that of all our social evils the larger part is traceable to this very source. Intemperance is still fearfully common; and its effect in the production of pauperism is such that out of four paupers we should have only one but for strong drink! So it is with regard to other vices. That hideous cancer—the prostitution of our land, the degradation of womanhood—is, to a very large extent, due to this enemy.

This, then, is the enemy that oppresses us; and I challenge any one to point me out another enemy like it. Where is there an enemy that ever was comparable to this? I know of nothing recorded in history equal to the ravages continuously inflicted by strong drink, and to the oppression constantly exercised by it. Excepting the horrid but temporary deeds of Attila and Genghis Khan, the world might be searched in vain for results comparable in villainous to those which this enemy is unceasingly producing in our very midst.—From a sermon by the Rev. Dawson Burns, M. A., London.

THE RAVAGES OF BUM.

For nearly two weeks in the daily prayer-meetings there was presented as a subject for prayer the case of a young lawyer, the only son of a pious mother, who had from his birth prayed for his conversion. A young man of ability and standing, but the victim of the intoxicating cup. Alas, the demon of drink, like death, of which it is the type and the precursor, loves a shining mark. One day the leader of the meeting, in reiterating the request, remarked that the young lawyer was not the only marked and distinguished victim of intemperance. Within a few days, he said, a man who had been a minister of the gospel, and who had preached deliverance from sin to captives, had been seen drunk in our streets and had to be helped to his lodgings. This was no unheard of thing, for many such cases are on record; but coming, up as it did in such a connection, it made a deep impression. Can ministers of the gospel be silent, when this destroyer of human happiness takes the ambassadors of Christ from the sacred pulpit and casts them into the gutter? Can respectable and good men plead for the privilege of moderate drinking when it leads to such results? Can Christian people be silent and inactive, when this pestilence that walketh in darkness and this destruction that wasteth at noonday is doing its fearful work on every side? Professional men, business men, fair women, little children, are all alike falling a prey to the ravages of rum. Why are there not more references to it in the pulpit, more prayers offered in public and in private, more efforts not only to reclaim the fallen but to secure and preserve those who have not as yet fallen? It is not the only social evil that curses society, but it is the most gigantic and fearful.—Watch Tower.

Book Table.

Books are chiefly useful as they help us to interpret what we see and experience.—Channing.

NUMA ROUMESTAN. By Alphonse Daudet. Translated from the French by Virginia Champlin. pp. 312. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1882. Price \$1.00.

M. Alphonse Daudet is a French author of nearly twenty years' standing. Not very widely known in this country, he is extremely popular as a novelist in his own. His chief works, published previously to the one before us, are, perhaps, "Kings in Exile"—a natural and powerful outgrowth of the spirit of the Third Republic, and "The Nabob," in which are limned in skilful portraiture the third Napoleon and other eminent characters in recent French history. "Numa Roumestan" is said to be a photograph, faithful in some particulars—sufficiently so to make it recognizable—unfaithful, we hope and must believe, in others, very highly colored, of the dashing and brilliant leader of the last French Cabinet.

The book is the product of a daring invention and a glowing fancy; nor is it devoid of a certain kind of wit; but it undoubtedly owes the most of its immense popularity to the alleged resemblance of its hero to M. Gambetta. If this statesman is the superficial pretender, the eloquent charlatan, and the unprincipled deceiver, having "one kind of morals for Chamber and another for the Rue de Londres," here depicted, he ought to go down, he ought never to rise again; if, however, the picture is untrue, so far as M. Daudet has intentionally created a representation that is a most damaging misrepresentation, he has played the part of a libeller and corrupter of morals. In any case, the atmosphere of this book is not, we feel it our duty to say, the proper atmosphere in which to gather fresh inspiration for a life of purity, of truthfulness and of peace. It is said that the first edition of forty-five thousand copies sold within a few days.

AMERICAN CLASSICS FOR SCHOOLS. Longfellow. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1882. pp. 96. Price 60 cents. For sale by E. J. Lane & Co.

This volume is one of a series prepared for young pupils who have learned to read with some ease, but are not prepared to study literature as such. These selections can be easily understood by children, but are not about children. It is as if the judicious teacher should take Longfellow's poetical writings, and select those poems which he wishes his pupils to read, re-read and commit to memory. The plan is a good one. In the study of authors it is best to begin with what is easy to comprehend and work back towards Milton, Shakespeare, Spenser and Chaucer. In the study of literature later, the plan can well be reversed.

This volume is fitted not only for school use, it is also adapted for home reading. For the child, the "American Classics" are a fitting complement to the family paper or magazine. The latter gives general information and scope of view, the former cultivates harmony, rhythm and beauty.

Following a sketch of the life of the poet come twenty-eight selections all of which the common judgment has decided worthy to live, if indeed anything can die that Longfellow writes. As specimens of the selections we mention, "The Children's Hour," "The Village Blacksmith," "The Phantom Ship," "The Ropewalk," and "Maidenhood."

The frontispiece is a fine portrait of the poet. We next have a picture of Longfellow's home in Cambridge. Besides these are seven other beautiful illustrations. In paper, type and binding, the book is faultless.

THE VOICE OF THE HOME: or, How Roy went West, and how he came Home again. By Mrs. S. M. L. Henry. With an Introduction by Miss Frances E. Willard. pp. 408. New York: National Temperance Society & Publishing House, 58 Reade St. Price \$1.25, paper covers, 50 cents.

The large number of publications sent forth by the National Temperance Society attests both the widespread and deep interest in the temperance question and the general excellence of the works thus given to the public. We can utter no stronger word of personal testimony as to the merits of the book before us than to say that its vivid pages so beguiled us in forgetfulness of our pressing duties that we read it through. It is one of the best temperance stories we have ever read. The author, Mrs. Henry, is a prominent member of the National W. C. T. U., and has written several works of decided merit. Her skill in simple narrative; the invention by which she is enabled to invest an old-told story with the freshness of novelty; and her power to win the mind and touch the heart unto the finer issues of life, are strikingly shown in this, her latest book. It illustrates the great influence of the home for good or for evil, and exposes a form of peril to which, strangely enough, the eyes of the fathers and mothers of our land are not yet sufficiently open—namely, the common use of wines, even "home-made" wines, as beverages in the household.

The introduction by Miss Willard enhances the interest and value of the book. She says, "As the Home speaks, so is the Boy—this is the key-note of the present volume; and our authors cannot engage in better work than to introduce it through Sunday-schools and Loan Libraries to the sitting-room tables of wine and elder-drinking Christians." We think so, too; and we doubt not that wine-loving clergymen would do well to read the book. Some of the developments of the story seem to the reader to be cruelly unnecessary; but who can deny that they are true to actual life? What image of glorious young manhood will the demon of drink not convert, within a few short months, into a heart-sickening wreck? There are thousands of Roy Masons in this rum-cursed land.

RIP VAN WINKLE, AND OTHER SKETCHES. By Washington Irving. pp. 240. New York: The Useful Knowledge Publishing Co. Price, 20 cents; by mail, 25 cents.

This is the second volume published by this new company. It comprises the most interesting and famous articles usually included in the "Sketch Book" of Mr. Irving. These are all pieces with which the student of literature should become familiar. They are full of the masterly description and inimitable humor and wit of their illustrious author. No dull reading here, and, at the same time, nothing to tempt the imagination and corrupt the morals. We rejoice over the work which is being done by the Useful Knowledge Publishing Company. They issue books which every one would be the wiser and better for having, and in a style of press work and binding that is no less pleasing than are the marvellously low prices that are asked. The Company announce as in press, uniform with Rip Van Winkle, Green's Larger History of the English People, in 5 volumes, \$1.50, Carlyle's French Revolu-

tion, 2 vols., 70 cents, Cressy's Fifteen Decisive Battles, 35 cents, and Schiller's History of the Thirty Years' War, 35 cents. These same four famous histories are also to be issued all in one volume, "model octavo," for the amazingly low price of \$1.25. Specimen pages and catalogue will be sent on receipt of postal card by the publishers, the Useful Knowledge Publishing Company, 162 William Street, New York.

PAMPHLETS AND MAGAZINES.

Historical Discourse delivered on the one hundredth anniversary of the Piscataqua Association of ministers, at the North Church, Portsmouth, N. H., Oct. 26, 1881. By George B. Spalding, pastor of the First Church, Dover, N. H. With reminiscences and remarks by Edward Robie, D. D., Alonzo H. Quint, D. D., Rev. Josiah H. Stearns, Rev. Thomas V. Haines, Rev. Israel T. Otis, Judge Marcellus Bufford and Rev. William A. McGinley. With an Appendix. This pamphlet is a valuable contribution to the religious history of the State of New Hampshire, particularly of the Congregational church therein. Dr. Spalding's address was evidently prepared with painstaking research, and is expressed in a style well calculated to make it interesting even to minds not given to historical studies. Among the supplementary addresses, that of Dr. Quint is especially full of quaint reminiscence and racy recital. The Appendix contains papers and documents valuable for reference. The whole pamphlet is 620 inches in size and has over eighty pages. Price 25 cents per copy. For sale by E. J. Lane & Co., Dover, N. H.

Anniversary of the New Hampshire Alpha of the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Dartmouth College, June 29, 1881. A pamphlet of thirty-three pages containing an oration by Governor Charles H. Bell, and a poem by John Boyle O'Reilly, LL. D. Published by the Society.

The Eclectic for March contains much matter the perusal of which, for the lucky individual who has both the magazine and a few hours of leisure, will make a refreshing oasis in the midst of the desert of his daily cares. A discussion of Vivisection by R. H. Hutton heads the list of contents. New York: E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond St.

The Granite Monthly merits a share of the pride with which the stirring people of New Hampshire regard their granite hills. It is an excellently conducted magazine devoted to State interests. The March number has for its frontispiece a clear and strong portrait of the Hon. Benning M. Bean. J. N. McClintock, Concord.

The Bates Student for February contains its first installment of "Alumni History." A compact, clear, and, as it seems to us, just statement of the "Methods of Instruction in Physical Science," by E. J. Goodwin, Master of the Portsmouth, N. H., High School, adds much to the value of this number. Members of the alumni of the college, who are gaining experience and eminence in their various professions, should be heard from more frequently by way of timely articles in the columns of the Student.

An Annual Course of Readings on Beer, for Local Unions or other Temperance Organizations. Prepared by Miss Julia Colman. An octavo pamphlet of forty-eight pages. Printed for the W. N. C. T. U. by the National Temperance Society, 58 Reade St., N. Y. Price five cents.

Gregory's annual illustrated Retail Catalogue of warranted seeds, vegetable, flower and grain. Copies sent free to all. James J. H. Gregory, Marblehead, Mass.

Fifth annual Catalogue of North American Perennial Plants; Orchids, Shrubs, Climbers, Alpine, Aquatic, and bog plants; rare ferns, etc. Edward Gillett, Southwick, Mass.

LITERARY JOTTINGS.

Alexander H. Stephens has completed a history of the United States.—The Appletons are preparing a fine library edition of Bryant in six octavo volumes, with a biography and extracts from correspondence, the whole under the editorship of Parke Godwin.—The Hon. S. S. Cox is about to publish, through G. P. Putnam's Sons, "From Po to Pyramid by Way of Palestine."—Charles Scribner's Sons have published a second edition of Dr. Woolsey's "Divorce and Divorce Legislation."—On the recent anniversary of the birthday of Washington, James R. Osgood & Co. published a magnificent large quarto book, containing reproductions of the sixty most famous portraits and statues of George Washington, with nearly 300 broad pages of anecdotal and biographical descriptive matter. The work was prepared by Miss E. B. Johnston (of Washington City), who has had exceptional opportunities of getting hitherto unpublished facts from the old families of Maryland and Virginia.—Mrs. Mayburn's Twins," by John Habberton, author of "Helen's Babies," is in press and will be published in a few days by B. T. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. It is announced to be a charming bit of work, filled to the brim with fun, frolic and reality.

Mr. Tennyson's new poem, "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade," appears in the March Macmillan's.—Mr. Whitlitt is in feeble health and his deafness has increased lately very much. His present residence is no longer the old family mansion at Amesbury, but a large, old-fashioned white house, surrounded by trees, at Danvers.—The work upon which Professor Huxley is now engaged is expected to prove the greatest of his life. It deals with Bishop Berkeley and his contributions to mental and medical science.—It is reported that a diary left by Lord Beaconsfield will soon be published.—A memoir of Dr. E. H. Chapin is being written by Rev. Sumner Ellis.—The American portion of the Old Testament Committee on Revision has finished a first revision with the exception of Ecclesiastes and the Song of Solomon. The second revision will take the whole of 1882, and the work will be finished and published in 1883.—"Through Siberia," is the title of a work of great importance, soon to be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It has already been published in England, where it was received with high favor. The author, Rev. Henry Lansdell, undertook, and carried to the end, a task that imposed upon him the severest difficulties and necessitated absolute devotion to his work. He made a journey of 8,000 miles from the Ural mountains to the Pacific, on the Obi, Amur, and Ussuri rivers, which required the hire of a thousand horses. He visited the hospitals, prisons, and mines, lived with the people, and studied the history, geography, natural history, and customs of the country.

